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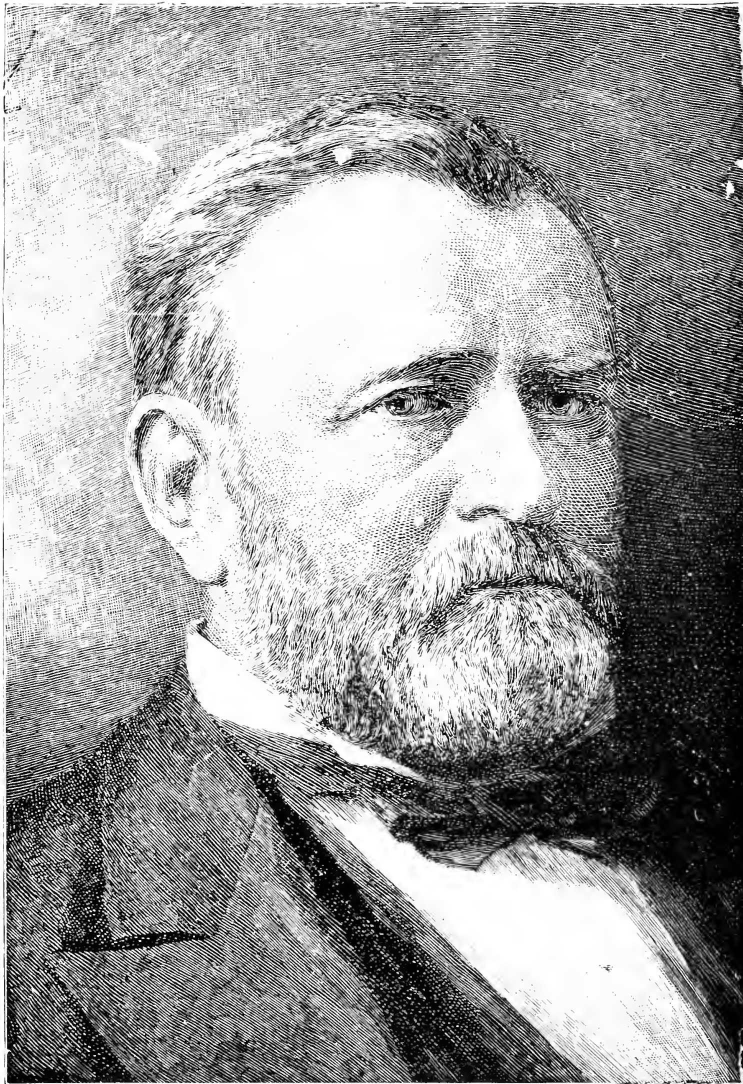


PORTRAIT OF ULYSSES S. GRANT.

THE LIVES OF THE PRESIDENTS

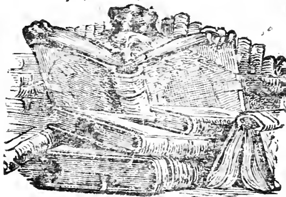
ULYSSES S. GRANT

BY

WILLIAM O. STODDARD

Author of "The Life of George Washington," "The Life of Abraham Lincoln," "Dab Kinzer," "Esau Hardery," etc., etc.

FOURTH EDITION



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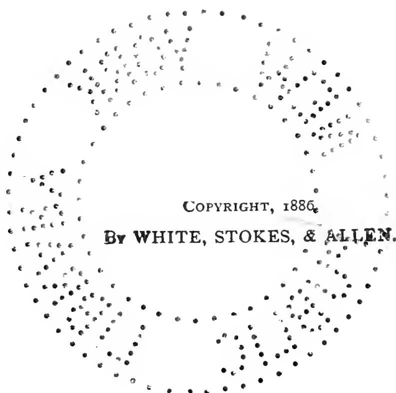

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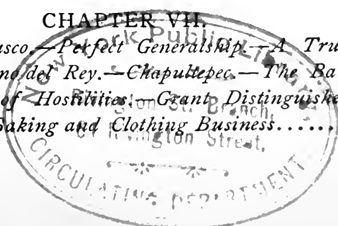

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THE LIFE OF GRANT.

CHAPTER I.

The Child Teamster.—Home and Birthplace.—Early Times in Ohio.—Home Discipline.—Schools and Teachers.—The First Horse Bargain.

IN the autumn of the year 1830 some men were felling trees and chopping cord-wood, about a mile from the village of Georgetown, Ohio. Little use was made of coal in those days, except in a few of the great Eastern cities, and this was the time of the year, after the fall of the leaf, when supplies of fuel could best be laid up.

The piece of forest-land the choppers were at work in contained about fifty acres, and was the property of a well-to-do farmer and tanner of Georgetown, named Jesse R. Grant. He was one of the active and influential men of the neighborhood, although not wealthy, and had been the first mayor of Georgetown, but had never consented to run for any other office. Adding the needs of the tannery to those of his own dwelling, he burned more firewood than other men.

Hauled close to where the choppers were at work was a two-horse wagon, rigged for its present uses

with a wood-frame and stakes, and it was packed with cord-wood as soon as enough for a load was ready.

It was a very commonplace operation. Something nearly like it was going on at countless other places all over the United States, but this load of wood had something about it which the others had not to make it interesting.

Standing near the team, watching the work and waiting for the load to be completed, was a short, sturdy-looking, rosy-faced boy, not more than eight years old, with a whip in his hand. He was too small to lift logs of wood, but as soon as the last of these was hoisted into place, he took the reins and clambered to the top of the load. The team obeyed him perfectly; the choppers made no remarks; to the boy himself it seemed to be a matter of course. It was so, for he had been and was to be the driver of every load of wood taken to Mr. Grant's house or to the tannery that fall. The horses were well broken, it is true, but there was, nevertheless, something uncommon about the doing of such work by so mere a child. He was the tanner's oldest son, and his name was Ulysses Simpson Grant. Years and years afterward the people of the United States and of all the rest of the world were to discover, very suddenly and unexpectedly, that there was, and from childhood had been, something extraordinary hidden in that Ohio boy.

Myriads of people were yet to read, with deep interest, his own account of how he drove that wood-team; but on that autumn morning he had no

thought for anything but his horses. It was one of his peculiar traits that so long as he could have them in hand he did not consider himself kept away by work from any other kind of fun, and it may be that his four-footed friends understood his affection for them. It is often the case that even a vicious horse will behave better for a child than for a man, but no such goodness of heart can safely be relied upon.

That load was intended for the house, and Ulysses drove steadily home with it. One of Mr. Grant's "hands" was waiting to unload the wood, and as soon as the wagon was empty Ulysses set out once more for the timber.

All the externals of the home he drove away from spoke well for the thrift and good management of Jesse R. Grant. So did everything within it, and there was equally abundant testimony, such as Ulysses and his father could also have given, to the motherly and wifely good qualities of Mrs. Grant. Her maiden name had been Hannah Simpson, and she was descended from an old Pennsylvania family. Her father had moved to Ohio only two years before she met and married Jesse R. Grant. He was a direct descendant of Matthew Grant, who came over from England and settled in Dorchester, Massachusetts, in May, 1630. Back of that date the Grant family must at some time have been Scotchmen, but they had now been Americans for two hundred years.

Jesse R. Grant had married Hannah Simpson in June, 1821, and their first home had been at Point

Pleasant, Ohio, in a neat one-story-and-attic frame dwelling, not far from the bank of the Ohio River.

The business of tanning hides as well as of farming had been carried on there also, but only until the fall of the year 1823, when Mr. Grant decided to remove to Georgetown.

It was in this house, on the Ohio River bank, that Ulysses Simpson Grant was born, April 27th, 1822, but it only served to hold his cradle. All his boyhood memories belonged to the Georgetown home.

It was a very pleasant home, for there was peace and plenty in it, with a great deal of solid good sense and general information. So far as the children were concerned, there was very little scolding and almost no punishment, for two very good reasons.

Mr. Grant had two sides to his home discipline. One came from his iron will, and there was no use whatever in having any contest with that. The other came from his strong affection and steady effort to promote the welfare and happiness of his family. The same hand which required the most exact obedience was also very liberal.

The State of Ohio had been one of the States of the Union for only about twenty years when Ulysses was born, and was yet considered far west by the people of the older communities along the Atlantic seaboard. The earliest settlements had been made along the Ohio River, beginning at Marietta in 1788, and the southern part of the State was still the more thickly peopled ; but a steady stream of immigration

was pouring in and taking possession of all the remainder.

Modes of life were very simple, compared to what they are now, even among wealthy families. Railroads had not come as yet, nor common schools, but the printing-presses were hard at work, and almost all men took an active interest in politics. Everything was lively and thriving and full of promise of the great prosperity that was to come, and it was the best kind of country for a boy to grow up in. It had been younger and poorer during Jesse R. Grant's boyhood, and he had been compelled to make a hard fight for all he knew of books, almost without the help of schools or teachers. He had been a most industrious reader, in spite of all his disadvantages, both of books and newspapers, and the latter were regular visitors at his house.

The little driver of the wood-team had therefore grown to his present stature of mind and body in a wide-awake atmosphere, and he had yet another advantage. His father was keenly aware of the defects of his own early education, and was strongly determined that his son should have the best that could now be obtained. For two years and more already Ulysses had been a regular attendant at the village school of Georgetown, and he afterward recorded that he was never permitted to lose a single quarter, whether or not he seemed to profit by the instruction given him.

All the country schools of Ohio in those days were of the old-fashioned sort, and were maintained by subscription. The children of any neighborhood,

from five years old and upward, had but one teacher for all. These were obtained as best they could be, male or female, good or bad, and they came and went in a long procession. A school might contain thirty or forty scholars, counting the infant class, but all the branches were taught by the same person. No high grade of learning was called for in the master or mistress of such an institution, and a great deal depended upon the children themselves. There were boys and girls whose love of books and of knowledge helped them to teach themselves, but little Ulysses Grant was not among them. He loved all things outside of the schoolhouse a great deal better than he did anything in it, and nothing but his father's unswerving persistency kept him there.

Jesse R. Grant's double business compelled him to keep himself well supplied with horses, and out of this fact many trades and purchases were sure to follow; and the arrival of a new horse was a notable event to the small teamster. He probably took a much deeper interest in it than in the coming of a new teacher at the village school. Out of one of these purchases grew a story which had in it enough of fun to keep it alive, so that in after years it was unfairly used to illustrate, by the straightforward simplicity of an eager child, the supposed business defects of a middle-aged man.

There was a Mr. Ralston living a few miles from Georgetown who had a colt for sale, and came and offered it to Mr. Grant for twenty-five dollars. It was, of course, out of the question that the seller's

own valuation should at once be agreed to. It would have demoralized the whole horse business of Ohio and the world if such a manner of dealing could have taken the place of the customary practice. Mr. Ralston was permitted to lead his colt away, with a bid of twenty dollars only, and Mr. Grant remained to discuss the matter with Ulysses. Something about the colt had taken the small horseman's fancy amazingly, and he begged hard to be permitted to go and buy him. His father listened, insisting that twenty dollars was enough, and finally consented that Ulysses should go and close the bargain. He was to offer twenty at first; then twenty-two and a half; then, if necessary, twenty-five. The general himself admits that he obeyed his father's instructions about that business proposition somewhat after this fashion:

"Mr. Ralston, papa says I am to offer you twenty dollars for the colt, but if you won't take it, I am to offer you twenty-two and a half; and if you won't take that, to offer twenty-five."

Mr. Ralston received the latter price for his colt, and Ulysses was satisfied. So, doubtless, was his father, for another result could hardly have been expected at home. The story of the offer, however, got out among the other boys, and they did not let it die. What was almost as bad for Ulysses, after he had petted his colt up to its fourth year it went blind, and he sold it for exactly twenty dollars. The last he saw of it was, two years later, working with other blind horses in the treadwheel of a ferryboat on the Ohio River.

CHAPTER II.

Farm-work.—The Tannery.—Summer and Winter Fun.—Excursions.—Visits Beyond the Border.—A Horse-trade with Consequences.—Boarding-schools.—West Point.

THE boy-life of Ulysses was more than commonly well filled with all that belongs to a completely "country" boy. There was not one atom of city life in it, but, on the other hand, there was all that could be had in or about such a village as Georgetown.

Jesse R. Grant took a very common-sense and practical view of all things, and his boy was to be brought up to hard work. As a matter of course, a "subscription school," in a farming community, had its terms of attendance and its daily hours of study adjusted to the home duties of its older pupils, girls as well as boys. Mental cultivation could not be permitted to interfere too much with preparations for crops of other kinds or their harvesting.

Ulysses was one of the "older boys" in this respect from the beginning, and his "chores" increased as he grew older. Boys whose fathers were engaged in any trade or mechanical occupation were likely to be pressed into a sort of irregular apprenticeship to it as soon as they were old enough to do errands or to be intrusted with tools and ma-

terials. Mr. Grant was both a farmer and a manufacturer of leather, and his son found himself in some apparent peril of a double apprenticeship. He could hardly help learning how skins were tanned, and there was another thing that he could not help: he hated the tannery, with all its unpleasant smells and other unattractive characteristics. He turned to the farm as a means of escape, and his out-of-school hours all went in that direction. His father was too wise to put too much of either farm or tannery upon him, or in any manner to prevent his having all the healthy fun belonging to his age.

The nearest fishing was only a mile away, and Ulysses had his share of it. The same creek afforded all the swimming required in summer, and there was often good skating in winter. His boy-life, therefore, was not by any means all work and no play, and there was generally a first-rate excuse for keeping away from the tanyard.

Much toughness of fibre had been developed during the first eight years, and the process went on season after season, healthily and with a vast amount of thorough comfort, and all the while the boy was learning more than he was aware of. At the age of eleven he was strong enough to hold a plough, and from that time on the farm claimed more and more of him. He had less objection to anything to be done by the help of horses, and he did all, or nearly all, of the ploughing needed on the Grant farm until the day when he said good-by to it.

Besides this, there was other hauling to be done, and wood to saw and split, as well as bring home.

There were cows and pigs to be fed, as well as horses, and Ulysses had them all under his own supervision. His horsemanship now brought with it further compensation. His grandparents lived in the adjoining county, fifteen miles away, and he was fond of visiting them. It was only a good drive or ride, when there was a horse to spare, and it was all the better fun in winter, when the sleighing was good.

The growing city of Cincinnati was forty-five miles away, and such a business man as Jesse R. Grant was sure to have errands there at times. He could safely intrust them to Ulysses and a team, and teach him something of business and the world by doing so. The latter was therefore sent " to town" again and again, and there were other excursions given him to open his eyes and educate him out of village greenness.

Louisville, Kentucky, was also fast growing into importance, and a journey to it was even more of an affair than that to Cincinnati ; but the pleasure and excitement of it came but once. One very interesting fact concerning the Grant family, however, belonged to the other fact that only the Ohio River separated all the border counties from the slave-holding State of Kentucky. Jesse R. Grant's half-brother Peter resided at Maysville, in the latter State, and more than one of the early excursions of Ulysses carried him to his uncle's house. The political proclivities of nearly all the people of the southern tier of Ohio counties were strongly pro-slavery, and afterward continued to be so up to the days of the civil war, and such of them as leaned

toward abolitionism were all the more bitter on that account. Jesse himself, when a boy, had worked for awhile for the father of "John Brown of Ossawatomie," living in the family, and the Browns and the Grants were very fair specimens of the opposite results produced upon the minds of men in those days by a near view of Southern life and institutions. It must be said, however, that in no other slave State were the colored people better off than among the prosperous farmers of Kentucky. Such a boy as Ulysses would be sure to find them well fed and cared for, and would discover no reason why their condition called for a change.

One of his business expeditions carried him, with a span and carriage and some passengers, to Flat Rock, Kentucky, seventy miles from home. Another, very much like it, took him to Chillicothe, Ohio, and again the round trip was one hundred and forty miles long.

The trip to Flat Rock brought him an adventure of more than a little importance. It was a first-rate piece of education, for it plunged him into difficulties out of which he had to work his own way, without any help.

He was at the house of a Mr. Payne, whose brother, a Georgetown neighbor of the Grants, had come with him, and there he saw a saddle-horse which captured his boyish fancy. He proposed to trade one of the horses of his own team for that horse and ten dollars, and his friend assured the owner that Ulysses was allowed by his father to do as he pleased in such matters. Considering who

was his father, that fact does away with the notion that the youngster was not considered a good business manager, so far, at least, as horses were concerned.

The new horse had never been in harness, but a trial before a farm-wagon resulted well, and the trade was made. Ulysses and his friend set out for home together, intending to go by way of Maysville, and for a few miles they prospered; but a vicious dog in the road upset the entire plan of that campaign. The newly-recruited, ill-disciplined horse became demoralized, broke and ran, and his older mate ran with him. It was a fair sample of larger experiences which were to come in the far future. No harm was done, and as soon as the horses could be pulled in they were permitted to rest. The new horse had not yet recovered from his panic, however, and the moment a new start was made a new runaway began. It lasted for half a mile, to a place where the road they were on joined with the "turnpike road" to Maysville, and here Ulysses checked his team again on the brink of a precipitous bank twenty feet down. Mr. Payne had had enough, and decided to find some safer conveyance. He obtained a passage home in a passing freight-wagon, leaving Ulysses to fight out his apparently lost battle as best he might. It looked very much like one, and he was a long day's drive from Maysville. A bright thought came to him in his dilemma at last, and he took out his bandanna handkerchief. As soon as the frightened animal's eyes were thoroughly blinded with that he submitted

to be driven, and did not kick any more. Maysville was reached in safety, much to the surprise of Mr. Payne, who was again met there, and a more sober-minded, veteran horse was borrowed of Uncle Peter Grant with which to finish the journey home to Georgetown.

It is evident that Jesse R. Grant had a good opinion of the abilities of his son, and believed that they would pay for cultivation. He had also a well-grounded idea that the Georgetown "subscription school" could do very little more for him. The demands of the farm and stable seemed to forbid the absence of their best worker during seed-time or harvest, but when frost came there was very much less to be done. The winter of 1836–37, or of his fifteenth year, was therefore spent by Ulysses at Maysville, Kentucky, attending a school kept by "Richardson and Rand." The fact that it had two teachers promised a double amount if not a higher quality of instruction, but the pupil from Georgetown records that he did not find it so. He returned in the spring to his farm-work and the Georgetown school, reporting the experiment a failure. His father was by no means discouraged, and determined to try it again, this time at a private school at Ripley, Ohio, only ten miles away from home; and here again Ulysses found himself plodding over the old familiar track, repeating lessons he had long since hammered to pieces, without knowing how much real training they had given him. He was probably old enough now to escape that part of his former school experiences which related to the free use of

the rod, but there was no other change until he went home for the winter holiday vacation.

A change came then which involved marvellous consequences to him and to a great many others. His father was an active man in local politics, but he was a Whig, and had had a sharp political quarrel, which became personal, with the Hon. Thomas L. Hamer, then representing the Georgetown District in the Congress of the United States. A warm friendship of many years had been needlessly sundered, but the course of events brought about a very fine opportunity for mending it. As representative, Mr. Hamer had the right of naming a cadet at West Point, and had selected a son of Dr. Bailey, a near neighbor and intimate friend of the Grant family. Young Bailey failed to pass his examination, much to the chagrin of his father, who even went so foolishly far as to forbid his son's return home after such a disgrace.

There was, therefore, a cadetship appointment vacant for that district, and Mr. Grant determined that Ulysses should have it; but he could not ask a favor of Mr. Hamer. He wrote, instead, to the Hon. Thomas Morris, United States Senator from Ohio, telling him his wishes, and no more was required. As soon as Mr. Hamer learned of his opportunity for reconciliation, Ulysses was nominated, but even then the announcement came through Senator Morris. It reached Georgetown during the winter vacation, and the first intimation to Ulysses that any such plan was on foot was given him by his father on opening and reading the senator's letter.

"Ulysses, I believe you are going to receive the appointment."

"What appointment?"

"To West Point. I have applied for it."

"But I won't go."

The general himself adds, in telling the story, that his father merely replied that he thought he would, and that his own views changed at once. He knew with what an iron will any contest would have to be made, and he "thought he would go."

It was a sudden and a tremendous affair to come to a boy in his seventeenth year. Three boys whom he knew had been appointed to the Military Academy, and had passed their examinations for admission, but the fourth, his young neighbor, Bartlett Bailey, had failed, and in that idea there was something terrible. He had very little information as to the amount of scholarship required to pass an examination, but was pretty sure it exceeded his present attainments.

He was not at once made aware that Mr. Hamer had unintentionally changed his very name for him. He had himself mended it somewhat already, for he had been christened "Hiram Ulysses," and it is not known at what age he reversed that order and wrote "Ulysses Hiram," lest the other boys should nickname him "Hug," from his initials. Mr. Hamer, aware that Mrs. Grant's family name was Simpson, had supposed that to be the middle name of her son, and so it was set down in the appointment. Subsequent efforts at correction were not attended to by the War Office, and the commission

received on graduation was issued to Ulysses S. Grant. It won him his early army nickname of "Uncle Sam," and the people afterward added yet another.

The first effect of the news was of a most depressing nature. The candidate for West Point had never so much as seen an "algebra" or any other mathematical text-book higher than the arithmetics used in the schools he had attended. Even after an algebra was obtained from Cincinnati, there was no teacher to assist him in mastering it. The prospect ahead did not look well for him, but he was not exactly like other boys. He had no ambition to go to West Point or to be an army officer, nor had he any special longing for military glory or political honors; but one other trait of his character had already shown itself remarkably, and had grown fast with cultivation. His horses and the use he had made of them had taught him how much pleasure was to be had in travel and in seeing the world. He had driven all over the country within fifty miles of Georgetown and had visited two large cities. Now, even on the journey to West Point he would be able to visit New York and Philadelphia and see all the intervening country, and an army officer would be sure to see service in many far-away places. It was the love of travel, more than anything else, except his father's command and the fear of a disgraceful failure, which stimulated him to prepare himself for West Point. A day was to come when the same strong desire to see the world with his own eyes would lead him to make the most remark-

able "foreign tour" ever made by anybody since the world began.

Up to the middle of May, 1839, Ulysses had never been east farther than the town of Wheeling, in what is now West Virginia. During all the weeks prior to that time he had toiled at his books, with a dim notion that the examination would surely beat him, but that, at all events, he was to see all there was to be seen between Georgetown, Ohio, and West Point on the Hudson. He went up the river to Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, by steamer. From that point there was a choice of routes and conveyances. By stage-coach, going more rapidly, he could see the Pennsylvania farms and villages, very much resembling those of Ohio. By the canal, winding among the Alleghany Mountains, he could see a kind of country altogether new to him, at a slower rate of travelling, and he chose the canal. He was in no hurry whatever to face the West Point board of examiners, and would have gladly gone around the world first, if possible.

The first railroad he ever saw was on the highest grade reached by the canal, among the mountains, and was used only for the purpose of a "portage" for canal boats. When he reached Harrisburg, however, he saw a full-grown railroad running all the way to Philadelphia. It was a grand thing to be whirled along at the rate, sometimes, of eighteen miles an hour, or nearly as fast as he could have driven a "three minute" race-horse.

Philadelphia was reached in safety, and here the young traveller again showed symptoms of being in

no hurry to reach his journey's end. A letter from home came to reprove him for the manner in which he was loitering on the way, but before it reached him he had diligently explored the city for five whole days. He saw everything in it which he regarded as worth seeing, and went on to New York. Here his time was shorter, and he had to work harder at his "sight-seeing," but he accomplished it very much to his own satisfaction. It may be that some memory of this early visit aided other circumstances in causing him to select New York for the home of his later years and for his final resting-place.

The last stage of his first long journey was accomplished just at the end of the month, and he was at West Point. It was nearly the middle of June (1839) before he was called up for examination, and he was almost astonished by the result. He had dealt better by his books than he had supposed during all his dull and plodding terms at school and during his troubled weeks of preparation, and now he passed his ordeal easily, and was duly admitted as a cadet.

CHAPTER III.

The First Camp.—Methods of Study.—A New Ambition.—General Scott.—A Grand Vacation Time.—Graduated from West Point.—The New Uniform.

GETTING into the national military school at West Point is an achievement of some difficulty, but may be and is accomplished by many boys who do not afterward succeed in keeping up with their classes to the end of the course. All the circumstances favor good health, and not many cadets break down for physical reasons, the more especially because only sound bodies as well as good minds can pass the threshold. The scholarship and other requirements, however, from grade to grade, are rigid, though not unreasonable, and it is very easy for a careless or dull fellow to drop out of his class at one fence or another.

Young Grant had almost no idea that he would be able to surmount all the obstacles between him and actual graduation, and had no thought of remaining in the army afterward.

The cadets go into camp in summer, and the youngster from Georgetown, Ohio, spent the hot days of June, July, and August with the rest. He found camp-life dreary and all but unendurable. The careless freedom of his home in the West was

exchanged for the stern exactions of routine discipline. Not even his father's will had ever been half so rigid as were the regulations hedging in the movements of an unfledged United States Army officer. He had neither military tastes nor military aspirations to make the dismal business more palatable, and he hardly cared how soon it should come to an end.

On the 28th of August the cadets broke up camp and went into barracks at the Academy; and from that time a new era slowly dawned upon the discontented young "prisoner of war." He felt more than ever in a sort of captivity, and was no more in love with study than he had been in Ohio. Still, he did study, and formed a habit of mastering all tasks by going over them once. Such as were not sufficiently conquered in that one effort were listlessly permitted to go by. Some of them, as French and military tactics, went by him so completely as to leave him nearly at the foot of his class in those branches. Neither did the martinets above him report any too well of the precise formality of his regulation "conduct." He was of the kind of recruit that was likely to remain long in the awkward squad. In one all important branch, however, the case was very different. He had found or awakened within himself a faculty he had not before been aware of. When he had opened his first "algebra" at Georgetown, he said it was all Greek to him. Now it was unaccountably changed, with the aid of a good preceptor, for, as he himself expressed it, "mathematics came to him." The dulness he had shown

had been little more than listlessness and unripe-ness. His father had been entirely correct in his estimate of the qualities which had fitted a boy in his teens to run a farm. On the whole, the standing of Ulysses was not really bad, although for a long time he hated the Academy almost as much as he did the day he first entered it.

Dealing with all text-books in such an offhand fashion would have been impossible for a boy with a really slow brain, and the process left him with a great deal of time on his hands. There was no such thing as freedom in the use of that time, and a cadet could not go a-fishing or go for a drive across country whenever he might choose to leave his barracks. There he must stay, whether he had anything to do or not, and Ulysses had but one resource. That was the Academy library. It was well supplied, particularly with the standard novels, and these were all at the disposal of the young cadet. It seems very likely that he disposed of them all; but at the end of his first year he began for the first time to have a distinct object before him, to stimulate him to greater diligence in his regular routine of study. It was the one thing needful for him, then and ever afterward, without which there was very little work in him or any hope of success before him.

A ray of ambition came, but it was not military. It occurred to him that, if by any means he could finish his course to graduation, his standing in mathematics was such that he could probably secure a "detail" ordering him to duty at the Academy

as an assistant professor of mathematics. That would give him a position which would enable him to aspire to a professorship of the same branch in some reputable college or university, and what could any man ask more than that? It would not, indeed, have been a bad success in life for an Ohio farmer's boy, and, at all events, it stirred the listless, novel-reading cadet to greater diligence in his studies.

All through those first two years Grant's standing in some of his studies so reduced his general average as to prevent his being called out as "corporal," commanding a squad of one of the four companies into which the cadets are divided. Others of the second-year boys, or Sophomores, had made themselves eligible, but he remained a private. Nevertheless, during the summer encampment, at the end of the first year, one glimmer of what might be came flashing into the mind of the unambitious cadet.

General Scott, the recognized object of admiration for all American soldiers, visited the encampment, and, of course, there was a grand review. He was well worth looking at, and Ulysses admired him sincerely, but was conscious of a dim presentiment that he himself would one day take the place then held by General Scott, and command the army and review troops. Perhaps some other of the cadets had similar presentiments. As matter of fact, quite a number of the boys then in camp, including several of Grant's own classmates, did afterward command regiments, brigades, army corps,

armies, and preside at grand reviews; but the President himself is the commander-in-chief of all the armies of the United States. That dignity was reached only by the cadet whose sober expectation then reached no higher than a professorship of mathematics. Ulysses kept his ambitious presentiment to himself, and, one year later, at another review, he looked in the face a President who had never been a general, for Martin Van Buren visited West Point.

Every class of cadets receives a furlough at the end of its second year, and Ulysses did not loiter on the journey home as he had done in coming.

Jesse R. Grant had not been aware of one day-dream in the mind of his son. The latter hoped to be graduated from West Point and to teach mathematics afterward, but he also had a hope of somehow obtaining property enough to live on and of retiring to Georgetown, Ohio, to spend the remainder of his days as a happy man. He desired only to look at the rest of the earth, but to live and die in Georgetown, with an abundance of farm and horses and no tannery. His father broke in upon this dream by selling out all he had at Georgetown and removing to Bethel, Clermont County, twelve miles away from his old home. It was a small remove, but it brought Ulysses home to spend his furlough in a new place. His father had made ready for him in a manner especially congenial to his tastes. He had bought for him a young horse which had never been spoiled by harness for use under the saddle. Perfection of horsemanship is

one of the things most thoroughly taught at West Point, and in this branch the preparation of Ulysses had been uncommonly good. How well he had profited by his instructions is admirably illustrated by General James B. Fry, as follows:

"One afternoon in June, 1843, while I was at West Point, a candidate for admission to the Military Academy, I wandered into the riding hall, where the members of the graduating class were going through their final mounted exercises before Major Richard Delafield, the distinguished engineer, then superintendent, the Academic Board, and a large assemblage of spectators. When the regular services were completed, the class, still mounted, was formed in line through the centre of the hall; the riding master placed the leaping-bar higher than a man's head, and called out, 'Cadet Grant!' A clean-faced, slender, blue-eyed young fellow, weighing about one hundred and twenty pounds, dashed from the ranks on a powerfully built chestnut-sorrel horse and galloped down the opposite side of the hall. As he turned at the farther end and came into the straight stretch across which the bar was placed, the horse increased his pace and, measuring his strides for the great leap before him, bounded into the air and cleared the bar, carrying his rider as if man and beast had been welded together. 'Very well done, sir,' growled old Hirschberger, the riding-master, and the class was dismissed and disappeared; but 'Cadet Grant' remained a living image in my memory."

General Fry is not the only witness to the fact

that some who knew him at West Point expected great things of him if any coming emergency should "bring him out."

He afterward declared that he enjoyed that furlough more than any other period of his whole life. It was as if he had suddenly been lifted out of the dull routine and rigid discipline of the Military Academy and found himself on the back of that colt, galloping around among all the scenes and people dear to him.

When he returned to West Point he found that eighteen "sergeants" had been appointed from his class, and that he was number seventeen on the list. It was his last class honor, for he drifted back among the privates at the end of the year, and remained there.

Two years more of cadet-life went by without anything to indicate a brilliant future for Ulysses. He gained six inches in stature but not a pound in weight. One hundred and seventeen pounds was his record at the beginning, and his increased length added nothing to it. His general health was such as to occasion some uneasiness, for there were consumptive tendencies in his family, and a cough had been harassing him for six months. He had now no fear whatever of the final examinations, his proficiency in some branches fully compensating for his shortcomings in others. A more important question was whether he would long be fit for any kind of service after leaving the Academy.

When all was finished and the record was made up, on the 30th of June, 1843, it was found that

Ulysses S. Grant ranked as number twenty-one in a class of thirty-nine. Nearly half the class had ranged themselves below him, although it contained a number of men who afterward attained distinction. When his methods of study are taken into consideration, it is evident that an unusual amount of mental capacity is indicated by his standing at West Point, although not many people seem to have suspected it at the time.

It is customary to request the members of a graduating class to indicate their preferences among the several branches of the service before assigning them to duty. The United States Army contained at that day but one regiment of cavalry, called then "dragoons," and this was over supplied with officers. Nevertheless, it was certain that young Grant would prefer duty on horseback, and he declared his choice to be, first, the dragoons; second, the Fourth Infantry. The first being impossible, he had really chosen and obtained the latter.

He was now, like all the rest, a brevet second-lieutenant, with a leave of absence until the end of September, and he set out for home with three full months of freedom before him. He did so, however, with one drawback worrying him. It would be weeks before he could receive official notice of his assignment, and until then could not be sure what uniform he had a right to wear. He found, on arriving at Bethel, that his father had again provided him with a saddle-horse, and this time he had added a horse and buggy for driving; but there was a blur upon the pleasure of using them. He was

compelled to do all his first visits as a cadet or a civilian and not as an army officer.

The notice of assignment came, at last, and after three weeks more of waiting, the work of the tailor came home, and Jesse R. Grant and his wife and all their neighbors were permitted to see how fine an appearance could be made by "the pride of the family." He himself was very proud of it, and set off on a visit to Cincinnati. Such a suit of clothes as that, on so distinguished a young man, deserved to be admired in the city as well as in the country.

He had all his life been somewhat sensitive to ridicule, and had suffered more than a little from the uses made of his first horse-trade; but it had not occurred to him that any fun could be made out of a brand-new army uniform. He learned better as he marched grandly along one of the streets of Cincinnati, for the express purpose of being envied by civilians of one sex and admired by those of the other. A little bareheaded, barefooted street urchin, in a dirty shirt and a pair of ragged trousers upheld by but one suspender, addressed him derisively with, "Soldier, will you work? No, sir-ree-e; I'll sell my shirt first."

The show-trip to Cincinnati was under a cloud from that moment, but even a worse thing was waiting for him across the street from his father's house in Bethel. There was an old stage-tavern there, and the dissipated and disreputable fellow who kept it had fun in him. The shining brevet second-lieutenant reached his home to see that man working around the tavern stable, barefooted, in a pair

of blue nankeen trousers, on the seams of which stripes of white cotton sheeting burlesqued his own.

It could have been more easily endured if all the good people of Bethel had not seemed to enjoy the joke, for beyond a doubt they had been made to understand the high opinion Ulysses had of a West Point graduate. There is no reason to suppose, however, that he was at the head of his class in vanity any more than in tactics, and he certainly learned his lesson here, like his others, at one reading; to the end of his life he cared little or nothing for military display.

The amount of visiting accomplished during that first long leave of absence testified that no kind of vanity had lessened the sociability which was one of the leading traits of Grant's character. People whom he knew were glad to have him come to see them, and he was glad to go. It was a grand time, and he made the best of it, little dreaming how very different was to be the list of experiences next before him.

CHAPTER IV.

On Duty with the Regiment.—A Romance.—A War-cloud.—A Hard Swim.—The Texas Border.—A Matrimonial Engagement.—The Army of Occupation.

EIGHT companies of the Fourth Infantry, to which Lieutenant Grant had been assigned, with as many of the Third, were in garrison at Jefferson Barracks, St. Louis, Missouri, in the fall of the year 1843. It was in that day the largest military post in the United States, because of its position with reference to what was then the western frontier of American civilization. Grant's orders compelled him to report there for duty on the 30th of September, and then for the first time he found himself in actual command of men. Perhaps it was just as well for him and for others that he passed through the whole four years at West Point, save one unimportant interval, as a private.

The post was in command of Colonel Steven Kearney, an able officer and strict disciplinarian, but who was disposed to allow his young subordinates as many privileges as were consistent with the good of the garrison. They had much liberty of coming and going, and this had important consequences for Ulysses. He had brought his saddle-

horse with him, all the way from Ohio, and that fact also had something to do with the matter.

It was the beginning of a love-story that was much longer than are many others. One of Grant's West Point classmates and the chum of his last year there was F. T. Dent, whose family lived only five miles from Jefferson Barracks, on an estate named White Haven.

Young Dent had two unmarried brothers living at home, and it was to visit the young men that Ulysses made his earlier horseback rides take him to White Haven. There were two girls there, but one was only eight years old and the other fifteen, and it was not until the following February that the young soldier's romance began to slowly dawn upon him. An older sister, as recently released from boarding-school as he from West Point, had been spending the winter months with friends of the Dent family in St. Louis. She came home now, and the subsequent horseback rides had better companionship. She was beautiful and accomplished and in her eighteenth year, and she found the society of her brother's friend agreeable. There were walks as well as rides, for spring comes early on the Missouri bank of the Mississippi. Perhaps neither the young lady nor her pleasant attendant would so soon have discovered why it was all so enjoyable, if it had not been for the busy politicians who were proposing to annex Texas to the United States.

There was, as yet, only a small war-cloud discernible, but the military authorities at Washington decided that there should be an "army of observation"

within striking distance of the Texas frontier. Fort Jessup, Louisiana, about twenty-five miles from the boundary line, was selected as the gathering place. Already the one rifle regiment in the army was stationed there. It had once been mounted, for better facility of movement in its services among the Indian tribes, and now that it was on foot it was known as the "Dismounted Rifles."

The Third Infantry was ordered to remove to Fort Jessup about the 1st of May, and the Fourth soon received instructions to follow. Before the latter order came, however, Lieutenant Grant had gone home to Ohio on a furlough of twenty days. He received no official notice of the movement of his regiment, as the messenger sent after him failed to find him, and all his knowledge of it came in a letter from a fellow-officer, advising him not to open any suspicious-looking military document which might contain army orders until he had used up his furlough. He had none to open, and his present orders instructed him to report at Jefferson Barracks at the end of his twenty days. He suddenly discovered that that was the one place in the world at which he wished to report, for it was only five miles from White Haven. The rigid letter of his duty also enabled him to report to Miss Dent before proceeding to Fort Jessup, and he did so, but not without a notable adventure. There was a creek between Jefferson Barracks and White Haven, and recent rains had swollen it to overflowing. Grant had found Lieutenant Ewell, afterward a distinguished Confederate general, in command of the mere guard left at

the Barracks, and from him, after formally reporting, he easily obtained a few days' additional leave before following the troops down the river.

When he reached the bank of the creek there was a pretty serious problem before him. He himself ascribes his determination to go ahead to a sort of superstition which, during all his life, forbade him turning back from anything he had undertaken. He has said that if in going to a place he ever happened to pass it, inadvertently, he never retraced his steps, but went right ahead to reach his destination by some other way. In the present case the exact locality of White Haven had probably a great deal more to do with his refusal to spend time in searching for a better ford. In he rode, and in an instant more his horse was swimming, and so was he. The current swept them down, but the indomitable young soldier had his fourfooted friend by the head, and compelled him to get out of the creek on the side toward White Haven. He had done about the best thing he could under the circumstances, for when he made his dripping appearance at his destination, Miss Dent knew that he had nearly gotten himself drowned in coming to see her. The announcement of the removal of the regiment had already compelled her to confess to herself that she had strong personal objections to its going. Her brother lent Ulysses a dry suit of clothes, which were too small for him, and he spent a day or so in mustering courage to explain why he himself had been so deeply disturbed by his marching orders and why, really, he had ridden right on into that swollen creek.

