REMINISCENCES BY PERSONAL FRIENDS OF GEN. U. S. GRANT

AND THE HISTORY OF

GRANT'S LOG CABIN

COMPILED BY
JAS. L. POST


U.S.GRANT

Jan 2nd 1904

Mr. Jas L. Ast
St. Louis Mo

Dear Sir

In connection with the Book which you are compiling "Reminiences by Personal Friends of General Grant and the history of Grants Log Cabin I shall be pleased to co-operate with you and you have my permission to reproduce any of Gen'l Grants Cabin Photographs on which I control the Copyrights.

Yours Truly
C. A. Blanke

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PREFACE

IN the late summer of 1854, U. S. Grant having resigned a captaincy in the regular Army to be home with his family in St. Louis Conuty; decided in order to be thoruoughly independent to erect a home for himself and family.

The only material athand was the logs which he hewed from the for est on the land owned by him. He set to work with a will and determination that the world at that time was not aware he possessed, and the humble log cabin in which he and his family spent so many happy years, was soon finished.

For fifty years it has remained almost buried from public view in an out of the way place in St. Louis County. Neither the patriotism of the Government, nor that of the individual citizens, has ever prompted them to inaugurate any public movement toward preserving this historic relic; until a gentleman, one of St. Louis' foremost citizens and active in all public enterprises, decided that if no one else would do so, he would personally preserve for future generations; this monument to one of America's greatest soldiers and statesmen; a monument built by his own handsand to the preserver of this historic relic, Mr. C. F. Blanke, this book is respectfully dedicated.

JAS. L. POST.

INTRODUCTORY.

That "there is a destiny that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we may," was never more strikingly illustrated than in the life of Ulysses S. Grant.

Coming from a family of soldiers, one of his ancestors having held commissions in the English Army in the war against the French and the Indians, and later his grandfather in a Connecticut company of the Continental Army, participating in the battle of Bunker Hill and serving throughout the entire Revolutionary War. The other members of the families of his ancestors ever moving westward and opening up new countries, braving the dangers of the pioneer, each carving out his own career without the aid or assistance of others; it is only natural that he should have inherited a taste for military life.

His parents, Jesse R. Grant and Hannah Simpson, were married in June, 1821, and on April 27, 1822 at Point Pleasant, Clermont county, Ohio, a son was born.

Like all proud parents they doubtless indulged in the laudable ambition that this, their first son, Ulysses S. Grant, would some day be a great man (every fond parent has done this since the world began and will continue to do so until the end of time), but little did they picture to themelves as that tiny bit of humanity was ushered into the arena of life that on that day, began a career that

was destined to be one of the most eventful of America's Great Men.

Much has been written about Grant and his military and political achievements, but in this book it is proposed to give some insight into the traits of character which were known to his personal acquaintances while he was an humble citizen of St. Louis, attracting no especial attention in the little community in which he lived and attracting none whatever from the world at large, that same world which a few years later riveted their eyes upon him, watching his slightest move.

That a prophet is not without honor save in his own country, is called to mind by one of the anecdotes in this book. When those who knew him in St. Louis, upon reading of a decisive victory in one of the battles under the direction of U. S. Grant, inquired of each other, "Could this be the same Grant that we knew here in St. Louis that seemed so good for nothing?"

Grant, like all great men, was modest. He talked little of himself or his family, evidently believing that those who are continually talking about their family tree are merely dead branches, and the best part of the tree is underground. Grant preferred to make his own record, and for that reason had a natural distaste to asking favors of others. He preferred a home life in company with his family, to the life of a soldier for which he had been educated at West Point, but several times was compelled on account of his seeming lack of busness ability to succeed in domestic pursuits to

rejoin the army; in fact his early career is one recital of resignations and enlistments and applications for furloughs, in order to be, if possible, with his family; but always winding up as a soldier, the only career for which he seemed to be fitted by nature.

His early education was confined to the primitive subscription schools of his home village in Georgetown, except during the winters of 1836-7 and 1838-9. The former period was spent at a school in Maysville, Kentucky, and the latter at a private school in Ripley, Ohio. He received his apointment to West Point in 1839. Graduated from West Point in 1843, and his first service was at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, in 1844.

In May of the same year his regiment was transferred to Louisiana .In May 1845 he procured a leave of absence for twenty days and visited St. Louis. In his Personal Memoirs he seems to have forgotten that Ohio was on the map and seemed to think that there was only one spot in the universe that got the direct rays of the sun and that was St. Louis. This was perhaps due to the fact that St. Louis was the home of a very charming young lady to whom he was afterwards married on the twenty-second of August, 1848.

Near the close of the short session of Congress, 1844-5, the bill for the annexation of Texas to the United States was passed. It reached President Tyler on the first of March, 1845, and promptly received his approval. On hearing this news the regiment immediately expected trouble and anxiously

waited "further orders." The orders not materializing, Lieut. Grant asked for and obtained on May the first, a leave of absence for twenty days for the purpose of visiting St. Louis.

In July, 1845, the long looked for orders were received and his regiment was transferred to New Orleans. In September, 1845, the regiment left for Corpus Christi. When the entire "Army of Occupation" had assembled at Corpus Christi it consisted of about 3,000 men in all, General Zachary Taylor in command.

In 1859 U. S. Grant, afterwards the distinguished General and President of the United States, applied to the Commissioners of St. Louis County for the appointment of County Surveyor. In a note to the editor of the *Missouri Republican* dated February 26, 1881, Honorable John F. Darby gives the following account of this episode in Grant's career:

"In your obituary notice of Henry B. Belt, Esquire, in this morning's *"Republican"* in speaking of the deceased, among other things you say: 'He was one of the judges of the County Court from 1854 to 1856, and was one of the two judges that voted favorably on the application of U. S. Grant for the appointment of County Surveyor. The other judge was Phil. Lanham.'

"You have been misled in the above statement. It is entirely untrue. U. S. Grant never applied to the County Court for the appointment of County Surveyor.

"In 1859, after the County Court of St. Louis County had been abolished by the Legislature for al-

leged misconduct and a new Court established by law for St. Louis County, called the County Commissioners' Court, composed of Lightner, Taussig, Farrar, Easton and Tippet, U. S. Grant did apply to the County Commissioners' Court for the appointment of Surveyor of the roads, etc., in St. Louis County against Mr. Solomon.

"I with other gentlemen advocated Grant's claim. Solomon was appointed by the vote of Taussig, Lightner and Farrar and Tippet and Easton voted for Grant, consequently Belt and Lanham were not on the bench and never voted upon any application by U. S. Grant.

"The records of the St. Louis County Commissioners' Court show this."

On January 29, 1864, a dinner was given to Major General U. S. Grant at the Lindell Hotel at which there were three hundred guests.

Judge Samuel Treat, of the United States Court presided, assisted by Messrs. John O'Fallon, Wayman Crow, Adolphus Meier, Judge Samuel Reber, Jas. Archer, Geo. R. Taylor, Barton Abel, as vice-presidents.

Among the military guests were Major General Schofield, Brigadier Generals Jas. Totten, John B. Gray, John McNeil, E. B. Brown, Clinton B. Fisk, A. G. Edwards.

Some of the notable events in the career of U. S. Grant were:

The presentation of his diploma by General Scott

at West Point in 1843.

His direction of the bombardment, from the tower of Chapultepec, August 13, 1847.

The drilling of volunteers in 1861.

The battle of Fort Donelson, February 12-16, 1862.

The battle of Shiloh, April 6-7, 1862.

The siege of Vicksburg, May to July 1863.

Battle of Chattanooga, November 23-25, 1863.

His appointment, by Abraham Lincoln, as Commander-in-Chief of the Army, March 12, 1864.

The surrender of General Lee at Appomattox, April 9, 1865.

His election to the Presidency of the United States, 1868, and re-election in 1872.

The pattern of the cart in which Madam Chouteau and family were seated when old Riviere drove them from Fort Chartres to Cahokia, Laclede riding alongside, to make their visit to yet unplanted St. Louis, is identical with that in which ex-Captain U. S. Grant used to drive his load of wood from Dent's place in Carondelet to St. Louis.—*Extract from Manners and Customs of Early St. Louis.*

Another example of Grant's modesty, showing how little was known of him, is a copy of the *Daily Missouri Republican,* published in St. Louis on Wednesday, March 30, 1864. Ten years prior to this U. S. Grant at that time a veteran of the Mexican war, lived in St. Louis County with his family and not having the ready money with which to buy a

home or have one built, was obliged to hew the logs with which he built the now historic log cabin which stands on Art Hill in the World's Fair grounds in Forest Park. He sold wood cut from the forest on his land in the county to prominent residents of St. Louis, hauling the wood to St. Louis himself, and his traits of character were such that he made friends with all of those with whom he came in contact.

Ten years later, 1864, the *Daily Missouri Republican* heads an article of four columns:

LIEUT. GENERAL GRANT.

We have been favored by an intimate personal friend of Lieut. General Grant with the subjoined authentic biographical sketch of that distinguished officer, whose brilliant and signal services during the past year have raised him so rapidly, as well, as deservedly to his present exalted position. As comparatively few of his countrymen are acquainted with the earlier antecedents of his life, a curiosity inspired as well by his recent achievements as his present distinguished rank and great responsibilities, will impart a deep and wide interest to the memoir of the illustrious soldier, which we have the pleasure to give below. (Following this is an article on General Grant, which article we do not reproduce for lack of space.)

GENERAL GRANT'S LOG CABIN.

Amidst the architectural splendors and the palatial structures of the greatest of all World's Fairs, the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, and surround-

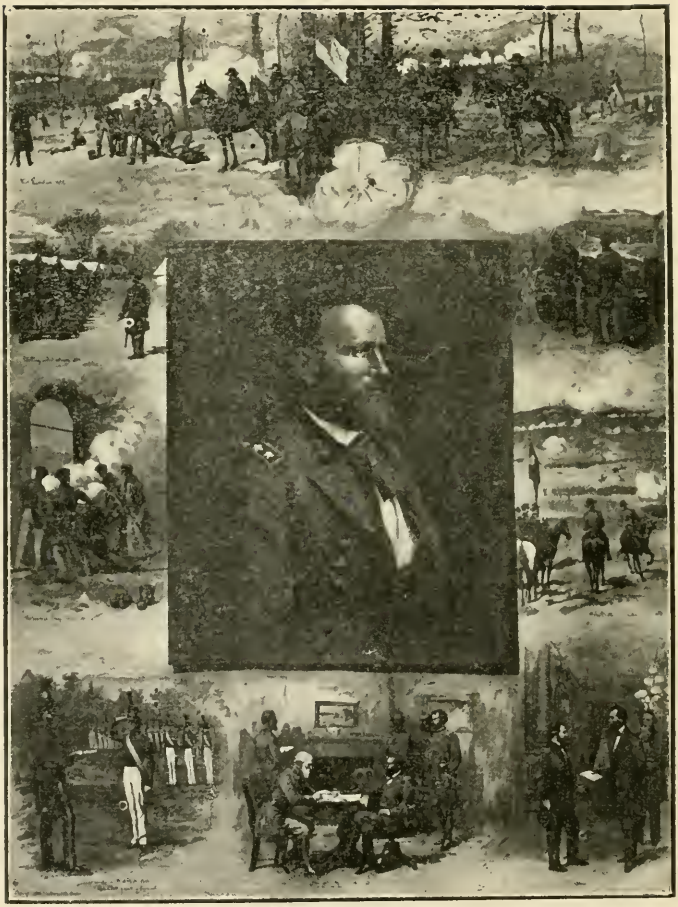
ed by trees at the very top of Art Hill and at the head of the Cascades, stands in all its original simplicity the plain log cabin erected by General U. S. Grant in 1854, and which was his home for many years.

Little did he think at the time he was forced to build this log cabin to shelter his family that in a few short years he would be one of the most talked of men in the world, and doubtless little dreamed that he would be tendered the highest office within the gift of the American people. There is a great object lesson in this humble log cabin for the young man of to-day, who thinks his lot in life is hard and sees little promise of ever rising above his present surroundings and is prone to become discouraged and disheartened, for if he will look at this cabin and think of the man who built it and lived in it barely able to earn enough to provide for his family it gives him encouragement to fight on with the hope that he may some day make his mark in the world.

There is some good in every man, some spark of genius which in the majority of cases is not discovered for the reason that the whole human family are subjects of heredity and environment.

Chance has made many a hero, but he must have the making of a hero in him to take advantage of that chance when it is offered.

This little log cabin has been lying in St. Louis County for 50 years unnoticed by the general public, because it was hidden away by trees and far from the roadway. Neither the patriotism of the



American people, nor the patriotism of the Government ever prompted any action towards preserving this historic relic, but it occurred to one of St. Louis' most prominent citizens, Mr. C. F. Blanke, to purchase the cabin on his own personal account and after the Fair is over present it to the city of St. Louis, on condition that they preserve it as a historic relic.

The cabin is one of the first points looked for by visitors and long after the palatial structures of the World's Fair will have been torn down and linger but as a memory in the minds of the people this humble home of the statesman soldier will still stand on Art Hill as a monument built by one of America's greatest as well as humblest citizens.

The compiler and publisher wishes to thank the gentlemen who so kindly furnished the anecdotes that follow, and the reader will be well repaid by studying carefully each one of them. Each of these distinguished gentlemen has told his story in his own peculiar style, and over his autograph, and each one of these gentlemen was a personal friend of General Grant.

J. L. P.

GOV. CHAS. P. JOHNSON.

Born in Lebanon, St. Clair County Illinois, Jan. 18, 1836. His father Henry Johnson was a native of Pennsylvania and his mother whose maiden name was Elvira Foulke, was born in Kaskaskia Illinois and saw much of frontier life

As a young man, Chas. P. Johnson received his early education in the Belleville public schools. To the culture of his mother was due to a very great extent, the excellencies of his mental as well as his moral character. At an early age, he learned the printers trade and published in his 18th year, a paper in Sparta, Illinois. He disposed of this enterprise in 1854 and attended McKendree college at Lebanon, Illinois.

In 1855 he removed to St. Louis, and in 1857 was admitted to the bar. Political contests at this time were exceedingly bitter, and his opinions threw him into the ranks of the Free Soil Party, of which he became a recognized leader, in company with Francis P. Blair and other intrepid men.

In 1859 Mr. Johnson was elected City Attorney. In 1860 he advocated the election of Lincoln to the Presidency, and in 1861, when the war broke out, espoused the cause of the Union, and by his eloquence and influence greatly strengthened the cause of the Anti-Secession Leaders in St. Louis. He enlisted under the first call for troops, was elected Lieutenant, and served for three months in the Third Missouri Regiment. He then assisted in raising the Eighth Missouri Regiment, and personally tendered the services of that organization to President Lincoln. He was tendered the Majorship of the regiment, but declined it on account of delicate

health.

In 1862 he was nominated for Congress, which honor he declined, but accepted a candidacy on the Legislative ticket (on account of his interest in state laws), to which office he was elected. Again in 1865 he was re-elected to the Legislature by a large majority, serving until 1866, when he accepted the appointment of State's Attorney for the City and County of St. Louis, which position he filled for six years in a manner that gained for him universal approbation and laid the foundation for his subsequent brilliant career at the bar. In 1872 he was nominated for Lieutenant Governor on the joint Democratic and Liberal Republican state ticket, and was elected. During his term as Lieutenant Governor he became noted for his remarkable ability as a parliamentarian, being one of the few presidents from whose decisions no appeal was ever taken.

At the expiration of his term he resumed the practice of law until the prevalence of public gambling became so obnoxious that he determined to suppress the evil, if possible, and for that purpose again became a member of the Legislature. In 1880 he introduced and secured the passage of the now famous Johnson Gambling Law, making gambling a felony.

Governor Johnson's reputation is not confined to the courts of this city, but he is known throughout the country, and has frequently been sent for to take charge of cases coming up in courts in the far Western as well as Eastern states. His reputation is national, and as an orator he stands second to none. As a prosecutor he was rarely known to lose a case, but being of a sympathetic nature, always followed up the cases where he secured a conviction, and after having convicted his man and satisfied the law would make several personal appeals, if necessary, to the Governor of the state in order to have the sentence commuted to a term in the penitentiary. It is said that of all the convictions he secured there was but one instance where he was unable to persuade the Governor to commute the sentence.

Governor Johnson is at his best when pleading for the defense, and the manner in which he can sway a jury is almost hypnotic.

General U. S. Grant was the hero of the war for

the preservation of the Republic, during which he achieved immortal fame.

One of his strongest traits, however, as shown throughout his marvelous career, was his simplicity of character and freedom from ostentation, vanity and egotism.

In heart at least he was a child of nature and what I here relate I think will go far to verify my statement.

I became acquainted with General Grant when he was a partner of Mr. Henry Boggs in the real estate business. Mr. Boggs was a cousin of Mrs. Grant's. Their office was on Pine street, on the north side, in the city of St. Louis, between Second and Third streets. I had been a student for a time in the office of Sloss & Jones, attorneys-at-law, in an office in the adjoining building to the west, and had for my sleeping apartment a hall room in the building in which the firm of Boggs & Grant was located. In fact my apartment adjoined their office on the second floor. The law firm of Moody, McClellan & Hillyer was in the front room on the lower floor. Mr. Hillyer of that firm was afterwards appointed on the staff of General Grant, shortly after the commencement of the war.

General Grant never made a dollar as a real estate agent, and during the time he was in the business made his application to the County Commissioners of St. Louis for the position as Superintendent of County Roads. In referring to his failure to procure the appointment, he says, "My opponent had the advantage of birth over me

(he was a citizen by adoption) and carried off the prize." He withdrew from the partnership with Boggs in May, 1860, and removed to Galena, Illinois, where he took a clerkship in his father's store.

During his stay in the building referred to I met him frequently and though he was silent and taciturn in manner I soon became on talking terms with him. In conversation he was both pleasant, interesting and instructive. His former connection with the army and service in the Mexican war afforded a field for conversation of absorbing interest to me. The exciting campaigns of Generals Scott and Taylor were part of my boyhood recollections.

At the time I speak of General Grant was a great smoker, using both cigars and pipe. He would occasionally during the summer evenings sit on the steps in front of his office building and smoke and chat on various subjects of passing importance. Right across the street was a cigar store kept by a thin, sharp visaged little German, whose complexion was yellow enough to remind one of a shriveled and dried up leaf of Virginia plant.

He was good natured, quiet, talkative and afforded his customers a good deal of amusement by the novel manner in which he constructed sentences and pronounced the English language. General Grant was a customer at the shop and keenly enjoyed a talk with him.

The janitress of the building was a negro aunty of the old slave school, who dressed as such and always wore a red bandana handkerchief around her head. She was as kind and good a creature

as ever lived. She occupied a rear apartment at the end of a long porch on the lower floor of the building with her husband, a grizzled old negro, who had worked and purchased his freedom and was still at work driving a dray.

Everybody in the building and in fact all who knew her had a kind word and an affectionate feeling for the old aunty. When the chilling days of frost, snow and ice came she always had a huge boiler of coffee boiling on the stove and stood on watch to catch each of her wards (for she seemed to think we were all under her special care) and greet them with, "Come chile, you need a cup of hot coffee to keep away de cold."

Many, many years have run away since then, but I never revert to those student days without a "God bless you" for old aunty. There were other personages about the building and in the locality that attracted attention, and were known to General Grant, but as stated above General Grant abandoned the real estate business, bid farewell to his Pine street and other associates, shook the dust of Missouri from his feet and located in Illinois, and it was well he did so, as after events proved.

In 1861 the Civil War was precipitated upon the country. The conflict lasted for over four years. In that time the United States was the arena for the greatest struggle in behalf of human liberty that ever occurred in the history of mankind. There was no contest like unto it, either ancient or modern. Its grandeur and magnitude are still but partially understood. It was an era of heroic achieve-

ments beyond the powers of the greatest of epic poets to appropriately immortalize.

The historian has not yet appeared, who can do justice to the lofty theme. In that period of mighty events, General Grant stands out as the great unequaled leader of the armies of the nation. The arbitriment was left to the sword and from the humble position of clerk at Galena General Grant went to Springfield, Illinois, the home of Abraham Lincoln, and took up the sword. With it he marshalled first the legions of the West, and then the legions of both the West and the East, those of the entire nation and from Belmont to Appomattox, through the bewildering and bloody vicissitudes of war he bore the sword and led the nation's hosts to triumph and victory. The halo of an unrivaled and unequaled glory crowned him, when the mighty warrior of the South surrendered his sword at Appomattox.

