ULYSSES S. GRANT.

From a portrait presented by Col. Frederick D. Grant to Col. D. M. Fox, of Des Moines.

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GRANT'S LIFE IN THE WEST AND HIS MISSISSIPPI VALLEY CAMPAIGNS.

GENERAL INTRODUCTORY ESTIMATE OF GRANT'S CAREER AND CHARACTER.

BY COL. JOHN W. EMERSON.

(Engravings from drawings and photographs furnished chiefly by Mrs. E. Butler Johnson.)

PREFATORY REMARKS.

If the reader of the following pages should conclude that the writer is a partial historian, I answer,—not more partial than a careful study of "that man Grant" compels the honest investigator to become.

The writer has lived all his mature life in the center of the Mississippi Valley, and within a few miles of Grant's early Army life at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, and his home life as a farmer in St. Louis County before the late War, and has lived in touch with Grant himself and with Grant's associates and intimate friends, in and out of the Army. If, therefore, forty years spent in the region of the Grant folk-lore, within the range of his private life and of his mightiest activities, have produced in my mind, after all the hearing, the sifting and weighing, the judicial conclusion that Grant was one of the **greatest characters our civilization has produced, I have no apology to make for my conclusion.**

BREVET SECOND LIEUTENANT U. S. GRANT.
From a Portrait taken in St. Louis, in March, 1844.

Personal contact with Grant's intimates, neighbors and friends during all these years, in and out of the Army, enables me to tell the reader much that heretofore has never found its way into print, facts in private life most important in forming an all-around estimate of the man. The author's object has been to present the facts of "Grant's life in the West" in so plain and simple a way that the American people may form a juster estimate of Grant *as a man and as a citizen.*

Taking into consideration the quality of much of the materials he has had to work with,—many of the portraits and views being yellow and dingy with age,—the artist, Mrs. E. Butler Johnson, has shown much skill and industry in preparing the illustrations for the engraver. Not a few of the portraits to be used to illustrate the work are for the first time given to the public.

Altogether, the work is submitted with full knowledge of its many imperfections, and yet in the hope that the American people, and especially the people of the Middle-West, who witnessed General Grant's rise from obscurity to fame, may not be wholly indifferent to a Western man's attempt to sketch the career and estimate the character of the Western soldier whose pathway to imperishable renown was trod here in this great "heart of the world's heart"—the West of a quarter-century ago, the Middle-West of our own time.

THE AUTHOR.

Grant!

Who was he? Is his story worth the listening? Is the character worth the study?

An educated foreigner once said to the writer: "Washington, Lee, Wellington, Napoleon, and other great historic characters, I can understand, but that man Grant I cannot comprehend. Your Grant and your Lincoln! Wonderful! They puzzle me. Can you define them?"

"No," I answered. "They should be regarded as studies which the ages have

produced. With terms confessedly inadequate, I would define the one, *Lincoln*, as *the* man of all men; and the other, *Grant*, the best type in history of that genius which is the sum of all Common Sense. Grant, the sphynx, whose speech was *action*."

"Ah," said he, "I will try to comprehend." Then, after a pause, he added: "When I was at the University I found more profit from lectures which began with brief, general statement of the subject, before details were entered upon. In this way I would study Grant. Can you give me a general estimate of his character?"

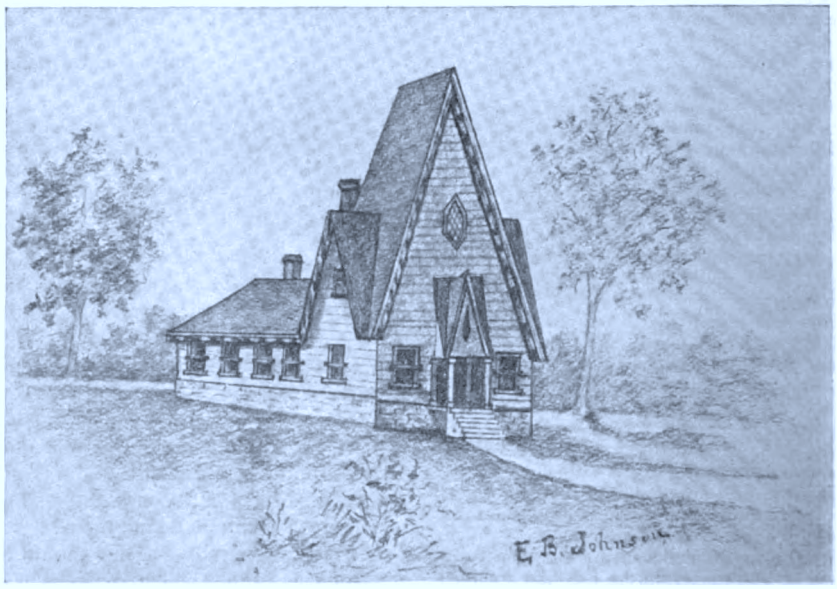
When we approach any bit of rare scenery, or enter a great art gallery, it is the general effect which first arrests our attention. We wish to know how it *all* looks, then we are prepared to examine details.

Let us, therefore, spend a few moments in noting some of Grant's leading traits of character, taking a general measurement of the man, considering a few of his chief characteristics whereby we may enter with more profit into details of his life.

We may well say, as would be said of Lincoln, he was an epochal man. He did the work he was created to perform; fought the battles of his country, rescued the Union from imminent peril, successfully defended a nation struggling to incarnate into actuality the purest and grandest ideals of human liberty and popular government.

The story of Ulysses S. Grant is not likely to prove uninteresting as long as the present race of Anglo-Saxons exists and dominates. The subject is recognized by all thoughtful, unprejudiced Americans, and by all classes in other lands, as one of the greatest and most unique characters that America has produced — prolific as she has been in the production and development of strong and forceful men.

Grant stands out before us—before the world—a surprise; not as a meteor sweeping and flashing through space; not as a Napoleon, to astonish and affright; but as a potential force, quietly appearing and developing, shining out luminously over the world, not because of any inherent desire to shine, but by reason of the great work the man performed, the



THE UNIQUE LITTLE CHAPEL AT JEFFERSON BARRACKS,
In which nearly all the renowned Warriors of the Country, both North and South, have worshipped.

ST. LOUIS IN 1830.
Never before engraved for publication. From a photo made from the only sketch dating back to 1830 now in existence. The sketch was found by the artist, Mrs. Johnson, in the parlor of a St. Louis friend.

great ends he accomplished. These ends were attained chiefly by reason of his own inherent greatness. Seldom was he ever assisted by favorable conditions or fortuitous circumstances.

Here in our own country, the popular estimate of General Grant's abilities, high as it is, is much too low. In other countries the measure of the man was, and is, more nearly accurate. It is natural that it should be so, since foreign estimates are from a disinterested standpoint, while our home view is obscured and colored by lingering prejudices arising chiefly from old political partisanship. When these disappear, as they will in coming years, he will be placed upon a much higher pedestal than his fame in this country has yet erected for him.

He was never a politician; he was never a partisan. He was greater than either, as we commonly apply the terms. He was a patriot with whom love of country and its institutions was the controlling motive, and helpful service to his country his supreme ambition.

Grant's association with a great political party during the later years of his life was not from motives of personal preferment, aggrandizement or advantage. It was not from any desire to advantage that party *as such*. Questions of national policy, as he viewed them, alone shaped his political action.

He believed he then saw in the general trend of the policy of one party greater hope of good results than he could see in the policy announced by the opposing party. Sincere in this belief, it was his privilege, as it was his duty, to act for the greatest good of his country as he saw it. And it would be a very reckless adventure for any man to attempt to show that Ulysses S. Grant ever failed to go where he saw duty beckoning him.

There is an additional reason why the character and public services of General Grant are underestimated in our country. I refer to the incomparable modesty of the man. He never posed for effect. If he ever, in his military career, thought of effect so far as he was personally con-

cerned, the thought was never discovered by any one of the army of his argus-eyed critics. Wherever we see him,— as lieutenant in the Mexican War, as colonel of his old Twenty-first Illinois Regiment, as brigadier-general, as major-general, as lieutenant-general and commander-in-chief of all the mighty Armies of the Union,— he was always and under all circumstances and situations the same modest, silent, unobtrusive and unaffected man the writer personally knew him to be when he was cultivating his farm at White Haven, in St. Louis County, or in his father's store at Galena, Illinois.

If Grant ever did an act while in the military service, or wrote a word in any official report, having for its object the increase of his own glory or fame; if he ever, during all the great and exciting events which transpired during his military career and in which he was the great central figure, said a word to influence any writer or news correspondent, to color any event favorably to himself, no one has ever made it known. In truth, such a thing never occurred. The reverse, rather, was the rule of his life. Wherever he wrote of himself, he inclined to magnify his own faults, failures and mishaps.

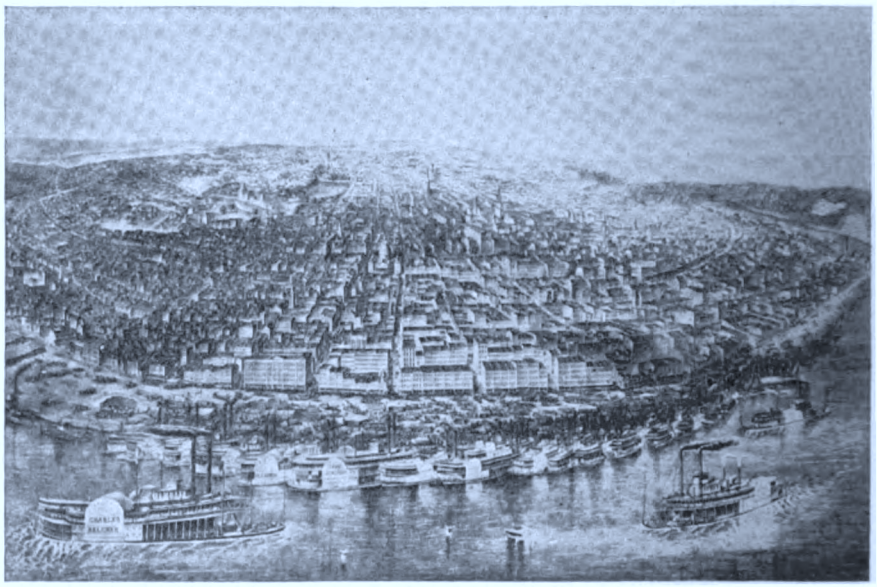
How much this habit of his, this modest estimate of himself, has influenced the estimate of his countrymen, cannot be ascertained, but that it has influenced it much cannot be doubted.

He magnifies his want of shrewdness and skill in a mule trade when a boy in Ohio.

He chronicles in his remarkable Memoirs, in an artless and pleasing matter-of-fact way, his want of prudence in attempting to cross the swollen Gravois Creek when on a courting expedition while a lieutenant in the Fourth Infantry, then stationed at Jefferson Barracks, near St. Louis.

He tells, in an interesting way, of his own rashness on the steamship *Suviah*, off Corpus Christi, Texas, during the Mexican War.

He deprecates his want of courage and confidence in the same frank, open way. When he was with General Taylor's little



ST. LOUIS LATE IN THE FORTIES.

army as it advanced upon the battle-field of Palo Alto and was halted, waiting the final order to attack, he says, "What General Taylor's feelings were during this suspense I do not know; but as for myself, a young second lieutenant who had never heard a hostile gun before, I felt sorry that I had enlisted... As I looked down that long line of about three thousand armed men (!) advancing toward a larger force also armed, I thought what a fearful responsibility General Taylor must feel, commanding such a host, and so far away from friends!"

Is there another man in America who, after having commanded mighty armies and fought great battles, would have thus written of himself?

LIEUTENANT JEFFERSON DAVIS.
From a picture taken sometime during the period of his retirement from the Army, following the close of the Black Hawk War, and his return to the Army at the opening of the Mexican War.

At the Battle of Monterey, Grant was ordered to remain in camp in charge of the train, but when he learned that his regiment was ordered to charge in the attack on the "Black Fort," his "curiosity got the better of him," he says, and he "mounted his horse and rode to the front" and joined in the charge through a storm of shot and shell that decimated the regiment. He had no need to thus expose himself, for he had been ordered to remain in camp with his train. Another man than Grant would have regarded and claimed this as an act of daring prompted by courage and by zeal in the service of his country. But his modesty induces him to say that, having got to the front, "I charged with the regiment because I was lacking in moral courage to return to camp!"

CAPTAIN ROBERT E. LEE,
U. S. Engineers, when at Jefferson Barracks.
From an old Portrait.

Later, when the American Army approached the City of Mexico and was hotly engaged at San Cosme, Lieutenant Grant, with great courage and skill, and without orders or the knowledge of his superiors, managed with a few of his men to drag a howitzer around to the flank of the enemy, elevate it into a church steeple where it commanded the point of greatest resistance, and used it with such energy that the position of the enemy was

made untenable. He thus forced them to retreat, and the victory was won. With his usual self-abnegation he claims no credit for himself but assigns it to the howitzer.

The habit of self-depreciation was not abandoned when the late Civil War began and he was marching his regiment to

COLONEL STEPHEN KEARNEY.
In Command at Jefferson Barracks, when General Grant arrived in September, 1843.
From an old Portrait.

what he supposed was to be his first battle. As he approached the place where he expected to find the enemy in line of battle, he says: "My heart kept getting higher and higher, until it felt as though it was in my throat. I would have given anything to have been back in Illinois, but I had not the moral courage to halt. I kept right on." Yes, he "kept right on!" Ever afterward when there was an enemy within reach he "kept right on"!

"I had not the moral courage to halt," he says. Fortunate was it for the country that a man appeared upon the scene at that critical time who "had not the moral courage to halt!"

This modest habit continued to characterize Grant throughout his after career as a civilian.

It was not at all unnatural that people should conclude that a man so modest

could have little merit, when he made no claim to any for himself.

No wonder the educated foreigner exclaimed,—"Your Grant and your Lincoln! Wonderful! They puzzle me!"

But this modest, silent, courageous, determined man, went on grasping victory after victory over a brave and skillful enemy.

It was not unlike the secret forces of nature which silently work, attracting scarcely a notice from the busy world, until great results compel attention.

A MEMORY OF THE FORTIES.
An Emigrant Train starting West from the Missouri River.

There is something almost pathetic in the military conditions existing in the Central Mississippi Valley at the time Grant entered upon his military career, first as colonel, then as brigadier-general.

Armed bands of Confederates marauded the State of Missouri, and Confederate armies were fast occupying every strategic point with a firm grip in Southeastern Missouri and Northwestern Kentucky, with the intention of closing and controlling the great Mississippi, and the Tennessee, the Cumberland and the Ohio Rivers.

Hosts of armed men were ready to defend the Union and uphold the national authority, but the military situation was a species of organized chaos; and the political situation a swiftly moving panorama, wild, weird and uncertain.

General Frémont was making a great commotion, but accomplishing little else. General Prentiss at Cairo was heard far and near,—on paper; but little work was done, and no fighting, to stop or interfere with the fast-increasing, aggressive encroachments of the Confederates.

At this juncture, Grant modestly appeared upon the scene. Wherever he was,—at Ironton, Jefferson City, Cape Girardeau, Cairo,—there order reigned. Courage, confidence and aggressive energy, combined with absolute freedom from vain assumption, characterized his every act.

Within a few days after he received his commission as brigadier-general, at Ironton, Missouri, he had plans matured for

an enlarged campaign, to break through the Confederate lines and open the Mississippi River! And with what swift onrush did he execute these plans! Planting himself at Cairo, how rapidly did he move against Paducah and Belmont! He menaced Columbus; he captured Fort Henry and Fort Donelson, and then defeated Johnston and Beauregard at Shiloh!

The country awoke! It looked, listened and applauded! Here at last was a man who would fight! One who moved quietly but swiftly, and gained victories while waiting for uncertain permission from his superiors to move at all!

And yet, with all his rapid and brilliant achievements, he was simple in manner, modest and unostentatious amidst all the pomp and harmless pretensions and fanfaranade by which he was surrounded.

This much by way of introduction and generalization. May it help my readers to a better comprehension of "that man Grant" as they follow him in these pages, from the time he bade adieu to his father's home for the then distant new West, to the grand consummation of his career in the West, his call to the command of all the Armies of the Union.

CHAPTER I.

CONDITIONS OF LIFE IN THE NEW WEST IN 1843.

Let us look, with Grant, into this trans-Mississippi country as it was in 1843.

The young lieutenant's military education had trained his naturally acute mind to generalization,—to take broad views of things as well as to grasp the technique of his profession. With a mind filled with Western lore,—some of it true, the rest wild, weird, half mythical,—what were his thoughts as the prow of the steamer turned westward toward his new field of duty at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, in the late summer of 1843?

During the two weeks spent in making the journey, his mind—as he afterward related to a friend—was full of contemplation of the future, and speculations as to that partly unknown and mysterious trans-Mississippi new-land, whither the busy paddle-wheels of his steamer were carrying him.

He saw, first of all to the soldier's mind, that he was approaching the then largest military post in the United States, located in the very center of its territory, and on the mightiest navigable stream on the Continent, with more than ten thousand miles of steamship waterway. If he knew—and he probably did know—the location of this Jefferson Barracks to which he was hastening, with its gentle slopes and shady, picturesque topography and splendid strategic position, he could see that, in this pre-railway era in the Far West during the Forties, very much of the young but vigorous and mighty commerce of this new land, which was floated to and from the sea, to and from every hamlet on every stream, from the frigid northland to the sunny south, and from

> Alleghany's pine-clad crest,
> T' the Rocky Mountains of the West,

was literally carried past, and within pistol-shot of, this same military post. He could see how this steamboat activity completely dominated the commerce of the West. Towns and cities were built with reference to the steamboat landing. "The levee" was the center of life and attraction. The captains of the steamboats were as imperious and dictatorial as the commander of a man-of war.

He could see that, as this commerce on our Western rivers was then largely with the South, these bright and swift and fairy-like ships that flitted hither and thither were controlled by sturdy, positive men who were nearly all Southern or pro-slavery in sentiment, tolerating no "nonsense" that could create a prejudice, or injuriously affect their trade,—and slaves did most of the work on the boats wherever the rivers washed the shores of a Slave State.

There were more than a thousand of these busy steamers, and as many as a hundred of them could be seen at one time wedged in a compact line with their prows against the sloping, well-paved levee at that center of Mississippi Valley commerce,—the "town of St. Louis."

He saw the towering form of the great Benton, the most conspicuous figure in the Far West, with his dreams of reaching the "East" by going west; and with his schemes for the acquisition of Texas. The romantic plans of Frémont for exploration were exciting curious interest in St. Louis and in all the central region of the great West.

He could see, in his "mind's eye," the Indians still roaming over, owning and dominating, nearly all the State of Minnesota, and the entire country west of the Missouri River and west of the western boundary of Missouri and Arkansas, — across the continent to the Pacific Ocean, — much of it *terra incognita*, with its fabled "Great American Desert," and with many other mysterious conjectures thrown in to make good measure of the "superstitions and impossibilities."

He could see the fever for adventure working itself out in slender lines of emigration on the perilous way, through many vicissitudes and dangers, to the far-off Oregon; and another line more formidable, and of a coarser and more turbulent fiber, on "trade and commerce bent," developing itself in long lines of "prairie schooners" over the smooth, dusty road from Independence, Missouri, to distant Sante Fé, then a foreign city of the Mexican Empire. How little was known, and how much to be learned, and what a thirst there was for every attainable item of information about all that vast unknown.

In this trans-Mississippi country were men from every clime, and of every nationality, from the negro to the most cultured Anglo-Saxon. But most of the population were of the pioneer element, with their seething restlessness, their thirst for change and adventure. With this was mingled a small percentage of the best representatives of American civilization.

But as Grant had the trained eye and mind of a soldier, he naturally saw beyond and above all this teeming, restless, active frontier life west of the Mississippi, from Minnesota to the Gulf, the many hostile nations of Indians, yet to be fought and subjugated, — a war always ready to order, on short notice, whenever an Indian trader or an army sutler desired more active trade and higher profits. "Indian outrages" so easy to invite, still easier to invent; then a war; the capture of territory enough for a State or two, and —.

In "the Forties," there seemed to the young soldier a limitless field for war.

Turning his eye to the Southwest as he floated down the Ohio, thinking, meditating, wondering about the possibilities of the future, he could see the sky lurid, and hear the portentous vibrations rolling up in unmonotonous music from the Sabine to the Rio Grande! And the response to it was swelling out in sympathetic tones throughout the Southwest, whither our hero was idly, but with a purpose, drifting. He could see — he did see — that many of the fighting, turbulent, restless spirits on our frontier had already drifted into Texas and were fighting; that others were on their way, and that still other thousands were waiting and anxiously praying for the time to arrive when they could share in the glory of fighting under authority of the National flag.

It was a panorama wild, weird, fascinating! What a strange condition and mixture of peoples! What a strange, new civilization, or semi-civilization! How evanescent that particular period of it! For the panorama had been moving, and moving with ever-increasing rapidity, since the American flag first floated over the Louisiana Territory; and it was easy to see — and no doubt the contemplative mind of the young soldier saw — that the event then portending — the Texas annexation — would start the panorama on such a rapid movement that the scene must soon end, giving place to new events. The new Southwest rapidly absorbed the restless, the turbulent and the fighting element. The refined, the educated, the orderly, from the North and East, and from the South and East, came pouring in, until a society as pure, refined and elevated as any in the world filled

the vast land from Minnesota to the Gulf of Mexico ; and kept on overflowing into Texas, until that land which, when Grant was floating down the Ohio toward his destiny in 1843, was the storm center of the Continent, became the expression of as perfect law and order, of as high Anglo-Saxon civilization, as New York or Virginia.

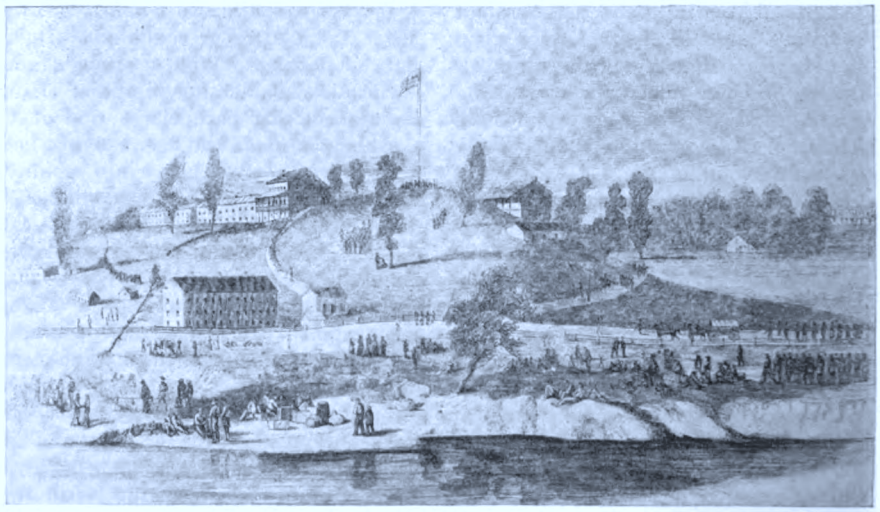
Such was the aspect of the new West when a brevet second lieutenant of the Regular Army climbed up the west bank of the Mississippi at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, on the 30th day of September, 1843, with his horse, new uniform, untarnished sword, and — infinitely more important possession — the clear head, resolute heart and determined purpose which made up that marvelous entity, *Grant*.

Lieutenant Grant forthwith reported for duty to Col. Stephen Kearney, who then commanded this important military post. The young man, in his quiet, business, matter-of-fact way, was ready for any duty and any fate that might await him in his country's service. He was assigned a comfortable apartment in the officers' quarters, and entered upon the routine garrison duties of an officer in the Fourth United States Infantry. There was, in those early times on the frontier, enough uncertainty as to what month, or day, might usher in an Indian war to keep the Army of the West ever expectant and watchful, thorough in discipline, ready to march at an hour's notice to any field, however remote. Colonel Kearney was a strict disciplinarian who never relaxed and never permitted an officer or soldier under him to shirk any duty. Yet he was the kindest and most considerate of officers.

Grant soon became popular with officers and men, and the Colonel was so pleased with his character, his steady and reliable habits, that every favor was shown him which was possible without evincing open or visible partiality.

These favors, later on, greatly facilitated young Grant's increasingly frequent visits to a certain pretty farm-house at "White-Haven," five or six miles in the country westward, about which the reader will hear more as our story progresses.

Grant was passionately fond of a good horse, and horses had been his favorite companions since he was large enough to climb on one from a stump or a rail-



JEFFERSON BARRACKS, IN 1844, AS THEY APPEARED WHEN GRANT ARRIVED ON THE SCENE.
There were several buildings behind the elevation which are not shown in this sketch.
The extensive powder magazines are some distance up the river.

THE ARSENAL, JEFFERSON BARRACKS, NEAR ST. LOUIS, MO.

fence corner. Indeed, there was not a better horseman in the Army than he. More showy and more pretentious there were plenty, but the horse that could dismount Grant had to be more expert and "devilish in expedient" than the proverbial "Texas Mustang." He had brought his horse with him from his father's home in Ohio, and, as he was a lover of nature, he soon explored the undulating slopes and beautiful landscape-views so charming on and around the government reservation at Jefferson Barracks. The topographical sketches which he made of the reservation during his idle hours, without pretending to be exactly correct because of absence of accurate measurements, so pleased Colonel Kearney that he gave them much praise and forwarded them to Washington.

Meantime Grant had an ambition to become a professor, or at least an "instructor," at West Point, and with some degree of persistency he pursued his mathematical studies with a view of attaining the highest proficiency in that science. A comprehensive course of historical study was also pursued in addition to the attentive performance of all official military duties in a way that gained the commendation of his superior officers. His activity in exploring the surrounding country, the making of topographical maps, and the performance of his social duties to his acquaintances made young Grant about as busy during the seven months which he was destined to spend at this post,—September, 1843, to May, 1844, — as he was during a like seven months precisely eighteen years later, in the "District of Southeast Missouri," when from August, 1861, at Ironton, to April 1862, at Shiloh, he had campaigned in Southeast Missouri against Hardee and Jeff Thompson; at Paducah, Belmont and Columbus against Polk; at Forts Henry and Donelson against Tilghman, Floyd, Pillow and Buckner; and at Shiloh against Johnston and Beauregard, defeating them all in terrific battles and penetrating to the center of their territory — and this with a citizen army, fresh

from the office, the store, the shop and the field!

CHAPTER II.

LIFE IN JEFFERSON BARRACKS.

This Jefferson Barracks, the first military home of Grant, still occupies — and always has occupied since its establishment by the United States government as a military post — too prominent a place in the minds and affections of the people of the West to be dismissed without more adequate mention. It is historical. It was established as a military post a few years after the Louisiana Purchase in 1804, which territory embraced the entire country west of the Mississippi River, and it was then virtually surrounded by "the Indian country" filled with tribes warlike and powerful. It was the one military post of note between Fort Snelling, Minnesota, and New Orleans, more than eighteen hundred miles. From it armed battalions could be thrown swiftly into the very heart of the hostile country on the shortest lines and in the least time; and, as danger was always imminent to the new settlers and liable to burst upon them with sudden fury unless restrained by the presence and prestige of the Army, every eye was turned toward, and every hope and confidence of the early settlers of the country rested upon, this central and formidable military cantonment, for safety and protection in times of danger. Every man and woman in the West-Mississippi Valley knew its location. Very many of the early trans-Mississippi settlers passed its beautiful slopes and saluted its flag as they moved by boat to their new homes in the then Far West. Every child who heard of Indians also heard of Jefferson Barracks as a dispeller of fear. And hence in the early days it came to occupy a place of affection in the minds of all Western people. And much of that feeling still exists.

That great city of St. Louis, of more than a half-million people, has grown from a small town by its side — twelve miles distant — and under its protection. Always possessed of much aristocratic blood and refined society, St. Louis families are more extensively allied by marriage with army officers than are those of any other city in America. In every social function the officers of Jefferson Barracks have *carte blanche*, and there exists generally in the city an affection and regard for the army not exceeded in any other city or town in the country. The officers did much in the early days to make the place an attractive abode for the men. The reservation covers about two thousand acres. The post has been contemporaneous with every military event in the history of the nation since the Louisiana Purchase.

In the midst of a country abundantly supplied with provisions, the troops there are supported at the least possible expense. When one talks of Jefferson Barracks to a St. Louisian, or to any other denizen of the Central Mississippi Valley, he talks of an object that has been dear to his father and mother, dear to all his kinsmen, his earlier and later friends. To this general sentiment is added the significant fact that Jefferson Barracks by reason of its location is destined to become the most important, as it is the most central, of all the military garrisons in America.

General Albert Sidney Johnston, when in command there in 1833, wrote,—"The position is a good one, and particularly in a military point of view, because of the facility of transporting troops to every other position in the West. The site of the Barracks rises gradually from the river and swells to a beautiful bluff covered with oak and hickory trees almost far enough apart to permit military manœuvers, and with no undergrowth to interrupt a ride on horseback in any direction."

At one time or another, in their younger days, have here on its parade grounds marched, drilled and deployed, many of the most famous military characters that our country has produced. Ulysses S. Grant, we see, was one of them. Ewell, who subsequently gained celebrity in the Confederate Army, was there with Grant.

Jefferson Davis had been there as a lieutenant long before. He it was who brought Black Hawk there a prisoner from Wisconsin in 1833. Robert Anderson, of Fort Sumpter defense fame, was there. Captain Robert E. Lee spent some time at Jefferson Barracks, and at St. Louis, in charge of the construction of works on the east side of the river to prevent the bank from abrading and force the channel to continue along the west, or St. Louis side. Joseph E. Johnston, George H. Thomas, Mansfield, Lovell, Beauregard, Bragg, Hardee, Van Dorn, Kirby Smith, Stoneman and many other officers of the army who figured during the late War, have honored Jefferson Barracks, and been honored by a sojourn there; and most of them have bowed in humble worship in the unique little chapel which our artist has elsewhere sketched. The chapel still stands, as it has stood for nearly three-quarters of a century, loved and venerated.

Most of these old warriors have fought their last battle, and have gone to the bivouac of the dead, from which only the last trumpet shall awaken them. They sleep

"Beneath the low green tent
Whose curtain never outward swings!"

Jefferson Barracks, therefore, is a historical spot, around which many fond memories cling. And dare we pause long enough to sigh over the *quære:* What of the events it shall witness, what its destiny, what part will it take in our country's history during the next thousand years in the teeming life and swift career of this our Western land?

Under the old Spanish and French *regime* St. Louis was always the military center between the Gulf and the far North, and of the entire Mississippi Valley.

Troops were always stationed in St. Louis, and they occupied the Barracks enclosed in a formidable stockade known as "the Fort on the Hill," now within the city limits. And this same "Fort on the Hill" was occupied by United States forces after the cession of the country by France in 1804. One thousand men were usually quartered there.

The old town of St. Louis was protected by the most remarkable stockades of any city in America, and the English and Indians found it invulnerable against all their assaults.

Lieutenant Grant frequently rode into St. Louis, with other officers. Books that were not to be had at the post were willingly loaned him from the few social acquaintances he had made. A book of light literature,—Scott's novels, Goldsmith, Whittier, Longfellow and the like, made an average week's reading, in addition to his regular study of history and mathematics.

[*To be Continued.*]

The November installment of "Grant's Life in the West" will tell the story of Lieutenant Grant's courtship.—ED.

THE CORN-FIELDS OF THE WEST.

SWEET grapes in purple cluster
Dot the vine-clad hills of Spain,
The lemon's yellow luster
Tints the islands off the main;
But there's nothing has a fairer sheen,
By nature richer drest,
Than the waving fields of gold and green,—
The corn-fields of the West.

Wm. H. Nealon.

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GRANT'S LIFE IN THE WEST AND HIS MISSISSIPPI VALLEY CAMPAIGNS.

BY COL. JOHN W. EMERSON.

Engravings from drawings and photographs furnished chiefly by Mrs. E. Butler Johnson.

(Begun in the October MIDLAND MONTHLY.)

CHAPTER III.

GRANT'S COURTSHIP BEGINS.

WHEN a cadet at West Point, Grant had as one of his classmates — and a portion of the time as room-mate also — one F. T. Dent (later Brigadier-General and afterwards United States Minister to Denmark), whose father's family lived five miles west from Jefferson Barracks on a farm,— or plantation, as large farms were usually called in the South in those days,— known as "White Haven." It was a beautiful estate and the home of refinement and culture.

There were two unmarried sons at home, and two daughters, aged fifteen and nine, respectively. There was another daughter still older — as Grant well knew from the West Point brother; but when he made his advent at the Dent home soon after his arrival at Jefferson Barracks, armed with delicately written and most cordial credentials from young Lieutenant Dent, "Miss Dent" was not at home. She was attending her finishing term at a young ladies' school in St. Louis. Early in the spring of 1844, as the warm winds from the south opened the flowers, and the melody of the birds awakened every refined and exalted emotion of the soul, this young lady of sweet seventeen returned to her White Haven home.

Lieutenant Grant's intercourse with the family, during his frequent visits, had gained him the esteem and confidence of the elder Dents, as well as the four young people at home. Hence, before the re-

ULYSSES S. GRANT.
Third of THE MIDLAND Series of Grant portraits. The first and second appeared in the October installment.

turn of the accomplished Julia, a cordial friendship had sprung into existence between the family and the young officer. On being introduced to Lieutenant Grant, Julia not only met her brother's classmate and friend,— of whom that brother had often written her many favorable things from West Point,— but also an esteemed and welcome guest in her father's family.

Here were two hearts, fresh, pure, true, unappropriated; refined, cultured, and with high ideals and purposes; both fresh from the halls of learning; both fond of reading,— their ages, seventeen and twenty-two,— why should there not be friendship, mutual sympathy and admiration? Then, Grant was a great horseman,— none better in the army,— and Miss Dent was one of the most clever, graceful and expert horsewomen in the country,— a region then celebrated for its superior horsemanship. An old colored servant, relating recollections of that time when, a small girl, she was all enthusiasm about Miss Julia's skill as a horsewoman, said to me:

"Oh, Massa, I tell yo' she was the bes' rider I eber see! Then yo' orter see Massa Cap'n Grant help her on her horse! She touch her toe to Cap'n Grant's fingers with his gloves on, an' spring into the saddle like a bird flittin' from one limb of a tree to anodder! Then Cap'n Grant — Oh, Massa, yo' orter seen him git on a horse! He neber spring, neber ben' his back or neck, he jis' put one foot in stirrup an' rise up easy an' straight, an' quick as a wink he would be a-settin' in his saddle straight as a general! Oh, Massa, I tell yer I neber see two ride like Cap'n Grant and Miss Julia!" And she clapped her hands at the memory of it.

And, too, Grant loved nature; was fond of exploring the country. Miss Julia knew every foot of it for miles around her father's house. No bit of fascinating landscape had escaped her quick observation and appreciation, as she had often ridden through its groves and over its gentle undulations in the early morning and the evening, with her trusty horse and dog,

THE OLD DENT MANSION NEAR ST. LOUIS, WHERE LIEUTENANT GRANT COURTED MISS DENT; AFTERWARDS THE HOME OF CAPTAIN AND MRS. GRANT.

COLONEL DENT'S MANSION — VIEW FROM THE NORTHEAST.
The Dent Estate in 1844 included nearly a thousand acres of land within ten miles of St. Louis.

and the singing birds about her as companions. Amid these scenes, in this perfection of nature, and with this refinement and purity of home-life about her, Miss Julia Dent developed into the ideal young woman fit to become the life companion of the great soldier.

In this refined, elevating and pure companionship did Lieutenant Grant pass much of his time during the early months of 1844. If he came to know every highway and byway of the country for a dozen miles around as intimately as a farmer knows his farm, it was most natural, with such a pilot and guide. Is it any surprise that, with their book-lore, their mingling with and study of nature during this delightful spring, time should have flown all too swiftly?

The coming battle-storm with Mexico called Grant away before the young people realized they entertained toward each other any other than sentiments of sincere friendship?

In later life General Grant modestly admitted that his visits to the home of the Dents were *possibly* a little more frequent after Miss Dent arrived at her home; and then he naively adds, "they certainly became more enjoyable."

Their walks and talks were frequent. Miss Dent was a botanist. She knew where the rarest plants and the most beautiful flowers grew. Grant had neglected his botany in his greater love for more practical studies, and surely he could not now neglect this his first opportunity to take lessons, and from so competent and companionable a teacher as Miss Dent, assisted very often by a younger sister.

On this portion of the west bank of the Mississippi are many charming valleys opening towards the river, extending back a few hundred yards, some of them much farther. The gentle slopes were covered with clean, park-like groves and vines, and with grass and ferns and

flowers. Rippling brooklets flashed and laughed as they danced and leaped along over white pebbles or clean ledges of rocks to the great river. These "coves" or little valleys were then as they had come from the hand of the Creator. The rays of the sun flashed into them from the east in early morn, and continued to smile upon them most of the day in early spring-time, so that they were clothed with grass and plants and flowers of many hues long before spring had covered the uplands with its mantle of new life. To these charming spots frequent visits were necessarily made with "botany" and glass and needles to analyze the flowers, while the attendant would have "Lady of the Lake," or some other book of poems, in his pocket or lunch-basket, in case botanizing and exploration should grow tedious.

On one occasion while Miss Dent was intent on unfolding and explaining the intricate structure of a rare and beautiful flower to young Grant, who was anxiously peering into the recesses and marvels of its structure, the sharp bark of a dog disturbed their studies. In a moment a deer bounded lightly past them, almost directly toward the dog. The yelping became more rapid as the deer, with dog in pursuit, flew away over the country on a circle and back to the river two miles up stream.

The deer was the mother of a little spotted fawn only a few days old and this cove was evidently her home, for as the mother had run toward the dog to attract its attention and induce the dog to follow her away from the baby and thus save it, the little thing came hopping along and hid under a small bush almost within touch of Grant and Miss Dent. They talked to it sympathetically and assured it that the dog should not injure it if it would stay close to them. They could have caught it, but Grant thought it would be cruel to rob its mother thus wantonly, and Miss Dent agreed. He suggested that the mother would be back again as soon as she had "led the dogs a dance" over the hills and could then free herself from their pursuit by taking to the water.

And so it happened. Not long after, the cunning little mother came up out of the river, having swam down stream from where she had left the dogs, and she came softly walking up to within a few rods of the place where the botanists were sitting. She stood looking at them for some minutes, then gave a stamp with her foot, and instantly the pretty little fawn leaped away to its mother, and they trotted off a few hundred yards and lay down on the other slope, and watched the botanists and their escort until the slanting rays of the sun, as it painted in gold and crimson and purple the young buds and leaves and flowers about them, admonished them to turn their faces homeward.

As Miss Dent arose and looked around over nature's brillant garden of wild flowers, she repeated the poet's words:

"Gorgeous flowerets in the sunlight shining,
Blossoms flaunting in the eye of day,
Tremulous leaves, with soft and silver lining,
Buds that open only to decay."

And Grant instantly replied, quoting from the same poem which both had been reading at Miss Julia's home, that very morning:—

"Brilliant hopes all woven in golden tissues,
Flaunting gayly in the golden light;
Large desires, with most uncertain issues,"—

And here his memory failed him, and his listener came to the rescue with the missing line.

Some choice flowers of Grant's gathering that had escaped the dissecting needles found their way in quite a mysterious manner among the ribbons of a little lady's hat that lay near him. The ride home was pleasant, but uneventful. And when he bade her good-night at her father's door he carried back to the post a few of the choicest flowers the little lady had collected.

Adventurous horsemen and women do sometimes meet with adventures, and young Grant and Miss Dent did not wholly escape.

When the water is high in the Mississippi the current is swift, and it abrades the banks quite rapidly where they are of alluvial soil — it undermines them — and they frequently "cave in" several

yards or rods at a time. In the early spring, in one of their afternoon explorations, they were riding along the bank of the river passing from one cove or valley to the mouth of another. Miss Dent, was nearest the water. The land was but a few feet above the surface of the swift-flowing, turbulent stream. Suddenly Miss Dent's horse began to sink. The earth had given way under his hind feet. Grant's horse was close beside hers. In an instant he saw that her horse was sinking into the awful abyss! Grant's cool head and splendid horsemanship here had opportunity to display itself. Quick as a flash he leaned over, threw his right arm around Miss Dent's waist and drew her to him as her horse instantly disappeared in the seething and murky eddy that a moment later boiled and surged in angry tumult over the place where bank and horse had vanished from sight!

It was a frightful moment!

Fortunately the earth parted between the two animals, leaving Grant's horse on solid ground. Lifting and firmly holding Miss Dent, and applying spur to his horse, he was on safe ground in a moment; then he gently lowered her to the earth, — all this without a word from "the silent man," or a scream or murmur from her!

As he hastened back to rescue her horse, she stood holding the bridle of his, outwardly as composed as if nothing had happened. Later, when she had time to reflect upon the horror of the situation, Miss Dent was somewhat nervous, but she did not lose control of herself for a moment.

Her horse had totally disappeared. Grant followed down stream and hailed a boatman in a skiff, who found the horse swimming along several hundred yards below, amidst driftwood and debris. He landed the animal at a place where it could climb the bank, and it was soon on safe ground, none the worse for the fright and the bath. Grant liberally rewarded the boatman for the rescue of the horse, and in a short time triumphantly led Miss Dent's dripping steed back to her! By this time their escort had appeared on the scene and the wet horse and saddle were exchanged for dry ones. It was agreed that "the folks at home" would not be any the happier for a knowledge of the adventure, and that for the present nothing should be said on the subject. My informant says that this was the one event in Grant's life to which he ever afterwards reverted with a shudder.

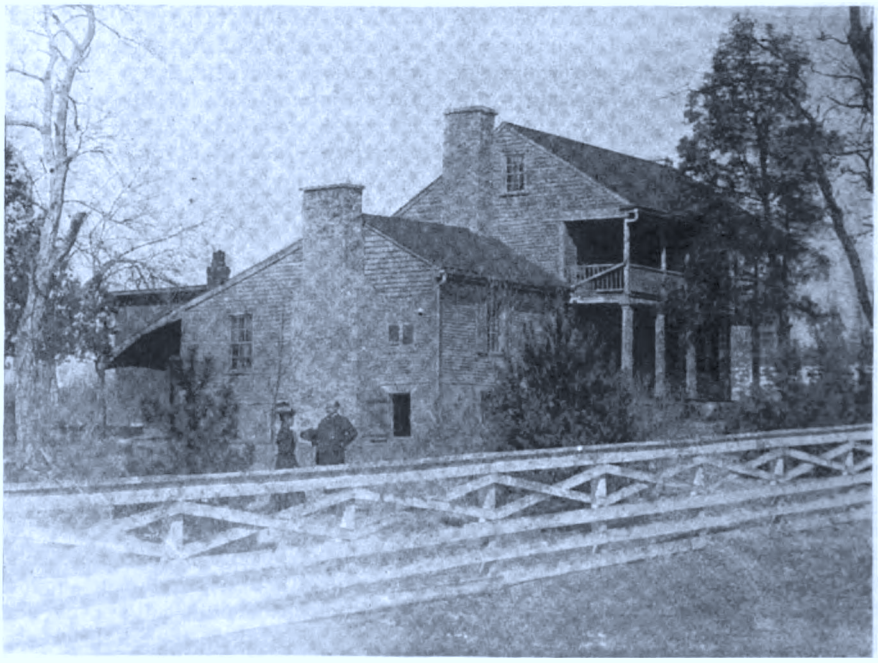
The occurrence had no effect upon the intimacy of the young people, unless it was to strengthen the ties of friendship between them. Grant was strictly attentive to every duty. He assisted in enforcing the strictest discipline in the little army at the post, and was diligent in the pursuit of his studies. As Tyler's administration was making every effort, against the protest of Mexico, to bring about the annexation of Texas, with its western boundary at the Rio Grande, there was always present for discussion in the army, as in the country, the question of the possibilities of war.

Grant was decidedly opposed to the annexation, and felt that a war thus forced upon Mexico would be unjust. He was, however, then as always, ready to perform his duty and obey orders.

One evening in April, in one of Grant's rides through the country with Miss Dent, they passed along a pretty road with many windings on the top of one of the gentle ridges which divide the small streams and valleys. It was smooth, and over-arched by grand old primeval oaks, unmarred and untouched by the vandal axeman. The afternoon was calm, the road shady, the air balmy, and of that temperature which makes one feel in perfect harmony with one's environments. Their horses had for a long time been walking slowly. They had been chatting about the fate of Mary Queen of Scots. The subject led on to some of the most interesting incidents in Scott's novels, and finally centered upon the Scottish clans. Miss Dent ventured to suggest a *quære* about the Scotch Grants, but, as in later years, he never cared to talk about anything to his own credit or praise, so then he had no desire to disclose the fact

that he was of that renowned stock. He deftly turned the conversation by asking his companion if she had any idea how the ridge they were riding upon, and these valleys and undulations about them, came to be as they were, and whether she had read any of that other Scotchman's works — Hugh Miller's. Before any response came, their horses raised their heads and their ears straightened up and turned forward to catch a sound. By the roadside two small boys and a dog had treed a coon and a possum. They stopped a moment to see the boys belaboring the tree with clubs. Just then a loud call of distress came from across the valley bottom several hundred yards distant. The call grew louder. They could see through the open forest at the far side of the valley a partial opening or clearing. They turned their horses and rode rapidly in the direction of the cries of distress. They found that an old negro, while engaged in clearing the land for corn-planting, had cut his foot severely with his axe,— had severed an artery. They found him holding the wound tightly with his hand to stop the flow of blood as much as possible.

They dismounted and Grant's quick action in emergency was again exhibited. His pocket-handkerchief was folded and pressed to the wound and then held there by Miss Dent,—who seems to have been on all occasions Grant's complement in coolness and command of expedients,—while the old darkey was made to press the severed artery on each side the cut to stop the flow of blood. Grant took the axe, cut some clean oak bark and in a minute had it bruised into a pulp, on the top of a stump. The pulp was placed on the wound, and Miss Dent's pocket-handkerchief and Grant's, already saturated with



THE DENT MANSION AS IT NOW APPEARS — THE VIEW IS FROM THE SOUTHEAST.

It was an elegant residence for its time, of the old Maryland-Virginia Colonial style of Architecture. Comfortable quarters for the Negro slaves were in the rear of the Mansion. The large rooms have massive, old-style fire-places, all of which are still in use. Grant afterwards became owner of the estate, now called "Grant-wood," and fitted it up with new fences and capacious barns and stables. Captain Conn, the present owner, and the artist, Mrs. Johnson, stand in the foreground of the picture.

FIRE-PLACE IN THE NORTH ROOM OF THE DENT-GRANT MANSION IN ST. LOUIS COUNTY.

blood, were bound over it. Then the back of the man's vest was torn out and wrapped over these. These were held in place by Miss Dent, while Grant peeled a quantity of "leatherwood" bark from shrubs growing plentifully in the bottom-lands, and carefully tied the improvised bandages. The blood ceased to flow. The man's wife and two little girls (and that is how these particulars came to be revealed, for Grant never told a story of his own good deeds) came on the scene, but were so paralyzed with terror that they could do nothing but wring their hands and cry. The only intelligible words the woman uttered were in objection to Grant's tearing the back out of the old man's vest that lay on a stump near by! He told her he would bring her husband a new vest.

Grant carefully lifted the old darkey upon his horse, took him to his cabin near by, and admonished him to lie still until the next day when he would come and see how his patient was getting on.