The result was all he could have asked, and he obtained a promise, which in due season was kept; but they were both very young then, and they had years of weary waiting before them. Miss Dent, in particular, had the years of the Mexican War, and the constant watching of its bloody battle records, to see if the name she dreaded to find were yet among the lists of killed or wounded. During four years and three months after that first parting she was to meet her betrothed but once again, for his country had a first claim upon him, and kept him upon duties far away from White Haven.

Grant had by no means given up his dream of becoming a professor of mathematics. Soon after joining his company at Jefferson Barracks he had applied for a detail as assistant professor at West Point; and the fact that he received a favorable response is a complete reply to all careless assertions as to the esteem in which he was held by his late instructors. None knew better than they how well he was fitted for the precise service he was inclined to. So sure was he made of his appointment, that he at once laid out and vigorously pursued a course of study, mathematical and historical. For the better training of his memory, he adopted the idea of keeping a journal, in which, from time to time, he made written memoranda of all he could recall to mind of whatever he had read since the previous writing.

The threatened coming of the Mexican War broke in rudely upon all plans of any able-bodied army officer for peaceful occupation. Only those who

were too old or feeble for active service, or were otherwise already on duty, could for one moment think of being absent from the forces in the field.

Good and pleasant camping grounds, high and breezy, had been selected, near Fort Jessup, for the troops from Jefferson Barracks. So healthful was the location, that, in spite of the unaccustomed warmth of the climate, it was six months before a death occurred, and that was accidental and not by disease.

The lingering in those camps was to be a long one. The summer wore away in the listless inoccupation which makes camp or garrison life so irksome to all men with any vigor in them. Autumn came, and at last the nights and even the days grew so chilly as to call for the building of huts, for greater comfort than canvas coverings could give. Congress was slowly but surely debating its unsteady way toward what was really a foregone conclusion from the first, and the bill for the annexation of Texas was signed by President Tyler on the 1st of March, 1845. Even then there was no apparent necessity that war with Mexico should follow. Had she been a stronger nation, capable of maintaining her rights, there would have been no question of it ; but she was poor, demoralized, and in a revolutionary condition.

What really led to the war was the fact that she owned all the vast areas now known as New Mexico, Arizona, and California, and that the American political party which annexed Texas hungered for these also.

Grant was a Whig, like his father, and as such

was strongly opposed to the annexation of Texas as a wicked robbery of the weak by the strong ; but he was a soldier, and as such had nothing to say about political questions. He was bound to obey his orders, as were General Taylor and General Scott, the Whig generals, who afterward commanded the American armies of invasion.

Those who defended the righteousness of annexing Texas claimed that the Americans who had gone there and settled, and had rebelled against Mexico, had really conquered their independence, and were entitled to enter the American Union if they chose to do so and if the United States chose to admit them. This argument carried the day, in spite of the Whig Party, and Texas was admitted ; but the next question to be settled was as to how much land had been annexed and what was its boundary. The free State of Texas, if it was free, had never claimed any territory south of the Nueces River ; but beyond that muddy stream was the Rio Grande, a much better boundary line, and the American politicians claimed at once that they had admitted and annexed all the country to the Rio Grande. The next step needful was to put an army on the doubtful strip of land and make it United States territory by main force.

Orders to move were daily expected at Fort Jessup after news came of the passage of the Texas bill, but the weeks went by until midsummer without any. Ulysses waited patiently through March and April, in honor bound to be ready at the call of duty, but there was one matter weighing more and

more heavily upon his mind, in view of a possible long absence with an invading army. It was a round year since he had seen Miss Dent, when, on the 1st of May, he obtained a leave of absence for twenty days. He did not visit his home in Ohio, but went to St. Louis, and there was neither swollen creek nor any other obstacle this time between him and a pleasant visit with the family at White Haven. He now asked in due form for parental consent to a matrimonial engagement. It was given at once, and he returned to the camp at Fort Jessup with an easier mind.

Early in July the long-expected orders came, and the camp at Fort Jessup, with its freedom and health and comfort and the free hospitalities of the neighboring planters, was exchanged for the heat and discomfort of New Orleans. It seemed an act of official stupidity to order whole regiments of helpless soldiers into a city from which the inhabitants were fleeing, for the yellow-fever was raging as a pestilence, and the deserted streets wore the air of one continuous Sunday quiet.

In giving his own account of this detention at New Orleans, General Grant mentions that he came near seeing what was more a street fight than a duel, but puts upon record his strong condemnation of the barbarous and murderous "code." He says: "I do not believe I ever would have the courage to fight a duel." He certainly had all the fighting courage duty ever asked for, and he adds: "I place my opposition to duelling on higher grounds than any here stated."

While the Fourth Infantry was at New Orleans, its veteran commander, Colonel Vose, died suddenly, and there were other changes among the officers, but none had as yet affected the position of Lieutenant Grant. Early in September the regiment was transferred, with others, to Corpus Christi, on the coast of the territory claimed to be admitted into the Union as being part of Texas. The landing of the troops completed the act of annexation, for the shattered Republic of Mexico had no power to drive them out. The trip was made in sailing-vessels, and these were compelled, by the shallowness of Corpus Christi Bay and the bar at its mouth, to anchor outside, miles away, and send their military passengers and freight ashore in small light draught steamers. It was a slow process, full of accidents and incidents, and one of these came to Lieutenant Grant. Passengers were lowered from the ship's rail to the steamer deck by means of a "tackle and block," and after he had once gone through the process, he thought himself sailor enough to do it alone and let himself down next time. He should have remembered some of his West Point lessons which had not been well prepared for recitation, by once going over, before he trusted his understanding of those pulleys. He put his foot upon the dangling hook with all confidence just as somebody else shouted, "Hold on!" He held on, stoutly enough, but it was to the wrong rope, and he plunged into the water head-foremost. It was a dive of twenty-five feet, and sent him below the surface with a force which made him think he should never stop. He

did, however, and came up again and swam around until a bucket was lowered ; and the future President was brought up in it uninjured and much wiser. The first landing of the Fourth Infantry was made upon an island in the channel of Corpus Christi Bay, called Shell Island, and from that there was afterward a slow and tedious transfer to Corpus Christi itself, sixteen miles or more farther.

It was dull work at the time, and must have seemed as much so to all the rest of General Taylor's army as it did to young Grant. It is to be doubted, however, if any other young fellow there, fresh from West Point or otherwise, stood in greater need of the very lessons he was daily learning, relating to the movement of troops and supplies. He learned, as in his other schools, without seeming to learn, and without being himself aware how well he was mastering the lessons forced upon him by circumstances beyond his control.

When the Army of Occupation, as it was called, was all gathered in the camp at Corpus Christi, it consisted of about three thousand men, commanded by Colonel and Brevet-Brigadier-General Zachary Taylor. There were five regiments of infantry, none of them full ; one regiment of artillery acting as infantry, four companies of light artillery, and the solitary cavalry or "dragoon" regiment of the United States Army. Considering the thorough drill of the rank and file and the high character and training of the officers, however, no more effective force of the same size was ever gathered. They soon proved themselves entirely capable of

vanquishing several times their number of the kind of forces opposed to them, and that in spite of natural obstacles, which added immensely to the other advantages of the enemy.

There was as yet no declaration of war with Mexico, and there could be none, unless some force in the service of that Republic could be provoked to attack or at least to oppose the Army of Occupation. No such force was at or near Corpus Christi, or was at all likely to come there, and General Taylor proceeded to obey his orders from Government and establish a position on the Rio Grande River, the selected boundary line between the territory to be annexed and that which was not wanted.

CHAPTER V.

The Challenge to Mexico.—Fort Brown.—Palo Alto.—Resaca de la Palma.—Regimental Quartermaster.—Monterey.—Good Conduct under Fire.

THE point selected for challenging Mexico to begin the required war was just across the Rio Grande River from the city of Matamoras. Like other rivers emptying into the Gulf of Mexico, this has a bar at its mouth, which restricts all entrances to vessels of light draught. United States vessels bringing supplies and re-enforcements were hardly able to approach the coast nearer at the mouth of the Rio Grande than at Corpus Christi, and a landing-place was selected for them at Point Isabel, on the Gulf. The distance from Corpus Christi to Matamoras is about one hundred and fifty miles, through a thinly inhabited region abounding in wide, dense growths of "chaparral," mesquite, thorn, and other bushes, through which the paths were narrow and winding.

The Army of Occupation, with its baggage and supplies, was transferred slowly and methodically from Corpus Christi to the Texas bank of the Rio Grande, and Grant took his first practical lesson in that part of the responsibilities of a military commander. During the processes of the transfer, the duties assigned him, as well as others upon which he eagerly volunteered, took him back and forth

along the line of march and in other directions. He had a good view of what was then the largest drove of wild horses upon the earth, and bought one for his own riding. He also heard for the first time the howl of wolves, and brought a laugh upon himself by estimating the howlers at twenty when they were but two. The look he obtained of them dispelled any nervous sensations he may have had from the amount of noise they had been making.

The country abounded in game, but Grant was never a sportsman, and did not try but once for any of it, and that trial was a failure. He was rapidly becoming more and more a soldier. The military spirit which had been so dead at West Point was beginning to awaken, but only in the form of a greater interest in army operations and their scientific methods. He had a genuine distaste for actual fighting and for the destruction of human life in battle.

No military opposition was made by the Mexicans to the march from Corpus Christi, for they had only a few scouts and skirmishers on that side of the river. As soon, however, as General Taylor's forces reached their destination and began to construct the fort afterward known as Fort Brown, within sight of Matamoras, the aspect of affairs rapidly underwent a change.

It was about the middle of March, and a good time of the year for campaigning operations. The Mexicans grew more and more angry as the fort progressed, but they were not yet ready for an attempt to put a stop to what they deemed an aggression.

All they could do was to send troops across the river, above, and cut off small detachments of General Taylor's men. They killed a number of stragglers, including several officers who exposed themselves unwisely, and they captured two companies of dragoons, under Captains Thornton and Hardee. The nature of the country and the dense coverts of the chaparral favored ambushes and surprises. No more foraging parties could be sent out, and supplies were running short. Point Isabel was twenty-five miles away, and could be brought no nearer; therefore a garrison was left in Fort Brown, and the army marched back to Point Isabel. There were ships arriving here with abundant supplies but with only small re-enforcements. The slow work of getting both on shore consumed valuable time, and the Mexicans were making use of it. They gathered an army largely outnumbering that under General Taylor, crossed the river, and laid siege to Fort Brown. All the open country between that and Point Isabel was so thoroughly swept by their lancers that there was no possible communication with the garrison. The distant roar of the cannon on both sides carried the news of the siege and informed General Taylor that one object of his advance had been accomplished, for the Mexicans themselves had become the attacking party. The political leaders desiring war were thenceforth able to represent the unannexed part of the Mexican Republic as being in the wrong and as beginning to fight while negotiations were going on.

At all events, it was needful to rescue the besieged

garrison, and General Taylor hastened his preparations for the return march. This began on the 7th of March, 1846, and the whole army knew that there was likely to be a battle next day. Lieutenant Grant experienced no feeling of exhilaration over that fact, as many others professed to and some actually did. He wished, for a moment, as he coolly calculated his chances for getting killed, that he were not in the army at all ; but he got over that, and noted with care the prudent skill of General Taylor's steady advance to a battlefield selected for him by the enemy. Perhaps it is more accurate to say that it had been selected by the Rio Grande when that river changed its course and made a new channel for itself, leaving its old bed dry, as is often done by swift rivers in flood time in an alluvial soil.

This old river bed, dotted with pools and bordered by timber, offered an excellent barrier behind which to post an army awaiting an attack. The point at which General Taylor's advance would reach the timber growth along this line could be perfectly well ascertained beforehand ; and when it did so, at a place called Palo Alto, or "high woods," it found the Mexicans in front of it in superior force. A sharp engagement followed, but the forward movement of the Americans was hardly checked, except by the halt they made to form line of battle.

It was a very different affair from any of the battles of the Civil War, and the opposing forces came very near each other before any effective work could be done. The American artillery was superior to the Mexican, yet it consisted mainly of mere six-

pounder brass guns. There were also two long eighteen-pounder iron guns, hauled by oxen, and three or four twelve-pounder howitzers, throwing shell. One such battery as afterward belonged to the Army of the Potomac would have destroyed the whole of these old-time weapons without coming within range of their replies.

Instead of rifles carrying minie-balls, with a range of a mile, both sides carried flint-lock muskets, the American being of the better pattern, loaded with a bullet and three buckshot. The range of these missiles varied much, but never exceeded a few hundred yards, and accuracy of aim was hardly attempted.

The artillery did most of the fighting, and the Mexicans suffered some losses, but the attacking force lost only nine killed and forty-seven wounded. It was Lieutenant Grant's first experience under fire. He saw men fall, with a knowledge that his turn might come next, and was forced to do so in idleness, for the infantry stood still at an "order arms," while the artillery was at work. There was some excitement in watching for the enemy's cannon-balls as they struck and ricochetted and in jumping out of their way.

The army camped on the field of battle that night with an idea that there would be more fighting next morning, but at daybreak it was discovered that the enemy had fallen back.

They were again caught up with at Resaca de la Palma, where the string of pools left by the changing river afforded a stronger position than even the

tall trees of Palo Alto. General Taylor's army had pushed on through the chaparral as best it might. Grant was in command of his company, in the absence of his senior officers, and led it on among the blind paths forced upon the right wing until he found himself in the presence of the enemy before he knew it. He was at once under so hot a fire that he made his men lie down for awhile, but the Mexicans were giving way at all points, and before long he had an opportunity to make a charge. It was only to discover that the fighting was over and the battle won. The army reached its old camp, near Fort Brown, that evening, much to the relief of the garrison. The siege had been hotly pressed, but with defective artillery, and the losses of the defenders of the fort were small. They included, however, the brave commander, Major Brown, whose memory still marks the spot in the name of the present town of Brownsville.

The reports of the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, printed in the newspapers, magnified everything about them except their political consequences. War with Mexico was at once formally declared, and as soon as it was officially announced to General Taylor he moved his army across the Rio Grande, and encamped near Matamoras. He was now on ground undisputedly Mexican, and the Army of Occupation had changed into the Army of Invasion. It had little to do now but lie still and wait for re-enforcements before pushing farther into the country, and these arrived slowly. The major of one of the volunteer regiments that came was the

same Thomas L. Hamer who had nominated Ulysses a cadet at West Point. He was an ambitious and promising politician, but he was soon after taken sick, and died while the troops were before Monterey. He had expected soon to be appointed a brigadier-general of volunteers, and in that case the entire career of his young friend might have been different. Quite another man might have been employed to fill the places and perform the duties afterward assigned to him, but the work would have been done, nevertheless.

A much more important military point than Matamoras was the fortified city of Monterey, for it was on the main road to the city of Mexico from the north, at the mouth of the pass through the Sierra Madre Mountains. As soon therefore as General Taylor felt that he had force enough to take Monterey he began his advance. It was the 19th of August before he could do so, and a great many other plans and changes had been made in the mean time which were to interfere with his own and cut off some of them altogether.

The head of navigation on the Rio Grande is at the city of Camargo, and the road southerly from this place to Monterey was the best route for the army to follow. The infantry, except one brigade, was carried up the river on steamers. The cavalry, artillery, and that one brigade to which Grant belonged made the journey overland. When he reached Camargo he was detailed as quartermaster and commissary of his regiment, and began to take lessons of a new sort. It was very needful that he

should know well the practical methods of feeding an army on the march. Among other things, he acquired a great deal of information about mules. He probably knew already how they could and sometimes did behave in harness, for he had studied many of their performances at Corpus Christi and on the marches to and from Fort Brown. Now, however, owing to an insufficient supply of wagons, it became necessary to employ pack-mules, and many of those obtained had strong aversions for the packs put upon them. There was a vast deal of kicking and bucking and rolling done. In telling the story of their perversities, General Grant declares that he never used a profane word in his life that he was aware of, but that he could almost excuse any man for whatever he might say to a Mexican pack-mule.

The advance from Camargo began on the 5th of September, and already the troops had experienced severe fatigues from marching in Mexican summer weather. Some improvement was obtained by resting during the days and marching by nights, when these were not too dark, and in fourteen days Taylor's army was encamped at Walnut Springs, three miles from Monterey. There were about six thousand five hundred men, in three divisions, under Generals Butler, Twiggs, and Worth.

Monterey was strongly fortified, and General Ampudia, in command, had under him not less than ten thousand men. If one in four of these had been like the men now about to attack him Monterey could not have been captured by the American army.

Preparations and movements for taking it began at once, but Lieutenant Grant's share in the fierce fight which followed was all of his own seeking and in disobedience of orders. His regiment, the Fourth Infantry, had now but six companies actually present, and these were at the front, supporting artillerists who were placing siege guns in position. Grant, as quartermaster, had been left in charge of the regimental camp at Walnut Springs, and should have remained there. By daylight of the second day, September 21st, the guns were in position, and the firing began. It was vigorously responded to by the Mexican batteries, and the roar of the furious cannonade reached the ears of the young quartermaster at Walnut Springs. He had already been in two battles, and here was a third, a greater than either of them, going forward close by him, while he was watching baggage at the rear. He stood it for awhile, but the sound of those guns was too much for him. He sprang upon a horse and galloped to the front, joining his own regiment; but he had not come as a mere looker-on. Only a little after his arrival an order came for the regiment to charge, and he charged with his comrades, utterly unable to return to his duties at the camp while they were going on to danger and death. That was what they did, precisely, for their charge brought them under so hot a fire from the enemy's several batteries that in a very few minutes a full third of all who made that gallant dash were dead or wounded. A rapid movement eastward took the survivors out of fire, and the very speed with which it was made gave

Grant an opportunity for doing a good thing. He was the only mounted man in that charge. A fellow-officer in less vigorous health was failing under the fatigue of that hot "double quick," and Grant at once gave up his horse to him. True to his instincts, he soon obtained another, but it was not long before he had his own again. somewhat sadly. The officer, Lieutenant Hoskins, upon whose fatigue he had had mercy, was adjutant of the regiment. He was killed very soon afterward, and Grant was appointed in his stead on the spot. He was not to return to camp, therefore, and his good conduct under fire prevented any after consideration of his breach of discipline. There was more hot work before the army that day, and by the close of it several important positions had been won. The city was now fairly invested, but not much was attempted on the 22d. On the morning of the 23d possession was taken by the Americans of some works abandoned by the enemy during the night, and a day of terrible fighting followed. The troops with which Lieutenant Grant served were at least as much exposed as any other, suffering the heaviest losses, and he again distinguished himself. He volunteered to ride back alone through the shot-swept streets of Monterey to obtain ammunition for his brigade. He went past dangerous corners at full speed, swinging himself behind his horse, in Indian fashion, and probably owed to his horsemanship the fact that he got through untouched.

During the following night the American troops, under Worth, penetrated so near the main "plaza"

of the city, by cutting through from house to house, that General Ampudia gave it up and surrendered. Grant saw the garrison march out as prisoners of war, and a sight of the men explained to him why such soldiers had no capacity for facing the disciplined courage of American regulars and volunteers. They were objects of pity, and he sincerely pitied them.

CHAPTER VI.

Under a New Commander.—Scientific War.—Buena Vista.—Vera Cruz.—The Lesson of Cerro Gordo.—Waiting for Re-enforcements.—Before the City of Mexico.

GENERAL SCOTT was the ranking officer of the United States Army, but he was a Whig, and there had been at first political reasons for preventing him from earning any more military glory. These were partly destroyed by the new fact that General Taylor, also a Whig, was winning fame very fast and would soon become a strong Presidential candidate. There was a vast amount of intrigue and dispute in and out of Congress, but at last it was necessary to give General Scott the command of the army in Mexico and let him carry out his own plans. How the result was brought about or why does not belong to a *Life of Grant*, but some of the first measures the new commander adopted removed most of the regular troops from General Taylor, and the young adjutant of the Fourth Infantry among them.

The Administration made this necessary by giving General Scott only half as many men as it promised him and as the work in hand really seemed to require. The places of the regular troops taken away from General Taylor were shortly filled by enthusiastic volunteers, and he pushed on with them to win

so much glory at Buena Vista and elsewhere that he became the next President of the United States. While he was doing so General Scott performed wonders with the slender forces given him. The real reason why his political adversaries did not dare to supplant him was that, whatever were his other defects or weaknesses, he was one of the ablest generals of his time. It would not do to risk the army with an untried leader. He was a capital master for young officers to study war under, and he had with him a large number of capable scholars. Among them were the men who afterward led the Union and Confederate armies in the Civil War, for Robert E. Lee and his most distinguished associates were there, as well as Ulysses S. Grant and George G. Meade and many another Northern hero. They were all alike in training for the terrible days which were to come, and of which not one man of them had then the most shadowy foreboding.

General Scott did not believe in the plan of reaching the City of Mexico by the long northern road from the Rio Grande. The port of Vera Cruz, on the Gulf, was but two hundred and sixty miles from the capital, and the veteran commander-in-chief estimated, with scientific precision, the number of men and the amount of war material he would require to make the march, fight the probable battles, and make the proposed capture. All he asked for was promised him, and when only half was afterward furnished him, his military calculations were made good in three different ways.

First, the Mexican army was diminished and de-

moralized by the defeat it suffered at Buena Vista and in other ways, so that there was less really hard fighting to be done.

Second, the American troops sent were of so remarkably good a quality and behaved so well that they made up in that way for their lack of numbers.

Third, and by no means least, the calculations and plans of General Scott himself, carried out by such men, were more nearly a history written beforehand than any prudent commander could have counted upon. Scott himself made good a large part of the deficiency.

The first thing he did after receiving the chief command was to make an attempt to see General Taylor and have a talk with him. He went as far as Camargo, on the Rio Grande, but Taylor had failed to hear that he was coming, and had pushed on into the interior from Monterey. Scott issued orders concerning the regular troops, and went away. That was in December, 1846, and two months later, February 22d, 1847, began the three days' fighting at Buena Vista which made General Taylor President in the following year, 1848.

The Fourth Infantry was assigned to the division to be commanded by Brigadier-General William Worth. He was a very capable officer, of first-rate fighting qualities, as he had already shown, particularly at Monterey, but his men respected and trusted him without liking him. He had a disposition so watchful, irritable, and full of nervous activity that he was prone to give his men a large amount of needless hard work, and that meant a great deal in

a hot country. It used up General Worth himself in due season.

The fleet and transports with the army that was to march to the City of Mexico were gathered in the harbor of Anton Lizardo, sixteen miles south of Vera Cruz, ready for a landing on the 7th of March, 1847. In attendance upon the fleet was a little "propeller," used as a dispatch boat. It was the first craft of the kind Grant had ever seen, for all the steam-vessels of that day were side-wheelers.

All was in perfect order, and the entire naval array proceeded thirteen miles northerly off the little island of Sacrificios, on the shore inside of which the actual landing was made. Of course the Mexican commanders had not known precisely where the attempt would be made, and were not on hand to make much trouble. A long-range cannon shot from their nearest fort killed one officer, Major Albertis, but there were no other losses.

The debarkation was made slow and difficult by the surf, and would have been more so but for the surf-boats especially prepared beforehand by the thoughtful general. By the 9th of March the troops were landed, and the entire operation was an "object lesson" in military and naval management, teaching the young officers of that army how to avoid confusion and disaster.

The Republic of Mexico contained over seven millions of people, many of whom were very warlike, if well trained and led. There is no other country in the world more easily defended. Yet here was an army of less than twelve thousand men deliber-

ately proposing and expecting to march right on into the heart of the country and take its capital. No wonder a great many people at the North and in Europe called the whole affair foolhardy, and freely prophesied failure.

The city of Vera Cruz was fairly well fortified, but many of its defences were old and ill adapted to modern warfare. The investment was easily but very skilfully made, and after that was done the remaining work was a matter of artillery practice. The gunners toiled away on both sides for eighteen days before General Morales, in command of the city and of the famous Castle of San Juan de Ulloa, which was its main defence, decided that he could hold the place no longer. He surrendered on the 29th of March, and the Americans marched in. The loss of the latter in killed and wounded was but sixty-four men, for General Scott exercised continual care against needless exposure and the Mexicans made no sortie. They surrendered about five thousand men and four hundred pieces of artillery, but the greater part of the latter were only valuable as curiosities or as old metal.

Vera Cruz is a very hot place in summer and is subject to pretty regular visits of yellow-fever. It was desirable therefore to get away from it at once. There were two roads to the City of Mexico, both running through a mountain country and coming together in the plain beyond. The route selected by General Scott was by way of Jalapa and Perote. As soon as the army could reach Jalapa, sixty-five miles from Vera Cruz, they would be in a high and

healthy country, beyond the reach of yellow-fever. A garrison had to be left in Vera Cruz with the sick and disabled, and the force to go forward with was hardly ten thousand strong. It was divided into three divisions, and so rapidly were preparations made for the march that the first of these, under General Twiggs, started for Jalapa on the 8th of April, only ten days after the fall of Vera Cruz. The next division, under General Patterson, quickly followed, and the third, under General Worth, set out on the 13th. In this division was Lieutenant Grant, and it soon caught up with the others. It found them in camp fifty miles from Vera Cruz, with a Mexican army before them, commanded by Santa Anna in person. He had selected a strong position at a place called Cerro Gordo, at which to bar the road to his capital, for he was then Dictator and supreme ruler of the Mexican Republic. Already General Scott was with his troops, having left Vera Cruz one day in advance of Worth's division. He had expected some such obstacle, and may have known that it was most likely to occur at Cerro Gordo. The strength of Santa Anna's position lay in the fact that the road, said to have been made by Cortez, made its way up the slope of the mountain toward higher levels beyond by a succession of zigzags. As soon as each of these was fortified and swept by artillery, it looked as if an attacking force would simply throw itself away. So it would, if hurled foolishly against those intrenchments in front; but Scott gave his young war-students an uncommonly good lesson in the art of "turning" appar-

ently strong positions. He at once sent out some of his engineer officers and their men to make reconnoissances, with a view to finding a way of getting around Santa Anna's formidable defences. They were only a captain and some lieutenants, but the uses of the Mexican War can be better illustrated by saying that General Scott sent out on that duty before Cerro Gordo General Robert E. Lee, Lieutenant-General P. G. T. Beauregard, Major-General Isaac J. Stevens, Major-General Z. B. Tower, Major-General G. W. Smith, Major-General George B. McClellan, and Major-General J. G. Foster. No more distinguished squad of scientific scouts ever went out to hunt for a new road up a hill-side.

The hunt was successful, and in three days' time a road had been made by which the enemy's flank could be turned. The more exposed and difficult work had been done at night. The path constructed was not one for ordinary travellers. It led across deep chasms and up and down gullies so steep-sided that horses could neither go down nor up, and the artillery, light pieces all, was lowered on one side and lifted on the other by the men with ropes. By this means a strong force was thrown in the Mexican rear, while sharp fighting went on at other points to cover the hidden but more important flank movement. All the Mexicans in the position at Cerro Gordo surrendered, and all who were posted beyond and were not cut off retreated.

Lieutenant Grant was with the forces making the flank attack, and he afterward made more than one, which may have owed some of their success to this

masterpiece by General Scott. He himself says of its conception and execution that the orders issued before the battle would have answered very well for a report of it afterward, so perfectly was the genius of the commander served by his brilliant subordinates. Three thousand prisoners were taken, besides artillery and small arms. No further stand was at once made by Santa Anna, for the army beaten at Cerro Gordo was largely the same that had already been shattered and dispirited by its defeat at Buena Vista.

General Scott's army marched on and went into camp at Jalapa. Here they were likely to remain for a long time, waiting the arrival of new men, coming to take the places of about four thousand whose terms of enlistment had expired, and all of whom were going home. Only about five thousand were left, and they lay at Jalapa long enough for all Mexico to have risen and hemmed them in, if the Mexican people had been in any humor to rise at the call of Santa Anna. The smallest State in the American Union would have furnished men enough to have destroyed such a force encamped among them ; but Jalapa was situated in a different country.

Meantime, Worth's division was sent ahead to Puebla, but it saw no more fighting on the way or after its arrival. It was kept in a state of continual worry by the excessive vigilance of its commander, but it would have been well for Grant if he had learned one perfect lesson from his overwatchful general. Had he done so, there would be a different record to-day of the first day of the battle of

Shiloh. General Worth never suffered anything which could be so represented as to look like a surprise.

Grant was now again acting as quartermaster of the Fourth Infantry, and saw some fatiguing service in conducting convoys of supply-wagons, but it was humdrum work and almost unattended by danger.

It was August before the dilatory Administration at Washington put General Scott's army in condition for a forward movement, and it was well that they had a healthy place to wait in, whether at Jalapa or Puebla. Even then they were barely ten thousand strong. They were now in four divisions instead of three, with one of cavalry, and the Fourth Infantry continued to be a part of Garland's brigade of Worth's division.

The road between Puebla to the City of Mexico leads over Rio Frio Mountain, and its highest point is eleven thousand feet above the level of the sea. It was strange that the Mexicans made no effort to defend the mountain passes, but their commanders permitted the American army to march through unmolested. The advance from Puebla began on the 7th of August, and in a few days the invaders marched down the mountain-side and out into the famous plain of Mexico.

CHAPTER VII.

Contreras.—Churubusco.—Perfect Generalship.—A Truce and Diplomacy.—Molino del Rey.—Chapultepec.—The Battles of the Gates.—End of Hostilities.—Grant Distinguished and Promoted.—The Baking and Clothing Business.

THE mountain-bordered level upon which the City of Mexico stands is not of great extent. Between the city and the base of the Rio Frio Mountain, where the American army lay, are the three lakes, Chalco, Xochimilco, and Tezcoco. The first two are on the left of the main road to the city and the latter on the right. The direct approaches were so well fortified that General Scott at once set his engineers and scouts at work upon finding the route for another flank movement. They succeeded very quickly, and by the 18th of August the American forces were at a place called St. Augustin Tlalpan, eleven miles south of the city. They had simply gone around the lakes, without any fighting, but they now had some sharp work just before them. Between them and the city lay the hacienda of San Antonio and the villages of Contreras and Churubusco, all intrenched and garrisoned. The rocky nature of the position at Contreras gave it an additional strength. Garland's division was sent to threaten San Antonio on the direct line from St.

Augustin Tlalpan to the city, while the main army advanced upon Contreras. They reached the position assigned them, within range of the Mexican intrenchments, before the close of the 18th, and on the 19th General Scott began operations for breaking through the barrier at Contreras. It was one more affair of scientific road building under difficulties and then of a hard fight with an outflanked enemy; but Lieutenant Grant was not in it. The actual battle began on the morning of the 20th, and lasted only half an hour.

The men of Garland's brigade in front of San Antonio and the Mexicans holding it could see all that was going on at Contreras, and the latter at once retreated when the success of the Americans made their own position not worth holding. When Garland, a little later, received orders to advance, the place was found unoccupied, and he pushed forward, connecting with the other operations in time to give his most eager subordinates all they wanted of the bloody battle of Churubusco. A flank movement attempted here failed, owing to the nature of the ground and the lack of time for persistent engineering. It was tried again, altogether as fighting, and succeeded at a heavy cost of killed and wounded. In General Grant's old age, with ripened judgment and vast experience, he studied the strategy and tactics displayed by General Scott in these battles before the City of Mexico, and pronounced them faultless. No other military critic of good standing has been able to find many flaws in the leadership of the great soldier under whom the men who were to

be pitted against each other before the close of that generation learned how to handle armies. They in their turn were to be severely criticised, but most severely of all by European drill-room soldiers, who never saw a pitched battle.

The victory at Churubusco left the road open up to the very gates of the city, and Captain Philip Kearney, with a squadron of cavalry, rode to them, and could have gone in had he been supported ; but a halt had been ordered unknown to him, and no help joining him, he was forced to retreat. He and several of his officers were severely wounded in getting away.

General Scott could and would have taken the city at once, with little or no further bloodshed, for the remaining forces opposed to him were too badly demoralized to offer serious resistance. The fact that they outnumbered him three to one was of less consequence then than it became after time had been given them to rally, reorganize, and recover their courage.

That required time was secured for them by diplomacy. Mr. Nicholas P. Trist was with the army, and was empowered by the United States Government to negotiate a treaty of peace with Mexico—that is, with Dictator Santa Anna. It seemed a good time for such negotiations, and a truce was entered into for the purpose. It was agreed that neither side should receive re-enforcements nor make its military positions any stronger while the diplomatists were at work, and that General Scott's army might obtain provisions from the city.

Commissioners were appointed by Santa Anna to meet Mr. Trist, and the terms of the treaty were discussed until September 2d. Then the Mexican people were informed of the real purpose of the war. Nothing would purchase peace but a complete giving up of Texas, with the Rio Grande for a boundary, and a sale of New Mexico and California to the United States for a certain sum, named in the proposal. Mr. Trist had his instructions, and could not depart from them.

The turbulent populace of the city had already violated the terms of the armistice, but their conduct had been overlooked as mere mob violence. No sooner, however, were the demands of the United States made public than they became uncontrollable, and began at once to prepare for renewing the war. General Scott protested promptly, but Santa Anna's reply made it necessary to cut short the peace negotiations.

General Scott himself was with Worth's division at Tacubaya, four miles south-west of the city. One mile nearer the city was an ancient stone structure, one story high, flat-roofed, and several hundred feet long, called Molino del Rey. Parapets of sand-bags along the roof made it a serious obstacle for infantry, if held by good marksmen. A precipitous and rocky elevation three hundred feet high, westerly from Molino del Rey, was called Chapultepec. It was strongly fortified. A stream of water coming down the mountain-side near Molino del Rey sends into the city a part of its supply of water through an aqueduct carried by strongly built arches

of solid masonry. This aqueduct passes by Chapultepec on the west near the base of the hill, and another like it, fed by a similar spring, passes it on the east; and both were more or less fortified. Both ran in the middle of wide avenues bordered by deep ditches filled with water. The Mexican commanders were not good engineers, but they had added in many ways to the natural defences of their capital, and they were now so angry over the requirements of Mr. Trist's treaty of peace, that they were likely to fight hard.

There had been a coolness between General Worth and General Scott, which the latter regretted, and he now, in an effort at reconciliation, empowered him to plan and execute without dictation or interference the breaking of the Molino del Rey barrier. It was to be General Worth's own battle, and he was every way competent to win it, as General Scott very well knew. He proceeded to do so, and Lieutenant Grant obtained another opportunity for distinguishing himself under fire.

General Worth gave his brigade and regimental commanders their instructions on the evening of September 7th for an attack at daylight next morning. Careful reconnoitring had been done beforehand.

The guns of Chapultepec commanded the approaches to Molino del Rey, and so did those of other batteries, but the advance of Worth's men was not checked for a moment, and "the mill of the king" was taken by assault. The losses of the attacking party were severe, especially of officers, but

that was unavoidable in capturing so strong a position by assault. Once more Grant passed through terrible perils without a scratch.

For some reason, the advantage so gained was not pushed at once, and there were many who thought that it should have been. That Grant was one of these, and that he laid up for future use the lesson of what he deemed a costly military error, is evident from what he did afterward rather than from the prudent moderation of what he said and wrote.

He was among the foremost of the gallant fellows who stormed Molino del Rey. He himself relates, however, that when he reached the roof, clambering from the lower story by means of the shafts of a cart, used as a ladder, and followed by his men, he found that a solitary private soldier had surpassed him.

There stood the representative American, guarding five or six Mexican officers and some privates who had surrendered to him, and who still retained their arms.

Five days later the Chapultepec position was assaulted and taken, but not without severe loss. The attack was planned by General Scott and carried into execution by General Pillow. Grant was here again enabled to secure for himself an official report as having "behaved with distinguished gallantry."

Whether or not all this fighting was necessary for the capture of the city, there was more to come. The "garitas," or fortified gates of San Cosme and Belin, were to be taken, and General Worth commanded the column which advanced against the former. The advance was made along the avenues

following the aqueducts, and the soldiers sheltered themselves by these as well as they might from the enemy's fire. The particulars of the fight could hardly be made plain without a map ; but once more Grant was in the very front, and distinguished himself by cool courage and good conduct under fire. Later in the day he proved for the second time since morning that he possessed what some have called a "military eye," capable of perceiving instantly the right thing to do in a difficult position.

This time it was to take a howitzer to pieces, so that it could be dragged and carried by the men across fields and ditches, and hoisted into the steeple of a church. From that elevation it threw its shot and shell so effectively that the young officer who put it there was sent for by General Worth to receive formal thanks, and was especially mentioned in the reports of the day's work. That was a grand thing for a mere beginner recently from West Point.

The night of the 13th of September was spent by the American army in getting rested before another day of sultry warfare, and by Santa Anna in removing from the city all the Mexican troops who did not break ranks and desert him. Before doing so he set free the convicts in the city prisons, that as much mischief as possible might be done, but the civil authorities at once sent word to General Scott. They demanded an armistice, and proposed conditions, but General Scott's army marched into the city in the morning, without agreeing to do anything more than he might direct.

Now, however, as under General Taylor in his

first campaign, Grant received an excellent lesson in the ways and methods of civilized warfare, for it had been long since the Mexican people had been so justly and mercifully governed as they were by the American army officers. All rights of private citizens were thoroughly respected and good order was rigidly enforced.

All the official reports of these affairs went to the War Office at Washington to be sifted. The army was overstocked with deserving officers, and actual promotion came slowly; but Second Lieutenant Grant received a "brevet" as first-lieutenant for his behavior at Molino del Rey and of captain for his subsequent services, the latter to date from September 13th, the day of Chapultepec.

Nevertheless—for this all came to him at a later date—he marched into the City of Mexico with no higher nominal rank than that with which he had fought his first battle at Palo Alto, sixteen months earlier. His actual promotion to the grade of first-lieutenant came to him by the death of Lieutenant Sidney Smith, of his own company, killed by marauders while marching into the city.

The Mexican War was now over, so far as battles were concerned. All that remained to be done was to secure the fruits of it, and this was finally accomplished substantially upon the basis of the terms originally offered by Mr. Trist to Santa Anna. Meantime, the army under Scott continued to hold the leading positions already occupied by them, without a much wider scattering of their meagre numerical strength.

The entire campaign was a sort of military marvel, rendered possible only by the miserably decayed and disordered condition of the Mexican Government and people. They really lost by it nothing of which they were capable of making any good use, and it was part of a long process by which a great many evils were done away with. The result was full of great consequences to Texas, New Mexico, California, and Arizona, and it is not easy now to balance the account between the two republics.

For a time after the capture of its capital and the overthrow of Santa Anna Mexico was practically without a recognizable government of its own, and it was not until a sufficiently respectable temporary government could be organized that there was anybody in the country with authority to sign a treaty of peace. One was gotten together at Queretaro, and the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo was signed for both nations February 2d, 1848. The amount of money paid by the United States for the territory it obtained was fifteen million dollars, and was thought by many, at the time, a pretty fair price.