I did not meet General Grant after parting with him on Pine street until a day or two prior to the Fourth of July, 1865. Since that time his achievements as referred to had exalted him to the highest pinnacle of glory in the hearts of his countrymen, and the estimation of the world. I was in the city of Washington in company with Mr. Peter L. Foy, a former editor of the *Missouri Democrat,* and an ardent friend at all times of the Union cause. He suggested that it was our duty, as St. Louisans, to visit and pay our respects to General Grant. We called at his residence on Pennsylvania avenue and were ushered into the parlor. It was a gala day in

Washington. It was a day of rejoicing there and throughout the entire North. The war was ended. From out the highway there came the notes of martial music, the rattling and rumbling of long lines of artillery, the clattering noise of cavalry and the measured tramp of thousands of returning veterans. Flags and bunting fluttered from every house and inspiring scenes were presented on every side.

In a short time General Grant came in. He was plainly dressed in citizens' clothes, his favorite black frock coat was adorned only with a small stripe, golden lined, and having thereon the solitary star which marked the highest position in the army.

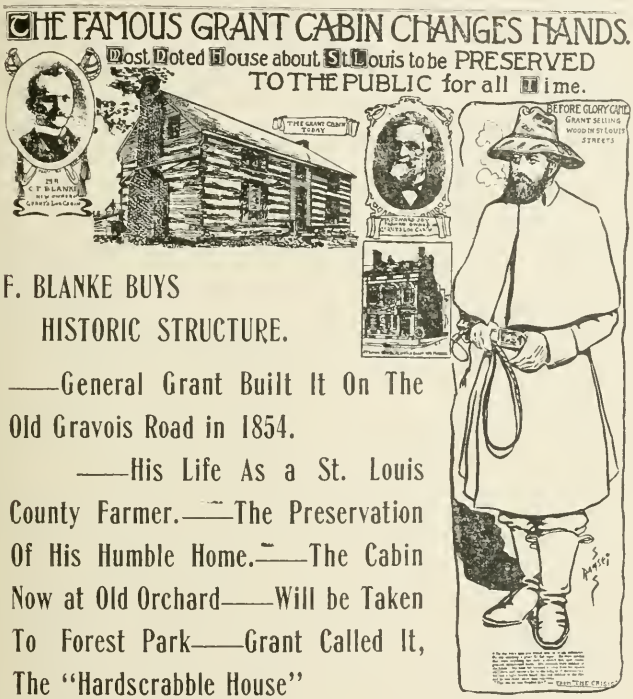
He first addressed Mr. Foy and shook his hand heartily; he had seen Mr. Foy a few months before and knew him quite well. He then addressed me, and after looking at me for a moment remarked: "I think I know you. You were a student of law in St. Louis when I was one of the firm of Boggs & Grant." "You are right, General, there is where we met." "Well, I am very glad to meet you. Come and sit on the lounge here and tell me something about the old crowd." I sat down and for nearly an hour he talked with interest and animation about the various personages he had met in and around the old office on Pine street. With very apparent feeling he asked about the old aunty and her husband, and when I told him she had been gathered to her long rest a year or two before, he expressed his sorrow and eulogized her for her many kind and

amiable qualities. Nor was the old German tobacconist forgotten, and he quietly laughed when referring to his humorous characteristics. From this he branched off into some recollections of life in St. Louis, but resumed again as we parted to his memories of the old aunty. During the entire conversation his mind seemed centered upon the recollections connected with the Pine street office and the characters to which I have alluded. He seemed to deeply enjoy the retrospect. I thought then, and I think now that this incident afforded an admirable illustration of one of the strongest traits of General Grant's character.

Occupying the most exalted position that glorious achievements could place him in, and surrounded by all the pomp and circumstances of war, yet in the simplicity of his nature he turned with pleasure to his kindly recollections of one of the most humble of God's creatures.

General Grant was dowered with a great mind, he had withal a great heart.

Chas P Johnson.



C. F. BLANKE BUYS HISTORIC STRUCTURE.

——General Grant Built It On The Old Gravois Road in 1854.

——His Life As a St. Louis County Farmer.——The Preservation Of His Humble Home.——The Cabin Now at Old Orchard——Will be Taken To Forest Park——Grant Called It, The "Hardscrabble House"

The most famous log cabin in the world has just been bought by C. F. Blanke, of St. Louis, and will be preserved in Forest Park as a sacred relic of American history. It is the log house that Gen. Grant built.

Gen. Grant's log cabin, built by his own hands on the old Ridge road, nine miles southwest of St. Louis, when the ex-army officer was a struggling

farmer in 1855, and occupied by Grant and his family for three years, will stand next year in the World's Fair grounds, dwarfing in popular interest the magnificent palaces of the Exposition. From all countries, from all climes will come pilgrims to this shrine, to honor the memory of one of history's greatest warriors.

Around this old log house cluster associations unsurpassed for intense romantic and dramatic interest. They comprise situations of the sort that enchant and thrill. They stir the depths and touch the heights of human feeling. This cabin is the central setting of a mighty picture that is unique in history.

To-day a man in early middle age, bowed by toil and broken by disappointments, builds a humble log house to shelter his little family. He is pronounced a failure in life by family and friends.

To-morrow the same man, "lord of a far-flung battle line," is chief of all the armies of the greatest republic of all time, controlling absolutely the movements of a million men, fighting and winning battles along a line a thousand miles in length. He is pronounced one of the greatest of modern generals. He commands the greatest army that ever existed, almost twice as big as the one Napoleon took into Russia.

From "Hardscrabble" to the White House was a matter of but ten years. From the cabin to a major-generalship it was a span of but three years. Nine years after Grant's hands hewed the logs for the house and lifted them into place, and six years

after he moved out of the cabin, those same hands accepted from President Abraham Lincoln a commission as lieutenant-general of the armies of the United States, a rank revived by special act of Congress in order that the victorious general might be elevated thereto and thus be in a position to command every army in the field, throwing men by hundreds of thousands against the enemy, from Texas to the Maryland shore, and crushing the great rebellion.

And the cabin built by that disappointed farmer and victorious general is the one that has stood for nearly fifty years within nine miles of the St. Louis courthouse and which last week was transferred from Edward Joy of Old Orchard to Mr. Blanke.

Napoleon used to tell how, when a young soldier, he walked the pavements of Paris with his shoes in shocking condition and was compelled to stand off his washerwoman for want of funds; but that was merely for an insignificant period in the conqueror's career. Napoleon knew but little of the sting of poverty.

Ulysses S. Grant knew all its bitterness, through long, tedious, soul-sickening years of struggle. For seven years he lived in St. Louis County, in the city of St. Louis and at Galena, Ill., feeling every day the pinch of poverty and stooping under the struggle to make a living.

Something of this long battle with adverse conditions was told in the Magazine supplement of last Sunday's *Post-Dispatch*, in the excerpts from Churchill Williams' new novel of St. Louis, "The

Captain," and that story began with the picture of Capt. Grant hewing the logs for the building of the same cabin that has now changed hands. That story told, in the limitations of a fictional narrative, something about the old log house. Now for fuller facts and the story of the transfer.

In the fall of 1854, Ulysses S. Grant, having resigned from the army July 31 of that year, came to St. Louis by way of Georgetown, O., his father's home. A graduate of West Point, he had received a lieutenant's commission and had fought bravely through the Mexican War. Married in 1848 to Miss Julia Dent, who lived out on Gravois road below St. Louis, he had served at several army posts. From Sackett's Harbor, N. Y., he had been sent to far Fort Vancouver, on the northern Pacific coast, and thence to Fort Humboldt, Cal., 240 miles above San Francisco.

His pay as an army officer was small—much less than officers of the same rank receive to-day. He could not take his wife and little son, now Gen. Frederick Dent Grant, around the Horn to his distant post. He sent Mrs. Grant and the child to his father's home in Ohio, and shortly after his departure a second son was born. Later Mrs. Grant and her children went to live at White Haven, her birthplace, the home of Col. Frederick Dent, near this city.

Above all things else, Grant was a home man. He loved his family. The separation was unendurable. One day in April, 1854, he received his commission as a captain. The same day he resigned his

commission, to take effect the last day of the July following. Jefferson Davis, then secretary of war, made the final indorsement of approval on the resignation.

Grant started immediately to rejoin his family. Always of a generous nature, he had loaned sums of money to army friends and others whom he met while in the service. At San Francisco he hoped to collect enough from his debtors to carry him to his wife and little ones. Those who owed him evaded him. He walked the streets of San Francisco without a dollar. Chief Quartermaster Robert Allen found him in a miserable garret room, his head bowed, his face haggard and sorrowful. Allen arranged for his transportation to New York, and also raised some money to supply his daily needs on the trip.

From New York he went to Watertown, where he hired a horse and rode to Sackett's Harbor in the hope of collecting enough money from other debtors to bring him to St. Louis. Again he met disappointment. He returned to New York penniless.

Capt. Simon B. Buckner, recruiting officer in New York, lately a distinguished general and in 1896 the vice-presidential candidate on the Gold Democracy's ticket became surety for his hotel bill. Finally Grant received from his father a sum sufficient to take him to his old home in Ohio, where he seems to have been received rather coldly.

The neighbors say that Jesse Grant was deeply humiliated by the home-coming of his eldest son in such a condition. He had boasted for years of

Ulysses, but now he turned to his sons, Simpson and Orvil.

"West Point spoiled one of my boys for business," he said.

"I guess that's about so," replied Ulysses, when he heard of his father's remark.

Grant's mother, however, greeted him affectionately, glad that he had left the army, and was going to settle down to a career of peace.

After a brief visit with his parents, Grant came to St. Louis and rejoined his family at Col. Dent's home. Thirty-two years of age, with a wife and two children, he had abandoned the military profession and its pay and was facing the future without a cent.

Capt. Grant had quit the army to establish a home. The wife of his youth, little Fred and the boy whom he never had seen until he reached White Haven and was met by his family at the gate —these had lured him back to civil life.

Grant had gone to work and built the home, Col. Dent setting aside a tract of about 80 acres on the old home farm for his use. He did not give Grant a deed to the land; he simply, for Julia's sake, gave the Mexican war veteran permission to "take it and do what you can with it." Col. Dent, like Jesse Grant, was not well pleased with the man who had married his daughter. The colonel was a southerner, of considerable means, a successful, substantial citizen. His son-in-law had reached his thirty-third year without laying up a dollar against the future. Old neighbors of the Dents still recall uncompli-

mentary language used by Col. Dent in alluding to Capt. Grant.

Ordinary men would be prone to sink under such handicaps. Grant stood erect. His wife loved and honored him. Cheerfully she shared his hardships. That winter and the next spring and summer the ex-captain cut wood, plowed for wheat, hoed corn, bound wheat behind the keen cradles of his father-in-law's darkey slaves, and was a farmer's man of all work. He had worked on a farm in his boyhood, and while stationed on the Pacific coast, he had raised a large crop of potatoes, in the hope of making some money for his family. Potatoes were selling at $9 per bushel when he planted his crop. When he dug the tubers they were worthless, for everybody else had raised a large crop, and Grant paid some men to haul the potatoes out of his way. There were other agricultural disappointments to come.

In the late fall of 1854, the harvest over, Grant began the work of cutting trees from which to hew the timbers of the log house that has now been sold. He worked early and late. Oak and elm fell before his onslaught. He fought it out on that line all the fall, and at last was ready for "the raisin'." There are many venerable citizens of St. Louis who recall, with fond recollection, the house-raisings of those old days. Such neighborhood functions were of frequent occurrence, and yet not so frequent as to lose their charm. When the pioneer had hewed his logs and hauled them to the site of his future home he went through the countryside notifying his neigh-

bors that upon a certain day "the raisin'" would take place. Bright and early came the neighbors, to assist the house-builder in raising the timbers into place. There was a dinner spread on the ground, and hard cider and ginger cakes kept the workers cheerful.

GRANT GAVE A LIFT AT HIS HOUSE-RAISING.

Grant's house-raising was no whit different from the others in its immediate aspect; but in its historical significance it was vastly different. The neighbors, that autumn day who stood at the corners, Grant standing at one corner, and heaved the hewn logs into their position, had high respect for "the captain," because he was known to them as a veteran of the Mexican war, and as a former officer of the regular army. They respected him also because he was a hard worker, like themselves, and a good family man. They liked him for his manly qualities.

But those men at the house-raising reserved their thrill for six or seven years thereafter, when the man who had stood at the left-hand front corner of the log cabin during the raising had passed Shiloh and Donelson and Vicksburg, and "the captain" was wearing the double star of a major-general, whose name was applauded by millions.

It required a day to place the logs. Grant then laid the floors and helped a carpenter to fit the window frames. He also did the greater part of the shingling, and built the stairway that leads to the two big, low rooms in the gable roof.

When the house was completed, Grant moved his family into it. His father-in-law's big white house, a mansion in those days, bore a name of its own. Grant gave his cabin a distinctive name.

"We'll call it Hardscrabble," he said, probably wondering how the master of White Haven would like the name.

And it was hard scrabbling for Grant during the next few years. He was a tireless worker. He plowed and planted, he sowed and reaped. He hoed when days were dry and hammered when it rained.

There were other farmers in the neighborhood who piled up much wood cut in clearing land and burnt it. Grant was more economical. He cut his trees into cord wood and hauled the product by the wagon load into St. Louis and sold it. Much of it he cut into props for the lead mines many miles south of his farm and hauled to that district, where he sold it.

Ulysses S. Grant was a teamster. He owned two excellent horses, which he had purchased through Charles Ford, at that time manager of the United States Express Company's office in St. Louis. The animals were strong and reliable, and Grant made pets of them. He was kind to his team, say his neighbors, and they cheerfully pulled bigger loads than any horses in the section were able to do.

Once Grant hauled 60 bushels of wheat into St. Louis at a load. Old Mr. Sappington, a neighbor, told Grant he had heard that story, but didn't believe it. Grant offered to pit his team against Sappington's. "We'll both load on 60 bushels," he said,

"and if I get to St. Louis without other aid and you don't, the two loads are mine. If you get there without aid and I don't, the 120 bushels are yours."

Sappington smiled and said, "Well, cap'n, I don't see how you do it."

There was no false pride about Ulysses S. Grant. Clad in his old blue army overcoat and his high army boots, which lasted him ten years after his resignation from the army, he used to haul wood to Jefferson Barracks, where as a young brevet lieutenant he had shone in society and from which he had ridden out on his fine horse to court Col. Dent's daughter. At the barracks he sometimes met old army associates, who sneered at the shabby-looking farmer. Grant appeared not to notice the sneers. He was trying to make a living for his family. In the big log cabin was a busy housewife surrounded by her children, and that was home—something he never knew when he was in the army.

"Hardscrabble" was a haven of rest during the long winter evenings. Neighbors came in and played checkers with the captain, who it is said, nearly always won. A little later he played with like success up a vastly larger checkerboard. In those days of hard and humble life he was learning to do and to endure; he was being disciplined for a greater game.

Thus life went on, a humdrum life except for the wife and babies; grubbing, hoeing, hauling, Grant began to grow old, apparently. He permitted his beard to grow, so that he looked much older than he was. Perhaps he felt old. It is known that he

made but little headway in his farming and that he was deeply discouraged, but he made little complaint. A slight stoop appeared in his shoulders. His old military clothes became shabbier and shabbier. His family had food, for food was plentiful and cheap, and the house was kept warm in winter by heaps of wood in the big old-fashioned fireplaces at each end of the cabin; but Grant's health failed; he caught chills and fever and grew sallow, and seeing nothing in prospect but the same sort of patient, pitiless, unremunerative toil, he was almost beaten; almost, but not quite. That was not Grant's way.

His more prosperous fellow farmers began to refer to him as a failure. "He can't succeed at farming," they said; "why, he couldn't even raise potatoes when he was in the army."

Old Col. Dent shared this opinion. He was deeply disappointed in his son-in-law. In 1857 Mrs. Dent died, and Col. Dent removed to St. Louis. Capt. Grant was placed in charge of White Haven, moving out of the dear old cabin, "Hardscrabble." He was in control of the negro slaves. A historian of the period says: "He was a poor slave-driver, however; the negroes did pretty much as they pleased."

Late in 1858, racked with the ague, he gave up farming and determined to get a foothold in St. Louis. Col. Dent, doubtless agreeing with Ulysses in this change, secured for him a partnership with Harry Boggs in the real estate business, the firm of Boggs & Grant having desk room in a dingy of-

fice on Pine street, between Second and Third streets. Grant boarded with the Boggses, leaving his family at the farm for the winter.

But he was a failure as a real estate man. He couldn't sell or rent property. He lacked the faculty of bartering, bargaining, cajoling customers into doing business. Boggs soon discovered this, and Grant was let down and out of the firm. Once more the ex-captain was thrown upon his own resources. He tried to secure the appointment as county engineer, a position for which, by reason of his West Point education, he was eminently fitted. He failed. The defeat was a bitter disappointment.

Meanwhile he had moved his family into St. Louis, having made a trade for "Hardscrabble" for a house and lot on Lynch street. It was a bad trade, showing that he was not a real estate expert. The title proved defective, and he was forced to give up the house, moving into one much humbler.

Grant secured a custom house clerkship. Next month the collector of customs died, and Grant again walked the streets looking for work. He owed his landlord. He was almost at his wits' end.

"It seemed to him," says one who remembers it, "that the future promised only cold and hunger for him and his. He acknowledged his inability to make a living in St. Louis and went to his father an apparently defeated man."

His father and brothers gave him a position at a salary of $50 a month in their leather store at Galena, and Grant was glad to get the job. That was in 1860. A year later he leaped into fame and un-

dying glory.

Edward Joy, who has owned the Grant cabin since 1891, when asked last week why he admires Gen. Grant so highly, replied:

"Because Grant had the most man in him of any man I ever heard of. All through his life he showed the very highest qualities of manhood. He would not accept Lee's sword at Appomattox, and he told the surrendered Confederates to take their horses and ride home and put in their crops."

Mr. Joy is now 82 years of age. He has lived in the vicinity of St. Louis since 1873, engaged in the real estate business. How he came to buy the Grant cabin he thus explained last week:

"In 1891 I was out driving with an old friend, a lady, and we passed down the Gravois road and out the old Ridge road. My companion said, 'See that log house out there in the woods? Gen. Grant built that and lived in it.' I was interested at once, and before I got back home I determined to buy the house if it could be bought. Luther Conn owned the Dent place and the cabin. I made him an offer of $4,000 for the cabin. The next day he came to my office and said that for $5,000 I could have it. I gave him my check for $3,000 and my note for the balance, at 60 days. I paid the note when it became due and owned the Grant log cabin absolutely.

Mr. Joy built a high board fence around the cabin, to keep intruders away, and induced a family to live in it and take care of the relic. Frank Pelsoe, a mail carrier, is the present occupant. A

woman from Kentucky, a member of the household, who shows properly accredited visitors through the wide rooms, remarked last week to the Sunday *Post-Dispatch*:

"They say that Mr. Grant himself stood at that front corner and raised the logs the day of the raising. Well, I've seen a good many log houses in Kentucky, where the building of them is something of an art, and I must say that in my opinion, Mr. Grant was a much greater warrior than he was an architect."

Mr. Joy says that he understands that Gen. Grant owned the cabin for some years after the war and visited it. Mrs. Grant also paid a visit to "Hardscrabble" after her trip around the world with the general. While there, she met many old friends, who were forced to acknowledge that Ulysses had amounted to something, though they still held that he was not much of a farmer.

Mr. Conn, from whom Mr. Joy bought the cabin, purchased the estate from William H. Vanderbilt, it is stated. When Ferdinand Ward wrecked the firm of Grant & Ward in 1884, Gen. Grant turned over the property to Vanderbilt, one of his largest creditors. Grant remarked to Vanderbilt that he did not have $100 in the world. The next year, at Mount McGregor, the old warrior died, fighting against adverse fortune to the very last.

Mr. Blanke, the new owner of "Hardscrabble," is a World's Fair director. He is arranging to remove the cabin to the Fair site and rebuild it upon a location that may be permanent. He will make

a proposition to the city whereby the cabin may remain in Forest Park.

ROBERTUS LOVE.

In Post Dispatch, March 15, 1903

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March 22, 1904.

C. F. Blanke

St. Louis, Mo.

Daar Sirs;

We beg to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the two logs you were good enough to send us from the Log Cabin built by General Grant in 1854.

This wood has been used by us in making a frame for the set of resolutions made by the Board of Trustees of the St. Louis Public Library to Andrew Carnegie, Esq., in acknowledgment of his donation of One Million Dollars for the building of a Public Library in St. Louis.

Very truly yours,

Wm Baumgarten & Co

GEN. JNO. W. NOBLE.

Born at Lancaster, Ohio, Oct. 26, 1831. His father, Colonel John Noble, was a man of military training and was well known throughout Ohio. His mother, whose maiden name was Catharine McDill, was a native of Maryland.