While binding up the wound Miss Dent remarked to Grant that she had "always had the impression that it was the mission of the soldier to make wounds, not to bind them up." Grant after a pause said,—"Perhaps it's both. But don't you think when one makes a wound, one should try to heal it?"—with a quiet look at Miss Dent. Her eyes dropped to the bandage, but she was silent.

The witness to this scene says, "Mammer said how that Miss Julia 'peared not to understand what Cap'n Grant meant, but she said how she 'lowed she did, cause she herself know'd, and Mammer said how Miss Julia was the knowin'est Miss she ever seen in her born days."

Their bloody hands were washed and after some *facetiæ* between the two ama-

teur surgeons, as to the propriety of entering the profession of surgery, they hastened home.

As he would have to make speed to reach the post in time for dress-parade, he bade Miss Dent a hasty good-night, having arranged to be at the negro's cabin with a surgeon at 4 o'clock on the morrow,— Miss Dent to see what she could take to comfort the old man.

Late that evening, a visit was made the cabin by Miss Dent and other members of the Dent family, to see that the patient was safe from bleeding and was resting comfortably, and to supply him with necessaries and comforts.

That evening Lieutenant Grant related the events of the day to the surgeon at Jefferson Barracks, and that officer readily consented to ride out the next afternoon and give the darkey's foot thorough surgical care. At 4 o'clock Lieutenant Grant and the surgeon, with necessary appliances, were at the cabin, and the wound was dressed and bandaged in due form. While it was progressing Miss Dent and her attendant, with a basket, arrived, and the surgeon, who had not before met her, was introduced. While his hands were busy with his task, his tongue was also busy with compliments because of the surgical expedients of Lieutenant Grant and herself, the day before. Grant had thoughtfully brought a new army vest to replace the one he had torn into bandages the day before, and the old darkey's eyes flashed with joy and pleasure. One of the negro's grandchildren lately brought out from its hiding place and exhibited one of the long-treasured buttons from the celebrated "Grant vest," as they called it.

The patient was left comfortable and quite happy. Miss Dent said she would be pleased to have the two officers go by her home and see her father and mother, who would be happy to welcome them. They responded that they would be most happy to comply with her suggestion. She asked the surgeon if he would like to go by a circuitous route and view some scenery that had often delighted Lieutenant Grant and herself. He "would be most pleased to act on the happy suggestion," and, with Lieutenant Grant's assistance, Miss Dent sprang lightly into her saddle and their horses bounded away.

At her father's home the officers were welcomed with that frank and cordial hospitality ever characteristic of cultured and refined people in the South and West.

In a very short time,— for the officers had but a few minutes to tarry if they would reach the post at the appointed hour,— Miss Dent, without stopping to change her apparel, was serving tea and cake with her own hands to the two officers and her father and mother on the wide and shady veranda. Then, bringing her own little china cup, a relic of her childhood days, she sat beside her mother in her elegant riding habit and dainty little hat with nodding plumes, and laughed and chatted with the members of the circle, especially defending the surgical operation of Lieutenant Grant and herself the day before. The surgeon joined in praise of the operation. He was inclined to think it was not sufficiently scientific to gain for the operator a medal in the London College of Surgeons, yet it was a great feat of genius, accomplished as it was in the woods! He thought Miss Dent should in some way belong to the army, she had stood her baptism of blood so well!

She was silent; so was Grant. She sipped her tea slowly, because her cup and hand while doing so partly hid her face. But the surgeon got no sign. Grant, too, was placid.

The cups emptied, the officers arose, bade all good-night and bowed themselves off the upper step; then, mounting outside the enclosure, wheeled to the gate; saluted their entertainers again; wheeled their horses and galloped away at brisk speed toward the post.

After a few minutes' silence the surgeon said,—"Grant, you son of Mars, under what lucky star were you born? My ability to diagnose is not confined to gun-

shot wounds, or to wounds made by saber or by axe. Now confess, you lucky dog you, confess!" But Grant seemed not to understand what the surgeon meant. He did not know that he had been guilty of any wrong! True, he admitted, his surgery of the day before was not as scientific as the surgery to-day had been, but then! — well, but,— but,— the surgeon's talk was all Latin to him! He could understand a little French and German, but,— well, the surgeon's talk was beyond his comprehension!

The surgeon had his *opinion*, but held his peace,— and so did Grant.

Forty years later, in speaking about his courtship, in his Memoirs,* General Grant says: "It is possible this intercourse with the Dent family and Miss Dent might have continued for some years without my finding out that there was anything serious the matter with me." But in May events in the Southwest were culminating rapidly and there were visible movements of the army in that direction.

CHAPTER IV.

LIEUTENANT GRANT TAKES A SHORT LEAVE OF ABSENCE.

In May, 1844, Grant obtained twenty days' leave of absence to visit his father's home in Ohio. A day or two after he departed on his trip, his regiment,— the Fourth Infantry,— was ordered to proceed to Fort Jessup, Louisana, about twenty-five miles east of the Texas line, to "observe the frontier." They immediately started on steamboats down the Mississippi and up the Red River.

After reaching his old home, Grant learned by a letter from a fellow officer at Jefferson Barracks that his regiment had been ordered to leave and was on the eve of departure. Before his twenty days' leave expired, he grew each day more "anxious to get back to Jefferson Barracks." He says, "I now understood the reason without explanation from any one! My leave of absence required me to report for duty at Jefferson Barracks at the end of twenty days. I knew my regiment had gone up the Red River, but I was not disposed to break the *letter* of my leave. Accordingly, at the end of twenty days I reported for duty to Lieutenant Ewell, commanding the post, handing him at the same time my leave of absence.....He gave me an order to join my regiment in Louisiana. I then asked for a few days' leave before starting, which he readily granted."

Grant's horse had been shipped with the regiment, but he was not long in finding another. He loved a horse and was not altogether happy without one. When he became President, "talking horse," as he termed it, was often his great recourse against the office-hunters, who swarmed around him and bewildered him in the White House.

The Lieutenant Ewell who gave Grant this additional leave "was the same Ewell," says Grant, "who acquired considerable reputation as a Confederate General during the Rebellion. He was a man much esteemed, and deservedly so, in the old army, and proved himself a gallant and efficient officer in two wars — both in my estimation unholy."

When Ewell handed Grant the order to join his regiment, and also a few days' additional "leave," he remarked very pleasantly that he had no doubt the recipient would find the climate in the country west of the river much more inspiring and elevating than he had found it in any of his late wanderings in the East! Lieutenant Grant thanked him and smiled, but said nothing.

During his absence, and with the prospect of an indefinite separation from his

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*In a letter dated New York, March 21, 1889, Col. Frederick D. Grant wrote the author as follows:

"*My Dear Col. Emerson*,—You are at perfect liberty to use as much of the "Personal Memoirs" as you please in your forthcoming work,— also to print my letter of February 26th," etc.

The letter of February 26th, above referred to contains the following tribute to the value of Col. Emerson's work: "I read your article and was so pleased with what you had to say, and the way in which you said it, that I assembled the family together and reread it to them. We all agreed that your paper brings out and proves points which will give the historical student a better idea of General Grant's character than any other similar paper that we have ever read," etc.

[Signed] "FREDERICK D. GRANT."

White Haven friends,—the one friend of all friends in particular,—Grant had made the discovery that there was really something serious the matter with him. He had provided himself with a new uniform, he had the desired leave of absence, and sympathizing brother officers had loaned him a good horse; and, with his mind at ease on these points, he was about to start off on the most momentous campaign of his life — one more trying to his courage than any of his later campaigns.

The prize, the object of his quest, was greater than the conquest of a kingdom. "Yet," says the officer who was present and gave the writer the minutest particulars of the event, "Grant made a confidant of none of us; but we knew of his courtship and so we suspected the object of his present mission to the country, and by many hints we let him understand our suspicions; *but he was silent.*"

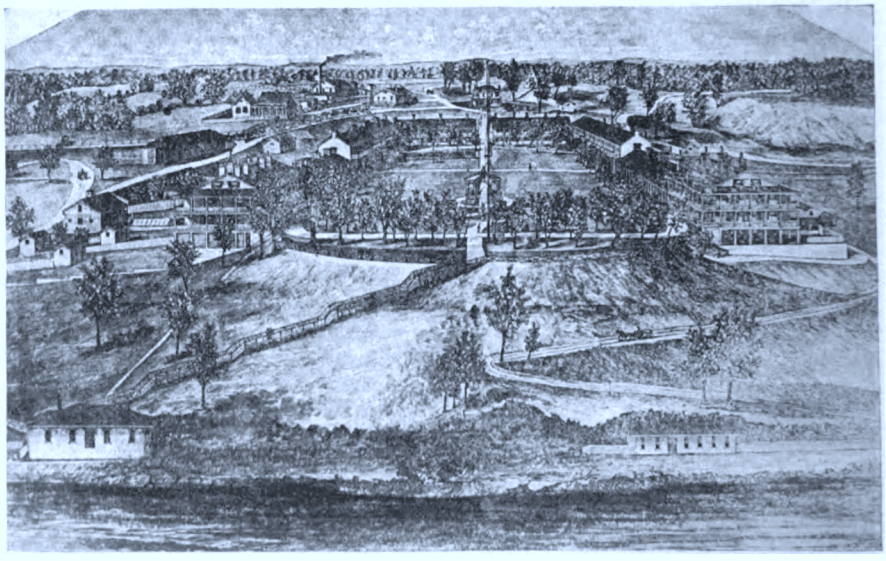
CHAPTER V.

GRANT PROPOSES TO MISS DENT AND IS OFF FOR THE WAR.

It was a charming May day when Lieutenant Grant mounted his horse and rode out of the Barracks gate toward White Haven. It had rained furiously the day and night before, but there never was a brighter or more balmy May morning than that.

Forty years later General Grant in his Memoirs tells so innocently and naturally of that adventurous ride that, with full permission of his literary executor, I quote his own account of it.

"There is an insignificant creek — the Gravois—between Jefferson Barracks and the place to which I was going, and at that day there was not a bridge over it from its source to its mouth. There is not water enough in the creek at ordinary stages to run a coffee-mill, and at low water there is none running whatever. On this occasion it had been raining heavily, and when the creek was reached I found the banks full to overflowing and the current rapid. I looked at it a moment to consider what to do. One of my superstitions had always been when I started to go anywhere or do anything not to turn back or stop until the thing intended was accomplished....So I struck into the stream, and in an instant the



JEFFERSON BARRACKS, NEAR ST. LOUIS, AS IT LOOKED WHEN GRANT REVISITED THE SPOT IN 1861.
Compare the view with that of the Barracks in 1844, as published in the October installment.

THE OLD UNITED STATES ARSENAL IN ST. LOUIS.

View from Lyon Park, looking East, showing the Western Gate through which Captain Lyon, U. S. A., and Colonel Blair marched on their way to the capture of Camp Jackson. At this entrance Grant and Blair had a consultation while the men were forming for the march, May 10, 1861. The Arsenal was one great source of supply for Grant's troops during all his Mississippi Valley Campaigns.

horse was swimming and I being carried down by the current. I headed my horse towards the other bank and soon reached it, wet through and without other clothes on that side of the stream. I went on, however, to my destination and borrowed a dry suit from my future brother-in-law. We were not of the same size, but the clothes answered every purpose until I got more of my own!"

Of course, it would have been contrary to Grant's constitution of mind to retreat or wait a few hours for the flood to subside. With him then, as in all his military movements in his later career, *now* was the accepted time.

A young colored person — now an old woman — who was at the Dent house on that occasion, gave the writer some interesting glimpses of this visit,—to Grant and Miss Dent a most momentous event. Miss Dent did not know of Grant's return from Ohio, and his sudden advent was a surprise to her. Besides, the streams were a-flood and impassable!

The woman thus related what she saw:

"Cap'n Grant had swum through the muddy creek and when he got down at the gate the water was a-drippin' from 'im, and his boots was full of water. But he come right in! Miss Julia was busy fixin' up flowers and plants that had been put down by the storm and rain las' night afore, and I was a-helpin' to hold 'em up. When he come through the gate, I says, 'Lor' me, Miss Julia! der is Cap'n Grant for sho'!' He come right straight to us, and she made a step or two to meet him. Cap'n he took off his hat and bowed polite and he hel' her hand for a minute, and no one said a word. He wer wet all over; then they both laughed, and I dist laughed and laughed! Then Cap'n he 'splained to her how the creek was jis' a-boomin', but he wanted to come right *then*, and so he jis' come. Then they

laughed agin, and then she asked him to the house and told him her brother would get him some dry clothes." And the old woman added, "I dis tell yo', Colonel, I dis b'lieve how Miss Julia felt mighty proud that Cap'n would swim a creek to get to see her so sudden after his comin' back!"

The observant eye of a bright darkey girl misses no detail when lovers are abroad, but I shall not linger over the few happy days they were permitted to spend in friendly intercourse at the Dent home before Grant's departure for what was felt to be certain to become the seat of war.

If the reader has not personally experienced it, he or she can form but a very inadequate conception of the real charm and delight of the balmy and radiant May climate of the Jefferson Barracks region, in Missouri. The air and sunlight are inspiring. All the elements of nature seem to combine in the perfection of conditions to make life joyous, yes, blissfully happy. And the birds, realizing the charm of existence, come hither from their southern winter resorts, and, inspired by the new conditions and experiences of happy spring-time, make the air redolent of sweet music, as the wild flowers in infinite variety fill it with their delicious odors.

It was amid such environments that Grant and the little lady whom he was timidly hoping to win passed these few last days together. Their hearts were as happy as all their surroundings were beautiful and joyous; as true and pure as the uncorrupted nature with which they most loved to commune.

Stormy weather had delayed Miss Dent's flower gardening, and Grant was happy that it had. The two young people were industrious and vigilant, and the brother and the father and mother were sure White Haven lawn was never before so artistically arranged and decorated. If now and then during this flower-planting young Grant slyly placed a rose-bud or a pansy in the curls of Miss Dent's hair while her fingers were busy with rootlet and clinging earth, it is not necessary that it should be here chronicled.

But the fiat of destiny seems to introduce many interruptions into Edenic life. The last planting had been finished, and on the one question of infinite importance to him Grant still remained silent. He was more silent than usual during those last few precious hours as they worked on together.

Grant had walked off by himself, and around by the greenhouse, where he had found a beautiful, partly-opened rose. This he brought back and, placing a stool near Miss Dent where she sat making a final inspection of the flower-bed just finished, he seated himself facing her. He held the rose in his fingers slightly extended toward her and asked if she would accept it. She removed her glove and took the rose from his fingers and held it, looking at it, then at him. After a moment's silence, he ventured to say he hoped she would wear it for the giver's sake. With trembling fingers she fastened it in her corsage. Another silence; then Grant asked if he might return to her,—if return he should from the wars,—and—.

There was no other word spoken between the lovers but their eyes told the story, each to the other,—the old yet ever new story of true love.

After tea they rode over to visit the old darkey on whose foot they had performed the surgical operation a few weeks before. Supremely happy themselves, they made him happy with kind words and in more substantial ways.

Next morning the hour of departure arrived. Farewells were said to all the family except Miss Dent, who accompanied her lover to the gate; then, he leading his horse, they walked slowly on a few hundred yards to an elevation off the roadway, and stood looking in the direction of Jefferson Barracks whence he would presently disappear on his long journey to the far South. The farewells then and there spoken no ear heard but their own.

As Grant rode eastward over a depression and ascended another elevation beyond which he would be hid from view,

he turned in his saddle and saw a white handkerchief held in dainty fingers to the lips of a fair little lady standing silent and alone at the place of parting. He waved a final salute, turned, rode rapidly, and soon vanished from her sight. For some time she stood silent and motionless. Then turning, with resolute heart and firm step she returned to her home, there to resume her duties and responsibilities and patiently wait the return of her soldier lover.

(*To be Continued.*)

JOAQUIN MILLER'S MOUNTAIN HOME.

By Mary Louise Pratt.

ONE day in Oakland, California, Joaquin Miller said, giving us directions for reaching his home in the mountains, "Drive out though Fruitvale and take the road to the left, going two miles east *and one mile perpendicular.*"

We started early, driving through the city and then following the narrow, winding trail that climbs the foot-hills to the mountains. So narrow is this road that two carriages cannot pass, except at the places, every half mile, where niches are cut in the rock to admit one team waiting for another.

At last the road widened and came out upon the summit of the hill owned by Mr. Miller. Six years ago he bought a thousand acres in the foot-hills for a sum almost nominal. Now, by his own hard work this place has improved to such an extent that he has been offered forty thousand dollars for it, and in a few more years it will be worth twice that sum.

As we left our carriage at the gate (there being no drive up to the house) Mr. Miller came running down the path to meet us, himself the brightest figure in all that bright landscape. He wore the gayest of colors, and, as I understood, was dressed as he always is when at home on the mountains: in light corduroy trousers, a buff silk shirt, red sash and black velvet vest, with a bear skin slung over his shoulders. He looked like a true Spaniard of the olden days. His long light hair made a beautiful frame for a very kind face. As he greeted us he turned and waved his hand, taking in the whole country round about.

"It is all yours," he exclaimed, "the houses, flowers and fruit, and all I ask of you is to be happy."

A small thing, we thought, but one that means much to him, as he cannot bear to have any unhappiness near him.

He took us up the path to three small cottages, standing side by side, called Spring, Summer and Autumn. I only peeped into the first — the walls of which were gay with childish pictures, the whole room, in fact, furnished for a child — his little daughter Jaunita, who, with her mother, came on from New York a year ago to spend the summer.

As we started into the next cottage, "Summer," Mr. Miller bade us look up over the door, saying, "There are the three religions; you may take your choice."

There, indeed, were the symbols over the door, — the rising sun, the crescent and the cross. This cottage consists of one large square room—Mr. Miller's own. Half of it is used for a sitting-room, furnished in gay chintz, while the sloping walls are one mass of photographs of noted people and curious relics its owner has brought from all parts of the world. Curtains divide the room and make a bed-room of the other half, — and here is where Joaquin Miller, the "Poet of the Sierras," does his writing.

He told me that he had coffee brought to him at 11:00 o'clock in the morning, and from that time until 1:00 he did what

GRANT'S LIFE IN THE WEST AND HIS MISSISSIPPI VALLEY CAMPAIGNS.*

By Col. John W. Emerson.

Engravings from drawings and photographs furnished chiefly by Mrs. E. Butler Johnson.

(Begun in the October Midland Monthly.)

CHATER VI.

GRANT AT FORT JESSUP.

LIEUTENANT GRANT immediately took steamer for Red River, where he rejoined the Fourth Infantry at "Camp Salubrity," in the pine woods near Fort Jessup.

The camp was on elevated ground above the flight of mosquitoes and other pestilential insects which make life miserable on the low lands of the South in the hot season. Cool springs furnished abundant water. Grant had his own horse, and constant intercourse was kept up between the officers of the Fort and of Camp Salubrity, and the social element in the neighboring villages.

The young soldier's ambition to qualify himself for a professorship at West Point had prompted him to a studious life, and his studies were constantly pursued until active preparations for the Mexican War interrupted them.

From an old painting.

GENERAL ZACHARY TAYLOR IN CAMP.

Texas had been one of the States of Mexico and the threatened war was, as the reader will recall, the culmination of a controversy between the United States and Mexico touching the independence of Texas, and the annexation of that State to this country, and of a long contention as to the boundary between the two,—Mexico insisting that the Nueces River was the western line of Texas, while the United States and Texas contended for the Rio Grande as the boundary.

Lieutenant Grant was at that time far from robust, and his studies, since he entered the Military Academy at West Point, had been a severe strain on his vitality. There was consumption in the family line, and he had fears that he might become a victim. But, with his love of horseback riding, his constant outdoor exercise in the

dry and balmy air of Texas and Mexico for the four years now ensuing so fully restored his vigor that the danger disappeared forever.

CHAPTER VII.

GRANT RETURNS TO ASK THE CONSENT OF MISS DENT'S PARENTS.

About the 1st of May, 1845, before the Army had made further advance, and during a temporary lull in the Texas-Mexico excitement, Lieutenant Grant "obtained a leave of absence for twenty days for the purpose of visiting *St. Louis*," he says. But he elsewhere admits that the real object of his visit was "to obtain the consent of Miss Dent's parents to the union, which had not been asked for before."

From an old engraving.

GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT,

Commander-in-chief of the Army, under whom Grant served after his transfer from General Taylor's Command, in 1847.

An incident occurred on his steamboat trip up the Mississippi that illustrates Grant's ready resources in emergencies.

In those days the steamboat was the aristocratic mode of travel. Money was plenty with planters in the South, and they spent it freely. The magnificent boats were the rendezvous of the professional and accomplished gambler. Almost any afternoon or evening men could be seen at the tables, with piles of money, and not infrequently beside it their bowie-knives and revolvers. When the latter were not in sight, it was always known that they were within instant reach in case of a disagreement. This was a part of the gamblers' code on the Lower Mississippi steamers. On this occasion gambling was in progress as usual. The young husband of a beautiful and accomplished lady was playing at one of the tables with an elderly man who was evidently a "professional." The young wife was anxious. She walked in and out of the cabin repeatedly to attract her husband's attention, but he was too absorbed to notice her. Grant observed that he was losing, and that the stakes increased at every game. The wife walked the deck, in front of the cabin where the play was progressing, in the utmost agony. She entered the cabin again, brushed past her husband's chair and touched him, then came out on the open deck, but the husband was completely absorbed in a venture that meant his ruin. Tears rolled from her beautiful eyes, and she sank into a chair near where Grant sat with a book in his hand which he had been reading, and in tones as agonizing as they were despairing and

pathetic, sobbed out the inquiry, directed to no one in particular, "Oh, can nothing be done to save him from ruin, from destruction!" Others were sitting there who knew as well as Grant did what was transpiring. But he quickly responded, "Madam, you must make a diversion, a strategic movement, and help or force your husband to retreat before the game is concluded; do something *desperate*, create some excitement."

The little woman was equal to the emergency, and was as prompt to act as was any one of Grant's most trusty generals on a hint from him during his later career. She promptly sprang upon a chair, put her foot on the railing and jumped over before any one could say a word! Every one set up a cry of horror. Grant, who knew the husband's name, put his head into the cabin door and shouted to him that his wife was overboard! Everybody cried to the Captain, on the deck above, to "Stop the boat! A woman overboard!" The husband sprang up, scraped his own money into his sack amidst the thundering protests of the gambler (for the game was not quite finished) and flew to the scene of the excitement. The steamer was stopped. One of the aft boats was lowered by deck hands, not waiting for orders!

The reader can imagine how thorough the "diversion" was, and how "strategic." The young husband was in a state of terror and agony. He threw his sack of money on the floor, and someone carried it to the clerk, who put it in his safe. It took two or three strong men to hold him and prevent him plunging down into the murky water in search of his wife. Grant silently hoped that they would let him do so. "It would cool him off and bring him to his senses," he said in a low tone to a friend. The captain seemed to learn in a very few minutes (probably through a tube from an officer on the lower deck) that there was no need of waiting longer, for he rang to the engineer, and away the boat steamed again. This more than ever excited the husband, and in his frenzy he had to be disarmed and prevented from shooting the Captain for steaming ahead without stopping longer to fish his wife out of the depths!

Grant stood, meantime, silent and unperturbed. He knew exactly what had happened, but he meant that the reckless

From an old drawing.

THE OLD CHOUTEAU MANSION IN ST. LOUIS,
Where the officers of Jefferson Barracks frequently met the elite of St. Louis society in social intercourse.

THE DINING ROOM FIRE-PLACE IN THE GRANT-DENT FARM HOUSE, NEAR ST. LOUIS.

husband should remain ignorant of it as long as possible.

Several moments elapsed, during which time the infuriated husband had to be held by several stalwart men to prevent him from killing the Captain or jumping into the river. The passengers moved to the lower deck and around the locality where the lady must have gone overboard. Soon another excitement arose amongst them. Then a cheer went up! Grant, who still stood at the upper rail without having moved a step, smiled, but uttered not a word. The husband meantime had been forced into a chair and held there. Then a voice shouted from below, loud above the din of excited cheers, "Here she is! here she is!"

With a bound the husband tore loose from his guards, went over the front rail and alighted on some cotton bales piled up on the lower deck — exactly where his wife had jumped down! — and there behind the bales lay his wife, with a couple of old darkey women trying to resuscitate her with cold water and fans, and crying that "Missus mus' be a-dyin'!" He had her in his arms in a moment, himself in a frenzy of joy.

If she had not actually fainted, her acting was magnificent, for she had now and then a relapse for several hours, during which time the distressed husband was told by her, with her arms about his neck as he knelt beside her couch, that his gambling was the cause of it all! And thereupon he plighted his troth anew and vowed forever afterward to abstain from the vice.

The lady appeared on deck before the boat reached St. Louis, and she managed to smilingly say to Lieutenant Grant that she thanked him for his suggestion, and she did hope that his "strategy" might be as successful in war as it had been in peace.

Grant had quite forgotten this incident, but when his victorious legions were sweeping through Mississippi,—this same lady, now a widow, suddenly found her-

COLONEL JOHN O'FALLON, SR., OF ST. LOUIS,
Who came from Maryland with Colonel Dent and family soon after Missouri's admission into the Union. The O'Fallon family was one of the wealthiest and most noted in St. Louis. The O'Fallons and the Dents were very intimate and Miss Julia Dent and Lieutenant Grant were often entertained at the O'Fallon home.

self and her plantation within his lines, and some of his foragers were making large draughts on her supplies,— she came to his headquarters to ask protection, and recognized in the plain, unpretentious General the slender Lieutenant who, eighteen years before, had given her the "strategic" hint on the steamboat! She related the incident, to the amusement of Grant and those about him. She added,—"I am rather sorry now, General, that I then wished your strategy might be as successful in war as it had been in peace."

Whether Lieutenant Grant had to resort to any strategy to succeed in his mission to White Haven, the writer has gained nowhere any word of intelligence; but as he and Miss Dent had plighted their troth, and he was so unexceptionable a suitor, it is to be presumed that the father and mother yielded to the joint wishes of the young people without further pleading. The ten days which Grant had at his disposal were spent in that fullness of joy that comes to two hearts in perfect harmony in every emotion, in every aspiration and in every hope. Never were two natures in more absolute and perfect accord than those of Ulysses Simpson Grant and Julia Dent. Each was the perfect complement of the other in thought and habit and act. And this continued without change or variableness through their entire wedded life.

The occupation of the two was much the same during this visit as it had been in May, 1844. Social visits were made to friends in St. Louis, prominent among whom were the O'Fallons,—Col. and Mrs. John O'Fallon and their beautiful daughter-in-law, Mrs. James F. O'Fallon, to army friends at Jefferson Barracks; also trips to the many localities of interest in the country around the Dent home. The historic old Chouteau Mansion, of St. Louis, was at the time a famous gathering-place for young officers and the young ladies of the city and the country round about. The two were frequent visitors at this historic mansion. They again rode over to see the old darkey, who remembered with gratitude their surgery. They visited other poor and humble folk in the country around. The flower garden had made progress this year before Grant's arrival, but he helped to do whatever needed to be done in that regard, and so time sped all too swiftly. Now he was ready — in the fullness of the joy that filled both hearts in their recognized relations — to depart again to the war that was to be. Unrestrained joy and mutual confidence, love and affection, excluded all fear. And so, looking with prophetic anticipation to a happy future reunion that would be the final consummation of their hopes and aspirations, they parted.

CHAPTER VIII.

GRANT REJOINS HIS REGIMENT AND ADVANCES INTO TEXAS.

Grant soon found himself with the regiment in New Orleans, where the Army was then being concentrated. The yellow fever was raging and some parts of the city were as deserted and silent as the streets of an old-time Puritan New England village on the Sabbath day.

The rough, coarse, bullying swagger and violence of levee life, with the foreign shipping *melange*,— these were new to him and contrary to his taste and to his high regard for law, discipline and order. Every day there were shootings and stabbings. Then the code duello prevailed, and duels were frequent. Writing to a friend at the time, Grant describes a duel that occurred in unpleasant proximity to him. He says:

"About daylight one morning I heard sharp rifle reports close by. Looking out I saw two groups of men not far apart. Presently they disappeared and I did not understand it. On inquiry, I was told afterwards that,—'Oh, it was nothing; only a couple of gentlemen deciding a difference of opinion with rifles at twenty paces.'"

He always denounced "the code" as barbarous and the height of moral cowardice.

The young lieutenant spent his leisure time studying the Spanish language, and mastered quite a vocabulary of Spanish words in anticipation of a prolonged stay in Mexico. He studied the shipping and commerce of New Orleans with such success, during the few weeks they remained, that he was able to tell for years after every particular about the shipping, its nationality, its tonnage, the imports and exports, and almost every phase of the social structure and history of the city. Frequently afterwards, in discussions on these subjects, the other officers would appeal to Lieutenant Grant as the "New Orleans Statistician." Yet he never obtruded his knowledge. It had to be drawn out, and then it was always communicated in the most respectful and modest way.

It might have been manifest at an early day in his career that it was to be by deeds, not words, that Grant was to impress himself upon the world.

In September, 1845, his regiment was ordered to Corpus Christi, Texas, whither they were carried in sailing vessels. There was quite a fleet, as the vessels were not of large size. The days spent on the trip were not idle days with Grant. The officers and men generally amused themselves with cards, and with athletic sports on deck, in hearing "sailors' yarns" of adventure, and in lounging at their ease. But Lieutenant Grant had procured in New Orleans the best map then known of Mexico and the Coast, and some essays on Mexico, and Santa

MRS. JOHN O'FALLON, SR.,
The intimate friend of Mrs. Grant's mother, Mrs. Dent.

Anna, the Mexican chief, and these he studied each day. The captain of the vessel was attracted by this habit of study, and remarked to another officer that "if that young man was a little older I would expect to see him return General of the Army!"

The result of his careful work, searching out knowledge useful to the Army should it invade Mexico, was that young Grant was one of the best posted officers in the Army as to the roads, the cities, the mountain ranges and the accessible passes throughout all that part of Mexico in which the Army would probably operate. This fact became known to the commanding officers later on as the Army penetrated Mexico, and many were the interviews and consultations had between them and Grant, in which he imparted to them the valuable knowledge he had acquired, and their maps contained many marks made by the pencil of Grant. Besides this, Grant, with his practical turn of mind in all things military, had made the acquaintance of a Mexican-Texan in New Orleans,— one Sabella,— who had been engaged since boyhood in traveling through Mexico with teams and caravans, freighting goods from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico, and from the mouth of the Rio Grande to interior cities, and had also been engaged in wars and revolutions in Mexico and Texas, and consequently knew the country minutely. Grant had made a friend of him and gained from him a fund of detailed information about the topography of the country, the towns and people of Mexico, which would have fitted him then to lead an army intelligently through the country had he been in command. All this information was, when asked for by his superior officers, freely but modestly communicated to them.

Had he not been too young for promotion to a commanding position, no doubt his practical knowledge of those details necessary to success in army operations would have raised Lieutenant Grant well up in military grade before the end of the War.

Poor Sabella! he would have served as guide with the Army, but he was killed — stabbed to death — in a brawl in New Orleans before the Army left.

The trip down the coast seems to have been made without incident. The vessels had to anchor miles from shore because of shallow water off the mouth of the Nueces River, and, with the aid of lighters, a landing was made, after much delay, on Shell Island in the mouth of the river.

The Mexican Army was not present in force, but its scouts could be seen occasionally taking observations in the distance.

After spending a few days in settling things in camp, and providing against surprise, Grant came down to the steamer "Suviah" which had just arrived with transports and was anchored near them.

He says: "I had occasion for some reason or other to go on board." Of course, for some reason or other! Possibly when General Grant wrote his Memoirs he had forgotten the real reason or occasion of that visit, but a brother officer who was with him at the time was able to tell the writer what that reason was.

He had been some time from New Orleans and the steamer was the first to arrive with mail for the Army. There was a little lady back in the White Haven home near Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, from whom he was very anxious to hear, and some of the other young officers were in the same anxious state of mind. Hence it was that they hastened out to the big ship on the only little light-draft steamer which this great government had condescended to supply for the landing and use of an army.

Grant had finished reading a delicately-written note bearing the St. Louis postmark, and was busily engaged in writing a reply when he was interrupted. He suddenly heard "a tremendous racket at the other end of the ship, and much excited sailor language, such as 'Damn your eyes,'" etc. In a moment or two the Captain, who was an excitable little man, dying with consumption, and not weigh-

ing over a hundred pounds, came running out carrying a saber nearly as large and heavy as he was, and crying out that his men had mutinied. It was necessary to sustain the Captain without question; and Grant hastened to his aid and, in a few minutes, without resistance by the sailors, they were all in irons. Grant says he always doubted that the poor fellows knew they had mutinied. It was probably only a little row amongst the sailors, and not a "mutiny" against authority. Before leaving the ship he quietly intimated this to the Captain, and the men were released after two days' confinement on bread and water.

During his sailing experience, Grant studied and tried to master the intricacies and complications of sailors' knots, of ropes and coils and pulleys, and hoisting blocks and swinging cranes, by which sails are moved and small boats and men and material are lowered into lighters and thus moved landward.

One of these pulleys for light work was hanging from a swinging crane ready for any use, and, when he was about to depart, he concluded he would let himself down without assistance. He always tells any joke on himself with such frank and innocent disingeniousness that I will quote the incident as he relates it: *

"Without saying anything of my intentions to anyone, I mounted the railing, and taking hold of the center rope just below the upper block, I put my feet on the hook below, and stepped off. Just as I did so, some one called out, 'Hold on!' It was too late. I tried to 'hold on' with all my might, but my heels went up and my head went down so rapidly that my hold broke, and I plunged head foremost into the water some twenty-five feet below, with such velocity that it seemed to me I never would stop. When I came to the surface again, being a fair swimmer, and not having lost my presence of mind, I swam around until a bucket was let down to me, and I was drawn up without a scratch or injury. I do not believe there was a man on board who sympathized with me in the least when they found me uninjured. I rather enjoyed the joke myself."

The distance from the camp at Shell Island was about eighteen miles from the village of Corpus Christi, and the water was so shallow — only two or three feet deep — that the landing of the Army and material was slow and tedious.

Gradually the "Army of Occupation" assembled. It consisted of infantry, artillery and cavalry, not more than four thousand strong, commanded by General Zachary Taylor. Grant says of that little army:

"The men engaged in the Mexican War were brave, and the officers of the Regular Army, from the highest to the lowest, were educated in their profession. A more efficient army, for its numbers and armament, I do not believe ever fought a battle than the one commanded by General Taylor in his first two engagements on Mexican, or Texas, soil."

The Mexican Army did not molest our Army at Corpus Christi. Grant says:

"We were sent to provoke a fight, but it was essential that Mexico should commence it, as it was very doubtful whether Congress would declare war; but if Mexico should attack our troops the Executive could announce that war existed *by the acts of Mexico* and then prosecute it with vigor! Therefore;" he continues, "Mexico showing no willingness to come to the Nueces to drive the invaders from her soil, it became necessary for the 'invaders' to approach to within a convenient distance to be struck. Accordingly, preparations were begun for removing the Army to the Rio Grande at a point near Matamoras."

This meant a move across the country one hundred and fifty miles. The Army was without land transportation. Wagons and harness could be shipped from the North, but horses and mules had to be procured in the country.

Grant was soon promoted from a brevet to a full second lieutenantcy, and then to regimental quartermaster. To transport

* Memoirs, vol. 1, p. 63.

all the supplies for an army through a barren and totally uninhabited country required an immense train, and Grant's knowledge of horses and mules was here of great value.

Between the Nueces and the Rio Grande rivers were immense herds of wild horses, and, farther up country, plenty of mules. They were worth thirty to forty dollars a dozen, but the government had to pay several times that sum to the Mexican traders and thieves who captured and brought them to the corrals.

COLONEL JAMES J. O'FALLON,
of St. Louis,
The intimate friend and companion of General Grant.

These wild horses were strong and serviceable and were easily subjugated for riding, but resisted with stubborn pertinacity the slavish work of hauling wagons under the lash. Nearly all the officers were mounted on horses of this kind. Grant had three or four and had them broken, — one for his servant, and the others to loan friends who might be without horses. One day his darkey boy rode one and led the others to water. They pulled or threw him off, ran away, and were never heard of more. Someone told Captain Bliss, General Taylor's adjutant-general, about Grant's misfortune. "Yes, I heard Grant lost five or six dollars' worth of horses the other day!" he replied.

But Grant insisted that that was a slander; for, said he, "My horses were broken to the saddle when I got them, and actually cost near *twenty dollars!*"

The would-be teamsters or drivers were frontiersmen, Texans, Mexicans, and as wild and untamable as the mules and horses they had to subdue.

The mode of breaking in a team was something like this: A whole company of teamsters would join in the undertaking. They would enter the corral with ropes; one would throw a lasso over a mule's head; as he kicked and reared other lassoes would soon be thrown around his legs, and that mule would speedily find himself pulled by stalwart men in several directions at the same time, until he rolled and tumbled about and was stamped upon and humiliated into a less belligerent state of mind. A half-dozen mules would be thus treated, making up a team. Then, with two lassoes around each mule's neck — to pull in opposite directions — they were led out, and, with a dozen or more men around each mule — keeping as clear of his heels

LOOKING NORTH FROM JEFFERSON BARRACKS, IN 1861.

as possible—he was harnessed. He might be thrown down a few times in the process should he prove to be too energetic in his opposition. Finally the mules were buckled and strapped together and securely hitched to the wagon.

Grant then says: "Two men remained on either side of the leaders with lassoes about their necks, and one man retained the same restraining influence on each of the others. All being ready, the hold would be slackened and the team started. The first motion was generally five or six mules in the air at one time, backs bowed, hind feet extended to the rear. After repeating this movement a few times, the leaders would start to run. This would bring the breeching tight against the mules at the wheels, which these last would seem to regard as a most unwarrantable attempt at coercion! They would sometimes take a seat, sometimes lie down." But eventually order would come out of chaos, and submission follow rebellion. "But there never was a time during the war," says Grant, "when it was safe to let a Mexican mule get entirely loose."

CHAPTER IX.

GRANT GOES WITH MAJOR DIX TO SAN ANTONIO AND AUSTIN.

While preparations were thus progressing for an advance, a paymaster's train was made ready (December, 1845) under Major (afterward General) Dix, to go to San Antonio and Austin to pay off detachments of the United States Army stationed there. Beside the cavalry escort, a volunteer escort of young officers was desired. Lieutenant Grant was one of the volunteers. "There was not a minute during any day of the trip," says Grant, "when deer or antelope could not be seen in great numbers." Each officer carried a shotgun and every evening, after going into camp, some would go out and soon return with venison and wild turkeys enough for the entire camp. Lieutenant Grant himself was no sportsman and did not have occasion to fire his gun during the entire trip.

By the route then traveled, the distance from Corpus Christi to San Antonio was one hundred and fifty miles; from San Antonio to Austin, was one hundred and ten miles; and the return trip by the most direct route from Austin to Corpus Christi was over two hundred miles.

MRS. JAMES J. O'FALLON, OF ST. LOUIS,
The early friend and companion of Mrs. Julia Dent Grant, and Mrs. Grant's hostess in 1895.

On reaching San Antonio all the young officers constituting the volunteer escort, except Lieutenants Grant, Benjamin and Augur, concluded to spend their allotted time at that place, but these three went on to Austin with the paymaster's train.

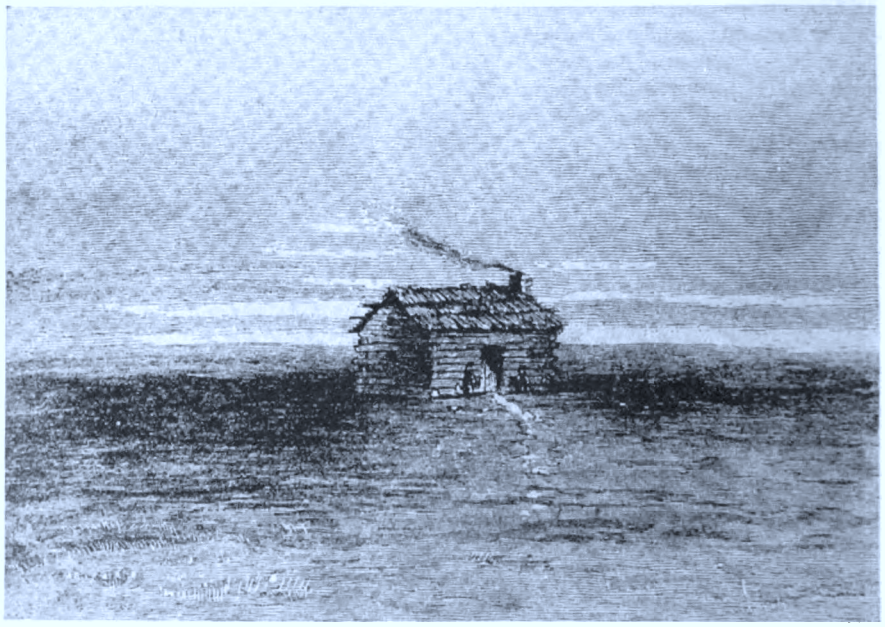
Major Dix, the paymaster, was detained at Austin a few days longer than was expected, and Grant was determined to reach the Army promptly on the day appointed for their return before their de-

parture from the sea-coast. He therefore induced the two other Lieutenants, Augur and Benjamin, to join him and make the long and hazardous journey alone.

Grant tells this joke on himself. One evening, on their return journey from Austin, he and Lieutenant Benjamin concluded to go down to the creek and get some turkeys. He says: "We had scarcely reached the edge of the timber when I heard the flutter of wings overhead, and in an instant I saw two or three turkeys flying away. These were soon followed by more, and more, until a flock of twenty or thirty had flown from just over my head. All this time I stood watching to see where the turkeys flew — with my gun on my shoulder — and never once thought of leveling it at the birds! I reflected, and came to the conclusion that as a sportsman I was a failure, and I went back to the house. Benjamin remained out and soon returned with as many turkeys as he wanted to carry back."

If the turkeys had been an armed enemy for whom Grant had been in search, or was pursuing, there would have been no forgetfulness on his part. It seemed to be only some great object or purpose, some impending emergency, that called forth Grant's energies and latent powers.

The trip was a weary and lonely one. They had only such supplies as they carried on their horses, and the horses fed on the dry grass. They camped out at night, with howling wolves, hostile Indians and dangerous freebooters prowling over the country. One evening they were belated in reaching a desirable camping place, and Grant says, "We heard the most unearthly howling of wolves directly in front of us. The sound indicated that they were near. To my untrained ear it appeared as if there must be enough to devour us and our horses! Benjamin was in the lead and he kept



THE LONE CABIN BETWEEN AUSTIN AND CORPUS CHRISTI, TEXAS,

At which Lieutenants Grant, Benjamin and Augur stopped on their return from Austin, and where Augur was taken ill. This Cabin was then more than fifty miles from any other habitation. It was occupied by one man and his slave. This sketch was made by Lieutenant Benjamin on the corner of an army blank and by him sent home from Corpus Christi.

right on towards the noise. I followed, because I had not the moral courage to turn back! He had been raised in Indiana and knew the capacity of a few to make believe there was an unlimited number of them. Benjamin asked me how many wolves I thought there were in that pack. Knowing where he was from, and suspecting that he thought I would overestimate the number, I determined to show my acquaintance with the animal by putting my estimate below what could possibly be correct, and answered, 'Oh, about twenty,' very indifferently. He smiled and rode on. In a minute we were close upon them before they saw us. There were just two of them! Seated upon their haunches, with their mouths close together, they had made all the noise we had been hearing for the last ten minutes!"

And then Grant draws a moral from this. He adds: "I have often thought of this incident since, when I have heard the noise of a few disappointed politicians who had deserted their associates. There are always more of them before they are counted."

On one hundred and fifty miles of this journey there was but one solitary habitation; a lone cabin in a wilderness of wide expanse. On approaching the cabin, Lieutenant Augur (late General Augur) was very sick, and they were rejoiced to find that the man who occupied it with his slave was one they had known near Fort Jessup, La. He had emigrated in advance of his family to build a home for them.

Augur was unable to proceed on the journey. They therefore arranged with their Louisiana friend to take care of their sick companion until Major Dix should pass in a few days with his train; and then Grant and Benjamin alone resumed the wild and dangerous journey. Fortunately they reached the Army at Corpus Christi safely — foot-sore and travel-stained — on the day their "leave" expired.

I think Grant was never known to be "absent without leave," and am certain that when in independent command he was never "too late." If he had been a week later at Donelson the works might have been unassailable. A Confederate General, who had observed Grant's energetic campaigning in 1862, was urging his men in the construction of some fortifications at a very remote point, when some of his officers protested against making the men work too hard, saying, "The Feds can't be here in a month." He replied, "Oh, if Grant is there, damn him, he may be here before morning!"

Soon after their return to Corpus Christi, the Army advanced towards Mexico.

After a few days' march they came in sight of a great herd of wild horses. The column was halted and Grant and several other officers rode out to see the extent of the herd. It was a clear, open, undulating prairie, with nothing to obstruct the view. He says, "As far as the eye could reach to our right, and to our left, and in front of us, the herd extended. There was no estimating the number of animals in it; I have no idea that they could all have been corralled in the State of Rhode Island or Delaware at one time. If they could they would have been so thick that the pasture would have given out the first day!"

When the Army reached the Colorado River the Mexican buglers, concealed in the brush on the opposite bank, sounded the "assembly," and other military calls, and made the impression that — like the wolves — there were great numbers of them. "If their troops had been in proportion to their noise," says Grant, "they were sufficient to devour General Taylor and his Army..... A few of our cavalry dashed in and swam or forded the stream, and — there was not an enemy visible! Not a shot was fired."

The January installment of "Grant's Life in the West" will describe the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma and Grant's part in those engagements.— ED.

[*To be Continued.*]

GRANT'S LIFE IN THE WEST AND HIS MISSISSIPPI VALLEY CAMPAIGNS.

By Col. John W. Emerson.

(Engravings from drawings and photographs furnished chiefly by Mrs. E. Butler Johnson.)

(Begun in the October Midland Monthly.)

CHAPTER IX (*Continued.*)

LIEUTENANT GRANT'S FIRST "BAPTISM OF FIRE" AT PALO ALTO AND RESACA DE LA PALMA.

By the first of March, 1846, the army was on the Rio Grande, opposite Matamoras. Fortifications were rapidly thrown up. The Mexicans captured two companies of our dragoons commanded by Captains Thornton and Hardee (the latter the late General Hardee, who figured in the Confederate army, and who was the author of the tactics first used by both armies in the war of the Rebellion).

A small garrison was left to hold the fort, while General Taylor marched with the rest of the army and his wagon-train to the mouth of the river for supplies which had been sent forward to that point by sea. Grant was with him, and it was on their return march that he received his first "baptism of fire.'

As they lay in their tents waiting for the supplies to be landed from the ships to load their train, they could hear the artillery at the fort twenty-five miles up the river.

The return march to the fort was resumed as soon as supplies could be loaded; and at a point called Palo Alto, six or eight miles from the fort, the Mexican army was seen in line of battle at the edge of the woods skirting the river bottoms.

It was early afternoon and the enemy's line looked brilliant, and their bayonets and spear-heads formidably glistened in the sunlight. Their force was composed largely of cavalry armed with lances. The appearance of the Mexican army at that time was very impressive and imposing to the mind of an American soldier, used to the tame colors and quiet display of the American army in its dress and equipments. There was probably no army in the world that was adorned with brighter and more varied colors, and more glittering tinsel than that of Mexico in 1846. The uniforms of the different arms of their service included white and crimson, green and gold, yellow and blue, all of the most faultless hues.