The signing of the treaty did not finish the matter, as it had to be sent to Washington for ratification by the President and Senate, and meantime the army remained as a sort of garrison. The leading general officers occupied their time largely in controversies with General Scott, and the younger officers and soldiers whiled away their idleness as best they could. They were already upon excellent terms with the Mexican people, who were well

pleased to be under such good protection and to be paid high prices in cash for whatever the "invaders" wanted.

There were many amusements, including dances and bull-fights. Grant attended one of the latter, and was so disgusted with its stupid cruelty that he never attended another. He was more fortunate than many others in securing plenty of good and interesting employment. He became a ready-made clothing dealer and a baker, and was exceedingly pleased with his success in both lines of business.

The first occupation grew out of the fact that the troops were getting disreputably ragged, while no supplies of clothing were arriving from the United States. It was necessary to buy such cloth as could be had and set such tailors as were available at work upon it. There were hardly good needlemen enough in the army, and the quartermaster in charge of them could not turn out the new uniforms fast enough. Even then they were not quite uniform. Grant, as quartermaster of the Fourth Infantry, had in hand their new outfit, and there must have been some fun as well as occupation in attending to it.

The baking business grew out of the fact that the regimental fund, out of which came extra pay for the musicians and some other expenses not provided for by law, was running very low. Books, periodicals, and various important matters would have to be dispensed with unless money could be made in some manner, and the manner was in Grant's official care as quartermaster.

Each soldier was entitled to a daily ration of

eighteen ounces of either flour or bread. If issued to him in the form of bread, that was the end of the matter, but there was a much better way. One hundred pounds of flour will make a hundred and forty pounds of bread, and the difference could be widened a little and applied for the general good. Grant had learned precisely how to manage the matter while stationed at Monterey under Taylor, and he now repeated his former experience on a larger scale. The regiment was camped at Tacubaya, several miles outside the city, but he rented a bakery in the city, hired Mexican bakers, bought all other things needed, made a contract with the chief commissary of the army for supplying him with a large amount of "hard tack" bread, and went to work vigorously. In two months the profit to the regimental fund on the difference between rations as bread and as flour amounted to more money than the distinguished quartermaster and baker and brevet captain of infantry received as pay during the entire Mexican War.

CHAPTER VIII.

Camp-life in Mexico.—Acquaintances.—Ordered Home.—Marriage.—Garrison Duty.—The Ordeal of the Isthmus.—California.—The Gold Fever.—The Pacific Coast.—Promotion.—Resignation from the Army.

GRANT was one of a party of officers who ascended the volcano of Popocatepetl, in the spring of 1848, and during the ascent they had an opportunity also of discovering how far a small mule loaded with two great sacks of barley can roll down a precipice unhurt. The mule was supposed to be dashed to pieces, and nobody went after him to gather them up, but he did it himself, and walked into camp unhurt that evening, barley and all.

Other excursions made into the wonders of the Mexican mountain country were deeply interesting, but Lieutenant Grant, unlike some of his companions, kept no journal, took no notes, and did not afterward make or print any account of what he had seen.

The treaty of peace was duly ratified by the United States, but even after that the removal of the troops progressed slowly. It was July before the Fourth Infantry was on shipboard northward bound.

The Mexican War was of vast use in many ways to the man who was one day to direct the armies of

the great Republic. With reference to the art of war, it was a sort of higher school into which he passed quickly, after graduating at West Point. He learned many lessons under many teachers, storing them away almost unconsciously against the time when he should be forced by circumstances to bring them out and use them.

Among these lessons was a very deep one concerning the relative value of regular troops and volunteers; of raw levies and of veterans; of well-trained and untrained officers. He served with all classes of them on marches and in battles, and was afterward by no means new to the difficult business of turning brave civilians into serviceable soldiers.

It was also of very great importance that he formed so wide an acquaintance with the military men of the nation. While at West Point he had taken the personal measure, so to speak, of the three classes he found there, and of his own class, and of the three classes entering before he graduated. In those seven classes were the greater number of the West Point graduates who were in the vigor of life and of ripe experience for large responsibilities on either side at the outbreak of the Civil War, in 1861. His judgment of them might in some respects be as erroneous as that formed by some of them of him; but not many possessed his capacity for discerning the good and bad qualities of others with express reference to their military uses. Among the young cadets composing those seven classes were many whom he never met again, but not less than fifty became Union or Confederate generals.

While in Mexico he learned the characteristics of a large number who had left the Academy before he entered it, as well as of many officers of volunteer regiments, whose Mexican experiences made up the only military school they ever attended. What good use some of them made of it was fully manifested when they were once more called upon to organize regiments and lead them to battle.

The Fourth Infantry was ordered to Pascagoula, Mississippi, to spend the summer, but its quartermaster had a very important affair on hand, and did not propose to spend it with them. There was a young lady at White Haven, near St. Louis, Missouri, who had watched the course of the war in Mexico with more interest than had most others. As soon as the regiment was fairly settled in its new camp, a leave of absence could be readily obtained by an officer who had earned it so well, and Brevet-Captain Ulysses S. Grant proceeded with all speed to White Haven. His marriage with Miss Julia T. Dent took place on the 22d of August, 1848.

The leave of absence for the wedding tour was for four months, and the time was largely occupied in visits to the family and connections in Ohio, from whom there had been so very long a separation. Before its expiration orders came to report at Sackett's Harbor, New York, for garrison duty, and at this post the newly-married pair spent the winter. In April Grant was ordered to similar duty at Detroit, Michigan.

Two years went by very quietly at Detroit, and then one more was spent at Sackett's Harbor.

There is hardly anything more bare of incident than the life of an army officer in time of peace, superintending the routine duties of posts in the most unwarlike corners of the country. It was all very pleasant, but it was a kind of life to which there seemed to be offered no ambition, no future, except the probability of slow promotion as vacancies might occur in the army grades above him.

A change came in the spring of the year 1852. The Fourth Infantry, up to that time divided among several garrisons, was ordered to the Pacific coast, and it was deemed unadvisable for Mrs. Grant to go with it, considering the uncertainty of its subsequent movements and duties.

She went to Ohio, to visit as long as she might choose with her husband's relatives, before going to live with her own family at St. Louis. It was but one of the understood penalties of marrying an army officer, but the compulsory submission to it brought about consequences of vast importance.

The decision which left Mrs. Grant behind was wisely made, for the Fourth Infantry passed through terrible experiences on its way to California. The mere discomforts began at the very outset. Eight companies were gathered at Governor's Island, in New York Harbor, and so many officers and soldiers had wives or whole families with them that they added seven hundred souls to the passengers of an already fully laden steamer. They went on board the 8th of July, and had a hot weather passage of eight days to Aspinwall, reaching it in the height of the rainy season. There was railway transporta-

tion at that time only as far as the Chagres River. From the point where the railway reached the river to another named Gorgona, passengers and freight were conveyed in boats propelled by "poling." From Gorgona to Panama on the Pacific coast the distance was twenty-five miles, and all transit was made by means of pack-mules or on foot. The trip across the Isthmus was a terror at any time and worst of all in the rainy season. The climate was always pestilential to any but natives and a few well-seasoned foreigners, but it had an additional evil in the summer of 1852.

Grant, as regimental quartermaster, was in charge of all Government property and of the processes of transportation, after these were supposed to have been provided by higher authorities. The blunders of the latter had begun in the harbor of New York, and they had been worse on the Isthmus. The season, the weather, contractors who failed to furnish mules, all things went against the quartermaster, and now the cholera broke out among the unfortunate soldiers and other passengers. The main body of the regiment went on to Panama to wait for a coming steamer, but Grant, with one company and the soldiers with families and the regimental camp equipage and baggage, halted at Cruces, a few miles from Gorgona. He sent the company on, that as many of the men as possible might have a seaside chance to escape the cholera ; but the physicians went with it, and he was left with women and children and helpless men to face the plague. Deaths occurred hourly, full a third of those who

remained at Cruces being carried off. At the end of a week, getting rid of the defaulting contractor and making a new contract on his own responsibility, Grant succeeded in getting the survivors to Panama. Of all the human beings who crowded the steamer Ohio, when the Fourth Infantry marched on board of her in the harbor of New York, every seventh person, male or female, was dead and buried before the remainder could be removed from Panama. The cholera abated in August, and the regiment reached San Francisco early in September.

The first fever of California gold mining was at its height in the year 1852. The days of regular mining operations, of veins, shafts, tunnels, quartz-crushing, and ore-smelting had not come. Placer mining, or digging and washing and pocket-finding, was about all that had as yet been attempted. Adventurers of every grade and kind were attracted from the United States and from Europe by the hope of sudden wealth. A very few were to succeed, more were to give it up and go home, and a sadly numerous majority were drawn only to utter ruin. The circumstances in which men found themselves on arrival offered a severe test of all the real manhood there was in them, and the mere weaknesses as well as the latent evils were pretty sure to be brought out. The Fourth Infantry spent only a few weeks at Benicia Barracks on its arrival, but there was time enough for a deeply interesting study of life at San Francisco under its most novel and picturesque conditions. If any of the officers or soldiers were at all infected by the prevailing disease

of gold seeking, they were saved from its evil effects by the iron hand of military discipline; and the next call of duty took them all to Fort Vancouver on the Columbia River. Oregon Territory did not then contain inhabitants enough for admission as a State, and settlers were coming in slowly. The absorbing attractions of California took away public attention from other portions of the Pacific coast country.

Prices of all kinds of provisions were so high, owing to the demands of California miners, that no officer could have lived on his pay but for arrangements which enabled them to buy through the Commissary Department at New Orleans rates. This was a military necessity at a time when onions were selling at Benicia at thirty-seven and a half cents per pound, and Grant decided to raise a crop of vegetables for his own mess in 1853. Three other officers joined him. They procured a good enough span of horses, and he did the ploughing of a respectable field, while the others planted it with potatoes. The same idea had occurred to a large number of other people, and the potato crop of Oregon and California was enormous that season. It was so everywhere but on Grant's patch, for the melting snow on the mountains sent a flood down the river, and destroyed the greater part of that planting. Enough was saved for the mess, but the fact that there was no market for potatoes was of no consequence to the four shoulder-strapped farmers of the Fourth Infantry.

There was very little to break the monotony of

garrison life at Fort Vancouver. There were not even any hostilities with the wretched remnants of the Indian tribes. These were fast disappearing under the combined operation of small-pox and measles, treated Indian fashion, and of the vices they had borrowed from white men to add to their own large stock.

There was no visible prospect of war between the United States and any other nation on earth, or of any consequent military career worth looking forward to, and the future hope was every way as dull as the present reality. On the 5th of July, 1853, the death of Colonel Bliss, of the adjutant-general's department, made a vacancy in a line of officers under him, and each moved one step higher. Brevet-Captain Grant became captain, with full rank and pay. This was something, but it was also nothing, for the pay of a captain was insufficient for the support of an officer and his family upon the Pacific coast. It would not do to send for Mrs. Grant and the children, and the new-made captain set off to join his new company, then stationed at Humboldt Bay, California. While on the way he had an opportunity of seeing the marvellous things which one year's work had done for San Francisco. Houses, wharves, improvements of all kinds, astonished him on every side, but it seemed as if the growth of vice and dissipation had kept full pace with the mad and feverish rush of gold-mining prosperity. There was more of gambling and mere speculation, which was but gambling, than of any other business transacted, and it was a long time afterward that San

Francisco became a pleasant place for quiet people to live in. In the following year Captain Grant had another occasion to note the swift development of the marvellous community gathered at the Golden Horn ; but now he went on his way to Humboldt Bay. It was a very lonely post, about the only connection of which with the rest of the world grew out of its lumber business.

One more autumn and winter passed in half-imprisoned separation were all that could be borne. There was nothing to bind any man's heart to such an existence, and before spring came Captain Grant had decided to leave the army. He sent to the War Office in March a request for a leave of absence until the end of July, and with the request offered his resignation to date from the expiration of his leave of absence. It was a long, slow mail route from Humboldt Bay to Washington, and through the routine of official transactions there and back again, but a reply came at last.

Captain Grant had become attached to the Pacific coast during his years of official sojourning there. He believed in its great future, and now left it with the purpose of coming back again some day ; but the course of his life was ordered differently.

CHAPTER IX.

Grant a Farmer.—The Real-Estate Business.—Political Affairs.—The Leather Store at Galena.—The Lincoln Presidential Campaign. — Grant Drilling Republican Wide-Awakes.—A Military Oracle.

WHILE the quartermaster of the Fourth Infantry had been struggling with the horrors of the Isthmus passage, in 1852, his wife had borne him a son, whom he was now to see for the first time. He reached her home at St. Louis, late in the summer of 1854, no longer an officer of the United States Army, but free to struggle for a living in any manner open to him. It had been impossible to more than make both ends meet, and nothing had been saved from his pay, so that he was now poor. He was also without a business or civil profession, and had for a long time been disconnected with the world's ordinary ways of doing business. He was thirty-two years of age, in good health and full of courage, and he went to work after a fashion which has hardly received due honor in the various accounts of his career.

Mrs. Grant owned a farm near St. Louis, but there was no house upon it. No stock or tools were there, nor was there any money in her husband's pocket to buy with. His hands were their only resource, and he used them industriously. Before long

he had a house and farming tools and stock, such as they were, sufficient for the support of his wife and children. He turned his hand to all things that he might accomplish this. He had driven loads of wood at eight years of age, and now he did it again, only that this time he drove them into St. Louis for sale. There was no parade or military style about it, but the sturdy man on the wood-wagon was the same whose cool courage had been brilliantly conspicuous among the stormers at Molino del Rey and Chapultepec. A brother officer and warm personal friend of high rank in the army, writing after Grant's death, said of this period of his life and the years which followed : "At that time we all considered Grant a failure." They did not know how good a fight he was making or that he was, in reality, only going through another course of severe training for the burdens yet to be placed upon him.

Work on the farm went steadily on until the year 1858, when a prolonged series of fever-and-ague attacks took away all bodily power to carry that operation any farther. When the fall came there was an auction sale of stock and crops and farm implements, but the family remained on the farm until spring, while Grant himself went into St. Louis and tried to do something as a real-estate agent. He took into partnership with him a cousin of Mrs. Grant named Harry Boggs, but all their efforts failed to make the business earn enough for the support of two families. A West Point education and an army experience fairly fitted the ex-captain for the post of

county engineer, then vacant, and he tried to get it; but one of our foreign-born citizens obtained it over his head, for political reasons, and nobody knew that a lesson had been learned by a man who would afterward surely make it of some importance.

Up to this time Ulysses S. Grant may be said to have lived almost outside of politics. Born a Whig, his tendencies had naturally continued with that political organization; but an army officer can hardly be a partisan. The Whig Party had now outlived its usefulness, and was passing out of existence. It flickered up like a dying candle as the "Know-Nothing" organization, and Grant was a member of that for a week. He attended only one meeting, and refused to go farther, perceiving with strong aversion the dangerous tendencies of political secret societies. He then and afterward plainly announced his enmity to any association, political or religious, which undertook to limit individual freedom of thought or action.

During all the earlier history of the anti-slavery movement, the men who knew least about its progress were in the army. The anti-slavery men of Missouri, known as the Free-Soil Democrats, at the time when Grant began work on his farm, voted with what was called the People's Party, in 1856, for John C. Fremont for President, and William L. Dayton for Vice-President. Grant's conservative inheritance had not entirely left him then, and he was not ready to act with them. He was like a great many other men of that day, however, and was thinking much and learning fast. He had known

something of the better side of human slavery in his boyhood, and he had seen something of another aspect of it while stationed in Louisiana, but he belonged to that vast majority of the American people who believed themselves debarred from any political action relating to it by the Constitution of the United States. Just how far men could go in opposition to slavery was a question he had not settled in his own mind. Neither, at this time, had Abraham Lincoln nor any man who afterward became a member of his Cabinet.

The attempt of Grant and his wife's cousin to establish a real-estate business in St. Louis began in the winter of 1858–59, and it lasted a little more than a year. Meantime another opening had been preparing, sadly enough.

Jesse R. Grant had done well by his firstborn son, but had not failed to do his duty by the two others. He had established them in the tanning business at Galena, Illinois, he himself not living with them, but retaining a controlling interest in the business. He now proposed that Ulysses should join his brothers. The one next younger was slowly and surely sinking with consumption, but, like many other victims of that disease, refused to acknowledge to himself or others the fact that he must shortly give up all earthly affairs. He had built up the business at Galena, and his father wisely refused to make any immediate change in the nominal partnership and management. He invited Ulysses to remove to Galena and take hold as a clerk on a salary, for the time being, with a view to such future rearrange-

ment as the change surely coming would make possible.

It was the plan of a wise and thoughtful man, but other events were coming besides the death of his second son. That took place in September, 1861, and Ulysses was not then a clerk in the store in Galena. He removed there in May, 1860, and was a citizen of that town for eleven months. No more of his life than that was actually given to the trade from which he had escaped to the plough and stable in his boyhood. He was now to be taken from it to a wider field of usefulness and honor than any he had ever dreamed of, for he was never much of a dreamer.

During the four years from 1856 to 1860 the political agitation with reference to Southern slavery had gone on increasing and absorbing all other questions. The Republican Party had been organized, drawing in nearly all the elements which had supported Fremont and Dayton in 1856. The Democratic Party had divided on the secondary question of the rights of slavery in new States and Territories. One part was under the leadership of Stephen A. Douglas, of Illinois, and the other was controlled by the most extreme pro-slavery men of the South and by their allies in the North.

The pro-slavery Democrats nominated John C. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, for President, and James Lane, of Oregon, for Vice-President. The other wing of that party nominated Stephen A. Douglas, of Illinois, and Herschel V. Johnson, of Georgia. The Republicans nominated Abraham Lincoln, of Illinois, and Hannibal Hamlin, of Maine.

The political position in which Grant now found himself illustrates wonderfully well that of an immense body of thoroughly patriotic men.

In the year 1856 he had voted for James Buchanan, the Democratic candidate, disliking both the man and the party, voting in that way because of his fear that the election of Fremont would cause an immediate secession of all the slave States. A host of other voters very much like him did the same, and that was what elected Buchanan. All of them, as Grant afterward said he did, hoped that four years would improve matters and bring about a peaceful solution of the great problem. In no other way could he so plainly have declared the fact that he knew little or nothing of politics. At the end of that four years neither he nor they were able to vote for Breckinridge, representing precisely the same threat of Southern secession previously represented by James Buchanan. Many of them came all the way over to the Republican Party. More halted half way with Douglas, perfectly aware that in voting for him they were making sure the election of Abraham Lincoln, by dividing the vote opposed to him. Grant might have voted for Douglas, but was even glad that he was without a right to vote that November election, owing to the shortness of his residence in Galena. He had not yet acquired local citizenship.

The political campaign was one of intense excitement, for the Southern leaders were open in their declaration of their purpose to secede in case of Lincoln's election. Few at the North believed that

they could or would carry out that threat, and the South itself contained a large body of voters who held the same view. Part of these voted, as Democrats, for Douglas, and a larger part, as "old line Whigs," voted for Bell and Everett as a method of expressing their opposition to secession and civil war. The latter ticket also received a numerous following at the North.

Just the direction which Grant's mind was taking can be learned from what he did rather than from anything he said then or afterward.

The South was known to be teeming with military preparations, as if upon the eve of war. The Republican Party of the North responded by the organization of Wide-Awake clubs, for torchlight and other processions. Nominally peaceful in all their purposes and expectations, these Wide-Awake clubs were uniformed companies of volunteers, receiving their first military instruction, for their drill was modelled upon that of the regular army. The Wide-Awakes of Galena, Illinois, were drilled by ex-Captain Ulysses S. Grant, formerly of the Fourth Infantry, not at all a politician, and entirely unaware how well he knew what he was doing and what for. Like other men, he still had a hope that the South would cool down before the awful responsibility of bloodshed, and, like other men, he was mistaken. He and they alike refused to confess to themselves that a great tide was bearing them on, whether they would or no, to a destruction of the old order of things and of human slavery with it.

The day of election came, and with it the expected

result of Lincoln's election ; and it was not without an appearance of reason that patriotic men sincerely hoped that the excitement would subside. It might have done so but for a few capable and determined men at the South ; but these were very capable, very determined, and they possessed more power and were in a better state of preparation for war than was at all understood by either North or South.

The leather concern in Galena had customers in all the smaller towns of south-eastern Minnesota, south-western Wisconsin, and north-eastern Iowa. Grant visited these as travelling salesman during the winter of 1860–61, and it gave him a capital opportunity for learning the ideas prevalent among the people. The fact that he had served in the regular army made him an authority in military matters, and drew his business acquaintances to him for information. Knots of eager men in stores and shops and taverns were glad to gather and ask questions of a man who had fought in actual battles and who had been twice promoted for good conduct in action. At the same time, without intending it, they were forcing him to revive his military studies and to take up problems of possible campaigns, to be fought in case of a civil war. Like nearly all other men, in or out of the army, he left out of account the great fact that the war spirit is like fire, and goes on catching all the new fuel in its reach. He believed and told them that any war which might come would be over in a few months. He says that he believed it until after the battle of Shiloh, but, then, that was a battle in which he

learned a great many things. From the first he knew more of the aspect of affairs in the West than of what was going on in the East.

The Rebellion could never have been begun in the Mississippi Valley. Its birthplace was on the Atlantic coast, and it had grown there for a full generation. Of all that Grant was then entirely ignorant. He had been on duty in Mexico or in far away frontier posts or struggling all alone with the poverty of his Missouri farm during all the years of the actual getting ready for the great national convulsion.

If the Southern people had not been themselves of the same opinion with Grant and Seward, and other Northern men, that the war, should it come, would be short and small, there would have been very little said about secession. All the lower classes of the South and a large part of the upper classes were possessed with a curious notion that Northern men would not fight, and were entirely astonished to discover how great was their error.

Nearly all the Northern people believed that the war spirit of the South existed only in a few hotheaded extremists and mere blusterers, who did not mean actual war; and they were partly right, for the worst fire-eaters did not at all bargain for the kind of war which came.

The travelling salesman of the Galena leather concern talked with his customers all around the country, and went home to read the newspapers and study the course of events and get ready to go into a very different line of business in the spring of 1861.

CHAPTER X.

Lincoln's Election and the Sumter Gun.—The Call for Troops.—The Galena Mass-meeting.—Grant and the Governor.—A Trip to St. Louis.—A Lost Application.

THE active operations of the Secessionists assumed a new and warlike form immediately upon the announcement of the election of Abraham Lincoln. What were known as the "cotton States," one by one adopted ordinances of secession, beginning with South Carolina; but the border slave States held back, the great majority of their people being strongly opposed to an actual dissolution of the Union. Among these also a leaven of mischief was working, and their final action was only a question of time and of skilfully applied means. The "means" were in the hands of men who knew only too well how to use them.

On the 4th of March, 1861, Mr. Lincoln took the oath of office as President of the United States, and it bound him to maintain the territorial integrity of the Republic against all enemies without or within. He had no more right to surrender an acre of American soil to an unlawful gathering of violent men calling themselves a Confederacy than to the Government of Mexico, if that had assumed to control the same piece of land. His position was clearly

declared in his inaugural address, and he at once began to make preparations for the full performance of his duty.

Nearly all the forts and other military posts within the limits of the nominally seceded States were already in the hands of the armed forces of the Rebellion. One fort at the important naval station at Pensacola, Florida, had been saved by the promptness of its commander, and so had Fort Sumter, the most valuable part of the fortifications of the harbor of Charleston, South Carolina.

The fort at Pensacola was nearly unassailable from the landward without naval co-operation, but the weak side of Fort Sumter was toward the city it was built to protect, and it had been closely besieged for long weeks before the new Administration came into power. An attempt to send supplies to its starving garrison was ludicrously declared by the Confederate authorities "an act of war" by the United States Government against the South.

The war began with them, in the raising of armed forces, in the forcible capture and disarmament of national troops, in the seizure of custom-houses, post-offices, and other property of the United States, in the seizure of forts, in the siege of Fort Sumter, and in the tearing down of the American flag from every place where they found it flying.

The surrender of Fort Sumter was formally demanded and refused, and on the 11th of April, 1861, the besiegers opened fire upon it from their besieging batteries. The garrison were in no condition for a prolonged defence, and held out but three

days, but the work of arousing both the North and South was thoroughly accomplished between the first gun fired and the last.

The President at once issued a call, directed to the several State governments, as such, for an aggregate of seventy-five thousand men for ninety days' service. Well knowing that this would be an insufficient and temporary force, he also began extended enlistments of men for the regular army and navy, and accepted volunteers continually otherwise than under the terms of his proclamation.

The "call" came to Galena by telegraph, and found the citizens, of all political parties, in a state of feverishly excited patriotism. Printed posters summoned a mass-meeting at the court-house that very evening, and before the hour arrived the hall was packed with enthusiastic men. Eleven months of residence in a town of moderate size by an ex-army officer, who drilled its young men as Wide-Awakes and gave its older citizens his professional opinions on military questions, had made Grant a pretty well-known citizen. He was at once called upon to preside, and in taking the chair found himself in a new place. Never before had he undertaken to administer the affairs of an utterly undisciplined, popular assembly, but he managed, with some prompting to get the meeting started, and after that it took care of itself. Vigorous speeches were made by the Breckinridge Democratic postmaster, the Douglas Democratic electoral candidate, and by Mr. E. B. Washburne, the Republican Member of Congress for that district. When the speak-

ing was over volunteering was in order, and a full company of soldiers was raised on the spot, and its officers and non-commissioned officers were elected before the crowd left the hall. The captaincy was offered to Grant, but he declined. He said, however, in doing so, that he would do all he could to promote the efficiency of this company, and that if war was to come he should surely be found in the service of his country in some capacity.

The mass-meeting adjourned, and its presiding officer went home another man. As a patriot and as a soldier the President's call had come to him as it had not come to any other man in Galena. From that hour the leather business had become an impossibility, a thing of the past, and he did not again enter the store to so much as do up a package or perform any other duty belonging to it.

He had never yet led more than a company of men in action, or held a more important position than that of commander of a frontier post in time of peace. He had long since cut loose from the army and from whatever of military ambition there had ever at any time been in him. Now there suddenly came to him an awakening which it is not altogether difficult to understand.

He had stood upon a platform before a great throng of his fellow-citizens. They had put him there to preside over them. He was the only scientific, thoroughly trained, experienced man of war among them, and they looked to him as their proper leader, teacher, commander, altogether ready to "fall in" and follow and obey him, in the de-

fence of the great cause dear to them all. The answer he gave them came from his heart, and he kept his pledge. It is no wonder, however, that he could not go back to the store and tie packages.

The ladies of Galena made uniforms for that company, under directions from Grant, and sent it to the State capital to report itself for duty in first-class order. It had not waited for uniforms before preparing for military duty. The morning after the mass-meeting the volunteers mustered, ready for their drill-master, and he was ready for them. Not many volunteer or militia companies had the benefit of so well-trained an instructor.

Having taken the Galena company in hand, Captain Grant went with them to Springfield, and remained with them until they were formally mustered into the three months' service as a part of the Eleventh Illinois Volunteer Infantry.

Governor Richard Yates, of Illinois, was an enthusiastic Union man and a strong personal friend of President Lincoln, but his eagerness to send on troops to Washington was hampered by the terms of the call for troops and by the existing laws of the State. The Legislature, then in session, helped him to a certain degree. They at once enacted a new law, under which he was enabled to accept for one month a regiment from each congressional district in the State; and after these were full the tide of volunteers still came pouring in. These troops were to be under State pay during that month, with an agreement to hold themselves ready to obey any call made meantime by the national

Government. This was not the kind of service Grant was thinking of, and he believed he had nothing to detain him in Springfield after the Galena company had been assigned to its regiment. Something unformed was in his mind, some vague idea of a prospect wider than the command of a company of volunteers, and precisely what it might be had not yet been told him. He had thought of returning to Galena by that evening's train, and came out from the supper-room of his hotel with that purpose in his mind.

Governor Richard Yates boarded at the same hotel, and Grant was known to him by sight and reputation, but not otherwise. The office of the adjutant-general of the State, ordinarily almost a sinecure, had now been suddenly called upon to perform a vast amount of military work, for which it was not prepared. Trained men, familiar with army regulations and Washington War Office requirements, were not to be had, and there was danger of endless blundering and confusion. The governor had evidently been thinking of Grant as the man he needed, and had made inquiries about him, for when he now spoke to him, without any formal introduction, he remarked that he understood that "Captain Grant"—as he called him—was about to leave the city. On being answered in the affirmative, he requested a postponement, and that Grant should call and see him at his office in the morning.

Whatever other due investigation the governor made, he was ready next day to offer a position in the office of the adjutant-general, where an experi-

enced regular army officer could render great public service. The position was at once accepted, for it seemed to be the precise opening demanded by the dawning ambition and zealous patriotism of the man to whom it was offered. It brought something more than the preparation of business forms, the instruction of ignorant clerks, and the introduction of War Office methods in the management of accounts. The mustering in of all the ten regiments provided for by the new law fell into Grant's hands, and he set about it with vigor. Detailing subordinate officers to muster in the regiments of the central and northern counties, he reserved for his personal care three which were filling up less rapidly in the southern part of the State, where there was not so much eager loyalty and a vastly greater amount of open sympathy with the Rebellion.

The point of gathering for one of these regiments was at Belleville, only eighteen miles south-easterly from St. Louis, and there was a double errand to be performed in that direction.

The leather business had been forgotten for several weeks. The long winter's constant fermentation and the hot excitement of the spring, with its news from Washington and its echoes from Charleston Harbor, had done their work, and the real man, so long apparently slumbering, had been thoroughly waked up at last. The same cool, quiet, unconcerned man, externally, who had sold loads of wood in the streets of St. Louis was now going there to ascertain the state of things with reference to the great conflict.

When he reached Belleville he found but one or two companies gathered and a probability that the remainder would be a week in coming in, so that he was free to push right on to St. Louis. He well knew that Captain N. Lyon, in charge of the St. Louis arsenal, with its treasure of arms and ammunition, had under him but two companies of regular soldiers, and it was understood that a militia force gathering at Camp Jackson, outside of the city, by the disloyal State Governor, Claiborne Jackson, was for the purpose of overpowering the feeble garrison and adding the arsenal, the city, and the State to the growing forces of secession. If Grant intended rendering aid to Lyon, he arrived in time to learn that none was needed. The Hon. F. P. Blair, leader of the Missouri Republicans and afterward major-general of volunteers, had at once raised a regiment, taking command of it as colonel, and placing all at the disposal of Captain Lyon. The ability and patriotism of that officer were beyond question, and there could be little doubt but that he would use the force thus given him to break up the peril at Camp Jackson. Grant went to the arsenal in the morning to see him march out for that object, and while there began his long acquaintance with General Blair. The militia at Camp Jackson were not ready for a fight, and surrendered at once. They were brought into the city as prisoners of war, and Lyon's prompt action saved the State to the Union. Up to that time the Secession flag had floated from the headquarters of the local disloyalty in defiance, and Union sentiment had been bullied and brow-

beaten; but all was changed now. The Stars and Stripes came out everywhere, and the emblem of rebellion disappeared forever. Grant went to see that Secession flag come down, and just as he was coming away, after it was done, he had a fine opportunity for expressing his opinions.

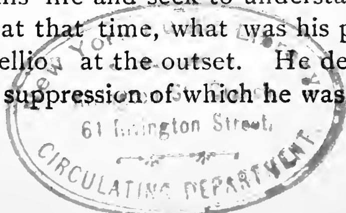
He had stepped upon the platform of a street-car, but it had not started. It was waiting for other passengers from the crowd of people who had gathered to see the standard of secession removed, and one of those who came was boiling over with useless indignation. He was somewhat of a dandy in appearance, and he believed himself to be heard only by people who agreed with him when he loudly asserted:

"Things have come to a — pretty pass when a free people can't choose their own flag. Where I came from, if a man dares to say a word in favor of the Union we hang him to a tree."

He addressed himself particularly to Grant, who was not in uniform, and was answered:

"After all, we are not so intolerant in St. Louis as we might be. I have not seen a single rebel hung *yet* nor heard of one. There are plenty of them who ought to be, however."

The young fire-eater had no more to say; but in that one quiet rejoinder the man who suppressed him had explained, for the benefit of those who at this day study his life and seek to understand his mental condition at that time, what was his precise view of the Rebellion at the outset. He declared it a crime for the suppression of which he was ready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to give all his energies and his life, if need be. It was the intensity of his feeling and conviction which had brought him to St. Louis, to the arsenal, to see that Secession flag hauled down, and which now took him back to do what he could to promote the efficiency of the Illinois volunteers. From first to last there was not one quiver of indecision or uncertainty; not one throb of any other pulse than such as beat with sincere, determined, enthusiastic patriotism.

Among the three southern Illinois regiments mustered in by Grant, the one gathered at Mattoon, the Twenty-first, was the same which he afterward commanded as colonel.

The same course of life, of official duty at frontier posts and of hard struggles with adverse circumstances, which had kept Grant out of politics had prevented him from making the acquaintance of public men. They did not know him, and he was too proud, too conscious, inwardly, of his own great capacities to ask favors of any man. Even when Brigadier-General John Pope, then at Springfield as mustering-in officer for the United States, offered to procure for him the usual political recommendations for some military appointment or other, he "declined to receive indorsement for permission to serve his country." Pope and Grant were at West Point at the same time during three years, and had served together under Taylor in the Mexican War. When the former remarked that Grant ought to be in the service of the United States, and the latter replied that he intended so to be in case there should

be a war, both, as regular army officers, were thinking of the national Government service as distinguished from that of any State, as, for instance, Illinois. Work was falling off, so far as Grant was concerned, at the State adjutant-general's office ; and a day or two after this conversation with Pope, while on a visit to his family in Galena, he made a formal application, in accordance with their joint idea. It was in the form of a letter, addressed to Colonel L. Thomas, Adjutant-General of the United States Army, setting forth Grant's record as a graduate of West Point and afterward as an officer, and his present desire to serve his country. His present connection with the organization of the Illinois troops was also stated, and a request was made for the colonelcy of a volunteer regiment. So little attention was paid to this letter by General Thomas, that he did not even place it upon the official files, and it was not found until long after the war, among some old papers cast aside. A more careful hand than that of the adjutant-general was leading the writer of it in another direction, or the latter would not have been so entirely governed by his memories of regular army red-tape and routine. But for these, he would have sent his application, like any other citizen, directly to President Lincoln. The President was at that hour seeking eagerly for the services of all the trained officers he could find. Letters from them were welcomed, and were at once referred to the secretary of war for action. Nevertheless, if that letter had then reached Abraham Lincoln the career of Grant could hardly have been the same.

Unaware of the fate of his application, and having little to do at Springfield, he asked and obtained a leave of absence. He went to pay a visit to his parents, who had removed to Covington, Kentucky, just across the river from Cincinnati; but in going there at that date he had in mind another vague possibility. Among his West Point acquaintances had been George B. McClellan, recently appointed a major-general, and now in command of a department, with his headquarters at Cincinnati. On two successive days Grant called to see him, hoping for an appointment upon his staff, but failed to obtain an interview. He was not to have any connection with the Army of the Potomac until a later day, long after General McClellan had done with it, and his fortunes were not to be joined to those of its first commander. He gave it up, and returned to Springfield to find out what was his real assignment to duty.

CHAPTER XI.

A Colonel of Volunteers.—First Lessons as a Commander.—Studying to Become a General.—Improving Hardee's Tactics.

THE certainty that the war would assume larger proportions at an early day was probably seen more clearly by President Lincoln than by any other public man, unless Mr. Jefferson Davis, who predicted that it would be "long and bloody," may be regarded as the exception. While Grant was absent on his visit to his father and mother and his fruitless attempt to join the staff of General McClellan, the President had called upon the country for three hundred thousand volunteers, "for three years or during the war." The ten regiments already mustered in by the State of Illinois passed at once into the national service under the terms of this call, but some of them had learned wisdom while waiting. Among others, the Twenty-first, mustered by Grant at Mattoon, had become justly dissatisfied with the colonel it had first selected, and refused to serve under him. Governor Yates fully agreed with the volunteers as to the man's unfitness to lead them, and looked around for a suitable successor. He had become well acquainted with Captain Grant during the latter's efficient services already performed, and

there was no need for recommendation or indorsement. When the latter reached Springfield, he found himself already appointed colonel of the Twenty-first Illinois Volunteers, and joined them at their camp on the State Fairgrounds, near Springfield. He found them in a bad state of discipline, and set himself at work zealously to make drilled and serviceable soldiers of them, for they were of the very best material.

They were yet in the State service, but the time was at hand for them to take the enlistment oath "for three years or during the war," and there was some doubt as to whether they would abide by the understanding under which they had first mustered in. Some regarded themselves released from it by the terms of the new call. Just before they were to do so a visit was paid to the camp by two Democratic Congressmen, for the purpose of making speeches to the men. With one of them, John A. McClernand, Grant was well acquainted, and to him he had no objection, for he had been already outspoken in the public expression of his Union sentiments. Of the other, John A. Logan, there was no such certainty. He had been a pro-slavery Democrat of the strongest kind, and, what was more, was the most popular and influential man in the very district from which these volunteers had come. They all knew him, and were likely to be powerfully influenced by whatever he might say ; and as yet Grant did not know what might be his position with reference to the forcible prevention of Secession. Other gentlemen came with the two Democratic leaders,

and, at their request, Colonel Grant gave a hesitating consent.

There need have been no hesitation if he had known Logan better. McClernand spoke as was expected of him, but Logan followed in a speech of such patriotic eloquence and power that it swept almost every man of the doubtful volunteers into the three years' service. Then he went home and raised a regiment of his own and stirred up his part of Illinois as no other man could have done it ; and afterward on battlefield after battlefield proved his utter sincerity as well as capacity, whether as orator or soldier.

The Twenty-first Illinois Volunteers remained in its camp at Springfield until the 3d of July, receiving constant instruction from its colonel, and by that time his raw officers were better acquainted with their duties and the private soldiers were in a fair state of drill and discipline. They were then ordered to Quincy, Illinois, and instead of moving them by rail, their commander marched them off on foot, that they might learn something of that important part of the duty of a soldier. He himself was in great need of several important lessons, and he was now about to obtain one of them, without cost or loss to anybody.

He had fought under Taylor, Scott, Pillow, Worth, as a subordinate officer, obeying orders and availing himself, with good judgment, of the various incidents of the battlefield ; but never yet had he planned a battle or governed in one the movements of more than a mere handful of men. He had never acted

as a general commanding, and the responsibility came upon him unexpectedly.