John Willock Noble received his earlier education in the common schools at Cincinnati, afterwards at Miami University, and later at Yale, graduating at the latter in the class of 1851.

Upon his return home he studied law in the office of Henry Stanbery, afterwards Attorney General of the United States. He also studied law in the office of his brother, Henry C. Noble, at Columbus, Ohio, was admitted to the bar in 1853, removed to St. Louis, where he was admitted to the bar in 1855. In 1856 he removed to Keokuk, Iowa, and formed a co-partnership with Ralph P. Lowe, who was afterwards Governor of that state.

He was busily engaged in his law practice when the war broke out, but abandoned his practice to enlist in the army. His first engagement was the battle of Athens, Mo. He was appointed First Lieutenant, Company C, Third Iowa Cavalry, and soon afterwards appointed Regimental Adjutant.

He gradually arose from First Lieutenant to Colonel, and was breveted Brigadier General for distinguished and meritorious services in the field. He participated in the battle of Pea Ridge, also the siege and fall of Vicksburg and the second battle at Jackson.

The regiment, having re-enlisted, was under his command in a number of engagements against Forest in Tennessee and Mississippi. He also participated in the cavalry campaign

under General James H. Wilson, through Alabama and Georgia. He was at the head of his regiment in the night attack on the works of Columbus, Ga., in which he was victorious, and on account of the excellent service rendered, Colonel Noble and his regiment were put in command of the city during the stay of the army there.

While he was almost continuously with his regiment, he served for awhile under General Samuel R. Curtis, first as Judge Advocate General of the Army of the Southwest, and afterwards as Judge Advocate in the Department of the Missouri.

During the war he was married to Miss Lizabeth Halstead at Northampton, Mass. At the close of the war he returned to Iowa, but soon after decided to make St. Louis his home. He was appointed District Attorney in 1867 and was exceptionally energetic and successful as a prosecutor, his services attracting the attention of President Grant, who thanked him before his Cabinet for the faithful performance of his duties. The President afterwards tendered him the office of Solicitor General, but he declined, preferring to continue at his regular practice.

General Noble has always been exceptionally successful as a lawyer, and it would be impossible to enumerate here the numbr of cases which he has handled successfully, cases involving large sums of money, corporations and municipalities.

In 1889 he was appointed Secretary of the Interior by President Harrison, and in 1893 resumed the practice of law at the St. Louis bar.

The following is a verbatim report of a speech delivered by Gen. Noble before the Union Club of Philadelphia:

"GRANT IN EARLIER DAYS."

The Chair:—I will now ask you to drink a personal toast, in honor of a distinguished guest—one of the high officers of the State—who comes to us from the executive family of President Harrison. Honor and health to John W. Noble, the Secretary of the Interior (loud applause), and in doing so we bid him hearty welcome to the Union League.

We welcome him not alone because of his great office, whose duties he discharges with such universal acceptance; not alone as one near to the President, the friend of his early years; not alone as a representative of the vast and growing West, whose imminent empire overshadows the land, but as among those modest, faithful forces in Republican citizenship, long reigning in silent useful ways, and coming when duty calls to serve his country as statesman and counsellor.

Gentlemen, the health of the Secretary of the Interior.

SPEECH OF HON. JOHN W. NOBLE,
Secretary of the Interior.

As Mr. Noble rose he was loudly cheered. When silence was restored he said:

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen:—It is indeed a distinguished and pleasing honor to be your guest to-night. This I attribute rather to my office than myself, and in no small degree to my association with the Post-Master General. To-day, in company with the President and your distinguished fellow-citizen, I have looked upon one of the most significant tributes that our country now or in the coming years can pay to the memory of Ulysses S. Grant. (Applause.) I come from where was this great man's home in the days of his poverty and toil; and I fully realize the contrast between his prospects then and the fame and esteem that the American people now give his name and in which they hold his memory. (Applause.)

When to-day in the city of New York her vast

commercial marts were all closed, and hundreds of thousands of men and women assembled on the side of the river with uncovered heads, to lay the corner stone of the tomb of Grant, we recognize there was something in the character of the man that in a momentous period of our national life united him deeply and everlastingly with the spirit of our people. (Applause.)

What was the source of this?

I have been in the log cabin that Grant reared near St. Louis. It was such as our forefathers built when they were first mastering the wilderness of this vast continent. The logs that composed the fabric were hewn by his own hand, and the structure was erected in a queer old western fashion, at what is called "a raising." I have conversed with one now living (Henry C. Wright, of St. Louis), who in those days was a man of considerable possessions and was one of those present at that gathering of the neighbors. He had a mill, and he has told me of the days when Captain Grant came with his grain upon his horse with Nellie, his daughter, seated behind him, and waited until the grain was ground, and then took the meal home in the evening to his own fireside. (Applause.)

I have heard the stories of those men who saw him cutting what he called "props" from the oak, or "black jack," on his farm, of sufficient strength to keep asunder the sides of the mine and taking them to the coal mines near St. Louis to sell for five dollars a load, and then riding home in his empty wagon, with the proceeds of his labor. (Applause.)

An incident occurred in his life (witnesses of which have told it to me) worthy of note as indicative of his character. At the corner of the roads near Grant's home, where there was a blacksmith shop, some of his neighbors were assembled and the Captain came by, after he had sold his load. They were discussing the misfortunes of another neighbor, a German, who the night before had lost his all in a conflagration that consumed his home, destroyed his furniture and all his cooking utensils and left him and his wife and children without shelter and without means. The question was what were they to do? Grant, coming along in his empty wagon, heard the story; and he said: "I know that man—he is a good man. I have five dollars, the proceeds of my load, give it to him. It is all I have—I wish I had more to give." (Applause.)

There is unveiled on Twelfth street, in St. Louis, a statue of Grant as he stood on the battlefield, and it is not far distant from the spot where he sold cord wood, cut with his own hand.

It is asked, why it is our people turn out in countless multitudes from all quarters of the city of New York when his funeral procession goes by; or when the corner stone of his mausoleum is laid, or why his birthday is celebrated in many great cities, as here to-night; I reply because they recognize he was a man in sympathy with the people, and loved the government because it was the best that people could have, a free constitutional government.

When the war broke out and the question was

whether labor such as he had performed was to be dignified or degraded, Grant, impelled by self-respect, elevated by his manly nature and taught by severe experience, declared for free labor and the equality of all men before the law. He entered the Union Army because in that organized force was the power to maintain these principles and there was a necessity for its immediate use. He became first a mustering officer, then a colonel, by the friendship of Washburne and by the more distinguished favor of the Governor of Illinois. But he spoke and wrote as a man as well as served as a soldier. Among the first letters he then penned, was one to a relative saying to him with an emphasis few men in the Republic of that day used, in substance: "It is inevitable that this war must lead to the extinguishment of slavery, and it is high time that if you value such property as you have you get rid of it, for believe me, there will be no result other than that of the destruction of all value in it."

He was not a man of pretentious superiority; he was great and self-reliant; but he was of the utmost simplicity in thought and method.

In his memoirs he narrates, you remember, that he was doubtful of his capacity to handle his command in the presence of the enemy then behind the hill. What should he do when they met? His heart was full, his mind troubled, but as he ascended the hill, he found that the enemy's camp was deserted and he was the possessor of the field, and he says he found that the enemy was more afraid than he was.

(Applause.) That lesson he carried on through the war, and the first exercise of it was at Donelson. He had determined that if a man of aggressive force was met by a counter force, he must be still more aggressive in the contest. The battle had lasted for some time and after a bitter fight both sides rested; Grant said whoever first began the fight anew would win, and he immediately gave the order for firing and the advance. The result was that the rebels were beaten and made the unconditional surrender of the fort. But as has been said here to-night, when these successes were secured, it was not for Grant; he did not consider that the victory was for him, but he deemed it was for his country, it was for the plain people, and the principles that would succor them and save free institutions. His heart all the time went out not only to the soldiers of the North that were supporting him, but to the whole people of our country, that they might be gathered under the wings and the brooding care of the Republic.

Subsequently, after the great battle of Shiloh, the victory at Vicksburg, Mission Ridge, and other great strategic combinations—victories we are so proud to celebrate—he came to the culminating period of his military career. Riding by night and riding by day, in a blouse, without military marks of rank, everlastingly moving by his left flank against Lee, who had to meet him constantly at some new point more dangerous to Richmond. Lee, who has been eulogized by many whose testimony has in it all the force of his own admirers, after the

battle of the Wilderness had been visited by the commanders of his different military corps. The battle there had been bloody and the Union forces not having gained any signal success it was anticipated that there would be again, as under previous generals, a retreat upon Washington. But while these Confederate warriors were gathered around their chief, an aid-de-camp rode in and said, "The enemy (that is Grant) is moving by his left flank towards Richmond!" Lee arose and said to his men, "To your posts, the order is to move by our right flank. The Union Army has at last found a General." (Applause.)

At last Grant came to Appomattox and the closing scene. In the presence of Lee, with his own hand, on a piece of paper no greater than that (holding up a menu about ten inches square) he wrote the terms of capitulation. You have seen the fac simile in his memoirs. A remarkable paper in military history. Written by a General in command of the greatest forces the world has ever seen, without an adjutant-general or other assistant. Fixing the destiny not only of the hundreds of thousands of the capitulating forces, but of a whole nation. As Grant looked up he saw that General Lee had on his sword and full insignia of rank in anticipation that there would be performed one of those dramatic scenes on the theater of war, of the surrender of one great general of his sword to the other and greater one. But Grant was not fighting for Grant, he was not fighting for theatrical effect, he had been fighting for the people, and had labored

all these years to preserve the Union; and as he looked up and saw that sword, he wrote: "The arms, artillery and public property to be parked and stacked, and turned over to the officer appointed by me to receive them. This will not embrace the side arms of officers, nor their private horses or baggage." (Applause.)

After that, and after the terms of that great capitulation were made, the Southern army was to disband. The question arose as to what was to be done with the horses that the enlisted men had been riding. They were not included within the strict terms of this capitulation, but the General said, with the memory of the days when on his own farm he had plowed the soil, where he had cut wood, "Let them take their horses with them, they will need them for the Spring plowing." (Applause.)

When President of these United States, as was mentioned by my eloquent friend, the Postmaster-General, and as the Senator from Vermont expressed it, he was as practical a man as has ever filled that station. He filled it with honor and most ditinguished ability. Afterwards he took that memorable journey around the world. This former farmer, this former hewer of wood and drawer of water, in the great Republic that gives any man a chance to rise to the highest place, visited the far distant regions of the earth and the islands of the sea, an invited and most welcome guest. Monarchs and nations uncovered in his presence and bowed before the greatness of the man. (Applause.) He was feasted at Windsor Castle by the

Queen; who, I am proud to say, in all the dark hours of our war for the Union,—whatever her ministers may have intended—was the friend of freedom. (Applause.) It was she who said, when they wanted her to declare that the Southern States were entitled to the rights of an independent nation, "As I understand it, they are fighting for slavery, and the North is fighting for freedom. I will approve no such order." (Applause.)

He returned to Liverpool, you remember, after his reception at Windsor Castle, and there many thousands of workingmen came to visit him and pay their respects. To them he said, in the simplicity of his character and the grandeur of his nature, that it was the most interesting visit and the most grateful honor that he had received since he had left his native land.

He came back. He was a man among us after that. He undertook to assume the cares of daily life once more, not thinking but that on any field integrity and labor and courage would succeed. He did not calculate upon the dispositions of others. Let me narrate an episode connecting the life of the great man more directly with yourselves. The citizens of Philadelphia during the war had honored him. You endeavored to put into his possession some recognition of the sacrifices he had made. Let me read a letter that was sent by him to Mr. Knight at the time. It is in his own hand:

Headquarters of the
Army of the Potomac.
City Point, Va., January 4, 1865.

Messrs. Geo. H. Stuart, A. E. Borie, Wm. C. Kent, E. C. Knight, Davis Pearson, Geo. W. Whitney and James Graham, Committee.

Gentlemen:—Through you the loyal citizens of Philadelphia have seen fit to present me with house and lot and furniture in your beautiful city. The letter notifying me of this is just received. It is with feelings of gratitude that I accept this substantial testimonial of the esteem of your loyal citizens. Gratitude, because it is evidence of a deep set determination on the part of a large number of citizens that this war shall go on until the Union is restored. (Applause) Pride that my humble efforts in so great a cause should attract such a token from a city of strangers to me.

I will not predict a day when we will have peace again with a Union restored. But that that day will come is as sure as the rising of to-morrow's sun. I have never doubted this in the darkest days of this dark and terrible rebellion.

Until this happy day of peace does come, my family will occupy and enjoy your magnificent present. But until that, I do not expect, nor desire to see much of the enjoyments of a home fireside.

I have the honor to be with great respect,

Your ob't serv't,

U. S. Grant, Lt. Gen., U. S. A.

Your munificence bestowed on him other gifts, and here is a letter from him in his own handwriting:

Headquarters Armies of
the United States.

Washington, January 26, 1867.

Dear Sir:—I have the honor to acknowledge receipt of the policies of insurance on my Philadelphia house which you have been kind enough to present me with. The kindness of the Philadelphia public as well as the individual kindness of the insurance companies represented by you, will be ever remembered by me most gratefully.

Please present my thanks to the Pennsylvania, Delaware Mutual and North American Insurance Companies for their favor.

With great respect, your ob't s'vt,

U. S. GRANT, General.

To E. C. Knight, Esq., Phil., Pa.

This property was worth, as I am told by Mr. Knight, now by my side, $52,000. The man to whom that was given was a man who had earned his living as we have seen; an American who never knew what it was to owe a debt that he could not pay. That honored man had commanded the forces of the whole Republic, but in the integrity of his heart and the utter simplicity of his nature he had gone into the depths and dangers of Wall street and established a banking company, in which he was more or less responsible. Having seen so many men face the cannon's mouth for the love of man, he continued to believe that all men were true. He was deceived. He lost all, became in debt, and for his honor be it known that he began to sell all that he had in order to pay his debts. Your sacred gift was given for his country's honor and his reputation, that was hers. (Applause.)

But even a sadder hour came on. Sickness and disease assailed him, and death, with relentless power advanced upon him, closer and closer day after day. Still he felt that the work upon which he had entered would not be completely achieved unless these States were united, and fellow feeling and friendship restored among all our people. From the sympathy extended to him in these long hours of trial, by the South as well as the North, he gained the hope that the wounds of war were being closed. He began in these days and finished amid these emotions his "Memoirs." In his dying hours, by this work wrought out amid physical anguish and in the presense of death, he did as much by his pen to re-establish love for our institutions as in the day of battle he had accomplished by his sword in maintaining the flag. All our people throughout the whole land alike mourned his death.

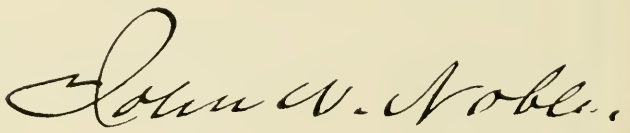
There was a scene I witnessed symbolical of this result. At the time I was in the city of New York, as a citizen of St. Louis upon the committee from that community that was to do honor in the funeral procession of General Grant. The long procession was already moving up Fifth avenue, the slow throbbing of the muffled drum was heard, scarcely audible. In the hall of the hotel at the parlor door is a canopy of velvet curtains. While waiting in the hall for the catafalque that bore the remains of Grant to his resting place on Riverside, I saw suddenly appear at the door a gallant officer in full dress, with all his military insignia. It was Wil-

liam T. Sherman, the commander of the Army of the United States. The full exponent of the power of the Republic to preserve its own existence, as he and Grant had shown it could do. And as he stood beneath this door another figure came from the opposite side. A military man, too, of slighter stature, dressed in citizen's clothes, with no badges of authority. He took the hand of Sherman. It was the ex-Confederate General, Joe Johnston. And, then, as the time had arrived, Johnston took the arm of Sherman and they moved down the hall, entered the carriage and followed the body of Grant to Riverside, doing the equal honor to the man that had saved the Union. (Applause.)

There followed in that line many a regiment from the North, whose glories have here to-night been eulogized; and from the South, from the old Confederate Army, with flags draped and furled, recognizing the condition of things that had been brought about by this great chieftain all were honoring. The masses of the people of every condition in life and of every shade in political sentiment, filled the avenues and crowded the highest buildings from base to roof, all with sad and appreciative hearts.

Gentlemen, may it not now be said upon these proofs that the element in that man's character elevating him as a military man and as a civil magistrate was born in the hours when he was in experience, condition of life and sympathy one of the plain people! loving his wife and children in purity and trust; supported by his own industry, be-

stowing his small means for charity and living the courageous life of a whole-souled man—a patriotic American. Now or through the coming ages there is and will be no monument of granite or gold that can increase the love and honor for Grant, as it rests and will remain in the hearts of our people, who recognize in him not only the great soldier but the great man. (Applause.)



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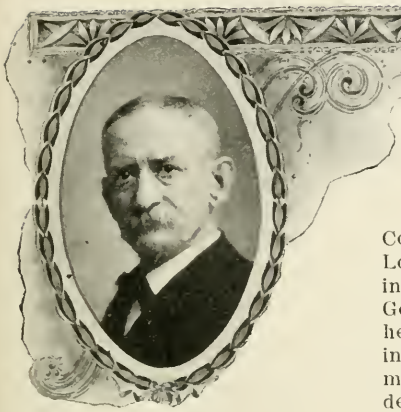


RICHARD M. JOHNSON was born in Illinois in the city of Belleville. He received his early education in McKendree College. Coming to St. Louis in 1858, he read law in the office of his brother, Governor Johnson. In 1861 he was appointed a clerk in the Postoffice Department, and in 1862 was tendered a position as chief corresponding clerk in General Grant's headquarters, under Quartermaster Colonel Chas. A. Reynolds. In 1865 he was appointed Superintendent of the State Tobacco Warehouse by Governor Fletcher. He was married to Miss Annie Blow, daughter of Taylor Blow of St. Louis, in 1866.

Appointed by General Grant in 1867 as Post Trader at Fort Dodge, Kan., and in 1869 he accepted an appointment tendered him by General Grant as Consul to Han Kow, China, which office he held with credit for eight years. Two of Colonel Johnson's children were born in China. He returned to the United States and resumed the practice of law in 1877. He was elected Assistant Prosecuting Attorney in 1894, and was again elected in 1898, and while he has always been active in politics as a Republican, he numbers among his friends, regardless of political affiliations, as many Democrats as Republicans.

The anecdotes that follow are by Colonel Richard M. Johnson, and not only call attention to the qualities known to the world of General Grant's characteristics as a commander whose word was considered by all his subordinates as law, but Colonel Dick relates several experiences of a humorous vein that are refreshing and entertaining, and they are told

in a manner that is inimical and so characteristic of Colonel Dick.

When I look back through the years that have been wiped from the calendar of time, there arises vividly before me the image and acts of the old commander, Gen. U. S. Grant. Out of the niches of memory I gather some of the personal reminiscences of the man from Appomatox, and the famous apple tree.

With all the enthusiasm of a young man, when the civil war was stirring all the patriotism of our beings into action, I first became attached to Gen. Grant's command in the Department of the West, and my admiration for the man and the soldier was awakened at once, and it has grown through all the passing years until I came to revere the memory of the hero of battle and the bard of peace. The man whom Charles P. Johnson once designated as the "greatest citizen of the Republic, and therefore the greatest citizen of the world," I looked up to in my younger days and now I look back to with the more profound admiration of mature years.

"The silent man," as Gen. Grant was called, has said more in fewer words and done more by positive action to make his history immortal than any man of his time.

I feel to-day that it was a great privilege to have been associated with the "silent" but positive commander of the Army of the Tennessee.

It was along early in 1862, when I was an employe of the Post Office, that I met one day upon the streets of St. Louis Mr. Jas. W. Way, a well-known

citizen, who still lives, and is now the consulting engineer of the Missouri Pacific system. The gentleman informed me that there was a chance for a young man or two to get right to the front, and right into the theatre of war by the stage entrance.

I was physically disqualified for service in the field where the old Springfield rifle was arbiter of destiny and the brazen cannon the mouth-piece of millions. But there was an opening, said my friend Way, for a young man in the quartermaster's department, and there was an emergency call for such a patriot right near the firing lines. I realized how true was the old adage: "Where there is a will there is a Way," and in my case it was Jas. W.

Before the dawn of the fourth day after meeting my friend, I had passed down over the old Southwestern railway and reported at Gen. Grant's headquarters for duty, at the famous battle ground of Pittsburg Landing on the shores of the Tennessee.