A brigade of cavalry in its rapid evolutions—perfect on lines of beauty and symmetrical harmony, with all this variety of bright colors, their sashes, belts and tassels—made a dazzling spectacle. To this were added numerous little pennants of white and green and purple and gold, fluttering with every move, supplemented by polished spear-heads and burnished lances, and the glittering trappings of their horses. In battle array and in swift evolution, all this made a display which might well impress the young beholder with the reality: "Terrible as an army with banners."

Grant stated in a conversation with his friend Judge Long, while on his farm, relating his Mexican War experiences, that the appearance of the Mexican army on that bright, sunny afternoon, as it wheeled and moved and stood in battle array, was the most brilliant and imposing spectacle of war he had ever seen or ever imagined. As he stood gazing at that pageant, Byron's Assyrian picture was spread out before him:—"His cohorts all gleaming in purple and gold."

But, like so much else in this world that is tinsel and show,—when tested as to practical usefulness,—it proved to be largely superficial; and yet this Mexican cavalry did much creditable fighting later on in the war.

General Taylor's army was drawn up in line in the high grass. The general promptly formed a line of battle, and, as the canteens were being filled with water, Grant says he looked down that long line of three thousand men, "advancing towards a larger force also armed, and thought what a fearful responsibility General Taylor must feel commanding such a host and so far away from friends!"

It is interesting to know Grant's feelings and conduct on this his first actual contact with the stern realities of war. Not a word does he utter as to his bravery. On the contrary he tells us with modest frankness that he was afraid,—at least nervous,—at the situation. He says: "What General Taylor's feelings were during this suspense I do not know, but for myself, a young Second Lieutenant who had never heard a hostile gun before, I felt sorry that I had enlisted."*

There was an artillery duel and some musketry firing. The army was armed with flint-lock muskets and used paper cartridges of ball and buckshot; and Grant says that "at the distance of a few hundred yards a man might fire at you all day without you finding it out."

Toward evening the Mexicans retreated, and the battle of Palo Alto, which aroused the nation by its brilliancy and magnitude, was won. Our loss was only nine killed and forty-seven wounded!

Thus introduced to actual war, the army of General Taylor was ready for serious business.

The next day, March 9, the army moved on. The captain of Grant's company was sent forward with skirmishers to find out where the enemy was. Lieutenant Grant was thus left in command of his company during the coming battle of Resaca, which he acknowledges he felt to be a great responsibility, as well as honor. He was with the right wing. They had to work their way through chaparral, and Grant led his company through the thickets wherever a penetrable opening could be found, taking advantage of every clear spot that would take him and his men nearer to the enemy. The top of the brush was being cut and torn with shot and shell over their heads, but he was determined not to allow his part of the line to be the last to reach the ranks of the enemy, and he urged his men on. Beyond an opening between two ponds, he saw the enemy. He charged them with his company, capturing a Mexican colonel and a number of his men.

The prisoners were promptly sent to the rear under guard, and a further advance was ordered. As his company was making a "double quick," they came up to a wounded American officer. The whole Mexican line had given way and was in

GENERAL WORTH,
In whose Division Grant served in the Valley of Mexico, in 1847.

* Memoirs, Vol. I, p. 92.

retreat. Grant says: "The ground had been charged over before. My exploit was equal to that of the soldier who boasted that he had cut off the leg of one of the enemy. When asked why he had not cut off his head, he replied: 'Some one had done that before.' This left no doubt in my mind but that the battle of Resaca de la Palma would have been won, just as it was, if I had not been there."

"The battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma seemed to us, engaged, as pretty important affairs; but," says Grant, "we had only a faint conception of their magnitude until they were fought over in the North by the press and the reports came back to us!

The defeat of the Mexicans in these battles compelled them to raise the siege of Fort Brown, a few miles distant from the battle-field.

CHAPTER X.

GRANT ENTERS MEXICO — HIS BUSY AND SYSTEMATIC LIFE THERE — HE LOSES A FRIEND — PROMOTED AGAINST HIS WILL.

General Taylor soon moved his army across to the west bank of the Rio Grande and took possession of the city of Matamoras, and thus began the invasion of Mexico.

Here the army went into cantonment, and awaited reinforcements from the North, and such equipments and supplies as were indispensable to an army which was destined to penetrate into the

D. ANTONIO LOPEZ DE SANTA ANNA.
General-in-chief of the Mexican army at the time of the Mexican War.
From a portrait in the National Gallery, City of Mexico.

THE CITY OF MONTEREY, MEXICO.

interior of a well-armed and hostile country. It was not until August that Taylor felt himself in a condition to move up the west bank of the Rio Grande River to Camargo at the head of navigation for small steamers.

During the stay at Matamoras, Grant was not idle. He did not content himself with the performance of routine duty and enforcing discipline, but he pursued his studies, and gained such a knowledge of Spanish as to enable him to converse to some extent with Mexicans. He got possession of a map of Mexico which a Mexican teamster had plundered from an abandoned aristocratic abode near town. It had evidently belonged to a Mexican army officer of high grade, and been left or lost in the haste of retreat. This he carefully studied, comprehending its immense value. He induced a Mexican to translate its tables of distances and remarks about water and roads, etc., and these translations he carefully wrote out under the originals. This map and the data on it enabled him to reconstruct and perfect his other map which he had acquired in New Orleans. He clung to this Mexican map until he was induced to surrender it to General Scott after the capture of Vera Cruz.

Grant's improved map, thus perfected by his persistent attention to those details so necessary to secure military success, was soon known to the officers as *the* map that was worth studying, and which could be relied on. He had also carefully compiled on the map such information of value as he had acquired from Sabella in New Orleans, and others at Matamoras. His information was in demand, and much of his spare time at Matamoras was spent in transferring from his map to the maps of other officers, the corrections and additions he was able to make. General Taylor and all his staff officers, and all his division and brigade commanders, were thus supplied by Lieutenant Grant with a corrected map.

Captain Robert E. Lee, one of the engineers of the army, was supplied with one, and on several occasions, in the subsequent movements and operations of the army, Lee consulted with Grant in his tent, or by a camp-fire, over his map, as to the best way to avoid difficulties on

the route, or how best to approach or assail some position of the enemy. And so did the commanding officers. This did not happen because of any special confidence the superior officers had in Lieutenant Grant's military ability, but because they recognized the fact that he had persistently devoted himself to acquiring a line of information and a knowledge of important detail on a subject of vital importance to success; and that, on this particular branch at least, young Grant had made himself the best informed officer in the army.

In studying Grant's character and career, the writer has often been confronted with the *quaere*, as to how much of his marvelous success in his later military career resulted from this habit of persistent attention to those details which all could afterwards see were the very elements and essentials of military success. In this case we can readily understand how a commander's knowledge of the existence of a ravine, or small stream, or the intersection of a road, might mark the difference between a great victory and a crushing defeat.

While waiting at Matamoras, the volunteer regiments began to arrive,—amongst others, one from Ohio; and many of its men were from the region of Grant's old home.

The major of the regiment was his old friend, Hon. Thomas L. Hamer, who had secured young Grant his appointment to West Point. Though he was much Grant's senior, they became intimate and confidential friends. He understood Grant's retiring, unobtrusive and studious nature, and came to love him as a younger brother. Major Hamer did not possess a military education, but because of his great ability and influential political position in Ohio, it was understood that the President was to appoint him brigadier-general, and he was anxious to perfect himself as rapidly as possible in military knowledge. Young Grant was bright and fresh from the schools; they were confidential friends and he could be trusted. The result was that on many a night while others were slumbering, or passing the hours in amusements, Major Hamer and Lieutenant Grant were together, receiving and imparting military information.

Major Hamer wrote from Camargo to a friend, saying:

> I have found in Lieutenant Grant a most remarkable and valuable young soldier. I anticipate for him a brilliant future, if he should have an opportunity to display his powers when they mature. Young as he is, he has been of great value and service to me. To-day, after being freed from the duty of wrestling with the problem of reducing a train of refractory mules and their drivers to submissive order, we rode into the country several miles, and taking our position upon an elevated mound, he explained to me many army evolutions; and, supposing ourselves to be generals commanding opposing armies, and a battle to be in progress, he explained suppositious maneuvers of the opposing forces in a most instructive way; and when I thought his imaginary force had my army routed, he suddenly suggested a stragetic move for my forces which crowned them with triumphant victory, and himself with defeat, and he ended by gracefully offering to surrender his sword! Of course, Lieutenant Grant is too young for command, but his capacity for future military usefulness is undoubted.

Grant had infinite faith in the ability and future destiny of Major Hamer. He even believed that his friend would some day be president, little dreaming that the presidency would a few years later be tendered to himself.

They continued intimate as brothers. Hamer was the picture of manly health and vigor, and had every promise of long life, but, to Grant's infinite sorrow, he sickened, and in a few days died, in front of Monterey. Grant's heart was touched as never before.

Every moment Grant was free from imperative duties he was with his friend in his struggle with that enemy whose eventual triumph is always certain. No kindness was omitted. His own hands ministered to his dying comrade. Grant returned from a charge through shot and shell, black and besmeared with smoke and dust and blood, and hastened to the tent and cot of the dying Hamer. The earth was trembling, and the air reverberating with the thunder of artillery, and the

shriek and explosion of shells; and the moans of the wounded were sounding on every ear as men limped, or crawled, or were carried to the rear. With this music, the dirge of woe and death about them, Grant stood bent over the cot of his dying friend, holding his hand, looking into his eyes as their light slowly faded away and the pallor of death touched the parted but speechless lips. Tears came into the eyes of the young soldier; the rays of the receding sun struggled at the tent door with the smoke of battle that covered the scene, and in the dull gloom of even-

A TYPICAL MEXICAN FAMILY AT HOME.
As they were fifty years ago, are now, and will be fifty years hence

tide, thus surrounded, Hamer died.

There was no time during Grant's life when the tender sensibilities of his heart were not in some way struggling with his sense of duty. He would devote all his time to serve a friend, if duty did not demand that time; he would give to a friend in distress his last dollar, did not duty tell him it was needed for his family. He would have carried his dead friend back to his home in Ohio, but duty demanded his presence in the field. His tender sentiments could only be exhibited in devoted care for the details of a soldier's burial. As soon as possible Grant wrote Major Hamer's family:

When Major Hamer wrote, three days before his death, no one expected a fatal ending. But neither the skill of our surgeons, nor the loving attention of friends, availed to save him. He died as a soldier dies, without fear and without a murmur. His regret was that, if death must come, it should not come to him on the field of battle.

He was mindful the last of all of those at home who would most suffer.

He died within the sound of battle, and that was a pleasure to him as a brave soldier. He was buried with the "honors of war," and with the flag of his beloved country around him.

All things will be forwarded in due course of regulations.

Personally, his death is a loss to me which no words can express.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,
U. S. GRANT,
Second Lieutenant and Quartermaster.

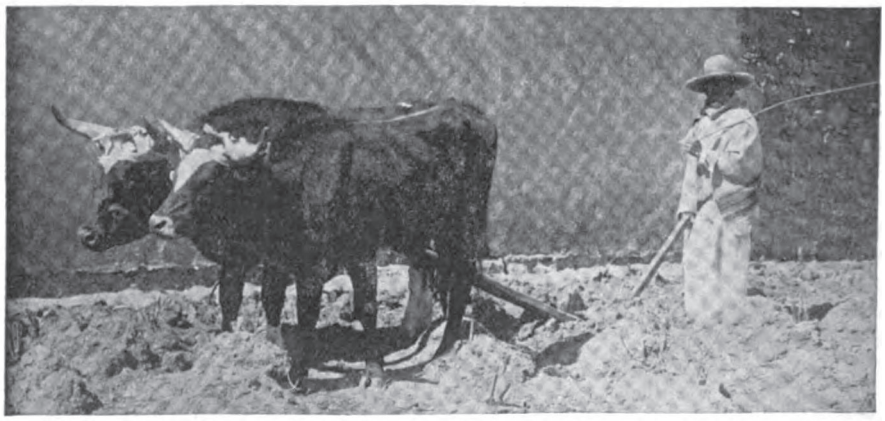
When the march into Mexico began, Lieutenant Grant was assigned to duty as Quartermaster and Commissary of the Fourth Infantry; and as the wagon-train was deficient, Mexican pack-mules and Mexicans to pack and drive or lead them were hired by him. It was this new aggregation of turbulent and pestiferous men, obstreperous and refractory mules,

that was to test Grant's skill, patience and persistency.

He objected to this assignment of duty, although it was regarded as a promotion for the new duty carried with it additional pay, and relieved him from the dangers of fighting in the line. He sent to the superior officer the following protest:

I respectfully protest against being assigned to a duty which removes me from sharing in the dangers and honors of service with my company at the front, and respectfully ask to be permitted to resume my place in line. Respectfully submitted. U. S. GRANT.
2nd Lt. 4th Inft.

His protest came back to him at once with the following endorsement:



A MEXICAN PLOWING.
The same yesterday, to-day and, apparently, forever.

Lt. Grant is respectfully informed that his protest can not be considered.

Lt. Grant was assigned to duty as Quartermaster and Commissary because of his observed ability, skill and persistency in the line of duty. The commanding officer is confident that Lt. Grant can best serve his country in present emergencies under this assignment. Lt. Grant will continue to perform the assigned duties.

LT. COL. GARLAND,
4th Inft. Comdg. Brigade.

Grant thereupon resumed his new duties without further question.

There is no doubt whatever that the reason why the former Quartermaster was relieved and Grant appointed was the recognized difficulties of the position, and the fact that Grant's attention to details, his provident forethought, and readiness in emergencies, had been observed, and pointed him out as the best officer of the regiment to master the difficulties of transporting the supplies of an army in the field on pack-mules, without a man at his disposal who was trained in that new and strange service.

General Grant, in his Memoirs (Vol. I, p. 105), describes this new service so characteristically and admirably that I quote his words:

"Mules were hired with Mexicans to pack and drive them. There were not men enough in the army to manage that train without Mexicans who had learned how. As it was, the difficulties were great enough. The troops would take up their march at an early hour each day. After they had started, the tents and cooking utensils had to be made into packages so that they could be lashed to the backs of the mules. Sheet iron kettles, tent-poles and mess chests were inconvenient articles to transport on mules. It took several hours to get ready to start each morning, and by the time we were ready some of the mules first loaded would be tired of standing so long with their loads on their backs. Sometimes one would start to run, bowing up his back and kicking until he scattered his load; others would lie down and try to disarrange their loads by rolling over

and getting on top of them; others with tent-poles for part of their loads would manage to run a tent-pole on one side of a sapling while they would take the other.

"I am not aware of ever having used a profane expletive in my life; but I would have the charity to excuse those who may have done so if they were in charge of a train of Mexican pack-mules at the time."

GRANT AT THE BATTLE OF MONTEREY.

On the 19th day of September, 1846, General Taylor's army, six thousand five hundred strong, was encamped at Walnut Springs, only three miles from Monterey. Lieutenant Grant, as quartermaster and commissary, was ordered—and it was his duty—to remain in charge of his quartermaster's train and the army supplies. The train was packed, and the camp guarded and protected by a few companies detailed for that duty.

They were now up in the foot-hills of the Sierre Madre Mountains, more than two thousand feet above the sea. A pass in the mountains, through which the main road leading to the City of Mexico ran, opened between the high, rocky battlements of this formidable barrier. Out from these mountains and through this pass, flowed the cool, bright waters of the Rio San Juan de Monterey river. On this stream, at the entrance to this pass and under the shadow of these mountains, stands the beautiful city of Monterey.

On those bright September days the cathedral spires, the bright colors of the public buildings, and the shimmer from metal roof and gilded crosses on the bishop's palace, made Monterey, in the eyes of the invaders, a delightful and dazzling spectacle.

Polished cannon frowned from forts on every height around the city and swept every approach with shot and shell, grape and canister; and though it was defended by ten thousand men under the brave and intrepid General Ampudia, yet it must be attacked and captured, if there was bravery enough in the American army to perform so daring a deed.

Batteries were planted by our engineers, and the army moved into position to attack.

The next morning the batteries opened upon the forts, and volleys of musketry, and shot and shell, belched forth from every frowning fort, and from every improvised attacking battery, until the earth shook with its thunders and the heavens were lurid with its blaze.

The infantry was creeping up into every point of vantage for the coming assault. The enemy's frowning "Black Fort" was alike the formidable defense and the dangerous object of attack. Grant's Fourth Infantry was in position in front of, and awaiting orders to assault, this fort, in defiance of its terrific and death-dealing fire. He was on duty in camp with his train of precious supplies, out of danger, and where it was technically his *duty* to remain.

But the fury of the cannonade aroused the Scotch blood in young Grant, and he buckled on his sword, threw his pistol holsters over the saddle, mounted his horse and went galloping over that three miles of separating distance between his safe camp and the battle-torn slope in front of Monterey. "Sheridan's Ride" was not more swift or determined. He rode into the storm of missiles that were sweeping the slope, and, as the bugle sounded the charge, he flew on with the brave Fourth. As soon as they emerged from the depression, their ranks were torn by the fire from the "Black Fort"; and, as they advanced, they were decimated by a very storm of leaden hail from other enfilading batteries and musketry; and a third of that brave attacking force were left dead or bleeding on that fatal field. The survivors wheeled to the left and escaped annihilation. Lieutenant Grant was the only mounted officer in the attack.

The charge had been improvidently ordered. But though

> "Some one had blunder'd,
> Theirs not to make reply,
> Theirs not to reason why,
> Theirs but to do and die."

The adjutant of the regiment was exhausted in marching and running, and Grant gave him his horse, but he was soon killed and Grant was ordered to assume the duties of adjutant.

Observe how it happened. Grant always appeared in demand to supply emergencies, to fill positions where high soldierly qualities were needed. Now he filled three most responsible positions requiring a clear head, great executive ability, and prompt and decisive qualities, namely, adjutant, quartermaster and commissary; and yet here he was away from his snug quartermaster's tent, and, as a volunteer, storming onward with his men, sharing in the dangers and fury of battle! *General* Grant tells us in his Memoirs that "*Lieutenant* Grant did it because he was lacking in the moral courage to return to camp — where he had been ordered to stay — so he charged with the regiment." But that explanation will not do. *General* Grant's veracity is not to be questioned except where he speaks in derogation of the courage or good qualities of *Lieutenant* Grant. *Here* we must draw the line and protest. He did not know nearly as well forty years after the battle of Monterey what were the impulses that impelled *Lieutenant* Grant to make that charge, as *Lieutenant* Grant knew when it was made!

He came bounding into that charge — he shared in that battle — not because of a "want of moral courage," but because he had courage; because he wanted to share in the duties and dangers of battle with his command; because he could not stay behind in a place of safety, where he was ordered to stay, while his comrades were engaged in deadly combat.

The battle-storm continued, and several points of vantage were gained that day by our army.

Grant did not return to the security of his train-camp at the end of this first day of desperate fighting, as he might, and on general principles should have done; he remained, determined to share with the remnant of his regiment whatever might be in store for it of success or disaster.

Next day there was a suspension of vigorous fighting. The following night these murderous forts at the east end of the city were evacuated, and our forces pushed into the city. But they were everywhere met by a terrific fire from house-tops, and from artillery planted on the Plaza, which swept the streets with its desolating fury. Our loss in these attacks through the streets was severe. At every attempt to cross a street a discharge of grape-shot and a volley of musketry were invariably encountered.

The Fourth regiment — or what was left of it from the charge two days before — made an advance almost to the center of the city and found itself in a perilous position either to advance or retreat. To increase the peril it was discovered that their ammunition was nearly exhausted.

General Garland wished to send a message to General Twiggs or General Taylor, explaining his danger, and asking to have ammunition or reinforcements sent to him. To venture out with the message was so near an approach to certain death that he did not like to order any one to carry it, so he called for a volunteer. Lieutenant Grant offered his services, which were accepted.

Was this because he "had not the moral courage" to decline (as *General* Grant would probably have said of *Lieutenant* Grant), or was it because of his fearless bravery?

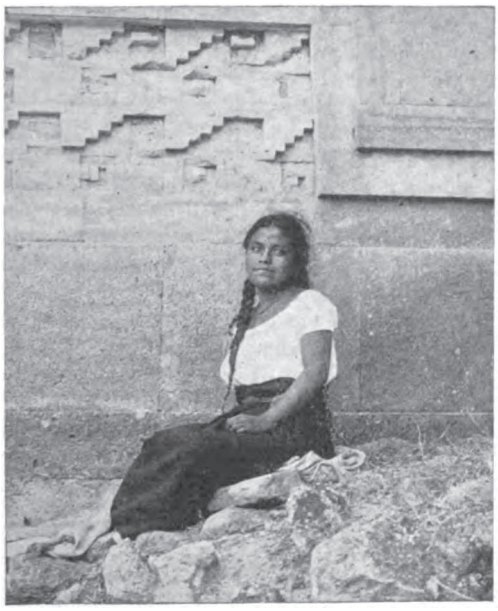
General Grant, in his Memoirs, Vol. 1, p. 116, tells us of this perilous ride on this desperate mission. He says:

"We were at this time occupying ground off from the street in the rear of houses. My ride back was an exposed one.

"Before starting I adjusted myself on the side of my horse furthest from the enemy, and with one foot holding to the canticle of the saddle, and an arm over the neck of the horse exposed, I started at full run. It was only at street crossings that my horse was under fire, but these I crossed at such a flying rate that generally I was past and under cover of the next block of houses before the en-

emy fired." But the fire was repeated as he appeared, and as swiftly disappeared, at every crossing; and the streets were torn, and brick and mortar scattered around as the shot and shell rattled and screeched and exploded at the heels of his flying steed. The ride was as exciting as it was brave and dangerous. His eyes and ears were filled with the flying dust and mortar sent whirling by the shot and shell of the enemy.

"At one place on my ride I saw a sentry walking in front of a house and stopped to inquire what he was doing there. Finding that the house was full of wounded American officers and soldiers, I dismounted and went in."



A MEXICAN GIRL.
The present United States Consul-General at the City of Mexico regards this picture as typical and very fine.

He found a number of wounded and mangled officers and men unable to escape, partly because of wounds and partly because of the incessant fire of the enemy from every housetop and barricade. Promising to report their condition if he escaped these storm-swept streets, he remounted, adjusted himself on the horse as before, and renewed the race, though at every step his life was in danger. He finally got beyond the enemy's fire, and reached General Taylor's lines at the east end of the city. Before ammunition could be sent to the beleaguered force which Grant had left, it evacuated the advanced and dangerous position which it held too far in the interior, and came back to the lines of the army outside the city, and the poor wounded officers and men whom Grant had found as he came out fell into the hands of the enemy.

The fighting at other points of attack progressed so favorably that next day General Ampudia surrendered the city, and was allowed to march out with his army and private property.

General Grant says his "pity was aroused at the sight of the Mexican army marching out as prisoners. Many of the prisoners were cavalry, armed with lances." The martial spirit exhibited by Grant in volunteering to advance with his regiment into the heart of the city during the battle, his many acts of bravery, his prudent suggestions for the safety and protection of the men during that terrible ordeal, and the heroism displayed by him in volunteering to be the messenger in the "forlorn hope" for the relief of his comrades,—running the gauntlet of the fire of quite a section of the Mexican army to hasten succor to his beleaguered companions, and his volunteer charge on the "Black Fort,"—all won for him much praise. And when we remember that his entire exposure and participation in the battle was of his own desire and inclination, and against the orders which required him to remain in charge of his quartermaster's train in a safe and secure place, we must accord to him the highest admiration for his personal courage and daring intrepidity.

Lieutenant Benjamin, in a letter to a

friend at home, written the next day after the surrender of Monterey, says:

"Nearly all night after we made the desperate and bloody charge on the 'Black Fort' and were so slaughtered and cut up by the furious fire of the enemy, we were groping over the battle-field in the dark for our dead and wounded. Wherever a light was uncovered, the Mexicans opened a furious fire with grape and canister, hence we had to work in darkness. It sickens me to think of the blunder of that charge whereby we lost a third of our regiment, as is supposed, though some may recover.

"The most pathetic experience of the night was at a point on the route of our retreat after our charge had been repulsed. In the darkness as our party with stretchers was moving along in search for bodies, we came upon one uninjured officer, and one dead, and another badly wounded. The well one was sitting or kneeling holding the head of the wounded officer on his knee, giving him water from a canteen and wiping his face with his moistened handkerchief. He had straightened out the arms and the legs of the dead man. He had wandered there alone in the dark on that awful battle-field, as yet dotted over with dead and dying. *That officer was my dear friend, Lieutenant Grant.* He had remembered the place where the poor fellow — Lieutenant Haskins — fell, and had come up all the way from the death-bed of his friend, Major Hamer, and gone out alone over the weird and ghastly field to seek his other friend, the dead Haskins! Is it any wonder that I am attached to such a man?"

One does not know which to admire the more,—the intrepid bravery or the gentleness and kindness of heart of young Lieutenant Grant.

Thus ended the brilliant and sanguinary battle of Monterey.

Carnage and strife having ceased, order at once reigned in the shattered and rended city, and silence brooded over the bestrewn plains around it, only broken by the moans of the wounded and the dying.

The dead were speedily gathered, graves were made, and, with the music of muffled drum and the requiem of

VISIT OF CORTEZ TO MONTEZUMA.
From a painting in the National Gallery, City of Mexico.

musketry fire over their graves, they were buried.

Hospitals were speedily arranged in buildings most suitable and the wounded were well cared for.

Our army took possession of the city at once. Grant secured favorable quarters for regimental quartermaster's stores and equipage.

In their speedy mingling with the people of the beautiful city of Monterey, officers and men of General Taylor's army soon forgot the horrors and sufferings incident to its conquest.

All the wealthy and aristocratic portion of the population fled from the city, carrying with them such household and personal treasures as they could find means of removing amid the general consternation of battle and assault. But the mass of the population remained, and when they perceived that the strictest order and discipline were observed, and that the soldiers were not allowed to pillage, or in any way disturb them, or encroach upon their rights, they speedily fraternized with the invaders and entered into trade and friendly relations with them. Supplies for the army were readily furnished by the people of the city and surrounding country.

The officers interested themselves in surveying and making elaborate plans of the forts and defences of the city; in cataloguing and examining, and reporting upon, the cannon and other arms captured.

The city was a revelation to officers and men. The little hamlet of Matamoras was very unlike the bright and pretty city of Monterey up in the purer air of the mountains.

There were probably not a half dozen men in General Taylor's army who had ever seen a typical Mexican city, and hence, for weeks and even months, its exploration served to interest. Adobé houses were unknown in the damper climate of the United States.

The shimmer and sparkle from minarets and church spires in that dry and translucent atmosphere, mingled with touches of bright colors here and there, made a pleasing and surprising contrast to the brown and gray of the adobé houses on many of the streets of the city.

Then, too, the beautiful stream that flowed out through the gap in the mountains where Monterey stood was diverted by ditches and canals above the city, and a hundred little sparkling rivulets came dancing and bubbling down beside the streets, serving to cool the parched soil and air, and irrigate gardens and lawns.

This effect may now be seen in Denver, Salt Lake City, and other mountain towns in the United States, but then it was to Americans, indeed, "something new under the sun."

While the aristocratic and wealthy citizens fled the city, before and during the battle, many remained who were in good standing, and who, by their culture and refinement, gave our officers, for the first time, an actual knowledge of the refined and elegant manners that came down from Castilian days.

(To be continued.)

WHEN DEATH IS FAIR.

WHEN the heart is numb with aching,
And a sickness fills the brain,
And the spirit's nigh to breaking
With the endless round of pain,
Then it is the dread death angel,
With his icy, numbing breath,
Seems to us a sweet evangel,
And we shudder not at death,
But we listen for his coming
And his knocking at the gate,
Like the children at the lattice
For the father who is late.

Clarence Hawkes.

GRANT'S LIFE IN THE WEST AND HIS MISSISSIPPI VALLEY CAMPAIGNS.

By Col. John W. Emerson.

(Engravings from drawings and photographs furnished chiefly by Mrs. E. Butler Johnson.)

(Begun in the October Midland Monthly.)

CHAPTER XI.

QUARTERMASTER GRANT AS A FORAGER.

OUR officers, with troops, or squads of cavalry, made frequent incursions from Monterey into the adjacent country and villages, and as quartermaster and commissary supplies were in constant requisition, Lieutenant Grant was on most occasions the leader of the party. Many were the collisions with squads of Mexican rangers who were ever on the watch to swoop down upon an inferior force. Spirited hand to hand encounters occurred where the saber on one side and the spear or lance on the other gave a fine exhibition of prowess and skill. For this kind of combat the Mexican troopers of that day had no superiors, for their horsemanship was unsurpassed, though they were usually mounted on horses inferior to those of our officers and our cavalry.

In a fair proportion of these small combats or encounters our soldiers were victorious, and brought into camp captured horses and Mexican troopers as trophies.

Grant was in more than a dozen of these skirmishes and was the leader in several of them; some of them desperate and bloody and others full of laughable episodes.

He seldom mentioned any of these incidents that were personal to himself, but, now and then, when in a social mood with his chums or with old soldiers of the Mexican War, he would be drawn into relating them; but he most enjoyed anecdotes related by others.

Lieutenant Grant was always on the lookout for anything good for the Fourth Infantry which the army regulations would allow, and hence he felt it not only a privilege but a duty to "prowl around," not as recklessly as Sherman's "bummers" on their "March to the Sea," yet with considerable daring and unremitting industry. On many occasions Lieutenant Grant returned to camp with wagon loads of supplies, gathered from the country and honestly paid for; also with several Mexican troopers and their mounts, captured in some mad dash.

On one of his trips to a neighboring village with an escort of five men, he and three of his men dismounted, leaving the other two to hold the horses, and entered a large building where he had heard grain was stored. Presently a half-dozen Mexican troopers came charging over an elevation only a few hundred yards distant. As soon as the two orderlies saw the enemy they gave the alarm and started at full speed through an alley passing to the rear of the premises which Grant and his three men had entered. Grant heard the tumult, saw his men with their horses pass through the alley to the rear, and he and his comrades flew out through the yard and over the wall, mounted and were galloping down a back street by the time the Mexicans had reached the door. The Mexicans halted, dismounted and hastened into the house in search of the "Yankee officers," leaving one man to hold their horses.

By this time Grant learned from his orderly that there were only a half-dozen of the Mexicans, and he instantly wheeled about, charged up the back street, turned through the alley and reached the front door with drawn sabers, captured the Mexican horses and orderly just as the Mexican officer and troopers emerged from the house. The dismounted troopers were instantly covered by the formidable looking old cavalry "holster" or

"horse pistols," and, with the muzzles of such ponderous looking weapons thrust close to their heads, surrender was decided to be the better part of valor.

Most young officers would have started instantly back to camp with the lucky capture — for one of the men captured was a Mexican Captain — but Grant had come out to investigate the contents of that building and he meant to do it, unless a considerable contingent of the Mexican army should appear and drive him away.

He disarmed his prisoners, marched them to the middle of the street, left two of his men to guard them, sent another to the top of the hill to watch the approach to the house, took the two other men and reëntered the building, searched and found a quantity of grain, and, taking one of the inmates of the house a prisoner to hold as a hostage for the safekeeping of the grain until his return for it, marched back to camp with his prisoners.

Next day Grant's wagon-train, escorted by a company of the Fourth Infantry, appeared at the store-house, the grain was measured, paid for and brought to camp.

On another occasion Grant was out with a small scouting party — always with two eyes open, one for feed for the army and the other for Mexican troopers. He fell in with a superior force of Mexicans and lost one of his men, and had a horse wounded. On his return to camp General Garland sent for him and Lieutenant Benjamin, who was usually with him, and asked Grant if he was not risking more than the regulations required. Grant answered — Lieutenant Benjamin wrote — "I lost one man and had a horse wounded. We captured three of the enemy, three horses and a flag, and we had a handsome fight." "General Garland replied: 'Yes, that speaks well for your bravery, but remember we are in an enemy's country, that enemy alert and enterprising; be careful to always temper bravery with prudence and caution. Gentlemen, return to your quarters,' and saluting the General we retired. On our way back, after a silence, Grant said to me, 'Yes, caution I will observe, but when there's not more than two of *him* to one of *me*, we'll have a fight; that's what we are here for.'"

Owing to these energetic habits of Grant, complaints were audible from other regiments that the Fourth Infantry had an undue share of fresh rations; but as investigation always showed that this resulted from the efforts of an energetic Quartermaster and Commissary, and not from any partiality, the complaints ended in silence, and Grant was not interfered with in his efforts.

CHAPTER XII.

GENERAL SCOTT TAKES COMMAND IN PERSON.

The autumn calendar moved on apace; the army activities consisted of drills, parades and reviews, and the scouting and skirmishing of squads and small detachments. Other events of interest were the occasional arrival of mails and reinforcements from "the States," and the receipt of news of political intrigues and jealousies at Washington.

The gay and buoyant-spirited Mexicans of Monterey did not fail to make life as bright and happy for the American soldiers during their stay as it usually had been for themselves. And, to this end, bull fights, hurdle races, games, dances, theatrical performances, and every other amusement which that vivacious and picturesque people could invent, were indulged.

The winter of 1846-7 approached, only to make life to General Taylor's army more charming than ever in that delightful climate. The delay in operations seemed, however, insufferable to the more energetic of the army officers.

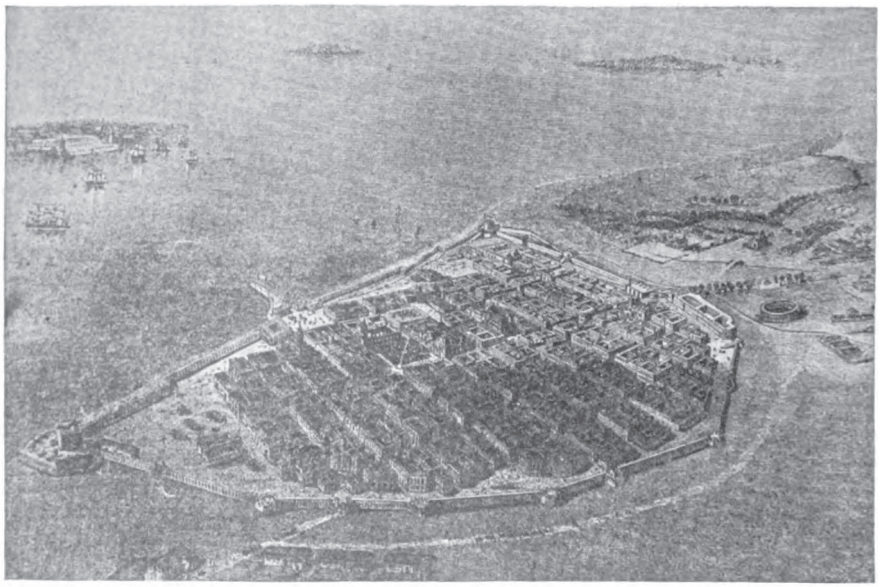
Lieutenant Grant wrote, as Christmas approached: "Here we are, playing war a thousand miles from home, making show and parades, but not doing enough fighting to much amuse either the enemy or ourselves, consuming rations enough to have carried us to the capital

of Mexico. If our mission is to occupy the enemy's country, it is a success, for we are inertly here; but if to conquer, it seems to some of us who have no control that we might as well be performing the job with greater energy. While the authorities at Washington are at sea as to who shall lead the army, the enterprise ought and could be accomplished."

Lieutenant Benjamin wrote that, "the army is impatient to move on. That cabals are behind this delay, we suspect, but know not, at this distance."

But about the 20th of December the explanation came. General Scott was the Senior General of the army, and hence was entitled to command in the field. He was at Washington. It seems there had grown up in President Polk's mind and in the mind of his Secretary of War, a jealous prejudice against General Scott. Their friends hinted that Scott was haughty, arbitrary, dictatorial. The opponents of the administration answered that it was not true; that if it were, these qualities are, to a certain extent, necessary in a general; that he possessed undoubted military genius; that the real cause of opposition was the fear that Scott might gain such military fame as would make him a dangerous candidate for the Presidency.

When the invasion of Mexico was determined upon at Washington, General Scott prepared a plan of campaign quite different from that which General Taylor was pursuing under direction of the President and his Secretary of War. He was opposed to their plan of invasion by way of the Rio Grande. His plan was to attack and capture Vera Cruz, the principal seaport city of Mexico, the nearest available landing to the capital; and from that point lead his army on the shortest lines to the heart of the republic. Every old soldier, and other intelligent person, can see, by a moment's inspection of the map, how unanswerable General Scott's position was, from a military standpoint. Why it was rejected or ignored by the administration during the whole of the year 1846, at least up to late in November, has never been explained; nor does it seem capable of explanation, except on the heretofore mentioned theory of political jealousy.



THE CITY OF VERA CRUZ,

Showing the Forts and Walls at the time of the Siege and Bombardment by General Scott.

MAP SHOWING THE LINE OF INVESTMENT AND POSITION OF GENERAL SCOTT'S BATTERIES, ABOUT VERA CRUZ.

Still, great bodies move slowly, and it may be that the "big wigs" of those days had other ponderous problems to solve, and did not get fairly down to a study of the question until the cries of "On to Mexico" began to disturb their repose.

Certain it is that after ignoring General Scott's plan for many months, and making him angry to the point of telling them, if not in literal words yet in implied terms, that "the shoemaker should stick to his last," and that if a soldier's opinions were not to be respected by the administration, military success could not be expected, they finally came to his way of thinking, directed him to assume command in the field and follow his own plan of campaign. The Christmas holidays were nearing when Scott and his staff appeared off the mouth of the Rio Grande, and steamed up to Comargo to communicate with General Taylor at Monterey.

Taylor, not having been informed of Scott's coming, had gone with a small force to establish a military post at Tampico, too distant for recall in time to meet Scott before his departure. There was, therefore, no personal consultation between the two Generals. General Scott issued his orders, directing the larger part of Taylor's army to proceed at once under Gen. William Worth, to Point Isabel, at the mouth of the river, and embark for an attack on Vera Cruz.

Grant's Fourth Infantry was included in this division, and it began the march immediately.

When General Taylor heard of the withdrawal of so important a contingent of his force, consisting largely of the regular army under his command, his protests were as audible and vigorous as "old rough-and-ready" could make them, but they were unavailing.

If his military success had already earned for him a dangerous political prominence in the country as a member of the opposition party, this was a quiet and effective way of clipping his wings and diverting attention in quite another direction.

However, a considerable volunteer force of raw troops soon reached him, largely recruited from the border states,

every man at home with his gun, a good marksman, and knowing no fear. With such substitutes General Taylor had little to regret in the loss of the division under General Worth. This fact was fully demonstrated in the terrible battle of Buena Vista which Taylor fought in the following February, in which, after three days' severe fighting, our arms were crowned with complete victory, though at very severe loss. This last stroke of Taylor's genius at once raised his star to the zenith, where it remained until the popular spirit of hero worship swept him into the Presidency in 1848.

Nothing of special importance to Grant occurred in the march from Monterey to the Gulf of Mexico. The roads were dry and dusty and the trip was dreary and trying to men and animals. It was made worse by the nervous and inconsiderate orders of General Worth, who, though a good fighter, seemed destitute of those qualities which make a commander capable of conserving the strength of his men and keeping up their courage and enthusiasm. Worn out by excessively long marches, by irritating orders, by want of rest amid dust and heat as they marched through the low country, the force reached the exposed sands of the sea coast only to lie idle in the broiling sun for several weeks, awaiting the assembling of sufficient shipping to transport the army to Vera Cruz.

That considerable delay would necessarily occur was well known before the march began. There was not the slightest occasion for forced, irritating and exhausting marches. The army could as well have halted a few hours' march from the sea-shore, in the groves of Resaca de la Palma, and remained in comfort until shipping arrived. Instead, the inconsiderate handling of the forces, their strained marches, and their long exposure on the sands of the gulf, under an unclouded southern sun, resulted in much unnecessary sickness and suffering.

At length vessels began to arrive, and the work of embarkation began. The channel into the mouth of the Rio Grande was not of sufficient depth to allow ships to enter, and the water was too shallow along the coast to permit vessels to anchor nearer shore than one to two miles, according to their draft. They were exposed to the winds and storms of the gulf, hence rolled and tossed about, making the work of loading perilous and very difficult. Often the work had to be suspended for a day or two, waiting for calmer seas.

Unless one has seen vessels at anchor in open roadsteads, pitching and rolling and plunging as the great swells torment them, one cannot fully understand the difficulty of loading them. Every man and horse, every cannon, every wagon, every pound of material, had to be floated out to the ships in small boats of every nondescript pattern, and then hoisted on deck and let down into their holds by blocks and ropes and swinging cranes.

The poor horses suffered most in this embarkation. Strapped around their bodies, front and rear, and swinging up and about between earth and sky, bumped and thumped, theirs was not an experience to be acquiesced in without vigorous protests.

At length enough ships were assembled, all was afloat, anchors were raised, sails were hoisted — for nearly all were sailing vessels in those days — and after a delay of over a month from the time embarkation began at Point Isabel, the fleet reached the poor harbor of Anton Lizardo, about fifteen miles south of Vera Cruz.

Lieutenant Grant, before embarking had gone up to Matamoras, and purchased a dozen sacks of oranges and lemons, knowing from a considerate study of climatic conditions that these would be greatly needed by his regiment before they could again escape the sickly region of the coast lowlands. It was well that he did so, for the voyage from Point Isabel to Vera Cruz was a most uncomfortable experience.

The ships were all "freighters," and had no accommodations for passengers. The officers and men were stored away in

every conceivable corner, the decks usually being well covered with them at night.

Grant, and several other officers of the Fourth Infantry, constructed an awning over a small portion of the deck where the captain of the vessel considered it would be the least obstruction to the sailors in their movements of sails. The heat was oppressive to men from the North, and everything that breathed below deck, both man and beast, suffered intensely; but, while far from comfortable, Grant managed, he said, to get through without special incident or suffering.

The fleet consisted of nearly a hundred vessels, great and small. One night a gale sprang up and Grant's ship and two others were in collision. It was quite severe, but fortunately all were moving in the same general direction and no break or leakage resulted; but in the darkness of night, the pandemonium produced by the concussion, the raking of sails and spars, the tumbling down and neighing of horses in the holds, the hallooing and screaming of freightened men, the loud commands of the captains of the ships to their sailors, Grant said was infinitely more appalling than the charge on "The Black Fort" at Monterey.

Then he knew where he was; but here on the deck of his ship, in a storm, in collision, in dense darkness, surrounded by noises the most discordant and terrifying, and with no certainty whether the next minute would find their ship afloat or at the bottom of the sea—well, as for *him*, he preferred the combat and charge on solid ground.

Of course, there was not a pound of ice to be had, except a scanty supply for the hospitals on ship and on shore. Under these conditions Grant's lemons and oranges added much to the comfort of the officers and men of his regiment.

Strange to say, there was not a troopship in the fleet that had been supplied with this needed acid fruit, except the one Grant was on, and it was but a few days after the fleet assembled near Vera Cruz when the rest of Grant's stock was taken from him by the medical staff, for use in the fever hospitals.

The more we penetrate the inner life of Grant, and study the quiet, unostentatious acts which characterize the man's whole make-up, his rounded usefulness and strength of character as a soldier, the more we see *why* he succeeded when the opportunity came for the application of all his powers.

It was not an "accident," it was not "chance," and it was not mere "good luck" (as so many have said of his later military career) that caused Grant to go up to Matamoras and procure a dozen sacks of lemons and oranges before embarking. It was what he had quietly thought out as one of the needs of the situation. Amongst the dozens of quartermasters and commissaries in the army, why was it that not one of the others had thought to make this provision for the health of their men?

How many men were kept from fever by them, and how many fever-distracted and suffering men were saved from death in the hospitals on ship and shore at Anton Lizardo, we may never know. But, at all events, this was one of the quiet little acts characteristic of Grant:—forethought in providing for all contingencies—which through all history, and on the world's countless battle-fields, have marked the difference between success and failure.

Numerous large vessels had arrived from New York and other Northern cities, loaded with siege guns, munitions of war, and other army supplies, and the additional forces which were to make up Scott's army of invasion, all numbering less than 12,000 men.

This was the army with which the administration had supplied General Scott, and with which he was expected to make a landing in a hostile country, capture the city of Vera Cruz, supposed to be one of the strongest fortified cities in America, well armed and garrisoned; then invade a country full of natural obstacles, with many strong lines of defense, and finally reach the enemy's capital two hundred

GENERAL GRANT,
On his arrival in San Francisco from his tour round the world.
Fourth of THE MIDLAND'S series of Grant Portraits.

and fifty miles in the interior; and that country possessing a population of eight million active and war-like people, having an army in the field of fifty thousand or more!

Probably the fighting qualities of the Mexican army had been over estimated prior to its collision with the American forces, but certainly the undertaking looked formidable, if not reckless.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE LANDING AT VERA CRUZ.

Scott expected to have an army of twenty to twenty-five thousand men before penetrating the interior, but his fighting force seldom exceeded the number present when he effected his landing during the first week in March, 1847, about three miles south of the city of Vera Cruz,

scarcely out of range of the heaviest Mexican guns then mounted on the fortifications.

The landing was as dangerous and difficult as the embarkation had been at Point Isabel, but it was much facilitated by the presence of several small steam tugs and dispatch boats of considerable power and speed, sent down from New York.

These had here for the first time made their advent amongst the fleet. They were a new thing in the world, and very few of the officers or men had ever before seen these swift bird-like little vessels darting about hither and thither from ship to ship, pulling and pushing, sounding their shrill whistles with an assertion of authority that commanded the respect and admiration of thousands of curious observers.

Here the fleet of General Scott rode on the placid waters. Over there a little way, just out of cannon range, stood the imposing and magnificent fortress of San Juan de Ulloa, with its frowning guns now and then trying their range in a vain endeavor to reach the fleet.

Over to the north a little farther was the city of Vera Cruz, spread out in all its southern beauty, with its glittering towers and its strong walls and well-armed and well-defended forts.

Lifting the eyes a little higher as one stood on this fleet, the sight rested on the distant peak of Orizaba. Few sights ever beheld are more sublime and inspiring than this beautiful and imposing mountain as seen from the sea. It forms a magnificent distant background, and rises 17,400 feet, with nearly 3,000 feet of its summit perpetually covered with snow. There has been no eruption of this volcano for nearly three hundred years.

Here, then, was the picture spread out before General Scott and his little army as preparations for disembarkation progressed.

It was here, too, on almost this very spot, that Cortez and his little army landed nearly three hundred years before. Would the new invasion be as successful? Would the land of the Montezumas and of Iturbide again change its masters and its flag?

Whatever fate might await these invaders, they were strong of purpose and would do their duty.

The character and strength of the fortifications of the city, and their armament, were known with considerable detail. What was the strength of the Mexican army of observation which might resist the landing was a totally unknown quantity. The Mexicans had the habit in those days of appearing in several places very uncomfortably near the same time. They frequently moved in light order, fifty to seventy miles in twenty-four hours, in great contempt for our more ponderous and orderly tactics. Hence, what fleet-footed battalions, all radiant with bright colors, with spear and lance, musket and cannon, might appear at the fatal moment to resist the landing, and to welcome the invaders "with bloody hands to hospitable graves," was one of the uncertainties and contingencies incident to military operations in an enemy's country.

If even one-half the four to five thousand soldiers then in the city had appeared on shore with a few guns, to resist the landing of our army, they could have made the undertaking very difficult, for the water was too shallow to permit the war-ships approaching near enough to the land to use their guns effectively.

But on this occasion the Mexicans were not enterprising; they were obliging! Not a squad or troop appeared to repel the invasion.