On the march to Quincy, and just as he reached the Illinois River, Colonel Grant was overtaken by a dispatch, changing his destination to Ironton, Missouri, and bidding him wait where he was for a steamer which was to come up the river and convey him and his men to St. Louis. The boat came only to run upon a sand-bar, and the regiment waited several days for her to get afloat again ; but before she could do so there came yet another and more exciting dispatch. A regiment of Illinois troops, posted on the Hannibal and St. Joe Railroad, some miles west of Palmyra, Missouri, was reported to be surrounded by the enemy and in need of help. The order was to join them in haste ; and the Twenty-first went to Quincy by rail, after all.

The colonel had with him his oldest son, Fred, then only eleven, and wrote to Mrs. Grant that he should send him home by river on reaching Quincy rather than needlessly take so mere a lad into danger. He did so ; but afterward, when Fred was already on his way, received a letter of disapproval from the boy's patriotic mother. She was a soldier's wife, and was willing that her son should begin early to receive his own lessons of camp and field. Her husband pushed on from Quincy to receive his first lesson as a general.

There was no lack of physical courage in the man who had fought in every battle but one from Palo Alto to the Gates of Mexico, but on arriving at Quincy he experienced a strange feeling of trepida-

tion. It was not at all the shrinking of the soldier, but rather of the commander. It was the dread of failure rising in the heart of a man who was to lead untried troops to meet unknown odds and upon whom men would lay all blame of any possible disaster. His immediate anxiety vanished as the regiment supposed to be in peril and which he was sent to rescue came safely into the town. They had successfully run away from their enemies, aided by the fact that their enemies had run away from them.

The lesson had only been begun, however, and required to be made more thorough. Grant marched with his regiment to Palmyra, Missouri, as ordered, and from thence to Salt River, where Colonel John M. Palmer, with another regiment, was protecting the workmen who were rebuilding a railway bridge destroyed by the enemy. There was temporary relief in the fact that Palmer was the senior colonel, and therefore in command; but in a few days more the trouble came again. Colonel Grant was ordered to move against a Confederate force encamped at Florida, twenty-five miles from Salt River, commanded by Colonel Thomas Harris.

The Twenty-first Illinois Volunteers was now nearly a thousand strong and in good condition, but was poorly supplied with horses and wagons for the transportation of its baggage, camp equipage, provisions, and ammunition. They were in a thinly-settled country, and it took several days to gather a sufficient number of teams. While this process was going on the raw commander felt very well, but he

was no sooner in motion toward the expected field of battle than his trepidation came upon him again. It was a dismal march, for the people along the way fled from their homes in fear, as if a band of savages were coming to destroy them. All they left behind them was preserved unharmed, with rigid honesty, the soldiers not even being permitted to leave their ranks or enter the houses.

Colonel Harris had made his camp on the bank of a creek in a sort of little valley, bordered by bluffs a hundred feet high, rising to the level of the surrounding country. On this level Grant was now advancing at the head of his men, wishing himself back in Illinois and that there had never been any war, or at least that Scott were there to take command of him and tell him what to do. He afterward said that his heart was in his throat until he reached the brow of the hill and looked down into the bottom.

Harris and his men were not there. They were forty miles away, having left that camp before Grant's march began, as soon as news came to them that he was coming. There was to be no battle, large or small, and it was the last time that Grant was to feel any uneasiness at approaching one. He had learned that an enemy was likely to be as much in dread of him as he of them. He had also taken up a course of thinking which taught him more. He had recalled the scores and scores of army officers whose measure he had taken during the Mexican War, and he had inwardly decided that they were not his superiors in military ability. They would now be in command against him, and he felt no fear

whatever at the near prospect of meeting them. He knew that the South had no better officers than these, and as for the rank and file, he knew that the world did not contain better material to make good soldiers out of than were the men he was now commanding. He felt like a general from that very hour, and rapidly discovered more and more clearly that he was one.

Grant's old acquaintance, General Pope, was now in command of a military district which included all that part of the State of Missouri lying between the Mississippi and Missouri rivers. His headquarters were at the town of Mexico, and when the Twenty-first Illinois Regiment was ordered there, its colonel, on arriving, was placed in command of all the troops in the immediate vicinity. There were three regiments of infantry and one section of artillery, so that Grant was for the first time a brigade commander. He found that it came easily to him, but that the colonels under him were peculiarly new to their own duties. There were many regiments in those days, and there were very few ex-army officers, graduates of West Point, to distribute among them.

An opportunity seemed now to offer, while introducing discipline and good order among all the regiments under his orders, to go on with the drill of his own, begun at Springfield and but little improved during their marches.

The protection of the people in and near the village of Mexico required a reform in the conduct of the Union volunteers, and that was easily accom-

plished; but when Grant proposed to have a battalion drill of his men he found a double difficulty in his way. The men were one and he was another. He had not been in any battalion drill since leaving West Point, for all through the Mexican War he had been regimental quartermaster and commissary, busy with other than parade duties. When he was at the Academy the weapon of a private soldier was a flintlock musket, and the text-book of an officer had been "Scott's Tactics." These were now superseded by the percussion-cap musket and by "Hardee's Tactics," so called, and both of these were also going out of date. Grant did not discover this until he obtained a copy of Hardee and began to brush up his memory of tactics, intending to make the work of his men keep even pace with his own new attainments. He found that Hardee's translation of a work prepared for the use of the French army was merely Scott improved and simplified, so to speak, as weapons also had been, and that in order to have a battalion drill without removing part of the town of Mexico he must further improve and simplify Hardee. In short, being really a general, fitted for leadership by natural gifts, the best methods for handling American volunteers in the kind of warfare before them came to him as if by intuition.

CHAPTER XII.

A Brigadier-general.—A Question of Rank.—New Fields of Duty.—Efficiency Recognized.—A First Exhibition of Generalship.—A Political Blunder.

ONE of the great difficulties which from the first confronted President Lincoln, in his creation of an army and management of the war, was the scarcity of general officers of tried or even supposed ability. Early in the summer of 1861 he requested the Congressmen of each State to select and recommend the men in whom they had most confidence for appointment as brigadier-generals.

The Illinois delegation named four, of whom Ulysses S. Grant was one. His appointment was especially urged by Hon. E. B. Washburne, the member from the Galena district. He had been one of the speakers at the Fort Sumter meeting over which Grant presided, and had watched with interest and gratification the zeal and efficiency afterward displayed by his fellow-townsman. So had his colleagues, and there was little difficulty in obtaining the appointment of a West Point man, with a good Mexican War record, who had already done good service in the present emergency, and was now actually commanding a brigade in the field. The commission issued to Grant was made to date back to May 17th, carrying with it pay and relative

rank from that date ; but the new brigadier first knew of it by a report of his confirmation by the Senate, printed in a newspaper.

A general of brigade is entitled to three aides-de-camp. For one of these, with the rank of captain, Grant sent to Galena. He had formed a high opinion of a brilliant young lawyer named John A. Rawlins, and his invitation found him about to take the position of major in a new regiment. Knowing well that he was better prepared for staff than for regimental duty, Rawlins accepted the staff appointment, and continued with his friend and chief to the end of the war. He rose to the rank of brigadier-general and chief of staff to the general of the army, rendering inestimable services, but the two other appointments were not quite so well given. Among Grant's St. Louis friends was a young lawyer named Hillyer, of good abilities, but not gifted as a soldier, and his connection with the army ceased by his resignation just after the fall of Vicksburg. From the Twenty-first Illinois Volunteers, simply because it was his own regiment, Grant selected Lieutenant Lagow, but he failed to develop into a good staff-officer, and was relieved from such duty after the battle of Chattanooga.

The news of the promotion and, shortly afterward, the brigadier's commission itself came early in August, and it was not long before Grant was ordered to Ironton, Missouri, to command a military district. Several regiments were to be concentrated there, and were on their way, and he took his own old regiment with him. He probably had more con-

fidence in their good behavior under trials than in that of some of the other volunteer regiments he had seen or heard of.

Ironton is in a mountainous region, about seventy miles south of St. Louis, on the Iron Mountain Railroad, and was deemed a position of some importance. It had been held by Colonel B. Gratz Brown, a large part of whose troops were three months' men. Their term of enlistment was nearly exhausted, their clothing was in rags, they were altogether unserviceable, and Grant at once sent them home to be mustered out. Energy and efficiency were growing upon him. Learning that General Hardee, after whom the book on tactics was named, was at Greenville, twenty-five miles south of Ironton, with five thousand men, he began to prepare for a movement in that direction. Hardee had lost a fine opportunity for striking Brown's helpless garrison, and in ten days Grant's preparations were complete for assuming the offensive. He sent out his troops in two columns, one marching down the direct road toward Greenville and one, making a westerly detour, to join the first at a point ten miles south of Ironton. The whole force would then have been within striking distance of Hardee's command.

Grant was still in camp that evening, intending to ride out and join his men in the morning; but the evening train from St. Louis brought General B. M. Prentiss, with orders to supersede Grant in the command of that military district. Nothing was said in the orders which removed Grant from duty

at that point or sent him anywhere else, but his conduct showed that a change had come over him. By the law, as it then stood, neither the President nor the secretary of war nor any other power had the right to place a general officer under the command of his junior in rank, and Grant's commission was older than that of Prentiss. He was the latter's senior, and refused to serve under him. He may have had other good reasons, but he kept them to himself. The consciousness of capacity and power to command was waking up within him, and with it came the ambition and the will. He explained to Prentiss the condition of affairs and the proposed movement against Hardee, but set off at once for St. Louis.

General Prentiss did not see fit to carry out the plans of his predecessor, but the latter had gone away to work of even greater importance.

General Grant was now to enter a field of usefulness for which he had been peculiarly fitted from his birth. Born on the north bank of the Ohio, his boyish expeditions had made him more familiar with the topography of its valley than were most other men. He was well acquainted with the rivers and other important features of Kentucky. During years of residence in Missouri he had acquired a similar acquaintance with that State. All this information was of inestimable advantage to a general who was to direct military operations in those regions, and he had gained a similar knowledge of the lower Mississippi Valley while stationed in Louisiana and Mississippi.

No part of the country fought over during the Civil War had ever been studied with reference to army movements. In strong contrast to this is the fact that all parts of Europe have been minutely so studied. So completely has this been done, and so thorough are the surveys, that no small peculiarity of ground, no road, stream, bridge, hamlet, rock, or bit of forest is omitted from the careful maps kept in the several headquarters' staff bureaus.

In the last war between Germany and France these maps were taken out and photographed, and thousands of photographic copies were printed. The officer in command of the merest detachment of the invading German army was furnished with a topographical map of the route assigned him. He, like his superiors, was by this means delivered from countless opportunities for making the kind of blunders which result in failure or disaster. American officers, on either side, were compelled to get as good information as was possible, generally not very good, and take the consequences.

Major-General John C. Frémont was now in command of what was called the Western Department. It included the State of Illinois and all the country westward to the Rocky Mountains. The western border was very indefinite, and it was bounded on the south by the movements of the Confederate armies; but it was much more dangerously narrowed by the paucity of troops and the deficient resources at the general's disposal. It must be said of him that he did a great deal with very little.

On arriving at St. Louis, General Grant reported

at headquarters for orders, and was at once sent to Jefferson City, the capital of the State of Missouri, to take command and to try and bring order out of a sort of chaos which prevailed there.

It was believed that the Confederate General Sterling Price, under whom an army of variously stated numbers had gathered in south-western Missouri, meditated a campaign for the capture of Jefferson City and other large towns in the centre of the State. If he could have done so at that time, with force enough to hold them, the course of the war in the West would have undergone a change.

Quite a large number of troops, or, properly speaking, of half-organized recruits, had been gathered at Jefferson City, under a brave but inexperienced officer, Colonel Mulligan. The city was also thronged with Union refugees of all sorts, and these were in a deplorable condition.

Order was speedily restored after the arrival of General Grant, but only a few days were given him for that service. He had received instructions from headquarters to fit out a sufficient force to visit several large towns named, to remove from the local banks such funds as they had on hand and send them to St. Louis for safe keeping, as robbery was fast becoming the order of the day.

He was expected to find his own horses and wagons for the use of his quartermaster's and commissary's department, and he proceeded to do so with energy, employing Union refugees as teamsters, hiring the teams of Union men, and taking those of known Secessionists without hiring. It was

hardly a week after his arrival before he had moved all the troops at his disposal, except a small garrison, to a camp twenty miles west of the city, ready for the proposed expedition. He was intending to join them on the following day, but another of his sudden and unlooked-for changes of destination came to him. As at the camp at Springfield, so at Ironton and at Jefferson City, the tremendous vigor of his movements had been watched by those above him, for they were anxiously, eagerly seeking for men of the very qualities he displayed. It was not long after this before President Lincoln remarked to a friend: "Wherever Grant is things move. I have noticed that from the beginning."

Frémont had already noticed it, and he had acted accordingly.

About an hour before the time for the last railway train of the day to start for St. Louis Grant sat in the door of his office. All preliminary work was done, and he was ready for the march. An officer whom he had never seen before approached, entirely unannounced, and introduced himself as Colonel Jefferson C. Davis. He also handed to Grant an order by which he was directed to assume command at Jefferson City, while its present commander was instructed to come to St. Louis without delay to receive important special instructions.

Colonel Davis was rapidly made acquainted, as well as might be, with the responsibilities he was about to assume, and within the hour Grant made ready to set out for St. Louis. He had at the time but one aide with him, Lieutenant Lagow, and was

his own adjutant-general. Lagow was left behind to gather and bring horses, baggage, and papers, and to answer the remaining questions Colonel Davis might need to ask.

On the following day General Grant reported for duty to Frémont in St. Louis, and found himself assigned to the exceedingly important command of the district of south-east Missouri. This included all of that State south of St. Louis and all of southern Illinois. Its headquarters were to be at Cairo, Illinois, at the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers and on the border of Kentucky.

A Confederate force of uncertain strength, commanded by Colonel Jeff Thompson, was operating in south-eastern Missouri, and a plan for its defeat or capture was already under way, only waiting for some general to put it into execution. Grant had been selected as the man for the duty, and took hold of it in a manner which attested the correctness of Frémont's judgment.

Orders had been given to the United States troops at Ironton to move toward Cape Girardeau, on the Mississippi River, and for troops at the latter point to advance about ten miles inland toward Ironton. The distance between the two places was between sixty and seventy miles. Another force at Cairo was under orders to be in readiness for prompt co-operation. Grant's orders from Frémont sent him first to Cape Girardeau. He found that the advance had already been made to Jackson, the designated place for awaiting the approach of the column from Ironton. This was led by General

B. M. Prentiss, who now found himself under the command of the man he had so recently superseded. The force at Jackson was under Colonel Marsh, and he was instructed to send word to Grant as soon as Prentiss should approach. The latter arrived in two or three days, and notice of his coming was sent; but he was in ignorance of the plan of which he was a part, and moved independently. He left the main body of his men at Jackson, and hurried on to Cape Girardeau, with a cavalry escort, to confer with Grant. His orders from headquarters were given him, but he was at once disgusted at finding himself under Grant's authority. Their commissions as brigadier-generals were of the same date, and he refused to be satisfied with the fact that, by law, Grant's former service in the regular army gave him seniority. He grudgingly obeyed peremptory orders to take his entire command to Jackson; but on arriving there, he at once left it and set out for St. Louis to report his grievance at headquarters.

The two generals whose commissions had now twice been in collision were both men of sincere patriotism, and afterward became warm friends; but the refusal of Prentiss to abide by the law lost him many opportunities for usefulness. His present departure aided Grant in deciding to abandon an expedition which he regarded as useless, owing to the flitting and doubtful character of Jeff Thompson's band of very irregular partisans.

A full brigadier-general's uniform had been ordered from New York, but it had not come, and General Grant went on to Cairo in citizen's dress.

It was very nearly all the same to him, but it was not quite so much so to Colonel Richard J. Oglesby, afterward major-general, governor, and senator, to whom he presented the order giving him command of the district. The general had to wait until the colonel had read the papers entirely through before he could be recognized, and the queer occurrence continued to be a sort of joke between them during their subsequent services together.

One of the most important points on the Kentucky shore of the Mississippi River was Paducah, at the mouth of the Tennessee River, as General Grant very well knew. On the very day following his arrival at Cairo he was informed of a movement already set on foot by Confederate forces for its seizure and permanent occupation, although the State of Kentucky was pretending to hold a position of neutrality between the United States and the Rebellion.

Now suddenly flashed out more vividly the change which had been going on in the mind of the man who, only a few short months before, had been travelling salesman for a leather concern. All doubt or hesitation had gone from him. He was a leader of men, and he knew it. He waited for no instructions. He telegraphed his information to Frémont, and proceeded to act, and in his own mind he must also have been well assured beforehand of the approval of his even too fiery and daring superior officer.

There were many steamers lying at the Cairo levee, and the town swarmed with unemployed boatmen.

Before night enough of these boats had coal aboard and steam up to receive the troops for the movement to head off the enemy at Paducah. The distance was but forty-five miles, a short run, and Grant meant to be there just at daylight. He therefore kept his suddenly provided fleet at anchor out in the stream, until about midnight, and no reply came meantime from St. Louis.

When Grant and his men marched ashore at Paducah early the following morning—two regiments, with one battery of field artillery—the Confederate army, four thousand strong, was hardly a dozen miles away. Had their commander marched right along during the previous evening Grant would have been too late. As it was, he was received by a badly frightened people, and his arrival was announced to the Confederates in such a manner that they came no nearer. Had they done so, they would have found Grant's inferior force occupying strong positions, selected by him at once, and quite ready to receive them. His prompt action brought with it all the fruits of a great victory without the use of one cartridge. He had a short proclamation printed and circulated, assuring the inhabitants of good will, peace, and protection, and by noon was on his way back to Cairo to send re-enforcements back to Paducah.

Some were transferred there from Cape Girardeau, and in a few days they were under the command of General C. F. Smith, one of the best officers in the army. Paducah was lost to the Rebellion by about six hours, or, rather, because the Union general in

command at Cairo had discovered in himself a genius for striking quickly, striking hard, and striking all the time.

The mouth of the Cumberland River was also an important position, and Grant at once sent a detachment to occupy Smithland, the town at that point. This was well, but he also formally notified the Kentucky Legislature of what he had done, which was a very curious piece of work, testifying strongly the established fact that he was no sort of a politician. The State of Kentucky had not suppressed the armed forces of the Confederacy, marching and countermarching within her borders, and was not entitled to any report or apology from the United States general in command of the military district of which the State formed a part. The general frankly relates, in his memoirs, that his correspondence with the Kentucky Legislature procured him a reprimand from headquarters. It was timely, for the entire question of State rights and national supremacy was much more confused in the minds of men at that date than it has been since an interview between Grant and Lee, in Virginia, a few years later.

Shortly after Grant returned to Cairo he came near becoming a victim of misplaced hospitality. The Confederate Missouri State militia, captured by Lyon and Blair at Camp Jackson, were sent by way of Cairo to be exchanged. Among them were old St. Louis acquaintances of Grant's, to whom he extended personal courtesies. One of them, a Major Barrett, overheard him saying that he should visit Cape Girardeau next day. The major went on into

the Confederate lines ; but the plans of his too kindly host were changed, and he did not visit Cape Girardeau. The steamer which would have carried him was brought to by a rebel battery on the shore, and was searched in vain for General Grant by his old St. Louis neighbor, Major Barrett.

CHAPTER XIII.

Organizing an Army.—Planning Movements.—The Battle of Belmont.—Weary Waiting.—A Futile March.—A Rough Interview with General Halleck.—Forts Heiman and Henry Taken.

THE correspondence of Grant with the Kentucky Legislature was out of order, but it was accompanied by the iron facts that he held the mouths of the Cumberland and Tennessee rivers and had come to stay. The Confederate positions at Columbus and Hickman, on the Mississippi, may have strengthened the argument presented, but, at all events, the Legislature at once adopted resolutions favoring the Union, and Grant could take his formal reprimand more comfortably.

From that time to the 1st of November he was busily occupied in drilling and disciplining and otherwise preparing for active service the re-enforcements pouring in upon him. By that date he had twenty thousand men in very fair condition. He had great confidence in their soldierly qualities as against men no better trained or commanded. His confidence in himself had become immovably steady, day by day, and it was a state of mind of inestimable importance to a commanding officer. The men themselves were so full of zeal and confidence in

themselves that they were fast becoming impatient of having nothing to do, and Grant in vain tried to obtain permission to use them against the Confederate post at Columbus and otherwise.

General Sterling Price had now advanced from Arkansas into Missouri, bringing with him a pretty numerous body of men, which grew fast after he passed the border. Frémont in person had taken the field against him, and the Confederate generals in Kentucky were quite likely to send him re-enforcements. The report that they were about to do so reached Grant from headquarters at St. Louis on the 5th of November, with orders to prevent it, if possible. He had already sent Colonel Oglesby, with a force deemed sufficient to cope with about three thousand Confederates, on the St. Francis River, fifty miles south-westerly from Cairo. He now sent a regiment under Colonel W. H. L. Wallace to strengthen Oglesby, with orders to him to take his whole force down to a point opposite Columbus, on the Missouri side. He also sent word to General C. F. Smith to make a demonstration against Columbus with all the troops he could spare from Paducah. He himself gathered all the men he had left—except a small garrison to hold Cairo—about three thousand men, including a section of artillery and two companies of cavalry. He put these on steamboats, under convoy of two gunboats, and dropped down the river to aid in threatening Columbus.

This was all very well, but it was done without a full knowledge of the strength of the enemy at

Columbus—with whom no real fight was intended—and without any idea that they were already planning the destruction of Oglesby. Both of these points were made plain soon after anchoring for the night just above Columbus, and another fact had become manifest on the way. Grant's troops were volunteers, and raw ones, and they could not be handled with the mathematical accuracy which had distinguished General Scott's march to the City of Mexico. Just now they were in a state of exuberance of fighting spirit, even to insubordination, and they could not well be held in. They were the very men to strike a sharp and sudden blow with, and the need for one presented itself before morning.

It was only two o'clock, November 7th, 1861, when word came that the enemy were crossing the river in boats to Belmont, on the Missouri side, where they already had a moderate force. They were after Oglesby, and if they should be allowed to go on unmolested there was a disaster to him provided for, as an attack on Columbus with the force under Grant was out of the question. He decided at once to go ashore at Belmont, have a hard fight, and come away — that is, he decided to fight Oglesby's battle for him, right here on the river bank, and he did so.

It was a hot battle, considering the numbers engaged, both sides being under fire for the first time, and both fighting like veterans. The Union troops lost 485, killed, wounded, and missing, or about every fifth man of those who went into the battle. This includes 125 wounded men who fell into the

enemy's hands. The Confederates lost 642 men, including 175 prisoners carried off by Grant.

The victory was entirely with the Union troops, so far as the actual battle was concerned, but re-enforcements poured over from Columbus so fast that General Grant found his small column, now barely two thousand strong, nearly surrounded by seven thousand of the enemy. His volunteers, too, had broken ranks, like so many boys, to rummage and plunder, after the success of their first rush and fighting, and were not well in hand. He gathered them with coolness and skill and got them afloat in a manner which did him great credit; but in doing so he exposed himself unduly. He was the last man to go on board a steamer. He rode to the bank just as they were about to haul in the one narrow gang-plank between the boat and the shore, and the engine had to wait its motion for him only a few seconds. The horse he was on had travelled on steamboats before, and the man on him was a perfect horseman. The intelligent animal put his feet together, slipped skilfully down the steep bank, went over the gang-plank at a trot, and his rider was safe among his cheering men. He was not the horse Grant had ridden at the beginning of the battle. That had been killed under him, and his other escapes that day were uncommonly narrow.

Belmont was Grant's first battle as commanding general, and its effect upon him, and upon the country generally, and upon his own men was altogether good. Its immediate effect upon the enemy was to prevent any movement against Oglesby; to prevent

any re-enforcements going from Columbus to Sterling Price ; and to greatly diminish volunteering for the Confederate army among the hot-headed young men of western Kentucky. It took away all the military holiday aspect of the war, and presented it to them as a hard and bloody reality.

Even the military and newspaper criticisms of the battle of Belmont, which were freely made at the time, aided in directing attention to the general who had fought it, for the whole country was aching for action. Here was one man, at all events, who was disposed to do something with the forces given him ; and a great many people waited eagerly to hear his name mentioned again.

During the autumn and winter preceding the war Grant had been almost compelled, as the military oracle of many conversational coteries at Galena and elsewhere, to discuss the relative fighting condition and resources of the North and South. Deep thinking upon this and related subjects had been stirred to such fever heat by the first sign of actual hostilities, that he had been unable to go back to the leather store after hearing of the fall of Fort Sumter and the President's call for troops. Lesson after lesson had come to him, as he from that day went forward in the performance of the duties which poured upon him so rapidly. How broad a view he was taking is shown by a general military policy propounded by him while at Cairo, although he had no means of urging it upon the Government at Washington.

Visiting him under flags of truce, on several occa-

sions, came several officers of the rebel army whom he had known at West Point and afterward as regular army officers.

The South had more West Point graduates than the North in proportion to population, and all of them were thoroughly utilized by being distributed throughout the Confederate armed forces. A large part of those belonging to the North had their usefulness narrowed by being clustered together in the continued maintenance of the regular army. This, said Grant, should be temporarily disbanded by distribution, all records of services of the officers and all the lines of their promotion being kept up with sole reference to their resuming their regular army positions at the end of this war, whatever other rank they might attain in the mean time. It would have been a wise thing to do at that date, and was partly done later by numerous details; but the fact that Grant elaborated such a plan at the outset gives a higher idea of the military intuitions which were dawning upon him and getting him ready for the work before him.

The battle of Belmont was fought on the 7th of November, and two days afterward General Frémont was succeeded in command by Major-General Henry W. Halleck. The Department of Missouri was now defined to include the State of Arkansas and all of Kentucky west of the Cumberland River.

Grant's experience had already taught him that when both sides in any campaign are equally ill disciplined, neither of them will gain anything by waiting until its own discipline and that of its adversary

also shall be improved by careful drilling. There were those above him who thought differently, however, and for the three months following Belmont, he and his men had little or nothing to do but to draw rations and wait. He did all he could in the way of drill and discipline during that time, but would greatly have preferred an active winter campaign.

The prolonged inactivity galled him all the more in view of what the Confederates were doing. The mouths of the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers, so promptly secured by Grant, were still held by Union troops under General C. F. Smith, and the district containing them had been added to Grant's command by Halleck. It was now called the District of Cairo. Farther up the rivers, at a point where they approached by sweeping curves within a dozen miles of each other, were now three forts, the outworks of which were only seven miles apart. On the Cumberland was Fort Donelson and on the Tennessee were Forts Heiman and Henry, and all the navigable water above was closed to the gunboats and transports of the Union armies. There were other fortifications on a line connecting the strongholds at Columbus, Mississippi, and Mill Springs, Kentucky, and Grant longed to strike a blow at this line. His persistent effort to get permission to do so and its important results had a curious history.

Early in January General McClellan, then commander-in-chief, ordered General Halleck to send Grant into Kentucky to make a demonstration which

would prevent the Confederate leaders in western Kentucky from sending re-enforcements to General S. B. Buckner. The Union Department of the Ohio was then commanded by General Don Carlos Buell, a very able officer. His headquarters were at Louisville. He was at this time in front of General Buckner's forces, superior to his own, at Bowling Green. Grant obeyed the orders which came to him, ignorant, of course, of the proposed movements of Buell's troops, but these actually included the battle and victory won at Mill Springs, Kentucky, by General George H. Thomas. Grant directed General C. F. Smith, at Paducah, to move out with a force and threaten the Tennessee forts, while he himself, with six thousand men under General McClernand, threatened at the same time the forts on the Cumberland.

It was all over in a week, and the object of Generals McClellan, Buell, and Thomas was well accomplished ; but Grant and his men had a hard time, and came home dissatisfied. For seven days they had marched over horribly muddy roads, in snow and rain, and had not seen a gun fired. It did not help the matter that while they were gone a dispatch from Halleck had countermanded the whole movement as useless.

General C. F. Smith's reconnoissance enabled him to send word to General Grant that, in his opinion, Forts Henry and Heiman could be taken ; and his commander was very glad to have him say so. He had believed it so strongly that, a little before setting out upon his muddy march, he had asked by

telegraph General Halleck's permission to come to St. Louis and confer with him upon that subject. No permission had then been given, but he now asked again, and it was granted. He went to St. Louis accordingly. His acquaintance with General Halleck was very slight, and now, for some unknown reason, that officer received him very coldly. The manner of his reception diminished materially General Grant's conversational ability to explain his plans, and he was roundly informed that they were preposterous. He left General Halleck, and returned to Cairo severely put down, but as obstinate as ever in his opinion about the river forts.

The Union gunboat fleet in the western waters was then under command of Flag-officer Foote, whose reputation stood deservedly high. He also had been making observations, and had decided that the barriers of the Cumberland and Tennessee could be broken. Jointly with him, therefore, General Grant renewed his despised proposition, on the 28th of January, by telegraph—Foote adding a letter—and on the 29th very fully in writing. These new presentations of the matter were sufficient to remove such objections as had before influenced the mind of General Halleck, for he at once gave the permission he had before so sharply refused.

Forts Heiman and Henry, on the Tennessee, were well known to be weaker than Fort Donelson, and Grant decided to strike his first blow at these. He had an effective force of about seventeen thousand men, but not enough of river steamers available to carry more than half of them at a time. He put

the first half under General McClernand, and joined them himself soon after they reached their landing-place, nine miles below Fort Henry. Sending back the boats for the other half, he pushed ahead, but there was to be no protracted siege. The Confederate generals were as well satisfied as was Grant himself that the Union gunboats, co-operating with a strong land force, could make their positions too hot for them. Fort Heiman was evacuated to get its garrison out of harm's way, and only men enough were left in Fort Henry to work its guns while the rest retreated. The main harm done by the guns was performed when a shell from one of them struck the boiler of the steam-gunboat Essex. The boiler burst, and killed or wounded forty-eight men, nineteen of whom were soldiers.

General Lloyd Tilghman, commanding Fort Henry, had but ninety men with him when he surrendered, but there were seventeen heavy guns, with ammunition and stores; and with these came the freed navigation of the Tennessee River.

It had not been expected that so much good work would be finished by the 6th of January. The retreat of the two garrisons toward Fort Donelson was followed closely, but they had moved away in good season, and only lost two more cannon, stuck in the mud and picked up by their pursuers. The more important and difficult part of General Grant's plan was yet before him.

CHAPTER XIV.

Fort Donelson.—Defeat of the Gunboats.—Seizing an Opportunity.—Surrender of the Fort.—Two Opposite Military Characters.

GENERAL TILGHMAN had really done all in his power for the defence of Fort Henry. The very overflow of the river, which then and afterward hindered the movements of the Union troops, prevented re-enforcements from reaching him. General Grant had not known precisely what to expect of him, but felt very differently about Fort Donelson. It was nominally commanded by General Floyd, whose second in command was General Pillow, to whose greater military experience and confidence therein he was pretty sure to yield.

Grant had served under Pillow in the Mexican War, and felt entirely sure of being waited for by him behind any intrenchments he might be garrisoning.

The dispatch to General Halleck, announcing the capture of Fort Henry on the 6th, had too hastily promised the taking of Fort Donelson on the 8th. Rain fell in torrents. The roads were made impassable. A reconnoissance made by Grant in person, to within a mile of the Confederate outworks, discovered only two roads available at any time and also convinced him that he could not prudently dis-

pense with the aid of the gunboats. These had gone on a cruise up the river, but no time was really lost in waiting for them.

General Halleck's responses to Grant's dispatches did not urge him forward, but directed him to strengthen and hold Fort Henry. Efforts were also made to send him re-enforcements from Buell's army and from troops under General Hunter in Kansas. He was regarded as having a doubtful undertaking before him, for the Confederate troops behind the strong works of Fort Donelson were superior in number to his own and had every advantage of position.

The rainy days went by in making preparations of various kinds, but the movement toward Fort Donelson was commenced on the 12th. The re-enforcements had not been waited for, but they began to arrive that very day. Grant left General Lew Wallace with twenty-five hundred men to temporarily hold the captured forts, and set out with fifteen thousand against the twenty-one thousand under Floyd and Pillow. He was glad enough of the arrival of a fleet of transports having on board six full regiments from Kansas. He did not let them come ashore, but sent them all the way around and up the Cumberland, under protection of Foote and his gunboats.

By noon of that day the advance of Grant's force was in front of the enemy's works, and the next twenty-four hours were spent in taking up positions. The land lay in natural rolls and ridges, and the men easily protected themselves from the fire of the

enemy, but were almost without other fires, and the weather was bitterly cold. Many of them, in their hot eagerness for the expected battle, had thrown away blankets and overcoats on the march, and they now suffered accordingly. Instead of a battle there was a bivouac, with rain and snow, freezing and thawing, and a vast amount of human discomfort.

Pillow and Floyd had blundered strangely in permitting Grant to march over from the Tennessee to the Cumberland unopposed, but their superior officers had been wiser, and had already sent them heavy re-enforcements. Grant had intended to strike before these could arrive, but they were too promptly present. No immediate use was made of them even now, and the next blunder was made on the Union side. It was done by General McClernand, without orders from Grant. He sent three regiments to take by assault a battery too strong for them, and they were driven back with heavy loss.

The one gunboat yet arrived began to throw shells among the enemy's works, but no general attack was made until the arrival of the whole armored fleet, on the 14th. The regiments from Kansas, under Colonel Thayer, marched ashore, and at the same time General Wallace came over with his men from the Tennessee River forts, and the numbers on either side were no longer so unequal.

The gunboats then in use on the western waters were light draught affairs, not heavily armored, and were familiarly known as turtle-backs. That very afternoon Flag-officer Foote advanced up the

river, intending to engage the enemy's batteries sharply, and run past them with a part of his fleet, to operate against the fort from above. The strength and gunnery of the batteries had been sadly miscalculated. Grant was compelled to look on while the gunboats, after a gallant fight, were found to give it up and fall back down the river. They were badly damaged, and Foote himself was disabled by a wound.

The Confederates had also received sharp damages, but they telegraphed "a great victory" to their headquarters at Richmond, Virginia.

General Grant went to bed that night with a heavy heart, and before daylight the next morning, the 15th of February, a message came requesting him to visit the wounded commander of the defeated flotilla. Before doing so he sent word to his several division commanders, advising them of his absence from headquarters, and directing them to do nothing which would bring on a general action. For his own part, he was beginning to fear that he must intrench his army, build huts to protect the men from the severe weather, and begin a regular siege. Fort Donelson was a harder place to take than he had expected to find. Its strongest part was on a bluff a hundred feet high, and all its outworks had been industriously improved from the hour of his appearance in the Tennessee River.

He went to the bedside of his brave naval colleague, and found him as full of courage and hope as ever. He admitted that his gunboats were damaged, two of them very badly, but was sure he could

quickly repair them at Mound City, up the Mississippi. He could get back with them in ten days. There seemed no better course to pursue, and the general came away. Nobody could guess what reenforcements might come to the enemy within ten days, and there seemed a dark time to look ahead into. Something apparently yet darker met him, now, brought by Captain Hillyer, of his own staff. The Confederates, he reported, had made a sortie from their intrenchments upon General McClernand's command, defeating it so badly that it was now in full retreat.

Grant rode fast along the muddy, difficult roads after that, but the nearer he drew to the scene of the supposed ruin the less did the army look as if it had been defeated. He rode past division after division in excellent condition, on the left and in the centre. When he came to McClernand's, on the right, the facts of the matter came out quickly. An abundance of ammunition had been provided, but it had been defectively served out. The enemy had made a rush in full force, and had been met unflinchingly so long as the men could load and fire. When their cartridges were exhausted, they had fallen back out of range, and a part of them had broken ranks in doing so. The disorder had not been general and there had been no great disaster, for General Wallace, commanding the centre, had thrown in Thayer's brigade of the fresh troops from Kansas, and had checked the further advance of the enemy. The latter had fallen back behind their intrenchments. The national troops under McClernand and

afterward those under Wallace had given them so stubborn a resistance that what General Pillow claimed for them as "a victory," and reported as such, cost them nearly two thousand men, killed and wounded.

The quick military intuition of General Grant gave him at one glance a thorough mastery of the situation. He perfectly understood the state of mind of the groups of angry volunteers who stood around with empty muskets in their hands, boiling with courage, but out of ammunition. They told him that the knapsacks of the rebel soldiers were heavy with rations, and they might as well have read to him the plans of the rebel commander.

The fight with Foote's gunboats the day before had produced a deeper effect than had been supposed, and had led General Floyd to make an attempt to force his way through the Union lines. It was a full confession of incompetency, carrying with it an assurance that the enemy's troops must now be massed at that part of their lines from which the sortie had been made, leaving their centre and right thin and weak.

Grant turned to Colonel J. D. Webster, of his staff, riding by him, and said:

"Some of our men are badly demoralized, but the enemy must be more so, for he has attempted to force his way out, but has fallen back; the one who attacks first now will be victorious; and the enemy will have to be in a hurry if he gets ahead of me."

He then told Webster to ride with him through the ranks, shouting to the men as they went:

"Fill your cartridge-boxes quick and get into line! The enemy is trying to escape, and he must not be permitted to do so!"

That was all the brave fellows wanted. They knew it was their general in person, and they were ready to go into another hard fight at once with him to command them.

On reaching the headquarters of General C. F. Smith, that officer was informed of the situation, and that if he moved quickly he would meet with but ineffective opposition. He was ordered to charge the works in front of him with all his force, and he did so with a celerity of movement, and led them with a personal courage which did him lasting honor. The outer line of the Confederate rifle-pits was carried by storm, and the general, with most of his division, were that night bivouacked beyond them.

The strength of Fort Donelson as a military position was broken, and no doubt of its fall remained.

The consternation among the Confederate commanders had in it very much that was almost laughable. General Floyd had been secretary of war of the United States under President Buchanan, and had personal reasons for not wishing to be made a prisoner. He therefore turned over the command of the fort to General Pillow, and with that the unpleasant duty of giving it up. General Pillow had just sent on a telegraphic account of his victory, and was also much concerned lest the Confederacy should lose his valuable services. He therefore turned

everything over to the third in command, General Buckner, a very good soldier, with whom Grant had been well acquainted at West Point. Buckner took the load unduly forced upon him, and performed his duty like a man.

Floyd and Pillow got away, with about three thousand men, on steamers lying in the river above the fort. About one thousand cavalry and foot, under General Forrest, slipped away during the night by fording or swimming a narrow creek on Grant's right. Buckner and the rest, nobody at first knew just how many, remained to be made prisoners of war. A large number of them were glad of it, and said so freely, and were sent home at once by their captor as being evidently very sick of the war. Of those who did not so go home, fourteen thousand six hundred and twenty-three were afterward duly counted and fed as prisoners at Cairo, Illinois.

First, however, there was a brief correspondence between Generals Grant and Buckner, which did as much as the victory itself to give the nation an idea of the man by whom that had been won.