The day that I first met Gen. Grant, at the front, was a memorable one to me, giving me the first real insight into the character of the man and the soldier.

I had just dismounted from a splendid pony, rather than a horse, when the General came up, and with his fondness for horses he stopped and stroked the pony's head in a gentle, caressing way, which was so characteristic of the man.

The General spoke to me kindly, and in a way that put me at once at my ease. There was none of the pomp or arrogance of many an officer of lesser rank than he in his manner when he said:

"That is a fine little animal. Does it belong to you?"

"No, General; the pony is government property," I replied.

"What may its name be, please?" further asked the General, as he continued to make friends with my pony.

"General Grant," I promptly replied.

"Ah, indeed!" he remarked, without the slightest change in his manner. "You might have given him a more worthy name," and then turning to me he asked: "What is your name?"

"Richard M. Johnson, of St. Louis," I replied as I saluted the General.

Reaching out his hand he took mine in his friendly grasp, remarking in a sincere but kindly voice:

"I am glad to have met you, Mr. Johnson," and then the man who was destined to show the world that he was the greatest soldier of the age when war existed, and still a greater man of peace when Gen. Lee and his army of Northern Virginia lowered their banners and the clash of arms had ceased.

The more I saw of Gen. Grant during my stay in the service, and I had occasion to be near him very often, for the General took a liking to me from the start, which you all can appreciate was very gratifying to a young man in my position, who entertained such proud admiration for him.

The simple sincerity of the General first attracted me to him. His kind, fatherly way toward me made me venerate the grandeur and the strength of his

character.

He was the most positive, self-reliant man that God ever inspired with the breath of life. He was gentle in his relations with his officers and men, but firm and inflexible when his mind was made up and the battle was at hand. The staff did the talking—the old commander the thinking and acting. He never blustered or blasphemed. His men knew their commander never vacillated, and when his commands were given to "press the center," the center was pressed.

The one single act that brought Gen. Grant more prominently before the American people than any others, and gave to the world an insight into his true character, was the letter he wrote to Gen. Buckner, the Confederate commander at Fort Donelson, in February, 1862, in demanding the surrender of the stronghold. He said:

"No terms except an immediate and unconditional surrender can be accepted. I propose to move immediately upon your works."

Those immortal words were not uttered nor written in the heat of passion, but they were so forceful and convincing in their terseness and so positive and pointed, that they inspired the heart of the nation to new hope and turned its watchful eyes to the "silent" soldier as the man the country had watched and waited for after placing its trust in so many commanders, who proved either "short in the reach," or too slow in attempting to land a knockout blow.

It is not my intention to make these reminis-

cences solely as an eulogy upon the life and acts of Gen. Grant, but rather to pick from the many incidents that are recalled from personal association with him, that will bring the reader closer to the real Grant.

One little reminiscence is recalled after the fall of Vicksburg, which reveals one side of the General's character very clearly. I was walking with him one day where much of the ordnance supplies were stored, and, as usual the old commander was puffing slowly on a good cigar.

Suddenly a sentry strode up, and in a rough, almost brutal voice, exclaimed to Gen. Grant:

"Trow dat d—n cigar away at once. Do you want to blow up the ordnance department?"

Without the least show of resentment, and with a sort of grim smile upon his lips he tossed the fragrantweed away, as we passed on he remarked to me, "That soldier was right, but he had rather a brusk way about expressing himself."

That was Grant all over. The incident was never referred to again by him as far as I know of, but there was but one old commander, and he knew how to take commands and to obey them without argument, if they were right. Of course the sentry at Vicksburg did not know the man he cursed at was the Commanding General, and I am sure that Grant never enlightened him.

There were two men in the service that Gen. Grant had a great fondness for. They were Adj.-Gen. John A. Rawlings and Asst. Agt.-Gen. Bowers. After the war I was in Washington and I called at Gen. Grant's headquarters, where I found

him chatting with old members of his staff. As I was looking about I saw an unframed picture of a man whom I could not place.

"Who is that a picture of, General?" I asked in a casual way.

"That's Bowers," the General replied as he turned around and looked kind of sadly at the canvas. "You heard about Bowers, haven't you?"

I knew Bowers, but had to confess that I had not learned anything in particular about him, as I inferred from the General's attitude when he answered my question as to whom the picture represented, there was something out of the ordinary connected with the reference. The General related the following story in a way that told me it was most painful to him:

"I was called to West Point to inspect the military school one day, and Bowers accompanied me. As we were waiting at the railroad station just across the Hudson from West Point for the train I placed my hand bag on a seat and strolled out with Bowers to the platform. Presently the train came rolling in, and just as I boarded it I discovered that I did not have my hand bag, which contained nothing in particular but some toilet articles, a collar or two, some handkerchiefs and such like small articles. I turned and asked Bowers if he had my bag. He replied negatively, but at once conceived that I had left it in the station. He was a young and active man, and he lightly leaped to the platform with the intention of securing the satchel, and I walked into the car, taking a seat just behind a

lady. I thought nothing farther about the satchel incident until the lady who sat in front of me screamed in horror.

"'What is it, madame?' I asked.

"'Oh! they have run over a soldier,' she exclaimed in great excitement.

"I turned to look for Bowers. He was not in sight. I went to the platform and there"—(the General's voice grew tremulous here)—"Colonel, that soldier, crushed to death, was Bowers."

He could say no more then. A tear glistened for a moment in his eye and then rolled down his face—a silent sob right up from his kindly heart.

I can say that there was cry in Col. Dick's eyes then, but I pulled myself together and remarked:

"What a pity, General, that Bowers could not have met a soldier's glorious death at Missionary Ridge."

"Ah, yes!" replied the General, with emotion, "or fallen 'mid the shot and shell of Vicksburg."

This incident reveals the tender and sentimental side of the great soldier, and true friend.

I do not believe that General Grant ever felt the sensation of physical fear and in the face of great peril, bearing the heavy responsibility of a commander of a vast army in action, the result of which was fraught with so much to the national life, he was the calmest and most collected of all the actors in the tragedy of battle. When a battle was inevitable, and the plans of the engagement being perfected, the members of Grant's staff, naturally anxious as to the outcome, often displayed their nerv-

ousness. On such occasions Gen. Grant would demonstrate again his nerve and coolness.

"Gentlemen," he would say to his staff, "Now remember that the other fellows are just as much scared as you are, and act accordingly." While all was flurry and scurry, the General's pencil was in his hand maping out the line of battle, as clear and sharp as steel rails on a curveless railroad track.

Gen. Grant never forgot or forsook a friend in the days when he was at the pinnacle of fortune. One day I met Al. Sandford, of St. Louis in Washington, when U. S. Grant was President. Sandford and the President had been warm personal friends before the war, when the former was plain Capt. Grant. Sandford wanted to call on the President the worst kind, and asked what he should do and say when he met his old friend surrounded by pomp and power of state.

"O, just go in naturally, Al," I advised Sandford. "Say, 'Mr. President, allow your old friend, Al. Sandford, to congratulate you and to assure you of his great gratification and joy to find you where you are justly entitled to be, President of this great and glorious republic.'"

"Oh, shucks, Colonel Dick," said Al. "How do you expect me to make that kind of a spiel to 'Lys,'" as he used to call him away back when both he and Grant, then a captain, were courting Miss Julia Dent, whom you all know the man of destiny won and carried away a wife to his little cabin home on Gravois creek. However, Sandford got to the executive mansion, sent in his card, and when the

President received it from the messenger, and glanced at it he sprang up hurriedly and rushed out to meet Sandford, with the cheery greeting of old:

"Come right in, Al, you don't know how glad I am to see you. Have you called on Julia yet?"

"No, Lys, not yet. How is Julia, God bless her?" blurted out Sandford impulsively, all my set speech being stricken with paralysis before it ever touched his tongue.

"Julia is in excellent health, as are the rest of the family, replied President Grant as he pushed Al into a seat and sat down beside him. For a long time one was Al and the other 'Lys, as old times were discussed in the old time style. This incident is about as truly Grant like as any I have ever heard of him.

Shortly after Gen. Grant's return from his trip around the world, he came to St. Louis and stopped a couple of days at the Southern Hotel. I stepped over to the hostelry where I met an old ex-Confederate Colonel from Atchison county, whom I knew to be a personal friend of my brother, Charles P. Johnson. The stalwart ex-Confederate veteran came to me with the request that I present him to Gen. Grant, who had just come into the rotunda.

"I've always wanted to meet Gen. Grant personally, ever since the surrender of Gen. Lee," declared the man from Atchison county.

I introduced the Colonel to Gen. Grant. He grasped the conqueror of Lee by the hand and shook it most cordially, bursting out with this stalwart declaration:

"Gen. Grant, I have always wanted to meet you, and to thank you for your kind and soldiery treatment of our gallant leader of the lost cause, Gen. R. E. Lee, and his faithful followers, when our colors went down in the dust that fateful day at Appomatox. I want to assure you that all of our boys retain the same sentiments that I do, for I was one of Lee's colonels in that memorable campaign of the Army of Virginia, that you so magnanimously allowed to retain its side arms, its wagons, provisions and its horses. General, the outfit was greatly demoralized, and our stock was badly run down, but we took what we had and went to our homes, and I can tell you that we plowed like h—l."

"Colonel!" replied Gen. Grant, with some emotion. "It is one of the greatest pleasures of my maturing years to meet the old boys like you, and shake their hands. It makes me feel that we really have peace."

Gen. Fred Grant, the old commander's son, who so much resembles his father, was in St. Louis last 27th of April and a guest of the Illinois Society at its banquet given on the late Gen. Grant's birthday in honor of the grand old soldier. I was supposed to look after the needs if any, of Gen. Fred Grant, while he remained in the city. It was a perfunctory assignment, as the General didn't seem to have any particular needs that our society could fill, but I did my duty heroically.

On the night of our banquet, I suggested to Gen. Fred that he would be expected to give some kind of a talk, and he tried hard to get out of it for the

reason, he declared, that he was in no sense a public or post prandial speaker. He faced the music bravely for about five minutes and really made the hit of the evening. In a hesitating sort of a way, he started off in this style:

"Ladies and Gentlemen of the Illinois Society, I—I—am happy; yes, greatly pleased to be here to-night and I sincerely thank you that your society honors my father's birthday by this gathering to-night. I told Colonel Dick Johnson at the outset that I could not make a speech, but he honored me by telling me that I looked so much like my father that I ought to be able to make as good a speech as he used to.

"I will relate an incident that occurred at a social gathering in Brooklyn, N. Y., which I attended and was called upon to make a speech. I went at it and was making as painful an effort in set terms as I am making to-night. There was an old friend of my father's present, like Colonel Johnson, who had been telling me that I reminded him so much of my father, and if there is anything that I am proud of in the world it is to be reminded that I resemble him in any way. I admit that the Brooklyn speech was a little worse than the one I am letting loose right now, but at its wind up something that saved the day occurred. Just as I sat down that old friend of my father's got up and exclaimed, 'By gosh, if you ain't just like your father. Neither of you could make a speech.'"

Gen. Fred sat down amidst peals of laughter, a living picture of the grand old commander in

whose memory we were breaking the bread of good fellowship across the board and honoring his distinguished son.

CONGRATULATIONS FOR GARFIELD.

At the time of the eventful convention at Chicago which made memorable the famous 306 delegates that stuck to General Grant through every varying phase of the contest for the nomination for the Presidency, under the masterly leadership of Roscoe Conkling, I was so deeply interested in the final result that I could scarcely leave the bulletining places long enough to get my meals. The day before the convention chose James A. Garfield as the standard bearer of the Republican party I met Colonel Easton, one of General Grant's warmest personal and political friends, who was, like myself, deeply absorbed in the stirring and nerve-testing ordeal through which the admirers of the General were undergoing as each ballot was progressing, and he said to me:

"Colonel Dick, I am going over to Galena and see how Grant is feeling, and be with him when the final result is announced. Come along yourself. You can get in your congratulations at short range like myself. This waiting and watching down here is getting tryingly monotonous."

Col. Easton's suggestion struck me as the proper thing for the occasion, but I could not follow them myself, but Colonel Easton made arrangements for departure, and the next morning he was with

the General looking over the balloting with as much eagnerness as he had displayed in St. Louis, but the man, whose name for the third time was before a National Republican Convention as a candidate for the highest office the people of these United States had to offer, seemed the least moved of all the group of deeply interested persons about him.

The man of peace and destiny received the ballots as they were brought into the store where, Colonel Easton told me, some friends had gathered about him, as cool and complacently as if he might have been scanning a ticker tape just to pass the time.

"The same calmness was seen in his features that had so often before been noticed under momentous circumstances," related Gen. Easton on his return.

There was not the least show of emotion except when I remarked at the conclusion of one of the ballots:

"General, those 306 delegates are what I call thoroughbreds."

"Yes," quietly, but with more tenderness in his voice, replied Grant, "It is very gratifying to feel the pulse of one's friends, and find they never falter under conditions which test both men's hearts and pulse."

"When the convention broke for Garfield the old soldier displayed the natural interest of the citizen, but not a shadow of disappointment was visible.

"When the man from the tow-path had the line and his nomination was a foregone conclusion, Grant asked for a piece of paper, remarking with

perfect frankness and sincerity:

"'I wish to send my congratulations to General Garfield,' but some one broke in right at this point by suggesting a name for the tail of the ticket.

"Grant dropped the paper on the counter, with the pencil still in his hand, saying in reply to the gentlemen who had spoken of the Vice-Presidency:

" 'I should very much like to have an opportunity to congratulate General Arthur. I trust his name may be put upon the ticket with General Garfield.'

"Then there was some talking about the matter for some moments, Grant in the mean time having been drawn away from the place where he left the sheet of paper and the matter was forgotten amidst the general talk. That is why the Old Commander's congratulations never were sent to the successful candidate before the convention. Whether General Grant ever sent congratulations to Arthur or not I do not know, and at the time didn't care much, as I was so disappointed at the thought that those tree hundred and six faithful followers of the Galena tanner could not be swelled to the nominating point.

"I came back to St. Louis feeling a great deal worse than General Grant did over his defeat."

JUST LIKE GRANT.

When I sought appointment as Consul to China, it was Shanghai that I was aiming at, but the condition of affairs at the time I applied after Grant's election landed me in Hankow. I had strong endorsement for the U. S. Marshalship in this dis-

trict, to fill out an unexpired term of office. That was before General Grant's election, and while Andrew Johnson was President, owing to the assassination of Abraham Lincoln. The President said he would send in my name to the Senate if I could get the endorsement of the Senators from Missouri. When I approached Senator Drake he declared he had no objections to my appointment on personal grounds, but he would not approve any person for any position whose name was sent in by President Andrew Johnson, whom Drake disliked owing to his attitude in affairs that led up to his impeachment. Under those conditions I withdrew my application for U. S. Marshal, presenting it to General Grant soon after his inauguration as President.

The President thought at the time, owing to different Federal positions having just been filled by citizens of St. Louis that the Marshalship should go to the State, but promised me that if I should look up something else he would appoint me.

I then drew up a petition for the Shanghai Consulship and went to the President with it. As Shanghai had already been promised the President suggested Hankow.

I did not change the petition but left it just as it was.

"Never mind changing the name of the Chinese port in your petition, Mr. Johnson. Just leave it with me and I'll attend to it all right," said President Grant in his cordial frankness.

I handed him the Shanghai petition, and while

we talked for a few moments until the arrival of Chief Justice Chase, General Logan and other dignitaries, when I thought it time for Col. Dick to make exit. As I was starting to depart the President looked up pleaantly as he threw down the petition on a pile of papers that would fill a bushel basket.

I picked it up and kissed it good-bye, and he smilingly asked: "What did you do that for?"

"I am afraid that I will never hear from that document again, Mr. President," I replied. "It looks like a goner amidst that vast array of formidable looking documents. Are those all petitions for the Hankow Consulship?" I asked dubiously.

The President laughingly said in reply to my question, and with an assuring voice: "Not all of them are for China, but I'll attend to yours promptly," and God bless him, he did.

"I started for St. Louis at once and when I was leaving the ferry boat on my arrival here, to my joy and grantification I heard a newsboy crying out:

"'*Evening Dispatch;* all about the appointment of Dick Johnson as Consul to China.'"

Now you can imagine my feelings at that moment. But that act of General Grant proved the depth and sincerity of his friendship, and the simplicity and truthfulnes of the man, as nearly every act of his had done previously.

MARMADUKE MET GRANT.

When General Grant was Commander-in-Chief of

the Army, after the war he was called to New York on some matter of business and registered at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where at the same time General John S. Marmaduke, later Governor of Missouri, was sojourning for a brief time. While Grant was writing his name on the register, Marmaduke, as some one who knew the little man was at the hotel desk, mentioned the fact and on being informed who the distinguished guest was, he walked over at once to where General Grant was standing and at once accosted him:

"This General Grant?"

"Yes," answered the famous soldier.

"My name is Marmaduke, General, and I have a great desire to meet you," was General Marmaduke's greeting as the two Generals' hands clasped.

"General Marmaduke of Missouri?" asked Grant in an interested and extremely cordial manner.

"Yes, sir, General," replied the old fighter from the Confederate side.

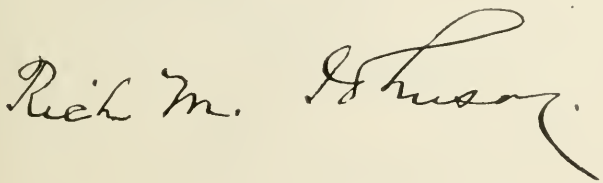
"General, I am really glad to meet you, and if you will excuse me a few moments until I retire to my room and make change in my toilet, as I just arrived by train from Washington, and I feel a little soiled, I should like to sit and chat for awhile, if agreeable to yourself."

Of course it was agreeable to General Marmaduke, and after a few moments the Commander of the American Army returned, and the two veterans retired to a private parlor, where over their cigars they talked for over an hour.

General Grant's quiet, unassuming manner and

frankness of speech captured the warrior that wore the grey completely, and when he returned to St. Louis I met him at the old Planters' one day, when he began to sound the praise of General Grant in the most enthusiastic maner and in no measured terms.

"Don't you know, Colonel Dick, that I think General Grant is the greatest man in the country," exclaimed General Marmaduke, very earnestly. "He is not only a great soldier, but he has the greatest and grandest heart that ever beat in a human bosom. He is by a damn sight the biggest little man that ever was," and the gallant old General meant just what he said, you may be assured.

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General FREDERICK DENT GRANT AT THE LOG CABIN BUILT BY HIS FATHER.

The Son of the Great Soldier-President Was Moved Almost to Tears Upon Revisiting the Home of His Humble Boyhood, Now on the World's Fair Grounds.

When Bridadier-General Frederick D. Grant was in St. Louis during and after the recent World's Fair dedication ceremonies a notable photograph was taken by Official Photographer Byrnes of the Expostion. It is a photograph that will belong to history and to romance—to the romantic history of the greatest American military commander and the most famous citizen who ever lived in St. Louis, Ulysses S. Grant.

The photograph represents the present Gen. Grant, eldest son of the hero of Appomattox and of a hundred hard-fought fields of victory, sitting on horseback in front of a log cabin—but what log cabin? It is the log house built nearly fifty years ago by the hands that refused to receive the proffered sword of Lee at Appomattox; the house that Grant built, the rude structure wherein for four years he resided with his family in St. Louis County, struggling manfully but not very successfully to make a good living for his wife and babes.

Frederick Dent Grant was one of those babes. The present brigadier-general in the United States army was born in the city of St. Louis, in 1850, and from his fifth to his ninth year he lived in that old cabin, then newly-hewn out of the oak of the forest;

with his baby brothers he played about its doorstep, and sometimes he accompanied his father, Capt. Grant, retired, to the woods along the Gravois road, where the head of the family swung his ax all day long, chopping trees into the cordwood that he loaded upon his wagon and hauled into St. Louis, nine miles away, to sell to the city people. There were times when Capt. Grant, though wearied from his day's work, picked up the little fellow and carried him home upon his broad shoulders, to meet the good wife standing in that cabin doorway and to go in and eat the savory supper she had prepared.

The visit of Brigadier-General Grant to the log house was arranged by Mr. C. F. Blanke, present owner of the cabin. Recently Mr. Blanke has had the house removed to the World's Fair grounds, where it was set up again, in proper place, just as it appeared when Capt. "Lys" Grant lived there a few years before the civil war. The site of the cabin is upon the rearward summit of Art Hill, not far from the growing Palace of Fine Arts. It is embowered in trees, and from the windows of the house one may look forth upon the great picture of the Fair.

"In this spot," said Mr. Blanke to Gen. Grant, "I propose that the log house shall stand until it shall have rotted down—and may that day be many generations hence."