On the 7th of March, 1847, the fleet of transports, with such of the sloops and armed vessels of the navy as could find sufficient depth of water, were in line inside the little island of Sacrificios. The morning was bright, and the sea was calm. There was not sufficient ripple to break the deep reflections of a hundred vessels with their flags and pennants, ropes and spars, reproduced in shadowy specter on the glassy surface of the deep blue waters of the gulf from end to end of the silent fleet. The faint murmur of

the awakening host floated out over the calm waters as the first rays of the morning sun came streaming over the restful surface.

An hour later that fleet was the scene of vital forces awakened to intensest activity.

The vessels had been anchored in as perfect a line as was possible.

There were more than five hundred small boats and floats at the sides of the ships. Into these was rapidly lowered ammunition for a possible battle; two of the lightest batteries, and tools for rapid intrenching when the landing should be effected. Then the boats rapidly filled with officers and men. Each man with cartridge box full, and with two days' rations in his haversack, and his blanket, ready for the contingency of their communications with the fleet being cut off or suspended for several days. By 9 o'clock this array of boats, bristling with muskets and bayonets and burnished sabers, and the flags of every regiment and brigade floating listlessly over them, were ready; the oarsmen were in their seats; and the long line waited in silence the signal to "let go."

Grant having his Quartermaster and Commissary duties to perform, was yet on the deck of his ship, buckling on his sword. He sprang upon the bulwarks high above his small boat and its waiting crew, and clung to a hanging rope as he leaned over to look to right and left along the line of ships a mile long, and the hundreds of small boats with their loads of armed men and material resting in perfect order. As he lingered a moment to gaze, he was filled with a sense of the grandeur of the scene. It was brilliant and impressive. The shimmer of early sunbeams on the water, on the flags, on the brilliant uniforms, on muskets and bayonets and sabers, produced a dazzling spectacle. As he viewed it from that high outlook he was awed with thoughts of its portents. Here was the largest army he had ever seen assembled in one body, sitting silently in that long line of boats, waiting the signal gun to sweep swiftly landward and spring from the sea upon the enemy's territory.

These sights, and these sensations were of short duration, for while Grant thus clung to the rope, leaned out, and looked, a puff of white smoke shot out from the side of the flag-ship, and a keen report reverberated over the calm sea. Grant went down the rope with the agility of a young sailor, and was in his boat as the oars began to dip, and in a moment that line was moving in steady order toward land. The movement supplied the absence of breeze and the flags now floated out and displayed their brilliant colors. A few of the musicians were on board, and presently the sound of music floated over the waters, but, save this and the dipping of oars, not a sound disturbed the calm, until, as they neared land, some of the heavy guns in the forts of the city three miles distant opened loud protests, but their shells fell short, and there was no response. The boats ran until they touched bottom many rods from shore; the men sprang out and waded to land, and moved rapidly to a position far enough from the water to protect the landing in case of attack, and threw up temporary lines of defense. These were not necessary for the invaders were not molested by the Mexicans.

Grant was one of the first to reach land, and the flag of the Fourth Infantry was the first to be planted on the coast of Vera Cruz.

Details of soldiers assisted the sailors in the further debarkation of the army and its guns, munitions and equipage. This continued for days, sometimes amid winds and heavy seas that forced temporary suspensions. All material had to be protected from sea water. The men could wade to their waists to the laden boats, but the material, the ammunition, the quartermaster and commissary stores had to be carried dry to land. This was a tedious and laborious proceeding, but it progressed with all possible dispatch.

Day after day this work went on, with earnest, almost impetuous energy. By abounding zeal, soldier and sailor achieved

the work of weeks in as many days. They did not work as men who were merely obeying, or content to perform a perfunctory duty. No officer of ship, or army, or navy stood looking on as if he were merely commanding. Although there existed order, discipline and concert, yet every man seemed to labor with the whole strength of his own will. All this toil went on with strange good humor, and with hilarity and laughter far heard.

The officers were generally carried ashore, dry-shod, by the men.

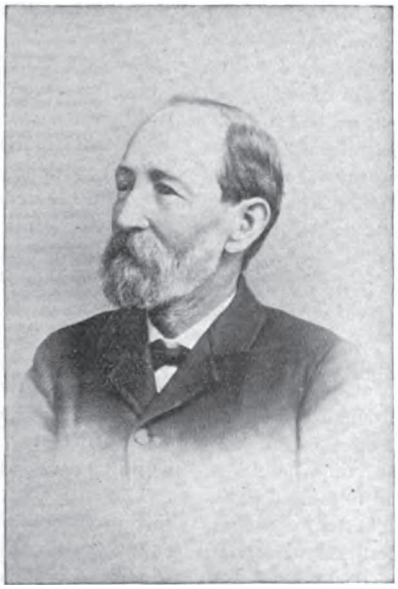
The landing of the heavy siege-guns, weighing several thousand pounds each, on a shallow, open sea-shore was a herculean task. But they were floated, and then rolled, and then dragged with ropes by hundreds of men, until, wet and filled with sand and sea-weed, they finally lay on solid ground, ready to be cleaned, and hoisted by the army engineers, with blocks and tackle, on heavy wheels, and hauled and mounted on the lines of investment which were soon to surround the forts of the doomed city.

(*To be continued.*)

A PIONEER EDITOR'S EXPERIENCES.

By John M. Brainard.

THE newspaper press of Iowa to-day is an acknowledged factor in the material, moral and intellectual development of the State. Not to speak of its leading daily papers, every county seat and every important town in the State is supplied with offices which, no less in editorial ability than in material equipment, rival those of much older states. Almost every hamlet even has its newspaper, to aid in the spread of general intelligence and to advocate its interests. This was not always so. The newspaper of Iowa had its pioneer days, and it may not be amiss to recall some of its early environments before the men who can speak as a part thereof shall have passed from the stage of existence. This particular reminiscence is of the dates 1859–62, the locality one of the counties midway between the two great rivers "whose waters run to an inseparable union," and close under the Minnesota line. Cerro Gordo county then had but a few hundred settlers. Between its only towns — Mason City and Clear Lake — stretched an unbroken prairie, in eight miles of which there was not a dwelling and the wild grasses grew unvexed by the plow.



HON. JOHN M. BRAINARD, OF BOONE, IOWA.

The conjunction of four county corners made Clear Lake a "natural center" for "tax-lists." The preceding legislature had been liberal in its encouragement to struggling newspapers and had increased the compensation for publish-

GRANT'S LIFE IN THE WEST AND HIS MISSISSIPPI VALLEY CAMPAIGNS.

By Col. John W. Emerson.

(Engravings from drawings and photographs furnished chiefly by Mrs. E. Butler Johnson.)

(Begun in the October Midland Monthly.)

CHAPTER XIV.

GRANT AT THE SIEGE OF VERA CRUZ.

GRANT'S devotion to duty as Quartermaster and Commissary, and his ambition to serve in the line with his regiment in any fighting in which it might engage, imposed upon him double duty, or, rather, a double burden. It is true *that* part of it was self-imposed which related to his duty in line, for as Quartermaster and Commissary of the regiment he was relieved from duty in line, or from participating in battle. Indeed, technically, it was his duty to look after the property and supplies of the regiment, and, if he left that duty and went off with his regiment into battle (as he did at Monterey), and any disaster befell the property in his official custody, he was liable to court-martial. But Lieutenant Grant was as stubborn and determined as General Grant was afterwards found to be. So energetic was he in the care of the property in his charge, that, notwithstanding he was absent from it while in battle, the records in the War Department show that *Grant lost less Government property during the Mexican War than any other regimental Quartermaster in the army.*

Before nightfall on the day of disembarkation at Vera Cruz, Grant had the tents, camp equipage and stores of his regiment safely landed. It was not his duty to select camp-ground and lay out camp, but he seemed to have such an apt eye to location, that the commanding officer had heretofore directed him to locate and make camp. On this occasion, as soon as the regimental *impedimenta* were ashore, Grant reported to his Colonel at the front, and, there being no indication of any attack by the enemy, fifty men were detailed to bring forward the tents and such supplies as were in immediate need. Before darkness had hidden the view, the tents of the Fourth Regiment were stretched and the coffee kettles were steaming. Not another tent had as yet appeared on the entire line of the army. Before midnight a few officers' tents were stretched in the rear of two or three other brigades; but it was not until the second and third days that other regiments were thus supplied.

Grant never seemed in a hurry; but he was so methodical that he knew, and made his help know, precisely where everything was. No time was lost, and no two steps were ever taken where one step would suffice. It was this characteristic which left his affairs always in order, nothing ever behind, and he ready at the first sound of battle to go charging into the thickest of it, and when the battle was over, to return again as suddenly to his other duties.

And then, after the other duties for the day were performed, he on more than one occasion reappeared on the battle-field in the darkness, ministering to the suffering. All this never seemed supererogation to Grant. To him it seemed only the natural thing to do. The regulations were to be respected and obeyed, but to him duty was not bounded or measured by them. With him all must be done that the good of the service, or the good of his fellows, needed to be done. Less than this he esteemed a failure. And no officer in the service tried harder than he, and with less ostentation and pretense, to fill the full measure of soldierly responsibility embodied

in the words of Nelson at Trafalgar—"England expects every man to do his duty."

Now when the army and its arms and supplies were safely landed and ready for active hostilities, Grant felt the restraints and burden of Quartermaster and Commissary unbearable. His determination to be at the front in case of fighting was in conflict with his duty to care for and protect the public property under his charge. He therefore once more asked to be relieved from duty as Quartermaster and Commissary; but was again refused. "Your services are satisfactory and cannot be dispensed with," was the Colonel's answer. Grant then made a personal appeal to his Brigade Commander, but he would take no action without consent of the commanding officer of the regiment. Next day he called upon General Worth, his Division Commander, and urged his request, but met with no success. "Of course, such a request must come through your Regimental Headquarters," added General Worth.

Then Grant wrote a formal resignation as Quartermaster and Commissary, and delivered it to his Colonel, but it was soon returned to him with this indorsement:

I. The resignation of Lieutenant Grant is not accepted, and Lieutenant Grant is informed that the duty of Quartermaster and Commissary is an *assigned* duty, and not an *office* that can be resigned. As this duty was imposed by a military order from a superior officer, the duty cannot be evaded except by a like order relieving Lieutenant Grant from the duty.

II. The good of the service requires that Lieutenant Grant continue to perform the duties of Quartermaster and Commissary in the Fourth Infantry. However valuable his services might be, and certainly would be, in *line*, his services in his present assigned duties cannot be dispensed with, and Lieutenant Grant will continue in their discharge.

To this Grant objected. He indorsed on the paper:

I should be permitted to resign the position of Quartermaster and Commissary. Why should I be required to resign my position in the Army in order to escape this duty? I *must* and *will* accompany my regiment in battle, and I am amenable to court-martial should any loss occur to the public property in my charge by reason of my absence while in action.

This protest was forwarded to Brigade Headquarters where the decision of his Regimental Commander was "approved," and with a like indorsement of "approved," at Division and General Headquarters, it finally found its way into the War Department at Washington.

Finding no way by which he could be relieved he notified his superiors that while he would take all possible precautions to protect the property under his care, they might rely upon it that he would be in line with his regiment in every engagement; that it was as much his *privilege* as an officer to fight as it was his *duty* as Quartermaster to protect the public property.

The contention thus ended, and Grant went on to the end of the war, performing double duty.

As soon as the effective fighting force of the army, its siege guns, field artillery and supplies needed for immediate use, were in hand, a force was sent out under the engineer corps and staff, to reconnoiter the defenses of Vera Cruz, and prepare for the investment and siege.*

At that time it was a walled city from shore to shore, with formidable forts at every salient point and angle, in which were mounted nearly four hundred cannon, many of them of heavy calibre.

The most formidable fort was San Juan de Ulloa, which stands on a small island, a thousand yards or more from shore, in front of the city. In those days this was an enclosed fortress of great strength, with many heavy guns — so strong indeed that our men of war did not care to seriously attack it; certainly not until other efforts should fail.

One of the earliest shots fired from the fort took off the head of Colonel Albertis. The army soon drew a cordon around the city, and entrenched as near as possible without too great exposure to the formidable fire from the enemy's artillery.

Under cover of darkness earthworks were thrown up, batteries were entrenched and siege guns placed in position to be opened against the walls. Riflepits and trenches were made for the

*See view of Vera Cruz and map of the city's fortifications in the February MIDLAND.

sharpshooters, and to cover such infantry supports as might be needed to repel any attempted sortie from the forts; at the same time the main army was within supporting distance, should the siege batteries be attacked by infantry.

Strange to say, though the place was defended by 5,000 Mexican troops, no attempt was made to capture the batteries or to repulse our army.

The change of the position of the army, from the seashore to the line of investment, made it necessary for Grant to move his quartermaster and commissary quarters around to the new line. By this time he had his wagons and horses and mules on land, the wagons set up and loaded, and his supplies again on hand at the rear of his regiment, so the men did not have to go untented a single night; and this, too, notwithstanding he had himself marched with the line, anticipating a possible battle before the investment was effected. But no combat occurred, and Grant returned and hastened up his train. Some of the regiments did not get their tents during the entire siege, which lasted three weeks, owing to the confusion resulting from want of system in the management by their quartermasters. Of course it required executive ability, fine system, much care and watchfulness amid the turmoil of such a disembarkation to avoid the mixing and misplacement of goods, involving great loss of time in recovering them.

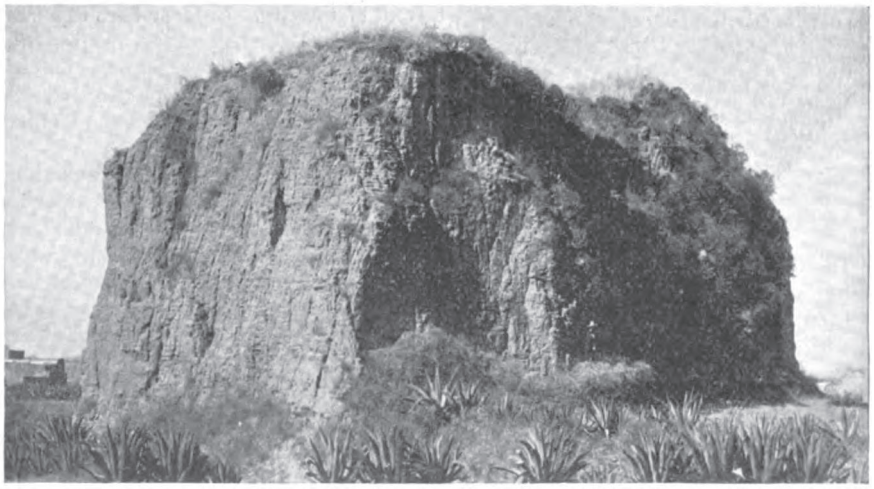
After the investment was complete, and General Scott had his land batteries in position to bombard the city, he sent a courteous letter to the Governor or commandant, demanding its surrender, and notifying the foreign consuls of his intended attack, and giving them permission to leave. To this he received the following characteristic reply, which is still to be seen in the War Department in Washington:

GOD AND LIBERTY.

VERA CRUZ, March 22, 1847.

TO MAJOR GENERAL SCOTT—The undersigned, Commanding General of the free and sovereign State of Vera Cruz, has informed himself of the contents of the note which Major General Scott, General-in-Chief of the forces of the United States, has addressed to him under date of to-day, demanding the surrender of this place and Castle of San Juan de Ulloa, and in answer has to say that the above named fortress, as well as the city depends on his authority; and it being his principal duty, in order to prove worthy the confidence placed in him by the government of the nation, to defend both points at all cost, to which he counts upon the necessary elements, and will make it good to the last; therefore, his Excellency can commence his operations of war in a manner which he may consider most advantageous.

The undersigned has the honor to return to the General-in-Chief of the forces of the United States the demonstrations of esteem he may be pleased to honor him with. JUAN MORALES.



ANCIENT MOUND OF CHOLULA, NEAR THE CITY OF PUEBLA, MEXICO. VISITED BY GRANT IN 1847.

Immediately after the receipt of this refusal to surrender, orders were issued for the batteries to open fire, and they did so at four P. M.

That evening a number of additional heavy guns were landed from the navy, also several mortars, and they were also speedily placed in battery.

The siege progressed with great vigor. The fire of General Scott's batteries was incessant, and soon began to show effects on the strong walls.

Grant was as much interested in the work of the engineers, in the placing and operation of the batteries, as he would have been had he been in charge of the work. Not a day passed in which Grant did not find time to ride with some of the engineer officers to some portions of the lines. Sometimes their efforts to take close observations put them in perilous situations.

On one occasion, Grant fell in with Captain Robert E. Lee* and Lieutenants Beauregard, McClellan and G. W. Smith, of the Engineer Corps, who were riding along the line to observe the effect of the fire of a new battery. They had gone to an elevated point, had dismounted and were using their glasses. Grant and Beauregard concluded they would go to a small abandoned adobe building fifty yards in advance and look through an opening.

They had not been many minutes gazing cityward when a shell came circling through the air, dashed down through the roof and penetrated some distance into the earth floor, exploding and pulverizing the walls and roof in one mass of ruin, burying the two young officers in the debris, and filling the air with the dry dust of the powdered clay.

Captain Lee and other officers ran forward to rescue the two who had so quickly been put *hors de combat*; but before they reached the place where the hut had stood, the two were vigorously scrambling out of their burial place, covered with dirt, and their eyes, ears and nostrils so filled that they were nearly suffocated. But after a little coughing and sneezing they found they were not otherwise injured and they betook themselves to safer points of observation.

THE ANCIENT MOUND SURMOUNTED WITH MODERN SPANISH-MEXICAN SHRINE.

*A portrait of Robert E. Lee, taken just before the Mexican War, appears in THE MIDLAND of October, 1896.

A few mornings later, several officers of the engineer corps were passing along the line of investment on a tour of inspection of the batteries. Grant's regiment was on the infantry line some distance in the rear, but he saw the officers as they were passing from one battery to another, and galloped off to join them that he might know what was going on at the extreme front. He had just overtaken them when a round shot from one of the forts came circling over an intervening elevation, and cut off the head of Lieutenant Foster's horse, not two feet in advance of Grant's. Grant dismounted, loosened the saddle from the dead animal, threw it on a horse behind an orderly, and the two Lieutenants mounted Grant's horse and quietly proceeded along the lines with their inspection as if nothing had occurred. These incidents were of such frequent occurrence that they attracted very little comment in the army at the time, at least not enough to find their way into the methodical and technical histories of the war.

On the 24th, the foreign consuls sent a petition to General Scott asking a suspension of hostilities and an opportunity for themselves and the women and children to leave the city. This he declined, reminding them that he had given them due notice and ample time before the bombardment began and they had not availed themselves of the opportunity.

All night and next day the batteries were in "awful activity." All the war ships that could float within range, poured a ceaseless shower of shot and shell into the fort or Castle of San Juan de Ulloa, and shot and shell rained into the doomed city from the land batteries. The scene was frightful. The darkness of night was illuminated. The roar of artillery on sea and land, the rattle of falling shot and the screeching and explosion of shells resounded in every recess of the besieged city. The streets were torn up into caverns and craters where huge shells exploded, and buildings came tumbling in ruined heaps. Roofs were set on fire. Church steeples were pierced and shattered. People were torn in pieces, or buried under the ruins of their homes, and there were shouts and cries of distress on every side. The sea was reddened with blaze of flashing guns from the ships, from the forts, and from circling and exploding shells.

The great guns in San Juan de Ulloa were ablaze night and day — a sheet of flame streaming out from every embrasure, making night luminous and hideous with deafening explosions and circling streams of fire through the heavens; and thus the work of death and destruction ceased not, nor slackened until the evening of the 25th of March. Then the devastation had become so terrible that the foreign consuls prevailed upon General Morales to propose to General Scott a truce, with the view of arranging terms of surrender; and thereupon firing ceased.

On the twenty-sixth, commissioners were appointed on both sides, and, on the twenty-seventh, terms of capitulation were agreed upon.

Active hostilities had continued for fifteen days. During this time our army had thrown more than 3,000 ten-inch shells, 300 howitzer shells, 1,200 paixhan shot and 3,000 round shot, weighing not less than 500,000 pounds.

The destruction and devastation which they caused within the city were terrible. Breaches had been effected in the walls, and General Scott would have stormed the city had it held out a day longer. The castle of San Juan de Ulloa might have held out a few days longer, but the city would have been a heap of ruins, and the final result was inevitable.

The terms of capitulation were in substance, that the Mexican army should march out with the honors of war and be paroled, and their colors, when lowered, should be saluted.

Absolute protection was guaranteed to citizens and all private property. All arms and munitions were given up to the captors. About 5,000 prisoners surrendered and were paroled, and nearly 500

cannon, with some 20,000 small arms, were taken.

At ten A. M., March 29, 1847, the banner of the United States was unfurled to the breeze over the famous fortress of San Juan de Ulloa, the land fortresses and the city, amid the shouts and cheers of our army on sea and shore.

This siege is regarded by military students as a remarkable feat of arms and a very brilliant achievement.

General Worth* was placed in command of the city and forts, and General Scott instantly prepared to march into the interior, in the vigorous prosecution of his campaign against the City of Mexico.

Lieutenant Grant, at the time and afterwards, told this anecdote of General Scott:

One day during the siege he went forward to the siege batteries to see what was going on. The fire from the forts was heavy. Scott came along the trenches on his daily inspection and saw some of the men exposed. He instantly ordered, "Down, down, men! Don't expose yourselves." One of them answered, "But General, *you* are exposed." "Oh!" said Scott, *generals* can be made now-a-days out of most anybody, but *men* cannot be made to order!"

CHAPTER XV.

GRANT AT THE BATTLE OF CERRO GORDO.

A few days later, Scott's army confronted the Mexicans again at Cerro Gordo. Grant was promptly in line of march with his quartermaster and commissary stores complete; at the same time he never failed in duty and helpfulness in line with his regiment.

General Twiggs was in command of the advanced forces, and moved forward on the national road toward Jalapa, sixty or seventy miles by the tortuous road and perhaps a third of that distance on a direct line. This city is high up in the mountains, and the supposed impregnable position of Cerro Gordo intervenes in the mountain fastnesses.

The road then passed nearly the entire distance to Jalapa through the estates of Santa Anna, and his lands extended for great distances on either side of it. Much of this is of good quality; but little of it was then in cultivation. Some of it was rented for grazing cattle, but Santa Anna owned immense herds of his own, forty or fifty thousand it was estimated — though probably a *few* less when the American army retraced its steps a year later.

General Twiggs soon reached the defiles at Cerro Gordo. The little hamlet of Plan Del Rio lay below and out of range of the first line of Mexican batteries.

He found the Mexican army in strong position in steep, inaccessible places, and after making an ineffectual demonstration in which he lost nearly one hundred men, he retired and waited the arrival of General Patterson's division.

This being reported to General Scott, who had remained at Vera Cruz to hasten forward reinforcements and supplies, he ordered Worth's division to the front and himself proceeded thither.

A reconnoissance convinced General Scott of the immense difficulty of a direct assault.

The engineers under Capt. R. E. Lee, were therefore directed to find a route by which the American army might reach the rear of the Mexican position without attacking them in front of their entrenchments.

After immense difficulties a road was cut along the cliffs of the mountains, and over deep ravines, and precipitous gorges, hitherto never dreamed of by the Mexicans as being accessible to an army, or even to the most daring hunters. This route passed around a spur of mountain which completely shut off all view of the movement of Scott's army from the Mexicans, until the road had been so completed that it was made possible for the army to move on it, and carry with it several pieces of light artillery. This, however, had to be taken to pieces, and pulled and dragged by the men with ropes, let down the declivities by holding it back,

*Portrait of General Worth appeared in the January MIDLAND.

One of the three photographs of Grant taken by Henning, at Galena, Illinois, after the General's return from his tour of the world. Fifth of THE MIDLAND'S series of Grant portraits.

and then passing over and climbing the steep ascents and hauling the guns, and carriages, and ammunition up after them. The task was herculean, but, strange to say, it was accomplished, and an entire division of Scott's forces, with their artillery, were marching into the roads in the rear of the Mexican army before they were discovered. Then instantly ensued a fierce and terrible struggle. Santa Anna,* who had arrived from Buena Vista only two or three days before, saw in a moment that this attack in the rear meant probable defeat with the possible loss of his army, unless he could repel it.

As the sound of Twiggs' battle in the rear reached Scott's ears at the front, he ordered a general assault along the entire lines. This would operate in one of two ways: It would detain the Mexicans in their entrenchments and prevent too heavy reinforcements against Twiggs in the rear, and thus enable the latter to sweep down and capture the batteries in reverse; or, if the force defending the batteries should be drawn off or greatly weakened to reinforce against Twiggs (and thus weaken the defense at the front), Scott's assaulting columns could capture the fortifications and lines of the enemy before Santa Anna could repulse Twiggs and reoccupy his strong works.

* Santa Anna's portrait appeared in the November MIDLAND,

Lieut. George B. McClellan (the General McClellan of 1861–2) had established some heavy guns in front of the extreme right of the Mexican lines, and every demonstration was made to convince the Mexicans that the real point of attack was to be at the remotest possible point from that where Twiggs was to strike them. The result was precisely as Scott anticipated; the enemy having no expectation of an attack in the rear or on his left flank, protected as he supposed it to be by inaccessible mountains and impassable defiles, was unprepared in that direction, and hence Twiggs' advance was irresistible.

Grant, as usual during battle, left his train to his subordinates, and rode to the batteries which McClellan had constructed and where the heavy guns were planted. As at Monterey and Vera Cruz, he had no official business to be there. Strictly, his duty was with his train, but there was a soldier's instinct in the quiet Lieutenant that always burst forth when the battle was on. Here he was again at the front, amid a rain of shot and shell which the enemy's gunners were pouring down upon our line from their powerful and well protected batteries, away up the mountain side.

General Pillow assaulted this position twice, and was repulsed with considerable loss, but this strong menace to the front of the Mexican line kept reinforcements from being massed against Twiggs, when his force should appear in the enemy's rear.

A force was detached to attack an elevated point which, General Scott suggested, if carried, could not fail to cut off the whole or a large part of the enemy's forces from retreat on the Jalapa road. Of the work of this brigade General Scott says in his report:

> The style of execution, which I had the pleasure to witness, was most brilliant and decisive.
>
> The brigade ascended the long and difficult slope of Cerro Gordo, without shelter and under a tremendous fire of artillery and musketry, with the utmost steadiness, reached the breastworks, drove the enemy from them, planted the colors of the First Artillery, Third and Seventh Infantry, the enemy's flag still flying, and, after some minutes of sharp firing, finished the conquest with the bayonet.

Grant was detained in efforts to get his train safely packed at Plan Del Rio, out of range of the Mexican guns. This done, he rode to the front in all haste to join in the assault, but when he arrived, the assaulting column was too far advanced up the mountain side to be overtaken, hence he joined Lieutenant McClellan at his battery of heavy guns and

ROUTE OF OUR ARMY FROM VERA CRUZ TO MEXICO.

with great energy assisted in handling them. He stepped to one side at McClellan's request, out of the smoke of the battery, with a field-glass to view the attacking division as it gradually approached the enemy's works, to notify McClellan when to cease firing to avoid injuring our own men as they neared the fatal line. When that moment arrived, and the smoke from the big guns cleared away, a considerable number of stragglers were discovered who had fallen out of line of the attacking force, and were coming to the rear. Grant and McClellan ran forward, gathered them in platoons, and after belaboring some of the men with the sides of their swords, and using some expletives not embraced in the army regulations, touching the cowardice thus exhibited by them, Grant ordered them to "about face," and "forward, on quick time, march."*

Encouraged by the news that their comrades at the front were capturing the works, the men, with Grant at their head went up the slope rapidly, hoping to reach the point of attack before the fighting ceased. But the works were captured before Grant and his little army of reorganized stragglers arrived.

On April 24th Grant wrote of this battle, from Jalapa as follows:

> It was war pyrotechnics of the most serious and brilliant character. While it was a most inspiring sight, it was a painful one to me. I stood there watching the brigade slowly climbing those rugged heights, each minute nearer and nearer the works of the enemy with our missiles flying over their heads, while white puffs of smoke spitefully flashed out in rapid succession along the enemy's line and I knew that every discharge sent death into our ranks. As our men finally swept over and into the works, my heart was sad at the fate that held me from sharing in that brave and brilliant assault. But our batteries did their duty, and no doubt helped in achieving the glorious result.
>
> Jalapa is the most beautiful part of Mexico we have seen. I suppose we move on toward the Capital at once.

*It has been said that Grant never used profane language, but my informant who was present, said that the air was blue on that occasion with high sounding and expressive adjectives, and he would not like to testify who uttered them.

Scott's force amounted to about eight thousand five hundred, and that of the enemy was estimated at twelve thousand.

Three thousand prisoners, five thousand stand of arms, and forty-three pieces of artillery were captured. Scott's losses were four hundred and fifty.

On April 22d General Santa Anna wrote from Orizaba to Genera Arroya, who acted as *ad interim* President while Santa Anna was in the field:

> The enemy made an extraordinary effort to force the pass, and, exasperated by the repulse he had received the day before, and because he knew his ruin was inevitable unless he succeeded, attacked me with his entire army, which was not less than twelve thousand men. He put everything on the hazard of the die, and the cast was favorable to him. I do not regard the cause of the nation as hopeless, if it will defend its honor and independence as circumstances may require.
>
> ..... A. L. DE SANTA ANNA.

Our army immediately advanced to Jalapa, and then to Perote, and then occupied the ancient city of Puebla, and here rested until the sixth of August.

This delay was necessary, as the terms of service of several regiments expired and the men wished to return home, and the arrival of reinforcements had to be awaited.

Here was certainly one of the most brilliant campaigns in the history of war. It began on the twelfth of March, by the investment of Vera Cruz, and between that date and the fifteenth of May the city of Vera Cruz had been besieged and captured, the famed fortress of San Juan de Ulloa had fallen, the battle of Cerro Gordo had been fought and won, the city of Jalapa taken, the castle and town of Perote captured, and the magnificent city of Puebla occupied! Nine thousand prisoners of war, 700 splendid cannon, 10,000 stand of arms, 30,000 shells and shot, and many tons of powder were the spoils of this brilliant campaign of two months. History has few parallels to this most remarkable achievement.

(To be continued.)

GRANT'S LIFE IN THE WEST AND HIS MISSISSIPPI VALLEY CAMPAIGNS.

By Col. John W. Emerson.

(Engravings from drawings and photographs furnished chiefly by Mrs. E. Butler Johnson.)

(Begun in the October Midland Monthly.)

CHAPTER XVI.

ON TO THE CITY OF MEXICO—THE MEXICAN DEFENSES FLANKED—BATTLES BEFORE THE CITY—CONTRERAS, ANTONIA, CHERUBUSCO, MOLINO DEL REY AND CHAPULTEPEC.

MEANTIME, Lieutenant Grant and other officers visited Cholula and the adjacent country. At the time of Cortez this city contained a population of one hundred and fifty thousand, but under the curse that almost everywhere followed his trail, the goodly city dwindled, and its ancient grandeur gradually vanished until it had become as lifeless as ancient Thebes. Grant was enthusiastic in his admiration of this delightful plateau. The air is pure and bright, and of that happy temperature that makes mere living a delight.

One day as the army was marching leisurely along, Grant was with a group of officers, and as they moved forward and admired the many objects of interest, General Scott and staff rode up, and they also fell under the spell of beauty. Scott was asked what object most appealed to his imagination. "I differ from you all," he replied. "My greatest delight is in this magnificent body of troops, without whom we can never sleep in the halls of the Montezumas." And they were all silent at this practical turn to their thoughts.

Scott's army at Puebla had been reduced to 4,500 men, and it was in the midst of an enemy's country. During this delay, the Cabinet at Washington had grown anxious. If Mexico were conquered what was to be done with the fruits of victory?

There was not so much fear of failure in arms as of dangerous results in peace. What could be done? How could so strange a population be governed? What would be the result politically? Uncertainty and apprehension induced the administration of President Polk to

constantly hold out proffers of amity and an honorable peace.

Animated by this feeling, the President appointed Mr. Nicholas P. Trist as Commissioner near the seat of war, and sent him on from Washington to negotiate a treaty of peace whenever the Mexican Government should manifest a desire for an accommodation. Mr. Trist arrived at Jalapa soon after the army had advanced to Puebla, and remained with the army thenceforth to the close of the war.

Reinforcements arrived. Scott's army, on August 6, 1847, numbered 14,009. Of these he left in hospital, and to garrison Puebla, 3,261. On that day began his advance toward the City of Mexico with 10,748 men, as shown by the returns in the War Department.

On the 5th of August a council of war was held, at which were present General Scott, Major-Generals Pillow, Worth, and Quitman, and Brigadier-Generals Cadwallader, Twiggs and Shields. These were the Division and Brigade Commanders. At this council Scott laid down and minutely explained every detail of

MAJOR GENERAL HARNEY,
The Colonel Harney of the Mexican War.

his intended campaign for the capture of the Capital. The particular part each division and brigade was to perform was defined with much detail, and with very

slight departure from the plan he had formed and pressed upon the administration before he left Washington. Military men have not ceased to regard it as one of the most remarkable among the many remarkable characteristics of the campaign, that plans, formed thousands of miles distant, in so many of their minute details should have been carried into effect.

During the delays, Grant had not wasted any time. Aside from his duties as Quartermaster and Commissary, and the time he spent with the Fourth Infantry, he came in contact with many Mexicans who had traveled extensively as freighters throughout all the region to be

traversed by our army, and had become master of about all that could be learned from such intercourse, as to the country's topography and geography. There was not a stream, not a road, not an elevation on the route, that Grant did not have marked on his map. This information was freely transmitted to his superiors, and they in turn sympathized with Grant's interested desire to know what were to be the movements of the army, and he was kept better informed of prospective plans and intended operations than a young officer of his rank would otherwise have been. No doubt this relation established with his superiors did much to broaden his mind and give him a more masterful grasp of great combinations and the advantage of swift movement as a means of military success in the field.

The following incident will help to illustrate the extent to which these characteristics and qualities of Grant were appreciated by his superiors. It became necessary, a short time before the advance from Puebla to the City of Mexico, to send a large train a considerable distance into the country, more than a two-days' march, to capture forage and other supplies. To go on this dangerous mission, General Scott selected Grant.

With a force of less than a thousand men, the young lieutenant conducted his train safely, loaded it with supplies, and returned in safety, having had several skirmishes, without the loss of a team or a wagon.

General Scott proceeded with the advanced division under Twiggs, and the divisions followed, leaving ample room for free movement, yet close enough for prompt support in case of attack.

The march was through a beautiful, rolling country, filled with gardens that supplied the city with vegetables.

The road passed over the Anahuac range of the Cordilleras, and from many points some of the most beautiful scenery in the world came into view.

Nearly forty miles to the south, was the snow-capped Popocatepetl, with its twin summit Iztaccihuatl, whose brows, far above the region of perpetual frost, rise eighteen thousand feet in isolated majesty. The army marched beneath these sublime summits, and in sight of the ruins of Cholula and Tlascala.

Gradually the road ascended through mountains, now covered with forest, and little lakes interspersed in the valleys. The army ascended a height of ten thousand feet amidst the Cordilleras, where the thirsty soldiers were refreshed by the icy-cold water of a little stream whose source was in the Snow Mountains.

They reached the pass of the Rio Frio, and at this point resistance was anticipated. The mountains closed in and overhung the road, offering great possibilities of defense. Signs of preparation were seen, but they had been abandoned and no enemy was encountered. A few miles farther on they passed over the crest of the mountain, where suddenly burst upon their vision the brilliant scenery of the Valley of Mexico. The view is one of the most beautiful and picturesque in the world.

A writer, with the army at the time, described it thus:

> "When all were nearly worn out, a sudden turn in the road brought to our view a sight which none can ever forget. The whole vast plain of Mexico was before us! The coolness of the air, which was most sensibly felt at this great height, our fatigue and danger were all forgotten, and our eyes were the only sense that thought of enjoyment. Mexico, with its lofty steeples and its checkered domes — its bright reality and its former fame — its modern splendor and its ancient magnificence, was before us; while around on every side, its many lakes seemed like silver stars on a velvet mantle."

The army was on the great road from Puebla to Mexico, which passed the side of Lake Chalco, and between that and Lake Tezcuco. Thus far it had met no enemy. Whether the city could be successfully approached by the National road, or whether it would have to be approached from the south and southwest, was the unsolved problem. To determine this, a reconnoissance was ordered by the rifle regiment and three companies of cavalry under Colonel Harney. It was successfully accomplished. After marching in many directions, over ground deemed impassable to man or beast; over jagged

rocks and steep acclivities on one side, and quagmires and lagoons on the other; in front, frowning batteries and breastworks bristling with bayonets at every point of vantage; and, having strangely failed of being attacked, at midnight the troops returned to camp. General Scott declared it to be the boldest reconnoissance of the war.

Grant's regiment was not with Colonel Harney's force; but, after he had started, the desire to accompany it seized him, and he rode up to Garland's headquarters and asked permission to go. Garland answered him that, "if it were not attacked, the force was already large enough, and, if it should be attacked, there were already more than we could afford to have killed," and without any direct "yes" or "no" he turned away. Grant construed his superior's words to mean that if he chose to assume the responsibility of leaving his post, and wished, himself, to take the chances, he might do as he pleased. Grant pressed spurs to his horse, galloped off, and soon joined the cavalry of Colonel Harney in the advance.

Speaking of this episode during his farmer days, Grant said it was a day full of surprises and dangers. The dangers were run upon in unexpected and unforeseen places, but by rapid evolutions and great diligence the force escaped injury.

"In floundering through lagoons and quagmires," said Grant, "there was no place on any horse or rider, from the shoes on our horses' feet to the top of our caps, that was not besmeared with mud."

The writer suggested that owing to this change in their uniforms and the color of their horses the Mexicans probably failed to recognize them, and to this they may have owed their immunity and escape. He only answered that he could not fathom a Mexican's mind nor account for his failure to shoot at an enemy when he had so good an opportunity.

The reconnoissance demonstrated that the city could not be successfully attacked by the National Road route, owing to the water and mud, the narrow causeways, the impossibility of deploying the attacking force, and the formidable defenses at every possible point. The army was, thereupon, at once put in motion to flank the Mexican defenses.

The City of Mexico is situated in an immense valley, once filled with a great inland fresh-water sea, which gradually subsided into the narrower limits of several smaller lakes. The city was originally built on the shallows of these lakes and the streets were then canals; and, even up to the time of the advent of Cortez, many of these were still used. By the partial destruction of the city at various times, these canals have been mainly filled and converted into streets. By constant filling, and by the ceaseless subsidence of the waters of the lakes, much of the city is now on dry land. This gradual subsidence of the waters left wide marshes and boggy margins. Through these, and connecting the different lakes, ran canals in many directions, and the land approaches to the city, from the east and south especially, were over long and narrow causeways.

Then the spurs of the mountains on the south of the lakes came down to their soft margins. On these causeways the Mexicans had constructed strong, defensive works that could not be directly attacked in front because of their inaccessibility. It was now General Scott's task to flank these works, pass to the southwest of the city and attack it on dry ground.

The movement was pushed with promptness. In order to be as free as possible to move with the advance, Grant had parked his quartermaster and commissary wagons with those of the brigade and division, and took his part in all the movements and skirmishings of the advance.

Such roads as existed were under the guns of the enemy, and a passable way had to be made, out of range, over spurs of the mountains, and through the terrible *pedrigal*, or sharp, broken stones or lava, hitherto deemed practically impassable. But under direction of the skilled and

From an old engraving.

GENERAL SCOTT.

energetic engineer corps, it was accomplished in a single day and night.

On the 19th the strong position of Contreras, defended by the Mexican General Valencia with 7,000 men and twenty-two pieces of artillery, was attacked. The nature of the ground prevented the works being stormed, and Magruder was able to bring only three of his guns into action. Two of these were soon disabled by the enemy's fire. For two hours the attacking force stood, or lay, before this devastating storm of shot and shell. Quite a number were killed, and many horses were disabled. Seeing that the position could not be successfully assailed from this point, Scott withdrew his men out of range, and planned an attack in the rear.

Grant's brigade was not engaged, and while this battle was in progress, the young lieutenant had climbed to an elevation some distance from the place where General Scott was viewing the action. With a powerful glass he carefully searched the whole field of activity,

and discovered a movement of the enemy in the distance, which he thought meant the reinforcement of Contreras by troops from the city. He immediately informed General Scott. The General could not see the movement from his point of view, but, accepting Grant's statement of the situation, he immediately planned a flank and rear attack.

After the close of the engagement, General Scott ordered a portion of the army, under Generals Shields, Persifer F. Smith and Cadwallader, to attack the enemy's position in the rear at early dawn on the following morning. During a heavy rain, in the darkness of night, their forces crawled through chaparral and cacti and over sharp, broken stones to a position in the rear of the enemy, on the opposite side of the ridge upon which his works were constructed, and lay there until morning dawned.

General Smith walked along the irregular line of prostrate men, as they lay on their arms, at three o'clock in the morning, and quietly repeated the words, "Ready, men!" as he moved from point to point. The sleeping force instantly became animate; every piece was reloaded and all was ready.

The order came, "Forward!" and as the crest was reached, "Double-quick!" rang out. The line sprang forward, and in a minute was upon the enemy's works, and the quick, sharp report of hundreds of rifles startled the Mexicans. Before they could turn their cannon effectually, our men were upon them, and a hand-to-hand battle raged with great fury. Firing was ceaseless, bayonets were plied with ruthless energy, and amidst the din of the cheering, the fury of the onset and the rattle of musketry, the heavy thud of the musket-stock, as it fell on the heads of the enemy, was heard on every side. The Mexicans had neither time nor opportunity to use their artillery on the assaulting column. The very fierceness of the attack made it the shorter. The enemy fled in the utmost confusion, and was pursued by other regiments sent by General Scott to cut off the retreat.

Salas, Mendoza, Garcia and Guadalupe, among the principal Mexican Generals, were captured, and the two brass cannon which Santa Anna had taken

The Church of San Fernando, from the belfry of which Lieutenant Grant fired the howitzer.—The two crosses near the small window in the belfry were made by Consul-General Crittenden to indicate where two cannon-balls struck the belfry in the attempt of the Mexicans to dislodge their unknown enemy and silence his gun.

from General Taylor at Buena Vista, were recaptured, to the great joy of the men who had lost them in that action.

Meantime, Grant, with his brigade, under Garland, was moving rapidly to attack Antonia and its defenses, and soon captured that position, and then, joining Clark's brigade a few hundred yards beyond, moved in hot pursuit of the enemy toward Churubusco. Grant was in the thickest of the fray at Antonia, and in the hottest of the assault on Churubusco.

All the divisions of Scott's army were in rapid motion toward Churubusco by 8 o'clock A. M., the two battles of Contreras and Antonia having been fought and won before that hour.

There were two especially strong points which had to be attacked and carried by assault,—the first one was the *Tete du Pont* (bridge-head), consisting of two bastions with flanks, which had been constructed with much skill across the main causeway in front of the bridge over the Churubusco River. It was strongly garrisoned and defended by batteries.

The second was the Convent Church, which stands about six hundred yards to the west and near the river. On the outside of this church or convent were stone walls; next to these a stone building or fortification with walls rising higher than the outer ones, and high above all, the massive stone church. The outer walls were pierced with two ranges of embrasures, commanding the surrounding country, with a raking fire, for it constituted an outer field-work, surrounding fortifications within.

By one o'clock the entire Mexican army was in position. Santa Anna was in personal command, and had either in line or at supporting distance, 25,000 men. Most of these were raw troops, having been hastily recruited from all quarters, and from all ranks and conditions.

Grant was with Garland in the fierce attack on the *Tete du Pont*, by Worth's division. Garland and Clark's brigades advanced in front of the works under the fire of batteries and a long line of infantry, and they suffered much. The works were charged and carried by the bayonet. The deep ditch had to be crossed, and the works surmounted by sheer climbing. The storming parties entered the works and the enemy hastily retreated on the road towards the city.

While this conflict was in progress, General Twiggs had begun the attack on the Citadel of Churubusco, consisting, as before stated, of the fortified church and hâcienda. Here the battle raged still more fiercely, and it was more bloody and eventful. From the loop-holes of the church, from the pierced walls constituting an extensive field-work surrounding it, and from seven pieces of artillery, well manned and well served by the bravest men in the Mexican army, poured forth one continuous storm of death-dealing shot and shell, sweeping every part of the field.

Far over to the left, the division of General Shields was engaged in a death-grapple with the great Santa Anna. The latter, confident of crushing the American forces, charged many times with masses of infantry and 3,000 choice cavalry, only to find the ranks of the invaders invincible.

A lurid canopy of sulphurous smoke rose over the heads of the struggling combatants, lighted up by the quick flashes of many guns, and far over the plains of ancient Mexico echoed the roar of cannon and the clash of arms,—that awful music which makes the sound of battle the prelude of death, and proclaims the anger and ferocity of enraged nations.

The most desperate defense was made by a company of deserters from the American army,—more than a hundred in number. They manned three pieces of artillery, and often tore down the white flag when hoisted by the Mexicans. Those who were captured were subsequently tried by court-martial and condemned, and sixteen of them were shot.

Before nightfall the citadel of Churubusco surrendered, the American flag floated from its flag-staff, and the entire

Mexican army was everywhere in full retreat, pursued by that redoubtable cavalryman, Colonel Harney, to the very gates of the city. Scott's fighting force but little exceeded 9,000; that of Santa Anna — allowing for exaggeration, which usually magnifies the numbers of an opposing army — certainly doubled those of Scott.

The loss was very heavy,— 1,100 Americans and probably 2,500 Mexicans. Twenty-six hundred Mexicans were taken prisoners.

This put General Scott in complete possession of all the exterior defenses of the city, and of the roads and causeways leading into it; leaving only its walls and gates, and the castle of Chapultepec and Molino del Rey as barriers to the possession of the city.

The Spanish-Aztecs had reigned in this beautiful region for nearly three hundred years, and the lake of Tezcuco reflected back more than the splendors which had shone from the capital of the Montezumas. Here was their battle-field; and it could not be imagined that such a city and such an empire would be yielded without the fiercest resistance.

When Scott came upon the central scene, near the church or citadel, after the battle was over and the victory won, he was surrounded by his officers and men; he uncovered his head and gave them generous words of praise and thanks on behalf of himself and his country for their bravery. When he ceased, there went up tumultuous shouts and cheers from the men.

In a letter written by Lieutenant Grant, to a friend two days later, he said:

> I wondered what must be the emotions of General Scott, thus surrounded by the plaudits of his army. The ovation was genuine, and from the hearts of his men. This has been the greatest battle of all, and it looks now as if the city would yield without another. May heaven grant it, for the slaughter of our men is greater than ever before, and worse than death is the awful suffering of the torn and wounded on both sides.
>
> While the cheers were going up for General Scott, General Rincon, one of the captured Mexican prisoners confined in the church, was standing at a window leaning out; he uncovered his head, and his countenance lighted up, and his eyes sparkled with every manifestation of delight. I have no doubt but the old veteran, animated with the chivalrous instincts of the true soldier, when he heard the plaudits which the General received from the brave men he had so recently led to victory, forgot that *he* was defeated and a prisoner, and for the moment entered into the enthusiasm of the occasion.

Interesting indeed it was, but what would have been the feelings of young Lieutenant Grant if he could then have caught a glimpse of the scene in Washington nineteen years later, when in that magnificent and triumphal Grand Review of all the armies of the Union, he was himself the recipient of the thanks and plaudits of hosts of his fellow countrymen and the praise of the on-looking world.

This series of five engagements on the 19th and 20th, all brilliantly fought and triumphantly won, constituted but the separate steps or parts of the one great battle for the possession of the Valley and City of Mexico.