Before the dawn of day General C. F. Smith came in from his position among the enemy's intrenchments, and delivered to General Grant the following letter from General Buckner:

"HEADQUARTERS, FORT DONELSON, *February* 15, 1862.

"SIR: In consideration of all the circumstances governing the present situation of affairs at this station, I propose to the commanding officer of the Federal forces the appointment of commissioners to agree upon terms of capitulation of the forces and

fort under my command, and in that view suggest an armistice until twelve o'clock to-day.

"I am, sir, very respectfully,

"S. B. BUCKNER,

"Brig.-Gen. C. S. A.

"TO BRIGADIER-GENERAL U. S. GRANT,
Com'ding U. S. Forces, near Fort Donelson."

The following reply was sent at once:

"HEADQUARTERS ARMY IN THE FIELD, CAMP NEAR DONELSON, *February* 16, 1862.

"GENERAL S. B. BUCKNER, Confederate Army.

"SIR: Yours of this date, proposing armistice and appointment of commissioners to settle terms of capitulation, is just received. No terms except an unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted. I propose to move immediately upon your works.

"I am, sir, very respectfully, your ob't se'v't,

"U. S. GRANT,

"Brig.-Gen."

There could be but one rejoinder, and it came in this form:

"HEADQUARTERS, DOVER, TENNESSEE, *February* 16, 1862.

"TO BRIG.-GEN. U. S. GRANT, U. S. Army.

"SIR: The distribution of the forces under my command, incident to an unexpected change of commanders, and the overwhelming force under your command compel me, notwithstanding the brilliant success of the Confederate arms yesterday, to accept the ungenerous and unchivalrous terms which you propose.

"I am, sir, your very ob't se'v't,

"S. B. BUCKNER,

"Brig.-Gen. C. S. A."

The "brilliant success" had not been at the points carried so gallantly by General C. F. Smith's division, and the temporary advantage gained over McClernand had been costly enough. It was also true that Grant's force was now overwhelming, for the rapidly arriving re-enforcements had swelled it to twenty-seven thousand men, and more were coming. General W. T. Sherman had been sent to the mouth of the Cumberland to superintend all forwarding of men and munitions of war, and of course it was well done. He was Grant's senior, but forbore interfering with the command, cordially offering his best help.

On receiving Buckner's final note, General Grant rode to the village of Dover, just above Fort Donelson, for a personal interview with him, in which all details of the surrender were cared for. Buckner remarked, in the course of conversation, that if he had himself been in command from the first Donelson would not have been taken so easily. General Grant promptly responded that if Buckner had been in command he should not have tried to take it in the way he did, with a smaller force than that behind its intrenchments, but would have awaited the arrival of his re-enforcements. He had relied greatly upon the Confederate general commanding.

The effect of this victory upon the nation at large, then in a dissatisfied, discouraged state of mind, and upon the army, weary with many delays, and upon foreign nations who wished the success of the Confederacy, can hardly now be overestimated. One phrase of Grant's note to Buckner, "I propose to

move immediately upon your works," was selected by the secretary of war, in a published letter, as the key-note for the subsequent conduct of the war; but the people generally had with one accord chosen the words "unconditional surrender." Taking Grant's initials, and filling them with this demand, they made for him a sort of honorary title which adhered to him.

If any unpleasant feeling really existed at that time between General Halleck and General Grant it had not prevented the former from doing his whole duty in the matter of vigorous support; but in some manner he was now led into a misconception of the main features of the fighting of February 15th. He believed General C. F. Smith to have saved the day and to deserve its glory and promotion. He sent a dispatch to that effect to Washington. It was plain that he did not as yet believe in Grant, but others did, and he was promptly nominated and confirmed a major-general. The President and the secretary of war at once became his warm supporters, and remained so unchangingly.

General Smith, as he himself remarked, had only obeyed orders, but he had obeyed them splendidly, and was recommended for promotion by his immediate commander as well as by General Halleck.

It is by no means difficult to trace the causes of Halleck's inability to discern the peculiar merit and genius of a soldier so opposite in character to himself as Grant. Halleck was pre-eminently a military scholar; a man of the fully developed science of war; a professor of the complete art of winning

victories. He saw and knew that Grant was no scholar in any sense ; never had been or would be or could be, as he understood the term. What he could not understand was the swift capacity to master a lesson in West Point mathematics, or the lesson of Belmont, or the lesson of Floyd's mistake at Fort Donelson, at one reading. All this is true, but it was not well that Halleck, while congratulating and praising Grant's subordinates and all others who had aided, should send no small word of thanks to the general himself beyond a formal order.

CHAPTER XV.

Relieved of Command and under Arrest.—Explanation and Restoration.—Pittsburg Landing.—The Battle of Shiloh.

GENERAL GRANT'S opinion was that if the Union armies could now be re-enforced and moved forward rapidly under one competent commander, the entire West would easily be torn away from the Confederacy. The forces of the Rebellion were under one able head, General A. S. Johnston, while those opposed to him were so divided among department commanders as to fail of unity of action, however capable these might be.

Some of the complications arising from this lack of unity combined at this time with other almost unaccountable things to put the victor of Donelson out of any command and almost under arrest.

General Don Carlos Buell was an officer whose integrity and capacity were beyond question, but there were serious differences of opinion between him and Grant as to current military operations. A visit of the latter to him at Nashville for consultation, and consequent absence from his own post at an unfortunate date, was one of the incidents of the trouble which came. One more perplexing cause grew out of the fact that there was a traitor in the telegraph office at Cairo. There may have been

other breaks in the line of communication, and there was certainly distrust and an extremely critical state of mind at General Halleck's end of the line. He sent important dispatches and orders to General Grant which were not received by him, and were therefore neither replied to nor obeyed, and the fact was reported strongly to the War Office at Washington. He acted with undue haste before making the inquiry which would have removed a false impression.

On the 1st of March General Halleck ordered General Grant to leave a small garrison in Fort Donelson and move the main body of his command to Fort Henry, a part of it already having been ordered elsewhere. On the 4th he telegraphed him to remain at Fort Henry and send General C. F. Smith in command of the force ordered forward. He added this stinging sentence: "Why do you not obey my orders to report strength and positions of your command?"

None had ever been received, and the accusation of disobedience of orders was followed, two days later, by a letter which went further. General Halleck said: "Your going to Nashville without authority, and when your presence with your troops was of the utmost importance was a matter of very serious complaint at Washington, so much so, that I was advised to arrest you on your return."

This was true. The serious complaint had been caused by General Halleck's own reports of the matter and of the condition of Grant's army, "more demoralized by victory than the army at Bull Run

had been by defeat." For some reason, Halleck had misunderstood the men as well as their commander. General McClellan had very properly ordered that Grant should be relieved from command to await an investigation of the charges; but the ready explanation opened the eyes of General Halleck to his error.

There had been a good reason for Grant's visit to Nashville, and he had a perfect right to go. His troops were in good condition. The orders had not reached him, and so he had not disobeyed them.

Grant turned over the command to General C. F. Smith, sent a full and polite reply to General Halleck, and with it a request to be relieved from serving under him any longer.

During the week following there were many dispatches between St. Louis and Washington and between St. Louis and Fort Henry, but it was all over on the 13th. General Halleck found himself compelled by justice to report to the War Office an entire withdrawal of all blame from General Grant, and the latter again took command of his troops. General Halleck wrote to him in a spirit of reparation: "Instead of relieving you, I wish you, as soon as your new army is in the field, to assume immediate command and lead it to new victories."

All the generals in the army were "new men" at that time, and all of them seemed to be making blunders. General Halleck was only one among many, and General Grant frankly declared himself a man capable of mistakes. If the former, however, deemed the latter a less fit person than General C.

F. Smith to command an army, there was no difference of opinion. General Smith, as commandant at West Point during Grant's cadetship, had been one marked object of his youthful admiration, and continued to have his unreserved respect, esteem, and good-will. He was now sixty years of age, however, and the fatigues and exposures of this severe winter campaign were too much for him.

When General Grant reassumed the command on the 17th of March, he went without delay to Savannah, Tennessee, to which point his main force had advanced. On his arrival he found General Smith sick in bed of an illness brought on by sleeping on the frozen ground he had won so gallantly among the rifle-pits before Donelson. He warmly welcomed his restored commander, but his own services to his country were over. He died before the summer came, leaving behind him a memory which makes it somewhat more easy to forgive any man who preferred him to another. General Grant says of him, in his memoirs: "His death was a severe loss to our Western army. His personal courage was unquestioned, his judgment and professional acquirements were unsurpassed, and he had the confidence of those he commanded as well as of those who were over him."

His former pupil was now to go forward without his wise and strong co-operation, and was shortly to miss him sadly. It was not possible for a mere commander of a sub-department to select the general officers who were to serve under him, or to be sure that recently appointed brigadiers had suddenly

developed fitness for the responsibilities placed upon them.

Grant himself had been sick in body as well as in mind for nearly two weeks, but it restored him rapidly to be once more with his men. He and they had a very important piece of war work before them, and it was at once taken up with an almost feverish determination to strike the enemy another blow as heavy as that given at Fort Donelson.

The Western States of the Confederacy had at that time no perfected railway system, and what they had was of all the more importance to them. Their one trunk road, east and west, connected Memphis, Tennessee, on the Mississippi River, with the Atlantic seaboard. This was crossed at Corinth, Mississippi, by another trunk line, running north and south. Corinth was therefore a railway centre, and General Albert Sidney Johnston began to mass his available forces there for its protection as soon as his more northerly line of operations was shattered.

General Halleck had planned a campaign for the capture of Corinth and for the defeat of Johnston's army, and he had ordered General Don Carlos Buell, with the Army of the Ohio, to join Grant's army for that purpose. General Halleck, as well as his subordinate commanders, was ignorant of the precise strength of the Confederates at Corinth, and in successive dispatches he warned Grant not to bring on a battle prematurely. It was Grant's intention to obey orders, but he had no means of controlling General Johnston, and that capable leader decided not to wait until the arrival of the entire strength

of the Union army. He attempted to do precisely what Grant would have done under like circumstances, and he came very near succeeding.

Corinth was only a few miles south of the Tennessee State line, and Savannah, where Grant first made his headquarters, was but a few miles north of it, and between the two places ran the Tennessee River, now patrolled by the Union gunboats. The latter fact enabled Union forces to select their own places for crossing, and there were transport steamers to ferry them over. At the same time, no blow could safely be struck at them so long as they should keep on their own side of the river.

Grant found about half of his army at Savannah, the other half being already on the farther or western bank of the river, divided between Crump's Landing, four miles above Savannah, and Pittsburg Landing, about nine miles. This was plainly an unsafe scattering, and Grant at once ordered a concentration of all the troops at or near Pittsburg Landing, which was twenty miles from Corinth. He decided that the Army of the Ohio, on arriving, should take a position at Hamburg, a mile and a half up the river and nearer. It was all a plain announcement to General Johnston that an attack upon him was at hand. He was fortifying Corinth rapidly, but his re-enforcements were fast pouring in, and he was probably advised of General Buell's movements. If Grant's personal knowledge of Johnston had been as trustworthy as it was of Pillow, he would have felt absolutely sure of an early blow. On the contrary, however, he was so confi-

dent of not being interfered with at Pittsburg Landing that he did not even ask Buell to make haste. The condition of the roads at that season of the year seriously retarded the movements of a body of forty thousand men, with artillery and wagon trains, so that its movements were necessarily slow. Buell was not to blame for that, but it gave Johnston an opportunity of which he took advantage. The Army of the Ohio was composed almost entirely of veterans, but this was not true of the force under Grant when he gathered it at Pittsburg Landing. The later re-enforcements had been largely of raw recruits, but they fought well in their first battle, nevertheless. General W. H. L. Wallace was in command of General C. F. Smith's old division. There were four other divisions commanded respectively by Generals W. T. Sherman, McClernand, L. Wallace, and Hurlbut, all brave and able officers. The later re-enforcements, organized as they came in, made a sixth division, under command of General Prentiss. The men were new to the service, to each other, and to their commander. General Grant intended to march away from that position on Buell's arrival, and made no intrenchments. At a later day of his experience he would probably have used the spade at once, for the enemy's cavalry were continually hovering about his outposts and there had been some skirmishing. He had no idea of being attacked in force, and took only ordinary precautions against a surprise ; but it would have been better if he had been seized with a fit of the irritable watchfulness of his old commander in Mexico, General Worth.

Such information as could be had of the strength of Johnston's army made it very large. One exaggerated statement swelled it to one hundred thousand men, mostly fresh volunteers, but, like those of Grant, full of fighting courage.

By the 1st of April the Confederate cavalry were evidently trying to feel of the Union lines, so boldly did they push their approaches. A sharper lookout was ordered, but no general attack was expected or specially prepared for. Four days later, on the 5th, the cavalry even skirmished with the pickets of Sherman's division, but no man in the Union camp was aware that Johnston's army had marched from Corinth on the 2d to attack Grant's army, and that all this was the beginning of a great battle.

Buell's army was heard from on the 5th. Its advance, under General Nelson, arrived at Savannah, and was ordered to encamp at a point about five miles from Pittsburg Landing, ready to come over the river if needed.

All the country over which the battle of Shiloh was to be fought was very favorable to the unobserved movement of an army. It was rugged, thickly wooded, and traversed by small streams, which were now flooded. These very features, however, interfered with the final dash of the rebel army, and aided the Union troops in sustaining the shock. Such a well-planned assault over a smoother field would have swept all before it.

Grant's only fear of an attack, up to this time, was that the troops at Crump's Landing might be compelled to resist an effort to destroy the transports

and stores gathered there. He returned to Savannah by rail nearly every night, with special reference to the reception and assignment of Buell and his army. Buell himself was expected to arrive on the 6th, and a consultation would be necessary.

There had been one personal incident which strikingly illustrates the inner sense Grant had, in spite of all reports to the contrary, that there was danger ahead. The night of the 4th of April was stormy. The darkness was dense and the rain fell in torrents, but the Confederate cavalry dashed in under cover of it all and captured a picket-guard of half a dozen men on the Corinth road, only five miles from Pittsburg Landing.

The firing of the picket brought them the "relief" a little too late, and there was more firing. The nearest regiment, under Colonel Buckland, promptly followed the first relief, and General Sherman followed with other regiments, showing that there was no neglect of precautions in that command. The force marched out three miles and back again, and found no enemy, but the firing had been heard at headquarters, and Grant had not yet gone to Savannah for the night. He was quickly in the saddle, pushing on through the rain and darkness to discover the meaning of that musketry. He was compelled to let his horse pick his own way through the mud, but it was hard to find, and the animal slipped and fell, with his rider's leg under him. But for the softness of the mud the general would have been badly hurt. As it was, the injury was confined to his ankle. Just before the general's horse fell his

mind had been relieved as to the firing, for he had met General W. H. L. Wallace and Colonel McPherson, who brought him the facts. Wallace was to die in battle within three days and McPherson was to become famous and then to fall upon another battlefield; but neither they nor Grant, chatting on horseback in the pouring storm, knew what was even now coming. They were doing their duty, and could not see into the future.

Grant managed to get back to his quarters, and the boot was cut away from his swollen ankle. For two or three days he was compelled to use crutches, and these answered for him that he had been personally anxious about his outposts during the days of Johnston's unknown approach.

He was at Savannah during the night of the 5th, but was not advised of Buell's arrival late in the evening. In the morning of the 6th Grant was early called away, and could only leave a hurried note for Buell, telling him why he could not stay and meet him.

It was no picket-firing this time, for the roar of artillery came ominously across the Tennessee to tell the commanding general that Johnston's army was surging against his lines.

Not more than three miles from Pittsburg Landing, on what was called the "Owl Creek Road," the good people of a very poor neighborhood had built a small log meeting-house. It was known as the Shiloh Church. Behind the line it marked lay the division under General W. T. Sherman. Here the great struggle began, and from this rude little chapel the battle of Shiloh took its name.

The dispatch boat ferrying General Grant was first steered to Crump's Landing for a consultation with General Lew Wallace, commanding there, the cannon all the while indicating more and more plainly the real locality of the conflict. Wallace was not seen, and an error he afterward made in obeying the orders sent him prevented his division from arriving in time to take part in that day's fighting. He did as he believed himself to be directed and not as Grant intended.

Sherman's division, upon which the first blow fell, was composed of men who had never before been in battle, and it held what was now the "key" of the position of the Union army.

On Sherman's right was General W. H. L. Wallace, with General C. F. Smith's veterans. On the left was General McClernand's well-seasoned division. Beyond that were General Prentiss's raw regiments and a brigade of Sherman's division. Behind this line lay General Hurlbut's division in reserve.

The rush of Johnston's men came full in front, the ridges and the swollen streams preventing any other way, and it was made with splendid courage. The losses on both sides in this first conflict were very heavy, the assailants naturally suffering most. They were again and again repulsed by Sherman's men, the new volunteers fighting like veterans.

Before leaving Savannah that morning General Grant had sent an order to General Nelson, commanding the first arrival of Buell's troops, to march at once to the river bank opposite Pittsburg Land-

ing. General Buell himself was aware that a battle was going forward, and was preparing for his part of it with characteristic energy and ability. It would not be easy to point out his superiors among the generals of that day, and there was sure to be no delay in the movement of the Army of the Ohio toward the sound of the enemy's cannon.

Slowly, stubbornly yielding before repeated attacks so vigorously made, the Union lines were driven back. While so doing a part of General Prentiss's division failed to retreat in unison with the remainder of the line, and he, with twenty-two hundred of his men, fell into the enemy's hands. By nightfall Johnston's army held the field of battle, and Grant's new front was a full mile nearer the river than the one he had occupied that morning. He had simply been pushed back by superior numbers and reckless courage, directed by high military ability, one of his best and strongest divisions, that of General Lew Wallace, not having been in the battle. General W. H. L. Wallace had already fallen, mortally wounded.

The capture of Prentiss and his twenty-two hundred volunteers took place toward evening, only an hour or so after General Grant had paid him a visit and found him and his division in seemingly good spirits and condition. No one could say just what had been the losses of the day, but all were sure that those of the enemy had been very heavy. As a matter of course, raw regiments and parts of regiments had broken here and there, temporarily demoralized by their first experience of battle and its

carnage. Officers had been, in some instances, more completely unmanned than the rank and file they led away from the dreadful bullets which came whistling around them. Ignorant young fellows whose muskets had been served out to them only a few days before, and who had not yet learned how to load and fire, felt very awkward about it, and were not unwilling to obey such officers and fall back. Very little of this had occurred among the men of Sherman's division, for he was everywhere among them, directing, encouraging, inspiring, and it was well for the army that the rebel marksmen missed him—that is, they did not disable him, although one ball struck him on the shoulder, one in the hand, and a third went through his hat, while several horses were shot under him. It was close work, and Grant might well say of him, "I never deemed it important to stay long with Sherman." Troops in his hands were sure to be well handled. Such a battle could not be directed from any one point, and throughout the day General Grant was in motion along the lines, often under the enemy's fire, giving his personal supervision; and at the close of the fighting he saw no reason for discouragement. He had lost his position and many men and two of his division commanders, and a general of a different stamp would have considered himself defeated. Therefore that general would so have been, and his army with him; but here was the broad difference between Ulysses S. Grant and all the otherwise capable commanders who permitted their own losses to blind them to the corresponding effects of hard fighting upon the

enemy. He knew he had many panic-stricken men. Five thousand or more of them were cowering under shelter of the river bluffs and more were in the woods, and he had just now no better use for his cavalry than to gather them. As fast as a squad could be shaken free of its panic it was marched to the front, anywhere, and returned to usefulness. Their general had no less confidence in them than before, and understood perfectly well that just such green troops had broken in the same way on the Confederate side, and that the rear of Johnston's army must look as disreputably scattered as did the rear of his own. Not till long afterward did he learn that it was nearly twice as ragged.

During the day there had been an interview between General Buell and General Grant on the dispatch boat in the river. It was only long enough for an exchange of views with reference to the movement of the Army of the Ohio. The wrath of General Buell was fiercely aroused by the sight of the skulkers under the river bank, and he threatened to "shell them out" of their refuge, after vainly exhorting them to return to duty.

This first day of the battle of Shiloh had been a Sunday, and led to a formal protest, sent by some very good people to President Lincoln, against fighting battles on that day. They should have sent it to the Confederate generals, so far as army movements were concerned; but their protest moved the President to issue his general order to the army and navy, enjoining due respect to the Lord's day and name.

On Sunday evening, after all firing had ceased, General Lew Wallace's division, five thousand strong, came into its position on the right. The day's losses had been about seven thousand men, so that the Army of the Tennessee could have gone into the next day's fight, if compelled to do so, alone, nominally only two thousand men weaker than it had been in the morning. Nominally, for the panic-struck and shattered regiments were to be counted very much as "losses." Something was left of Prentiss's division. Hurlbut's was unhurt. The other three were damaged, but in good fighting order, and Nelson's division of Buell's army was now in line on the left, their last regiments coming over the river in the night. The first of them arrived in time to do some firing, but the enemy did not mean to work any more that Sunday.

General Buell worked untiringly, and the Army of the Ohio, commanded by him in person, stood shoulder to shoulder with the Army of the Tennessee on the 7th. It is of no use to consider now whether or not a victory might have been won without it, for it was there.

That night the rain once more fell in torrents, and General Grant lay down under a tree to be pelted by the storm and to study his plan for attacking the enemy in the morning. His swollen ankle pained him, preventing rest, and the soaking flood which fell upon him added to his discomfort so much that he arose and hobbled to a log-house near by, which had been his quarters, but had been surrendered to the surgeons for hospital purposes. There was shel-

ter there, but no sleep, and a terrible teaching of the hideous results of battle. Men were continually brought in for the care of such ghastly wounds as are made by shot and shell. There were swift amputations of legs and arms, with all circumstances of pain and horror, as well as heroism. It was too much for even the firm nerves of the general. He endured it for awhile, and then went out and again lay down under his tree in the rain.

General Johnston was not aware of the arrival of Buell and the Army of the Ohio. He and his soldiers believed themselves to have gained a great victory, always excepting the great crowd who had run away. There was no expectation of an attack from the very troops driven from their positions on Sunday, and it was all the more effective when it came.

When the Union army movement began, on Monday morning, it was found that the Confederates had not held the most advanced line they had won, but had fallen back to the old camps from which they had driven Grant's army. The tents of those camps had been a good thing for their captors that stormy night, while Grant's men had missed them very badly.

At the beginning of Sunday's battle the Confederate troops actually engaged, as officially reported by General Beauregard, numbered forty thousand three hundred and fifty-five. The entire army under Johnston was estimated by General Grant at between sixty and seventy thousand men. His own force numbered thirty-three thousand effective men, including Wallace's division.

All was different on Monday morning. The Army of the Ohio had been added to the Army of the Tennessee. Wallace's division was now in line. The men were full of courage and confident of victory. On the Confederate side a loss of thousands of men, killed and wounded, had been made yet more disheartening by the fall of their commanding general himself, and the army had passed under the direction of General Beauregard. There is no doubt but that the latter confidently expected to complete the victory gained on Sunday and was astonished beyond measure by an advance of the entire Union line. The battle rapidly became general, and it was now the turn of the Confederates to yield, step by step and hour after hour. It was about three o'clock in the afternoon before their steadiness gave way under the terrible and increasing pressure of a force which was now superior to their own. General Grant himself had been in the front all day, and it fell to his hands to give the final stroke, almost dramatically. One of his own peculiar military maxims was that there comes a point in every great battle where both sides are exhausted to the point of defeat. Whoever struck first after that point was reached would surely win. This time, his own army not being anywhere near the exhausted state, he believed that he saw signs that the enemy were. The point of their line to strike at was that which they were holding best, and this was on the central road from Pittsburg Landing to Corinth. Right and left of it they were giving way, but here they seemed stubborn. On the right, as

Grant stood, lay Sherman's men and on the left McClernand's. From the men nearest him he gathered and formed a force equal to about two regiments, put them in line for a bayonet charge, marched on at their head, the better to prevent them from long-range, useless firing ; and as soon as they were within short or musket range, he stood still, gave the command to *charge*, and the gallant fellows went by him with loud cheering.

The Confederate troops holding the Corinth Road did not wait to receive that charge. They broke and ran, as had other parts of their line. and the battle of Shiloh was over.

CHAPTER XVI.

Results of a Great Battle.—A Scientific Siege.—Differences of Opinion.—Understanding the South.—Halleck made General-in-Chief.

THE battle of Shiloh was the most hard-fought battle of the Civil War in the West. It cost the Union forces 1734 killed, 8408 wounded, and 2885 missing. The latter includes the prisoners taken the first day. A beaten and retreating army cannot make correct reports, and does not wish to do so; but General Beauregard officially admitted that he had lost in the two days' fighting 10,699, of whom 1728 were killed, 8012 wounded, and 957 missing. The burial parties of the Union army reported burying about 4000 Confederates killed, so that his real losses were about 13,000, or about the same as those of the forces under Grant. The account of guns lost and won was also about the same on both sides.

The Confederate military authorities claimed a victory, for political effect, but it was one which they retreated from in haste, abandoning by the way whatever encumbered the speed of their movements; and their retreat did not cease until their forces were safe behind the intrenchments at Corinth. It was only about half as strong as when it marched out of them to attack Grant. There have been few

battles which have given rise to as much controversy or to as many misunderstandings. One of these at the time increased a slight difficulty already existing between General Grant and his brave associate, General Buell, and it grew worse and worse afterward.

The condition of the roads after such heavy rains was a strong reason for not pursuing the retreating enemy, and the overworked condition of the men was another. The Army of the Tennessee had fought hard for two days, and that of the Ohio had toiled over long and muddy roads to reach the field of battle. The very men on the gunboats in the river were weary with working their guns. Their help had been of great value during the first day and night, for the shells they sent dropped among the Confederate masses with demoralizing effect.

General Grant had not exposed himself unwisely during the second day's fighting, but had been under fire, and a bullet had broken the scabbard of his sword. His ankle was getting well, but he was too busy in the reorganization of his troops, after such a shattering, to send more than a letter to General Halleck announcing the battle and its results. It had been his first pitched battle—one day upon the defensive and one day as the assailant—fought in the open field, without intrenchments on either side. There were those who said that he should have had intrenchments; and a vast amount of criticism was lavished upon his generalship; but the more the matter has been studied the more reason is found to doubt whether any other known general

would probably have done better with exactly such resources, information, and other circumstances. There is much more reason to criticise Johnston for being four days in marching twenty miles.

One delusion under which General Grant had been, as had many other men, disappeared from his mind soon after the battle of Shiloh. He had believed that a series of Union victories would be followed by the disappearance of the Rebellion from the Western States. Now the successes begun at Mill Spring and Fort Donelson, followed up vigorously, had been crowned by the victory at Shiloh, and still the Confederate volunteers flocked toward their recruiting stations, and the strength of Beauregard's army at Corinth was rapidly recovering. Quickly, therefore, Grant abandoned his old notion, accepted the idea that the South must be thoroughly conquered before peace could come, and changed his view of the methods of its military occupation and subjection. Such forage or other supplies as he might thenceforth find it necessary to take, on any march through a seceded State, were to be taken as needed, unpaid for, however strictly he might forbid mere pillage.

General Halleck came on to take personal command of the forces he was assembling for the further operations against Corinth. They were to include the Army of the Tennessee, the Army of the Ohio, and thirty thousand men under General Pope, who had recently gained high honor for the capture of Island No. 10, in the Mississippi River. General Halleck made a new division of the whole.

Under him Grant was second in command of all, with special command of the right wing and the reserve. The right wing was under the immediate command of General George H. Thomas, and General McClernand took the command of the reserve. Buell commanded the centre, composed of his old troops, and Pope, with the Army of the Mississippi, held the left.

General Halleck called upon General Grant for a detailed report of the battle of Shiloh, and the reports of the Army of the Tennessee were duly transmitted, but those of the Army of the Ohio had already been handed in by General Buell, and on this account Grant refused to make any general or comprehensive report. He never did so, and this may have been one reason why some popular errors concerning the battle were not corrected. General Halleck was compelled to admit the justice of the refusal, and let the matter drop.

General Halleck reached Pittsburg Landing only four days after the battle of Shiloh, and began energetic preparations for advancing, but again cautioned his subordinates against bringing on a general engagement prematurely. Roads were opened, streams were bridged, obstacles to the free movement of troops were removed, but no battle was immediately sought for. Beauregard did not desire one until his re-enforcements should arrive, and sent out only skirmishing detachments to discover what the Union army might be doing.

All this was contrary to Grant's ideas. If left to himself, he would not have halted more than a day

to rest his men, but would have pushed on to strike Corinth before the army holding it could recover from their disaster at Shiloh. His opinions were not to control, however, and he had nothing to do but to obey orders and fret over what he considered time and opportunity thrown away. There is no doubt whatever but what the very intensity of his dissatisfaction and the other mental activities forced upon him were of inestimable value to him. He was daily growing more and more fit to take the supreme command. He could only become so in the school of experience, for he was a student who learned but little in any other.

The siege of Corinth, as conducted by General Halleck, lasted until the 1st of June. It was rigidly a siege operation, planned and carried to a conclusion in the most scholarly and scientific manner. Its regular approaches gave the enemy ample time to increase their effective garrison to fifty thousand effective men, besides many thousands more who were not effective. Upon the defences so manned General Halleck drew closer and closer his own carefully intrenched and bloodless lines, with one hundred and twenty thousand men behind them. There were some severe skirmishes from time to time but no battles.

During all those weeks the Confederate leaders diligently gathered forces at other points. The siege of Corinth was to them a vast advantage, tying up the great Union army as completely as if it had been itself besieged. Every life so carefully saved by General Halleck was at the cost of ten lives,

afterward lost in the battles thus rendered possible. General Grant's conviction of this truth had been, from the first, too intense for concealment. The general-in-chief was well aware that his second in command utterly condemned what he was doing, and resented strongly the perpetual criticism in Grant's silent face. To the end of his life the latter was easily drawn to relate, often with grim humor, the manner in which he was slighted and put down during the siege of Corinth. He several times was almost ready to ask to be relieved from duty, so sharply was he made to feel that his counsels were not wanted.

There could be but one end of such a siege. Beauregard himself was well aware that he must give up Corinth, and he took a lesson from Halleck. He went away in the most deliberate, scholarly, and scientific manner, leaving nothing behind him but a broad smile of derision. The actual work of removal began at an unknown date, but General Beauregard's orders for the evacuation were issued to his army on the 20th of May. A day or so afterward some of General Logan's men who had been in railway employment before they volunteered came to him, saying that the enemy were leaving Corinth. Listening to the humming sound carried by the rails, they knew which way trains were running, and whether they were loaded. Empty cars were running into Corinth and loaded cars were running out. There were other indications, but they were all misinterpreted or disregarded. The cheers which the Confederate soldiers were ordered to give as they

went away were supposed to indicate coming hostilities, and General Halleck drew out his great army in battle array on May 30th, ready to win a victory in accordance with the best military authorities.

The Confederate batteries frowned in the distance, as usual, but no troops came pouring from them to assail the besieging army and be destroyed. The batteries did all that day's frowning with wooden guns, substituted for those which Beauregard had carried away.

Slowly the truth dawned upon the many eyes watching the deserted and silent earthworks of Corinth. Even General Halleck was convinced that the place was empty, and ordered that it should be occupied. A pursuit of Beauregard's army was begun by seventy thousand men, under Generals Buell and Pope, but these officers were under orders to move cautiously, and they did so. They did not catch up with anything, and after moving thirty miles or so they returned slowly.

General Halleck at once proceeded to complete the fortifications of Corinth, and Grant to study the situation and ascertain if his own idea had been correct. He satisfied himself on that point, but there was no comfort in seeing how much had been thrown away. There would have been much more in knowing that a greater authority than General Halleck had been studying him, and that President Abraham Lincoln was beginning to understand him and believe in his military capacity. He also understood both General Halleck and General Pope, and acted accordingly.

General Grant was nominally second in command under Halleck at Corinth, but he, in fact, had nothing to do. He had repeatedly asked the War Office at Washington to be relieved from service under his present commander, and had been refused until now. He actually obtained, at last, permission to leave the department, but was prevailed upon by General Sherman to remain. This is one of the many debts owed by his country to that officer. General Grant, however, requested and obtained permission from General Halleck to remove his headquarters to the recently captured city of Memphis, Tennessee. He set out on the 21st of June, and was three days on the march, with a small escort, and did not know until afterward that he was within a mile of being captured by the enemy's cavalry at one of his halting-places. He had less than three weeks to spend in Memphis as its military governor, hearing complaints, granting requests, and learning more than he had before known concerning the state of mind of the Southern people. What astonished him most of all was to find that they really believed their cause just and were sacrificing their lives and property honestly. It was a good thing for him to know then and afterward, and the fact that he and others actually required to be taught it should help men of this generation in understanding the wonderful truth that there ever was a Civil War in the United States of America. To the people of the South it was to be of more and more importance that this hard-striking soldier should understand them and respect them. They in their turn learned to respect and under-

stand him ; but it was not easy for either side to put away prejudices in the terrible years of the war.

Early in July General Pope was ordered to command the Army of Virginia, as it was called, for a few weeks and to render services which were neither understood nor duly honored, then or afterward. On the 11th of July telegraphic orders came to General Halleck calling him to Washington as general-in-chief, commanding all the armies of the United States. That was the way it sounded, but that was not all. The President had made up his mind that the right place for General Halleck was not in charge of active operations in the field. He was what Mr. Lincoln called an "office general," and the very man to have at his own right hand as a counsellor and as a walking library of military information.

General Halleck at once telegraphed to Grant to come to Corinth, but added no information. Even when Grant asked if he should bring his staff, and was told to do so, and actually came, he was left in the dark as to the change which had taken place. General Halleck set out for Washington on the 17th of July, and it was more than three months before the precise duties of the man he left in command of the District of West Tennessee were defined to him. The territory under him included Kentucky, but the one hundred and twenty thousand men commanded by General Halleck, as chief of the Department of the Mississippi, were terribly scattered. A large part of them were under Buell's separate command, easterly, toward the Georgia line, and the rest were so posted that Grant was compelled to do

the very thing he hated most. He was put upon the defensive, and his first business was to cut down and contract the too magnificent works around Corinth, so that they could be manned by the force at his disposal. General Van Dorn was in front of him, with a fine army of nearly forty thousand men, watching an opportunity to strike a blow. It was, as Grant afterward declared, the most anxious time of the entire war—to him.

CHAPTER XVII.

Troubles of a Department Commander.—Iuka.—The Battle of Corinth.—A Letter from Lincoln.—The Fall Elections.—The Vicksburg Campaign.

FORMAL orders assigning to General Grant the position of department commander, reached him on the 25th of October. An effort had been made to displace him altogether, but it had not succeeded. He was not aware of this fact, although well assured that he did not possess the entire confidence of the new general-in-chief at Washington.

There was a vast amount of skirmishing going on long before the assignment came, some of the actions rising to the dignity of small battles, well fought on both sides. Others were of a different sort, and brought small honor to anybody. Division after division of Grant's remaining troops was ordered away to re-enforce General Buell, who was likely to need them all in an expected collision with the Confederate army, recently under Beauregard and now under Bragg. Among the officers he regretted to lose were Generals George H. Thomas and P. H. Sheridan; but it was well for Buell's army that they went.

Orders from Washington now became more and more severe as to treatment of the Southern people; but all were interpreted by General Grant very

much to suit himself. Non-combatants were sure to be no more molested under his management than he could help. War was to him, as he said afterward in a conversation with Prince Bismarck, always hateful. He did not add anything to the inevitable sufferings of the people around him. He never arrested or imprisoned a citizen who was not in some way a soldier.

Another trouble came to him through the cotton policy of the Government. All the cotton that could be had was wanted, and permits for its purchase were in the hands of many men through whom the Confederate leaders obtained continual information of the position and movements of the Union forces. This was bad, and both the general and his soldiers added to it their belief that the money paid for the cotton helped support the armies they were there to fight.

The first week of September, 1862, was a very dark time for the cause of the Union. There had been bloody defeats on the Potomac, and the Confederate army, under Lee, was about to push on into Maryland.

General Bragg was marching northward toward the Ohio River, and Buell, on an almost parallel line, was hurrying on to head him off.

In the department under Grant, between Cairo and Corinth, were but fifty thousand effective men, sadly scattered over a hostile country, and General Van Dorn's rebel army was nearly ready for a dash among them. The three great armies of the Confederacy must be beaten or the Union forces must

retreat behind the Ohio River. Well might President Lincoln pray, as he did, for help, and say that if God would give the Army of the Potomac a victory he would issue a Proclamation of Emancipation. The battle of Antietam Creek settled that matter, but the clouds in the West did not clear up so rapidly.

No man, then or afterward, was more ready than Grant to acknowledge and admire the energy and ability displayed by the Southern leaders and the heroism of the people who sustained them. This was especially the case after he assured himself that they thoroughly believed themselves in the right.

At this distance of time it is easy to smile at the idea of questioning the utter sincerity of men who sacrifice their all and suffer and die ; but it is genuinely to General Grant's honor that he ceased to question it then, and acted accordingly.

The disposition made by General Grant of the forces at his disposal at and near Corinth at this time belongs to the military history of the war. The intense anxiety he experienced lest he should fail in checking Van Dorn's intended movement northward was one of the great teachers which developed him and aided in bringing out all the genius there was in him. Weak men break down under a great strain, while strong men are made stronger.

The determination was fixed in Grant's mind to strike hard at the first Confederate force coming within reach. On the 13th of September General Sterling Price gave him an opportunity by occupying Iuka, a place on the railroad twenty miles east

of Corinth. A small Union force retreated as he entered, but preparations for driving him out were made at once. It was done by troops under General Rosecrans, on the 19th of the month. Price was defeated with a loss of 1438 against 736 on the Union side, but the plans made beforehand had in various ways broken down, and the Confederate army got away. They were sharply checked, and that was all, and Grant was keenly dissatisfied with such a result. He had reason to be so, for the next operations of the enemy were made with the express purpose of retaking Corinth and destroying his army. Their purposes were very well covered for a time, but Grant became assured that they were coming, and gathered all the strength he could to meet them. He placed Corinth under the command of General Rosecrans, while he himself made his headquarters at Jackson, for the enemy were also threatening at Bolivar, another important railway point, and the general commanding was better posted where he could aid the place actually assailed.

On the 2d of October all remaining doubt was removed by the appearance of Van Dorn's army before Corinth. It was thirty-eight thousand strong, but this was not known until it was too late. Rosecrans was ordered by Grant to fight at once, although he had under him only nineteen thousand men. He moved out to attack, accordingly, but after some skirmishing the enemy themselves attacked. They did so with such force and determination that by the evening of October 3d Rosecrans was driven back behind Grant's new works at Corinth. These

had been planned, however, for precisely such an emergency, and were not too large to hold. On the next day the Confederates made a dashing assault, hoping to complete their victory before the arrival of Union re-enforcements. They very nearly succeeded, for it required all the personal efforts of Rosecrans, brilliantly made, to prevent at one time the entire giving way of his hard-pressed troops.