In the photograph Gen. Grant appears mounted upon Village Boy, Mr. Blanke's well-known horse. The other men in the picture are Mr. Blanke and

Lieut. Morey, Gen. Grant's aide.

While visiting the cabin Gen. Grant, who is bronzed by campaigns in the Philippines, and whose hair already is tinged with gray, was much moved. He entered the cabin and pointed out the room upstairs, to the right of the entrance, where he slept with his little brothers. He told of long winter evenings spent by the big fire-place in one of the rooms downstairs, when Capt. Grant and his wife and children sat in a semi-circle facing the glowing back-log and talked of their prospects in life.

Capt. Grant sometimes talked of his campaign in Mexico, telling his little boys of his soldiering experiences, and the children listened with avid interest. The father also told them of his lonely life on the Pacific coast, where he was stationed at an army post far removed from his wife and little Fred, and how homesick he became—so homesick that he resigned his commission just after being promoted to a captaincy and came back to St. Louis to make a home for his family.

"And those were happy days in the log house," said Mrs Julia Dent Grant, shortly before she died last year, "and the eight years in the White House were happy, too."—From the *Post-Dispatch.*

CYRUS F. BLANKE. Born in Marine, Ill., Oct. 24, 1861. Son of Frederick G. and Caroline Blanke. Cyrus F. Blanke received his early school education in Marine and his primary business education in his father's store. He later came to St. Louis and entered a business college.

He is typical of the American self-made man. At the age of sixteen he accepted a clerkship in a retail grocery and soon after was offered and accepted several positions with different wholesale houses, the last one being a Tea and Coffee Concern. His position in the House was soon advanced to that of a traveling salesman, which he retained until he concluded to go into business for himself. But in 1888, before embarking in business, he decided to make a trip over Europe, with a view to gathering any importants points from the different countries that he intended to visit that might be of advantage to him in his new enterprise.

In 1889, in a modest building on Second Street, he started with his brother, R. H. Blanke, and H. A. Vogler as associates, the Tea and Coffee firm which to-day is recognized as the most complete coffee plant in the world.

Mr. Blanke was married in 1889 to Miss Eugenia Frowein. He is a member of most of the prominent clubs, has always been an active worker in all public enterprises for the welfare and advancement of the city, and was a delegate to the first meeting to discuss the promotion of one of the grandest enterprises this country has ever seen, the Exposition celebrating the Louisiana Purchase, and was the second to subscribe to the preliminary fund to carry the plan through.

He is a Director of the Fair and a member of several committees. He is also an officer and director in several banks and trust companies, and enjoys the distinction of having been the youngest president ever elected by the Union Club. Mr. Blanke's last public-spirited act was the purchase of the Log Cabin built by General U. S. Grant in 1854, in order to preserve it from destruction and it is his intention to present it to the city after the World's Fair is over, providing the city will agree to properly care for and preserve it as a historic relic of one of America's greatest men.

In my travel through different foreign countries, I was always pointed out the houses in which different celebrities were born and where they lived. In all cases, these houses were preserved and taken care of for the tourists who inspected them with reverence and great interest. Amongst these tourists I noticed that the Americans were always the most interested and enthusiastic. Naturally the thought always occurred to me, why is there not some movement in our own country to preserve such relics? I knew there was a house in the city of St. Louis in which General Grant at one time lived and a log cabin which he built himself and resided in, still both were neglected by the community and the people at large.

But these same people visiting foreign countries, and finding just such relics, the most interesting objects, houses of celebrities, not one as much entitled to recognition or worship as are the relics of that great American soldier and statesman, General U. S. Grant. When the last owner of the Grant cabin came to me and offered it for sale, I

was at once interested, as the impression of these same kind of relics made on me when visiting foreign countries were still fresh in my memory and I have always felt that if I ever had the time and money I would get a movement on foot and arouse an interest in at least one relic so far neglected in this country and this relic I thought was entitled to reverence, respect and admiration over any relic ever connected with any great man. Here is a cabin that was built by a man in his darkest days of poverty and adversity and in which he himself resided with his family, and only a matter of ten years afterwards, the greatest man in not only his own country, but the greatest man of his time with the eyes of the world upon him. It is an object lesson to every growing generation of this country, especially to the boys, the price of which cannot be valued in dollars and cents. This is why I bought General Grant's cabin.

RESOLUTION of THANKS

to

CYRUS F. BLANKE.

RESOLVED: That the hearty thanks of this Board are due and are hereby tendered to Mr. Cyrus F. Blanke for his generous courtesy in allowing two logs to be cut from the Grant Cabin for the purpose of framing the resolutions of acknowledgment to Andrew Carnegie for his gift to St. Louis.

I take pleasure in certifying that the above is a true and correct transcript of a resolution adopted by the Board of Directors of the St. Louis Public Library at a meeting held at the Library on Friday, April 1, 1904.

Attest: Frederick M. Crunden.

Librarian and Secretary.

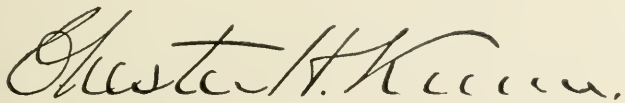
JUDGE CHESTER H. KRUM. Born September 13, 1840, in Alton, Ill. Son of Judge John M. and Mary (Harding) Krum. He received his early education in the Washington University, graduating in the class of 1863 with the degree of Bachelor of Arts. He took the law course at Harvard, graduating in 1865. Having been admitted to the bar in 1864, he at once began the practice of law in St. Louis, becoming, in 1867, junior member of the firm of Krum, Decker & Krum.

He was appointed United States District Attorney in 1869 by General Grant. He served in this capacity until 1872, when he resigned and was elected a Judge of the St. Louis Circuit Court, holding this office until 1875, when he resigned to resume the practice of his profession, since which time he has been identified with many of the most important cases in the State and Federal Courts.

He was a member of the Faculty of the St. Louis Law Schools from 1873 to 1882. From 1864 until 1888 he took an active part in politics as a Republican, but in the year last named he supported the candidates on the Democratic ticket.

In the fall of 1876, shortly after the Presidential election, I was in the "President's room" in the White House. Gen. Grant (President) and I had been talking about various matters. There had

been considerable excitement in regard to the result of the election and Col. Watterson had proclaimed in his paper that he was coming to Washington with 100,000 Kentuckians. The President, as we sat looking out on the public grounds, asked me if I had read the proclamation. I told him I had read it and, thereupon, he made the following remarkable statement. He said that it was not for him to decide as between Tilden and Hayes. That it was not a matter of official concern to him which had been elected. "But," said he, "if Mr. Tilden is declared to have been elected, if I have anything to do in the matter, he will be placed in office without a disturbance and the case will be the same as to Mr. Hayes. Now, Chester," said he, "I did not know what possible trouble there might be and so I have had every battery of artillery that could be brought here quietly packed in Washington, and if Watterson comes, I will blow away his Kentuckians and himself." The firm mouth of the President as the sentence ended gave all the assurance needed that if the exigency arose, he would be as good as his word.



DR. WM. TAUSSIG. Born Feb. 28, 1826 in the city of Prague, educated in the University of Prague. He came to America in 1847 and remained one year in New York City as analytical chemist.

In 1848 he reached St. Louis and commenced the practice of medicine. Dr. Taussig, on account of his experience, was of especial service to the city during the cholera epidemic in 1849.

In 1851 he removed to Carondelet, then an independent city and not a part of St. Louis. He took an active part in municipal affairs and was elected Mayor in 1852. In 1857 he married Miss Adele Wuerpel of St. Louis.

In 1859 he became one of the Judges of the St. Louis County Court, his associates being John H. Lightner, Benj. Farrar, Colonel Alton R. Easton and Peregrine Tibbets. In 1863 Dr. Taussig was re-elected to the County Court, and was chosen as presiding Justice. While acting in this capacity he passed on an application made by U. S. Grant for the position as County Surveyor, the particulars of which will be found in Dr. Taussig's article.

In 1865 he was appointed United State Internal Revenue Collector by President Lincoln. At the close of the war he became interested in Banking Institutions, and was elected first President of the Traders' Bank. He later became interested, with Captain Jas. B. Eads, in the project to construct a bridge across the Mississippi River.

He has been identified with a number of railroad projects,

and has always carried them through successfully. In 1874, when the bridge was completed, he was appointed general manager of the St. Louis Bridge Co., Tunnel Railroad Co., Union Railroad and Transit Co. and the Union Depot Co.

All of the above, later combined under the name of the Terminal Railway Association of St. Louis, which corporation elected Dr. Taussig its President in 1889.

Soon after this Dr. Taussig retired from any active participation in public affairs, with the exception of his consent to become one of the original Committee of Forty that conceived and promoted the plan to celebrate the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, on which occasion he was elected Chairman of the Transportation Committee, but resigned, preferring to take a less active part, although lending his influence and financial support to the enterprise.

ADDRESS BEFORE THE MISSOURI HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

By Dr. William Taussig.

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Missouri Historical Society:

In compliance with the request which the president of our society has honored me, I gather up, from memory mainly, the few instances of my life which brought me in contact, directly and indirectly, with General Grant. Insignificant as they may seem, they throw a sidelight, nevertheless, upon his early struggles, upon the environments among which he lived, and upon the patient, plodding character of the man.

Our daily lives are made up of small events. When our life work is done, and a restrospective view of it is taken, then small events sometimes show themselves to have been important factors in its make-up and its final trend. This holds good

with great men as well as with the average man, and historians everywhere have picked up apparently insignificant details in the early lives of their subjects to show the formative influence which these details had upon their future greatness. Some of these small events relating to General Grant which I have been privileged to witness, and which in retrospect seem to me now to have more historical significance than when they actually occurred, I will hesitatingly relate to you, with some of the local color which belongs to them.

I lived in Carondelet, a small city a few miles below St. Louis, from 1850 to 1863. It was then a municipality of old-French Canadian origin, but has long since been absorbed into the city of St. Louis and forms now one of its most populous districts.

In 1852 I became Mayor of the city of Carondelet. One of my first official acts was to direct the hitherto neglected defense, in the U. S. Land Commissioner's office in Washington, against the claim of Col. F. Dent, for the possession, under an old Spanish grant, of a large portion of the Carondelet commons which had been set aside by the old village trustees for school purposes. Mr. Barrett, an able lawyer and ex-member of Congress from St. Louis, and the late Judge Wilson Primm, were selected to represent the Carondelet side of the case. The claim was finally decided, two years after my administration, against Dent. He had tried very hard to get me to abandon the suit, and never forgave me for insisting upon it. He was a gentle-

man of considerable energy, masterful in his ways, of persistent combativeness, of the grim, set purpose peculiar to the Southerners of the old generation, and was, where foiled, inclined to be vindictive. He owned a large farm, called White Haven, well stocked with slaves, a few miles below Carondelet. He was General Grant's father-in-law.

Much gossip was prevalent at the time of which I speak, regarding troubles between the Dents and some of their neighbors which would have no place here except in so far as it throws a sidelight on the surroundings into which General Grant stepped upon his marriage, and in so far as it may have influenced his desire of getting away from the dependency upon his father-in-law.

Adjoining the Dent farm was the farm of "Colonels" William and John Sigerson, both men of wealth and importance. Their's was mainly a nursery farm worked by white hands. They were Southerners, but pronounced Union men. There were continued feuds and quarrels between the Dents and the Sigersons. Though I was quite intimate with the latter, I never could find out what was at the bottom of this mutual hostility. One night all the haystacks and some outhouses of the Sigersons were burned down. Busy tongues at once connected this incident with the well-known bad feeling existing between the two neighbors, and spread the rumor that the stacks had been set on fire by the Dents. This rumor, of course, had not the slightest foundation. The Dents, whatever their animosity might have been, were highly respecta-

ble gentlefolks and above doing a mean thing. But the rumor must have reached them, and they attributed its origin to the Sigersons. One morning young Fred Dent, son-in-law of Mr. Shurlds, then cashier of the old Bank of the State of Missouri, appeared in the streets of Carondelet with a shotgun hunting for Sigerson. I became aware of it only when, that morning, William Sigerson rushed excitedly into my office and asked whether I could let him have a gun or a pistol. "That fellow Dent," he said, "is after me, and I want to be ready for him." Although I had a pistol, fearing trouble I said that I had neither, and before I could say a quieting word to him Sigerson rushed out again. I ran after him to the door, and, looking round, saw a crowd a square below, where the two, Sigerson and Dent, had clinched,—Dent down and Sigerson beating his head with a club. Soon afterwards Dent was carried to my office, where I found that his scalp was seriously injured by deep and wide cuts. After superficial dressing I took him in my buggy to his father-in-law's residence, which was situated on the Carondelet road, now South Broadway, near where the city workhouse is now standing. After hovering between life and death for some time he finally recovered. He afterwards went to California, where he obtained some eminence and later served, as I was informed, in the civil war as a Union soldier, with a fine record. I mention this incident with the others only as indicating the temper and characteristics of the family in the midst of which General Grant's lot was cast.

Though we saw each other often and knew each other very well, as men in small communities do even when there is no occasion for personal contact, I never had occasion, beyond bowing to each other, to speak to General Grant until after he was President, upon matters which will be mentioned later. I saw him frequently haul many of the now historical carts of cord wood for sale in St. Louis from his father-in-law's farm, past my home and office. There was a blacksmith's shop opposite me, and I can see him now as he then appeared, sitting on a log in front of the shop,—a serious, dignified looking man, with slouched hat, high boots, and trousers tucked in, smoking a clay pipe and waiting for his horses to be shod.

Nor did I ever set foot on the Dent farm, although all the neighbors around it—the Longs, the Sappingtons, the Paddelfords, etc.—were my close friends, whom I frequently visited. The old gentleman did not feel kindly toward me on account of the land suit above mentioned, and because I was a pronounced Republican and Union man. I always at that time had the impression that this feeling—meaning the political one—had been shared by Grant. In this, as future events have shown, I was mistaken.

The only member of the Grant family, with whom I was intimate was William Barnard, whose wife was a sister of Mrs. Grant. The Barnard residence was situated in a large plot of ground facing the Stringtown road, on what is now the corner of Merrimac street and Virginia avenue. It is still

standing, though now surrounded by inferior buildings. Barnard was a wholesale druggist, an amiable, jovial man, very fond of hunting, and his yard and garden were filled with wooden and cast iron effigies of stags, deer, and hunting dogs. He was too fond of good living to succeed in business, and failed early during the war. Grant, during his Presidency, made him Bank Examiner for Missouri, under the National Banking Law.

At the Barnard home I met Mrs. Grant frequently when she made some of her prolonged visits to her sister, and occasionally was called to attend to her children. Both Mrs. Grant and Mrs. Barnard were charming, cultivated ladies, devoted to their husbands and children. A family physician gets to hear much that is kept from the general public, and the, to say the least, dependent position which Grant occupied in the house of his father-in-law was frequently commented upon in my presence. That he chafed under this condition of things was evident from his desire to obtain a position that would make him more independent. His efforts in that direction made me an unconscious factor in his destiny, as he later on acknowledged, under the following circumstances:

Early in 1859 a serious defalcation in the St. Louis County Court came to the surface. Its president, Judge Hackney, decamped to California with over $300,000 of the county's money, leaving its treasury almost empty. Great corruption was found to exist, and the Legislature, then in session, was appealed to to apply a remedy. There having

been no legal way to oust the members of that court, except by the slow process of impeachment, the Legislature adopted the radical method of abolishing the court altogether and creating in its stead a board of five County Comissioners, with the same powers and official functions which the old court possessed. The Legislature was Democratic and pro-slavery, and the five districts, each of which had to elect one member, were so laid out by it as to insure the comissioners so elected to be of the same political faith. But the result was different; three districts out of five went Republican, and I was elected to represent one of the three. It was the first dawn of pronounced Union sentiment in Missouri.

In the month of August of that year Grant filed his application addressed to the St. Louis County Commissioners, for the position of Superintendent of County Roads, a modest place with a yearly salary of fifteen hundred dollars. This application has become historical; its original, which still exists in the archives of the court, has frequently been published in fac simile. Nobody at that time dreamt that history would concern itself about it or the applicant. It was referred, as were all others, to the member in whose district the applicant resided, and it fell therefore to my lot to report upon it. It stands in evidence of Grant's dignified pride that, hard pressed as he was at the time, he never called either on me or on any one of my colleagues in support of his application. Many strong letters from prominent people of both parties, recommending

him, came to me. My old and life-long friend, Henry T. Blow, an ardent Union man, urged me personally to recomend and support Grant for the position. Much stress was laid on his needs, his character and qualifications not being questioned. It was a perplexing position for me. Everybody knows how portentously already the clouds of disunion darkened the political horizon of the country in the latter part of 1859. Then, already, in St. Louis the disloyal "minute men" on the one side, and the loyal "wide awakes' 'on the other, were closing ranks, and every issue, social or political, was decided or acted upon as it affected this all-absorbing question. The Dents, at least the old gentleman, were known to be pro-slavery Democrats, and to use the harsh language of that period, outspoken rebels. Grant lived with them, and though nothing was known of his political views, the shadow of their disloyalty necessarily fell on him. We felt bound, foreseeing events to come, to surround ourselves with officers whose loyalty to the Union was unquestioned. Our court consisted of John H. Lightner, Benjamin Farrar, Col. Alton R. Easton, Peregrine Tibbets, and myself. Easton and Tibbets were Democrats. Col. Easton was a Union Democrat, an ex-officer of the Mexican war, and had known Grant. Tibbets, a most estimable gentleman, was a pro-slavery Democrat. I made my report, adverse to Grant, verbally, and all but Tibbets voted for F. Solomon, brother of the renowned war Governor of Wisconsin, an excellent civil engineer, who later served in the civil war as

Colonel of Artillery, and died of wounds received in battle. In his Memoirs, p. 212, General Grant alludes to this episode in his life, and concludes with the following words: "My opponent had the advantage of birth over me (he was a citizen by adoption) and carried off the prize." In this he evidently makes it appear as though Solomon was chosen because he was a German. As I was the only German-born member of the board, and the other four were Americans, he evidently wrote this under misapprehension. How anxious Grant was to obtain that position appears from the following letter written six months later:

St. Louis, Feb. 13, 1860.

"Hon. J. H. Lightner, Pres. Board of County Commissioners.

"Sir:—Should the office of County Engineer be vacated by the will of your honorable body, I would respectfully renew the application made by me in August last for that appointment. I would also, by leave, refer to the application and recommendations then submitted and now on file with your board. I am, sir,

"Respectfully your obt. Svt.,

"U. S. GRANT."

(The original of this letter is in possession of the Missouri Historical Society in St. Louis.)

After this occurrence Grant left the farm, moved to St. Louis, where he entered, without succeeding, into the real estate business, and then completely dropped out of sight and memory of the St. Louis people. Not until he had gained his first laurels at

Belmont, Missouri, did the name strike his former neighbors, and people asked each other whether this could be the same Grant, Dent's son-in-law—the same slow, seemingly indolent and apathetic man, whom they had seen drive a team of cord wood from his father-in-law's woods, and whom they had never believed to be much of a man.

Events marched rapidly. The victory at Fort Donelson turned the eyes of the whole country toward Grant and gained him the Major-Generalship. Soon after this he visited St. Louis, and among others, called on his friend, Henry T. Blow, then member of Congress. Mr. Blow on the following day brought me substantially the following message from him: "I wish you would tell Dr. Taussig that I feel much indebted to him for having voted against me when I applied for the position of Road Superintendent. Had he supported me I might be in that obscure position to-day, instead of being Major-General."

There can be little doubt that these remarks reflected his own honest opinion of himself. Naturally his military genius, as it gradually developed, gave rise to many discussions among the St. Louis people who had known him in the dark day prior to the war. They asked each other whether any of them ever had an idea as to the powers that were hidden under the surface of this silent, phlegmatic man. The great military genius, the dominating firmness of character, the fine personal qualities, and even the literary ability as shown in his dispatches and in his memoirs, were all there, but

dormant, only awaiting a stimulus to waken them into activity—a spark to fire them up to warmth and life. The civil war proved to me that spark; without it the genius in him might have slumbered on without awakening, and what was hidden in him might never have come to the surface. Had he been in the possession of a snug little office, with sufficieint income to live comfortably with his wife and children, independent of his father-in-law, it is at least a debatable question whether, at the outbreak of the war, he would have shaken off his easy-going indolence and volunteered into the service. When he did so it was only after he had made a failure of the tanning business in Galena and after his father and brother could do nothing further for him. So his own admission that "had he been in office as Road Superintendent he might still be so," was at that time shared by all who knew him, and is still my honest belief. On a later occasion, to which I shall refer hereafter, he indirectly expressed this view to me.