In the midst of the demoralization and general confusion in the Mexican Army that followed these battles, General Scott could doubtless have stormed and captured the city; but it was hoped that by a little delay the Mexican Government might favorably respond to our overtures for peace, constantly held out to them. While, on the other hand, if driven from the city, the government itself might be so demoralized and discredited that treaty negotiations would be difficult, if not impossible. The army, therefore, rested on its laurels, nursed its wounds, and prepared for whatever contingency might arise.

For two days and nights, Lieutenant Grant rested and slept but little. Tireless in ministering to the wounded and suffering of his own brigade, and in searching out and bringing them together for hospital care and treatment, and with kind and tender words to the dying, he hastened over other fields of strife than those in which he had been engaged, assisting the removal of the wounded. As soon as this service was performed, and the wounded comfortably housed and treated, and the quartermaster and commissary departments securely located and replenished, Grant visited the battle-field and systematically examined every

position, and traced every movement, that he might fully comprehend all the tactical features of the campaign.

An armistice was agreed upon, and this gave him greater freedom of movement in his investigations. Before hostilities were renewed, there was no part of the field of operations which he had not carefully studied.

How far this persistent attention to practical object-lessons, and the careful study of tactics and strategy as applied by the then greatest American soldier, helped to enlarge his mind, and how much it contributed to his own matchless success in later years, one cannot say; but that it aided much to develop his genius, no one can doubt. In a letter written by him during this armistice he said:

> Too much blood has been shed. Is it ended, or will hostilities be resumed? We are prepared for either event. I have tried to study the plan of campaign which the army has pursued since we entered the Valley of Mexico, and in view of the great strength of the positions we have encountered and carried by storm, I am wondering whether there is not some other route by which the city could be captured, without meeting such formidable obstructions, and at such great losses. If I should criticise, it would be contrary to military ethics, therefore I do not. There is no force in Mexico that can resist this army. To fight is to conquer. The Mexicans fight well for a while, but they do not hold out. They fight and simply quit. Poor fellows; if they were well drilled, well fed and well paid, no doubt they would fight and persist in it; but, as it is, they are put to the slaughter without avail.

On the 7th of September, negotiations for peace having failed, the armistice ended by a notice from General Scott.

It was clear now that the inner defenses of the city must be captured by force. Santa Anna had availed himself of the time during the armistice to summon new troops and strengthen the remaining defenses.

In order to assail the Belan and San Casme gates and their bastions and redoubts, the great fortress and castle of Chapultepec must be first taken, for its guns would sweep the causeways and approaches to the gates and walls of the city.

Chapultepec is a rocky prominence, called in the Aztec language, "Grasshoppers' Hill." It rises from the former margin of the lake to a considerable height. It was the resort of the Aztec princes; was, and still is, the real site of the renowned "Halls of the Montezumas."

Here were, and still are, gardens, groves and grottoes,—the lingering remnants of that magnificence which adorned the ancient city. Here, also, the Spanish viceroys had their residence.

The buildings on the top of the hill were well fortified, and the base was nearly surrounded by a thick stone wall, —in fact, two stone walls a few rods apart. It was a dangerous and formidable position.

But General Scott determined first to capture Molino del Rey, and destroy what was reported to be a cannon foundry, and said to contain large stores of munitions. He attacked this position on September 8th. Garland's brigade assaulted the right of the enemy's works and carried them.

Grant was in the assaulting party and with the first who entered the works. With a portion of his company he charged with such impetuosity through one of the archways, under a shower of missiles, that he captured a number of prisoners, including several officers. Other portions of the army entered about the same time and thus kept the enemy from concentrating upon his small force and crushing it. Grant wheeled his men through the north side of the interior court and, turning, saw a number of armed Mexican officers and soldiers on top of the building but a few rods from his men. Not having any ladder or means of ascending the roof, he hesitated but a moment, for he was too ready in expedients to be long in inventing a device. He found an old cart not far away, and this, with the aid of some of his men, he ran against the wall, elevated the shafts, blocked the wheels to securely hold it in position, and thus converting the shafts into an improvised ladder which reached within a few feet of the top, he used his sailor-acquired skill to climb upon the roof, followed by a few of his men. When he reached the roof, he was surprised to find

that one of his private soldiers had just preceded him some other way.

There were quite a number of Mexicans on the roof, among them one major, and five or six captains and lieutenants who had not succeeded in escaping before the storming party got possession of the avenues of escape. They had been fighting from this point of vantage, and were still armed in full battle array, while the solitary soldier walked as sentry, guarding the prisoners he had surrounded all by himself!

Grant halted the sentinel, received the swords from the officers, and had his men break the muskets of the soldiers against the wall and throw them to the ground below.

To the left, the struggle was long, but at length the enemy retreated. The victory was one of the bloodiest recorded in American history. Nearly one-fourth of the attacking army were either killed or wounded.

To determine whether the city could be entered by some other causeway and avoid Chapultepec, Captain Lee and Lieutenants Beauregard, Stevens and Tower were sent to make reconnoissance of other approaches, but the report was not favorable.

The City of Mexico stands on a slight swell near the center of an irregular basin, and was girdled with a ditch in its greatest extent — a navigable canal of great width and depth — very difficult to bridge in the presence of an enemy, and serving at once for drainage, custom-house purposes, and military defense, having eight entrances or gates under massive arches, each of which was defended by strong works which only required a few determined men and guns to make impregnable. All the approaches to the city were over elevated causeways, flanked by ditches. These causeways in many places were cut and broken by the enemy to prevent our army from approaching.

It was determined that Chapultepec must be captured to clear the way. The hill is 150 feet high, and the fort 900 feet in length.

Heavy batteries were placed in position and a terrific bombardment ensued the entire day and night of the 12th. The response of the enemy was equally vigorous. It was a memorable sight. Solid shot shattered the walls; burning fuses and exploding shells filled the air with circling streams of fire.

After describing the hard fighting and the movements of the different commands in the attack which continued for hours, and ended in the capture of the exterior works, General Scott says of the final assault:

> The broken acclivity was still to be ascended, and a strong redoubt, midway, to be carried, before reaching the castle on the heights. The advance of our brave men, led by brave officers, though necessarily slow, was unwavering, over rocks, chasms and mines, and under the hottest fire of cannon and musketry.
>
> The redoubt now yielded to resistless valor, and the shouts that followed announced to the castle above the fate that impended.
>
> The enemy were speedily driven from shelter to shelter. The retreat allowed not time to fire a single mine, without the certainty of blowing up friend and foe. Those who at a distance attempted to apply matches to the long trains, were shot down by our men. There was death below as well as above ground. At length the ditch and wall of the main work were reached; the scaling-ladders were brought up and planted by the storming parties; some of the leading spirits, first in the assault, were cast down — killed or wounded; but a lodgment was soon made; streams of heroes followed; all opposition was overcome, and several of our regimental colors were flung out from the upper walls, amidst long-continued shouts and cheers, which sent dismay into the capital. No scene could have been more animating or glorious.

While this was in progress on the heights, Grant was with Garland's brigade, fighting desperately at the western base of the elevation, where they stormed and captured a battery that was doing great execution. His company was first to gain the enemy's works, and the Fourth Regiment planted its flag on the parapet; then it swept on past Chapultepec, and attacked the enemy's line resting on the road to the city.

The enemy fled toward the city, and Worth's division — in which Grant served — pursued with energy, by the San Casme road, to the walls of the city, while Quitman pursued by the Belan road to its gate.

Here terrific fighting ensued, and the struggle went on with great fierceness

until, long after, night hid the combatants from view. Some lodgments had been gained, but the final struggle would have to wait the morning light.

It was in Worth's attack on the San Casme gate and redoubts supporting it that Lieutenant Grant did some independent *thinking* and *observing*, and exercised some generalship on his own responsibility.

As they approached San Casme gate and works, Grant was leading the foremost men. There were but two other officers with the advanced force — Lieutenants Judah and Gore. They crept in and out of the arches of the aqueduct and approached the walls and houses, from which an incessant fire was poured.

A single piece of Mexican artillery swept the open approaches, but Grant skipped across the roadway between discharges, crawled along stone walls enclosing houses, discovered a way by which this gun could be flanked and that particular position could be captured. He retraced his steps along the wall, called to his men who were protecting themselves under the arches, and while a portion of them kept the gun silent by sharp-shooting, the others ran across. With these he moved rapidly to the flanking position he had previously discovered, and soon drove the gun from its position. The Mexican infantry on the house-tops, supporting it, also retreated. The whole of Worth's division soon advanced to the front, and severe fighting ensued along the entire line. The roofs of the houses were all flat, and with sandbags upon them, and holes made through the walls; strange defensive positions abounded at every step, instinct with an active and unseen enemy. Later in the day, the enemy was reinforced, and Worth's progress for a time was severely checked, and his losses were considerable. In the bastions and redoubts about San Casme gate were a number of guns well served by the Mexican gunners, and the sharp-shooters were holding their positions with unusual stubbornness.

Grant, always alert in looking for any strategic move that would secure a point of vantage, was alert on this occasion, seeking some mode of silencing, or minimizing the effect of those stubborn batteries that were dealing out death about the San Casme gate.

His penetrating eye saw that if only some elevated point could be gained which would command or enfilade them, they could be silenced.

He discovered a church off to the south with a formidable-looking belfry, within easy cannon range of the San Casme batteries. He did not know how strongly it might be held by the enemy. But he could find out.

There never was, during any portion of Grant's military career, much time allowed to elapse between *thinking* and *acting*. He promptly made observations in company with half a dozen men, and in five minutes his plan was matured. He concluded he could reach the church by a difficult and circuitous route. There was a company of Voltigeurs not far away, with some mountain howitzers, not just then in action. He ran to a sub-officer of the battery and induced him and a few men to take one of the guns and hastily follow him. He left no intimation of his plans or purposes. All the open roadways were either in possession of, or commanded by, the enemy; hence Grant and his little force had to pass through fields and marshes, cut up with ditches and filthy lagoons, breast deep in water, and grown over with water-plants. Through these, and by many tortuous ways, Grant hurriedly led his little force, taking the howitzer to pieces to cross the ditches.

At length, wet to their shoulders, covered with moss and weeds and mud from the ditches and lowlands they had traversed, they reached the church door, happily to find it undefended. Grant knocked at the door with the handle of his sword. The door was soon unbarred and opened. There stood Grant with the point of his sword resting on the stone step, and a squad of Yankee soldiers

armed to the teeth, dripping with water and mud. The priest was alarmed and would have hastily closed the door had he not been prevented by the butt end of a musket, thrust in the opening. The roar of battle was resounding near at hand, but Grant and his little army, isolated and on an independent campaign, were unobserved as yet by the enemy. Minutes were precious with Grant, and he was impatient to gain that belfry. His companions at the front were being slaughtered by the guns at San Casme gate. He hastily told the priest in such Spanish as he could then command, that he wanted to take his howitzer up into the tower. The priest expostulated, but while Grant was explaining the law of "might" vs. "right" to the priest, his men were making ready to hoist the gun into the belfry, and thither it was taken with due haste.

Leaving a few men below, Grant and the others ascended and very soon had their gun clean, mounted and charged for a trial shot at the Mexican batteries from this unsuspected and unthought of point of vantage.

The point to be struck was pointed out by Grant, the gun was sighted, and—a puff of fiery smoke shot out from an opening high in the air, which completely enfiladed the Mexican position; and, horror of horrors to the Mexicans, there suddenly came from the sky, as it were, a screeching shell that burst in their very midst! Their consternation was intensified as the shots from the howitzer came pouring into their works. General Worth did not know of Grant's expedition. He was standing at the best point to observe the battle, with his staff about him. He was scanning, through his glass, the battle-center about San Casme. Suddenly he too was startled, for there burst upon his ears the sharp report of a gun from a new position in dangerous proximity to the right of his line! Could that be a Mexican gun? If so, new dispositions of his army would need to be made, and made quickly! The glasses of his entire staff were instantly turned to ascertain the *locus* of the new battery. Another report, and the smoke shot out from yonder massive church steeple! Were the gods joining in the murderous fray—and on which side?

"Where are those shots directed?" asked Worth of a staff officer. Another and another shot followed, more rapidly than before! "There; look at San Casme; the shots are entering the Mexican batteries! See?" exclaimed one of the staff. And then there arose a cheer along the American line, far beyond Grant's hearing, as the army saw that the Mexicans were being panic stricken.

Reports followed one another with the marvelous rapidity possible only with trained gunners. Soon the Mexican riflemen were driven from the house-tops and the parapets; then their cannon slackened fire. Some of their guns soon ceased firing and the gunners fled from the shot and shell that came with such rapidity from that vicious gun in the church belfry.

General Worth wondered how that gun found its way skyward, and by whose audacity. He ordered one of his staff to ride over to General Garland, whose position was nearest the church, and ascertain concerning the singular occurrence. The officer came dashing up to Garland, where he, too, stood watching the phenomenon. No one seemed to know. No one had given any orders. He rode on to where the Voltigeurs were standing at the extreme of the line, and all they knew was that some time previously Lieutenant Grant, of the Fourth Infantry, had come rapidly along with part of his company, and had carried off one of their howitzers and a lot of ammunition, and a number of their gunners had gone off with him, but no one knew whither. "It sounds like our gun, and it must be Grant and our men," they said. Cheers went up again by the Voltigeurs and the Fourth as they learned the fact; and the reports of the gun seemed to increase in rapidity and in vigor and energy.

When the staff officer reported to General Worth, he sent another officer (the

same Lieutenant Pemberton who surrendered Vicksburg to Grant seventeen years later) to make his way around to the church and present his compliments, and to ask Grant to report to him. Grant answered that he was "very busy, and would like to be permitted to report later." But the messenger had no discretion, and Grant had to go. He gave his men orders to "Keep the gun as busy as you can without melting it," and hastened to General Worth. Some of the most troublesome Mexican guns having been driven off and withdrawn, he could now reach headquarters without making the circuitous route he had to first travel with his gun. He was filled with indignation at having to leave, when he knew the work was so effective and his presence was so important, and he was in doubt whether he was not to be considered under arrest when he reached Worth's headquarters. He walked briskly to the General and saluted him. He was still wet, and so besmeared with the dirt of the lagoons and ditches, and his face so begrimed with powder-smoke from working the howitzer in the belfry, that Worth did not recognize him! Grant was in haste, and did not waste words in telling who he was and asking for the General's orders. "Time is precious at the church," he added, in a tone that indicated impatience at his absence.

All Worth wanted was to thank Grant for his achievement, tell him the splendid effect the howitzer fire had on the Mexican position, and direct him to take another gun and return to his post in the belfry. Grant did not take time to explain that there was no room for a second gun in the church steeple, but took with him the howitzer, some gunners and a new supply of ammunition, and hastened back to his work.

He reflected as he went,—"How much more sensible to have sent me that message by a staff-officer, instead of taking me away from my post at a vital time!"

After Grant hastened away from General Worth, the latter remarked: "Grant is in dead earnest. He is fighting mad; he 'has it in for' those Mexicans at San Casme! Better order Garland to send a company over to the church to support him."

The Mexicans sent a few shot over toward the church with a view of dislodging Grant, and two of them struck the heavy stone wall in uncomfortable proximity to the opening of the belfry, leaving their imprint, but doing no other injury.

The fire from the howitzer was kept up with vigor until nightfall, the Mexican fire having practically ceased.

The fatalities among officers in the assault on the Belan Gate were frightful. It was sad even to those accustomed to slaughter and carnage.

It was here that the brave and intrepid Lieutenant Benjamin — Grant's bosom friend — was mortally wounded. As the shades of evening were hovering over the scene of strife he was carried to a place sheltered from the storm of missiles. A surgeon was summoned. Loosening the saturated clothing, a hasty look at the wounds told him that Lieutenant Benjamin had but a brief time to live. He spoke no word, but looked into the fading eyes of the dying soldier and gave an ominous shake of his head. Hastily administering a potion to relieve his suffering, the surgeon gently pressed Benjamin's hand and hastened away to minister to those whose wounds gave hope that life could be saved.

The stricken officer understood the surgeon fully. He had scarcely strength to articulate, but he was able to utter the one word, "Grant." One of the attendant soldiers heard the name and, knowing of the "David and Jonathan" friendship existing between the two young officers, he and a comrade hastened away amid the confusion of the closing battle, to find the friend whom the dying man longed to see.

It was no easy task the searchers had before them. They soon learned that the Fourth Infantry had been engaged at San Casme Gate. Approaching that point by wading canals and lagoons, and

defying sentinels, they were told that Grant was probably here, and possibly there, none knew just where. They found Garland, and he told them the last he heard about Grant, before dark, "he was up in that church steeple with his howitzers giving the enemy hell, and he may be there yet if he hasn't been knocked out by a cannon ball." With this information they soon found Lieutenant Grant with his men, still grimy with powder and the dirt of the lagoons.

The report that his friend Benjamin was dying was more stunning to Grant than all the horrors of battle. In a short time the guides brought him into the presence of the one man in the army whom he loved above and beyond all others.

Benjamin lay on a cot, with an army blanket folded under his head. He was motionless. A solitary candle was fastened in the twigs of a shrub a few feet from his head. Its pale and flickering light revealed the prostrate officer clear enough for Grant to see the pallor on the face and the soft haze on the eyes of his friend. Two soldiers stood a few feet distant on either side. A piece of the fly of a tent was suspended on the bayonets of muskets above the wounded officer, who, unable to speak, had strength to faintly reach his hand; and, as Grant knelt beside him, he raised his arm to the neck of the latter and embraced him; while Grant, with loving tenderness, pressed the other hand and raised it to his lips. Several minutes elapsed without word or visible motion.

What words were unspoken, what emotions thrilled their hearts, all too full for speech, must pass unrevealed into the mysterious unknown.

The arm of the dying soldier fell from the neck of his friend. They looked into each other's eyes in silence. Benjamin's lips moved, but they uttered no sound. What tender messages were they trying to communicate to some distant loved one? What sweet messages of affection to a devoted sister? What last message to that distant mother, whose love knew no limitations, and whose arms were stretched out in prayer for the protection of her absent boy every hour of her anxious existence?

The last battle of the brave Benjamin was ended, and as such battles always end, with the mighty warrior as with the private soldier, in defeat; but defeat without murmur and without repining.

Grant wet his handkerchief from a canteen and tenderly wiped the face and hands of his comrade, and while the eyes of the latter rested, in their dimmed and fading luster, upon the sympathizing face of his ministering friend, their light went out forever.

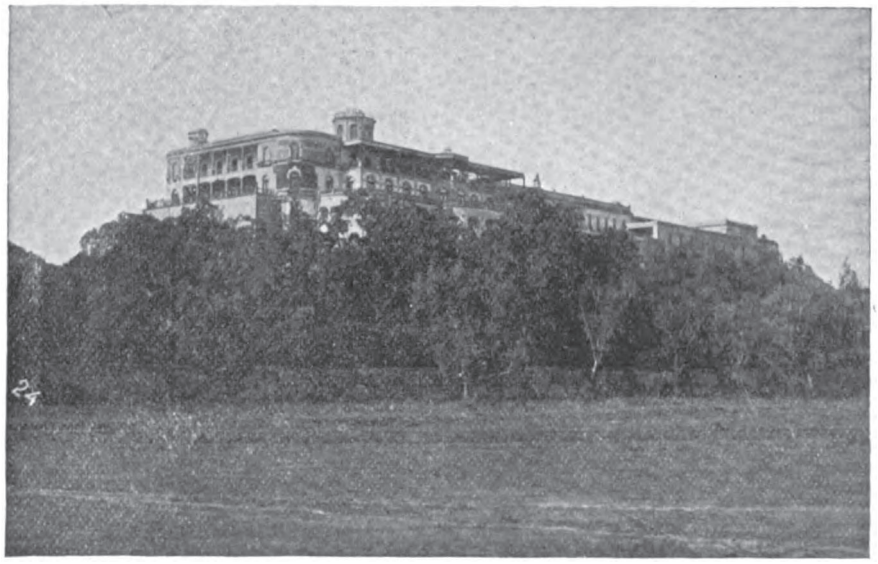
Many years after, Grant stated that the death of Major Hamer, at Monterey, and of Lieutenant Benjamin, at the City of Mexico, were two sad events which clung to his memory with unrelenting pertinacity.

(*To be continued.*)

A POEM.

WHAT is a poem? 'Tis a vase
Of clay, or gold, or jewels wrought;
What matter, so it fill its place,
And hold the fadeless flowers of thought!

Beth Day.



CASTLE OF CHAPULTEPEC—THE OBJECTIVE POINT IN THE BATTLE OF CHAPULTEPEC.

GRANT'S LIFE IN THE WEST AND HIS MISSISSIPPI VALLEY CAMPAIGNS.

(A HISTORY.)

By Col. John W. Emerson.

(Engravings from drawings and photographs furnished chiefly by Mrs. E. Butler Johnson.)

(Begun in the October Midland Monthly.)

CHAPTER XV.

OCCUPATION OF THE MEXICAN CAPITAL.

FORMAL recognition of Lieutenant Grant's brilliant services were made in all the reports of his senior officers at the time,— Major Lee, General Garland, and General Worth — and are of record in the War Department.*

A portion of the army, with bars, and picks and sledge-hammers were engaged during the night cutting passage-ways through walls, from house to house, to penetrate the city, and when morning dawned, General Santa Anna, with his army, and the officers of the Mexican Government, had departed.

General Quitman and General Worth both entered the city at the same time on their respective roads, hoisted the American flag on the National Palace and Government buildings, and took formal possession of the Capital of Mexico.

Although the Mexican army had retreated from the city, escaped convicts, deserters and belligerent citizens kept up

*Captain Horace Brooks of the Artillery, in his report of the battle of Chapultepec, says:

"I succeeded in reaching the fort with a few men. Here Lieut. U. S. Grant and a few more men of the 4th Infantry found me, and by a joint movement and after an obstinate resistance, a strong fieldwork was carried and the enemy's right completely turned."

Major Francis Lee, who commanded the 4th Infantry at Chapultepec, says in his official report:

"Lieutenant Grant behaved with distinguished gallantry on the 13th and 14th."

General Garland in his report said:

"The enemy was driven by detachments of the 4th Infantry under Lieutenant Grant after a sharp conflict.. ....A howitzer on the top of a convent, under the direction of Lieutenant Grant, quartermaster of the 4th Infantry, annoyed the enemy considerably..... .....I must not omit to call attention to Lieutenant Grant, who acquitted himself most nobly upon several occasions under my observation."

General Worth says in his report:

"I have again to make acknowledgments to Garland and Clarke, brigade commanders, and their respective staffs, ...and to Grant, 4th Infantry, especially."

an irregular fire of small arms from housetops and other concealed places, and it was a day or two before this was effectually suppressed. Meantime a number of American soldiers and officers were killed. Lieutenant Sidney Smith of the 4th Infantry was one of these, and by his death Grant was promoted to the grade of First Lieutenant. He had been actively engaged in every battle of the Mexican War, (except Buena Vista, which was fought by General Taylor after Grant joined Scott,) and in scores of brilliant skirmishes, and now at the end of hostilities he had only reached a First Lieutenancy,—so slow were promotions in those days. He had, however, gained two brevets for meritorious service in action.

Before the army advanced to the central part of the city, a delegation from the city council waited upon General Scott to negotiate terms of capitulation. He answered them with great kindness, but equal firmness, "I regret the silent escape of the Mexican army, but I shall levy upon the city a moderate contribution, for special purposes; and the American army shall come under no terms, not *self*-imposed,—such only as its own honor, the dignity of the United States, and the spirit of the age, shall in my opinion, imperiously demand and impose."

The next day, "under a brilliant sun," says General Scott in his official report, "I entered the city at the head of the cavalry, cheered by Worth's division of regulars drawn up in order of battle in the Alameda, and by Quitman's division of volunteers in the grand Plaza between the National Palace and the Cathedral—all the bands playing in succession, 'Hail Columbia,' 'Washington's March,' 'Yankee Doodle,' 'Hail to the Chief,' etc. Even the inhabitants, catching the enthusiasm of the moment, filled the windows and lined the parapets, cheering the cavalcade as it passed at the gallop."

He halted in front of the palace, and took formal possession of it as his headquarters, dating his "General Orders No. 286" at "Headquarters of the Army, National Palace of Mexico."

The following day the British consul called upon General Scott to ask for a passport and an escort of cavalry in behalf of the young and beautiful wife of

SCENE IN THE CITY OF MEXICO—ZOCALO Y CATHEDRAL IN BACKGROUND.

SCENE IN THE ALAMEDA, CITY OF MEXICO.

President Santa Anna, to enable her to join her husband. General Scott readily promised both; but, finally, she only accepted the passport, deeming that a sufficient protection. He intended to pay his respects to the fair lady before she departed, but feared that others might consider it "a vaunt" on his part.

There had been captured nearly 4,000 prisoners, including thirteen generals, of whom three had been presidents of the republic; more than twenty colors and standards, 140 field and heavy guns, 20,000 small arms, and an immense quantity of shot, shells, powder, etc., etc.

Thus was completed the military conquest of Mexico.

One of the most graceful allusions to this achievement which I have seen anywhere in English, was made by Sir Henry Bulwer, at one time British minister to Washington. He said: "If Waverly and Guy Mannering had made the name of Scott immortal on one side of the Atlantic, Cerro Gordo and Churubusco had equally immortalized it on the other. If the novelist had given the garb of truth to *fiction*, had not the warrior given to *truth* the air of romance?"

In all these great achievements Grant was, though inconspicuous, nevertheless a very active and effective instrument. There was no part of it in which he did not participate, and participate efficiently. No part of it escaped his critical observation.

His mastery in the management of horses and his splendid horsemanship were important factors in his success in handling his quartermaster and commissary trains.

General Hays, who was killed in one of the Battles of the Wilderness and who was a young officer and friend of Grant in the Mexican War, told the author that Grant's ability in that particular was always a surprise to him; that "there was no road so bad, or so obstructed with the army or other wagon trains, but that Grant, in some mysterious way, would work his train through and have it in the camp of his brigade before the campfires were lighted." He related an incident illustrating this. In moving around the south side of the city and lake, the army had to make new roads over very difficult ground, and these became obstructed as night approached. One of Grant's teamsters became separated from his train

and was at the rear of the army inquiring for Grant. General Garland, whose brigade was at the front a mile or more distant, but who had gone to the rear to see General Scott, heard the man make the inquiry, and sharply reprimanded him for being absent from duty, saying, "Who ever heard of Grant being found at the rear! You will find him at the front, sir, with his command! Begone!"

At the time of the Mexican campaign Grant thought General Scott one of the "immortals" as a commander, and one of the very greatest strategists of the age and yet he did not hesitate to do some independent thinking for himself.

He tells us in his Memoirs that, in his opinion, the army should have passed around the north side of the city, instead of the south, and thus would have avoided fighting the desperate and bloody battles of Molino del Rey and Chapultepec where so many lives were lost. But he is too modest to tell us that this was his opinion at the very time the operations were in progress.

Under date of September 12th, during the armistice which had existed since the battle of Churubusco, on August 22d, and only the day before the battle of Molino del Rey, Lieutenant Grant wrote a private letter in which he described the advance of the army and its battles up to date, and he thus expressed his opinion of their position:

> You will thus see the difficult and brilliant work our army has been doing. If Santa Anna does not surrender the city, or peace be negotiated, much more hard fighting may be expected, as I foresee, before the city is captured. My observations convince me that we have other strong works to reduce before we can enter the city. Our position is such that we cannot avoid these. From my map and all the information I acquired while the army was halted at Puebla, I was then, and am now more than ever, convinced, that the army could have approached the city by passing around north of it, and reached the northwest side, and avoided all the fortified positions, until we reached the gates of the city at their weakest and most indefensible, as well as most approachable points. The roads and defenses I had carefully noted on my map, and I had communicated the knowledge I had acquired from Mexican scouts in our camp, and others I met at Puebla who were familiar with the ground, to such of my superiors as it seemed proper, but I know not whether General Scott was put in possession of the information. It is to be presumed however, that the commanding General had possessed himself of all the facts.
>
> It seems to me the northwest side of the city could have been approached without attacking a single fort or redoubt, we would have been on solid ground instead of floundering through morass and ditches, and fighting our way over elevated roads, flanked by water where it is generally impossible to deploy forces.
>
> What I say is entirely confidential, and I am willing to believe that the opinion of a lieutenant, where it differs from that of his commanding General, *must* be founded on *ignorance* of the situation, and you will consider my criticisms accordingly.

Here is the modest conclusion of an observant young officer, an embryo military genius, who allowed nothing to escape him. In view of Grant's after career, the letter is full of interest, revealing a mind even then capable of grasping the details of great problems. Grant did not vaunt his opinions. And yet the ablest military men in the army since then have generally agreed that Scott's best route was the one indicated by Grant.

In after years, when all the facts and conditions are known, it is easy to criticize the movements of a General, but it is important to remember, in weighing and measuring Grant, that at the time, with the knowledge he *then* possessed, he would have moved on the very lines which the best military critics *now*, in the light of all the conditions, point out as the best.

In after years, while leading a retired life on his farm, his Mexican War experiences were always a subject of interesting reminiscence. The difficulty experienced by his friends was in Grant's avoidance of every incident in which he personally figured with any credit. But if the conversation suggested some failure, or mishap, or joke on himself, he would relate it with evident enjoyment.

One thing that always amused Grant was the fact that the Mexicans glory in the battles of Molino del Rey, and Chapultepec, and annually celebrate them as great victories. In his Memoirs he refers to this fact to illustrate a similarly absurd idea entertained by a few people in our own country. He states it so admirably that I quote:

> With us, now twenty years after the close of the most stupendous war ever known, we have writers who profess devotion to the Nation, engaged in trying to prove that the Union forces were not victorious, practically. They say we were slashed

around from Donelson to Vicksburg and to Chattanooga; and in the East from Gettysburg to Appomattox, when the physical rebellion gave out from sheer exhaustion.

There is no difference in the amount of romance in the two stories.

After the occupation of the capital, and all armed resistance had ceased, serious problems at once arose. Here was a populous city,—nearly one hundred thousand,—with a million or more inhabitants in its vicinage, freed from the restraints of their own authorities and the potent influence of law. It also seemed probable, after the dispersion of its government, that Mexico might have to be occupied by the army for a long time. It had been hoped by General Scott that a treaty of peace would be negotiated as soon as the capital fell, and before the national authorities abandoned their offices and portfolios. It was desired to strike down all military resistance of the Mexican army, but not to overthrow the organized civil government.

Retreating from the City of Mexico, the Mexican government reassembled at Queretaro, about one hundred and forty miles distant, whither our commissioner, Mr. Trist, proceeded, and negotiations for peace progressed,—but progressed slowly. Meantime detachments of the army occupied several of the most important cities in Central Mexico.

Grant was kept busy in his duties assisting to procure supplies for the army. Nor did he idle away the time not thus employed.

There was nothing interesting or instructive in or about the capital which he did not investigate, and it was interesting to hear him explain all the intricacies of the administration of the Mexican government, and in what particulars it differed from our own. He was able to describe every minutiæ in the peculiar city governments, and the many good points he discovered in them; also the features that seemed amusing to an American.

The Mexican coinage laws, their mining laws, their modes of raising revenue, the administration of justice, the security for life and property and the organization of their army; the habits and customs and the civilization in Mexico;—all these Grant had quite mastered. I never came in contact with any other man who seemed so completely master of all knowledge touching the Mexican régime, and it seemed amazing that a man who had the duties to perform that Grant had could have acquired so much useful knowledge concerning the country in the four months which elapsed between the cessation of hostilities and the retirement of the army from Mexico.

Pending the long-continued negotiations for peace, General Scott was obliged to maintain martial law, and inaugurate efficient measures for the government of the cities occupied by our army. These measures have been regarded as models in civilized warfare.

The private citizen and his property were absolutely protected. No supplies for the army were taken without full compensation. Every crime was to be severely punished.

"The administration of justice, both in civil and criminal matters, through the ordinary courts of the country, shall nowhere and in no degree, be interrupted by any officer or soldier of the American force, except where American officers or soldiers were parties," thus ran the proclamation.

Mexican police were to be organized and maintained in every city.

"This splendid capital," he ordered,—"its churches and religious worship; its convents and monasteries; its inhabitants and property, are, moreover, placed under the special safeguard of the faith and honor of the American army."

This honorable conduct secured the confidence of the Mexicans, and fraternization at once resulted.

Kind treatment of the people, and the payment of large sums of money for army supplies and the other expenditures of the army made more prosperous times than the Mexicans had ever known, and it was not surprising, therefore, with law and order reigning over the land, and prosperity visible on every hand,

that many intelligent Mexicans should desire to perpetuate such a state of affairs.

CHAPTER XVI.

A SCHEME TO REVOLUTIONIZE MEXICO.

It may surprise many readers to learn that overtures were made to General Scott by many Mexicans of position, and by many American officers, to permanently occupy Mexico, and organize a new government. The scheme proposed to General Scott was, in substance, this: it was supposed that upon the conclusion of a treaty of peace at least three-fourths of the American army would be discharged, and that a large portion of the officers would resign, and, with many of the men, would enter the new army of Mexico; and enough others could be recruited in the United States to make the American contingent 15,000 strong; and to this might be added a like number of Mexican soldiers. With such an army it was suggested that Mexico could be held and governed in an orderly way, and prosperity might be assured.

The plan contemplated a pronunciamento, in which General Scott should declare himself dictator of the Republic for a term of five years or more, to give time for agitators to acquire pacific habits and to learn to govern themselves, and to respect an orderly government where the rights of property were not only respected but fully protected.

Already in possession of the forts, arsenals, foundries, cities, mines and ports of entry, with nearly all the arms, it was not doubted that a very general acquiescence would follow.

Grant was invited to several conclaves of officers, but from the first emphatically declined to enter into the plot. He did not purpose to change his allegiance, or his service, or his flag, but meant, he said, to return with the Fourth Regiment to the United States.

He had several reasons for this determination. He was essentially a conservative thinker and was endowed with a remarkably high sense of justice; and he had genuine contempt for any adventure which had any flavor of dishonesty or bad faith about it, and he would not consider for a moment the project of placing an alien government over Mexico while the nation was dominated by superior force.

Had still another consideration been needed to influence his course,—as was not the case, however,—there was one most persuasive consideration,—his prospective bride, awaiting his return at White Haven home, near Jefferson Barracks, Missouri.

General Scott declined to enter into the plot, and it was finally abandoned.

CHAPTER XVII.

GRANT ATTEMPTS THE ASCENT OF POPOCATAPETL AND EXPLORES THE GREAT CAVES OF MEXICO.

While the army was waiting the results of peace negotiations, parties of officers now and then made expeditions into many sections of the country to inspect objects of interest, and Grant was nearly always a member of the company.

In the spring of 1848, a party was thus formed to ascend the famed Mount Popocatapetl, the highest volcano in America.

In this party were a number of young officers who subsequently became famous. Of those who espoused the Confederate cause were Lieutenant Richard Anderson, who commanded a corps at Spotsylvania; Captain George Crittenden, a Confederate General; S. B. Buckner, who surrendered Fort Donelson to Grant in 1862; Captain Sibley, who became a Major-General, and after the war was for a number of years in the service of the Khedive of Egypt; Mansfield Lovell, who commanded at New Orleans before its capture by the Union forces. Among those of the party who remained on the side of the National Government were, first in after-prominence, Grant, who became Lieutenant-General and Commander in Chief of all the Armies of the United States; Captain Andrew Porter and Lieutenants Z. B. Lower, and C. P. Stone.

Suitably equipped, and with a small escort, this party of brilliant young officers reached the village of Ozumba, at the base of the mountain, where they procured guides, and hired pack-mules to carry commissary supplies, and forage for their horses,—for they were able to ride on a narrow, precarious and dangerous trail nearly half-way up the mountain. The pasturage on the lower part of the mountafn was excellent, and, years before, herders had built a cabin of one room, now unoccupied and gone quite to decay especially the roof. Here the party camped in the evening, during a fierce storm of wind, rain and sleet; the water came through the dilapidated roof in torrents. The morning brought but slight relief, for the rain still came, driven by fierce blasts of wind. The prospect of a successful ascent to the summit was discouraging; but the party had not fought its way into the center of Mexico to be deterred by a war of the elements.

They managed to make hot coffee, and then began the further ascent on foot. They were soon in the realm of frost. The fierce wind drove the snow with such velocity that it was almost impossible to stand up against it. The clouds enveloped the mountain and shut off the grand view of the surrounding country.

After struggling for several hours, the party realized that it would be impossible to reach the summit that day, in so fierce a storm. They retraced their steps over the dangerous trail, to the dismal old cabin, where they again partook of coffee. They then mounted their shivering horses, and by night reached Ozumba, where they remained until morning

On going up, the day before, one of the pack-mules having two sacks of barley, strapped one on each side, the two being about as large as the little mule, met with an accident. At some places the trail was so narrow it was difficult for a horse or mule to pass between the perpendicular rock rising on one side and a yawning chasm on the other, with a roaring mountain torrent at the bottom.

At one of these critical places the mule, in trying to avoid the precipice, struck one of the sacks against the rock, and he went rolling to the bottom. The descent was very steep, and all supposed the poor animal was dashed to pieces. It was therefore a great surprise to the party, some time after they had gone into bivouac, to see the owner of the lost mule come leading him up the steep trail! The sacks had protected the animal from great injury, and the owner had gone after him and found a way back to the trail.

Next morning most of the party were blind with swollen eyes, and others could see but little, all suffering excruciating pain. Those who could see at all led the horses of those who could not, and thus the dismal cavalcade made its departure from the mountain. Cold bandages brought relief, and, after a night's rest on the lower altitude, they were all restored to their normal condition.

In a few hours' journey they had passed from the fierce snowstorm to the region of the coffee and the orange groves, where they rested for two days.

The storm on the mountain had spent its fury and the majestic Popocatapetl stood out in all its grandeur. A portion of the party determined to return and make the ascent, but the others, including Grant, decided that mountain climbing was not their vocation and were satisfied with their experience. They then started to visit the great caves of Mexico.

The party were outside the bounds prescribed by the terms of the armistice which prevailed during peace negotiations, and they were several times halted by Mexican forces; but Grant was able to make them understand that they were only a party who desired to see some of the great natural curiosities of Mexico before leaving the country, and the Mexican officers courteously allowed them to proceed.

Grant and his companions inspected the great caves, which they found to be miles in extent, and marvelously beautiful in stalactites and stalagmites, in

columns and archways, and awe-inspiring in their wonderful and mysterious echoes.

Several of the party became satisfied with the wonders they had seen long before they reached the point to which the guides were accustomed to take explorers, and started back without guides. There was an immense column standing in a narrow place in the cave, which left but a narrow passage on either side. When they reached this column, they passed entirely around it, and proceeded, as they thought, toward the entrance, but in fact they were retracing their steps into the depths of the cave! When Grant and those with him had finished their explorations, they started out with their guides, but soon saw the torches of an approaching party. They could not imagine who they could be, for all had come in together, leaving neither guide nor other person at the entrance. But soon it was discovered that the strange explorers were none other than their friends who had started out some time before! The latter could scarcely comprehend how they had got where they were. They were sure they had gone directly on toward the mouth of the cave.

CHAPTER XVIII.

REVIEW OF GRANT'S CAREER IN MEXICO.

On the 2d of February, 1848, the treaty of peace was signed, and in due time it was forwarded to Washington and there ratified by the United States Senate. It is known as the "Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo." It ceded to the United States the whole of the territory then included in New Mexico and Upper California, and made the Rio Grande the boundary line of Texas; the United States paying to Mexico the sum of fifteen million dollars.

Meantime, General Scott became involved in disagreements with several of his chief officers who were hostile to him politically, and he ordered them under arrest for insubordination. They preferred charges against him, and the President ordered a court of inquiry. At the same time he relieved Scott of command, and placed General William O. Butler, of Kentucky, in command of the army. The court of inquiry held a few days' session in Mexico, then adjourned to Frederick, Maryland. Here, after a few sessions, the charges against the General were dismissed, and the court dissolved, under the fiery denunciations of the old hero. He insisted that the Administration was hostile to him. He said of the proceedings and machinations against him:—"Thus a series of the greatest wrongs ever heaped upon a successful commander was consummated."

Though the treaty was signed February 2, 1848, so slowly did matters of state then move that it was early in June before the army began to move out of Mexico. A July sun found Grant's brigade on the scorching sands of the Gulf, two miles from Vera Cruz, for a week or more, before the slow process of embarkation was accomplished, the yellow fever raging with great virulence not two miles away.

Thus ended our hero's experience in his first war.

It will be worth the time, at this point in our investigations, to stop a moment and take a measure of young Grant, as we see him standing on his ship's deck, his face turned homeward, happy in the consciousness that no dishonor tarnished his sword, and that duty to his country had been well performed.

With his previous culture, and his extensive and varied experience through this brilliant war, what was the quality of the mental and moral equipment with which this young warrior returned to the States?

In view of that utterly false impression entertained by some of our countrymen, that Grant was ignorant, devoid of culture, and of mediocre ability, let us first of all remember that in his veins ran the blood of a worthy and noble ancestry.

Sturdy integrity, stubborn and unyielding tenacity of purpose for the right, illuminated by a lofty patriotism, marked every generation from the warrior clans of Scotland, and, ever since that May-day in 1630 when his first American ancestor landed at Dorchester, Massachusetts, down to Ulysses S. Grant himself.

We find him when a boy,—the son of a well-to-do farmer-tradesman in Ohio,—attending school during school terms from an early age; during vacations working on the farm, and managing his father's stock and horses. With him, from early youth, there was no idling of time. It was the knowledge thus gained when a boy,—and his natural genius for it,—which made him, later, not only one of the best horsemen, but the best manager of horses, in the American army.

Then, as he grew older, he attended the best academies in that region of Ohio and in Kentucky, attaining such proficient academic scholarship as enabled him to pass a most creditable examination when he presented himself at West Point military school.

Again, we see him, at the end of his four years of student-life at West Point, graduate in average and respectable grade, and coming into the service equipped with all the military knowledge and learning that any other officer of his age possessed.

We observe him, during all the time between his graduation at West Point and his entrance into the Mexican war, a student, pursuing the study of military science and general literature. Hence, it is certain that Grant entered upon the actual duties of war, when he marched with the army into Mexico, an accomplished soldier, both in knowledge of the art of war and in scholarly attainments.

Following Grant through the Mexican War, we note his vigilance in acquiring information, in the preparation of maps, and in the general acquisition of knowledge useful in the compaign.

If he had been in command of the army, all this would have been expected; but it is doubtful if there was any other officer in the army, outside the general staff, who gave so careful attention to details, and kept in as close touch with the plan and strategy of the campaign.

Then, too, we see that Grant occupied a superior position for observing every movement of the army. He was Quartermaster and Commissary, and when his duties were performed, he was free to observe and share in all operations of the army. In fact he was actively engaged in every battle from beginning to end of the war, except Buena Vista, which was fought by General Taylor while Grant was with General Scott. We find him frequently riding out with the general staff making observations, and thus gaining a knowledge of positions and of the movements of both armies, which was impossible for any mere line or ordinary field officer to obtain.

Besides all this, it is to be remembered that Grant, on frequent occasions, in the line of his duty as Quartermaster and Commissary in gathering supplies, had his independent commands; and though small in number, he had many spirited engagements with the enemy, and in these he invariably displayed all the courage and tactical skill of an able general in more important battles.

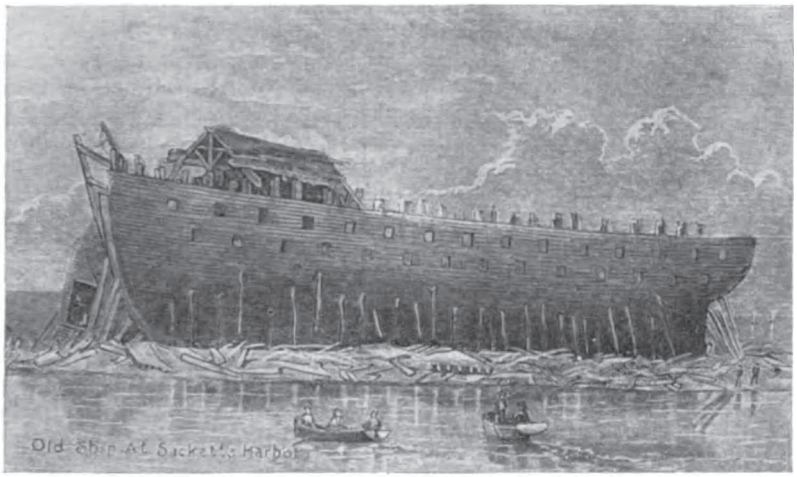
Grant's opportunities to gain knowledge in the art of war were thus greater than most other officers', and we see with what vigor, persistency and industry he availed himself of these opportunities.

Again, if we consider that this education in the field was under those able and consummate masters of the art of war, Generals Scott and Taylor, and in campaigns among the most brilliant in history, have we not a right to claim that when Grant turned his face homeward from the war, at the age of twenty-five, he was a thoroughly equipped soldier, an accomplished officer, ripe in experience and competent to command?

The reader will also bear in mind that under the quiet, unpretentious demeanor of this man, plain in dress and in manner, was the educated and accomplished *gentleman*.

With this in mind, our surprise and amazement will be less when we come to study Grant as he afterwards burst upon the world's vision as a military star of the first magnitude. Is not the modest, considerate hero of Appomattox prefigured in the story of Grant in Mexico?

(*To be continued.*)



Unfinished sixty-gun frigate, built by the United States at Sackett's Harbor, N. Y., in 1814, during the war with Great Britain. It would have been the most formidable vessel on the lakes, but was left unfinished under the Treaty of Peace, and stood, as here shown, more than sixty years before demolition. The material was principally used for souvenirs. The major part of this sketch was made by Grant while he was stationed at Sackett's Harbor, after the Mexican War, and sent in a letter to a friend in Missouri.

GRANT'S LIFE IN THE WEST AND HIS MISSISSIPPI VALLEY CAMPAIGNS.

(A HISTORY.)

By Col. John W. Emerson.

(Engravings from drawings and photographs furnished chiefly by Mrs. E. Butler Johnson.)

(Begun in the October Midland Monthly.)

CHAPTER XIX.

GRANT'S MARRIAGE — HIS STAY AT SACKETT'S HARBOR AND DETROIT — HIS TRYING EXPERIENCES ON THE ISTHMUS — HIS STAY IN BENICIA AND GLIMPSES OF CALIFORNIA WHEN THE BOOM WAS ON.

SAILING from Vera Cruz in July, 1848, Grant's regiment was sent to Pascagoula, Mississippi, to spend the summer.

As soon as the men were comfortably settled in camp, Grant lost no time in procuring a leave of absence for four months, and he immediately proceeded to St. Louis, and to his betrothed at White Haven home.

Lieutenant Grant and Miss Dent were married on August 22, 1848. The wedding was quiet and unostentatious,—the custom amongst the wealthy and substantial planters of the Southwest in those days — and it was also in conformity to the quiet tastes of the contracting parties.

Miss Dent was a cultured, refined and most attractive personage, and possessed of strong individuality.

An elderly lady, who belonged to the best society of the time in St. Louis, and who was present at the wedding, thus described the event to the writer:

"The bride's dress was rarely beautiful; and her lovable character and sweet ways made her as much loved as she was admired. I loved Miss Julia so dearly that I was very observant of Lieutenant Grant, though I had met him before. He was a little brown from his three years in the Mexican War, but this made him look more the soldier; and, as he stood beside his bride, clasping her hand (the smallest hand I ever saw on a woman), he in full uniform, I thought I had never seen a better embodiment of a soldier, nor a

more charming wedding, although I had attended the marriage of a number of military officers. Grant's bearing was admirable; he was dignified and polite, with a marked quiet and frank naturalness.