Again and again the assaults were repeated, with splendid courage, but all failed, and at last the Confederate generals discovered that the re-enforcements rapidly forwarded by Grant were arriving. They retreated hastily, and in some disorder, with a loss of 3648 in killed, wounded, and prisoners, actually counted and known, besides such of their wounded as they took away, and these were the larger part. The Union troops lost 2359 killed, wounded, or prisoners, but the advance of Van Dorn's army had been thoroughly shattered against the Corinth earthworks. Pursuit was ordered by General Grant, and was attempted, but was without results.

Some light is thrown upon the fact that General Grant was continued in command instead of being removed by the other fact that President Lincoln at this time stepped over the line of military formalities, including the War Office and the general-in-chief, and wrote to Grant a personal letter, congratulating him upon his recent victories and expressing sorrow for the losses. Among these was then supposed to be his own old friend, General Oglesby, who afterward recovered from the wound that was thought mortal.

Now, as at every previous occasion from the beginning, General Grant did all in his power to obtain the promotion of those of his subordinates who had earned it. Being without personal jealousies himself, though by no means without personal animosities, he was all the more ready to recognize the merits of other men, even when, as in several instances, his good-will was not reciprocated.

At the end of the autumn campaign the department commander had about forty-eight thousand five hundred men to hold the immense territory given him, but re-enforcements began to come, and he was soon in condition to begin in midwinter the series of masterly operations which resulted in breaking the Confederate power in the West.

Very quickly came the news from the North that the political party opposed to President Lincoln and to emancipation—a large part of it opposed to the war itself—had triumphed at the November elections. The whole country was dissatisfied and weary. Grant had never been a politician in the narrow sense of that word, but he had rapidly grown to be something of a statesman as well as a general. He saw and said that a great and decisive victory, the nature and effect of which all men could understand, was absolutely necessary. He saw the precise point where such a victory could best be won, and he set himself at work to win it, although the obstacles in his way seemed insurmountable. The difficulties made for him by anybody at Washington added somewhat to his other perplexities, from time to time, but were removed by President Lincoln's

own determination that there should be no interference with plans made for an object which he himself thoroughly approved.

The mouth of the Mississippi at New Orleans was now held by the forces of the United States, but the navigation of the river was closed by the strongholds of the Confederacy at Port Hudson and Vicksburg. Through these the States west of the river also maintained their military relations with the rest of the Confederacy. They were strongly fortified, well garrisoned, and the approaches to them were protected by an army under General Pemberton, fully equal in number to that which Grant could at first concentrate against him.

The campaign now planned was not merely aimed at the defeat of Pemberton's army in the open field. It was proposed to shut him up in Vicksburg and capture him in spite of winter weather, bad roads, swollen streams, and all that could be done by Confederate courage and skill. The President, the secretary of war, and the general-in-chief all joined in bidding General Grant to go ahead ; but they and all the nation looked on with heavy hearts and continual misgivings. The general determined that he must and would succeed, and his subordinate commanders and his men sustained him confidently and with an endurance of all hardships which can hardly be overestimated. Grant himself was the best possible representative of the American citizen-soldier, hating war and fighting it out to the bitter end. Such as he was, in his place as leader, such were they in their places, from the privates in the ranks

upward, and most of the men under him understood him remarkably well.

The campaign against Vicksburg began on the 2d of November, just one week after Grant's command was assured to him, but his plans for it grew and took form as he went on, varied necessarily by many vicissitudes and by the movements of the enemy.

With what patience, foresight, vigilance, and vigor obstacles were overcome, reverses were made good, and the forces under General Pemberton steadily driven back is a study in military science. The winter campaign was made tedious in every imaginable way, and it is not easy to decide whether the heavy rains and the high water in the Mississippi and its tributary streams were a greater personal annoyance to General Grant than were the ambitious schemes of General McClernand, the major-general next to himself in seniority of rank. He was an officer of merit, and had rendered good service, but he had unfortunately overestimated both and underestimated his commanding general.

Through November, December, and January the campaign went steadily forward, the Union forces closing in around Pemberton. On the 30th of the latter month it could fairly be said that Vicksburg was in a state of siege, although no assailant was very close to it; and on that day General Grant took personal command and supervision of all the army he had gathered for its reduction. He did so, saying to himself, as he afterward declared: "There is nothing left to be done but to go forward to a decisive victory."

He was thinking of the entire condition of public affairs throughout the Union, and expressing the clear perception of a patriotic soldier-statesman.

The natural advantages of the Confederate position at Vicksburg were very great. Increased as these now were with all that could be done for them by consummate military engineering, the stronghold created was impregnable to direct assault. Its reduction must be accomplished by slow and tedious approaches, opposed at every step by the valor of a foe whose energies were exceedingly well directed. To all other difficulties were added the floods, changing channels, and varying currents of the rushing Mississippi. The river at times seemed to be in the employ of the Confederate Government, from the diligence and power with which it closed canals, filled up cuts, and otherwise rendered useless the plans of generals and engineers and the toil of thousands of workmen. Upon more than one of these futile undertakings the commanding general permitted work to go on after failure was assured, rather than let his men become dispirited by inactivity. The history of the campaign against the river, the swamps, and the bayous up to the end of March, 1863, is deeply interesting; but all the genius and the perseverance expended were in vain, and the capture of Vicksburg seemed as far away as ever.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Dark Hours of the Nation.—A Long Siege.—Running the River Batteries.—Battles of Raymond, Jackson, and Champion's Hill.—Pemberton at Last Shut up—Surrender of Vicksburg.—A Letter from Lincoln.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN had watched the progressive investment of Vicksburg from the first steps taken with deep interest. Familiar with the Mississippi River, he was better able than other men to comprehend the obstacles in the way of success and to perceive the sound judgment with which they were met, even though not as yet overcome. General Halleck had also changed his opinion of General Grant, and knew of no other man of whom he could expect better results. The naval force on the Mississippi, now largely augmented, was under the independent command of Admiral Porter, himself a man of first-rate capacity, thoroughly appreciating the situation and the man who was contending for its mastery.

It was well for the nation that all this was so, for the newspapers of the North were filled with doleful stories from the camps of Grant's army. There was much sickness there, in spite of all that sanitary skill could do. Malaria cannot be kept out of tents and huts in such a region during such a winter and

spring. The voices which demanded the appointment of some other general in place of Grant were many and clamorous, but the President and the general-in-chief stood by him, and the admiral of the navy steadily believed in him and supported his plans heartily. Admiral Porter's work in that long trial of patience ought never to be forgotten.

To all attacks and intrigues no response was made by General Grant. He made no effort to keep himself in command. He was prevented from doing so by what he called "a superstition that in positions of great responsibility every one should do his duty to the best of his ability where assigned by competent authority, without application or the use of influence to change his position." This had governed his action at the beginning of the war. He had not then believed himself fitted for a great command, and had been entirely correct, for at the beginning he was not. He needed just the growth which came to him in the terrible school of experience. He would have been satisfied with a cavalry command in the Army of the Potomac, but refused to ask for one. He used the wrong word in describing his intense and controlling conviction. It was not anything so low as "superstition;" it was a clear perception that the affairs of men are guided and overruled. It was so strong that, as he himself says, if he had sought and obtained the position he at this time held from motives of ambition and by the use of influence, the fact that he had done so would have unnerved him and made him timid in the use of means in his hands. Being there by the

direction of a higher power, purely in the discharge of a known duty, he felt free to expend all the resources given him, including the lives of men.

During the war the entire levee system, by means of which the Mississippi River is kept within limits, had been neglected. The many breaks, with no one to close them, accounted for the vast overflow by the high water of 1863. It was not until the 1st of April that the floods receded, and wide tracts of country were left bare and dry for army operations. It was as if a large part of Pemberton's army had retreated, carrying away with it his most extensive and important outworks. There were yet others of a military sort, the reduction of which would be needful before the city and its numerous garrison could be cut off from supplies by an effective blockade.

An essential part of the main plan of General Grant had been a transfer of his force below Vicksburg as soon as there should be dry land to march over and to encamp upon. The gunboats and some other steamers would be as needful then as they now were, and Admiral Porter at once agreed to run the Vicksburg batteries whenever the proposed movement of the land forces should require his co-operation.

Preparations for the hazardous and daring operation were made as secretly as possible, but the Confederates knew all about it. Their batteries commanding the river were increased. A constant watch was kept by day and great heaps of combustibles were gathered at suitable points, that bonfires might

send their glare across the muddy water to help the work of the gunners, in case Porter's run should be attempted by night.

The gunboats carried no armor which could resist the fire of heavy guns at short range, and sad experience had taught the sailors to dread a boiler struck by a shell as if it were a powder magazine. Bales of pressed hay and of cotton, stowed tightly on the boiler deck of each steamer, made a new and very effective armor. Piles of sacked grain, for the use of the army down the river, were both cargo and protection. Barges of coal, towed astern, could be cast loose if shattered by shot or shell. There were eight gunboats and three river steamers when all was ready, and they had a terrible gauntlet to run.

The night of the 16th of April had been chosen. As soon as the fleet came within range of the enemy's guns the cannonade began, and the illuminating effect of the bonfires was increased by setting fire to houses along the shore. During two hours the fleet was more or less exposed, although much peril was escaped by running as close under the Vicksburg bluffs as the water in the channel permitted. One of the transports was lost, but nobody was killed and few were wounded.

General Grant watched all from a steamer in the river, as near as it was prudent to go, and when the all but complete success was announced to him he felt as if an important part of the victory so needful had been gained.

The army movement by land had already begun in the march of McClernand's corps, and it was

pressed with vigor, the whole army, rank and file, working with enthusiasm.

The enemy held a fortified position at Grand Gulf, below Vicksburg, almost as strong by nature as the latter itself, and active operations for its reduction began on the 29th of April. Pretty sharp fighting followed, but that and other places of more or less strategical value rapidly fell into the hands of the Union army.

Several weeks before the movement down the river began General Grant had been joined in camp by his oldest son, Frederick, then but thirteen years old. His father had no time to watch his movements, and refused to entertain any anxiety on his account, although the adventurous boy managed to get himself under fire in almost every important engagement. Such a fact offers a fair measure of the intensity with which the general's mind was absorbed by the tremendous business he had in hand. It is also worthy of note, in the same connection, that during the week ending May 3d he had been so constantly in the field, personally superintending active operations, that he had not been near his baggage. He had slept under no tent or other shelter and had not eaten one regular meal. At the end of it he needed that and a change of underclothing, and was glad enough to get to a place where he could borrow both.

Up to this date he had expected speedy co-operation from a large force under General Banks, on the Red River. He now heard that this must still be delayed, perhaps a fortnight, and would bring him

then only a re-enforcement of fifteen thousand men. The news forced upon him only one more of the many consecutive changes of his plans. From first to last the Vicksburg campaign was an exhaustive test of what may be fairly called "inventive military genius." The river and the weather and the record of disasters and the movements of the busy enemy could not be studied out beforehand or provided for in advance.

General Joseph E. Johnston, one of the ablest leaders in the Confederate army, had now taken command of all their forces in Mississippi, and was trying to break up Grant's operations against Vicksburg. It was believed by the latter that Pemberton's movable strength was about eighteen thousand men, although it was really much larger. In any event, it was needful to prevent a junction between his army and Johnston's. This was accomplished by a series of masterly movements through seemingly impassable mud and rain.

General Johnston was at Jackson, the capital of the State, when General Grant abandoned his intended base of operations at Grand Gulf and marched against him. On the 12th of May the battle of Raymond was fought by McPherson's command, fifteen miles from Jackson. The Union loss, killed, wounded, and missing, was 442, and that of the Confederates, 820.

Perhaps General Grant would now have pursued precisely the course he did had he known that Pemberton's force, menacing his left flank, was 50,000 men instead of 18,000. As it was, he made no pause,

but attacked the enemy at Jackson on the 14th, driving them out with a loss of 845, killed, wounded, and missing, his own being again only about half as great. Important dispatches between Generals Johnston and Pemberton were captured, and further information was obtained of the strength and movements of the latter from other sources. It was plainly necessary to strike and shatter his army also without delay. This was done in the hard-fought battle of Champion's Hill on the 16th of May. It lasted, with severe preliminary skirmishing, about seven hours.

Only about 15,000 Union troops could be brought into action against an army variously estimated at from 20,000 to 25,000, commanded by General Pemberton in person. Young Frederick Grant was by his father's side all through the battle.

The result was very nearly a rout of Pemberton's army, and would have been its destruction if General McClernand had not failed to reach the field with fresh troops, as expected.

The victory was costly, the Union losses in killed, wounded, and missing being 2441. Those of the Confederates were about 3000, besides 3000 prisoners taken in the battle and pursuit and a number of guns.

The junction of the two Confederate armies had been prevented, but it was not yet time to take a rest. The troops beaten at Champion's Hill were expected to make a stand at the Black River Bridge, and they did so. The battle so named was a charge and a victory rather than a battle, the

enemy not losing many in killed and wounded, although they surrendered 1751 men and seventeen guns. The Union loss was 279, killed or wounded.

Just as the fight began an officer of General Banks's staff arrived and rode up to General Grant to deliver a dispatch from General Halleck.

It had been sent from Washington on the 11th of May, the general-in-chief sending it being all in the dark as to Grant's plans or movements or the victories won since that date. It ordered Grant to return to Grand Gulf, co-operate from that point with Banks in a campaign against the Confederate stronghold at Port Hudson, and postponed until the end of it the further siege of Vicksburg—that is, to give up to Pemberton and Johnston the fruits of all this marching and fighting.

The answer given then and afterward was that General Halleck would give no such order if he were then upon that battlefield ; and it was disregarded as if it had not been given. Every energy was concentrated upon the one object of shutting up the remains of Pemberton's army within the Vicksburg lines, and this was accomplished by the 19th of the month. Some hard fighting that day secured better positions, but a second assault, on the 22d, convinced General Grant that Vicksburg was too strong to be taken by a direct attack.

There had been, meantime, some murmuring among the hard-pushed soldiers on account of a shortness in the supply of bread. They hailed their general as he rode along the lines with cries of " Hard tack," and then broke into vociferous cheer-

ing when assured by him that plenty was on its way over a road which he had ordered to be constructed.

From the hour when Pemberton's beaten army retreated behind their intrenchments its capture became a question of time only and of regularly conducted siege operations. General Grant had before him but one object, to the accomplishment of which all others must be put aside. Long months of anxious toil, of exposure and privation were behind him and his patriotic army. Winter camps, floods, marches through swamps and mire, continual skirmishes, bloody battles, daring and successful strategy—all had resulted according to the first determination and hope of the general commanding. Even now, however, it was well that his work was thoroughly appreciated at Washington and that he was vigorously sustained. He had no need to ask for re-enforcements and supplies. They were sent to him as rapidly as he desired. It was all in vain for General Johnston to collect troops and reoccupy the abandoned post at Jackson and threaten to annoy Grant's outside lines. These were as well intrenched as were those on the other side toward Vicksburg, and were soon defended by over seventy thousand men. Forces hurled against them would but be wasted.

Week after week went by, and every plan proposed by the imprisoned Confederates for breaking through the wall around them had to be successively given up as impracticable. They held out bravely to the starvation point. Many of them lived in under-

ground burrows to escape the shells continually dropping among them. Most of these came from the gunboats in the river, but a large number were thrown in from wooden mortars, constructed under Grant's direction. Sections of large trees scooped hollow and hooped with heavy iron bands were like those used in old-time European sieges, and did their work pretty well. Mines were dug in under the outer works, and exploded with ruinous effect, in spite of the industry with which the garrison made counter-diggings to meet and check them. The besieging lines drew nearer and nearer, with deadly steadiness, and at last the end came.

Before that time the camp in front of Vicksburg had concentrated upon it the most intense interest throughout the United States, North and South, and it might almost be said throughout the world. A flood of visitors poured in to see what was to be seen and to write accounts of it for publication. The general tone of criticism was adverse to Grant's success, but not among his officers and men. They were all with him ; and General Sherman declared, almost excitedly, when an occasion offered, "Grant is entitled to every bit of the credit of the campaign. I opposed it. I wrote him a letter about it." Perhaps it was not easy to say which of those two generals most trusted and admired the other. Both were good judges of men and of war matters.

Last consultations between Pemberton and his generals brought them to a decision that they could neither get away nor hold out. At about ten o'clock on the morning of the 3d of July the besieging army

saw white flags on the Confederate earthworks, and the news went from regiment to regiment like a great thrill. It was almost too good to be true.

Firing ceased on both sides, and soon two officers came toward the Union lines, also carrying a white flag. They came to begin negotiations for surrender, and a conference was arranged between Generals Grant and Pemberton at three o'clock that afternoon. They were old acquaintances, having served together under Worth in the Mexican War.

Grant held some previous consultations with his generals, but the terms of the surrender were altogether settled between him and Pemberton, verbally and by correspondence, after the latter's return to Vicksburg. The surrender was as nearly unconditional as might be without needlessly hurting the just pride of brave men. It was also Grant's unspoken purpose that the prisoners he paroled should have a fair opportunity to go home and fight no more, as thousands of them speedily did. The generosity with which he treated Pemberton and his men was nobly imitated by the Union soldiers, whose first act on entering Vicksburg was to divide their rations with the half-famished rebels who had fought them so heroically.

The surrender actually took place on the Fourth of July, the anniversary of American Independence. On the same day General Prentiss's division of Grant's army, at Helena, Arkansas, was attacked by the Confederate General Holmes with over 8000 men, and another victory was gained for the Union, the assailants losing nearly 1900 men.

The garrison surrendered at Vicksburg numbered 31,600, and with them came 60,000 muskets, mostly of the latest European patterns, and 172 cannon, with ammunition, but there were no provisions.

Five days later, as a consequence of the fall of Vicksburg, Port Hudson, lower on the river, surrendered also, with 6000 prisoners and 51 guns.

President Lincoln at once wrote to General Grant a personal letter, which again throws a strong light upon the question asked then and afterward, as to where the steady support came from which upheld the general during those long months of patient endurance. It also contains a sort of prophecy of other things which were soon to come. It was as follows, dated July 13th, 1863:

"MY DEAR GENERAL: I do not remember that you and I have ever met personally. I write this now as a grateful acknowledgment for the almost inestimable service you have done the country. I write to say a word further. When you first reached the vicinity of Vicksburg I thought you should do what you finally did—march the troops across the neck, run the batteries with the transports, and then go below; and I never had any faith, except a general hope that you knew better than I, that the Yazoo Pass expedition and the like could succeed. When you got below and took Port Gibson, Grand Gulf, and vicinity, I thought you should go down the river and join General Banks, and when you turned northward, east of the Big Black, I feared it was a mistake. I wish, now, to make the personal acknowledgment that you were right and I was wrong."

So closely had the President, the Constitutional

commander-in-chief, followed every movement of the man whose rapidly developing military genius promised to make him the GENERAL for whom both ruler and nation were anxiously looking and waiting.

CHAPTER XIX.

After the Victory.—Grant and Meade.—Another Prize to be Secured.—Chickamauga.—Rosecrans Relieved of Command.—Grant's Journey to Chattanooga.

THE Fourth of July, 1863, was a great day for the people of the United States. It assured them that the war must result in the restoration of the Union. Peace was visibly nearer. The news from Vicksburg promised the immediate reopening of the Mississippi River, and another week fulfilled the promise in the fall of Port Hudson.

Equally a cause of joy and hope was the message of the President, announcing the result of the three days' fighting at Gettysburg and the end of General Lee's invasion of the North. The very darkest hour of the Republic had terminated in a sudden brightness.

All men felt and saw, however, that there was one notable difference in the character of the two great victories which so changed the aspect of national affairs. They saw, with President Lincoln, General Halleck, General Sherman, and the military critics at home and abroad, that the entire credit of the Vicksburg achievement belonged to General Grant. No correspondingly brilliant name came out

of the battle-clouds over the awful struggle at Gettysburg.

That had been General Robert E. Lee's battle, from first to last, and was in some respects unlike any other. The Army of the Potomac had hardly become aware that General Meade was in command of it. It was not his army as that of Grant was his. Justice to the high military capacity of Meade requires that the perplexity of his sudden responsibility should be understood. He could form no plan of campaign, and could only push forward to find and fight Lee. Widely different therefore from Grant's success in the West, the battle of Gettysburg came unexpectedly, and the Union advance was rolled back in defeat all the first day, while the battlefield selected itself at Gettysburg. The second and third day's battle was fought by a council of war, and all credit gained had to be fairly divided. The defeat of the Confederate army came at last by the failure of a stroke of generalship on the part of Lee, which would have crushed the Army of the Potomac if it had succeeded.

All this was dimly understood by the people generally, much better by the army, very well by the higher authorities, and it prevented the services of General Grant from being underestimated by comparison with those of any other commander. He himself was but indistinctly aware of the prominence his work had given him, or that there was anything "solitary" about his military character, requiring the invention of a new rank and title to describe it by.

He remained at Vicksburg for a number of days,

superintending the various operations relating to the care of so large a crowd of prisoners, but he did not waste an hour in military inactivity. He sent General Sherman at once to retake Jackson. A siege that lasted from the 11th to the 17th of July compelled Johnston's army to leave the place, and one thousand more prisoners fell into the hands of Sherman.

The Confederate sick and wounded prisoners received especial care and attention from the victorious general, and Grant also did what he could to supply the sad necessities of the hundreds of families whose homes had been left destitute by the stern demands of the armies on both sides. His orders to his troops as to the treatment of the people, without reference to their opinions, show in a striking manner the depth and sincerity of his feeling for his fellow-citizens of the South. For their sakes also he was more eager than ever that the Confederate Government should be finally crushed and that peace should come.

He was unwilling to remain idle after finishing his work at Vicksburg, and proposed to General Halleck an immediate movement against Mobile. His plan was disapproved by the general-in-chief, although urged again and again. He was also refused leave of absence for a trip to New Orleans to study the situation on the lower Mississippi. At the same time successive orders took away from him the troops with whom he had won his victories, and he felt a degree of discontent which he had then no means of expressing.

Early in August orders came to co-operate with General Banks in operations west of the Mississippi, and in turning over to that general the Thirteenth Army Corps, under General Ord, Grant went with it as far as New Orleans. The most skilled rider may meet with an accident; and a vicious horse ridden by General Grant at a review of Banks's army met a locomotive on his return to the city. He was already running away, and as he swerved from the locomotive he came down with the general under him. The latter was carried to a hotel insensible, his leg and side so bruised that the subsequent inflammation was all but unendurably painful. It was a week before he could be carried on a litter to a steamboat and return to Vicksburg. General Sherman was actually in command while Grant was disabled, and issued orders in the name of the latter as if he had been present; but a great emergency was calling loudly for the personal services of the man himself.

From the day on which the Civil War assumed complete proportions, the area controlled by the Confederate Government presented three military vital points, whose importance was equally well understood by both sides. Richmond, Virginia, the key of the Atlantic South, was chosen as the Confederate seat of government, and for that reason mainly became the most important of all. Vicksburg, the fetter of the Mississippi River, had been defended at a vast expenditure, but was now lost forever. Chattanooga, Tennessee, nestled among the mountain ranges where the Tennessee River breaks through

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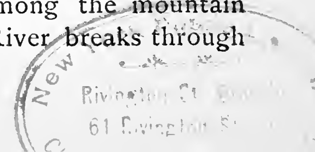


them, was the third position, hardly less important than either of the others. Near the point where the States of Georgia, Alabama, and Tennessee meet, it was the only possible railway centre and pass, controlling communications east and west, north and south, through the very heart of the Confederacy. Around it, in all directions, the people of the mountain country were Union men in a large majority ; but from the beginning they had been crushed with pitiless severity, and Chattanooga—in the Indian tongue the " Eagle's Nest"—had been garrisoned for the Confederacy. More than one campaign, full of marches and battles, had had for its coveted prize the holding or the taking of the gate of the South-eastern Confederacy. It was at last occupied by the Army of the Cumberland, under General Rosecrans, on the 9th of September, 1863. Very little of the military history of the processes which appeared to have thus resulted in success belongs to the life of Grant. Their actual consequence does so.

The force under Rosecrans necessarily dwindled as he advanced by the detachments guarding his long line of communications. On the 19th of September he was compelled to fight the battle of Chickamauga, with 45,000 men in unfavorable positions, against General Bragg, with an attacking force of 60,000. The right wing of Rosecrans's army was completely shattered, with a loss of over 16,000 men and 36 guns, while the left, under General Thomas, made a defence which was equivalent to a victory, only to escape from it into Chattanooga and be

hemmed in. By this victory the Confederate forces were left free to hem in also, at Knoxville, East Tennessee, another Union army under General Burnside, and they quickly did so. It looked very much as if the account of Vicksburg and Gettysburg were about to be balanced. The President and the general-in-chief turned eagerly to the bank of the Mississippi for the hero who was about to earn a better title to that appellation. His first intimation of a new field of usefulness reached him on the 3d of October, and on the 19th his full instructions placed him in untrammelled command. He was already on his way, leaving Sherman in charge behind him. General Thomas had succeeded Rosecrans in command of the remains of the Army of the Cumberland, now in some danger of starving at Chattanooga. Its thousands of wounded men, particularly, were in a most pitiable condition The enemy, now strongly re-enforced, holding the seemingly unassailable heights and ridges around it, regarded its fate as sealed. Even if re-enforcements should join it the surrender must come the quicker, they supposed, as there was no way open by which it could be supplied.

It is worth while to say, in this connection, that if the blow struck at the right wing of Rosecrans's army at Chickamauga had failed, nobody would ever afterward have criticised him for taking the almost inevitable risks which exposed him to disaster. He left behind him for Grant's genius a problem which his own might have solved in precisely the same way, had he been left in command. When, on the 19th of October, on assuming command of the De-

partment of the Cumberland, with this problem included, General Grant telegraphed from Louisville to General Thomas, just before midnight, "Hold Chattanooga at all hazards; I will be there as soon as possible," the best part of the reply the hero of Chickamauga sent back was: "I will hold the town till we starve."

That was very nearly what Pemberton had done at Vicksburg, for there is a food limit to human endurance.

General Grant set out for Chattanooga next morning, and the first part of the journey could be done by railway. The telegrams, messages, inquiries, and orders he sent in all directions from every stopping-place along the entire route show how absorbing and comprehensive a study he was giving to every part of the new and difficult work before him. His after operations testified to the thoroughness with which he had permitted no point to escape him.

At Stevenson, on the way, he met Rosecrans, already relieved of his command, and that general cordially gave him all the information in his power. The greatest military leader is not lifted above errors and reverses, and Rosecrans bore himself admirably well in his disaster.

From Bridgeport, Tennessee, the journey had to be performed with the help of horses, and now special attention was drawn to the fact that the new commander of the Department of the Cumberland was doing his duty under severe suffering. The roads winding among the mountains were often very nearly

impassable, owing to the heavy rain, and freshets, like mill-races, a foot in depth, came pouring down the mountain-sides. It was a frightful region, cut up by the movements of armies and strewn with the wrecks of war. Wherever the exceeding ruggedness of the broken pathway followed made it needful for other men to dismount and lead their horses, General Grant was lifted from the saddle and carried forward in the arms of men.

Still, at every telegraph station messages flashed away, directing the movements of different forces and materials of war, but not one of those to Washington called for re-enforcements. There was no need, as General Halleck left nothing to be asked for. His whole duty was thoroughly well done.

CHAPTER XX.

Grant in Chattanooga.—Wauhatchie.—The Battle of Chattanooga.—A Gold Medal of Honor.—Reaping the Harvest of Victory.

JUST after dark, on the evening of the 23d of October, 1863, General Grant and his escort entered Chattanooga. The rain fell in torrents, and nothing else seemed to be omitted which could add to the gloom which had settled down upon the dispirited troops under General Thomas.

Grant's first act was to telegraph General Halleck, asking his approval of the appointment of General Sherman to the command of the Army of the Tennessee. His next was an interview with General Thomas, now retained in command of the Army of the Cumberland, under Grant.

General Thomas displayed genuine nobility of spirit in the unselfish declaration that he was glad to serve under a leader whose name was associated with success. He well knew how deep a meaning it would have to the minds and hearts of the soldiers, sore with memories of Chickamauga and sick and weary with privation and the prospect of further disaster.

Something of hope revived from that very hour throughout the beleaguered army. Sick men got

rapidly well and seemingly disabled veterans took in fresh breaths of life and returned to duty.

Within three days General Grant had decided in what manner the enemy and the mountains might be daringly circumvented and a new channel opened for the arrival of supplies. It involved skilful engineering, carefully covered movements, and severe fighting; but by the evening of the 28th of October the feat was accomplished. The road was opened, the Army of the Cumberland was supplied, and the army under General Bragg found its entire position changed. Instead of looking down from secure fastnesses upon a prize which was surely falling into its hands day by day, it found itself confronted by an enemy whose growing strength would soon exceed its own.

Throughout the departments under him Grant now controlled an aggregate force of over two hundred thousand men, and the measures he took for their movement and concentration will bear close criticism.

On the evening of the 28th he declared: "If the rebels give us one week more time I think all danger of losing territory now held by us will have passed away, and preparations may commence for active operations."

In order to make that opinion good, he at once took vigorous measures for the relief of the twenty-five thousand men shut up with Burnside, at Knoxville, by the Confederate army under General Longstreet. They had suffered much, but their help came rapidly and surely through the active oper-

ations already begun by Grant, and which assumed a yet more active shape in a little more than the week of time specified. He ordered General Thomas to begin an attack upon Bragg's army on the 7th of November; but the Army of the Cumberland had lost its artillery horses, and could not move its guns. He had ordered Sherman to join him, with the Army of the Tennessee; and the energy with which both leader and men were obeying was wonderful. Burnside, in East Tennessee, was ordered and urged to make such a stand there as would detain Longstreet in front of him until Bragg's army could be disabled. Concentration was going forward splendidly, but Grant was impatient. It was a double grief to him that artillery could not be moved without horses.

Among the re-enforcements first at hand had been two corps from the Army of the Potomac, under Hooker. It was by these mainly that the new road had been won, and with it the battle of Wauhatchie; but Grant had as yet no idea that all the other corps of that army would shortly be under his command.

The Confederate generals could not be aware of the fidelity and ability with which Grant's lieutenants supported his iron determination to go forward. Bragg knew very well that a conflict was before him, but to the very last believed his well-fortified positions on the heights around Chattanooga impregnable. So they should have been, and their taking was afterward a puzzle to the very men who

clambered up the rugged, shot-swept slopes and bayoneted the gunners at their guns.

On the 18th of November all was ready, and General Grant issued to General Sherman, who had arrived, and was to handle one part of the great undertaking, and to General Thomas, who was to guide the other part, written orders, which describe with remarkable accuracy what was actually done in the days of terrible fighting recorded as the battle of Chattanooga. They recall the orders of General Scott on the road to the City of Mexico, and prove that they did not come from the same stage of military education which had fought the battle of Shiloh. There had been a tremendous amount and kind of schooling since then, every lesson read but once, errors and all, and the next taken hold of instantly.

Heavy rain-storms and other interferences delayed actual carrying out of the orders until the 22d. The history of human wars offers few scenes more thrillingly picturesque than the succession of assaults and struggles which followed. The details do not belong to a biography. By the 25th the preliminary operations were successful, and the main battle raged all that day. It was not until seven o'clock in the evening that General Grant felt that he could telegraph General Halleck :

"Although the battle lasted from early dawn until dark this evening, I believe I am not premature in announcing a complete victory over Bragg. Lookout Mountain-top, all the rifle-pits in Chatta

nooga Valley, and Missionary Ridge entire have been carried, and are now held by us. I have no idea of finding Bragg here to-morrow."

He was not within immediate striking distance, but the rescue of Burnside and all the other plans of Grant required that the retreating enemy should be vigorously pressed. The minor battle of Ringgold and a number of sharp skirmishes attested the stubborn fighting material of Bragg's army.

The Confederate loss in killed and wounded, reported by them at 2541, was necessarily much less than that of the army storming their strong positions, but they also left behind them 6142 prisoners, 40 pieces of artillery, and 7000 stand of arms. The Union loss was 757 killed, 4529 wounded, and 330 missing.

An attack upon Burnside by Longstreet's army, on the 29th, was repulsed, with severe losses to the assailants, and the news of Bragg's defeat followed in about half an hour, to make the repulse final.

On the 8th of December all the fruits of the costly victory at Chattanooga were secure, and President Lincoln again sent to General Grant a message of thanks.

Already, on the 7th, he had appointed a day of national thanksgiving for so great a deliverance, and Congress followed, on the 17th of December, with an unanimous vote of thanks to the general, his officers and men. They also provided for a gold medal to be struck and sent to General Grant "in the name of the people of the United States of America."

The winter had now set in, and field operations became nearly impossible, except in parts of the extreme South. Movements of supplies to posts and camps were made with difficulty. The entire army was undergoing great changes, owing to the expiration of terms of enlistment. Men were coming and going by thousands. It was a time for rest and reorganization, but there was really no cessation of activities. Territory occupied was held daily with a stronger grasp, and useful points and positions were added to it.

General Grant removed his headquarters to Nashville. His mind was teeming with plans for future operations, but in the midst of them, on the 24th of January, he was summoned to St. Louis, where his son Frederick was lying dangerously ill. He obtained leave of absence and went, retaining active telegraphic supervision of his vast command, and directing army movements on the way and at the bedside.

Now, as at all other times, every thought of doing anything for his own advancement or promotion was steadily put away from the mind of the man whose victories were concentrating upon him the hopes of the nation. He would do nothing, say nothing, savoring of personal ambition, although beyond a doubt he had his fair share of it. He would not push himself under any new load of responsibility, although he would not refuse any properly placed upon him. One was now preparing for him, and he, during all the severe experiences of his Western campaigns, had been steadily preparing to take it.

CHAPTER XXI.

Grant made Lieutenant-General.—On the Potomac.—Plans New and Wide.—Preparing the Army for the Last Struggle.

THE military key of the Confederacy east of the Alleghany Mountains was kept at Richmond, Virginia. Here, at the outset of the war and continuously to its end, the Confederate Government gathered its best army and stationed its best general. Against the natural advantages of this position, defended by this army and its leader, successive Union armies had advanced only to be rolled back like waves dashed against a rock. Campaign after campaign had now demonstrated that Richmond would be the last stronghold of the last army of the Rebellion, unless Charleston, South Carolina, should be the exception.

The latter place, the cradle of the Secession movement, had thus far baffled all efforts for its reduction. It was difficult of approach and easy of defence from the seaward; but its gate upon the land side was at Chattanooga, and that was now in the hands of General Grant.

The Army of the Potomac was rich in corps-commanders of a high order of merit, but did not possess one who by common consent outranked the others. It was now under the command of General

Meade. There was a plain necessity that the struggle perceptibly near at hand for the final overthrow of the Confederacy should be directed by the will and brain of one man. With all the undoubted merit and brilliant service of Meade or Halleck, or any other Eastern general, neither of them could be put before the army and the nation as the man called for.

Since the death of George Washington only one man, Winfield Scott, had been appointed a lieutenant-general in the Army of the United States. A bill brought in by Elihu Washburne, from Grant's own district in Illinois, was for some time before Congress, proposing to revive the grade of lieutenant-general. It was practically a bill to make Ulysses S. Grant permanent commander of all the armies, under authority of the President. The natural jealousy aroused by such a proposition caused months of delay, while victory after victory argued for it, and so did every disaster befalling any other general. It did not pass both Houses of Congress until February 26th, 1864. It was signed at once by President Lincoln, and three days later, March 1st, he nominated General Grant to the position so provided for. The Senate promptly confirmed the nomination, and on the 3d of March General Grant was summoned by telegraph to report at the War Office at Washington.

One day was all the time required by the new commander-in-chief, but even before setting out for Washington he sent to Sherman, at Memphis, a dispatch that was full of meaning. He ordered him to

use the negro troops as far as might be done for garrisons on the Mississippi River, and to gather at Memphis all of the Western army that could safely be drawn away "for service on this front."

This was with nominal reference to a first movement upon Mobile, Alabama, at that time proposed as a preliminary to the grander operations farther east. More than a month earlier, however, he had expressed to General Schofield, in command of the Department of the Ohio, his intention to "prepare for a spring campaign of our own choosing, instead of permitting the enemy to dictate it for us." He had added: "We will have some sharp fighting in the spring, and if successful, I believe the war will be ended within the year."

He intended to return soon, with reference to the Mobile campaign, but was not yet fully aware of the many causes which would operate a change in his purposes and plans.

On reaching Washington, the new lieutenant-general was invited to the Executive Mansion, and his commission was there formally presented to him, on the 9th of March, by the President, in the presence of the Cabinet and General Halleck. There was little ceremony. The President gave as his reason for having written beforehand his address of presentation his knowledge of the general's wish to do the same. He had written this:

"GENERAL GRANT: The nation's appreciation of what you have done, and its reliance upon you for what remains to be done in the existing great struggle, are now presented, with this commission con-

stituting you lieutenant-general in the Army of the United States. With this high honor devolves upon you also a corresponding responsibility. As the country herein trusts you, so, under God, it will sustain you. I scarcely need to add that with what I here speak for the nation goes my own hearty personal concurrence."

General Grant responded :

"MR. PRESIDENT : I accept the commission, with gratitude for the high honor conferred. With the aid of the noble armies that have fought in so many fields for our common country, it will be my earnest endeavor not to disappoint your expectations. I feel the full weight of the responsibilities now devolving upon me, and I know that if they are met it will be due to those armies, and, above all, to the favor of that Providence which leads both nations and men."

The confidence expressed by each had been a somewhat slow but well-rooted growth. More than a month later the President was able to say, and did say :

"Grant is the first general I've had. . . . He hasn't told me what his plans are. I don't know, and I don't want to know. I'm glad to find a man who can go ahead without me."

It was a vast responsibility, and it was assumed with simple modesty. Some said it was taken almost too much as a matter of course. To suit such men there should have been more of talkative diffidence and some hesitating remarks about possible failure, instead of such an unswerving declaration of a hope for success. At all events, the army and the nation

agreed with the President, and all knew that a year of hard pounding was come.

The Union armies had already accomplished great things, but neither foreign nations nor the Confederacy itself as yet regarded Secession a military failure. It controlled vast regions, and some of the States of the Confederacy had hardly felt a hostile foot. It had half a million men in arms, led by able and experienced generals, and its people were bitterly determined to resist to the very end.