Unquestionably his dependent position at Dent's had soured him, perhaps led him to those habits of occasional intemperance (which had received much wider notice than there was warrant for) and made him wish for any change.

The following occurrence may tend to illustrate the temper of his father-in-law toward him after the fall of Fort Donelson. I was driving with John Fenton Long, who was then occupying the position of Road Superintendent that Grant had applied for, a near neighbor of Dent's and one of the most

devoted friends of Grant, under whom he afterwards occupied several high offices, when, at a cross-road, we met Col. Dent, and stopping, engaged in conversation. Long mentioned the famous victory that Grant had accomplished at Fort Donnelson, when Dent, interrupting him angrily, said: "Don't talk to be about this Federal son-in-law of mine. There shall always be a plate on my table for Julia, but none for him." From this remark I inferred at once that I had done Grant an injustice; that he had always been a Union man and had incurred Dent's displeasure on that account. How little did this old man foresee the great honor that was in store for him by being permitted to sit at the presidential table of his son-in-law.

Years passed, and in 1868, Grant became President. He had been a warm friend and admirer of Capt. Jas. B. Eads, the famous engineer who designed and built the St. Louis bridge. Early in its inception, being also a warm friend of Capt. Eads, I became interested in the enterprise, and having been forced by ill-health to abandon my profession, joined the directory of the Bridge Company in 1867 and became the general manager of that corporation, with which I am still identified. In the early stages of the bridge enterprise, the steamboat men of St. Louis opposed it, without avail, however, in the Legislature, in Congress, and in the Municipal Assembly. They opposed the erection of any bridge whatever, ostensibly because their high chimneys could not pass under bridges at high water, but really because they thought that railroad bridges

would seriously affect the river trade. Foremost among the opponents were Capt. McCune and Capt. Sam. Gaty, of the St. Louis and Keokuk line of steamboats? As is well known, the Bridge Company had to struggle against great physical and technical difficulties, consequent upon the novelty of the engineering features of that structure; but finally, in 1873, after its great piers were sunk and the ponderous arches erected, the owners of the Keokuk Packet Line filed a complaint with the Secretary of War, that the bridge was an obstruction to comerce, because the smoke stacks of their boats could not pass under the bridge at high water without lowering, and they asked for the removal of the structure on this account. It became at once evident to us that this complaint was not filed with the former Secretary of War, Judge Taft, of Cincinnati, father of the present Governor of Manila, and before the structure was practically completed, because there was no chance of its then being seriously entertained, but that now General Belknap (of unsavory record), a Keokuk man, and a friend of McCune and Gaty, being Secretary, there was a chance for his town folk and intimate friends. It was intimated at the time that Belknap was interested in that line, but it is not known whether such was the case.

At all events the Secretary, immediately upon the filing of this petition, appointed a commission of army engineers, Col. Simpson presiding, to inquire into this alleged obstruction. That commission appeared, took ex parte testimony from steam-

boat men only, refused the Bridge Company and its counsel, Gen. John W. Noble, any hearing and arbitrarily closed the proceedings before the Bridge Company could take breath.

To the astonishment of the whole community the commission reported to the Secretary that although the bridge had been constructed in exact accordance with the act of Congress, it nevertheless was an obstruction to navigation and should be taken down, or that a ship canal should be built around it at its eastern end, and that the whole matter be reported to Congress for its action in the premises. A few days later after the rendering of this report we learned that it had been approved by the Secretary and ordered to be filed for reference to Congress.

Everybody in St. Louis was astounded at that report. It was ridiculed by the press and the comment on the Secretary's action was very severe. To the Bridge Company, however, it was a matter of serious concern. Over six millions of money had already been expended, and financial negotiations for the means to complete the structure were then pending which would have failed if the existence of the structure were in peril through a recommendation of the Secretary to Congress to have it removed.

In this emergency Capt. Eads and I concluded to appeal to the President, and on a hot July morning of the same year, we appeared at the White House, sent in our cards, and were promptly admitted. Upon our entering his cabinet President Grant met

Capt. Eads with outstretched hands, greeting him warmly, and then, turning toward me, said, with a facetious smile, while shaking hands with me: "How are you, Judge." I noticed the allusion at once and said: "Mr. President, by addressing me as 'Judge' I hope you do not recall a former event which weighed heavily on my mind ever since you have attained your high position." He laughed and said: "Oh, no; you see how much better it is than it might have been."

We stated our case and he listened seriously and attentively. He had never heard of this commission,—its appointment or action. After a while he rang the bell and sent for the Secretary. General Belknap soon entered, and the President at once, rapidly and curtly, asked him a few categorical questions,—had the bridge been built in accordance with the provisions of the act of Congress, and had the structure been approved by the former Secretary of War? Belknap said yes, but claimed the general authority under the law given to the Secretary of War to remove obstructions to navigation, and offered to send for all the papers in the case.

The President said nothing for a while, and then, with that peculiar firm set of his lower jaw, substantially said: "I do not care to look at the papers. You certainly cannot remove this structure on your own judgment. If Congress were to order its removal it would have to pay for it. I would hardly do that in order to save high smokestacks from being lowered when passing under the bridge. If your Keokuk friends feel aggrieved let them

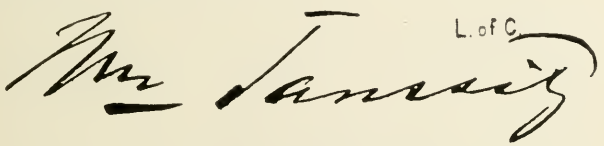
sue the bridge people for damages. I think, General, you had better drop the case."

Belknap, whose face had colored to a deep red, rose, and, with a bow, left the cabinet. We left soon, with warm thanks, and were enabled to inform the public and our bankers that this vexatious proceeding had been entirely abandoned by order of the President.

After this occurrence President Grant visited our bridge office and inspected the progress of the work every time he came to St. Louis. I remember particularly one raw, cold November day in 1873, when he came to our office, accompanied by the late Capt. Cozzens and Mr. Chauncey I. Filley, and went out with Capt. Eads and Col. Hy. Flad, the assistant chief engineer, to walk over the first two arches, over which only a few narrow planks had been laid. It was hard and risky work, even for those accustomed to it, but as Col. Flad told me, the President walked over it fearlessly and took in everything that was shown him with much interest. Upon the return of the party Capt. Eads took a bottle of brandy out of his closet, I brought out my box of cigars, and we all sat down around a draughtsman's deal table. The President and those with him were nearly frozen and he and they enjoyed the brandy. He smoked cigars rapidly and had them half chewed up when he threw them away. His conversation and demeanor were as quiet, modest and unassuming as those of any private citizen. While looking at him I had always to recall to my mind and to realize that it was not an ordinary

citizen who sat and chatted at this table, but the greatest man of his time.

History has already inscribed this great character, and what the country owes to him, upon its tablets, but only a few have been privileged to know his plain and unassuming disposition, the ease with which he turned from the lofty eminence of the presidential chair into the position of a plain citizen, the loyalty with which he clung, often to his own discomfort and disparagement, to old friends and adherents, and withal the quiet, impressive dignity which distinguished this unpretending democratic citizen President.



ON the eve of my departure for the joint military maneuvers in which I am ordered to take part, many matters of official business command my attention, but it is due to you if to say that I feel honored by the suggestion that any paper of commercial mine could contribute to the proposed celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of your excellent journal. Naturally I feel a keen interest in all that concerns St. Louis, and I recognize the fact that newspaper enterprise has helped largely in the development of that metropolis. More than this, I need hardly remind you that some of the sweet at recollections of my life are linked with the stories told me by my father, of the days when, as a brevet second lieutenant in the Army, he met my mother at the "Old White Haven" on the Gravois, where we all spent many happy days of our lives. Of St. Louis, the place where I was born, I always think fondly, and will never cease to feel an interest in its development and growth. I regret, however, that in the rush of business matters I am deprived of treating as fully as I would like to do, this delightful topic. But permit me to offer to you and your associates on the Post-Dispatch my hearty congratulations on its twenty-fifth anniversary, and to wish for you all that degree of prosperity which your journalistic enterprise and merit deserve. St. Louis and her newspapers have reason to be proud of each other, and, on behalf of myself and family, I beg to say that I appreciate the compliment implied in the suggestion that any incident connected with the early life of my father in Missouri could mark a feature in an anniversary demonstration which could interest the people of St. Louis and the state.

Two Homes of the Grant Family in St. Louis

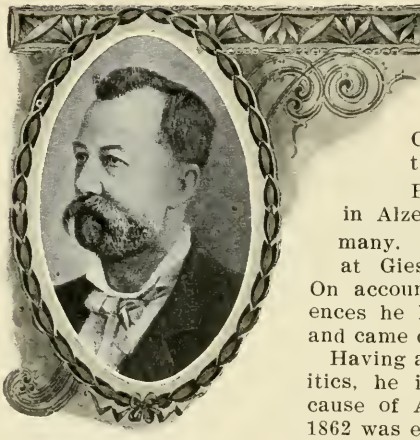
2008 BARTON ST.
Where Frederick D. Grant Was Born.

COR. CORLISS & LYDIA STS.
Where His Parents Were Married.

I expect to be absent at Fort Riley several weeks and so you will readily perceive how impracticable it is for me to furnish as I would like to an article commensurate in length to the events of which I have made mention.

Very respectfully,

Frederick D. Grant

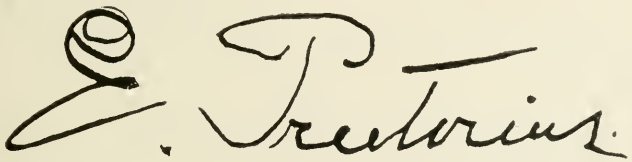


DR. EMIL PRETORIUS, Editor-in-Chief and President of the Westliche Post. Born March 15, 1827, in Alzey, Rheinhessen, Germany. He graduated in law at Giessen and Heidelberg. On account of political differences he left Germany in 1849, and came directly to St. Louis.

Having a natural taste for politics, he in 1860 espoused the cause of Abraham Lincoln. In 1862 was elected to the Missouri Legislature. Since then, while always active in every public movement, he has declined to let his name appear on any political ticket.

I met Captain Grant early in the fifties, at which time he was seeking employment here in the engineering line; and later on I knew him as a member of the Grant Leather Firm at Galena, Ill. In both capacities, however, he drew on himself the especial attention of neither myself nor of others. That condition changed, of course, with the outbreak of the war, when I first met him personally and most cordially at Gen. Fremont's headquarters on Chouteau avenue. From there he proceeded forthwith with a commission of the Commanded-in-Chief to Paducah, where and afterwards at Belmont, he

won his first laurels at the head of his brigade. During Johnson's term I came in closer contact with him, when the *Westliche Post* became actively engaged in bringing him out as a Presidential candidate. My last conversation with Gen. Grant occurred at the time we were both guests of Mr. Henry Villard, on the celebrated western trip in September, 1883, on the occasion of the opening of the Northern Pacific R. R. While not claiming anything in the nature of an intimate acquaintance with the Old Commander and great leader, I have known and seen enough of him, to concur fully and understandingly in the nation's appreciation of Ulysses S. Grant.



N. REAVIS. Born Nov. 21, 1835, in St. Louis County, where he has resided all his life, with the exception of two and one-half years service in Company H. Missouri Confederate Volunteers. Mr. Reavis had many exciting experiences while acting as a carrier of dispatches between Colonel Porter and General Price. He is known throughout St. Louis County and the state by the nickname of "Trip."

One evening in the fall, directly after the Mexican war, two horsemen, riding westward on the Big Bend road in St. Louis county, drew near to the old homestead (in which I then lived) and saluted with a "Hello," which was answered by my older brother and myself. It was after dusk and the horsemen had lost their way. One of them asked my brother if he could direct them to Col. Dent's farm. My brother thought for a moment and replied, "I do not know any 'Colonel' around here, but old man Dent lives on the Gravois creek about two miles distant," and being set right the two horsemen passed on. They were U. S. (then Captain) Grant and his future brother-in-law, Lew

Dent. This began my acquaintance with the future President of the United States. Years passed before I saw him again and it was not until after his marriage and he had taken up his residence at the Dent homestead and we had become neighbors of fair proximity in those days that I had any relations with him.

It must have been in the winter of 1853 or 1854 that Jonah Sappington and myself entered into an arrangement with Capt. Grant in regard to a quantity of cord wood. At the time of the settlement a disagreement arose as to the amount, for which payment was to be made, and Capt. Grant proposed arbitration of our differences, Mr. Sappington and myself to appoint one of the arbitrators and Capt. Grant another, decision to be left to them, the expense of this adjustment to be borne by which ever party was shown to be in the wrong. This plan proving entirely acceptable, I named Ben Lovejoy, a neighbor, as our choice as arbitrator. Capt. Grant imediately met this proposition with the statement that Mr. Lovejoy was entirely satisfactory to him and it was decided that the finding of Mr. Lovejoy should be final. The decision was in our favor and adverse to Capt. Grant, who at once paid the bill in accordance with the agreement. This is the only business deal in which I ever entered with the future President. At that time Grant was engaged in the hauling of wood and the old wagon with span of white and black horses was a familiar sight on the Reavis Jefferson Barracks road and the Gravois road. I have heard it stated

that he used a yoke of oxen for hauling, but this is incorrect as he owned one of the best pulling teams in those parts. It was his boast that his span of black and white could pull a load of 60 bushels of wheat on the dirt roads, which were none too good for heavy hauling in those days.

I met Grant a great many times during the early 50's and in the spring of '55 was present at the building of his log cabin. On this particular day I had been obliged to cease work by an attack of ague, but later in the day feeling improved I was attracted to the Grant place by the sound of axes and saws and found the log cabin in active course of construction. It was a typical house raising of early days, familiar then but long since passed out of custom. The trees had been felled and the logs hewed and scored by Grant himself in preparation of the event; neighbors had ridden in and under Grant's direction timbers were raised and before sundown the cabin was practically—with the exception of the roof—completed, this portion being left to be finished by the owner the following day, Grant carrying up one corner of the cabin. Those who were present and who assisted in the raising of the cabin were:

Harrison Long, Upshaw McCormick, Zeno Mackey, Thaddius Lovejoy, Perry Sappington, Lint Sappington, Mr. Wise.

Grant and family occupied this house for several years until he gave up the peaceful pursuit of the field. As a farmer Grant was a hard worker and his lack of success was not due to any lack of effort.

He did not know how to get the results out of agriculture and this was the sole cause of his failure as a farmer.

The last time I saw Grant was at the surrender of Ft. Donnellson, the 16th of February, 1862, when our forces were taken prisoners and the sword of surrender awarded to General Grant. He visited his old home in 1863 or 1864, but I did not see him at that time. I was advised, however, that he had given it out that he would be glad to do anything possible for any of "the boys" in the neighborhood.

The opening of the Centennial and Grant's last smoke are contributions by Mr. C. E. Meade, a newspaper correspondent of such widespread reputation and popularity that little reference is called for in the way of introductory.

He was born on July 25, 1850, and is known as one of the young old men. His services as a writer have been engaged by the leading newspapers and magazines of the country for the past 35 years, and being a man of more than ordinary ability, his assignments were such as to keep him in close touch with events of national interest.

The two anecdotes that follow date back to a period when as a journalist for one of America's leading publications, he was assigned to special work, which enabled him to study some of the characteristics of General Grant.

GENERAL GRANT'S LAST SMOKE.

It was in the autumn of '82 that I landed at my old home, Goshen, N. Y., where I had not visited in many years. I learned that Gen. Grant was visiting at the Goldsmith stock farm, some five or six miles below the town. The impulse to go down there grew stronger and the second day after my arrival at Goshen I drove out through the historic

old town where Gen. Washington's headquarters stood for half a century after the revolution had closed.

It was a perfect October day, as the fine Hamiltonian that I drove glided out the wide street that is lined as you near the suburbs with relics of Colonial days. The old Gen. Wickham residence still stood surrounded by its great park and grand old oak trees. In the attic of this old mansion when I was a boy, over 40 years ago, with others of my age, I rummaged the historic building looking for relics of the past; but never was rewarded with anything in particular until some carpenters came to make changes in the structure which had been bought by R. H. Burdell, president of the Erie railroad, and a staunch partisan and friend of Gen. Grant in war times. It was then the mechanics unearthed a great roll of Continental money, of no value except as relics of the Revolutionary times. The bulk of the primitive old scrip was sent to Gen. Grant at the close of the war by Mr. Burdell.

I remember as I neared the famous farm of Alden Goldsmith, the most noted breeder of fine trotters in the country, I caught a glimpse of the Wallkill river stretching away like a great belt of silver past Stoney Ford, near which the Goldsmith place was located along the banks of the peerless stream I noticed that the burrs of the chestnut trees along the road were wide open, and I tied the horse to the fence, got out and picked up a pocket full.

When I drove up to the Goldsmith place, I saw the famous horseman and the more famous soldier view-

ing some fine colts in the yard of one of the great stables, and I at once turned in, when a stable man took the horse I was driving in charge, and I walked over to where the owner of the farm and the General were standing. Mr. Goldsmith came forward and I renewed a boyhood acquaintance that was formed when I was a printers' devil on the *Goshen Democrat*, conducted by my uncle, after whom I was named, and one of the oldest papers in the State of New York.

Mr. Goldsmith presented me to Gen. Grant as a relative of Gen. George G. Meade, of Gettysburg fame and representative of a New York paper. The General looked worn and somewhat haggard, but he was the same unassuming Grant that the world knew so well.

Conversation drifted along through channels of no national importance for awhile, when I dove down into my pocket and drew forth a handful of the chestnuts I had gathered and handed them to Gen. Grant, which he took, thanking me in his quiet way and remarking:

"Ah! these remind me of my early lays at West Point and the more recent and stirring times down in Virginia. I have always been fond of chestnuts, and have gathered many of them, but I am afraid my affliction will prohibit my swallowing these."

"I'll fix them all right, General. I will have them boiled, and then they are as soft as cooked potatoes," said Mr. Goldsmith.

"All right, Goldsmith, you may be the doctor," replied Grant with a smile.

Grant was suffering at the time with the cancerous growth in his throat, and came away out in Orange county for a change of scene and a brief visit and recreation at the beautiful stock farm by the rippling Wallkill river.

Shortly after the chestnut incident, the General took out his cigar case, passing it to Mr. Goldsmith and myself, then silently picking one out and holding it between his fingers, he looked at it sadly for a moment.

"Gentlemen," he said, and I thought there was a slight quaver in his voice, "this is the last cigar I shall ever smoke. The doctors tell me that I will never live to finish the work on which my whole energy is centered these days (meaning the memoirs he was engaged in writing at the time), if I do not cease indulging in these fragrant weeds. It is hard to give up an old and cherished friend, that has been your comforter and solace through many weary nights and days. But my unfinished work must be completed, for the sake of those that are near and dear to me;" and then the General slowly lighted the solacing torch and for a few moments gazed over the browning fields and the rich coloring of the autumn foliage among which myriads of migrating blackbirds made merry as they clung to the limbs, and the golden sunshine filled the world about us with a wealth of autumn glories. Still amidst the beauty of the surroundings a sadness filled my heart that hushed my lips to silence as I contemplated the stricken hero before me slowly puffing his last cigar.

I left shortly afterward, and the pathetic picture hovered like a pall, making the glory of the autumn skies seem dull and dreary as I drove swiftly through scenes that would have gladdened my soul under different circumstances.

GENERAL GRANT AT THE CENTENNIAL.

The only President of these United States who has participated personally in the ceremonies attending the opening of a great exposition was Ulysses S. Grant. He touched no magic button at long range to formally start the wheels and flags flying at the Centennial of 1876, but stood out upon the steps of the speakers' stand, facing the multitude in front of the middle entrance of the main building, and directly in front of the Art Gallery, in the midst of soldiers, civilians and the diplomatic corps representing all the civilized nations, looked over the vast sea of faces, down the lines of marines that guarded the broad walk from the terrace on which the stand was erected.

Slowly he turned his eyes from building to building as if to note the presence of the furled flags and then taking off his hat, he raised his right hand, and waved it in a sweeping circle that took in the groups of buildings. Instantly the eyes of the multitude saw a flag creeping up the staff of every building.

Just as the wind that came soft and gentle from far off southland caught and unfurled to the glorious sunshine and balmy air our starry emblems the bands burst forth with the "Star Spangled Banner," wafting the inspiring strains far across the

flowering vistas that stretched out to the Schuylkill and far down towards the Wissihicken.

One grand shout went up from the wildly enthused mass of patriots, while the Old Commander stood forth in bold relief, still uncovered, his face aglow. That old flag that he and his brave followers had so herocially fought for was an inspiration that well might stir the patriot's heart and soul to their very depths.