"The wedding was attended by a select few of the best people of the city, and the feeling was general that we had never seen two young persons wedded who seemed so happy and so entirely suited to a happy married life. I remember that when I kissed the bride good-bye, I whispered in her ear and told her how greatly I admired her husband, and I did, indeed, admire him."

Colonel Dent, the bride's father, was a man of means, owning his farm, or plantation, of over a thousand acres, with families of negro servants, and with all the comforts of a charming home. He was plain in his habits, well educated, and refined, courtly in manner, of strong character, and of noted Maryland ancestry. The bride's mother was of highest refinement and culture. One of the most accomplished and gifted ladies of St. Louis, who personally knew Mrs. Colonel Dent, writes of her: "She came from an old Maryland family, and gave evidence of birth and breeding in her stately appearance and sweet manner."

The young people immediately started on a visit to Grant's father, and his other relatives in Ohio. When his four months' leave expired, Lieutenant and Mrs. Grant went to Sackett's Harbor, New York, whither a portion of his regiment had preceded him.

That was a quiet, delightful post, and the winter of 1848-9 was spent pleasantly, in social intercourse, and in routine garrison duty, but without special incident.

The Northern frontier of New York was early settled by the younger members of the best families of the Eastern portion of the State; and the fact that Sackett's Harbor was the naval station of the United States on the lakes, gave a tone to the society which added greatly to its social and literary attractiveness. The surrounding country is charming in its undulations, and in the evidences of its prosperity and the beauty of its rural homes. Then, too, the charm of the harbor, its crystal waters, bays and islands, fringed with variegated foliage, and the magnificent Lake Ontario in view, was a contrast to any landscape which either Lieutenant or Mrs. Grant had seen in the West, and was a source of constant delight to both of them.

In April, 1849, Grant was ordered to the fort at Detroit, Michigan, where he remained for two years,—years of routine army life. While stationed at Detroit, Lieutenant Grant's ambition to become a professor at West Point revived. He resumed his studies with diligence, and their range was wide enough to startle a lazy university student. Thus his mind was further broadened and strengthened for the great responsibilities awaiting him.

Early in 1851, Grant's regiment was again transferred to Sackett's Harbor, and a year later it was ordered to the Pacific coast.

This last change was a great sorrow to Grant, for it involved a long separation from Mrs. Grant, as the expense and general rough conditions of life in California at that time forbade her accompanying him. It was therefore decided that she should stay with his parents and hers until the time should be propitious for her to join him, or until he might be ordered east again.

He and his regiment sailed from New York in July, 1852, in the steamship Ohio, with 700 passengers, and reached Aspinwall in eight days.

It was the rainy season. There would occur a violent downpour for half an hour, then a tropical sun would come blazing out with withering severity.

The miserable town was a foot under water, and pedestrians could only move about on elevated foot-walks. The railroad was finished only a short distance, and the first stages of the trip across the isthmus to Panama was by flat boat up the Chagres River. These boats were propelled with poles by natives who were very slightly clad.

From the head of this primitive navigation it was twenty-five miles to Panama. There was no wagon way, and over a wretched trail everything had to be carried on pack mules.

The cholera was raging, and the regiment hastened on to Panama, where a ship awaited them, anchored out in the bay. One company only was left with Grant, who, being Quartermaster and Commissary, had the burden on his hands of transporting the camp and garrison equipage and the soldiers with families. With cholera raging around him and some of his people dying daily, and with the almost impossible task of finding mules to transport the families and the tents, the mess chests, camp kettles and supplies of the entire regiment, Grant had a most difficult task to perform, amid deluges of rain and surrounded by the sick and dying.

When he found that the company left with him to guard the public property was being decimated by the cholera, he sent them on to Panama to save the lives of the survivors, and he was left alone with the sick and the soldiers who had families and could not advance. Sympathizing with the suffering, burying the dead, and yet all the while energetically pushing to obtain mules for transportation, this was a most distressing experience for Grant. His anxieties were so great that he obtained but little sleep or rest.

The man who had contracted to furnish mules to transport the regimental paraphernalia and families had failed, and all had to wait in this wretched situation until Grant could collect a sufficient number of mules to move his people and the material. A week thus elapsed, during which time one-third of those in his charge died. Fortunately, Grant escaped, and the survivors finally reached Panama without the loss of any of the government property.

The steamer could not start until the cholera abated, so that more than six weeks elapsed between the landing at Aspinwall and the departure from Panama for San Francisco.

GENERAL MERRITT,
An intimate friend of General Grant—Recently raised to the full rank of Major-General, U. S. A.—The originator of the beautiful Grant Monument at Leavenworth.

More than one-sixth of all who left New York with the Fourth Infantry lie in lonely graves on the Isthmus of Panama, or on Flamingo Island in the Pacific Ocean.

The commanding officer of the regiment, who had gone on with his men from Aspinwall to Panama, and who knew the trying ordeal through which Grant had passed, and the almost insurmountable difficulties which he had overcome in transporting the families of soldiers, and the impedimenta of the regiment,—first up a difficult river, and then on pack-mules over a wretched road,—saw Grant deliver on board ship, every item, without the loss of a tent-pin. He took Grant by the hand, in the presence of officers and men (Grant was the last soldier to come on board), and publicly thanked him for the effective

manner in which he had performed the most difficult service of the trip.

Grant was so overcome on being relieved from the strain which had been upon him, and so affected by the kind words of his superior officer, and the thanks of the men, and the handshakings that followed as they crowded around him, that he could make no other reply than a faltering "Thank you."

Closely connected with the misery and suffering of the Panama experience, Grant relates an amusing incident which occurred on the steamer while waiting idly at anchor in Panama Bay.

There was a Lieutenant Slaughter on board who was so liable to sea-sickness that it almost made him sick to see a table-cloth waved while being spread. He had been ordered to California a year or two before, and he had made an eight months' trip via Cape Horn to San Francisco. On his arrival there he found orders from the War Department, by way of Panama, which notified him that his assignment to service in California was a mistake, and that he must return to the East. He did so, by way of Panama, sick every moment of the time he was at sea. When he reached New York, he was again ordered to California, and he was now making his third trip! He had been "deathly" sick every hour the ship lay at anchor, and now he sat opposite Grant, his elbows on the table and his chin between his hands, looking the picture of despair. He exclaimed in sorrowful tones, "I wish I had taken my father's advice; he wanted me to go into the navy; if I had done so, I should not have had to go to sea so much!"

Lieutenant Slaughter was killed by the Indians in Oregon, a few months later.

At length the ship started on its voyage to San Francisco, where it arrived in September.

The trip had been more demoralizing and destructive to Grant's regiment than the entire Mexican War had been. They were disembarked, and rested for a month or two at Benicia barracks, on the banks of the beautiful Bay of San Francisco.

This rest gave Grant and the other officers time to study life and conditions in the new Eldorado, also to visit the mines and placer diggings, which were then at their greatest activity.

Steamers ran daily between San Francisco and Stockton and Sacramento, the nearest points to the mines reached by boat. The vessels were usually crowded with adventurers and with miners going to the big city to "have a time," or returning from the city. These with swarms of runners for hotels, boarding-houses, restaurants, gambling and other resorts, filled the wharves, and the crowding and tumult were a new study for Grant. He saw that many of these were young men of education and gentlemanly instincts, who had no evil desires. They had drifted with the rush to California to get gold, but with no definite plan as to how they would consummate their purpose. The impression prevailed in the East that fortunes were to be "picked up" in the gold fields of California, and hence they rushed into situations where disappointment was the rule, good fortune the exception.

Many of these fill unknown graves; others became criminals, though without criminal instincts,—forced by circumstance into situations that meant moral and physical death to them. Some reached California by way of Panama, others by the exhausting journey across the plains, a majority arriving in an impecunious condition. Those who "took off their coats and went to work" generally succeeded, while those who tried to live by their wits nearly always failed. The city was a seething hive of restless activity, with people from every clime, and buildings of every conceivable nondescript pattern, from the board shanty, the canvassed cabin, the tented "hall," to buildings of pretentious style and elaborate design. The expense of living in the city a few days, generally consumed all the miner had, and he struggled back again, as best he could, to try his fortune anew in the mines.

Grant made careful study of this

strange new life that had so suddenly developed on the far off Pacific coast, and felt sure that all this turbulent body of men would work itself out into an orderly state of society. Then, when he sat in the shade resting at the barracks at Benicia, looking out over the Bay, he reflected upon the old régime that so lately existed. Here was a land of gold, of fruits and flowers, which, up to the conquest had been occupied, in all its vast extent (with very few exceptions), by Spanish-Mexicans and Indians, in and about the villages and missions, scattered hundreds of miles apart; the rest of the country was one vast solitude. Outside the few ranches and towns, grass and wild oats waved with the breeze from sea coast to mountain range, and only the herds of cattle that here and there roamed over the land, gave token of animated life.

Save the visit of a ship at long intervals, the great Bay of San Francisco lay undisturbed. Such was the aspect of nature on the Pacific coast before the conquest, as late as 1848.

Suddenly, the Anglo-Saxon opened his eyes upon this fair land and claimed it as his own. It seemed to the few occupants as if he had come from the clouds, so sudden was his advent.

Prior to 1848 the most fertile imagination could not have conceived that on that distant and silent coast a large and populous city would suddenly rise under a flag that had hitherto been alien to it. How magical the transformation! Behold the waters of that silent harbor in 1848, soon whitened with the canvas of every nation, and vocal with the commerce of the world!

In November, 1852, Grant's regiment was ordered to Fort Vancouver, on the north side of the Columbia River, and about one hundred miles from its mouth.

(*To be continued.*)

TO AN ALPINE ROSE.

SWEET rose that blooms in higher air,
On Alpine cliffs, by fields of snow,
Go thou to her I love, and bear
A breath from lands where roses blow.

Tell her my joyous feet have climbed
To heights where only eagles were;
To cliffs, and rocks, that I might find
One little flower most worthy her.

Tell her that by a little brook
I found thee growing one sweet day,
And when I, stooping, smiled and took
Thee from the stem, thou heardst me say,—

"Sweet rose, dear rose, come go to her,—
She'll press thee on her snowy breast;
And thou wilt feel her warm heart stir,—
O happy rose to be so blest!

"And if she gives a kiss to thee,
And questions with her eyes of blue,
Say 'yes,' dear rose, say 'yes' for me—
'*He* kissed me when he found me, too.'"

S. H. M. Byers.

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GRANT'S LIFE IN THE WEST AND HIS MISSISSIPPI VALLEY CAMPAIGNS.

(A HISTORY.)

BY COL. JOHN W. EMERSON.

(Engravings from drawings and photographs furnished chiefly by Mrs. E. Butler Johnson.)

(Begun in the October Midland Monthly.)

CHAPTER XX.

THE trip from San Francisco to Fort Vancouver by sea was devoid of any special incident. As Quartermaster and Commissary, Grant still had the regimental property in his care; and he managed it in the same business-like and successful manner on shipboard as on shore.

As they sailed northward, the beauties of the Coast Range came in view, clothed in the green foliage of pine and fir. And when their ship swept into the broad mouth of the magnificent Columbia River, with its gentle banks, lined here and there with spruce, and pine, and fir reflected in the placid waters; the grand mountains rising in the distance, they realized a sense of relief from the tedium of their long journey through the Gulf, over the pestilential Isthmus and up past the barren, sandy southern coast.

The one-hundred-mile sail up the Columbia, in contrast to their Southern experience, seemed like the delights of Paradise to the little army; and, when the ship anchored on the peaceful river in front of Fort Vancouver, they were all delighted to look upon its elevated site, its commanding position, its well-rounded slopes, and the gentle undulations, dotted over with scattering trees They felt happy to know that their new home was to be amid these charming environments.

Landing, the regiment settled down to the enjoyment of the healthful climate of Vancouver.

They were then adjacent to a vast

Photographed by the Weister Company, Portland Ore., expressly for THE MIDLAND.

MT. HOOD, AS SEEN FROM FORT VANCOUVER.

Made for THE MIDLAND by the Weister Company, Portland, Ore.

A GENERAL VIEW OF FORT VANCOUVER, WASHINGTON,
Where Grant was stationed in 1852–3.

primeval solitude, broken only by an occasional Indian tepee, or the distant trading-post of the Hudson Bay or the Northwest trading companies. At infrequent intervals a solitary emigrant train from "the States" would wind its weary and dusty way, foot-sore and ragged, down into the Willamette Valley, in the heart of Oregon. Once a year a trading ship or two would furl its white sails and cast anchor in the beautiful river. Over all else, from mountains to the sea, over plain and river, brooded the peaceful silence of primeval solitude.

This beautiful Oregon and Washington country, claimed by our government, was also claimed by Great Britain, and long had diplomacy struggled to solve the controversy between the two as to which had the better right.

In 1811 an American settlement was founded at Astoria, near the mouth of the Columbia,—a mere trading post of the Astors. In 1805 Lewis and Clarke crossed the mountains and went down the river into Oregon.

On the other side of the controversy, the British Hudson Bay trading company long had trading posts in the disputed territory, embracing Oregon, Washington, Idaho and parts of Montana and Wyoming,—thus both nations claimed it, principally by right of early occupancy. It was, indeed, a far-off empire. Neither gold nor silver was then known to be hid in its bosom; and its distant mountains and streams, inhabited only by Indians and wild beasts, were of such questionable value in the early days that both claimants were willing to defer the final settlement of the boundary; and thus it was that what was known in diplomacy as "The Oregon Dispute" lingered, until it gradually grew into such prominence as to endanger the peaceful relations between the two countries.

By treaty of 1819, it was agreed that, pending a definite settlement of ownership, the citizens of both countries might jointly occupy it. Neither country organized any civil government, and the officers of the Hudson Bay company ruled the country with a mild and just control.

Up to 1840 very few Americans had ventured over the rugged mountains, and fewer still had ventured on permanent settlement and agricultural pursuits. In 1842-3, a new impulse was given to the Oregon emigration movement by one of those trifling incidents which now and then in the history of the world have sealed the fate of nations.

In 1836, Dr. Marcus Whitman and the Rev. H. A. Spalding, with their young wives—the first white women who crossed the Rocky Mountains—went out with the annual convoy of the American Fur company, entered the Columbia Valley and founded a mission amongst the Indians.

British posts were along the Columbia, and the officers had reached the wise conclusion that permanent settlement and occupation were the necessary things to secure to Great Britain the better title to the country; and a plan to colonize it was matured by them.

It happened that, in the late autumn of 1842, Doctor Whitman was called from his mission home to visit a patient thirty miles distant, at one of the British posts.

While dining, an incautious officer stated that a British colony was coming to occupy the country. He asserted that "America was too late," and "we have got the country."

Doctor Whitman heard it with amazement, but kept silent, and that night rode back to his mission home with a silent resolve as large as the new empire to be lost or won, and as firmly fixed as the mountains that separated him from "the States." Within twenty-four hours he had arranged his affairs, mounted his horse, and, as winter was settling down over the mountains and covering them with snow, he started for Washington to see the President and warn the country of the danger!

He rode to Fort Hall, to Salt Lake, Santa Fé, Pueblo, and thence to St. Louis, —swimming rivers running thick with ice, borne down by storms and worn and exhausted by deep snows; still courageous, determined and unperturbed.

From St. Louis he proceeded by stage, and reached Washington in five months after hearing the fateful words of the British officer. He lost no time in appearing before President Tyler and Secretary of State Webster and making known to them the great value of the country in dispute and the danger he foresaw.

He had planned the immediate organization of an emigration movement to Oregon from the Western States, and at his stop in St. Louis had regaled the newspaper managers with tales of the greatness and grandeur of Oregon; and the papers were thenceforth filled with the theme, and exploited the colonization movement that would begin the following spring. This was industriously aided

Photographed by the Weister Company, Portland, Ore., expressly for THE MIDLAND.

THE OLD BLOCK-HOUSE AT THE CASCADES,
An outpost of Fort Vancouver, where Grant spent some time while stationed at Vancouver.

by papers in Washington and every part of the country, so that early in 1843, only a short time before Grant arrived at Jefferson Barracks a Second Lieutenant, there left the Missouri River a train of two hundred wagons, with fifteen hundred cattle and nine hundred people, chiefly from Missouri,—a few from Iowa and Illinois,—and these, after many months of weary travel, reached the coveted land of Oregon.

Year after year other trains of emigrants wound their sinuous way over plain, down the Western mountain slope and along the beautiful banks of the lower Columbia; and thus Oregon was settled and saved to the Union. In 1846, the joint occupancy came to an end, and further negotiations ended in fixing the boundary at 54° North.

The Hudson Bay company had not removed all its posts from the Columbia when Grant arrived at Vancouver in 1853, and there was much friendly intercourse between its officers and those of our garrison at Vancouver.

There was no city of Portland at that time. The little village of St. John, near the mouth of the Willamette River, was the only hamlet near Fort Vancouver.

The scenery along the river, from the Fort to the Cascades, thirty miles distant, is most picturesque and charming, the undulating country being partly covered by fir, cedar and pine, while the mountains stand out in weird grandeur and magnificent boldness as one approaches them.

This was a favorite sail by boat, and Lieutenant Grant frequently made the trip, with other officers, spending some time at a block-house, a defense against the Indians at that point.

There was also good hunting with plenty of game on the foot-hills and lower mountain slopes. A number of the officers were expert shots and successful hunters, and a dozen or more of them would occasionally outfit for a week, camping in the beautiful forests, on some bright stream, and returning with ample supply of fresh venison for the garrison. Grant was no hunter, though a good shot at a target, but he was always regarded as indispensable on these expeditions and had charge of camp. He said, while he could not hunt, he "could look after the boys, and keep them from starving or getting lost." Practical utilitarianism was as characteristic of Grant on a sporting or pleasure expedition as in the more serious business of war.

Where steady-going level-headedness was required, Grant was always in requisition, whether in the line of duty as an army officer, or on some volunteer expedition or adventure, for all knew that there would be no failure in any matter of detail that he assumed charge of. If Grant were otherwise engaged, voluntary expeditions of this kind were invariably postponed until he could accompany and take command of the camp and arrange the details so necessary to the comfort of those engaged in the enterprise.

The most extended expedition made while Grant was at Vancouver was to Mount Hood. The journey was made by fifty officers and men, well equipped for any emergency, for it was possible to meet Indians on mischief bent, as distant as fifty or sixty miles from the Fort. They spent two weeks in the outing. A more picturesque country and delightful —then in all its primeval charms— could nowhere be found. Expanses opened before them of park-like beauty, with gentle slopes and gracefully rounded undulations; trees of surpassing symmetry, isolated here, in groups there, with luxuriant grass everywhere. Limpid streams came down from the mountains and flowed through cool forests, and now and then, as the cavalcade moved onward, a deer,—often several in a group, —would leap away in affright at the strange apparition thus suddenly appearing.

Mount Hood, at the base of which camp was finally located, is one of the most beautiful elevations in America, not only in its cone-shaped form, but in its lower slopes and in its vestments of rich foliage of grass and flowers and forest. It is an extinct volcano, 11,225 feet

in height, whose crest is crowned with glistening snow.

Fifteen of the party, including Grant, made the ascent. The view from the crest was not only charming but awe-inspiring.

As far as vision could extend with field-glass, ranges of mountains and hills and undulating valleys spread out before them, everywhere beautified with silvery streamlets; the vales clad in richest verdure, thickly dotted with flowers and with groves and forests; with coloring more beautiful than artist could paint, and with an atmosphere so pure that miles in distance seemed reduced to as many rods.

While the party were thus viewing this panorama of mountain and plain in admiring wonder, a wide expanse of cloud floated slowly over the lower mountain tops and enveloped Mount Hood far below the summit where they were standing, shutting out from their vision all else of the world as effectually as if the mountain had suddenly sunk into a vast ocean, and the peak on which they stood was a tiny islet in the midst of a world of waters.

The bright sun-rays pierced the surface of this vapor-sea, and its tumultuous swirls, its rolling upheavals, its swift billowy movements, were lighted up by silver and gold and rainbow tints, rapidly appearing, alternating, vanishing, and then again hastily reappearing with a glory of coloring inexpressible in language.

Here, the surface would open into vast moving craters, their inner surfaces tinted by the sun-rays in beautiful variegated hues; there, columns of vapor would spring aloft, and separating in evanescent cloudlets flecked with prismatic colors, would float away as something mystic and ethereal, shimmering, dissolving, vanishing.

With uncovered heads, Grant and his companions looked down in silence, awe-inspired by this brilliant and dazzling spectacle.

In less than an hour this far-reaching cloud had swept out over the plain and vanished, and they again beheld the solid earth about and beneath them, as before the cloud had made them prisoners in the sky.

Photographed by the Weister Company, Portland Ore., expressly for THE MIDLAND.

COLONEL SUMNER'S HEADQUARTERS,

As it now appears at Fort Vancouver, Washington, where Grant was stationed in 1852–3.

Most of the party who remained in camp engaged in a royal hunt while the climbers were ascending the mountain, and when all met in camp at eventide and had finished relating their experiences during the days they had been separated, experiences on the mountain and in the chase, they all wearily wrapped their blankets about them and lay down to sleep.

They were soon reposing in profound slumber, except two sentinels at a little distance and one of the sleepless Indian guides, who now and then indulged in

stirring up the dying embers of the camp-fire.

The fire had been carelessly built near a mammoth spruce which stood isolated on the smooth, gentle slope where the camp was located. The result of stirring the slumbering fire was that a tiny blaze crept a few feet along the dry needles to the body of the great tree, which was covered with pitch exuded from trunk and limb, from root to tip a hundred feet in the sky, and in a moment there was a roar as of the rumblings of a volcano or the sweep of a mighty tornado; the red flame enveloped the whole tree and every branch and leaf, and leaped far up into the heavens, illuminating midnight with a glare and a horror as if the volcano had again suddenly burst into eruption! Cries of alarm instantly brought every sleeper to his feet, and a hasty retreat to a respectful distance for safety and observation followed in quicker time than is prescribed in military tactics.

Grant's first act was to call for aid to run out of danger the two wagons which constituted their entire transportation. This done, and the camp impedimenta hastily removed, the party watched the grand pyrotechnic display until the flame faded out and the great tree stood, with many thousand tiny burning tapers glimmering as little stars, amidst universal darkness. The campers then resumed their bivouac.

Grant's recital of his many Pacific Coast experiences was always graphic, for in his *ante bellum* days, before his prominence and responsibilities made him afraid to talk, he was a fairly brilliant conversationalist; and then, too, his ample fund of knowledge made him a most interesting and profitable companion.

Grant had not many remarkable experiences while at Fort Vancouver. He constantly chafed under his enforced separation from his wife and family; in the spring of 1853 Grant and three other officers, who had knowledge of farming when younger, concluded that they could increase their scanty incomes by raising a crop of potatoes. Grant more especially as the great expense of living on the Pacific Coast in those days made it seem hopeless that they could join him in that distant land.

Vegetables had been selling at enor-

Photographed by the Weister Company, Portland, Ore., exclusively for THE MIDLAND.

THE HOUSE WHERE GRANT LIVED WHEN AT THE BLOCK-HOUSE AT THE CASCADES, COLUMBIA RIVER, WHILE STATIONED AT FORT VANCOUVER.

The front part of the house has been rebuilt since 1854.

OLD FORT VANCOUVER.
From an old drawing loaned the author by Mr. Glenn N. Ranck.*

mous prices, and especially potatoes, and bought a pair of worn-out horses from emigrants, recuperated them, plowed the ground, and the other three found the seed and did the planting. The crop was so enormous, and so many others planted potatoes at the same time, that they were of too little value to pay for digging, and most of them were given to any who needed and would gather them.

On July 5, 1853, Colonel Bliss, of the Adjutant-General's office, died, and his death resulted in Grant's promotion to the Captaincy of a company then stationed at Humboldt Bay, California; but he did not receive notice of his promotion, nor orders to proceed to his new command, until in September. There was no vessel sailing from the Columbia River to his new destination. The only way to reach his new command was to sail to San Francisco, thence by ship to Humboldt Bay.

(*To be continued.*)

* In sending this old drawing of Fort Vancouver, Mr. Glenn N. Ranck, a local historian, also sent the author the following data relating to its history, and also relating to Grant's sojourn there:

"Fort Vancouver was established in 1824 by the Hudson Bay company as their headquarters on the Pacific. For over twenty years that historic company held possession of the post under the treaty of 'joint occupancy' then in force between this country and Great Britain. When Great Britain relinquished her claim to this territory in 1846, the old fur-trading company moved out, and the deserted Fort was soon occupied by United States troops, and the Stars and Stripes were hoisted over the block-house where the flag of St. George had long defiantly waved.

"The sketch was made by a local artist in 1850, and gives a true picture of the Fort and grounds when Grant was stationed here. Some of the old buildings still remain,— mute monuments of that historic and romantic past.

"Grant's life here was peaceful and uneventful.

"Among the old settlers of Vancouver who were acquainted with Grant at that time is ex-Mayor Louis Sohns, who was a member of the Territorial Legislature and of the Constitutional Convention for the new State of Washington. He remembers the future hero as a quiet, painstaking officer, who was good to his men and honorable in all his dealings. And this is the testimony of all who knew him. While they did not regard Grant as likely to become a famous commander, he won their sincere respect as a thoughtful, conscientious American soldier.

"General Grant's last visit to Vancouver was in 1880, on his return from his famous trip around the globe. In his brief remarks on that occasion, he spoke feelingly of the many pleasant memories of his life in the old Fort.

"The whole town turned out to meet and welcome him. The writer was present in the procession of school-children. As he grasped the hand of that modest and unassuming man, who had held the highest place in the gift of the Nation, he was deeply thrilled with the inspiration of such a wonderful and glorious career.

"May millions yet unborn be moved to deeds of honor and patriotism by the glorious traditions inseparably associated with the immortal name of *Grant!*'"

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(Begun in the October Midland Monthly.)

CHAPTER XXI.

THE voyage from Ft. Vancouver was uneventful. Captain Grant had to remain in San Francisco several weeks before he found a vessel sailing to his destination, and he made good use of his time studying the new phases of life as developed in the young city at the Golden Gate, and visiting some of his Mexican War acquaintances who had drifted into the mining region. He found the same reckless ways of living as on his previous visit. The streets and houses were built upon piles, where the year before the largest vessels lay at anchor. There was no filling under the streets or houses, and there were occasional broken holes large enough to let a man through into the water below; and he thought that many who went to the Pacific Coast during the mining excitement, and were never heard from, or were heard from for a time and then ceased to write, must have found watery graves beneath the houses and streets built over San Francisco Bay. All this was finally filled in from the adjacent sand-hills and made into solid ground, over which much of the modern city of San Francisco is now built. "At all hours of the day and night," he says, "in walking the streets the eye was regaled, on every block near the water front, by the sight of players at faro." Wild and reckless life was everywhere open to view.

He made a visit into the mining region with an army officer from the garrison at San Francisco, and, on returning, he sailed for Humboldt Bay. Here he assumed active duties as Captain, remaining until March, 1854, when he again came to San Francisco to prepare for the change which he contemplated.

His army duties had been too exacting to allow him to mingle freely with the people and acquaint himself with the business interests of the State. Before leaving the coast, he desired to gain knowledge of all conditions of life in the new State, whither he might, at some future time, return as a citizen.

After giving some attention to the business and agricultural conditions and prospects, he resolved to devote the remainder of his allotted time to visiting the gold mines and miners, and in studying life as there developed in its strange and weird characteristics.

It will be interesting and instructive to here group the observations of this remarkable man.

As before remarked, his first visit to the mines was in 1853; the one then visited was a sluice mine; it had been worked for two years by three owners, one a physician from New York, one a farmer from Iowa, and the other a lawyer from Ohio. The Ohio man had served as an officer in the Mexican War, and was Grant's friend. It was through him that Grant was invited to "visit them whenever he might happen to be within a hundred miles or so of their camp."

These three men were all college graduates, but the mining fever had taken so strong a hold upon them that they had shut themselves out from the world, except on rare occasions, when one of them would come to town on a mule to purchase and "pack" needed supplies.

When Grant and his companion reached the mining camp, they were greeted with

such sincere cordiality as men thus isolated only know how to extend.

Sluices were shut down, all work was suspended, and inquiry about affairs in the outside world was speedily begun by the miners. For preliminary refreshments, bologna sausage and sea biscuit, and clear cold water, served in a clean, but rusty old powder can, were laid out on the top of a broad stump, in the shade of fir trees beside the little stream that came dashing past the camp. Several large smooth bowlders had been rolled up from the stream, and these formed seats around the stump.

Would it be too wide a departure from probabilities to surmise that this ancient stump answered as a card table now and then, when neighbors, ten or twenty miles distant, made a friendly call?

Grant and his comrade were shown over the mine, and all the mysteries of sluice mining were explained to them.

One of the three miners had remained in camp preparing dinner, and that event was soon announced.

A few days before an incautious young bear had been discovered by the doctor on the side of the mountain, half a mile up the gulch, and it was only a matter of a few hours' time until the animal was safely hanging to the limb of a tree in camp. It was a pleasant surprise to Grant and his comrade to be served with "bear" prepared in the daintiest of all modes known to old hunters and campers.

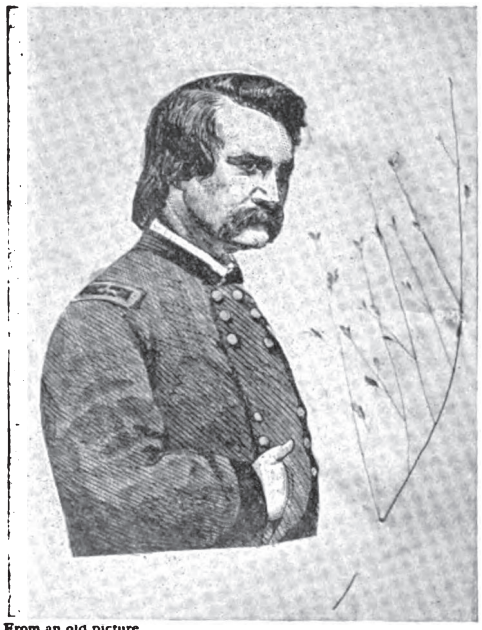
Then, as the dinner progressed, another surprise greeted them. There was a species of unbooked and unlodged brotherhood, or free masonry, existing among the early settlers of that new country, and this tie was especially strong between the early miners and ranchmen in California. Five miles farther down the stream where the foothills receded and the valley widened, a ranchman had planted himself, and with a mission Indian as companion, lived an isolated and friendless life, its solitude relieved only by a rare exchange of visits with the three miners up the gulch. The Mexican War veteran of the mining camp had told the ranchman months before that he expected a visit from his friend, Captain Grant, sometime before winter; and when the two officers were seen, a few months later, by the ranchman to be hunting the scanty trail up into the gulch toward the miners' camp, he "reckoned"—for he was a Missourian,—"that them fellers must be the armyites Jack Mahon was expectin'." And he soliloquized,—"may be they're out of fresh meat up thar in the holler"; and, acting on the thought, but a few minutes elapsed until a kid was dressed, and the hind quarters, wrapped in its own skin, was being carried by the Indian on the fleetest mustang up the trail over which Grant and his comrade had gone. It was with due secrecy put in possession of the Doctor, who was cook that day. The Doctor had prepared this, too, with such perfection as to transform it into "the remnants of a fawn that had strayed into camp." Then there were light biscuits and coffee,—*coffee*, such as miners and old soldiers *only* know how to make to perfection. The Doctor had also fried a bit of bacon and with it some "hard tack," that morsel dear to all old soldiers who have "campaigned it."

The guests were surprised and delighted with the feast the Doctor had prepared.

It was spread on the lid of a mess-chest, and the seats were blocks sawed from the body of a pine tree. The table utensils were a "mess" outfit that had seen service in the Mexican War; but, while they were a little *ancient*, they were as clean and bright as the fine sand and the crystal water of the adjacent stream could make them.

This "spread" was laid in a floorless cabin, having but a single room, with a canvas roof. There were a few small "port-holes" from which a handy shot could be fired if need be. In one corner was a pile of stones laid in such way as to be recognizable as intended for a fireplace; and an aperture was made in the canvas above for the escape of the smoke.

On the opposite side of the room stakes were driven into the ground, and small



From an old picture.

LOGAN IN '61.

John A. Logan, Colonel of the Thirty-first Illinois Infantry, as he reported to Grant at Cairo in 1861, before the Battle of Belmont—Promoted Brigadier-General after the Battle of Ft. Donelson, March 21 1862, and Major-General in 1863.

poles were nailed to these and to the sides of the cabin, and over them canvas was stretched and nailed; and this formed the miners' bed during the two or more years they had occupied it. Coverless pillows, and some army blankets completed the bed. In another corner of the cabin was a pile of worn books on geology, mineralogy, mining, *materia medica*, philosophy, and other subjects. At convenient places on the walls hung more than half a dozen rifles and other guns.

Outside the cabin were shade trees; some gnarled giant stubs, and on these were nailed, in the hunters' best taste, the horns and heads of deer and mountain sheep, the feet of great bears,—the trophies of the skill of three as good shots as lived in the mountains. A few rods, from the cabin ran the cool and sparkling stream, out of whose sand and gravel, a little farther up, they were washing much gold. Sloping above them the giant mountains rose in their grandeur.

All this Grant carefully studied. He inquired of his comrade as they rode away after a charming visit: "What are the compensations for such a life? What use are education, refinement, culture, if not to impress and benefit society?"

"And yet," responded his comrade, "here are three men, not troubled with the strife and follies of society, living pure lives, in the midst of the purity, grandeur and sublimity of nature! Can a prince in his palace enjoy as much?"

On several occasions, while in St. Louis, before removing to Galena, relating his Pacific coast experiences to the author, Grant referred to the two lines of reflection that had forced themselves upon his mind in his visits to the mines.

While the majority of the miners were persons in the humbler walks of life, he found quite a large percentage of them were college graduates, and had been college professors, doctors, lawyers, merchants, legislators, etc. Not a few who in their time had occupied high positions in "the states," were now digging in the mud, wading in cold streams, isolating themselves from society, exposing themselves to severest hardships and sufferings, sleeping in the open, in their wet clothing, exposed to many dangers by day and by night.

In impressing all this upon my mind, I remember his quiet earnestness on one occasion, and his clear-cut expressions, as we sat in his St. Louis office. He wished me to suppose myself with him in a tour of observation in 1853–4, wending our dark way into one of the numerous mountain drifts or gulches; or clambering over heaps of rocks and earth, leaping wide artificial drains, to reach the point of operations in some one of the thousands of dreary gorges; or on some river, where a wide rift, or a deep broad eddy, had allured the hopeful miner; or journeying over miles of upturned earth to the place on the bottoms

where the miners were toiling under the exhausting sun to separate the shining dust. He said it was as probable that we would meet the grave divine, the skillful physician, the shrewd lawyer, the professor, the philosopher, or the student, as that we would meet the farmer, the mechanic, or the common laborer. Some of these adventurers came to recuperate, if possible, a dissipated fortune; others, to gratify curiosity, and a few to investigate and study; but all were in a state of feverish excitement after gold. Here those men, muddy and wet, unshaven and unshorn, would be found, clad in straw hats, "shack shirts," coarse overalls and rubber boots. In this reckless onrush after gold, most of them had left happy homes and profitable avocations, devoted friends and the blessings of refined society. The sacredness of the Sabbath was generally forgotten in their greedy worship at the shrine of Mammon.

"Then," said he, "if while studying this phase of California life as it then existed, we keep our eyes wide open to nature as here unfolded, and ride out a few miles on the level country, stop, turn, and view the mountains in all their grandeur and in all their beauty of tree and shrub, grass and many tinted flowers, in their then primeval repose, how impressed we must be with the truth of the poet's words that 'only man is vile.'" On another occasion, he heard that a miners' court was being held a few miles distant, and he had a curiosity to turn aside and attend. He had heard much about these stern and summary courts of justice, but had seen nothing. The culprit was one who was not regarded as having any fondness for work. He was accused of stealing gold dust. The court was in session when Grant arrived. The testimony seemed clear, and in an hour from the opening of court a verdict of guilty was returned, and the prisoner was sentenced to be hung at sunset!

Grant was quite horrified, but, in a talk with him after the trial, the man who acted as judge reasoned thus. "Here our property is acquired at great sacrifice. It has been purloined; we have no jails or prisons in which to confine the

thief, either before or after trial; no constitutional court within a hundred miles; this distance must be traversed by witnesses and parties through a country destitute of roads, with only trails over lofty ridges, deep ravines and rapid streams, and then over parched plains. Should we flagellate him and set him free? We have no more right to inflict that punishment than we have to hang him; besides, we should probably let loose a fiend who, on the first favorable opportunity, would satisfy his malice by murdering the judge, the witnesses, or the jury! Let our critics put themselves in our places and *then* pass sentence on us! We think the jurisprudence of our mining camps is best suited to our environments."

Grant recognized the force of this argument, and also the fact that these self-constituted summary courts, in ninety-nine cases in a hundred reached just conclusions; and yet his mind was so filled with the necessity of the supreme reign of Law and its orderly enforcement, that he could not fully reconcile himself to so strange an anomaly which he found prevailing in that new and restless life. He recognized the fact that the good these courts had accomplished far exceeded any evil they had wrought, and that the high sense of justice which prevailed, and the orderly society which it produced, was a new lesson as to the inherent strength of the mental fibre and tissue of the Anglo-Saxon race, which forms its institutions, no matter how great the chaos, on orderly lines, quite as naturally as the oak or the rose develop.

One feature of California mining life seemed to impress Grant's mind with sadness, and he confessed that he could not understand why the strong common sense and love of justice which so generally characterized the miners did not suppress the evil. In every new "diggings" where a few dozen miners assembled, near them, a shanty-village of traders and drinking and gambling dens would presently spring into existence. To these convivial resorts a majority of the miners were wont to come two or three times a month; and in many instances the whole accumulations of many an unsuspecting miner have been carried away from the dram-drinking, gambling dens in those villages, by sharpers and cut-throats, whose occupation it was to lie in wait there to despoil him of his gold. How often have expressions of sorrow and regret fallen too late over the recital of errors into which the miner was precipitated by the convivial glass, and which deprived him of the golden fruits of months and even years of toil in the mines among the lonely mountains of California! Why the miners never attempted to suppress this evil was a problem not easy to solve.

I recall quite an affecting incident which I heard Grant relate to a little group of friends at Barnum's Hotel, in St. Louis, some time before he removed to Galena, which illustrates the sad experiences of some of the miners.

On one of his excursions Grant and party came upon a solitary miner, who was heating his coffee over a little fire of twigs. He had his cold meat, and some army biscuits laid out upon a rock, prepared for a lonely dinner. He was friendly and hospitable, as all miners were, but his conversation seemed tinged with sadness. After dismounting at the miner's request, and sharing a cup of his coffee and a hard biscuit, Grant and his comrades mounted and bade him goodbye. After they had gone a few rods, he called, "Captain Grant." As the latter looked back, the miner beckoned him to return. Grant did so, and he was told in subdued tones that if he was not in very great haste, he (the miner) would like to speak with him a few minutes. Grant again dismounted, and the two sat on the trunk of a fallen tree. The miner told him that he felt sad, felt as if he wanted to talk to some one, and he thought he could trust an army officer if he could any one. He took from an inner pocket a packet of letters written in a delicate hand, and read a couple of them to Grant. They were from his sweetheart in New York State, pathetically pleading

with him to return, and abandon his lonely and hard life. He had been absent since 1849, and every year he expected and promised to return, and every month the loving appeal from his betrothed was renewed. He said, sometimes he had had good luck and accumulated a few thousand dollars, and he would resolve to return; then he would lose it all in some adventure. Again he would renew his efforts to rehabilitate his fortune. Now he had several thousand dollars in gold dust, and his desire was great to return to his old home and the dear confiding girl whom he loved; but he was afraid to return. He had been genteel and refined, and had dressed like a civilized man before he came to California; but now he was coarse; he knew he had lost his good manners, and had forgotten how to talk as he had been accustomed to and as he should talk. He knew his waiting sweetheart had been growing more refined, more learned and more accomplished every month since he had parted from her; and how *could* he meet her, and his sisters and other friends, even if he did have a few thousand dollars! But, his heart was almost breaking, when he read over those letters. He said he had become so troubled about it that he was obliged to play the woman every time he read them; then, again, he felt like starting right off; but he would resume work and then he would fall into the old quandary again. Now he appealed to Grant to tell him what he ought to do! And the poor fellow burst into tears as he folded the letters and replaced them in his inner pocket, and waited for Grant to speak.

There was no hesitancy with Grant as to what the man should do. He advised the love-sick miner to at once take his gold to San Francisco and sell it for a draft on New York, so he could not lose it; get washed and shaved, and procure new clothes. Then he would feel like a new man. He should then take passage home on the first steamer, and go straight to the girl who had waited so long for his return, and he (Grant) was sure all the rough corners in speech and manners would soon disappear; and in fact they would not in the least prejudice the true woman who had loved him so dearly. The miner promised Grant that he would act upon this advice, and sail in the very next steamer, two weeks later; and with this promise they parted.

In a few days Grant met the man in San Francisco. All his money had been lost in one of the gambling palaces that then abounded, and the poor fellow was in utter despair. Two days later his body was taken from the waters of the bay, and the coroner's "guess" was that he came to his death by drowning, and that it was a suicide!

Alas! can all the gold of the Occident, washed from its sands and blasted from its rocky veins, be any compensation for the crushed hopes and bleeding hearts of the thousands who have sacrificed everything for it?

[END OF PART I.]*

*Part II (beginning in the September MIDLAND) will traverse the life of Grant as a civilian in the West, the Middle-West of to-day. Part III, the concluding book, will cover Grant's great campaigns in the West. These books will be rich in personal reminiscence, Judge Emerson having enjoyed exceptional advantages for the work undertaken. It is not too much to say that no other contribution to the life of our great general has added, or can add, more to the yet incomplete biography of General Grant than the series of sketches now running through THE MIDLAND MONTHLY.—[ED.

DAWN.

THE beautiful Lady of Night,
Grown pale in the breaking light,
Gathers the stars in haste and locks
Them safely away in her jewel box.

Carrie Shaw Rice.

By permission of Edward Joy, Esq., the present owner of the cabin.

THE LOG CABIN GRANT BUILT.

Built in 1854 of logs hewn in part by Captain Ulysses S. Grant on his retirement from the regular army. The corner prominent in this picture was joined and fitted by Grant in person. The cabin was originally located on Mrs. Grant's farm, situated in St. Louis county, about ten miles from the city. General Grant subsequently owned the entire Dent plantation, but sold it to Captain Conn, of St. Louis, at the time of his financial embarrassment in New York. The latter sold the cabin to Captain Joy for $5,000, and he removed it to his own home near St. Louis, where it still stands in a good state of preservation.

GRANT'S LIFE IN THE WEST AND HIS MISSISSIPPI VALLEY CAMPAIGNS.

(A HISTORY.)

By Col. John W. Emerson.

(Engravings from drawings and photographs furnished chiefly by Mrs. E. Butler Johnson.)

(Begun in the October Midland Monthly.)

BOOK II.

CHAPTER I.

Grant Resigns from the Army, and Retires to a Farm in St. Louis County, Missouri.

THE expensive conditions of life on the Pacific coast in 1853 made it quite impossible to support a wife and two children on the pay of a captain. The remote prospects of promotion in those times of peace, with no war-clouds visible or in prospect, made Grant's isolation from his family a distressing situation to him, and as time progressed he became more dissatisfied with the separation which official and professional duty imposed upon him. Captain Grant had formed a strong attachment for the Pacific coast, and had been hopeful of being able at some time to remove thither with his family, and settle permanently in that land of golden promise. But in those "flush times" when all was gold that glittered in that region, and when prices of every item required for family use was as "altitudinous" as the mountains that looked down upon the fertile valleys

and golden canōns, Grant saw no immediate prospect of establishing himself there.

His pay, in fact, was little more than adequate to support *himself* in a country so expensive as a place of residence. He determined, therefore, in the spring of 1854, to resign from the army, return to private life, and rejoin his family in Missouri.

He obtained leave of absence in March, and tendered his resignation at the same time, to take effect on July 31, 1854. If nothing better offered he could at least retire, with the little family he loved, to the farm of his wife adjoining the Dent, or White Haven homestead.

Grant made his final report, packed his few belongings as Captain on garrison duty, and, although his heart rejoiced at the prospect of soon meeting his family, he was sad at parting forever from his army friends and associates, and at the thought of abandoning a profession in which he had received the highest training his country could give him. By his own act he had set aside all his military ambitions, making impossible, as he supposed, to realize any of his early dreams of a military career.

Shall we shut our eyes on this picture and open them again, just ten years later, in the early days of March, 1864?

Aladdin's dream is scarcely more wonderful than the contrast.

With superlative genius and cyclonic swiftness he had swept the Mississipi Valley with his victorious legions, in campaigns as marvelous as they were triumphant; and on these anniversary days of his retirement from the old army on the far-off Pacific slope, we see him standing, with his manly little soldier-son, at the Capital of the Nation,—summoned thither by its chief magistrate,—before President Cabinet and other dignitaries,

From an old photograph never before in print

CAPTAIN GRANT, THE FARMER.

Leaning against the wheel of an old wagon on his farm in St. Louis county, explaining to a young horse-fancier the good points of a favorite horse.

of State; and quietly, and with the same unostentatious coolness and composure which seemed always a part of his nature, receiving his commission as Lieutenant-General of all the armies! And this honor, not the reward of personal or political favor, but *deserved* and *earned*— extended him because he filled the measure of his country's needs and expectations!

In 1854, the trip from California to St. Louis was neither one of speed nor of pleasure, and Grant's homeward journey was uneventful. We come in contact with him again after he joins his family at St. Louis, in the summer of 1854,— just ten years prior to that mighty death-grapple with Lee, in the "Wilderness" of Virginia. Another contrast — in one picture we see the happy meeting between Captain Grant and his family, and in the other, the struggle of hundreds of thousands of armed men, in which the fate of the Nation was to be decided.

CHAPTER II.

GRANT'S "PENURY" DENIED — NEW LIGHT THROWN UPON HIS RETIREMENT FROM THE ARMY.

There has been an effort by some writers and after-dinner orators to make it appear that Grant was so impecunious when he resigned from the old army, in 1854, that he had to depend upon the bounty of friends for means with which to return home. This is not true. He had means of his own to pay, and did pay, his own expenses home. He also aided others, and had four months' pay and allowances as captain still due him up to July 31, 1854. The circumstance which Grant relates as a joke upon himself — that he and a brother officer raised a patch of potatoes at Vancouver, part of which were destroyed

From an old photograph never before in print.

SOME OF GRANT'S PETS.
Grant's farm, St. Louis county, in 1858.

From a recent photograph.

THE OLD LIME-KILN ON THE GRANT FARM,

Now called "Grant Wood," in St. Louis county, ten miles from the city, where Grant lived as a farmer from 1854 to 1858.

by an overflow, and the remainder valueless in the market — is exploited as a speculation and a failure. Grant had not a dollar invested in the enterprise.

It has been related that he sent a ship laden with ice to San Francisco market, and that this, too, was a failure. There is no truth in this story. Grant never speculated. His spare money was sent home to his family. He never engaged in buying hogs and cattle in Oregon and shipping them to San Francisco, as has been stated. He attended strictly to his official duties, and did not violate the ethics of the service by engaging, even indirectly, in commercial business and speculations.

It is true that Grant was a poor man; yet he was better off than most officers in the army, for he was economical in all his habits. He did not go in debt. He did not gamble. He saved every dollar of his income which he was not obliged to spend in keeping up his position in the army.