Both at the North and South there was an even exaggerated estimate of the military ability of General Robert E. Lee, against whom any commander of the Army of the Potomac must needs be pitted. He was one of the men whose measure Grant had almost unconsciously taken in Mexico, and there was now no glamour to prevent an accurate estimate of his importance in the present emergency. Each was now to be placed in a position which would give his peculiar genius full scope. If Grant was the best leader of an attack in the United States, it was every way as nearly correct to say that Lee was the best leader of a defence. The latter was one reason why Grant's prophecy was not fulfilled and why the war was not finished within the year. The former was the main reason for its completion in a little more than a year.

A man on the summit of a mountain sees many things differently from the same or another man at any point below. It was quickly evident to the lieutenant-general that the South contained but two armies concerning which he needed to take special

anxiety. The force under General Kirby Smith, west of the Mississippi, and all other aggregates of troops east of that river needed but to be kept in check and prevented from sending too much aid to the army under General Joseph E. Johnston, at Dalton, Georgia, or the army under General Robert E. Lee, holding the fortified lines between Richmond and Washington. The two cities were only a hundred miles apart, and the intervening territory had been the theatre of bloody campaigns since the first Bull Run. The one now to be fought upon it was to exceed them all.

Increasing rapidity of mental action and promptness of decision had marked the character of Grant from the hour in which the war came to Galena and woke him up.

Receiving his new commission on the 9th of March, he was at the front on the 10th, conferring with General Meade and taking a look at the Army of the Potomac. The patriotic unselfishness of Meade, in welcoming as he did the man who was made to outrank him, is worthy of high praise. So is that of General Halleck, who was relieved at his own request of the now needless post of general-in-chief, and accepted that of chief of staff. He remained at Washington in that capacity as military adviser of the President and the Secretary of War, but really subordinate to and most loyally sustaining the very man whom, as his own subordinate, he had so sharply chidden and criticised. The common soldiers did not absorb all the genuine patriotism in those days of trial, and they had good reason

for their confidence in the men who commanded them.

On the 11th Grant was back in Washington, to insist upon the appointment of Sherman to the command of the Military Division of the Mississippi. There was some hesitation, but the point was yielded upon Grant's personal declaration that it would put the right man in control of the movements he contemplated. Refusing a state dinner tendered him by the President, on the ground that he had no time for one, Grant started west on the 12th for a conference with Sherman. General McPherson was placed in command of the Department of the Tennessee at the same time. Both he and Sherman, like Grant, were now put over the heads of men who had formerly outranked them.

General Grant reached Nashville, Tennessee, March 14th, and Sherman arrived from Memphis three days later. His first words to his old friend and leader were: "I cannot congratulate you on your promotion. The responsibility is too great."

General Badeau, who was present, relates that Grant made no answer, but smoked his cigar in silence. He was not thinking of himself just then, but of something remarkable which he expected Sherman to do.

Already, in a letter written on the 10th, Sherman had vehemently urged Grant not to remain in Washington, but to continue in personal command of the armies in the West, leaving to Meade, as before, the fighting on the Potomac. He now renewed the argument, but his words were addressed to a mind

already decided and full of the purposes which had ripened during his long conference with General Meade, among the white tents of the Army of the Potomac. That same day he established General Sherman in the position with reference to western armies which he himself had previously held. He then, in command of all, set out for Washington on the 19th.

History does not contain many instances of a similarly important series of changes in which every man affected behaved himself so unquestionably well. Whether promoted or outranked, every general went to the duty assigned him as if he had been a private soldier detailed as a sentry.

All the way to Cincinnati, where he arrived on the 19th, General Sherman accompanied his chief, receiving and discussing the plans which afterward resulted in what is known in history as the "march to the sea," the movement by the Atlanta Road to the capture of Charleston and to the last position in the rear of Lee's defeated army.

It was a great deal to do in a week, and the two friends parted for their separate duties.

The lieutenant-general pursued his journey eastward, everywhere received with acclamations by throngs of eager people, and not giving too much thought to the fact, of which the newspapers made him well aware, that the utterances of distrust and the prophecies of his failure to cope with Lee were as many and as loud as were the expressions of hope and confidence. He himself, when asked, declared his undoubting expectation of complete and final

victory. So unwavering, though quiet and undemonstrative was this assurance, that it drew from General Sherman the remark, quoted by General Badeau: "The simple faith in success you have always manifested I can liken to nothing else than the faith a Christian has in the Saviour."

It was well that the general in command of all the armies should embody the rooted belief, which sustained the national cause under all discouragements, that God Himself intended to preserve the Union, and would take care of the accomplishment of His purposes.

Grant arrived in Washington on the 23d of March, and the processes of concentration, already begun, went on with increasing vigor.

All forces were withdrawn in the West from territory which presented no military reason for present occupation. Needless posts were abandoned, and with their garrisons were also released the troops keeping open uncalled-for lines of supply and communication. The Atlantic coast was treated in the same manner. The long siege of Charleston on its water front was terminated, and the forces tied up there were set free to serve upon the Potomac or elsewhere. That city would fall into Sherman's hands in due season like a ripe apple, with all the State of South Carolina behind it.

He turned his attention to the North itself, and brought to the front all the many detachments which for any insufficient cause were withheld from active service. He recommended the dismissal of more than a hundred needless generals, who, with or with-

out having rendered actual services, encumbered the rolls of the army. There were political reasons why all he asked in this direction could not be done, and the weeding process was by no means so thorough as was that of concentration.

The operation of this may be fully illustrated by the shape in which he left some of the eighteen departments he quickly established. That of New York and New England, under General Dix, retained but eighteen hundred men, and there was enough of work for them to do. The Department of the Susquehanna was the State of Pennsylvania, and General Couch commanded it, with twenty-two hundred soldiers. The Middle Department comprised Virginia east of the Chesapeake Bay, the State of Delaware, and the greater part of Maryland, and General Lew Wallace could hold it all with forty-one hundred men. All other departments of the North, the great West, and the Pacific slope, outside of the territory actually the seat of war, were placed under competent officers, and in like manner merely garrisoned. The several departments wherein military operations were at all likely to go on were not unduly weakened, but rather strengthened by the policy of the commander-in-chief. By the administrative ability shown in this manner, the army as a whole was largely re-enforced without the enlistment of a man. Thousands of terms of service were constantly expiring, however, and men were going home, and the enlistment or draft of additional forces continually would be needful. On the first day of May, 1864, General Grant's

returns told him that he had under his orders, ready for use, five hundred and thirty-three thousand four hundred and forty-seven effective men, of all arms and in all places, throughout the vast domain, for the security of which he was held responsible. There was not and there would not be one man too many, considering what was to be garrisoned, guarded, held, and against what lines the blows intended were to be struck. Of one thing the lieutenant-general was sure, and that was his own purpose to make the best possible use of all the resources, human and inanimate, placed at his disposal.

CHAPTER XXII.

Concentration and Unity.—Secrecy.—Minor Reverses.—Forward on the Potomac.—Two Very Memorable Letters.

THE military operations which led to the capture of Lee's army and of Richmond, and the breaking down of the Confederacy, however widely extended, were conducted upon one grand plan. So far as the personal history of General Grant is concerned also, they form but one of his campaigns—one section of his life.

One part of the plan which had grown into form in the mind of the now fully developed military genius at the head of affairs related to the crippling or destruction of Johnston's army at Dalton, prior to the "march to the sea." All other operations in the West were regarded as secondary to this.

It was a matter of course that Lee would be re-enforced by every man the Confederate Government could bring into his camp. If the city of Washington should at any time be left uncovered he would be sure to strike at it, as its capture would go far to counterbalance all other advantages yet gained by the Union armies. The simplest way to prevent and protect was to attack him directly, in such a manner as to keep the attacking Army of the Potomac always between him and Washington.

Still further, to hamper Lee's movements and reduce his strength for any great forward movement, the Army of the James, under General Butler, threatening Richmond on the southerly bank of the James River, and already forty-seven thousand strong, was re-enforced by the entire Tenth Army Corps, under General Gillmore. The aim of the campaign was not the city of Richmond, but the army under Lee.

Precisely similar was the object set before General Sherman. It is tersely expressed in a letter written to him by General Grant on the 4th of April, 1864: "You I propose to move against Johnston's army to break it up, and to get into the interior of the enemy's country as far as you can, inflicting all the damage you can against his war resources."

About the first important prize to be won was the railway centre at Atlanta, Georgia.

A campaign on the Red River by the army under General Banks, planned before General Grant came into power, and now carried on against his judgment, was urged toward completion, that the troops tied up by it needlessly might be set free to join in a movement against Mobile.

Twenty-six thousand men in West Virginia were believed sufficient to prevent the valley of the Shenandoah from being used as a gateway of the North by another rebel army.

There was a great deal of discontent everywhere, expressed through the newspapers, because nobody, not even senators, cabinet officers, or governors of

States, knew what General Grant meant to do. President Lincoln did not wish to know.

The same ignorance existed beyond the army lines, and the Confederate spies could only report that the Union armies everywhere were plainly getting ready for tremendous activities.

Even to his subordinate commanders, with the exception of Sherman and Meade, the lieutenant-general communicated only the parts of the main plan put into their hands for execution. It was the most wonderful secrecy the country had heard of yet, and the opinion seemed to be growing that anything so completely covered up must fail. A full illustration may be found in the fact that when General Burnside, with the Ninth Corps, twenty-two thousand strong, was brought back from East Tennessee and ordered into camp at Annapolis, Maryland, not even its commander nor General Halleck himself knew what was to be done with it. Most men said that it was going to North Carolina by sea, and that a fleet was gathering to take it there.

General Grant's headquarters at the opening of the campaign were at Culpeper Court House, surrounded by the desolation brought upon all that part of Virginia by the operations of both armies. There were not even any trees left, for they had all been cut down to build soldiers' huts and to make camp-fires. It became at once a telegraph office, in which the wires were busy night and day. From it the affairs of all the vast command, east and west, were marvellously governed, but without unwise interference with the work of department or local

commanders. Details were almost altogether left to them, under a very rigid accountability if anything went wrong.

The Army of the Potomac, commanded very directly by General Grant through General Meade, now consisted of the splendid cavalry corps, under Major-General Sheridan ; the Second Army Corps, under Major-General Hancock ; the fifth, under Major-General Warren ; and the Sixth, under Major-General Sedgwick. The Ninth was added later.

Much of the earlier news brought by the wires to the Culpeper headquarters had a very unpleasant sound. There were minor reverses reported in North Carolina. In West Tennessee the Confederate General Forrest, after performing various other exploits, recaptured Fort Pillow and massacred most of the negro troops composing its garrison. Early in April the Red River expedition, under General Banks, became a disastrous failure.

There were many reasons why the latter defeat threatened to interfere seriously with all that part of the general's plan which related to the operations under Sherman. He was in no way responsible for the Red River expedition or its result, however, and he went ahead as nearly as possible as if it had not occurred, after making such arrangements as were necessary for the defeated army and its further uses. His steady firmness of demeanor at this time, complaining of nothing, dismayed by none of the things which made other men gloomy, brought before all who came in contact with him one of the best aspects,

so to speak, of the vast strength of character which fitted him to carry the burden of that day.

All was ready at last. On the 3d of May, 1864, General Grant telegraphed to General Halleck, at Washington: "This army moves to-morrow morning." The night which followed was spent, surrounded by his staff, explaining to them their immediate duties and freely answering their questions as to the operations immediately before the several divisions of the army. He seemed imperturbably cheerful, and under so little oppression of mind, now that the hour for action had come, that he could even turn from discussing Lee's army to talk about horses.

A few days prior to this there had been a correspondence, which of itself forms a very important chapter in the life of Grant. It consisted of a letter and a reply, as follows:

"EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, *April* 30, 1864.

"LIEUTENANT-GENERAL GRANT: Not expecting to see you again before the spring campaign opens, I wish to express, in this way, my entire satisfaction with what you have done up to this time, so far as I understand it. The particulars of your plans I neither know nor seek to know. You are vigilant and self-reliant; and, pleased with this, I wish not to obtrude any constraints or restraints upon you. While I am very anxious that any great disaster or the capture of our men in great numbers shall be avoided, I know these points are less likely to escape your attention than they would be mine. If there is anything wanting which is within my power to give, do not fail to let me know it.

"And now, with a brave army and a just cause, may God sustain you.

"Yours very truly,

"A. LINCOLN."

The letter was answered as follows:

HEADQUARTERS ARMIES OF THE UNITED STATES,
CULPEPER COURT HOUSE, VIRGINIA, *May* 1, 1864.

"THE PRESIDENT: Your very kind letter of yesterday is just received. The confidence you express for the future and satisfaction for the past in my military administration is acknowledged with pride. It shall be my earnest endeavor that you and the country shall not be disappointed. From my first entrance into the volunteer service of the country to the present day I have never had cause of complaint—have never expressed or implied a complaint against the Administration or the Secretary of War for throwing any embarrassment in the way of my vigorously prosecuting what seemed to be my duty. And since the promotion which placed me in command of all the armies, and in view of the great responsibility and the importance of success, I have been astonished at the readiness with which everything asked for has been yielded, without even an explanation being asked. Should my success be less than I desire and expect, the least I can say is, the fault is not with you.

"Very truly, your obedient servant,

"U. S. GRANT,

"Lieutenant-General."

The President, by the Constitution of the United States commander-in-chief of all the national forces, by land and sea, was in perfect accord with the GENERAL to whom he had utterly committed the last struggle for national unity.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Great Campaign Begun.—The Battles of the Wilderness. — The Grinding Process.—Sunshine and Shadow.—Genius and its Mistakes.

WHAT may be called the battle strength of the army ordered to go forward by General Grant, including all parts of the Army of the Potomac, was one hundred and nineteen thousand nine hundred and eighty-one men, with three hundred and twenty-two guns. The Army of Northern Virginia, under Lee, held its positions and intrenchments with seventy-three thousand three hundred and ninety-one men, all parts and re-enforcements being in like manner included, and with a full supply of the best artillery.

The Confederate position was admirably well chosen, along the southerly bank of the river Rapidan. Its left, protected by field-works, reached the nearest spurs of the Blue Ridge, and was regarded as almost unassailable. Its right was also protected by intrenchments and by the stream called Mine Run ; but a great additional safeguard was the broken, tangled, densely-wooded region in front of it, known as the Wilderness. It would not be easy to find a tract of country presenting greater difficulties to an army advancing under fire. The Army of Northern Virginia lay like a lion, in a lair of its

own choosing, waiting the seemingly rash approach of the hunter.

A front attack would have been an invitation of defeat, and Grant had already decided to cross the Rapidan, and to break through the barrier of the Wilderness. This was the movement which began before the gray dawn of the 4th of May. Every soldier carried fifty rounds of ammunition and rations for three days, except that the fresh beef required went with them on its own feet.

General Grant left his Culpeper headquarters at eight o'clock in the morning, crossed the Rapidan amid the cheers of his troops, and took up new quarters in an old, deserted house near the bank. By noon he was aware that Lee had discovered his movement, and he ordered Burnside to hurry up with the Ninth Army Corps. The campaign had begun, for before night Grant received telegrams from Sherman, in the West, Butler, on the James River, and Crook, in the valley of Virginia, announcing that his orders had been complied with, and that they also had gone forward.

General Lee's counter-movement was made at once, and on the 5th, at an early hour, the armies began to strike each other among the dense coverts of the Wilderness. It was a battle of musketry, at short range, all day, for artillery could not move through such a forest. The Confederates had a great advantage in knowing the ground they fought over, and could better avail themselves of its roads and pathways.

It was a bloody day, and at its close there was

but one thing decided — namely, that Grant had manœuvred Lee out of his impregnable position.

All night long, on both sides, masses of men marched hither and thither into the positions assigned them for the struggle which must follow on the 6th.

The sun was not yet risen when the roar of musketry announced that Grant's attack had been again met as stubbornly as ever. All day long the conflict raged, even more murderously than on the previous day, the combatants surging backward and forward among woods which were now on fire in many places, adding clouds of smoke to deepen the gloom of battle. Hundreds of wounded men were either suffocated or burned to death. The fortunes of the day were singularly varying. Lee's right was so shattered as to threaten him at one time with utter defeat. At a later hour the Union right was so badly broken that officers came hurrying to Grant's headquarters to tell him his flank was turned and his whole army in danger. He ordered re-enforcements and the formation of a new line inside the one from which his men had been driven, and then lay down upon his camp-bed and slept quietly until morning. His staff and other officers sat up, and discussed the tangled events of the day, wondering vaguely what might be the plans of their indomitable chief for the morrow.

When he awoke he was willing to rest for a day, and ascertain what Lee was doing, acknowledging that this had been the hardest fighting he had ever known. General Lee had done precisely the same

thing, retiring within his intrenchments. He had tried to prevent Grant's movement against his left, across the Rapidan, and he had failed.

For him, at that stage of the war, every drawn battle was a distinct defeat ; and Grant was determined that there should be as many such as possible. It had been President Lincoln's idea from the beginning, in urging successive generals to "fight again next day."

The Union losses probably did not greatly exceed those of the Confederates, but were terrible. During the three days there were 2285 killed, 8785 wounded, and 2902 missing. The latter were mostly prisoners, and half of the wounded were soon well enough to return to duty. The corresponding loss to Lee's troops bore a much more discouraging proportion to their present numbers and to all their hope of re-enforcements.

General Lee made an error, now, and it may be that General Meade made one for Grant. The latter failed to carry out instructions in some important particulars, causing various difficulties at the time and some criticism afterward. The former became persuaded that Grant was retreating, and acted accordingly. He was only saved from disaster by the remarkably good conduct of his officers and men. The consequence to both sides was another day of hard and seemingly confused fighting, without immediate results. Yet another day, the 9th, was like it, and was darkened by the fall of General Sedgwick, commanding the Sixth Army Corps. Grant said of him that his loss was equivalent to

that of a division of infantry. They had been conversing a few minutes earlier on the very spot where the sharp-shooter's bullet found its victim.

Reports came from Butler and from Sherman that each was pressing forward. There was encouragement in this, so far as it went, but almost any other general than Grant himself would have shrunk back in dismay from the terrific obstacles before him. Not so with his men, however. When, on the night after the first day's carnage, the men of Hancock's corps recognized him, as he rode along their sleeping lines, with his face toward Richmond, weary soldiers roused their slumbering comrades to cheer for the fact that there was to be no retreat. They had done the hardest fighting of the day. Other men like them, during the sanguinary combats of the next three days, wept like children when ordered to fall back from positions they had won. There were defects here and there, and the less efficient did much to neutralize the efforts and waste the costly gains of the efficient and the daring; but such is all history, in peace or war.

It was at the close of the indecisive conflict of May 10th that General Grant sent to the President the memorable dispatch: "I propose to fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer."

At that time he had already lost, in killed, wounded, and missing, over twenty thousand men —but so had General Lee.

Encouraging advices came from General Butler on the James. He was doing good work, and it was important that Lee should be so hard pressed

as to be unable to send help to the force in front of him. So the Army of the Potomac attacked again on the 11th, and fought another terrible battle. The losses on both sides, in killed and wounded, were about equal, but were frightful. At the close of the day Lee's line had been pushed back, but he had formed, and now obstinately held, a new one. He had left over three thousand prisoners and thirty pieces of artillery in the hands of the Union army, but the fruits of the victory were in part ungathered. There were good reasons why some of General Grant's subordinate commanders were not recommended for promotion. Several were, however, for their splendid conduct in those battles.

General Meade was still in command, under Grant, doing splendid service, but the lieutenant-general was everywhere the actual leader. The battle orders were written out by his own hand, and orders on the field were rarely dictated to any member of his staff. He preferred writing them himself, lest his meaning should be changed in passing through the mind of another man. The vast comprehensiveness which fitted him for the chief command was joined to the plainest and most direct simplicity.

There were those who urged the removal of General Meade, for various reasons; but General Grant replied then and afterward that he was the right man in the right place, relieving him vastly of the details of army management. He knew the officers and men of the Army of the Potomac as Grant did not, and the latter showed a deeper wisdom than

did his advisers when he understood that even the rank and file had jealousies and prides and personal feelings which must be taken into account. He was himself a new commander to them. He had come from the West, and they were an Eastern army. By the end of that campaign he had become in the eyes of all, as in heart and soul, a man of the nation and not of any section.

Now followed several days of promising successes. Before the 16th of May Sheridan, with his cavalry, had swept around in Lee's rear, defeated Stuart, the famous Confederate cavalry commander, who fell in the action, destroying miles of railroads and dashing through the outer lines of Richmond itself. He could have taken the city with another division of troops. Butler was pushing forward, and had attacked the enemy's position at Drury's Bluff, only seven miles below Richmond. There was good news from the operations in West Virginia. Sherman sent word that he had forced Johnston's army to retreat from Dalton, and was pursuing them.

It was a dark hour for the Confederate Government, and President Jefferson Davis actually made preparations for a departure from his threatened capital; but the time of the end had not come.

On the next day, the 17th, an attack made upon Lee's lines was repulsed. Word came that Butler's attack at Drury's Bluff had failed. Further accounts of the disaster to Banks in the Southwest showed how bad it was. News arrived that General Sigel had been severely defeated in West Virginia. The aspect of affairs was by no means so sunny for the

Union cause; but Grant's steady faith did not falter for a moment. A change of commanders and of plans in the Southwest was made without consulting him, and at his request another general was placed in command in West Virginia.

There was no pause in the forward movement, slowly as it had to be made. and in a hard fight, on the 19th, the division of colored troops, under General Ferrero, especially distinguished themselves, proving that they could face the veterans of Lee. It was an important fact with reference to their uses in that war, but it was much more so with reference to such emergencies as may yet arise in the future history of the Republic. General Grant so regarded it then and afterward, without reference to mere sectional feeling, of which he never had a great deal to put away.

Some idea could be obtained of the ceaseless activity of the commander's mind during these busy days of combat if the limits of one book permitted the insertion of the immense number of brief, terse, condensed orders and dispatches he sent out. They related to all things, small and great, and one of their most prominent showings is as to his constant thoughtfulness of his men, his sympathy with all their endurances, and his full appreciation of their good qualities. Another and most important feature is his manifest refusal to overestimate his own difficulties or to place too high an estimate upon the mental or bodily power of the men opposed to him.

Before beginning another week of the constant

grinding process which was wearing away Lee's army, with losses which could not be accurately ascertained, the Union army counted its own. From the 8th of May to the 21st, in killed, wounded, and missing, it had lost thirteen thousand six hundred and one men.

Re-enforcements were arriving slowly. Lee had been strengthened by twelve thousand veteran troops, but he adhered to his defensive policy, and neglected several very good opportunities to strike, unavoidably given him as the Union troops moved toward the North Anna River.

Here and beyond, on the 23d and 24th, there was more sharp fighting; but military critics began to see that the battle qualities of the two armies were not the only thing on trial. Both were beyond question, and needed no proof whatever. The real match made up was between the military genius of Lee and that of Grant. The first thing now to be easily discovered is that both made blunders, and that both repaired them wonderfully well. Both were fertile in resources, with such wide variations of personal character that they could not understand each other. Each often did the very thing the other thought he would not do, and so added another element to the confused and doubtful condition of affairs. At the same date it was neither by any fault of Grant nor by any generalship of Lee that General Beauregard had succeeded in entirely checking and neutralizing, so to speak, the entire movement of the Union army on the James River, under General Butler.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Flank Movements toward Richmond.—Confederate Endurance.—Battle of Cold Harbor.—The Petersburg Movement.—Sharp Criticisms.

GENERAL GRANT'S idea of war was not at all that it is a sort of military game of chess. He took into full account a great element which could not safely be omitted. He was ready at Fort Donelson to go forward as soon as he understood that the enemy were in a retreating state of mind. At Shiloh he felt sure of victory in the second day's battle, because of the courageous spirit of his own men. After Vicksburg he had counselled immediate activity while the enemy were still depressed by defeat. He was now studying the moral condition of the Confederate leader and his army. A letter he wrote to the Secretary of War at Washington gives his impression of it as one great element of his own assurance of safety under what then seemed perplexing circumstances. He said: "Lee's army is really whipped. The prisoners we now take show it, and the action of the army shows it, unmistakably. A battle with them outside of intrenchments cannot be had."

The newspaper press at the North was not taking at all the same view of the matter, and the nation was in a despondent state of mind over the long

delay and the terrible losses. Nevertheless, a strong feeling was growing concerning General Grant, which could have been put into this form: "We fear Lee cannot be beaten; but if this man Grant cannot do it we may as well give it up."

His attempt upon the strong positions now held by Lee was like those which had preceded it in one respect. It was made to turn the enemy's right by an unexpected and very difficult movement by his own left flank. Its object, like that made in the Wilderness, was to get Lee's army out from behind its earthworks. It was made through a very rough country, almost destitute of roads, and but imperfectly known. There were considerable streams to cross, among other obstacles, and the weather was very warm for rapid, continuous marching. There was continual peril from the enemy, if Grant's keen estimate of his demoralized state of mind had been incorrect, but it was not. Lee struck no blow, and was outflanked. His strong position was no more of any use to him, but he could still move toward Richmond on a shorter line than could his antagonist. Neither could tell exactly where they would next have a collision. There was a pretty sharp engagement, May 28th, at a place called Hawes's Shop, between the Confederate cavalry and that under Sheridan, who gained a victory at a cost of three hundred and fifty killed and wounded. Dispirited or not, the Army of Northern Virginia had lost none of its real fighting qualities under fire, and every advantage won over it had to be dearly paid for.

There was more fighting on the 30th, as the two

armies worked their way southward, one following its own right, and the other its own left. On the 31st and on the 1st of June the struggles for the positions at Cold Harbor arose to the rank of an important battle, and cost two thousand men.

With incomparable resolution, General Lee held on, through conflict after conflict. He was now face to face with the Army of the Potomac on the same field where he had fought it, in the battle of Gaines's Mill, under General McClellan, in 1862. Both his troops and those of Grant made use of the old earthworks, but their relative positions on the field were exactly reversed, owing to the different direction by which they had marched to it. Lee was in McClellan's old lines.

All through the night of the 1st of June and all the next day the Confederate commander added with consummate skill to the strength of his position. If he should so succeed that the army under Grant should be shattered against it, he had a well-grounded hope that no other Union army would ever come so near the Richmond lines. Beyond a question, he and those under him did all that human skill and valor could do. They well deserved the unstinted commendation which has been heaped upon them. If General Lee's tactics were altogether defensive, and if, at times, they appeared to be too much so, it must be borne in mind that the strength sustaining him was wearing out. He had no men to spare, and could not risk them upon the chances always assumed by what is called brilliant generalship.

The terrific battle which was fought on the 3d fully justified Lee's prudence as well as proved the skill with which he had guarded his front. The assault of the Union army along the whole line was well made and well sustained, but it failed. It began at half-past four in the morning, and by noon it was bitterly certain that the Confederate works were not to be carried that day. Grant telegraphed the result to Washington, gave orders to hold the most advanced positions attained, and began to make preparations for a renewal of the conflict. Out of a hundred thousand men under him he had that day lost seven thousand in killed, wounded, and missing. Lee, out of eighty thousand, had probably lost not much more than a third as many, his men fighting behind earthworks, from which they made no sortie. The fact remained, nevertheless, that Grant had not been driven, but had advanced a half a mile beyond the position he had occupied in the morning, and was intrenching his new lines.

The battle of Cold Harbor was a repulse of the national troops, but it was not a defeat. An effort to arrange, mutually, for the removal of the wounded men lying between the two lines was made by General Grant, but for military reasons General Lee could not at once give his assent, and it was two whole days before the surviving sufferers received help.

Grant was now in front of Richmond. He had begun the campaign with one hundred and sixteen thousand men, had lost thirty-nine thousand, and

had received forty thousand in re-enforcements. He was therefore as strong as when he began. Lee had started with between seventy and eighty thousand men, had not lost as many as had Grant, had received thirty thousand in re-enforcements, and was now probably stronger than when he began. Except for the fact that Grant's manœuvres had succeeded and Lee had been pushed steadily back, there was evident reason for the strong hope of success expressed by the Confederate commander. The completeness with which Butler's army, on the James, continued to be held in check, was an additional ground of confidence. McClellan had at last retreated, and so, after awhile, might Grant. McClellan had not been lieutenant-general —in justice to him it must be said—with a record of success behind him to obtain for him unlimited confidence and resources ; but, more than that, he had not learned so many battlefield lessons. In short, he was not Grant ; but, then, neither was the latter in 1862 the same general he was in 1864. If he had not been of sufficient natural strength of character to grow fast and retain all he learned, he would have been a failure, and Lee would now have driven him away from Richmond.

Sherman sent word from Georgia daily of the manner in which he was pushing forward and keeping Johnston's army busy, and reports from other directions read more hopefully in the eyes of the commanding general than they did in those of a weary people. He was studying another way of fighting Lee's army, for that was now so close to

Richmond that there was no possibility of getting between them. He had previously discussed all the points around Richmond with General Halleck, and had all the advantage of General McClellan's experience.

Fifteen miles in a line and thirty by the winding river below Richmond the Appomattox River empties into the James. The latter is navigable all the way to the city, but was well defended by forts, rams, and torpedoes. Vessels of moderate size can use the Appomattox for ten miles above its mouth. There, on the southern bank, is the city of Petersburg. It is a railway centre, and one line runs to Richmond from it. It was well understood to be of vital importance to the safety of the capital, and was fairly well fortified but not well garrisoned. A movement against Petersburg was therefore another manœuvre, compelling Lee to give up a too well-selected position. A march of fifty miles was involved, and there were many contingencies to be provided for; but the moment the new plan was formed all preparations were made with rapidity and secrecy. While the new idea was yet undeveloped, however, an alarm had been given. On the 9th of June General Butler sent a force of two thousand infantry and fifteen hundred cavalry toward Petersburg to destroy bridges and, if possible, to take the town. They succeeded too well, and yet not well enough. The infantry, under Gillmore, approached in one direction, and the cavalry, under General Kautz, in another. Gillmore retired, reporting the works in front of him

too strong, while Kautz and his men rode right in. The town was taken, but the infantry were not there to hold it, and the horsemen had to ride away.

Beauregard seems to have been the only Southern general who at the moment comprehended the peril; but all Richmond was in a panic. The city was overcrowded with people who had fled from their homes on account of army movements. There was almost a famine, by reason of the failure of supplies, for Sheridan had destroyed important railway connections. Now the streets were full of rumors that the dreaded Yankees were coming by way of Petersburg also. The precautions taken and more afterward called for by Beauregard prevented that, but it was evident that a sort of crisis had arrived.

Richmond and Petersburg are only twenty miles apart, in a direct line, so that Lee's transfers were easily made; but those of Grant were more difficult. He had to withdraw from before an army whose lines almost touched his own, and move to his new field of operations by a wide circuit. The movement began on the night of the 12th of June, and all its operations were magnificently well performed. The march was made, the James River was crossed, and not only the Confederate generals, but even the authorities at Washington, were yet in the dark as to what was coming next. The people of Washington were even alarmed lest they should be left somehow unguarded, and Lee sent off a whole army corps to Western Virginia. There were reasons for doing so, as was shortly made to appear. It was not until the 14th of June that even Presi-

dent Lincoln himself was able to telegraph Grant, "I begin to see it. You will succeed; God bless you all."

On the evening of the 15th the advance of Grant's army, under General Smith, actually assaulted and carried the outer lines of Petersburg, and all was at his mercy if he had but imitated his chief and gone forward. He waited to finish his work in the morning; but before daybreak Petersburg swarmed with the arriving veterans of Lee.

They were coming up fast all through the 16th, and so were the several columns of the Army of the Potomac. All through the 17th the double movement went on and the fighting, and Butler's troops sustained a reverse while on the march.

There was hard fighting again at various points of the line on the 18th, and at sunset of that day six thousand more men had been lost, killed, or wounded since noon of the 15th, and Petersburg had not been taken. Lee did not arrive in person until the 18th, and Beauregard was the real author of Grant's fresh rebuff, aided much by the blunders of two or three Union generals. General Meade was not among those with whom any fault was to be found, and the commanding general bore his keen disappointment with all the calmness that could have been expected.

Once more the politicians, the journals, and even many competent military writers overflowed with criticism; but the President had made up his mind that General Grant was on the right path. He came in person to visit him and the army and to

express his unshaken confidence. One great certainty was now becoming very plain, and was embodied in a dispatch to General Halleck, dated June 23d: "The siege of Richmond bids fair to be tedious."

More men would be needed and more heavy artillery and more patience; but at the same time, in view of the known narrowness of Lee's means for letting in supplies, Grant telegraphed Sherman: "I think Lee would only be weakened by re-enforcements. They might eat him up."

CHAPTER XXV.

The Siege of Petersburg.—The Mine.—A Weary Nation.—The Political Peril.—Sheridan's Victory in the Valley.—A New Star Rising Fast.

THE city of Washington was menaced early in July, 1864, by the audacious advance of a Confederate force, under General Early, to within striking distance of the outer lines. There was a momentary panic at the capital and in Baltimore, and wild rumors flashed from press to press all over the North. Even the steady mind of the President was led to exaggerate the peril, and General Halleck wavered as to what course it was best to pursue. Not so with the lieutenant-general. He did all that was needful in that direction, but found there nothing which induced him to loosen for one day his tightening grasp of the army under General Lee. Many dispatches which came and went, as troops were rapidly concentrated, may be summed up in one dispatch to General Halleck, giving the command to General Wright: " He should get outside of the trenches with all the force he possibly can, and should push Early to the last moment, supplying himself from the country."

There was a pursuit, not any too vigorous, and there was some skirmishing, and Early fell back out of harm's way; and all the while there was a con-

tinual confusion of orders and of authority. It seemed to the War Office as if this was a little campaign of its own, and the generalship displayed was not that of Ulysses S. Grant.

The whole month of July was full of harassing anxieties of every name and nature, but it recorded one important step forward. Hood had succeeded Johnston in the South, and on the 22d he attacked Sherman, near Atlanta. Beaten that day, and again on the 22d, he renewed his attack with greater vigor on the 28th, and was thoroughly defeated. He still held Atlanta, but had been severely crippled. It was in the battle of the 22d that Grant lost his brilliant and trusted friend, General McPherson, once of his own staff, who had chatted with him on horseback, in the storm, that gloomy night before the battle of Shiloh. He was becoming well accustomed now to hear of men whom he had known and esteemed and sent to their posts of duty that he should see their faces again no more.

There were those among the generals around him whom he understood and appreciated better than they did each other—that is, jealousies and rivalries and discords arose, and also in the West, and the country was compelled to lose the services of several very capable men ; but the letters written by General Grant about them bear very careful reading. There is almost no disparagement, and there is a great deal of careful praise, even when criticism was necessary.

Among the operations of the siege of Richmond during the month had been the running of a mine

under a strong outwork of the defences. Eight tons of gunpowder were put into it when finished, and preparations were made for an assault to follow the explosion. This took place at daylight on the morning of July 30th, and the fort was blown into the air. The assault followed, but was so miserably confused by blunders of various kinds that the Confederates had ample time to rally and repulse it. The result was a discreditable defeat, with a loss of four thousand and four hundred wasted men, and all the country laid the blame on Grant. He was described as a man who set no value whatever upon human life. Men wrote and said that re-enforcements sent to him were only going to be butchered. The army knew better, and placed blame where it belonged pretty fairly, having much to distribute. It was again necessary, however, to deal quietly but rigidly with one or more officers of high rank and good ability, whose share was too large for their further usefulness.

In the very hour of that disappointment Grant was busy with a plan for "striking again," but so were Lee and his generals. On the day of the mine explosion, the 30th of July, General Early was again on the border, after minor successes over Union detachments. One of his own was at Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, a town of three thousand inhabitants. There was not a soldier there to prevent General McCausland, who led the force sent, from burning the peaceful village to the ground; and he did so, as a reprisal, he said, for acts of the Northern invaders. It was very bad policy, politi-

cally, as his wiser superiors probably told him, and his command was shattered by Averill's cavalry, only a week later.

All this needs mention at all only as illustrating a long series of haps and mishaps which forced General Grant to take the affairs of West Virginia and the defence of Washington more directly into his own control. He did so; and early in August General Philip Sheridan was on his way to the Shenandoah Valley, with orders to "put himself south of the enemy, and follow him to the death." Long worrying had roused the steady temper of the commanding general, and he had sent a man who could put it into the shape of practical results.

The President sent a personal reply to the dispatch concerning Sheridan, closing with words which were a stinging criticism upon the present local management. Approving of Grant's determination, he said, "I repeat to you, it will neither be done nor attempted unless you watch it every day and force it."

That brought the lieutenant-general to Washington by the next train. General Hunter was in command of the troops encamped around the capital, and of him his commander bluntly asked, "Where is the enemy?"

It was an exasperating thing for a really very good general to be compelled to answer that he did not know, and to hear in return, "I will find out where the enemy is."

That very night the entire army around Washington was on the march for West Virginia. Its com-

mand in the field was to be really in the hands of Sheridan, though nominally under Hunter, and the latter's pride was touched. He asked to be relieved, and Grant assented, but in a way to spare as much as possible the feelings of the brave, patriotic old man. His own nature is much better understood when we find him writing to the War Department, "I am sorry to see such a disposition to condemn so brave an old soldier as General Hunter is known to be without a hearing."

General Grant had long been watching the magnificent evidences Sheridan had given of uncommon ability as a leader. On field after field he had exhibited marvellous capacity to arouse, direct, and control the utmost capacities of the soldiers under him. He was one of those commanders for whom men would do more than they knew how to do for another. He was now only thirty-three years of age, and full of all the fire and vigor of robust young manhood. His selection, like that of Sherman and others, was a testimony to the same knowledge of men which had caused the attack on Donelson to be made as it was. The attempt would have been differently made, he said, if Buckner had been in command instead of Floyd and Pillow.

Lee was sending re-enforcements to Early, as Grant was to Sheridan, and if Richmond should be more closely pressed the process on that side might be retarded or prevented. This was done accordingly, and the intended march of Longstreet's division of the Confederate army was countermanded.

Every effort was made at the same time to re-en-

force Sherman and other commanders; but recruits came in slowly, and the North was full of rumors of an intended organized resistance of the draft for men which was about to take place.

The whole aspect of national affairs was growing very dark, not so much because of the Confederate armies as of the extreme weariness of the people. The long burden of anxiety and the cost in money and in human life was becoming more than the hearts of men could bear. So threatening were the murmurs, that General Halleck himself lost courage, and wrote to General Grant: "Are not the appearances such that we ought to take in sail and prepare the ship for a storm?"

When Grant received that letter he wrote at once to the Secretary of War, suggesting that Halleck should be transferred to the command of the Pacific coast. It was not a time for shaking nerves in the centre of actual war. The suggestion was not acted upon, and Halleck remained.

Fighting continued around Richmond, but Lee was able to send re-enforcements to Early. The news that they were arriving reached Sheridan just in time to save him from attacking an army made too strong for him. He was compelled to assume the defensive, and to ask Grant what to do next. He received further instructions, and at the same time was recommended for promotion, as were Sherman and Hancock.