The group that flanked the President was all life and animation. Beautifully gowned ladies, and the shine of the gilded uniforms of the officers, blended in harmonious colorings that gave more light and life to the scene.

That picture rises before me now as vividly as it stood out in the sunshine of that matchless May day in 1876.

Probably five minutes had elapsed, when President Grant turned, bowing before the Empress of Brazil, the Consort of Dom Pedro, the stately, silver haired ruler of that country by the tropic sea. The President offered his arm to the Empress. She was slightly taller than the hero of Appomatox, but as she took the proffered arm and started with the President to lead the way to the middle entrance to the main building, one forgot the difference in height of the two, to gaze upon the stalwart form of Dom Pedro as he stepped to the side of Mrs. Grant to present himself as her escort.

The head of the Brazilian government was a striking figure as he came down the steps with the wife of America's most eminent citizen and soldier

on his arm, immediately behind his wife and the President. Following came Gen. Hawley, the director of the Centennial Exposition, with some lady whom I cannot now recall; then followed the others down the sunny steps, through lines of Uncle Sam's sea soldiers, with presented arms forming a procession strikingly resplendent and impressive.

The spirit of '76 was in the genial air, and the matchless blue of heaven, with here and there a cloud floating like a snow wraith across its azure dome, the green sward, the flowers, the rustling foliage of the trees and the bright sunshine over all, tended to add to the inspiring scenes as they shifted and shimmered.

Patriotism was rampant until it rode rough shod over all.

As the procession reached the place where I was standing, just outside the ropes, next the marines, I watched an opportunity and slipped unobserved under and passed down with the others and into the main building. No one interfered, and with newspaper instinct I looked for every incident that could tend to build a story for the day.

There were many things to write about, but the climax came in about twenty minutes after the entrance of the dignitaries into the great structure. President Grant had led the party toward the east entrance along the south side of the building, returning westward by the northern aisle, intending to pass on and out by the extreme western entrance and thence to machinery hall.

Just about the time the Presidential party was passing the point were it had entered the building, by some oversight or mistake the doors were thrown wide open, when a wild rush of men, women and children came in like a torrent, as resistless as the wild waters that laid waste the beautiful valley of the Conmimaw when the North Fork dam broke, sending its floods roaring into gorges, carrying everything as they sped on to deal a death blow at the heart of Johnstown, just at a time when the white bloom of the laurels was floating down from the mountain side and the perfume of the rose gardens that bordered the resistless river were filling the erstwhile peaceful June air with their fragrance.

It was a boisterous tide of humanity that came surging in upon the President and his guests, pushing many of them aside with a shocking rudeness that marred the harmony and disturbed the equilibrium of many of the dignitaries.

With the Spanish minister's party there was a beautiful dark eyed girl of not more than eighteen years, gowned and decked in Spanish colors. Black and yellow satin were the materials and colors of the artistic dress. Rich and rare was the lace of the trimmings. The train was elegant and sweeping. Her bright and animated face drew the admiring gaze of every one that saw it. But all people and faces looked alike to the stampeding patriots as they pressed on shouting like wild Indians.

The beautiful Spanish maiden was swept away

from her escort by the torrent of humanity; whirled along like a pillow on the crest of a flood.

General Hartranft, who was then Governor of the Keystone State, rushed into the thickest of the mob to rescue the girl from her disagreeable environment, his tall soldierly form looming up above the rabble as he shouted:

"Gentlemen! Gentlemen! Have some respect for our invited guests."

Some coarse and unruly tongue from the invading mob hurled back in loud and brutal tones, that sounded high above the din of the moment: "To h—l with you and your guests! We are as good as they are."

The tide was sweeping the bewildered daughter of Spain farther and farther away from her friends, while Governor Hartranft was desperately struggling to reach her side. He finally succeeded. Picking her up in his arms he carried her out of her dilemma, placing her in front of President Grant, who gently took her by the hand, expressing his solicitude and deep regret for the indignity placed upon her, and leading her to her friends.

She was dishevelled but game. She laughed heartily as she glanced down at her torn gown, the trail of which was rent and badly soiled. Her hat had been knocked into a cocked one, making her look really funny, but the incident did not seem to upset her in the least, and as soon as she was fixed up a little, she was ready to move on with the procession.

The crowd scurried to all parts of the great build-

ing, but kept away from the old soldier President, who looked dangerous for a few moments.

"That crowd came like an infantry charge or the rush of foot ball players," remarked the Old Commander as the party moved westward. "I believe those men will be sorry for their rash and rude acts when they think it over. If this building should suddenly take fire what chance would women and children stand of succor and safety with a mob like that!" concluded the President as the party passed out the western entrance, where the state fencibles lined up in their Continental uniforms as the guard of honor.

The President's eyes glistened as they swept down the lines of the pride of Philadelphia's soldiery. Turning to Dom Pedro Gen. Grant remarked:

"Emperor, you see that the spirit of '76 and the memory of Valley Forge still lives in this city where the cradle of liberty rocked the world, and the signers of the Declaration of Independence lighted the torch of freedom to illume it."

"Every one should be proud that they are Americans to-day, surely," replied the Emperor. "'Tis truly inspiring."

Many an old soldier in the ranks of the fencibles, who had followed the Old Commander on trying marches and on bloody fields of battle could hardly restrain their enthusiasm as the soldier-President moved along their lines and when the party had disappeared into machinery hall a great shout went up from the soldiers in the uniforms of Washington

and the heroes of his time.

The party moved on to the great Corliss engine, where the President pulled the lever that started acres of machinery, with their thousands of wheels, in motion. No one was admitted to machinery hall until the President's party had moved across to the government building, which Gen. Grant seemed loth to leave. He explained the workings of the Gatling guns, near which the party spent all the time that was thought could be spent under existing circumstances.

Across the picturesque and peaceful ravine to agricultural hall and back to the art gallery the procession traveled, where it remained for half an hour or so looking over the beautiful scenes that presented themselves from that elevated position.

"Providence has certainly provided an ideal day for this grand inaugural commemorative of freedom's birth, has He not, Mr. President?" said Gen. Hawley.

"General," replied the President, "God has always been good to the Americans, and let us hope that at the close of the next century he will still be on our side."

After some fifteen minutes of informal conversation, the carriages came, and I walked outside the gates to see the Old Commander and the nation's guests pass off down the road across the common upon which flitting clouds cast shadows like blots on the sunlit green.

I did not return within the grounds. So the charm of the opening day of the great Centennial

for me passed away when the Old Commander's carriage vanished far down Girard avenue.

THE SECOND ELECTION OF GEN. GRANT.

Having been permitted to cast my first vote for a President of the United States at the second election of General Grant in 1872, I was eager to see that it went regularly into the ballot box, and I did. There were numerous warnings sent out admonishing all voters to be vigilant and insist upon seeing their votes placed in the box by the clerks of election. One of the warnings to voters was headed in this style:

"LET US HAVE PEACE,

but see that our ballots are squarely boxed, even if we have to fight."

I went early, but not often to the polling place, at Seventh avenue and Seventeenth street, in New York City, and qualified as a voter. The clerk who received my ballot, was a big, burly fellow and seemed in no hurry to put it in the box. I asked him to do so, and he growled back at me:

"Dat'll be attended to all right, see?"

"No, I don't see, but I'm bound to see," was my reply, and I did see the ballot containing the Grant electors dropped into that sacred box.

"Hope yer satisfied now," snarled a judge.

I was and took my departure to follow the events of the day throughout the city. There were many stirring scenes but the Old Commander was running strong.

The only big newspaper in New York City that

was giving its hearty support to the President was *The Times*.

At the head of its editorial columns it flaunted in bold, black type, quotations from Horace Greely's utterances against the Democratic party, and fought valiantly for the re-election of the President.

About 10 o'clock that night the *Times* ran out a transparency announcing that Philadelphia had given 50,000 majority for Grant amidst the wildest enthusiasm.

A few moments later the *Tribune* launched a big, bright bulletin announcing to the throng gathered in front of the offices:

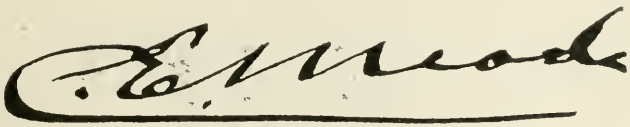
"Philadelphia gives Grant a majority of 50,000, but the State will overcome this handsomely and give her electoral vote to Greely and Braun."

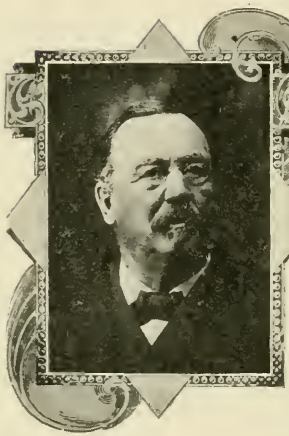
Another flash from the *Times* office and the multitude read these words and shouted itself hoarse:

"City of Philadelphia and the State of Pennsylvania rolls up the astounding majority of 100,000 for the Old Commander."

The transparency on the *Tribune* building flickered for a moment and then darkness cast a mantle of gloom over the scene, while the crowds went wild over the Pennsylvania landslide to Grant and Wilson.

Before dawn the next morning the world knew there was no doubt that for the second time General Grant had swept the country. For the second time he learned that Republics are not always ungrateful.





CAPTAIN S. O. HEMENWAY. Born in Geneva, N. Y., in 1833, his parents shortly afterwards removing to Buffalo. In 1841 he was a messenger boy in a general store, and in 1850 to 1852 he was station agent at State Line between Pennsylvania and New York. In 1854 he became purser on the steamer Oriental, running between Buffalo and Chicago, and learned navigation from Captain Heber Squares.

In 1857 Captain Hemenway went to Kansas, going by steamboat from St. Louis to Westport Landing, now Kansas City, and from there by stage to Lecompton, then capital of Kansas, where he kept a hotel for one year. At this time gold was discovered in the mountains and the city of Denver was laid out. The following year he removed to Denver and opened a hotel in a log cabin of one room, without door, window or a floor. One of his guests took Hemenway's pony and traded it for a claim, out of which he took $7,000 in one day, giving Hemenway half. After a time Captain Hemenway and his family moved back East.

He started for St. Paul, but switched to New Orleans, in order to recover a drove of horses that he had left at St. Joseph, Mo. This was just prior to the opening of the civil war, and there was some trouble in getting North. At St. Paul he accepted the management of the International Hotel. A year later he helped to build the St. Paul & Pacific Railway, while the now millionaire James J. Hill was a shipping clerk for a firm in St. Paul. He later took the management of the Nicollet Hotel at Minneapolis, incidentally serving as

a captain against the Indians during their uprising. He later contracted with the Union Army to supply General Shelle's army with hay which was cut between the White and Arkansas Rivers.

Toward the close of the war Captain Hemenway went to Cincinnati and bought the steamer Miami, which he ran between Memphis and Little Rock. This proved a successful financial venture until the steamer had the misfortune of a boiler explosition, at which time 187 of her 312 passengers lost their lives. At the time of the explosion Captain Hemenway's family were at Memphis, and he was on a trip to St. Louis.

The loss of the Miami bankrupted Hemenway, but in a short while he started with the little steamer Goldfinch, making trips between St. Louis and Chester. In 1867 he was offered and accepted command of a boat in the Memphis & St. Louis Line, and was on the G. W. Graham, Belle of Memphis and the Adam Jacobs, finally becoming agent of the company. While master of the G. W. Graham he made a trip up the Missouri to the mouth of the Yellowstone in the employ of the Government. The trip to Fort Buford took 76 days, the return to St. Louis being made in eight days and nine hours. Captain Hemenway left the agency of his line for one year, during which period he ran a little steamer in the lower coast trade from New Orleans to Belize, but at the request of the company, returned to St. Louis and resumed the agency again.

He has always taken considerable interest in politics, and at the time referred to placed in nomination for Congress Erastus Wells, father of Mayor Rolla Wells. Captain Hemenway ran for County Auditor, but was not elected. His Republican competitor proved a defaulter for $225,000 and went to the penitentiary. Captain Hemenway was at one time Assistant Doorkeeper to the House of Representatives. Captain Hemenway has bought and sold a number of well-known steamers and has also been identified with the promotion of many well-known enterprises.

He brought from New York and erected at Monterey, Mexico, the first electric light plant operated in Mexico. General Diaz was so pleased with the result that he invited Captain Hemenway and his family to spend several months with him

at the City of Mexico as his guests.

At the solicitation of Senators Brice, English and Barnum, Captain Hemenway became an advisory member of the National Democratic Committee and served in that capacity in the city of New York during the campaign of 1888.

He is at the present time identified with one of the most successful enterprises in the World's Fair City, acting in the capacity of President of the American Hotel, which is situated at the terminus of the Transit and Suburban lines.

During the winter of '79 and '80 I owned and commanded the "Steamer Arrow," running on the St. John river, Fla. Coming down the river with a fair load of passengers destined for the North to attend wedding, burials, and places of amusement, I found the steamer Pastime hard aground on Volusia dam. She was making a special trip with General U. S. Grant and wife, General Fred Grant and wife, General Phil. Sheridan, Mr. Seligman, wife, son, and daughter. As her stay was problematic, and the distinguished parties time was so allotted, as to require their arrival at Enterprise, where a mass of people of that locality had congregated, to entertain the distinguished party, I therefore rounded the "Arrow," and getting alongside of the disabled boat, and taking the party of twenty-two on board the "Arrow," and proceeded up that crooked, intrepid stream. The night was awfully dark, made more so by the interlocking branches on either side.

General Grant, Sheridan and General Fred Grant viewed the grandeur of that stream with me from the pilot house. Their social qualities were demonstrated by wagering with each other, on the

next turn or swing of the boat, as the river was so narrow it required "hard a star board and hard a port," keeping her continually on the swing. That General Grant should not lose any of these petty wagers, I tipped his foot one to the right, and two to the left; he soon was in possession of all the small change Sheridan and Fred had.

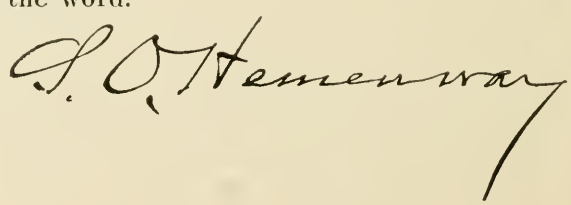
We arrived at Lake Monroe, which, by the way, is one of the most beautiful inland lakes in Florida. The thousands of Floridans, who had congregated to pay their respects to General Grant and party, surrounded this lake. Their fires had about gone out when the "Arrow" entered the lake, but upon the blast of her whistle they recognized the return of the "Arrow" with the distinguished party on board. The fires were immediately rekindled, giving a glorious picture to the entire surroundings. The boat landed at Enterprise at midnight, the party was received by a committee and banqueted at the hotel, where a grand reception took place.

At 9 a. m. General Grant and his party re-embarked. We crossed the lake to Sandford, where he was greeted by thousands of his admirers, who took him in hand and with a procession of all clases of vehicles, visited the orange groves. Our return trip down the river was without incident, arriving at the mouth of the Oclawahau river, where a small steamer was waiting to take the distinguished party up that historical stream. We arrived at 7 o'clock p. m., where the party disembarked.

On leaving the "Arrow" the ladies of the party

were profuse with their thanks for the hospitality shown them by the passengers and crew. General Grant was the last to leave. While passing over the gang plank he placed both hands upon my shoulder and said: "Captain, you have the honor of being the only man who ever captured General Grant; I'll get even with you, old boy."

A little incident occurred showing the social quality of this distinguished gentleman. A gentleman and passenger on the boat "butted in" while the General was renewing his cigar, his Jap servant came with a box of cigars which he tendered to me and then passed it to the stranger. The stranger accepted the cigar and taking out his knife punctured the end of the cigar, while Grant cut off the end of his. The gentleman asked General Grant if he had ever punctured his cigars, by doing so all of the nicotine was concentrated in the end. General Grant said: "Yes; I punctured my cigars for years, but as I visited the cigar manufacturers in Jacksonville, I noticed that the Cubans and negroes rolled them up and placing their fingers in their mouths twisted the small end to a point. Noticing this peculiarity in cigar makers, I concluded that I had chewed that kind of paste long enough. Since then I have been cutting them off," suiting the action to the word.



You ask for my antecedents; here they are:

I am born of pure Saxon blood, college bred. In order to support my mother, I learned the trade of a machinist and in that capacity, helped to build the first locomotive west of the Mississippi river, at Palm & Robertson's shop on Third and Mulbery streets, in this city. I hit my fingers, instead of my chisel and was laid up for repairs and had to abandon my vocation. I became an electroplater. My shop was where the Granite building is now, on Fourth street, south of Market. I made my own batteries and my tools before the anvil. Drifted to Jefferson City, where I was employed with Clooney, Crawford & Co., corner High and Madison. I could not stand the beautiful climate and came back to St. Louis when I organized in 1860 the

Tenth Ward Saving Association, of which I was one of its officers. Resigned my position to enter the U. S. Volunteers in 1861, under first call of Abraham Lincoln. At expiration of my term of enlistment wanted to join again, but Frank Blair, whom I adore as a political saint, said, "No, you take charge of the internal revenue business," which I subsequently organized and during eight years, collected and accounted to the National Government the sum of forty million dollars, every cent of which passed through my hands.

When the whiskey ring was formed in 1869, I resigned and in the next year was elected treasurer of the then County of St. Louis. The Republicans would not let me in, as on a previous occasion. I was elected again treasurer by the largest majority any one ever received up to that time, from which election I am still suffering in this: that in the financial storm of 1873, a banking house failed, which had $80,000 of my money which it honestly kept and I had to settle the amount, which settled me too. Since then I have been a "penny a liner" for newspapers and wrote otherwise to catch a penny and am still so engaged.

REMINISCENCES.

You want to know something about Gen. Grant. Well, I knew him, but not intimately. Part of what I knew of him is as follows:

When he came from California, where he was stationed, resigning his commission as captain in the army and, I think in the year 1848, he married here, and settled at White Haven, across River Des

Peres, on a lot of 150 acres, given him by his father-in-law, Col. Dent. He built the cabin with the assistance of his neighbors, now located on the World's Fair grounds, and employed himself industriously in preparing the ground, by cutting the trees on the premises and hauling the wood to town by way of Gravois road. Everybody knows of this.

On his way to town, and coming back to his place he frequently stopped at grocery stores and contracted small debts. When he was appointed Brigadier-General he came home on a furlough and stopped at each grocery store on the Gravois road and paid his little debts, years ago contracted, and the strangest part was he knew exactly the amount he owed to each. This is simply recorded to show his honesty and a remarkable memory, of what happened years ago.

You want to know why he left St. Louis, well, I'll tell you. In 1855 or there abouts he had formed a co-partnership with one of his relatives, I have forgotten the name, in the real estate business. Business did not flourish and having a knowledge of engineering, acquired at West Point, made an application to the county commissioners or County Court for the position of County Surveyor, the appointment of which was with this Court.

A Mr. Solomon was his opponent and by a vote of the County Court Mr. Solomon was appointed the Surveyor of the county of St. Louis. Capt. Grant was very much disappointed, as the president of the County Court, Dr. Wm. Taussig, had been his family physician and knew him well. Af-

ter the proceedings of the Court and Capt. Grant knew the result he felt disheartened and sat on the east front steps of the Court House and keenly felt his failure to obtain this position very much.

A friend passed by and saw Grant and said: "Capt., you look drowsy, what is the matter?" Well, the Captain replied: "No American can get anything in this town." Solomon, the appointee was of foreign birth. "I am going to leave this town at once," and this is the cause the Captain left for Galena, Illinois. Why he engaged himself in the tanning business, this is not quite clear. Anyway, when the war broke out, he went to Springfield, Illinois, and obtained a position in the enrolling office as a clerk. The 21st Ills. Regiment arrived at Springfield and an unruly crowd it was which were gathered in the northern part of Illinois, and the Colonel reported at headquarters that he could not control the boys. This was reported to the War Governor Yates, the father of the present Governor of Illinois, who saw Grant, was impressed with his manners and appointed him to the Colonelcy of this regiment. Under ordinary circumstances the railroad would have been used to transport the regiment to its destination in the South; not so with Colonel Grant.

He marched to the place ordered and on the way trained the boys to such an extent that his regiment became known as one of the most efficient in the service. This is the way the career of our beloved Commander commenced. History tells the balance of his achievements.