Grant was promoted to a captaincy July 5, 1853. He therefore drew over $100 a month in pay and allowances for nine months before he left California; and nearly seven months of that time were spent at the quiet, isolated post at Humboldt Bay, where there was little society and no opportunity of spending money. He was obliged to wear neat, clean and becoming apparel as captain in the regular service, and Grant was always as well dressed as his brother officers in the old army.

He had not been on any duty to mar his uniform. He came on a clean vessel from Humboldt to San Francisco; and yet these romancers say that when he arrived he was "shabby" and "he had a look of utter despair." And this, be it

remembered, at a time when his heart was full of joy at the prospect of an early meeting with his family. These are slanders which no act in Grant's life justifies.

When he reached San Francisco Grant drew $250 back pay and expense money for court martial service. Two hundred and fifty dollars was a small sum to be sure, but this much he had in gold,—he was neither "penniless" nor "a pauper."

How do I know this? it may be asked. The story is very plain and very simple, and the slanders are sufficiently important to justify the truth being related with some detail.

In 1859 the writer was the junior member of the law firm of Pipkin & Emerson, at Ironton, Missouri. Judge Pipkin, the senior member, was a brother-in-law of Judge Long, of St. Louis county, who was one of Captain Grant's nearest neighbors and most intimate friends. Judge Long frequently came to Ironton to visit Judge Pipkin, and he and the writer became friends. Long was always ready with some interesting episode of Grant's Mexican War and California experiences. On one of his visits he went with me to look at a cottage I was having built. The carpenters were at work, and Judge Long and I, after looking about, seated ourselves on a saw-bench, and continued our conversation. He mentioned Grant's name. Mr. Babcock, who was head carpenter, heard it, came to us, and asked Judge Long if it was Captain Grant, of St. Louis county, he was speaking about. Judge Long answered, "Yes, it is that same Captain Grant." Babcock said, "Well, I guess he saved my life on the Isthmus, in 1854, coming from California. (I had also been in the Mexican War with him; set up his wagons at Vera Cruz, and drove one of his teams a while.) I was sick with rheumatism coming home from California, and only had money to pay my passage to Panama, where I expected to get able to work and earn money to come home on a later steamer. But I was very sick when we got there, and I begged Captain Grant to loan me enough to take me home. He let me have forty dollars, and he took care of me, too. It's too bad, I've never paid him back the money, but I will, though."

As we walked away from the building, Judge Long remarked to me, "That's just like Grant; he would always divide his last dollar with a friend in distress." When Long returned to St. Louis he told Captain Grant about meeting Babcock and what he had said.

A few days later the writer received from Captain Grant a letter enclosing an old worn and stained note written by Babcock in 1854 at Panama, and which he had forced Grant to take. It was for forty dollars, and I was requested to collect it if I could do so without distressing the maker. The interest on it for the five years amounted to twelve dollars. I took the responsibility of discounting two dollars from the interest to induce Babcock to pay it. He paid me forty dollars in two gold coins, all he had, and I advanced the other ten dollars on his work, and cancelled and delivered to him the old note. When he tore it up he said, "This was worth $1,000 to me; it saved my life."

A few days later I was in St. Louis and went to Grant's office to pay him the money collected from Babcock. Judge Long happened to be in the office and Captain Grant was relating to Long an incident which an old Mexican war veteran had been telling him that morning. After greeting me, he began again to relate the partly told story for my benefit. When he finished, I explained the success I had had in collecting his note from Babcock, and handed him the fifty dollars. He offered me ten dollars for my services, which I declined, expressing my pleasure at being able to oblige him, and that it had given me no trouble. He then cordially thanked me; and, looking at the two twenty dollar pieces, and turning them over in his hand in silence for a minute as if meditating, looked up at Judge Long and myself and said:

"These coins remind me of the ones I gave Babcock. I never expected to get

a cent of it again. They also remind me of my army life, and I may as well explain how I came to make this loan to an irresponsible sick man at Panama, when I was a poor man myself. After being promoted Captain, in July, 1853, and going to Humboldt, I was able to live a little cheaper and save some of my income to send home. When I resigned and came to San Francisco in the spring of 1854, on my way home, I had $250 pay and allowances due me, which I collected. It was paid me in twenty-dollar pieces like these. I had to wait a few days for the next steamer, and I took a run, with another officer, out to the mines, to see an old friend; then returned a day or two before the steamer was to leave and secured my ticket to New York. As the army was paying the steamship company thousands of dollars for freight and transporting the army, it had become a custom of the company to give free passes to officers of the army who were returning on leave of absence. The Quartermaster, Major Allen, introduced me to the agent and vouched for my being on 'leave,' and he extended to me the usual courtesy, I paying my passage across the Isthmus. My trip to the mines, hotel bill and ticket across to Panama took about fifty dollars, and I remember I had just ten of these (still holding the coins in his hand and looking at them) when I went on the steamer.

"This man Babcock got rheumatism working in the cold water in the mines and came on the same steamer. He was sick when we reached Panama, and told me he had no money to pay his passage further, and appealed to me to take him along to New York. I could not leave an old soldier behind in that wretched place to die, so I gave him two of my coins. In a few days he was better and wrote out, pressed in my hand, and insisted on my taking, the note I sent you for collection. It had been lying in an old pocket-book for years and I never expected to hear from the man again. This comes as good now as if he had paid it back then.

"I divided one other piece between two sick miners, friends of Babcock, who were returning home to Missouri as steerage passengers. This left me with only seven of these good fellows (looking at the coins and tossing them over in his hand) when I landed in New York. Then I had my four months' pay to begin my new life as a farmer."

After a moment of silence he added, "After all, my farm days were happy days, if only I could have had my health at it."

Then, rising, he remarked with a smile as he put the money in his pocket: "It seems odd to get fifty dollars for forty dollars loaned! I believe this is the first interest I ever received in my life, and I didn't know I was a capitalist before."

Grant was a poor man indeed,—God be thanked that his genius was not obscured by the influences of early fortune! But he was not "without means to get home"; did not look "shabby"; was not in "penury"; did not "look the picture of despair"; had twenty dollars to divide between two sick miners returning home on the steamer, and forty dollars to loan the sick carpenter; paid his own way, and had money when he reached home,—a brave, honest, independent Christian gentleman, owing no man anything.

CHAPTER III.

GRANT BEGINS LIFE AS A FARMER.

On entering upon his career as a farmer, the first duty that confronted Captain Grant was the erection of a house.

All the folk-lore gathered from those who once lived neighbors to Grant while a farmer, shows that he was ever as ready to perform with his own hands as he was with his head, every office that his position in life demanded. He assumed the actual duties of fitting up a home, and performed the necessary work required in those days of every man who engaged in farming with moderate means. And on the farm, as in military life, the same quiet persistency was his most pronounced characteristic.

On this interesting period in Captain

Grant's life, Gen. John W. Noble of St. Louis, late Secretary of the Interior, gave this interesting account in an address at a Grant Anniversary reunion in New York, which he has kindly allowed me to use. General Noble says:

There is a cabin, my friends, near the town in which I live, composed of rough hewn logs. It is of the old style. It has on either end a room, and through the center extends a porch or area. Long years ago the neighbors of a man gathered there and helped him to place those logs in position; helped him enjoy not only the labors, but also the festivities in what was then known as the "log house raising." It was his own home; it was the shelter raised by his own hands for his own family on his own farm.

The man who erected and lived in that house was the man who, in subsequent years, commanded the armies of the Union; who filled the Presidential chair, and who when he went forth among the nations of the earth was honored by the greatest in every clime and country. It was General Ulysses S. Grant.

There never was a time in the life of General Grant, no matter whether he was in the field in command of the armies, in the cabinet, or on his triumphal journey round the world, there never was a time when he forgot the days of that lowly toil whereby he learned the lessons of honor, integrity, self-reliance, the dignity of labor and the love of independence.

Genius he had that was superb; the power of organization almost beyond measure; and an intelligent grasp that enabled him to hold the mighty armies of the Union within his comprehensive grasp and direct their movements and their points of assault from the Atlantic ocean to the Mississippi and beyond.

Grant went on improving his farm, pursuing the uneventful life incident to the farmer in moderate circumstances, who is in no danger of having the burdens of a fortune thrust upon him as the result of his labors, and making a comfortable living, with all the peace and restfulness which come to the honest, fairly prosperous farmer who is out of debt, and has good digestion and a clear conscience.

Commercial people may make fortunes in prosperous eras, and anon be swept into bankruptcy by a panic or other disasters incident to business; but the moderate farmer can at least sleep soundly, enjoy undisturbed dreams, unalarmed at the varying fortunes of trade or speculation, assured that next week and next year will find him "there or thereabouts." While Grant remained on his farm he worked as steadily, faithfully, and effectively as the average farmer of his time; though he performed no prodigies, he was up to the time in his mode of farming, in his attention to plowing, sowing and reaping; and out of it all peace and plenty were his rewards.

He modestly says in his Memoirs (vol. I, p. 211): "A house had to be built also. I worked very hard, never losing a day because of bad weather, and accomplished the object in a moderate way. If nothing else could be done I would load a cord of wood on a wagon and take it to the city for sale. I managed to keep along very well until 1858, when I was attacked by fever and ague. I had suffered very severely and for a long time when a boy in Ohio. It lasted now over a year, and, while it did not keep me in the house, it did interfere greatly with the amount of work I was able to perform. In the fall of 1858 I sold out my stock, crops, and farming utensils at auction and gave up farming."

It must not be understood that because Grant's house was called a "log cabin" it was rude or uncomfortable. On the contrary, the timbers were hewed, it was well constructed, was commodious and quite artistic in finish, as our illustration shows. It was surrounded by trees; also by roses and other flowers, and even the flocks of wild songsters found the environments a paradise of a home.

While the interior furnishings were plain, they were the perfection of quiet beauty, with such an air of refinement and good taste as to produce a most restful and happy effect.

Mrs. Henry T. Blow, after a visit to Mrs. Grant, wrote to a friend: "I quite envy her. No grand city home can compare with that log building. It's warm in winter and cool in summer; and oh, the happy life in the very heart of nature!

The spotless linen, the bits of delicate color in furnishings, the engravings on the walls, the books, reviews and magazines lying about, nowhere else look so fresh and so beautiful as in that country log cabin. It is the very expression of refinement, of culture and good taste. 'Cabin' is a misnomer. It is a castle if we are allowed to estimate the structure by the happiness, the thought and the culture within it."

CHAPTER IV.

INCIDENTS IN THE FARM LIFE OF GRANT.

During many years of search for information as to Grant's characteristics while on the farm, as a farmer, a neighbor and a citizen, several people have been found by the writer, in widely separated portions of the country and at different times, who either worked for or lived near him, and came in touch with him during those years, and from these much has been learned which enables one to make a true estimate of his private character, and to correctly measure him as a man and as a citizen.

An old colored man, "Uncle Jason," who worked for Grant, cutting cord-wood, told me the Captain was the kindest man he ever worked for. "He used ter pay us several cents more a cord for cuttin' wood than anyone else paid, and some of the white men cussed about it, but Cap'n he jis' kep' right on a-payin' for er work jis' er same."

And this estimate was confirmed by an elderly white man who sympathized with the South in secession, but who was not in the army. This class of men never forgave Grant for his effective fighting, though the Confederate soldiers did.

It was several years after the war when this old gentleman of aristocratic bearing said to the writer, with a cynical smile of contempt: "Why yes,—ha! ha!—yes, I reckon I *did* know Grant! What you want to know? Something good? Well, sir, you understand I'm not exactly in that line. That fellow and Lincoln, they broke up the Confederacy and freed the —— niggers, and I be ——! No, sir! Oh, well, yes I remember cussing about his fooling away his money paying them —— free niggers ten and fifteen cents a cord too much for cutting his wood and a-spoiling them, sir. spoiling them. Then, sir, if a poor cuss, white or black, got sick, or lame, or halt, or a-pretending, and he went about Grant, why, sir, he spoiled them, sir, with help, needless help, sir. No sir, he couldn't get on, sir, a-wasting and a-fooling away his money on that poor trash, sir.

"Oh, yes sir, Captain Grant worked; he worked as hard, sir, as anyone. Why sir, he hauled wood to town, sir, himself! Yes, sir,—ha! ha!—I give you my word, sir, he actually hauled cord-wood and sold it, sir! A great General? A man who hauled cord-wood a great General!" [with a look of supreme contempt]. "Sir, look at General Lee! Sir, would *he* haul cord-wood, or hoe potatoes? *He* was a General, sir! But Grant! No, I have no objection to change the subject, sir, not any, sir. Yes, Grant worked as well as anyone, and raised as good crops as his neighbors, sir, but he was always talking horse, sir. When we talked about politics and abolitionists, Grant talked about horses. He did know all about a horse, that's true, sir; never knew a better horseman,—except General Lee,—I never saw Lee, but I reckon he was a better horseman than Grant! No, sir, Grant was no General, sir; he stumbled on some pretty big victories. Yes, sir, when our fellows made mistakes, Grant, he just happened to blunder into the right place; but it was accidental, sir, pure accident, I tell you, sir! Ha! ha!—yes, Grant hauled wood, sir; I give you my word, sir, he hauled wood! Ha! ha!" And the old gentleman hobbled off with his cane, limping, chuckling and laughing to himself as he went, "Yes, sir, he hauled wood, sir; it's true as gospel, sir, true,—ha! ha!—he hauled wood!"

If he who seeks original information about Grant has the misfortune to meet exclusively this class of people, who are still wrapped in the old-time prejudices and who still have a sneer of contempt

for all that is plebeian and self-made and were not to the purple born, he will not find his store of actual knowledge of the great commander much increased, or his estimate much heightened.

On the other hand, if he come in touch with an actual Confederate soldier who did honest and brave fighting in the "Lost Cause," he finds a high estimate of Grant as a soldier and esteem for him as a man. If he fall in with the working man, with the moderate farmer, who, like Grant, did honest toil on the farm, he will touch a chord of sympathy in that man, and he will tell of such acts as will awaken memories of Grant as a farmer that will fill us with admiration for his sturdy, honest qualities as a man and a citizen. He will learn of Grant's humane heart, his sympathy with and ever ready helpfulness to the poor, the needy, the suffering, and the distressed.

If a poor man's cow was about to be sold by the constable, Grant, even to his own distress, was on hand to buy it and leave it with the poor man's wife.

A soldier in the writer's regiment during the war told him this incident of Grant's benevolent and humane disposition and persistency. He was a poor man, and lived near Grant's farm in 1855, and had worked for him at the house-building. He had a family, and the only property he possessed was an old mule, with which he was cultivating a rented field in corn. He had contracted a small debt which he expected to pay when his corn matured, but the importunate creditor sent a constable around with an execution and seized his mule. Its loss while his corn had to be cultivated meant ruin to his crop and to him, and distress to his family. As the constable led the mule away, the poor, distressed debtor went with him past Grant's farm, and on appeal of this poor man, Grant gave bond to the constable for delivery of the mule on the day of sale, and turned the animal over to the man.

At the sale ten days later Grant attended and bought the mule for twenty dollars, paid the money, though he had borrowed part of it himself for that purpose. He told the poor man to take the mule home and use it until he wanted it. The execution was not entirely satisfied by the sale. The constable told the lawyer who was collecting the debt that Grant allowed the debtor to take the mule home with him, and the next week the constable was sent to seize the mule again. On being notified, Grant protested and forbade it, but he was informed that as there had been no "change of possession" of the mule from the debtor, as the law required, the sale would not hold good as against an existing creditor! Grant was puzzled, but on advice had to yield.

The mule was again "bonded" by Grant, and held by the poor man, and it was again sold. At this sale nobody bid against Grant, as all knew the circumstances, and it was sold for five dollars. Another bill of sale was taken, and then Grant led the mule home himself, and next day again turned it over to the poor man. He was sure all was safe this time. But, alas for the uncertainties of the law! Ten days later, one evening as Grant was sitting in the shade after a hard day on the farm, the constable again appeared leading that same old mule, and the poor man by his side in much distress. There was still an unpaid balance on that fatal execution, and the lawyer had sent the constable to make this third levy on the mule, on the ground that there had not been a "continued change of possession."

Here was finessing that was too refined for Grant's plain code of honesty, and he intimated that if that lawyer was around there convenient, the constable would have some other duties to attend to besides leading off that poor man's mule every few days. But the lawyer was not "around there convenient," so there was nothing left for Grant to do but either "bond" the mule again, or see it led away, and the poor man's corn go uncultivated. The mule was "bonded," and again went back to the poor man's corn field. And in due time the mule was sold

a third time, and knocked down to Grant at one dollar; and Grant took the mule home. Two days later Grant gave the man a letter of authority and told him to take that mule twenty-five miles over into Jefferson County, and trade it off for another mule, *for him*. This was done. The identity of the mule was thereby changed. Grant made out a written lease of the mule at one cent a month, and the man took the mule home and resumed his corn cultivation; and, said he, "Captain Grant never asked me for either rent or mule; he said he was going to have that old mule if he had to buy it once a week all summer!"

The soldier continued: "Every time I saw Grant for two or three years after that he would ask me if that constable had been around hunting his mule any more. I reckon Captain Grant would liked to have punched that constable, but Captain Grant was a mighty law-abidin' man,— mighty law-abidin' I tell you. He was always good to us poor, always a helpin' of us, and we all loved the Captain."

Another man who had worked for Grant relates the following unquestionably true incident:

"It was the second year Grant was on the farm, and it was in May. I was helping him load cord-wood in the woods to haul out near the house. A deer came along, walking around, browsing about, quite tame. Without saying a word to Captain Grant I ran off to my cabin, got my rifle and returned to shoot the deer. But when Grant saw me coming with my gun he forbade me shooting it, because he said it would be a violation of the law to kill a deer that season of the year. I told him everyone else killed deer any season when they had the opportunity. He said it could not be done on his land, that obedience to the law was the highest duty of every citizen, that if everyone would obey the law we would have good order, peace and prosperity; and I tell you, Colonel, I have never violated the law since."

Such minds are always the solid props and supports of the State in emergencies.

General Noble relates the following incident illustrative of Grant's open-handed benevolence:

"When General Grant was upon his farm making his living 'by the sweat of his brow,' and cutting what were called 'props' for the coal mines then near St. Louis, he was one day returning home with his wagon and team, having obtained five dollars for the load he had delivered. On reaching the country blacksmith shop at the cross-roads, there was a discussion going on between three or four persons there assembled about an old German neighbor whose house had been burned the day before. His family were without a shelter, and destitute. What was to be done? Grant came along driving his team, and learning the cause of the German's distress, took from his pocket the five dollars he got for his load (it was all he had) and said, 'Give this to the man; and I wish it were more.' These elements of his character mark and signalize him through all his career. He was not a selfish or self-seeking man.

"When on the field of battle he had achieved a victory it was not, to his mind, a victory for Grant. There was no desire to elevate or magnify himself. It was the victory of the flag."

That Grant did not acquire surplus means while farming is accounted for by his constant giving; his benevolence was only limited by his inability to increase his largesses.

But it was not alone in money and other material assistance that Grant divided his bounty with the needy, but his time, wise and kindly advice and personal sympathy for his neighbors were always freely given. In his own quiet, unostentatious way, it seemed to be a part of his nature to "succor, help and comfort all" whom he found or who might appeal to him "in danger, necessity or tribulation."

And, unpretentious as he was, he was not lacking in the ability and disposition "to comfort and help the weak-hearted."

His was not a religion of show or pretense. The highest ideals of right-living

and right-doing were inbred in his nature, and he believed that a religion which did not manifest itself in good acts, kindly deeds, and the fulfillment of that supremest law, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," was not worth the possession. Indeed, I think Grant would have indorsed the idea expressed to the writer by a soldier in the army during the war, "Any other kind of religion isn't worth paying taxes on."

To illustrate how true all this was of Grant during his quiet farm days, when there was nothing to obscure the real man, or to prevent his true character from manifesting itself, I will relate, in her own language, an incident told to the writer by an old lady, widow of one of his soldiers, who had since the war drifted into an interior county. In 1856, this woman and her husband and small family lived near Grant's farm, and they knew him well. She said:

"O, yes, I must begin by saying God bless Captain Grant! That's what we called him afore the war up in St. Louis county. You see we were very poor, and my husband James — you know'd him in the army, I reckon,— he drank and drank, and got real bad to me and the children, and he got mad one day and saddled up 'Clay,'— that was our old horse,— and was going to drive off our only cow and sell 'em both, an' leave us an' go to Texas. I was mighty upset, an' I just run fast as I could over to Captain Grant. You see I sorter felt as if somehow that man could help me. He was in the pasture talkin' to an' a pettin' a pretty colt he had there. My hair was danglin' around my shoulders an' I had lost my sun-bonnet, an' I was a-cryin' so I couldn't talk good; but he come to the fence, took off his hat (Captain Grant you know was always mighty good and polite to the ladies, poor ones as well as rich,) an' he asked me to tell him what was the matter of me. This sort o' quieted my excitables an' I told him what James — that was my husband — was goin' to do, and asked him to please come and ruffle-raffle James down. Then I stood a-cryin' like a goose, an' Captain Grant looked at me, then he looked away off over the fields a few minutes an' didn't say a word.

"Bim-by he says to me, 'you go home now, an' I'll come over 'dreckly.' Well, the Captain soon cum, and James was rubbin' down old Clay gettin' ready.

"Captain Grant come up to James and old Clay, and spoke kind to James an' patted old Clay on the nose an' head; asked James how many years old Clay was, an' a lot of questions that sorter interested James, and James got to talkin' right clever to Captain Grant. Then Captain Grant wanted to know if James would trade off old Clay for one of his young horses; and purty soon they walked out to an old log under the shade of a tree, an' I watched 'em through a crack in our cabin. They both went to whittlin' pretty soon, an' had their heads down, an' I knowed they wus talkin' about somethin' serus. They whittled an' talked most of the forenoon, until a dinner-horn blew. Then Captain Grant went home. James, he soon come to old Clay, an' sorter stroked him, an' patted his nose with his hand, an' seemed sorter mixed in his feelin's. Then he untied Clay, led him to the stable, took off the saddle an' turned him in the lot, an' let the cow out in the pasture. Then James strayed around to the yard an' sorter puttered about. When he come close enough I see he had been a-cryin', looked sad, an' reflectin' like. I had dinner in a few minutes, an' James didn't say a word. It sorter seemed as if he couldn't swoller good,— somethin' 'peared to be in his throat. I didn't know what to think. Then he went to work around the house, an' after a while when all the children were out a playin' he cum in an' set down close to me as he used to do when we was first married, an' he says to me, 'Nancy,' says he; then he had to stop a minute, as somethin' was in his throat again. Then he said, 'Nancy, I've been a talkin' with Captain Grant an' he's give me some new idees, an' set things out to me plain so I see 'em different now, an' I see how wrong I wus, an' how bad I've been a doin', an' I've swore clear off

Nancy, I have, an' I'm a going' to be a *man* from this very time, an' all my live-long days.' An' then he kissed me, an' I hugged an' kissed him, an'———. Now, James never drank nor was bad any more, and I always pray, 'God bless Captain Grant.'"

That this little incident was true in all its details is beyond question. The dead soldier had told me the story while in the army, but not with the fine dramatic touches that survived in the memory of the widow.

On several occasions, it is related how Grant, in that modest way that was ever his own inimitable way,—sometimes solicited, sometimes unsolicited,—interposed to compose and settle disputes and difficulties between neighbors, and it was seldom that Grant's arbitrament or suggestions were unheeded. In fact, an old neighbor, who was a close observer, thinks that Grant never did fail to make peace when his well-balanced and placid interposition was invoked, in his neighborhood.

Another poor man who lived in the Grant neighborhood while he was farming, related to the writer how his wife was taken ill of congestion one stormy night, about three o'clock in the morning. The sleet was falling. He ran to Grant's to get a horse to go for the doctor several miles distant. Grant got out of his bed and heard the man's story; but instead of giving him liberty to take a horse, and himself retiring again to his comfortable couch, as most men would have done, Grant sent the man back to his sick family, and himself rapidly dressed, saddled a horse, and rode through the mud and bitter storm, and brought the doctor. Nor did he content himself with sending the physician to the sick woman's relief; but he rode with him to the humble abode of the poor, to learn what other help he could bring in the hour of distress.

CHAPTER V.

GRANT, THE FARMER.

During these years Grant had kept up his habit of study, as far as that was possible, on the farm.

He had kept up his acquaintance and intercourse with army officers, who frequently rode out from Jefferson Barracks to see him and spend a few hours with him in pleasant social intercourse. Their wives frequently came out to visit Mrs. Grant; and she and the Captain in turn visited at the garrison.

There were also highly refined families in the neighborhood in those days, when cultured people esteemed country life more highly than they do now. Social relations were kept up with the O'Fallons* and many other of the first families of the city, as in the earlier days of army life.

The writer has a high regard for the sanctity of the hearthstone and the home, and has no sympathy with that prying and shameless curiosity which seeks to explore the privacies of home life; and he would stop at the cottage door, and not enter the inner sanctuary. Nevertheless, he is impelled to remark that all who had opportunity to know agree in saying that no man could be more kind, more patient, more helpful at home, or more attentive to all the amenities of domestic life,—more industrious in making his country home-life sweet and enjoyable, happy and elevating,—than was Ulysses S. Grant, during the four years of his life on the farm in St. Louis county, from 1854 to 1858.

His health being impaired by the continued siege of ague which had fastened itself upon him, he ceased farming in the autumn of 1858, and began business in St. Louis, and early in 1859 he removed his family into the city.

What effect Grant's humble farm-life has had upon his reputation in America, is an interesting subject of contemplation and study.

Americans claim to be democratic in their instincts and tastes; to value more highly than the people of other nations the self-made man,—the man who without wealth or family influence, or the adventitious circumstances and conditions of early life, has himself striven and by his own inherent powers and force of character

* Pictured in THE MIDLAND of December, 1896.

achieved success. But it is not to be denied by the observant student of our recent and present state of society, that there is too much weight in the argument of some thoughtful people that no other highly civilized people in the world are more influenced by title and ostentatious show. The superficial, dazzled and influenced by appearances, seldom give to the self-made man due meed of praise for having, by his own qualities and forces, overcome obstacles to progress. Grant was primarily and essentially a soldier. In this he was at home; in this all his ripe and magnificent powers of action had full play. How strange the combination! By instinct, he was a man of *peace;* yet no man could be more efficient or terrible in war. The man whom nature has planned for a great warrior is seldom found efficient in affairs. Can we conjecture the kind of success Napoleon would have had on a small farm without capital, laboring with his own hands to support a family! Wellington was invincible in war, but he was a failure as a statesman. The swift race-horse can not do the work of the dray-horse.

CHAPTER VI.

GRANT, THE ST. LOUIS COUNTY FARMER AND THE ST. LOUIS BUSINESS MAN— ST. LOUIS THE STORM CENTER OF DISCUSSION.

During the year and a half which Grant spent in St. Louis, from the fall of 1858 to the spring of 1860, he was engaged in the real estate brokerage business as a partner of Captain Harry Boggs, a cousin of Mrs. Grant. This was without question the most uneventful period of Grant's life. It was after the panic and depression of 1857, and therefore a most inauspicious time to engage in real estate operations. It was a period of partial stagnation in that as in all other business. Added to this, his conscientiousness, and the open frankness of his nature, influenced by his military education and training, rather unfitted him for those brilliant exploits of the imagination traditionally essential to success as a real estate agent. He was conservative and methodical. He did not belong to the class of men who see "millions in it," where sober honesty can count the dollars but few. Nevertheless, persistent industry,careful and systematic attention to the business in hand, brought him that reward which was the ideal of the philosopher of old,—freedom from want and a like freedom from the cares and responsibilities of great fortune.

During his quiet, unostentatious business career in St. Louis he took no active part in public life. He did not seek to advertise himself. He had many devoted personal friends who prized him for his inherent good qualities, for his sturdy honesty, and for his frank loyalty, for his social qualities, which were fully revealed only to friends whom he loved and trusted. To these he would unbend and open his heart. To these he would reveal himself as a remarkable conversationalist, whose mind was richly stored with a very wide range of knowledge on nearly every subject of human interest. He had always been a great reader. He had seen much and observed more; and his memory retained all that he had read or heard. None but those who were admitted to his personal friendship and inner life had any adequate conception of the real breadth of mind and the vast fund of useful knowledge concealed under the quiet exterior of Captain Grant as he mingled with the busy life about him in St. Louis in 1858–1860. If we remember this, we shall wonder less that he was so greatly under-estimated when he entered upon his new military activities in 1861.

The period of Grant's sojourn in St. Louis county on his farm, and in the city of St. Louis in business,—1854 to 1860,—was an era of intensest political activity and bitterest antagonisms; and St. Louis, situated between the free states on the east and north and the fierce Kansas srruggle on the west, was in the very storm-center of excitement. Grant said little, but was keenly alive to every move, knew every feature of it, and his honest, conservative nature revolted at the extravagances of the contending factions.

He had barely arrived at home after retiring from the old army in 1854, when the scheme to repeal the Missouri Compromise was thrust upon Congress and startled the country.* Senator Douglas introduced his Kansas-Nebraska bill, the object of which was to apply to these new territories (which lay north of the Missouri Compromise line of 1820) the principle of "squatter" or "popular sovereignty," whereby it should be left to the citizens of the territories to determine whether they would or would not admit slavery into the new commonwealths. This new device was plausible on the surface. "Why not allow the citizens of a territory to decide for themselves whether they would or would not have slavery?" it was asked.

But, as this scheme opened to the introduction of slavery all territories not then admitted into the Union as states should the few who might first occupy the new soil so determine, the North, opposed to slavery as morally and politically wrong, became alarmed. Hitherto the anti-slavery crusade had been mainly the work of the divines, the philanthropists, and the philosophers. Practical and conservative people generally, while agreeing on principle as to the wrong of slavery, did not desire to disturb the institution where it was established in the Southern states. But, now that slavery had become aggressive and sought to extend itself into the new and free territory of the North on an equality and in a race with freedom, the question and the battle were no longer to be left with the Garrisons, the Phillipses and the theorists on the anti-slavery side, but passed into the hands of practical thinkers, politicans and statesmen. Then began that titanic struggle between slavery and freedom which shook and startled the Nation from its security and repose, and ended in slavery's total extinction.

While Grant lived quietly on his farm from 1854 to 1858, no man was better informed than he on every phase of the controversy.

No sooner had the compromise been repealed, and the free territory opened to the extension of slavery, if it could plant itself there, than began the race between those who favored freedom and those who favored slavery, for the possession of Kansas.

Through an ordeal of fire, rapine, battle and blood, Kansas finally emerged into the family of States, with its soil consecrated to freedom.

Meantime, the seat of the fiercest struggles, the most intense strifes, and the bitterest passions, was in the border states,—Illinois, Missouri, Kentucky and Kansas.

In Illinois, from the passage of Douglas's Kansas-Nebraska Act in 1854, the greatest intellectual battle of the age was fought without quarter and without truce, between the two great masters of political debate in America, Lincoln and Douglas. The one had no equal as a debater in the democratic party; and the other, in his incisive and convincing logic, his lofty and persuasive eloquence, and his magnificent intellectual grasp, was the equal, if not the superior, of any other public man America had produced. When these two, and the army of bright and able men who followed them and battled with them, became engaged in this gigantic conflict of ideas, their State was stirred as never before. The world, however reluctant, was forced to stop and listen.

The struggle in Illinois made itself felt in every hamlet in Missouri, and the "Free Soil" propaganda was soon in full progress under high pressure, with St. Louis as its center. B. Gratz Brown (afterwards both Governor and United States Senator), then a young man of high learning, with a pen sharp and persuasive, was editing *The St. Louis Democrat*, the ablest free-soil newspaper in the border states. Around his axiom that "wherever the white man can live and dominate, there the white man can live and labor," he built up unanswerable and convincing argu-

*When Missouri was admitted into the Union as a slave state, in 1820, it was agreed in Congress, as a "compromise" between the free and the slave states, that thereafter slavery should be excluded from all territory north of latitude 36 degrees and 30 minutes.

ments against the continuance of slavery in Missouri.

On the hustings, the able debater, the fiery, courageous and eloquent Frank P. Blair, Jr., met the demand for the extension of slavery with the still stronger demand for freedom and freedom's domain. He denounced "the crime of Kansas." A people, he declared, who would submit to these new and enlarged demands of slavery were themselves not fit to be free. Missouri, he insisted, should itself become a free state, not so much because slavery was wrong in morals as because it was a physical curse, blighting the progress of the state.

Many other co-workers aided this pair of belligerent young men,—both of Southern birth. The effect was like throwing a burning brand into a powder-house!

Thenceforth St. Louis and Missouri became a scene of political strife and antagonisms, the intensity and intolerance of which no words can adequately portray.

The struggle was intense, unrelenting; and in its daily progress was demonstrated the truth of Seward's aphorism, that there existed an irrepressible conflict between freedom and slavery, and that the conflict must continue until the United States would become all free or all slave. The contention was rapidly calling into play political and moral forces which were destined soon to change the history of the world.

It was not the majestic eloquence of Webster that gave him the victory over the forceful and persuasive Hayne so much as it was the grand and lofty patriotic sentiments he uttered.

And now came the new awakening. Again, in like manner, the pathos and force of Lincoln's appeals to the consciences and hearts of men in behalf of human liberty and human rights, carried with them an uplifting inspiration which no baser appeals could resist.

It was in the very center of this slavery and anti-slavery conflict that Grant spent six years of his life, keeping himself quite free from its embroilments, yet in contact with it every day, looking at it, listening to its war of words; studying it, comprehending its awful import, and reaching the wise conclusion that all portents pointed to an early verification of the classic adage that whom the gods would destroy they first make mad.

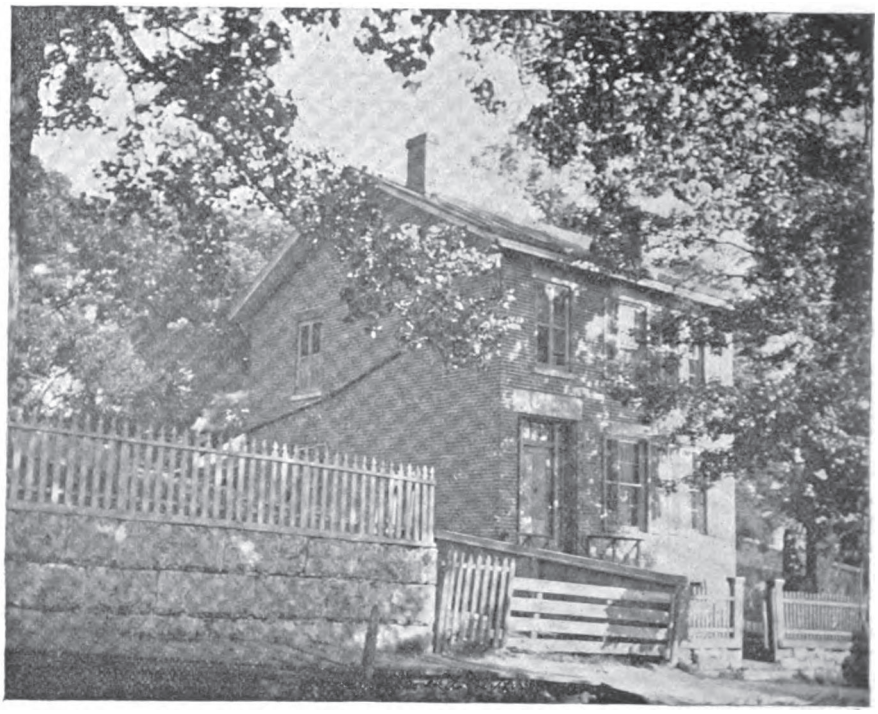
He was distressed at the unnatural strife, which fast grew in intensity as 1860 approached. He talked only to intimate friends on the painful subject. He loved his country, loved the government that had educated him, and which he had served through one war, and during eleven years of his life in the army, and he could not and would not believe that an actual resort to arms would follow. Some way would be found to adjust the difficulty; perchance another compromise would be reached. How, he could not foresee, but it would come; it *must* come. It was impossible that this government could fail. If God was with our forefathers in founding it, he would be with their descendants in preserving it. We must wait, and hope, and trust. Thus he reasoned.

He said he knew that the one thing which makes Americans prouder of their country than all else, was not its wealth, its magnificent resources, its robust physical strength and organic greatness, but its ability to meet every crisis occurring in its national life and progress with such courage and wisdom as to emerge from each new trial upon a higher plane; and in such wise as to meet the general approbation of mankind,—each advance resting securely upon liberty, safeguarded by the best forms of constitutional law.

It was in this frame of mind, having observed and listened all these years of political strife to this maddening bedlam of contention, that Captain Ulysses S. Grant took his departure from St. Louis in the early spring of 1860, for the more restful atmosphere of the quiet little city of Galena.

(*To be Continued.*)

[The October instalment of "Grant's Life in the West" will consider and, we believe, forever settle, the old question as to Grant's "drinking habits." It will also relate Grant's first experiences in Galena.—ED.]



GRANT'S GALENA HOME BEFORE THE WAR.

GRANT'S LIFE IN THE WEST AND HIS MISSISSIPPI VALLEY CAMPAIGNS.

(A HISTORY.)

By Col. John W. Emerson.

(Engravings from drawings and photographs furnished chiefly by Mrs. E. Butler Johnson.)
(Begun in the October Midland Monthly.)

BOOK II.

CHAPTER VII.

Origin of the Stories Relative to Grant's "Drinking Habit."

IT SEEMS proper to pause here and refute the base slanders as to Grant's excessive use of intoxicating liquors at this period of his life. The story was wholly gratuitous. Grant was never a drunkard. He was never disqualified by drink for the performance of his duties with all the best energies of his mind and body. His intellect was never beclouded or benumbed, or its brightness obscured by drink or any other indulgence.

The stories originated as idle "yarns" and neighborhood gossip, and in the beginning were wholly without malice or evil intent. Afterwards, when Grant became famous, they were repeated by those who hated him because of the blows he was striking the Rebellion, and then by those who envied him the glory he was acquiring.

Then, a little later, they were repeated by Grant's friends as "capital jokes on Grant." Even the wise and prudent Lincoln seemed in doubt at first as to their truth, but he silenced the detractors by saying: "Well, it's not easy to find a general who always whips the enemy, drunk or sober." And so the stories, not

denied publicly, became "jokes" to be laughed at by friends. But the world and the stranger took them seriously. The story, as the writer well remembers, originated when Grant was on his farm. He and his neighbor and intimate friend, Judge Long, drove their respective teams into the city of St. Louis with loads. For some time, Grant had been subject to that most distressing and annoying malady,—"ague" or "chills and fever," and was much weakened in consequence. Judge Long related to the writer the occurrence as follows:

"As we drove into the city, Grant began to chill. We unloaded our wagons and started home at once. He grew so much worse that I feared it would develop into a congestive chill and I urged him to take something hot. I suggested a hot toddy, but he was stubborn and refused. As we were passing the last drug-store on our road homeward, I stopped the teams, went in and got a dose of capsicum and sugar, brought it out to Grant and made him take it. This diminished the severity of the chill, but it made him so deathly sick that he was obliged to lie down before we reached home. He had not tasted a drop of liquor on the trip. He had not been out of my presence a moment.

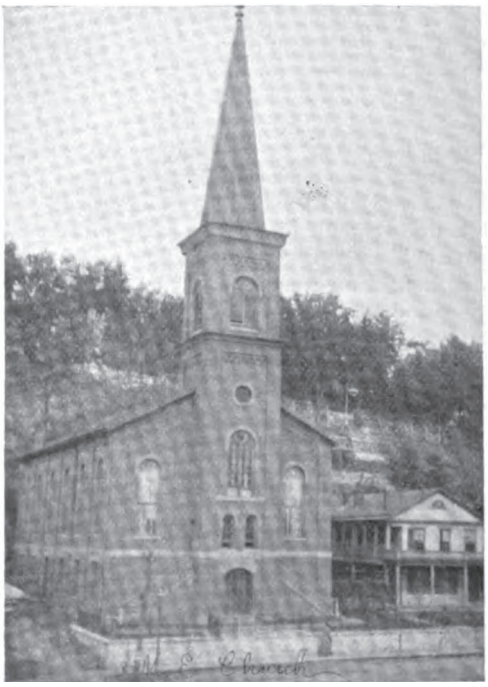
"Next day, I met a neighbor who had seen us returning home the previous day, and he said, 'Oh, ho! So your friend, Grant, came home drunk,—flat on his back,—yesterday! Ho, ho! That's great for Captain Grant!' The story, thus started, found such swift wing that my denials and explanation never overtook the lie."

This one circumstance was repeated with some variations by the gossipers until, by repetition, the instances when "Grant was seen to come home drunk" were multiplied; and when he began to gain fame in the early days of the rebellion, the first report the inquirer was likely to hear about Grant around his old home—retailed with industrious and gleeful satisfaction by the gossips whose sympathies were against the cause in which Grant was engaged was: "Oh yes; Grant? Why, *he* used to haul wood into St. Louis and come home drunk!" And with a disdainful and significant look, a smile, or a wave of the hand, Grant was mentally "found wanting."

ANOTHER VIEW OF GRANT'S GALENA HOME BEFORE THE WAR.

Some of the eccentricities which characterized Halleck's treatment of Grant in the early days of the war, when that General had his headquarters at St. Louis, are, I think, traceable to the influence which at the time continued to linger in that locality.

Denials by his friends had no effect. The story seemed rather taking. It was thought a good joke to relate. To some it had all the fascination of the Washington hatchet-cherry-tree story; albeit, out of respect and reverence for the cherished memories and fancies of my boyhood, I still cling to the truth of the latter story!



THE OLD METHODIST CHURCH IN GALENA,
Which Captain Grant attended, and in which Rev. John P., now Bishop, Newman preached.

After Grant had several times beaten the enemy, and Vicksburg had been captured with its vast armament, an old gentleman in the country who was fond of repeating the story about Grant's drinking, and whose estimate of the prowess of the Southern generals and armies was away up in the clouds; and who, having just heard of the fall of Vicksburg, said to the writer, in quite a desponding and reflective mood: "Well, *well!* ef that ere don't beat old Hickory! That feller Grant is gist a wollopin' uv them ere big Southern ginerals out'n their boots, and a creatin' uv a mighty conflummeration among 'em. I'll be blamed ef I don't kinder b'lieve them ere stories about Grant a drinkin' ain't lies, durnation lies! He could'nt sashay around that away ef he wuz that sort uv a feller."

Thousands began to doubt, and finally truth has so far supplanted the lie that the world is coming to know that Ulysses S. Grant *never did drink to excess.*

Judge Long, his most intimate friend and neighbor at the time, who saw Grant nearly every day during his farm-life, protested that "Grant not only did not drink to excess, but seldom drank at all." And he added with emphasis, "The story is entirely without foundation."

Gen. Frank P. Blair, and Gov. B. Gratz Brown, knew Grant intimately while he lived in St. Louis, and later in the army.

General Blair said to the writer: "It's a lie! It's a rank lie, sir! No one who knew Grant believes the story."

Governor Brown said: "The stories first originated in idle and amusing gossip; and then later developed into malevolent slander by his enemies. They began in falsehood, and they will vanish before the march of truth."

The writer's information is all in accord with that of General Blair and Governor Brown.

Major Coppée, who was one of Grant's classmates at West Point, and the author of "Grant and His Campaigns," says he visited St. Louis when the Captain lived on his farm. "Grant, in his farmer rig, whip in hand, came to see me at the ho-

THE OLD GRANT & PERKINS STORE.

tel where were, also, Joseph J. Reynolds, then professor, afterwards Major-General, Maj. D. C. Buell, and Major Chapman of the Cavalry. If Grant ever used spirits, I distinctly remember that upon the proposal being made to drink, Grant said, 'I will go in and look at you, but I do not drink anything.'"

The drinking stories were variously exploited by men who had never seen Grant, and visionary revelries with him were related,— most of them too absurdly false to merit notice had they not entered to some extent into the earlier estimate which the public formed of Grant's character. Hence truth demands their total effacement.

Here is a sample of the inventive genius of the story-teller in Galena, as related by Leigh Leslie of that city.* They were equally as ingenious and industrious about St. Louis.

Bar-room loafers affirmed that they had drunk gallons of whiskey with him. One old barber, as if bent on outdoing all others in mendacity, solemnly averred that, in the *early forties*, Grant used to call at his shop precisely at seven every morning and go out with him to take a drink. . . . The fact that Grant had never seen Galena at that time [not until 1859] gave the barber no concern whatever. It is in evidence that Grant never drank a drop of intoxicating liquor while he lived in Galena. He had only two conspicuous habits at that time; one was smoking, and the other was attending to his own business.

Truthful men who are still living will tell you that the stories about his drinking are utterly false. Grant was a man of the highest virtue, reverencing all that was pure and sweet and noble.

*"Grant and Galena," MIDLAND MONTHLY, November, 1895.

CHAPTER VIII.

CITIZEN GRANT'S HABITS IN GENERAL.

In civil life Grant's habits were methodical. Whether on the farm, or in business in the city, the punctuality and order of military discipline marked all his movements.

No man enjoyed a sweeter domestic felicity. His supreme happiness centered in his home. He was never idle. Either he was busy with the needful work his hands found to do on the farm, in his office or in his store; or his active mind was pondering over book or periodical, keeping abreast with the current thought of the world. His character was pure and

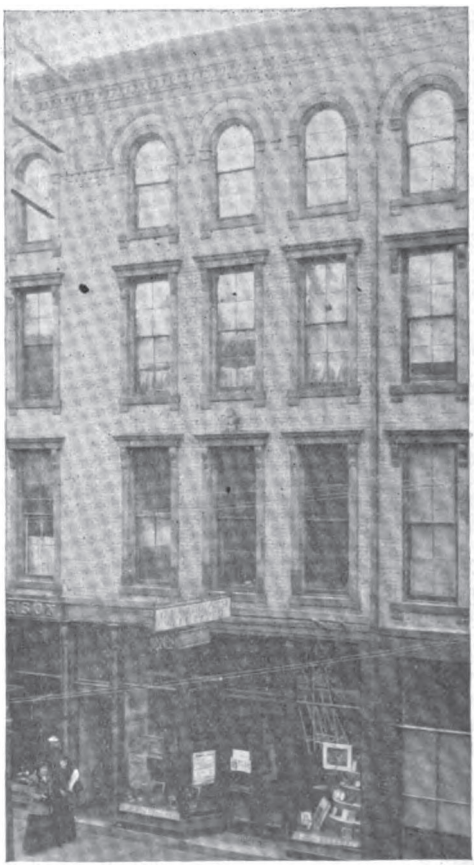
HON. B GRATZ BROWN.
One of Grant's staunch friends in Missouri.

spotless. In his sympathies he was tender and affectionate as a child, yet always firm in his convictions of right.

His religion was void of ostentation and show, but he possessed a deeply religious nature. His reverence for an omnipotent and over-ruling Providence was supreme.

He was never heard to utter a profane word during his six years' sojourn in and adjacent to St. Louis; and it is affirmed by his friends that he never did use profane language; though he must have had the patience and self-control of a Job, to have avoided the use of forbidden expletives during his trying experiences with Mexican mules and army trains!

Critics have asserted that Grant was careless in dress, often looked "slouchy," "seedy," "rough." The world will not judge Grant from the standpoint of the man of fashion. Only in the sense that he was not always ready for the drawing-room, or for entrée into "society," is this criticism true. In his old army life his dress was always up to the best standard. When he retired to the farm, he wore the usual costume of his well-to-do neighbor farmers; and he was never ashamed to drive his team into the city, or meet his old army friends at his home or elsewhere, clad in this plain substantial attire.



THE OLD GRANT LEATHER STORE IN GALENA.

When in business in the city at the end of his farm life, his costume was the same as that worn by the other business men around him. It was neither better nor worse. His conservatism and eminent practical common sense induced him always to choose the golden mean.

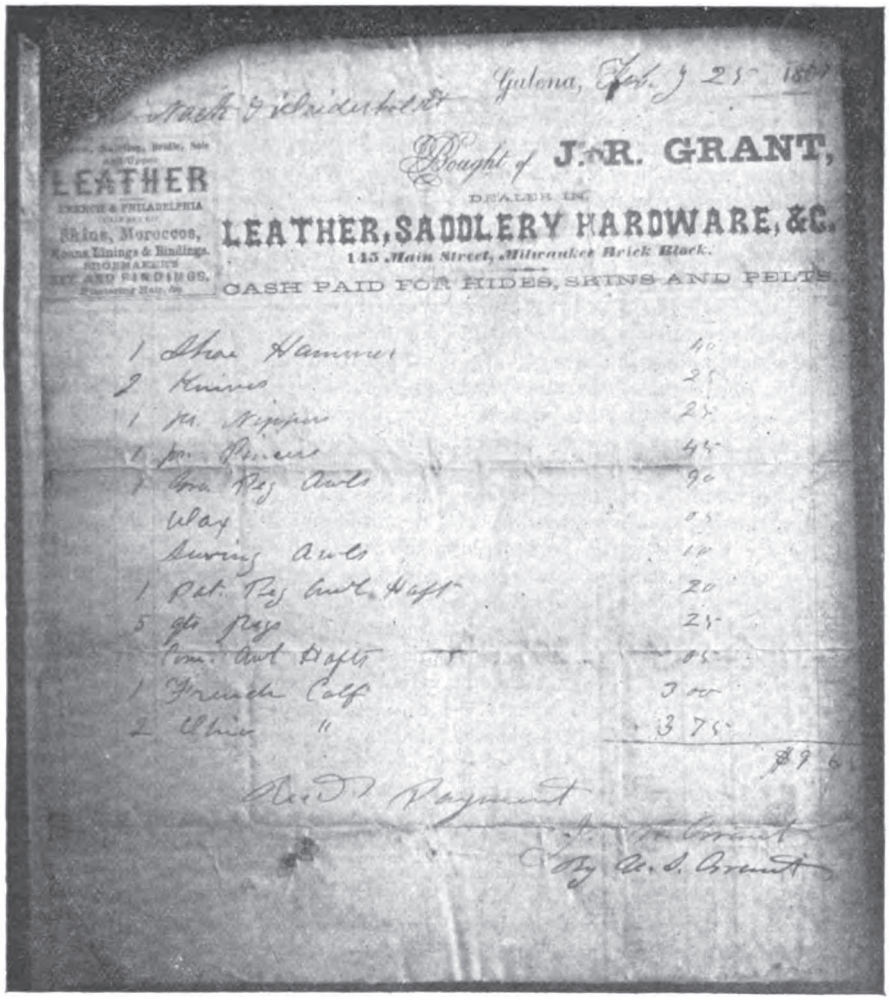
Later, in the army, the critics who fancied that pomp and show were the outward and visible signs of genius, complained of Grant's plainness. But while he indulged in little tinsel, his dress was soldier-like, decent, and well suited to the rough, hard and swift work which he did in all his campaigning.

When the war was ended, and his destiny placed him in different environments, his dress conformed to his situation in life. And thus the fact was continuously in evidence from youth to old age, that Grant was *in all ways, in all situations*, equal to every rational demand and every just expectation of the wisest and best.

CHAPTER IX.

GRANT AT GALENA.

On reaching Galena with his family, Grant secured as a residence a two-story brick building, plain in architecture, but comfortable and commodious, perched upon the top of one of the many consider-



Photographed for THE MIDLAND MONTHLY by H. E. Henning, Galena.

BILL MADE OUT BY U. S. GRANT WHILE IN THE EMPLOY OF HIS FATHER, EARLY IN 1861.

able bluffs or hills upon which the good old town is built. The site of Galena had been selected not for its convenience or fitness for the growth of a commercial city, but because it seemed to the early pioneer trader on the then distant frontier a convenient landing and a good location for a trading post. Then, gradually, the lead "diggings" opened an alluring field for the fortune-hunter. Enterprising poineers who were moving over the Alleghany mountains into Eastern Ohio, began to drift down the Ohio river and up the Mississippi into the far Northwest, and the trappers and fur-traders were speedily displaced by the new on-rush which Galena invited; and thenceforth and speedily Galena grew into the most important town in the great Northwest. Large warehouses were erected; fleets of steamboats were soon plying between Galena, St. Louis and Pittsburgh, and its commerce

grew in value into the millions, and for many years dominated the whole of the upper Mississippi river region.

Galena was a big town long before St. Paul or Chicago had grown beyond the dimensions of insignificant villages. Even St. Louis was resting in easy repose compared with the energy and swift business push of Galena, in the good old days in the forties.

If the intimate relation of Galena to the early settlement of the Northwest country were better understood its fame would be more widely known in history.

It was during Ulysses S. Grant's school days at West Point that his father arranged with E. A. Collins to open a leather store in Galena, then at its greatest prosperity, and the commercial metropolis of the vast country around it.

The elder Grant's large tannery in Ohio was doing an extensive and prosperous business, and the establishment in Galena could dispose of his large output of leather in the new and prosperous Northwest,and could ship back the abundant stock of hides to the Ohio tannery.

The business was highly prosperous, and continued without change for more than twelve years, when Mr. Collins severed his connection with it, and the senior Grant placed the Galena concern in charge of his two younger sons, Samuel Simpson Grant and Orville Grant, who, with slight change, continued the business until the arrival of the oldest brother, Captain U. S. Grant, in 1860.

The health of the elder of the two, Samuel Simpson Grant, had become so impaired that it was quite evident he could not long survive, and the father desiring to perpetuate a business which had been continuously prosperous, concluded that his son Ulysses, in whom he had unlimited confidence, would be the right man to place at the head of the Galena concern, if he could be induced to undertake it.

The negotiations resulted favorably, and it was arranged that "Captain Ulysses" should take charge of the business, on a salary at first, but to become a partner and head of the firm if the brother, "Samuel Simpson" (whose health was beyond hope of recovery) should die.

These were the circumstances and conditions under which Ulysses S. Grant entered upon the untried life of a merchant. While the particular business in hand was new to him, his long experience as quartermaster, commissary and adjutant in the old army was an excellent business training, and made him a prompt, careful and competent business man, with those habits of exactness and regularity which contribute so largely to success.

The business continued to prosper under Captain Grant's management. His life was quiet—because the old town of Gelena had come to be a very quiet place, its commercial glory having long since departed. He attended strictly to business and came and went with all the regularity of "Taps" or "Reveille," of army memory. He made few acquaintances aside from those with whom he had business relations, but these were pleasant, and the friendships which grew up were cordial and enduring. His strict and exemplary habits were observed by all.

He was regular in attendance at church with his family every Sunday morning, the Reverend Doctor Vincent, afterwards a bishop in the Methodist church, being their pastor. He never loafed about town; never spent any of his time away from his store and his home, except when he traveled to visit his firm's merchant-customers and obtain orders in various towns in the four states of Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa and Minnesota, within a radius of 100 miles of Galena.

He kept himself thoroughly informed on all the questions which were so profoundly agitating the country, and which so deeply troubled the thoughtful and the patriotic. His six years' sojourn in a border slave state, where he saw and felt the bitter passions which the discussions and sharp antagonisms were creating, gave him a much broader comprehension of the real situation than any one who had resided exclusively in a free state could possibly have.

CHAPTER X.

Grant's Reflective Moods.

Reflecting in his quiet hours upon the ominous and evil portents, his patriotic heart was often oppressed with sadness and fear of the evils whose shadows were projecting themselves over the land. Chroniclers have variously described Captain Grant during this period of his life as "quiet," "somber," "moody," "unapproachable," "not seeking new acquaintances." On leaving his store "he would pull his slouch hat well over his grave, thoughtful eyes, and climb the hill to his home," it was said.

Another observer related to the writer that in visiting customers in other towns, when business was ended, "Grant would sit in his hotel, after reading his paper, in an apparent abstraction, silent and thoughtful."

This habit was quite observable in Grant during the last year or two of his sojourn in St. Louis. The writer has on more than one occasion entered his office and found him sitting alone at his desk with his hand holding a newspaper hanging listlessly by his side, with every evidence of deep thought, suggesting sadness. At first I supposed these were mere studious and reflective "moods." But I soon learned from remarks he now and then made in condemnation of some extravagant and vicious sentiments or proceedings which he had been reading, that in reflecting and pondering upon what all this might mean, and what would be its culmination, he was deeply pained; and it was this apprehension of evil which was menacing his country that produced in him a personal grief and sadness.

It is from this standpoint, and with a knowledge of these facts and these characteristics of Grant at this period of his life, that students must study him, and seek to gain an insight into the workings of his mind, if they would understand the comprehensive grasp which he possessed of the situation, when the rebellion burst upon the country.

When he pulled his hat over his eyes, it was not so much for the purpose of shutting *out* the world, as it was to shut *in* his own thoughts—that he might commune with himself—and, pondering, try to comprehend and solve the problems which were so disturbing and perplexing every thoughtful and patriotic American. It was the attitude of the student, deep in the laboratory of thought, seeking, in all the entangling philosophies and specious reasonings about him, to evolve a remedy; to discern if possible, through all the clouds and befogments, some gleam of the blue heavens.

Such were *then* Captain Grant's mental processes, as the author comprehends them.

CHAPTER XI.

A Much Observed Man.

Wherever Grant traveled, in the little towns where his firm's customers lived, he was an observed and marked man; not because of his achievements at that time, but because he was a West Point graduate; had served in the regular army eleven years, and had gained mentionable honors in a war which had added new stars to his country's flag. Hence, it was only quite natural that his company was sought wherever he remained long enough for earnest and anxious citizens to gather around him, discuss with him and hear his opinions on the prospect of war. They seemed to feel that a man of his intelligence, who had served so long in the army as an officer, and had lived so lately in a slave state, would be able to see quite clearly into the horoscope and divine coming events. Anxious men everywhere were looking for a prophet, and asking: "Watchman! what of the night?"

In truth, with all his study of the situation, his anxiety and solicitude, he could see but little further than they through the mists which enveloped the future. But he proved on all such occasions to be a thoroughly well informed man, an interesting conversationalist, and an agreeable companion. He everywhere impressed thoughtful men as being a man of exten-

sive information, of broad and comprehensive views and well-balanced mind.

On these occasional short journeys he made many valued friends who clung to him and rallied around him in his hour of need as the plot against his country thickened, and its panorama slowly, at first, then more swiftly, unfolded.

CHAPTER XII.

GRANT'S VIEWS BEFORE THE WAR.

Perhaps Grant's views were the more esteemed because it was known that, while he was born in a free state (Ohio), he had married, and the mature years of his civil life had been spent, in a slave state. Then too, his father-in-law, Colonel Dent, was a wealthy planter, owning slaves; it was therefore supposed that Captain Grant's views would be based upon facts, unbiased by prejudice against the "Institution" which now seemed to many to be at the bottom of the impending difficulty.

And this was true. Grant was by nature a conservative thinker. While opposed to slavery on principle, and against its further extension into any new territory, he deplored the agitation of its abolition in the old slave states, unless that agitation was by citizens of the states wherein it was sought to have the institution abolished. He so felt because he thought the people of the South were not exclusively responsible for the existence of slavery, and he desired to do no injustice to the property-rights of those who owned slaves, also because he feared the slaveholders would become so incensed that they would attempt to carry out their threat to withdraw from the Union. He saw that many of them were as fanatical in their agitation in favor of the extension of slavery into the new territories as the agitators at the North were in favor of its abolition in the old slave states. But still, to avoid any open rupture, he felt that if the *status quo* could be maintained, immediate danger would be averted. It was in this frame of mind that he voted for Buchanan for president, in St. Louis county, in 1856, and was favorable to the election of Douglas in 1860 after returning to Galena, though he had not then resided long enough in the latter place to vote at that election. As between Lincoln and Breckenridge, the real opponents in that contest, he was heartily in favor of the election of Lincoln.

He said he knew that the election of Lincoln did not mean danger to any rights of the South, but he did not know what the Yanceys, the Toombes, the Slidells and other hotspurs of the South might incite the people there to believe and do, in such an event. He was anxious to deprive them of even an imaginary cause to apprehend danger to their domestic institutions.

His love of peace and strong patriotic impulses led him, in the bewildering gabble and frenzy of the hour, to hope that the election of a chief magistrate unobjectionable to the slaveholders in political faith, might avert the threatened disruption of the Union.

There is no doubt but a large percentage of those who supported Douglas in the political campaign of 1860 were actuated by the same motives, rather than because they approved of Douglas's course in the repeal of the Missouri Compromise.

CHAPTER XIII.

GRANT ALWAYS CONTENT AND PHILOSOPHICAL.

Recent writers on Grant have sought to show that the business of a leather merchant was "irksome to him"; that farming "was a business which he despised." The very contrary was the truth. It may be broadly said that it was "irksome" to Grant to see any one who "despised" or was "above" *any* honest calling, or above honest toil of any kind. Farming was his ideal of an independent and happy life; and he was wont to reason that its freedom from the anxieties, perplexities and unrest of business, offered possibilities of happiness in country homes above and beyond any others. Moreover, he regarded farm life as equally honorable, and far more independent than any other life, and he deplored the modern tendency of

young men to abandon the farm for a more uncertain business or professional career.

As a farmer he was happy and contented until his health failed. He was deeply interested in the new business which he had undertaken in Galena. He believed it was his duty, as it was the wisest philosophy, to be content; "to labor, to make his own living, and do his duty in that state of life unto which it had pleased God to call him." Feeling thus, he always went forward with faith and quiet earnestness, and without any weak or vain sentimentality in the doing of whatever lay before him.

I may be allowed here to affirm that there is *no truth* in the statement of some writers that he was getting along "so indifferently well" in Missouri that his father had to come to his relief and set him up in business in Galena. He was not making a fortune, it is true; few people were, during the dull years of 1858-60, but he was making a respectable living for his family, and was entirely competent to do this anywhere and without help from any source. There exists no good reason, in truth, why any writer should portray Grant as a great failure in civil life. He was not. As a civilian his qualities were those of a capable, all-round, high class American citizen. In nothing did he fall below the average. This was indeed success for one who was primarily a soldier, and it was in the latter sphere of action that his abilities rose into the realm of superlative genius.

(*To be Continued.*)

(The November installment of "Grant's Life in the West" will tell of Grant's activities at the outbreak of the Rebellion.)

A SONG FOR BREAD.

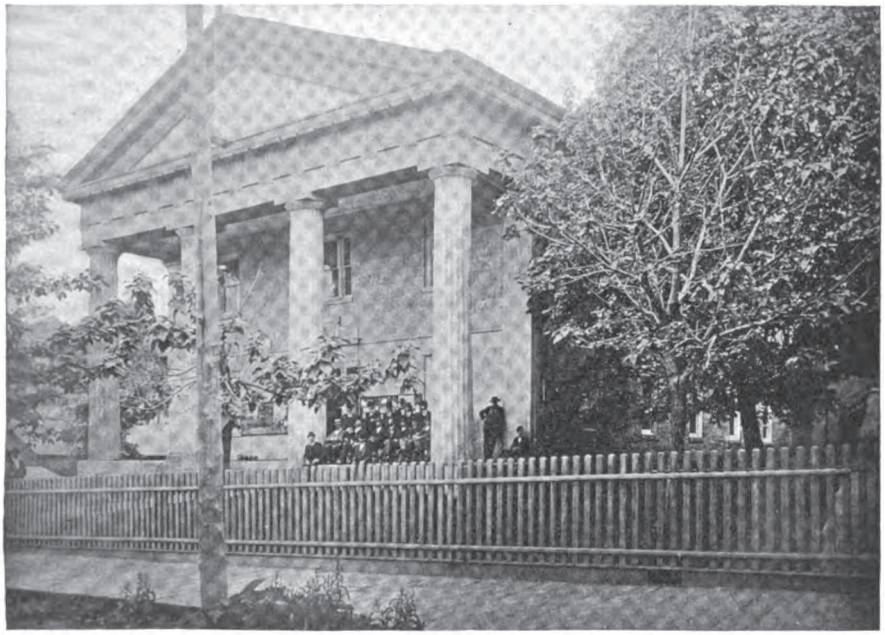
IN THE market-place in the early morn,
A poet stood and he sang for bread.
Some passed him by with a glance of scorn
And some, who pitied his look forlorn,
Flung him a coin instead.

The king came out for his morning ride,
In golden laces and velvet dressed,
And the threadbare poet was pushed aside,
And crept away to the wood and died,
His lyre to his bosom pressed.

With his cold dead hand in the brook afloat,
They found him there on the daisied sod;
And they buried him deep, in his shabby coat,
With never a prayer or a sacred note
To waft his soul to God.

The wood is felled and the king is dead,
And the steps of his palace are green with mold;
But the song that the poet sung for bread
Has bound the world in a silver thread,
And girdled it round with gold.

Minna Irving.



THE JO DAVIS COUNTY COURT HOUSE.
In which Captain Grant presided over the first war meeting held in Galena.

GRANT'S LIFE IN THE WEST AND HIS MISSISSIPPI VALLEY CAMPAIGNS.

(A HISTORY.)

By Col. John W. Emerson.

(Engravings from drawings and photographs furnished chiefly by Mrs. E. Butler Johnson.)
(Begun in the October, 1896, Midland Monthly.)

BOOK II.

CHAPTER XIV.

War Clouds Arise.

IMMEDIATELY after the election of Abraham Lincoln to the Presidency of the United States, in November, 1860, the extremists in the South began a vigorous agitation in favor of the withdrawal of the slave states from the Union. This agitation blazed forth with wildest intensity. South Carolina convened a constitutional convention and passed an ordinance of secession. One by one other southern states followed.

When the time came for the President-elect to proceed to the nation's capital to be inaugurated, passions were so inflamed in the intervening slave territory of Maryland that, in deference to the wishes of his friends, Lincoln made the trip earlier than he had planned, passing through Baltimore under the cover of night.

Everywhere in the slave states the conspiracy to dissever the Union was progressing with rapidity. Lincoln was duly inaugurated President. Meantime the southern members of the cabinet of President Buchanan had transferred large quantities of arms and other war material of the United States to points in the South, where they were seized by the seceding states.

The states that had withdrawn from the Union organized a new general government,—"The Confederate States of

America";—marshaled armies, bombarded and captured Fort Sumter, and, as there were no armies to oppose them, took possession of all the property of the United States government within the seceded states, pulled down the flag of the Union and hoisted the flag of the new confederacy.

The two cardinal principles of the new government were "African Slavery" and "State Rights."

It therefore occurred that in the early months of President Lincoln's administration there came into being a new government, including all the slave states, except Missouri, Kentucky, Maryland and the western portion of old Virginia; these contained so large a Union element that the passage of any ordinance of secession was prevented.

The new revolutionary government thus, at the outset, having possessed itself of a large portion of the arms and war material of the United States, and captured the small detachments of its army, widely scattered throughout the South, left the old government without an army able to defend its property. A large percentage of the officers who had entered the United States army from the South, and had been educated at the nation's expense at its military academy, resigned, and accepted service with the new government, under the mischievous plea of higher allegiance to their respective states. Thus it was that the new Confederate government was much better, and more quickly, prepared for immediate war than the government of the United States. Moreover, the hasty and precipitate action of the South was so unexpected, so contrary to anything the northern people had thought possible to happen, that it required a few months for them to come to a realization of its portents.

THE JO DAVIS COUNTY COURT ROOM,
In which Captain Grant presided over the first war meeting held in Galena.

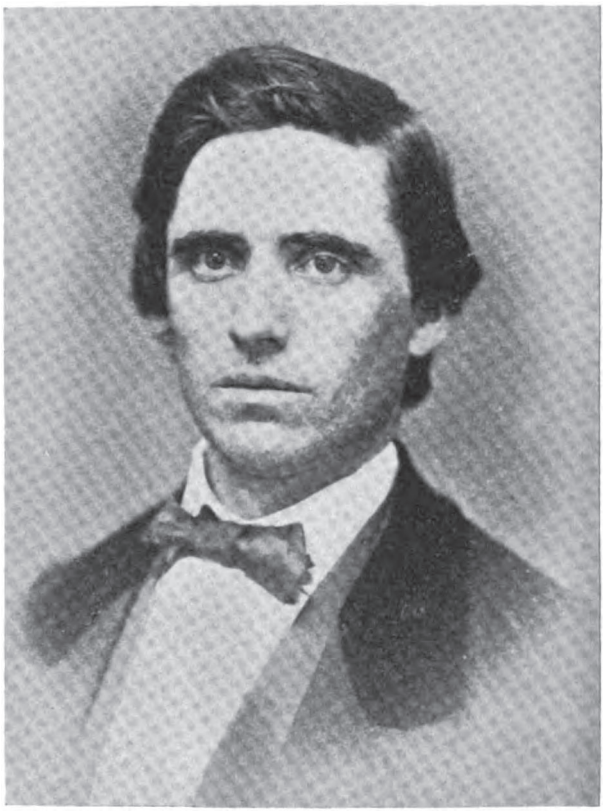
Fort Sumter was bombarded by Confederate forces under General Beauregard on April 11, 1861, and was captured on the 13th.

Grant in his quiet Galena home, was watching every move with the utmost anxiety.

If the shot fired at Lexington, at the

beginning of the Revolutionary war, "was heard round the world," with joy, it was because it announced the birth of liberty. When Sumter was fired upon, the shot was heard throughout the non-slave-holding world with grief, because it announced the birth of a Slave Confederacy.

The people of the North, slow to believe that the South meditated any overt act of violence against the old government and the old flag, now, when they heard this shot, awoke as a lion suddenly aroused from his slumber and prepared for defense. The attack came in the nature of a surprise, and it required months for a comprehension of the full and far-reaching significance of the overt act. But when it was once fully comprehended, the spirit of patriotism burst forth in an irrepressible determination to defend the flag, protect the government of the fathers, and save the Union from dismemberment.



JOHN A RAWLINS,
The young lawyer who addressed that now historic first war meeting in Galena, and stirred every soul with his fervid eloquence.

Immediately after this event, the President of the United States issued his proclamation calling into immediate service 75,000 men to serve for ninety days.

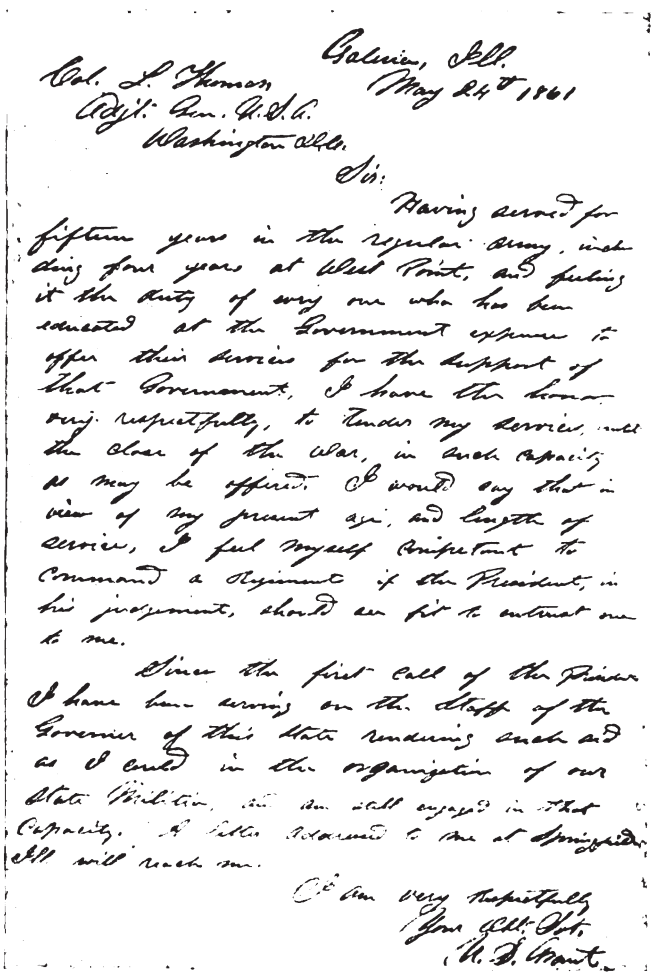
CHAPTER XV.

First War Meeting in Galena.

Instantly, throughout the North volunteering began, and in no place with more promptness and earnestness than in Galena. A few hours after the news of the call for troops reached the town, posters placarded the streets calling a meeting that evening at the court-house. The house was crowded with earnest men. Captain Grant attended. Supposing himself to be little known, he was greatly surprised on being unanimously chosen to preside over the meeting.

During the political campaign, in the autumn of 1860, he had taken no active part in politics, as he was not yet a voter in Illinois; but he had frequently drilled both the "Wide-awakes," and the "Douglas Guards," the republican and the democratic clubs respectively; and, having been Captain in the regular army, he was far more widely known than he supposed. As the business now in hand was military, and not political, he was the man who, in this emergency, was most in the thoughts of that assembled throng.

FACSIMILE OF THE LETTER SENT BY CAPTAIN GRANT, TENDERING HIS SERVICES TO THE GOVERNMENT "UNTIL THE CLOSE OF THE WAR."



Galena, Ills.
May 24th 1861

Col. L. Thomas
Adjt. Gen. U.S.A.
Washington D.C.

Sir:

Having served for fifteen years in the regular army, including four years at West Point, and feeling it the duty of every one who has been educated at the Government expense to offer their services for the support of that Government, I have the honor very respectfully, to tender my services until the close of the war, in such capacity as may be offered. I would say that in view of my present age, and length of service, I feel myself competent to command a Regiment if the President, in his judgment, should see fit to entrust one to me.

Since the first call of the President I have been serving on the Staff of the Governor of this State rendering such aid as I could in the organization of our State Militia, and am still engaged in that capacity. A letter addressed to me at Springfield Ills will reach me.

I am very respectfully
Your Obt. Svt.
U. S. Grant

Presiding over a large meeting of enthusiastic men was a new experience for Captain Grant, but his heart was moved by all the highest impulses of a lofty patriotism, and he managed, with a little assistance, to perform his duties acceptably.

All party differences disappeared in the presence of the danger that menaced the nation. The postmaster of Galena, who had been a Breckinridge democrat, made an eloquent speech in favor of the Union and urged a prompt response to the President's call. A young lawyer, John A. Rawlins, who had been a candidate for elector on the Douglas ticket in the late campaign, addressed the meeting with fervid eloquence. It was here, in this hour of peril to their country, that the two minds, those of Grant and Rawlins, first met and revealed their harmony.

The Hon. Elihu B. Washburne, member of Congress for the Galena district, also attended the meeting and addressed it. This was probably the first time Grant met the man who was destined, a little later, to become so potent an instrument in promoting his advancement and his country's welfare.

It was supposed that not more than one company would be accepted as Galena's quota. That company was organized before the meeting adjourned, and two or three times as many more men offered themselves as volunteers.

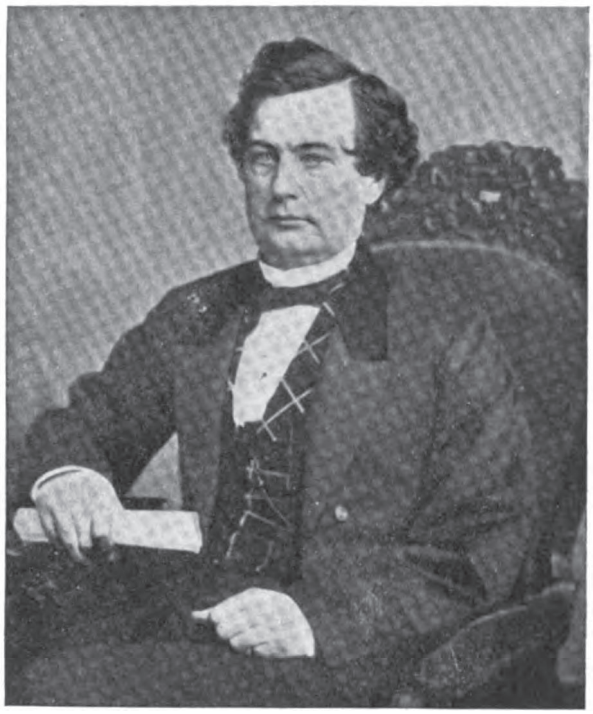
CHAPTER XVI.

GRANT DECLINES THE CAPTAINCY OF THE GALENA COMPANY.

Captain Grant was earnestly urged to accept the captaincy of this first company raised in Galena, but he persistently declined. He was cheered when he assured its members that he would do all

he could to assist them, and would be in the army himself, in some capacity, "if there should be a war."

The earnest men who attended that meeting, and who entered that company, had heard political theorists talk for years; but amidst all the confusion and bedlam of ideas; amidst all the finessing about "state rights" and "constitutional guarantees and limitations" and "the divine right of slavery" and the enforcement of the fugitive slave law; amidst all the confusion and mental befogments of the time, there was one clear, unobscured, imperious thought and determination running through and dominating every mind,—that, *first of all*, the Union and the Government must be preserved, without the loss of one foot of its territory, or one star from its flag.



HON. RICHARD YATES,
The War Governor of Illinois—The man who appointed Grant to a staff position in the State Adjutant-General's office and assigned him to mustering duty, (April-May, 1861,) and who appointed him Colonel of the 21st Regt., Illinois Infantry (June 15 1861).

That was enough. All other questions might come or go, survive or perish in the concatenation of events; but this one, at least, was clear. Talk was at an end. The hour of *action* had arrived, and men of action were henceforth the men the country needed.

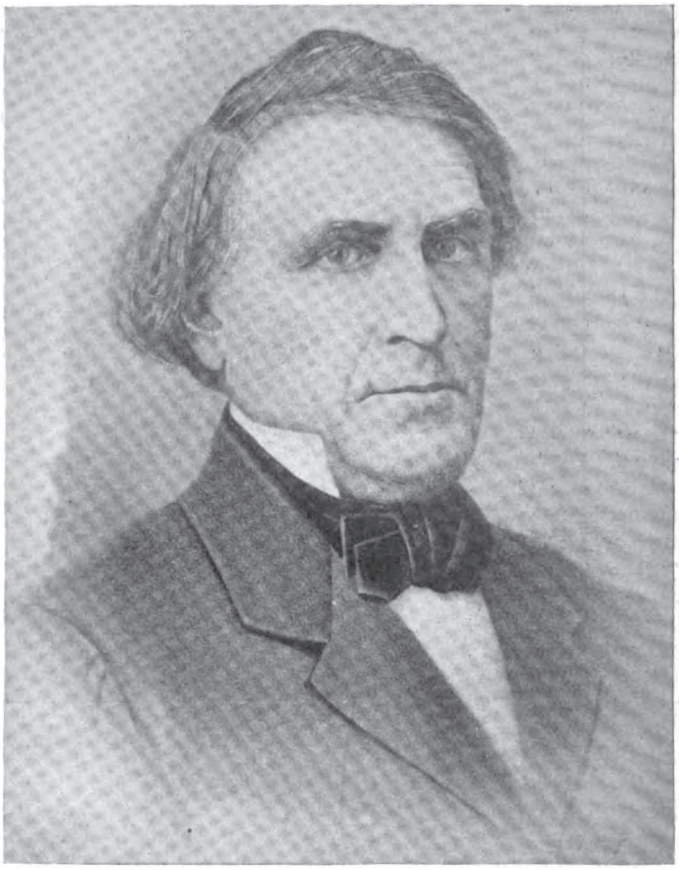
These resolute men knew that Captain Grant could not make a speech; but they believed that this quiet, determined man would *act*.

Grant's martial spirit was so aroused by the insult to the flag and by the dangers which were threatening the country that he ceased his attention to business and devoted his time to drilling the company preparatory to its movement to the state capital to be mustered and assigned to a regiment.

The patriotic ladies of Galena determined that this company should be properly uniformed before departing from home. They procured material and Captain Grant gave them the regulation style and superintended the making, and soon a well uniformed and well drilled company was ready to move to the front.

Occasionally in history we find an obscure town that produces an undue proportion of great men; a town where neither casual observation nor subtle reasoning give us any clew to the mysterious forces at play to produce such results.

Galena was one of those exceptional localities. It not only supplied its quota of men for the ranks during the war of the rebellion, but it contributed Ulysses S. Grant, who became Lieutenant-General and Commander-in-Chief of all the armies; John A. Rawlins, Brigadier-General and Grant's trusted chief of staff; Wil-



HON. E. B. WASHBURNE, OF GALENA, ILL.,
Grant's faithful friend and defender in Congress, and during the Franco-Prussian War American Minister to France.

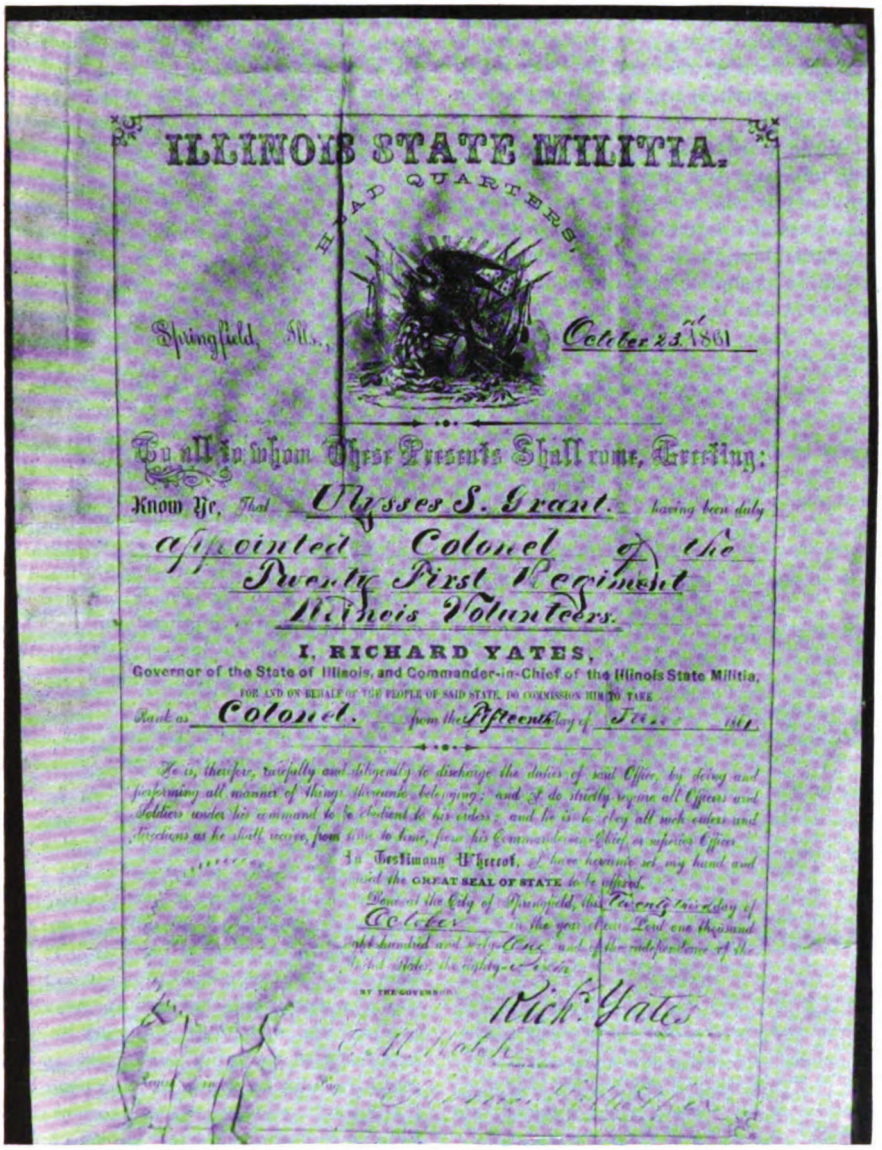
liam R. Rowley, also on General Grant's staff; Major-General J. E. Smith, and Brigadier-Generals J. A. Maltby, J. O. Duer, J. C. Smith, A. L. Chetlain, and Dr. E. D. Kittoe. The last named was first Surgeon of the 45th Infantry, afterwards promoted to Medical Inspector of the Military Division of the Mississippi, and served on the staffs of both Grant and Sherman, with rank as General.

In civil life it also produced Elihu B. Washburne, who became "Father of the House," and Grant's determined, unshaken, unwavering friend in Congress, amid all the traducing, abuse and defamation to which that General was subjected during the early years of the war. Washburne comprehended him, believed in him, and defended him. He never hesitated in his fealty at any moment, but was as fearless in his defense of Grant whenever assailed as any plumed and helmeted knight of old ever was in defense of his chief.

In that first anxious hour when Galena was on its feet to do its share in upholding the Union, Captain Grant assured the new volunteers that "if there should be a war," *he would be there.*

If there should be a war! How strange that "if" sounds to us now! And yet this was then the state of mind of a large portion of the people of the North. It could not be conceived, it would not be believed, that there would be any serious or prolonged effort to overthrow the government or disturb its functions. "No," men reasoned, "such insanity is impossible. It surely can be little more than a mob in South Carolina, exploding some of the fireworks of Calhoun, Yancey or Toombs! Peace and order will reign again as soon as the pyrotechnic display exhausts itself." How vain the expectation!

"If there should be a war," he would be there! We shall see by pursuing our



ILLINOIS STATE MILITIA.

HEAD QUARTERS.

Springfield, Ill., October 23rd 1861

To all to whom These Presents Shall come, Greeting:

Know Ye, That Ulysses S. Grant. having been duly appointed Colonel of the Twenty First Regiment Illinois Volunteers.

I, RICHARD YATES,

Governor of the State of Illinois, and Commander-in-Chief of the Illinois State Militia,

FOR AND ON BEHALF OF THE PEOPLE OF SAID STATE, DO COMMISSION HIM TO TAKE

Rank as Colonel. from the Fifteenth day of June 1861

GRANT'S FIRST COMMISSION IN THE VOLUNTEER SERVICE—AS COLONEL OF THE TWENTY-FIRST ILLINOIS INFANTRY.

story that he was "there,"—very potentially, "there."

Captain Grant was not hesitating about the *path* of duty. That was always settled with him. He belonged to his country whenever that country should be menaced with danger. When that moment should arrive, he would be found ready, *waiting*.

CHAPTER XVII.

GRANT GOES TO THE STATE CAPITAL.

Grant went with the company as a sort of military guide or *chaperon*, and re-

ported promptly to Governor Yates at Springfield.

Swift work it was; and how like many things we shall see of Grant later on in the war!

While waiting for the completion of the uniforms for the company, before leaving Galena, Captain Grant wrote a characteristic letter to his father-in-law, Colonel Dent, in St. Louis county. It is valuable as showing his grasp of the situation at that time.

GALENA, April 19, 1861.

Mr. F. Dent:

DEAR SIR—I have but very little time to write, but, as in these exciting times we are very anxious to hear from you, and know of no other way but by writing first to you, I must make time.

We get but little news by telegraph from St. Louis, but from all other points of the country we are hearing all the time. The times are indeed startling, but *now is the time,** particularly in the border slave states, *for men to prove their love of country*. I know it is hard for men to apparently work with the Republican party, but now *all party distinctions should be lost sight of, and every true patriot be for maintaining the integrity of the glorious old Stars and Stripes, the Constitution and the Union*. The North is responding to the President's call in such a manner that the rebels may truly quake. I tell you there is no mistaking the feelings of the people. The government can call into the field not only 75,000 troops, but ten or twenty times 75,000 if it should be necessary, and find the means of maintaining them, too.

It is all a mistake about the northern pocket being so sensitive. In times like these, no people are more ready to give their own time, or of their abundant means. No impartial man can conceal from himself the fact that in all these troubles the Southerners have been the aggressors and the administration has stood purely on the defensive, more on the defensive than she would have dared to do but for her consciousness of strength and the certainty of right prevailing in the end. The news is that Virginia has gone out of the Union. *I see all this I can but see the doom of slavery.* The North does not want, nor will they want, to interfere with the institution; but they will refuse for all time to give it protection unless the South shall return soon to their allegiance. . . . .

I have just received a letter from Fred [Frederick Dent, Jr.]. He breathes forth the most patriotic sentiments. He is for the old flag as long as there is a union of two states fighting under its banner, and when they dissolve, he will go it alone. This is not his exact language, but it is his idea, not so well expressed as he expresses it.

Julia and the children are well and join me in love to you all. I forgot to mention that Fred has another heir with some novel name, which I have forgotten. Yours truly

U. S. GRANT.

Twenty-four years afterward, this letter was published in the New York *Tribune*,† with the following editorial comment:

It is a peculiarly important and timely contribution to history. It was written by a democrat to a democrat, at a time when democratic Governors in border states were insultingly replying to the President's proclamation, and refusing troops for what they called an abolition war, or the "coercion of sister states." The language of the mugwumps of that day may be profitably contrasted with the private letter of the true patriot, who little dreamed then how large was to be his part in the suppression of the rebellion.

This letter comes in time to correct many impressions as to the career of the great soldier and ex-President. It has been commonly thought that he entered the service as a soldier rather than as a patriot, with not very clearly defined political opinions. . . . . But his letter of 1861, on the contrary, proves that he had most clearly defined convictions in regard to the question of slavery, the right and the wrong of the struggle, even before he had offered his services to his country. He was mentally a larger and broader man, prior to the war, than the nation has been prone to suppose. . . . Shortly after this letter was written, he began that active life which has resulted so grandly for his country and so gloriously for himself.

The quota assigned to Illinois as its part of the 75,000, was six regiments. It was but a few days after the call until Governor Yates was embarrassed by the offer of more than 20,000 men, organized and being organized into companies, battalions, and regiments, in every part of the state. To relieve the situation, the legislature, then in session, passed an act, accepting ten additional regiments in the service of the state, to be mustered into the United States service should they be required.

The company from Galena had been mustered and assigned to the 11th Regiment, and Grant was ready to return home on the morrow.

His modesty forbade him asking a position for himself. He saw that the politicians were swarming about the capital, and were appointed to places in the army, graded somewhat according to the influence they were able to exert. Grant was a comparative stranger at the state capital; hence, he felt it would be useless for him to apply, especially as his ambition was for some active command in the field, and these places seemed likely to be monopolized by those who could command more influence than he.

But while he had been busy, and had made few acquaintances, he had not escaped observation during the few days he had made his headquarters at the hotel where the Governor, the leading politicians of the state, and many of the new officers made their rendezvous.

In those days of excitement and blus-

* The italics are by the author.

† Of April 14, 1885.

ter, a quiet man with military bearing, who said but little, and acted with poise and self-control, and yet with celerity, was a marked man. So the question was frequently put, "Who is that quiet, thoughtful man? He looks a little like a soldier, but I can't quite make him out."

Soon everybody knew that "that fellow" was Captain Grant, late of the regular army, a graduate of West Point, an honored veteran of the Mexican war. He was now the picture of health and manly vigor, and in the prime of life, his age at that time being thirty-nine.

Writers who enjoy romancing have variously described Grant at this epoch. Some have pictured him as ill-clad and looking decidedly "rusty" as he came to Springfield with the Galena company Others have painted him standing in the door of his store as the company passed, clad in his heavy old army overcoat, waiting to "fall in" at the rear. Of course, only a brilliant imagination could see a man wearing a heavy overcoat on a sunny afternoon in the latter part of April! In truth, he was clad in a respectable business suit,and it was neither old nor "rusty."

Others describe Grant at Springfield as out of money, and looking "moody and shabby." Neither is this the truth. His attire was in good, plain, respectable business form; equal to that worn by the solid business men of Springfield.

I suspect that the criticisms originated with those who knew nothing, and were willing to sacrifice truth to sensationalism; or with some of those who at that time were ashine in tinsel and new uniforms, fresh in the service; and who regarded display as synonymous with merit. If Grant had ever been afflicted with that weakness, he had been cured of it by his old army service. Utility, not show, was his motto. Correct and quiet manners and plain genteel garb, covering character and merit, were Grant's fitting passports. And the society door which these would not unlock was not the door which Grant or any other well poised American would care to enter.

That he was too impecunious to procure a uniform, or a sword, or a horse, is also one of the harmless fictions of a later day. In truth he was able to pay his way and provide all that was needful. *This he always did.*

In those days a great many came to know Grant whom he did not know. The gods are not blind. They may be silent and invisible; but they take note of, and search out, all the ways of the instruments they intend to use in shaping the destinies of men and of nations.

General Pope was on duty at Springfield. He had served in the Mexican war with Grant. He was willing to use his influence to secure an appointment for him; but Grant declined such assistance, believing that his own merits, and not external influences, should bring him an opportunity to serve his country. This was not "good politics," as the world goes; but it was one of Grant's remarkable characteristics,—a sort of intuition or prescience, which led him to see and do the wise thing at the right time. It resulted in the thing coming to him which he wanted, leading directly on to that glorious consummation which has been the admiration of the world.

Governor Yates had observed him and studied him. He learned about him upon inquiry and made up his mind that Grant was a man he wanted.

CHAPTER XVIII.

GOVERNOR YATES AND CAPTAIN GRANT.

Grant was ready to return to Galena when Governor Yates met him in the evening, conversed with him a few minutes and invited him to stay over and call at his office the following morning.

Captain Grant complied with his request. Governor Yates told him that he needed his assistance; that his army experience would be valuable. Thereupon Grant expressed a willingness to render any service he might be able to perform.

Governor Yates appointed him on his staff, and assigned him to duty in the Adjutant-General's office, especially in charge of the mustering service.

It is not true that Grant was humiliated by being assigned to menial work, "ruling blanks in a gloomy and carpetless anteroom, where he was cheerless and despondent."

Nothing of the kind occurred. He was at once recognized by Governor Yates and and by the Adjutant-General as possessing the knowledge which they needed in the new stress which had suddenly come upon them.

Here were the records of an army of 16,000 men to be perfected,— an army which had suddenly come into existence,— and it is not surprising that the little corps of civilian clerks without military experience should be overwhelmed with confusion, and that Grant's knowledge and quiet direction should be of invaluable service.

Not since the Black Hawk war, nearly thirty years before, had the Adjutant-General's office had any considerable war work to do. The state militia, during all the intervening years of peace, was scarcely an organization; and, when this war emergency suddenly came upon the office it affected it much the same as an unexpected attack of an enemy upon an unprotected camp of raw recruits,— there was demoralization and confusion.

The advent of an educated soldier, who had had long experience in this branch and in kindred branches of the service, was timely. Grant at once prescribed new forms and introduced new modes of procedure which greatly expedited business. And, following the lines and the rules which Grant introduced, the Adjutant-General's office of Illinois became one of the model offices of the United States during the entire war. So perfect were the records that when the war closed the War Department found less difficulty in adjusting its accounts with that state than with those of any other state in the Union.

Meantime Captain Grant was soon, and as occasion required, mustering the new troops into the service as they arrived at Springfield or were elsewhere assembled under orders. Where he could not go, he detailed other officers to perform the duty.

Time and events were speeding with bewildering swiftness, and the first week in May had passed.

(*To be Continued.*)

INARTICULATE.

TO IMPROVE their speech, inarticulate,
Like another Demosthenes,
With pebble-filled mouths to the shores they speak,—
The rivers, the oceans, the seas.

For audience they have the wind,
And the heavy-foliaged trees
That lean and listen and learn the speech
Of their Demosthenes.

Elizabeth H. Calvert.