While he was here he sometimes left his team on the road, sitting down on the roadside letting his team pass along on a sultry day. He fell asleep. Sappington's negro, passing by seeing his master's neighbor, asked him to get into his little market wagon. Being drowsy and the roads being bad and full of holes and through the jolting of the wagon, Grant fell into the bed of the wagon, in which some of the garden truck was, not sold in the market, and when Grant's place was nearly reached the Captain got off.

In the morning Sappington looked about and found the balance of the garden products in a delapidated condition, and calling Sam, the negro, said, "What in the h—l did you do with the water melons, they are mashed up?" "Well, sah," the old honest negro stated the incident of what happened with Capt. Grant, and said to his master, "Dem crushed watah mellon is the imprint of Captain Grant, sah."

Several of such incidents happened. When Grant was elected President for the first time he visited St. Louis. Among the committee receiving him was Dr. Taussig, well and favorably known to most St. Louisans.

Gen. Grant recognized his old friend at once and addressed him as "Judge." This nettled Dr. Taussig somewhat as it flashed into his mind about the little incident happening some years ago, when he had given his preference to Mr. Solomon in the appointment of County Surveyor of St. Louis county. As Mr. Taussig was known to Gen. Grant

as Dr. Taussig, so Mr. Taussig said, "General, I hope the little incident happening years ago when Solomon was appointed County Surveyor and you were an applicant has nothing to do with you calling me Judge." General Grant smilingly tapped Mr. Taussig on the back and said, "No, my dear sir; I owe you a debt of gratitude. If you had made me County Surveyor I would not be President of the United States now."

This shows and confirms Grant's well known domestic habits, as he would have stayed right home with his family, whom he loved so much. This in a measure shows the true character of the man Grant.

I was at the inaugural ball in Washington, 1869, and I never saw a more modest man bear such great honors than he did; there was certainly nothing of haughtiness in the make-up of Gen. Grant. I was there with a friend and a co-officer, Capt. Hy. C. Wright, an intimate friend and neighbor of the President, when he dwelt at White Haven across River Des Peres. Capt. Wright had the finest house in the neighborhood and Capt. Grant was a gladly seen guest at Wright's home. So when Grant was inaugurated my friend, Capt Wright, went to the White House, where he had a pleasant chat with Mrs. Grant and then went to Gen. Grant's office, who was much pleased to see him. "Well, Captain," the General said, after a while, "what can I do for you?" Capt. Wright expained that he was here with a friend and that he had just helped me to make a satisfactory settle-

ment of five million dollars which we had collected in the revenue service and that now we were about going home.

He further stated that I was a Democrat and he was a Republican, that he thought that after the administration had changed he would take care of me. Well Grant said, "You go home and think what you want an make your application and hand it to me." Captain Wright went home and pondered all by himself and in due time went to President Grant and handed him his application as agent of the Kiowas, who were then in the Pan Handle of Texas.

Grant looked at it and said, "What do you want that for?" Capt. Wright replied, "I thought it would suit me." Well," Grant said, "you will be appointed," and made some memoranda on the back of the application and said, "I will send your commission to St. Louis."

I had gone to the Capitol, and walking down Pennsylvania avenue about midway, I met the Captain, who I saw was all aglow with pleasure. I said in meeting him, knowing where he had been, "Well, how is it?" He related the story just told when I said, "I am pleased to know this. I am going to New York now and would like you to go with me, but if I were you, I would stay here until you get your appointment, or place your affairs in the hands of a friend." He said, "You're a fool; it's all right." "All right," I said, "let's go." We went to New York, stayed there a few days and then went to St. Louis. When we arrived at St. Louis I

picked up a paper and the first thing I saw was that someone else had been appointed to the place my friend had sought.

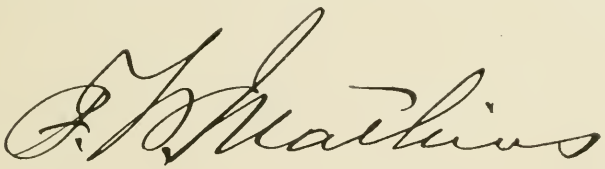
Capt. Wright was afterwards appointed as Appraiser of Merchandise in St. Louis and when his term expired was appointed again. I simply mention this incident to show that Grant never forgot his friends, and a failure to appoint Wright as Indian Agent was caused by the fact that Grant was so beset by the Indian ring that he could not appoint Wright to that position, but he never forgot him. One of my sons was in 1876 appointed by President Grant to Annapolis as naval cadet.

I resigned my position as revenue officer in June, 1869, when the whiskey ring was formed. This steal went on for some time. Chas. W. Ford was appointed as collector and parties in charge of the manipulation of the whiskey ring made Mr. Ford believe that this was all done in favor of the "Old Man," as they called Gen. Grant, for another term. Time passed on and Mr. Ford, who was an honest man, but things got so hot for him that he resolved to see Grant himself about this matter. Grant was at the coast in some watering place. Ford had been a schoolmate of Grant's and they were on very intimate terms with each other, so without ado Ford said, "General, I suppose you know what we are doing in St. Louis and that it's all right?" Grant said, "Charlie, you ought to know me better," and turned his back on him.

Ford went to Chicago crestfallen and there died. The supposition was that he had poisoned himself.

I simply mention this to show that Grant was thoroughly honest and had no conception of the steal which was going on in St. Louis ostensibly in his behalf. The fact was that he was surrounded by men on the make, who kept everything of knowledge in these matters from him. It may be said in parenthesis that the then Secretary of the Treasury, a Mr. Bristow, was himself a candidate for the Presidency and the more Grant would be implicated, the better it would be for him.

Subsequent affairs in New York with the money broker, Ives, who stole Grant's fortune, showed conclusively that Grant was devoid of any business capacity. A great soldier, but a very poor business man.



The following is a speech delivered by the Hon. Jno. S. Wise before the Union League of Philadelphia:

"THE HEROES OF THE SOUTH."

The Chairman:—I am now about to offer the last sentiment of the evening, and in doing so I must express my thanks to the gentleman who will respond for the cheerful patience with which he has, even to this late hour, kept his promise that he would relieve me of the embarrassment occasioned by the departure of Mr. Watterson, and make the concluding speech. Gentlemen, John S. Wise is no stranger to the Union League. (Cheers) We honor his character and achievements; we rejoice in his sunny, sparkling ways, which give his companionship so rare a charm, and we are never weary of his splendid eloquence. (Applause.) He is with us in special trust. We have on the walls of the League the features of his illustrious namesake; of one whose name will be venerated while Philadelphia cherishes the patriotism of the early days—John Sergeant. (Cheers.) We might see on the walls of Virginia's capitol the features of another ancestor—the stern, intrepid Governor of Virginia—whose hand stayed the mad sway of religious fanaticism. The North claims Sergeant; Virginia has no greater name than of Henry A. Wise. North and South are, therefore, to-night United in the person of our guest, recalling the legend of Prescott, the historian, over whose library door were crossed two muskets—one borne by a Tory ancestor, and the other by an ancestor, under

Washington as they fought at Bunker Hill. Mr. Wise gave the fervor of his youth to the Confederacy; he gives the wisdom of his manhood to the Union. As representing what was best, alike in Pennsylvania and Virginia, he will respond to a toast, which will ever be drank in the League with the respect due to self-denial and valor. I give you "The Heroes of the South," (Loud aplause) a heroism that belongs to American history, and which can never be forgotten while we honor and value American manhood.

SPEECH OF HON. JOHN. S. WISE, OF VIRGINIA.

Mr. Wise was received with loud and long-continued cheers as he arose. He said:

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen:—I came here to celebrate the 70th anniversary of the birth of General Grant, but I fear we are getting along very rapidly towards the 71st (laughter). (It was after midnight.)

This demand that I respond for "the South" reminds me of the college debate where we discussed "Which was most responsible for killing the pig? The knife that slew him, or the grindstone that sharpened it?" I think I am here somewhat in the character of the grindstone for unless Grant had had us to sharpen up on there would have been no Grant (laughter).

Surely no Southerner would take more pleasure than I do in honoring the memory of General Grant, and no place could be more congenial than the city of Philadelphia. (Applause.)

About your good city cluster many of the tenderest feelings of my heart.

I have, at home, a letter dated Philadelphia, January 10, 1777, written by my great-grandfather to his wife. He was then a Captain in the Virginia line on Continental establishment, marching to join the army of Washington and afterwards took part in the battles of Brandywine and Germantown. Another letter bearing date Philadelphia, December 4, 1798, from his daughter, my grandmother, then a school girl, was written within a stone's throw of this spot. It tells of Philadelphia hospitality and social life, in a way that would surely interest you. There were my Virginia kinsfolk of a hundred years ago identified with the City of Brotherly Love, and my father was named after Alexander Fullerton of Philadelphia. My mother, too, was a Philadelphian, daughter of the John Sergeant, whose portrait adorns your walls, and much of my childhood was passed among this noble people. (Applause.)

My experiences here, at the close of the war were rather unique. I escaped the surrender of General Lee by being the bearer of despatches from him to Mr. Davis. Hearing of Lee's surrender I journeyed southward and joined Johnston's army, surrendering with it at Jamestown, and being temporarily out of employment, my military ventures having somewhat miscarried, I came at once to Philadelphia, took up my domicile at the house of General Meade, who married my mother's sister, foraged on the enemy, and reviewed from time to time, the

returning armies of the Union. (Laughter and applause.)

Thus, in about two months, I had been in two Confederate and one Union army, and you will understand by that circumstance that I am not sectional or partisan in the views I entertain as to the events then transpiring. (Laughter.)

You must pardon all this. I have no speech prepared. Mr. Young, when he invited me, promised me faithfully he would not call upon me. I am merely a post-prandial bushwhacker.

Dropping this view of personal reminiscence, and bearing in mind the lateness of the hour, let me say as a very humble representative of the Confederate soldier, that, in my judgment, the time has come, and a sufficient period has elapsed for the subsidence of passion, for people on both sides to realize much that they could not appreciate when inflamed by the angry passions of war. I think we may now philosophise somewhat as to the causes and the results of the great struggle which made Grant famous. (Applause.)

As nothing came out as I expected it would I sometimes amuse myself by thinking of what might have happened. (Laughter.)

In the first place did it ever occur to you that any man who was on either side in that struggle might easily have been upon the other side? (Laughter and applause.)

That sounds absurd but it is not. Think how many Northern men were South and how many Southern men were North, merely through force

of the accidental circumstances surrounding them at the outbreak of hostilities. (Laughter.) Robert E. Lee and George H. Thomas, were Lieutenant-Colonel and Major respectively, of the same regiment. Both considered long and patiently which side they would take, and where their duty lay. On every theory of probabilities Lee was the man who would remain with the United States Army, and Thomas would go South. By every tradition Lee was a Federalist. The fame of his family had been earned in building up and sustaining the glory of the Union, for which his own blood had been shed in Mexico. He was the pet of General Scott, Commander-in-Chief of the Union Armies, and no favorite of Davis, or Bragg or Hardee, the leaders of the Confederacy. Above all, he was identified in every way with the feelings of that closest of all corporations in America, West Point, and had been taught to yield first allegiance to the Union. Thomas remained in the North. Lee went South. There was no telling, at that time, on which side men would fetch up. Pemberton and Lovell, both Northern men, cast their fortunes with the South.

Within three weeks of the actual outbreak of hostilities one of those who afterwards became famous as a Federal commander, was so earnest in his advocacy of the Southern view, that Southerners expected him to join them. I refer to that great, true, staunch Union soldier, John A. Logan. (Applause.)

Did it ever occur to you that if Lee had decided

differently, if he had remained in the North, if General Scott had given him command of the Union Army as he probably would have done, the war would have been ended so quickly that General Grant would never have had the opportunity to display his greatness?

I honestly believe such would have been the case if Lee had not gone South. I believe, that backed by the power and complete equipment the Union would have given him, General Lee would have wiped the Armies of the Confederacy off the face of the earth before the date of Vicksburg and Chattanooga. It is no disparagement of Grant to suggest these possibilities. They never occurred. His opportunity did come, and everybody, friend and foe alike, knows how he availed himself of them and proved his greatness. ((Applause.)

But we are merely talking about what might have been. It does no harm, and costs nothing. (Laughter.)

It was not so. Poor old Virginia! Virginia who had done so much to create, to establish, to perpetuate, the Union. Virginia who had produced George Washington, the father of the Union, and John Marshall, the great expounder of the Constitution. Virginia, whose illustrious Scott was at that moment Commander-in-Chief of the Federal Armies. Virginia, linked not only by history and every tradition, but by ties of blood and intermarriage, by daily social and business intercourse, with States like Pennsylvania. Virginia, who had earned the title of Mother of States and Statesmen by

the territory she had given, and the sons she had produced and whose lives had been dedicated to the cause of the Union. She, too, was called upon to decide, and cast her lot with the South. Men like Lee, followed her, just as the child who questions not the wisdom of a mother, obeys her commands though they be against judgment or inclination.

There is doubtless still something irritating to the northern mind, in the clamor of States like Louisiana and Florida at that time. States that had been redeemed from vassalage to foreign despotism, and bought by the money of the Federal Union, clamoring for their "reserved rights;" but Virginia occupied no such position. She was placed in a trying and difficult situation, with many considerations swaying her to and fro. She was slow to act, and fully conscious of how much the step involved to herself and to others. In time to come men way wonder why she did at last resolve upon the effort to secede, but the deliberation and reluctance of her steps, the great sacrifices she made, the glorious part she bore, the sad fate which awaited her, will through all time curb and repress the feeling of bitterness or resentment towards Virginia. The wisdom of her decision may be questioned, her honesty, and the honesty of her sons who followed her, are, I hope and believe, above all question.

One thing is certain. If she had not decided to secede, there would not have been any war of secession worth talking about. (Applause.)

Now let us do a little more supposing. Suppose

the Southern Confederacy had succeeded, what would have been the result?

Well, of course, we Southern people would not have had to explain so carefully and so frequently why it was we did not succeed. (Laughter.) It would have spared us a great deal of wounded pride. Still, I think we have enough left yet for all reasonable purpose. (Laughter.)

Outside of these what would have happened? Our first duty would have been to endeavor to discover how much paper money we had issued. God alone knows how much that was. I doubt if we would have finished counting it to this day. (Laughter.) Inevitable bankruptcy and repudiation awaited Confederate success.

We could hope for no extended system of railroads. The institution of slavery, which would of course have been perpetuated, was opposed to any such freedom of intercourse. Except at two or three seaports there would have been no chance of large cities. Slavery does not encourage large cities. Manufacturers, bringing great bodies of free laborers would have been equally out of the question, and the Southern free trade doctrines would have prevented their introduction. England would have supplied all our manufactured articles and foreign ships would have transported all our agricultural products. Agriculture would have been the chief employemnt. The Southern planters would have confined themselves to sugar and cotton. The factories of the cities, would, as of old, have advanced even the bacon to feed the

slaves, and owned the crops before they were gathered. One-half the young men would have been in the standing armies necessary to protect our long line of frontier and prevent the escape of the slaves, the other half would have been engaged in agriculture pure and simple, or in the professions. Taxation, continuous, heavy, grinding and insupportable would have dispelled the glorious dreams of Southern independence, and long before now the Confederacy would have come to an end.

Under pressure of these conditions the extreme Southern States would have made the effort to reopen the slave trade as a means of relief. To this Virginia, Kentucky and Missouri would never have consented. If the movement had been pressed to success they would have seceded. If it failed the far South States would have seceded. Anybody could secede under the Confederate theory. And one by one, before now, all the old so-called border States would have patched up terms with their Northern brethren and have been back in the Union playing Yankee Doodle with all their might and feeling very comfortable at getting back by the fireside in the old homestead of our fathers; and as they came, the same bright eyes and generous hearts that greet me here to-night, would have rejoiced and wept tears of joy that the Union of our fathers was preserved and that one flag floated over all the people of our land. (Applause.)

Such, fellow citizens, is the way it might have happened, and, in my judgment, would have happened, if it had not happened as it did. Some-

thing greater and more powerful than the will of man presided over the destiny of this nation and preserved its unity. In the mysterious Providence of God that unity has been preserved and established in a different and more direct way than that way which I have suggested as a possibility.

To the supreme result we have marched by a route infinitely more radical, filled with a million corpses, and strewn with wasted treasure. Along the way are seen the wrecks of many hopes, the destruction of many old things, the ruins of many ambitions, the abandoned skeletons of dead faiths and superstitions; but at the end is seen a happier, freer and more united nation than could have been hoped for had the struggle been less fierce, or the sacrifices less complete.

I cannot speak for any other human being but myself when I say, that, although on the losing side in the great fratricidal strife, when I behold how thoroughly it settled all vexed questions, when I realize how fresh and fair and pure the future opens up to every portion of the land, I accept the results without one single regret. I believe the reward is worth every sacrifice of blood and treasure and that all has happened for the best. (Applause.)

I say this without for one instant forgetting the valor and constancy of my Confederate comrades pursuing the right as they saw it. They were no seers. God forgive me if in aught I say, I seem to question the sincerity of their lives and deaths. How could they have lived and died so gloriously

unless under the deep conviction that they were right.

Grant appreciated this as few others did, and testified to it in every manly way.

It is that which makes every true Confederate soldier venerate Grant's memory and hold his fame next to that of his own Commander. The Confederate soldier has come to know Grant as the conscientious, brave, pertinacious upholder of the Union cause, who, fighting to the death for his convictions, was free from all bitterness, and who, when his point had been fully carried, was anxious to forgive and to forget, and to build anew the fabric of fraternal love, without one reminiscent taunt or reproach. (Applause.)

I heard the distinguished Secretary of the Interior speak of Grant as he knew him in his youth. Like him, when I was a boy I knew Grant. But we made his acquaintance in different ways. I first heard his drums beat in the early morning as his interesting army lay in the mists that hung about the beleaguered lines of Petersburg. We believed him to be a mere military butcher, so recklessly bent on carnage that we even hoped his own troops would turn against him for their remorseless slaughter.

I have seen his legions move forward to our assault. I have seen them repulsed, and again have fled before them. He is my old and honored friend, our dearest foe. While war was flagrant we did not fully understand him. It was not until we surrendered to him that we realized how much of

noble magnanimity and generosity was mingled with the stern, bloody pluck which crowned him victor.

It was a genuine surprise to see his old foemen, when, almost before they had completed their surrender to him, he seemed more anxious to feed his prisoners from the rations of his own men than he was to secure his captives.

When we expected harsh orders we heard the command that we retain our horses and our side-arms.

When civil prosecutions of our officers were attempted it was our old foe Grant who stood in the breach and demanded that his parole be respected.

When the triumphal armies of the Union entered our deserted capital he refused to taunt his old and honored foemen with a Roman triumph.

And so as the years rolled by the Confederate soldier in his poverty learned to draw near to Grant as his friend, in full assurance that whoever else should chide him for his past there was one great generous heart who held the grimy Johnny Red as second only to his own brave boys in blue, in right to claim his loving care and tenderness.

Thus it is, Mr. Chairman, that I, not as a citizen of the dead Confederacy, or with any lurking regret as to its fate, but as a true and loyal and loving citizen of the United States of America claim share in this demonstration with privilege of doing honor to myself and to my people, in honoring the memory of Grant. (Applause.)

We have the happiest, the freest, the best nation,

that the sun shines upon in his course.

None love it more. None are truer in their allegiance. None more honestly earnest in the hope that it shall be united for all time to come—than the men from whose opposed ranks Grant carved his noble fame, the soldiers of the dead Confederacy. (Loud and long continued applause.)

JNO S. WISE.

DAVID R FRANCIS President WM H THOMPSON Treasurer WALTER B STEVENS, Secretary

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1904

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ST LOUIS U S A

April 7, 1904.

Mr. James L. Post,

Blanke Tea & Coffee Company,

St. Louis, Missouri.

Dear Sir:-

I brought up your letter before the Committee last night for a "Special Day" for Grant Cabin Day. It is the opinion of the Committee that inasmuch as no day had been asked for for distinguished Americans, that it would be improper to have one for General Grant. I was so requested to notify you.

Very truly yours,

E C Culp

Secretary,

Committee on Ceremonies.

DAVID R. FRANCIS, PRESIDENT

WM. H. THOMPSON, TREASURER

WORLD'S FAIR, ST. LOUIS
1904
LOUISIANA PURCHASE EXPOSITION

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ST LOUIS, U. S. A. July 23. 1903

Gentlemen:--

In reply to your favor of the 22nd inst., regarding photographs of Grant's Cabin, will say that it is contrary to our policy to circulate copyrighted photographs. Consequently no photograph of the Grant's Cabin has been sent out by this department.

Respectfully,

Edward Hooker
Secretary
Com. on Press and Publicity

Advertising Department,

C. F. Blanke Tea & Coffee Co..

City.