The first part of August passed in a continual pressure of the Richmond siege. One operation followed another rapidly, but the nation could see

little of the advance actually gained, and murmured accordingly. The accounts printed in the Confederate newspapers and reprinted in the North and in Europe differed very much from General Lee's confidential reports to his own government. Among his other distresses was a terrible shortness of provisions, caused by the cutting of his lines of communication. He was better able to judge of the soundness of Grant's operations than were other men. It is impossible not to admire both his courageous devotion and the stern determination of the men who sustained him under so great a pressure.

While all this was going on Sherman had forced General Hood to fight him once more outside of his intrenchments, and had defeated him, and now occupied Atlanta, the prize of so long a contest. The management of that part of the great campaign makes one of the most striking pictures of the history of the Civil War; but Grant's part in it consisted mainly of the support and counsel he daily sent to Sherman. When, on the 4th of September, he heard of the fall of Atlanta, he ordered every battery bearing upon the works in front of Richmond to "fire with shotted guns" a salute in honor of the victory.

The nation understood that something had been gained, but not how much; and it looked as if the November elections would surely declare a vote of condemnation of Mr. Lincoln's administration. That would have been a vote of censure, also, of General Grant's management of the army. So low was confidence in the result drooping that one hun-

dred dollars in gold would buy two hundred and ninety dollars of United States legal-tender greenbacks. The political elements that declared the war a failure had nominated General George B. McClellan against Mr. Lincoln, and if there had been no change before election-day they would have surely elected him.

Sheridan's orders had been to desolate the valley of Virginia, that it might furnish Early no supplies, and he had partly done so. Almost as much had been done by the Confederate forces in sustaining themselves during the rapid manœuvres which lasted through the month of August and into September.

Sheridan had under him about thirty thousand men, of whom eight thousand were cavalry, and Early's force in front of him was sufficiently stronger to compel even so daring a leader to exercise caution. There were several minor collisions, but on the 19th of September the main armies came together in the famous battle of Winchester, in which, as Sheridan reported, Early was "sent whirling up the valley." The battle lasted, with varying fortunes before the final rout, from early morning until late in the afternoon. Early reported his losses at 4500 men, of whom 2500 were prisoners; but this did not include all the disaster. Sheridan himself lost 4500 men—500 killed, 3500 wounded, and 500 missing. Three days later the retreating Confederates were struck again at Fisher's Hill, and lost 16 more guns, 1100 more prisoners, and many killed and wounded. They were utterly unable to make another stand.

When General Sheridan's telegraphic dispatch announcing the victory at Winchester reached the Secretary of War, Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, he was sitting in an inner room of the War Office at Washington, conversing with the author of this book. He read it, and handed it to him, exclaiming, in tones of strong exultation and excitement, "Read that! Read that! It is the turning-point of the war! Glory to God!" He then sprang from his seat, and rushed out to shout the news to a crowd of army officers and distinguished political men who thronged the outer offices and halls. It went then through the nation like an electric shock, and no other victory of the war did so much and so suddenly to change the current of popular feeling. Men began once more to believe in the plans of General Grant.

Another "shotted salute" was fired from the batteries in front of Richmond, and word was sent to Sherman to "push!"

That order comprised the carrying out of Sherman's improved substitute for Grant's original plan for a "march through Georgia," discussed between them on the railway train for Cincinnati, just after Grant became lieutenant-general. Through the rest of September and on into October the country rang with thrilling dispatches of the swiftly succeeding exploits which set Sherman's army free to perform its greatest service.

The army in Tennessee, under General Thomas, was re-enforced as well as might be, for Grant believed that Hood, as soon as Sherman should shake

him off, would make the very northward movement he afterward did make, to his utter ruin.

While the responsibility was Grant's, and he took it, the performance had to be left entirely to Sherman, and a tremendous measure of duty was left at the same time upon the ample shoulders of General Thomas.

As that part of the campaign went on, so did the siege of Richmond, and on September 29th Fort Harrison, the most important of the city's defences, south of the James, was stormed and taken, with a long line of works belonging to it. Grant was quickly at the scene of the combat before it was over, and was in the act of writing an order for other movements, seated on the ground, when a shell came from an enemy's battery and burst over his head. All the other men in that vicinity dropped, with a soldier's instinct, to escape the scattering iron, but the general's hand never quivered from the lines it was tracing.

There was a hard-fought battle on the next day, and there were other lines beyond that broken at Fort Harrison. There was a long wrestle for their mastery yet to come, but the nation was listening eagerly, now, for every message of success; and a fort actually taken and held meant a great deal.

It was so understood in Richmond, where every able-bodied man was impressed to man the lines and the newspapers suspended publication because their type-setters were all in the ranks. Lee himself said, "We may be able to keep the enemy in

check till the beginning of winter. If we fail to do this, the result may be calamitous."

On the 9th of October another brilliant victory over Early in the valley was reported by Sheridan, and there was now no more reason to fear that the fall elections would declare that the people believed the war a failure. They could all see that Grant's grip upon the Confederacy was tightening.

Every effort was made to re-enforce Early, and an intercepted dispatch to him from General Longstreet told what it was for. It read: "Be ready to move as soon as my forces join you, and we will crush Sheridan."

That general had not returned to his army from another duty before the attempt to crush was made, on the night of the 18th of October. It was well planned, well conducted, and at first it succeeded. General Wright, in command of the national forces, was expecting no attack, nor was anybody else. It was a surprise, and the left wing of his army was completely shattered, with a loss of nineteen cannon and a thousand prisoners, besides the killed and wounded. Sheridan had slept at Winchester that night, twenty miles away, and at nine o'clock rode from it to rejoin his army. There had been firing heard earlier, but it had not seemed of an alarming nature. Now, however, as he rode onward, the increasing thunder of guns called upon him to ride faster and faster until he found himself among his routed men. All the leader in him took fire to meet the emergency, and he rode through them as Grant had done through McClernand's men at Don-

elson. Swinging his hat as he went, he shouted, "Face the other way, boys! We are going back! Face the other way!" and the brave fellows formed ranks and followed him.

Onward, onward, from throng to throng of bewildered fugitives, dashed the magnetic presence of their high-hearted commander; and everywhere the ready cheers answered him as the boys fell into line and turned to face the enemy. The rest of that day's fighting is an old story now, and at the end of it the broken fragments of Early's army were in full retreat, leaving behind them 24 pieces of artillery, besides the guns they had at first taken, with 1600 prisoners and 1860 killed and wounded. It was the end of the campaign, so far as the Shenandoah Valley was concerned.

In battle after battle, as General Grant declared, Sheridan had now shown himself one of the ablest of generals, fully justifying the penetration which had from the first read him so well.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Re-election of Lincoln.—Life in Camp.—Welcome Winter Visitors.—Assuming Great Risks.—A Trip to New York.—The Battles of Franklin and Nashville.—Fort Fisher.—The March to the Sea.—Civil and Military Powers.—Five Forks.—Lee's Surrender.

THE headquarters of General Grant were at City Point, on the James. Through all the warm weather of summer and autumn in the mild Virginia climate a tent answered all purposes. When it became evident that the siege would last into and possibly through the winter, a substantial log-cabin was built for the simple needs of soldier housekeeping. An iron camp bedstead and washstand in the little inner room of that cabin, and in the outer a pine table and some wooden chairs, furnished sufficiently the war palace of the lieutenant-general.

It was a place of hard work, with a busy telegraph office near at hand, from and to which a stream of important errands came and went.

Before the November elections arrived all men knew what their result would be. Abraham Lincoln was triumphantly re-elected, and all danger of a political revolution was put away. If McClellan had been elected, it is not likely that so good a general would have entirely failed to appreciate the

qualities of Grant as a commander in the field, but an altogether new party would have been in power, and nobody can now more than guess at the mischief it might have accomplished. New parties began to form soon after the war, and the organization which voted for McClellan passed away. The only organization Grant took much thought about, after election-day, carried arms behind the well-defended lines of the Confederate army. As he once said to a captured officer of that army, in conversation, he felt as sure of taking Richmond as he did of dying.

The coming of winter was as a re-enforcement to General Lee. All the impassable roads, the swollen streams, the storms, were so many inestimable additions to his security. He and his could lie still behind all ; and yet the strength of the Confederacy was steadily ebbing away, while that of the United States was greater than when the war began, for all purposes of war or peace.

The cabin of General Grant received other visitors that winter than consulting generals or bearers of dispatches. The President himself came to escape, in camp, for a few weeks, the army of annoyances which besieged him in the White House at Washington. He was very welcome, for there was a perfect mutual understanding between those two strong men. Each loved his country well, and each thoroughly believed in the ability and patriotism of the other. Nevertheless, there were visitors more welcome than the President.

Before his marriage with the young lady to visit

whom he had run the risk of drowning in the swollen creek, Grant had waited patiently through the years of the Mexican War. Afterward she had been his companion during the long monotony of his garrison life, as an officer of the regular army, until his orders taking him to the Pacific coast separated them.

Tenderly attached always to her and to the children, that tie had been so strong that at last it had drawn him out of the army to undertake the hard struggle with adverse circumstances, which carried him into farming and the real-estate agency and the leather business at Galena. His wife's patriotism had proved itself as ardent as his own, and it was by her wish that Frederick was with his father so much in camp and on the battlefield. She bore this later separation all the better, however, by breaking it at as many points as possible. She had visited him at his quarters at Memphis, Vicksburg, Chattanooga, Nashville, and now she came again, and brought the children with her. Something of the warmth and light of home entered the rude log hut with them, and the soldiers themselves drew humanly nearer their silent and stern commander. They and all the nation understood him better than at the first.

He was setting them and their several division commanders a good example in all things, if smoking be excepted, for no wine or spirits came upon his dinner-table. There were too many others which were not so well ordered, and strong drink is a poor preparation for perilous duty, for battle, or for sudden death.

The love of wife and children was a matter of course, but members of Grant's military household also became personally attached to him, as he to them. Unflinchingly hard as he might be in all matters of military necessity, he was almost watchfully considerate, never thoughtless, of the feelings and rights of others. He was slow to condemn or even to criticise severely, and it was not easy to get him angry. General Badeau, of his own staff, relates that only twice during all the war did he see him lose his temper. Once was when a wrong had been done to one of his friends. The other was when he saw a teamster abusing a horse. He shook his fist energetically at that teamster, and threatened to put him under arrest for cruelty.

The class of men who could not and to this day do not understand the breadth and strength of Grant's character fail because of its breadth and strength. They found in him, as in Lincoln, great outlines which they could not fill up, and so they said there was no great man there, even while the one was carrying the civil and the other the military load of that untellable trial. Both men were too simple and too large for small or cunning men to understand, and neither of them ever fitted very well into small corners. There was nothing very pretty about the President or the general, but they were just the men for the work required of them, as Washington had been, in the hour when small men measured him in like manner, and declared him a failure.

The very breadth of the outlines of the winter

campaign, with the tremendous risks assumed, were too much for the nerves or the understanding of even many brave and able men. Early in November Grant took upon himself the entire responsibility of ordering Sherman to push right on into the heart of the Confederacy, regardless of the fact that Hood was marching northward. Troops were fast gathering, under General Thomas, to meet Hood; but if the army so gathered should be defeated, the Mississippi Valley would be once more in the hands of the Confederacy, with nothing to prevent Hood from advancing into Ohio or Illinois.

That was one risk; and the other, the possible destruction of Sherman's army, carried with it the sure dissolution of the Union and the independence of the Confederacy. With Sherman broken and Thomas defeated, Grant would have been compelled to fall back at once to the lines defending the city of Washington.

Precisely that view of the matter was laid before President Lincoln with great force by some of the best generals in the army, including one officer of Grant's own staff; and here again it was well that there was no lack of confidence between the lieutenant-general and the constitutional commander-in-chief.

The vast responsibility taken by Grant was at once assumed by Lincoln, and the risk was run. The letters and dispatches coming and going during the gloomy weeks before the 9th of November show, however, that there was a deep consciousness upon both and all that some things could be better

done after election than before. Grant felt sure of the result; and when it was announced, on the 10th of November, he telegraphed the Secretary of War: "Congratulate the President for me for the double victory. The election having passed off quietly, no bloodshed or riot throughout the land, is a victory worth more to the country than a battle won."

Sherman could move now, and the next day, the 11th, his last dispatch was sent, the wires and the rails were severed behind him, and he and his splendid army marched on into the uncertainty which closed behind them like a thick mist or a falling curtain. The whole nation seemed to hold its breath and listen for the next word from the column of men which had disappeared.

What might well be called the central position was now held by General George H. Thomas, a splendid man and soldier, to whom General Grant could and did justly say, "I have as much confidence in your conducting a battle rightly as I have in any other officer."

That was strong language, when it is considered that Meade and Sherman and Hancock were among the throng of brilliant men with whom that comparison was made.

The Confederate authorities were re-enforcing General Hood with all the men they could send him, as he pushed on toward the northwest. It must be said, now all is known, that if he had more promptly used the forces given him the result might have been very different. As it was, he moved so slowly, and all things everywhere wore such an appearance of

waiting for something to come, that General Grant paid a flying visit to his children, now in a school at Burlington, New Jersey, on the 19th of November, still sending army dispatches as he came and went. He saw his children, but there was an especial value in the few hours he spent in the city of New York.

Openly, frankly, unreservedly, he told the crowds who came to see him what was the real meaning of the winter campaign. Sheridan, in the valley of Virginia, needed but to keep Early watching him. Thomas, in Tennessee, needed only to hold Hood at bay. Meade and Butler, on the James, had no need to press Lee, only to keep him at his lines. The Union arm to strike with was directed by Sherman, and with it would soon be cut off the supplies and communications of Lee's army. He told them that the Confederacy was no longer a solid body, as formerly it had been, but a hollow shell, now being thus broken, the shattered fragments of which could never again take form.

He spent two days in New York, and the 23d with President Lincoln and Secretary Stanton in Washington. Of the latter, one of the strongest, noblest men of that heroic time, but bitterly misunderstood and hated, both at the North and South, General Grant was a firm friend and supporter. The friendship and the support were returned enthusiastically by the somewhat stormy-tempered secretary.

It is not often that the story of any man's life presents a better opportunity for contrasting vividly periods not far apart in point of time than is given

by Colonel Grant, commanding the Twenty-First Illinois Volunteers, shivering with self-distrust at Quincy, Illinois, in 1861, before the prospect of an actual encounter with the enemy, and Lieutenant-General Grant, in 1864, directing the daily movements of half a million men, and utterly confident of his own ability to do so and to out-manœuvre, out-fight, and capture the best generals and armies of the Confederacy. It had been an unconscious growth; but the man who had grown was perfectly aware of the stature and strength he had attained.

Grant was back at City Point next day, and all things moved steadily on toward the now inevitable closing up.

Minor events have no place in this narrative, but on the 30th of November General Hood made a desperate attempt to strike the main body of the Union army, under General Thomas. It lay behind intrenched lines at Franklin, twenty-five miles from Nashville, Tennessee, under the immediate command of General Schofield, and consisted of 22,000 infantry and 2300 cavalry. Hood's attacking force was 30,000 infantry and 7000 cavalry, but was utterly defeated, with a loss of 6252 men, killed, wounded, and prisoners. That part of the possible peril to Grant's whole plan was at least temporarily averted, although Hood still lay threateningly in front of the army of Thomas, which had fallen back toward Nashville.

All the news from Sherman came now by way of the Confederate newspapers; but, according to them, he was doing great things, and sending con-

sternation throughout the Confederacy. Never before had such frightened, panicky editorials been printed.

An expedition by sea, for the capture of Wilmington, North Carolina, in which Grant had no very great confidence, prepared through November and moved in December; but the main interest of the general, beyond his hope of hearing from Sherman on the coast, centred at Nashville. Here it looked as if Hood were gathering the last strength of the Confederacy in the West, and that there was danger ahead. The whole country was getting uneasy, as well it might. Grant was so deeply dissatisfied with the long delay of Thomas in attacking Hood that he proposed to replace him by General Logan, and was himself on the point of setting out for Nashville to fight a battle with Hood. At Washington, on his way, on the 15th of December, he was met by the news of the first day of the battle of Nashville, and that Thomas was driving the Confederate army before him. All the next day the dispatches grew brighter until the close and the complete victory; and those of the 17th had only a pursuit to describe. All danger from Hood's movement had melted away, and so had his army. Thomas, in all the fighting, had lost over ten thousand men, killed, wounded, and missing. Nobody knew just what were Hood's losses, but he had left behind him 70 pieces of very good artillery, 13,189 prisoners, and all the country beyond the Tennessee River.

General Sherman left the ruins of Atlanta behind him on the 12th of November. One month later

his advance approached Savannah. On the 13th of December Fort McAllister, a strong work on the Ogeechee River, built for the defence of that city, was taken by storm. While the fight was progressing Sherman was looking seaward for signs of the blockading squadron, and the smoke of a steamer drew nearer. She came on until signals could be exchanged, and before midnight Sherman was in her cabin writing dispatches to General Grant. He had reached the coast, with his army in splendid spirits and condition, having lost, in all the skirmishing along the road, only 103 killed, 428 wounded, and 278 missing.

The arrival of Sherman at Savannah was a twin victory to the battle of Nashville. The remaining military strength of the Confederacy consisted now mainly of the Army of Northern Virginia, under General Lee.

All over the country people were praising Thomas and Sherman as the heroes of the hour, seeming to forget that another man, named Grant, had had anything to do with their success; but neither of them forgot it. Neither did he leave anything unsaid or undone to express his high appreciation of their magnificent services.

Savannah was not prepared to withstand a siege, and General Hardee, in command, marched away on December 20th, with his garrison of ten thousand men, rather than remain to be starved out and captured.

The operations first planned by land and sea on the North Carolina coast resulted in a way that

fully justified Grant's criticisms of them ; but on the 16th of January the magnificently accomplished storming of Fort Fisher took place. The next morning two British blockade-runners ran ignorantly in, and delivered a pair of very fast steamers and their cargoes to the Union instead of to the Confederacy. The last channel by which Lee could receive arms or ammunition from Europe was shut up.

Of Fort Fisher and its garrison it is worth while to say that a better defence was never made. The very men who took the fort were proud of the brave fellows who fought them so desperately for every foot of it, through nine terrible hours after the bombardment ceased and the stormers came up the slope.

Three hundred and ninety-seven blockade-runners, bringing in sixty-six million dollars of supplies, and taking out nearly an equal value in cotton, had passed under the guns of Fort Fisher during the year before it was taken, and General Lee was now more than ever in need of such cargoes as would never come again.

After other operations and more sharp fighting, Wilmington itself was occupied on the 22d of February, 1865 ; and during the same weeks Sherman was pushing northward through South Carolina. It was manifest that the end of all was drawing near.

The last of Early's command in the valley disappeared before Sheridan, at the battle of Waynesboro', March 2d.

Even the Confederate Government began to waver; and on the very day of Early's defeat General Lee

sent a very remarkable letter to General Grant. He was himself very nearly all that was left of the Confederacy, and this letter read as if he regarded Grant as holding a somewhat similar relation to the United States, its President, and its Congress. He proposed a personal meeting between himself and General Grant, he being fully authorized, for the purpose of an interchange of views, with reference to "a satisfactory adjustment of the present unhappy difficulties by means of a military convention."

General Lee's purposes were of the very best, and so were those of General Grant, who at once sent the letter to the Secretary of War for instructions. It had grown out of a conversation between Generals Ord and Longstreet, while arranging an exchange of prisoners. It was at once submitted to the President; and his reply, written with his own hand, came back in the shape of a dispatch from the Secretary of War, as follows: "The President directs me to say that he wishes you to have no conference with General Lee, unless it be for the capitulation of General Lee's army or some minor or purely military matter. He instructs me to say that you are not to decide, discuss, or confer upon any political questions. Such questions the President holds in his own hands, and will submit them to no military conferences or conventions. Meanwhile you are to press to the utmost your military advantages."

The dividing line between the civil and military authority never had a better opportunity for a clear definition, and one was given. The substance of it was embodied in Grant's reply to Lee; and his reply

to Secretary Stanton ended with : "It was because I had no right to meet General Lee on the subject proposed by him that I referred the matter for instructions."

The siege went on with greater vigor than ever, but the lieutenant-general had then no prophet to tell him how soon a very different President of the United States would force upon him a yet broader view of his duty as a citizen and a soldier.

Sherman closed up rapidly from the south. He had several sharp battles to fight, as he pushed forward, but his work was so far finished that on the 25th of March he could leave his army in charge of General Schofield and come to City Point to attend a rarely important council of war. President Lincoln had arrived three days earlier.

The formal meeting, on the 28th, also included Generals Meade, Sheridan, and Ord, but it was, after all, less a council than a joint hearing of the final plans of the lieutenant-general.

Sherman's army was to begin its movement toward Lee's rear and to cut off his retreat by the 10th of April, and until then the Army of the Potomac was to press operations to prevent an escape. It was well understood, however, that the Richmond lines were held by seventy thousand effective men, well led. They also were meditating activities, and on the 25th of March they made a bloody and fruitless assault upon the right of the Union line. It was the capture and re-capture of Fort Steadman, and to this day no good reason for such a movement has been given.

The advance of the Army of the Potomac, at all points, was ordered for the 29th of March, and was made as ordered. General Grant said, in one of his dispatches to Sheridan, "I feel now like ending the matter."

By the 1st of April the decisive victory of Five Forks had been won, with many minor matters; but the people of Richmond were kept entirely in ignorance of the fact that the Army of Northern Virginia was crumbling away. It melted fast in the continuous fighting of April 2d, and Grant had spirit-stirring messages to receive at his headquarters and forward to the President at an early hour. Before nine o'clock of that forenoon, however, the news was too stirring for even his steadiness. He mounted his horse to gallop among ranks of shouting volunteers and see the winnings with his own eyes. It was not easy for his staff to get him out of positions under fire and imprudently exposed. They were alarmed, but not he.

There is something mournful, yet challenging admiration, in the conduct of General Lee that same morning. Dressing himself in full uniform and wearing his finest sword, he remarked that if forced to surrender he would fall in harness. Later in the day, when informed that the Union troops were coming over the works, he said, calmly, "It has happened as I thought; the lines have been stretched until they broke." Not those lines of earthworks only, but all the sinews and strength of the once powerful Confederacy.

The forward movement did not cease with sunset.

All night long the terrible work went on, while General Lee made his preparations for the evacuation of Richmond. He notified the civil government of the necessity of so doing the following morning. His telegram reached President Davis in church, and broke up the services of that congregation. It was a sad time for all; and General Lee's last duty was the burial of his old friend and corps-commander, General A. P. Hill.

The last Confederate detachments left their remaining lines before three A.M. of April 3d, and the moment their departure was discovered the Union troops marched in, to find the deserted city at the mercy of all the evil it contained. Not a corporal's guard had been left to protect the helpless citizens. General Lee had his heart and hands full in caring for the remnant of his army, and the civil government vanished.

Blame rested somewhere, as the indignant citizens declared. In the words of a Southern writer, quoted by General Badeau in his "Military History":

"And thus, amid acres of burning stores, and dwellings, and manufactories, and mills, and arsenals, and bridges, and vessels, even; amid crowds of pillagers and fugitives, of slaves and soldiers, black and white; amid the crash of falling houses and exploding shells, under curtains of smoke that half obscured the blaze of the conflagration; amid rapine and riot and viler crimes—the city of Richmond fell."

Not the city or its fortified lines had been, in Grant's perception, the real prize of that campaign.

They were of military value with Lee and his army in them, but not otherwise.

The pursuit was pushed without an hour's intermission, with constant captures of prisoners and material and repeated collisions with the indomitable supporters of a cause already forever lost.

One of the most mournful features of the entire war is the slaughter on both sides, needlessly, of so many heroic men in the superfluous fighting of those terrible days of the end.

General Grant felt this deeply, every hour. So, doubtless, did General Lee. By the 7th of April the latter was entirely prepared to consider the following letter, which came to him late in the evening :

"FARMVILLE, *April* 7, 1865.

"GENERAL : The results of the last week must convince you of the hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia in this struggle. I feel that it is so, and regard it as my duty to shift from myself the responsibility of any further effusion of blood, by asking of you the surrender of that portion of the Confederate States' army known as the Army of Northern Virginia.

U. S. GRANT,
"Lieut.-Gen."

It was hard for General Lee to bring himself to an acknowledgment that all was over. He sent a note, received by General Grant next day, in which he refused to admit the facts of the situation, but asked what terms would be offered. The response was liberal and kindly, suggesting a conference, personal or between delegated officers ; but General Lee

was not ready yet. All that day and the next the Union troops toiled on, enveloping their lion-hearted prize more surely. Other notes were exchanged, and General Grant was once more compelled to declare his lack of authority to discuss the subject of a general peace. All he wanted was the surrender of that army. One more despairing, futile effort did it make to break through the lines of steel which hemmed it in. Then it was the army itself which broke and would fight no more, and General Lee sent a white flag, with a request for a cessation of hostilities.

This was at once assented to, and arrangements were made, as speedily as might be, for a personal conference between the two commanding generals. It took place in a dwelling at Appomattox, belonging to a family named McLean.

The generals met at the door, and passed through the hall into an almost unfurnished parlor. General Lee was accompanied by an officer of his staff, and General Grant by his own staff. These were quickly followed by nearly a score of distinguished generals of the Union army. It was well that an occasion of such vast importance should have due honor. General Lee and his aide were in new and brilliant uniforms, and the great Confederate leader was the personification of dignity, unshaken by disaster.

In the rush and haste of recent duties, General Grant, like the generals who followed him, had been forced to neglect matters of dress. The uniform he wore bore marks of the campaign, and he was without a sword. There was, however, no lack

of genuine dignity in his manner, and there was no fault to be found with the substance of his response to General Lee's inquiry concerning the proposed terms of the surrender.

The conversation began with mutual reminiscences of the Mexican campaigns, and drifted into a brief exchange of views on the present situation. Those expressed by General Grant were at once accepted by General Lee as being all that he could ask, and were reduced by the former to writing.

All forms of expression being taken away, the terms were these: "The Army of Northern Virginia is to cease to be an army, and give up its fighting material. The officers and men are to go home, and stay there. Officers are to retain their side-arms. Men of the cavalry and artillery own their horses, and are to take them home with them. They will need them for the spring ploughing."

It was no hour for other than a coldly formal interchange of courtesies, but General Lee did not forget his half-starved men. His mention of their needs was answered by the very practical question, "How many rations would be required to feed them?"

Such was the confusion of that day of breaking in pieces that an accurate statement could not be given. Twenty-five thousand rations were issued at once, and fell short by two thousand of the actual number of very hungry Confederate soldiers.

Grant again shook hands with Lee, and the latter was followed to the door by all present, every Union

general respectfully saluting the Confederate leader as he mounted and rode away.

The war was over, for all that now remained to be done was in the nature of clearing away and setting in order. The Confederacy ceased to be when Lee surrendered.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Closing Scenes of the Surrender of Lee's Army.—Sherman and Johnston.—Death of Lincoln.—The New President.—The Balance-Wheel.—Trouble.

THE comprehensive plan of the last campaign of the Civil War was perfect in its details as well as in its grand outlines. As soon as its main features were attained all the minor parts came also. Each backbone was found to bring with it the ribs properly belonging to it.

There was some fighting at various points, notably in the capture of Mobile, after the surrender of Lee, mainly because of defective information as to that fact.

The last Confederate army was surrendered by General Kirby Smith, west of the Mississippi, on the 26th of May, but long before that date there had been changes so vast that most men had forgotten whether or not such a Confederate force existed.

The most important surrender, after that of the Army of Northern Virginia, was that of the army under General Johnston to General Sherman. It was important for other reasons than those which belonged to its number or fighting capacity. In adjusting the terms of the surrender, General Sherman fell into what was at once denounced as a grave error. He did the very thing against which

Lincoln had cautioned Grant. He exceeded the powers of a military commander, and intruded upon questions which belonged to the President and Congress.

There was at once an intense excitement at the North, and all the great services of Sherman did not prevent sharp censure of him in official quarters. So strong was the disposition to condemn him, so keen was the jealousy felt by the civil power of the overshadowing military power, so deep a feeling of vengeful resentment against the South still burned in the hearts of many men—all brought out at once by Sherman's action, that General Grant was compelled to assume at the outset a new character and position.

It was one in which he was soon to render inestimable service to the country. The shattered and jarring political machinery needed a steady and heavy "balance-wheel." In such a time of excited councils it was well that somebody in a place of known and felt power should be both strong and calm. The Southern people needed a friend whom they could trust and who also had the confidence of the North. Somebody was absolutely needed, more and more from day to day, who should be a sort of "tribune of all the people," clothed with authority.

Grant had now grown into that precise man.

His relations with the Southern people began at once after Lee's surrender. He forbade the firing of salutes by his men, or any other demonstrations of triumph which would make defeat more bitter to the defeated; and the brave fellows caught the right

spirit instantly. Their conduct was all that could be desired during the closing formalities of the disarming of the Confederate troops.

"Everything relating to the disbanding of the Union armies," said Grant, "must be done with speed; for they cost the country four million dollars a day, besides the loss of all the work the men might be doing at home."

On the 10th of April, sitting on horseback, on a knoll in full view of both armies, Grant and Lee conversed for more than an hour.

They found that their views of the situation and of things to come agreed remarkably, and Grant urged upon Lee to use his vast influence for a speedy restoration of order. General Lee's subsequent course, as a private citizen, proved the sincerity of all he said that day.

While that talk was going on General Sheridan took with him General Ingalls and General Williams, and went in among the Confederate officers to hunt for old acquaintances of the regular army days.

At the end of the talk they had gathered all the leading Confederate officers at the knoll to pay their respects to General Grant; and he received them in a manner which was told all over the South. He knew many of them personally. They had served with him in Mexico or in garrison life, East and West, and among them was General Wilcox, who had been his groomsman, and General Longstreet, who had been present at his wedding. Their real feeling was expressed by one officer, who said: "General, we have come to congratulate you on

having wound us up." Lee himself had said he was glad the end he had so long foreseen had come; and Grant now replied: "I hope it will be for the good of us all."

Those few words interpret the whole course of his subsequent action, and should be remembered, with especial emphasis upon the word "ALL."

There was a mournfully touching scene on the 12th of April, when the Army of Northern Virginia marched out in solemn silence to stack its arms, lay down its war-stained, tattered flags, break ranks, and disband. Neither Grant nor Lee were present. The former had gone to Washington, and the latter was at his quarters, attending to his remaining duties.

All the men of the South who had been prominent in the Rebellion looked forward, at that time, to nothing less than confiscation of their property and permanent disfranchisement. The man to whom Lee had given his parole was to have much to do in the steady accomplishment of a much better result.

The Government of the United States immediately took steps for the rapid reduction of the army and for the restoration of the country, North and South, to a state of peace and order, all men clearly perceiving that the process would require time. It might have been shorter or it might have been longer but for a sudden change which took place in the administration of national affairs.

On the announcement that Lee had surrendered, and that peace was sure, the people of the North

went almost insane with rejoicing. Everywhere the crowds came together, to shout and even to weep; the churches were thronged with grateful worshippers; the bells in all the steeples rang as they had never rang before; old friends drew closer and old enemies became friends in honor of the peace.

General Johnston's correspondence with General Sherman concerning surrender began on the 14th of April, and nobody was ever to know precisely how President Lincoln would have dealt with its result.

On that very day General Grant left Washington on a flying visit to his children, at school in Burlington, New Jersey. He had declined an invitation to attend a play at Ford's Theatre that evening. He had done so partly because of a dislike for being made a show, to be cheered, applauded, publicly honored and lionized, and partly because he was in a hurry to see his children and get back to his work. By so going, he escaped all peril of a murderous plot which included his assassination, as well as that of Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Seward and Mr. Johnson, if not others.

Mr. Lincoln was murdered in his box, at the theatre, by an actor named John Wilkes Booth. Mr. Seward and his son Frederick were severely wounded, and three others less so, in their own house by a conspirator named Lewis Payne Powell. Vice-President Andrew Johnson escaped entirely, by a failure of opportunity to reach him. On the 15th of April, immediately after the death of Mr. Lincoln, his successor took the oath of office, and

in a moment the political affairs of the United States were at sea.

The national grief was great, and the South indignantly disclaimed all responsibility for the evil deed of a few bitter-hearted assassins.

During the days of mourning, while the wonderful funeral procession was on its way, bearing the body of the dead President to its resting-place at Springfield, Illinois, the nation thought of little else; but there were a few men at Washington for whom there could be no rest at such a time. The Secretary of War, Edwin M. Stanton, was one of those men. The lieutenant-general was another, and there were more in the Senate and in the House of Representatives. They felt at once, what soon became manifest at home and abroad, that the new President, so strangely placed in power, was a man whose name and character did not inspire confidence. He had abilities of a certain kind, but he had grave defects of temper, and his mind had not widened as he grew older. In both Houses of Congress the men who knew him best felt the greatest degree of uncertainty as to what he might do, and from first to last what he did do justified their forebodings.

General Sherman's first report of his proposed arrangement with General Johnston reached General Grant, in Washington, late in the evening of April 21st. The Lincoln funeral train left the city that day.

The action of Grant admirably illustrates the position he held. He sent the papers to Secretary

Stanton instantly, with a note explaining why he thought they should be at once considered by the President and the whole Cabinet.

The Cabinet meeting was called, accordingly, before midnight. The Secretary of War, always and at all times vehement, denounced Sherman's course as treason. The President was equally severe, and other members of the Cabinet used strong language. General Grant disapproved of Sherman's action; but he defended him unswervingly, preventing any other action than an order that he should himself go and see that all things should be settled in accordance with the original instructions given him by Mr. Lincoln.

He left Washington before daybreak, and was with Sherman, at Raleigh, North Carolina, on the 24th. Here he again took friendly care of Sherman, not appearing at any interview between him and General Johnston, or in any manner taking away from him the honor of that capitulation. When all was finished and the corrected papers were submitted to him, he merely wrote upon them, "Approved, U. S. Grant;" and General Johnston did not so much as know that the lieutenant-general had been in Raleigh.

Hurrying back to Washington, he found that the Secretary of War and the new President were still bitter against Sherman, and that a strong feeling existed among the people, aroused by hasty official declarations. The need of the balance-wheel was never more evident than it was made by the speedy reaction in Sherman's favor, which took

place after Grant stood between him and harm long enough for men's minds to cool.

There had been a great deal of subsiding by sunset of the 4th of May, the day of Lincoln's burial at Springfield. The great mass of the Northern people were prepared to bury all mere revenges, and yet to exact as good security as they could get for the restoration and preservation of peace. They were sore and sensitive on many points, and on one there was a widespread, patriotic jealousy, of which men were as yet hardly conscious.

They were not in any fear as to the army, so rapidly disbanding, or as to military usurpation. They now knew General Grant too well to be uneasy as to any action it was possible for him to take. If Lincoln had lived, the other jealousy would have slumbered and passed away. As it now was, however, the question grew in the minds of men rapidly: "Does Andrew Johnson fall heir to the all but dictatorial power exercised by Abraham Lincoln?"

That had been strictly a war-power, but Andrew Johnson believed that enough of the consequences of the war yet remained to put the same tremendous authority in his hands. He believed it all the more strongly because he was fond of power, and because he soon taught himself also to believe that the Thirty-ninth Congress was not a legal body, now peace had come, and would not be until it should admit representatives from the States which had been brought back into the Union by force of arms.

Mr. Johnson expressed and doubtless felt a great

deal of bitterness against the leading men of the Confederacy. Early in June, 1865, steps were taken, under his direction, which enabled the people of the South to understand more perfectly the relations between them and General Grant, which had really begun at Memphis, in 1862, where he so honestly acknowledged his sudden discovery that they believed themselves in the right. He understood them better and better from that day forward, and now, when it was proposed to indict for treason a list of men, beginning with the name of Robert E. Lee, the lieutenant-general interposed with all his might to prevent it. General Lee himself appealed to Grant, with full confidence that the terms of the surrender at Appomattox would be adhered to.

The lieutenant-general wrote at once to the President, and called upon him to protest in person against a measure at the same time bad in faith and bad in policy. Mr. Johnson's obstinacy was only overcome by the general's final declaration that he would resign his commission if paroles given by him were thus to be disregarded. Those paroles had received the approval of President Lincoln, so far as Lee and his army were concerned, and of President Johnson, so far as other armies were concerned; and the proposed trials for treason were reluctantly abandoned.

Even before this, however, there had been other symptoms of trouble to come.

Mr. Johnson had never been, in fact, a member of the Republican Party. At Mr. Lincoln's suggestion he had been selected for Vice-President, in

1864, as representing the Union men of the border States. He was so far from being in political accord with the men who elected him that, in February, 1865, just before taking the oath of office as Vice-President, he said to Judge Stanley Matthews, of Ohio : "You and I were old Democrats. I will tell you what it is, if the country is ever to be saved, it is to be done through the old Democratic Party."

He was a man, therefore, who did not know yet that all old parties were dead, and that a new order of things was coming, and had partly come.

General Grant had never acted with the Republican Party before the war, except in the matter of drilling Wide Awakes and hoping for Lincoln's election. During the war and now he had shown himself the intelligent and thoughtful friend of the colored people, and had done a great deal for them. He was in no sense a party politician, and never could be, but he was in thorough sympathy with the statesmen who had carried the country through the war, and believed them the right men to control it now. He found himself forced, with them, into a direct dissent from the views and policy of President Johnson.

The Thirty-ninth Congress could not come together until December, 1865. During more than seven months, therefore, there was no national legislature to interpose any new legal obstacle in the way of the President's exercise of whatever power he might imagine himself to possess.

He began on the 29th of May, by issuing a proclamation for the reorganization of the State of

North Carolina. In it he appointed a "provisional governor," and made arrangements for a State convention to revise the State constitution, and for other purposes. He required all United States officers, army and navy, to aid in the proposed business of reconstructing North Carolina.

On the same day he issued also a proclamation of amnesty for all who could and should take an oath of allegiance prescribed therein, and so prepare themselves to vote at such elections as might be held after the other proclamation had done its work.

Everybody knew that a process of reconstruction must come, but few were willing to admit that all its methods and management were in the hands of the President alone, independently of Congress and the judiciary. He assumed to be the Government of the United States, and leading statesmen came at once to see him and tell him why they believed him to be only one branch of the Government, under constitutional and legal restrictions. He at first said that this was only an experiment, tried upon his native State, to see how it would work; but he did not wait to see the result of his experiment. Two weeks later, June 13th, 1865, he issued another proclamation, providing for the reconstruction of the State of Missouri. At about the same date similar action was taken by him with reference to Georgia, Texas, Alabama, South Carolina, and Florida. All were given governors, who had his orders how to make States of them, and enable them to send representatives to Congress, in defi-

ance of the fact that that body is sole judge of the qualifications of its own membership.

A great deal of discussion of these several acts took place in the public press and otherwise, but not much else could be done before the coming together of Congress. The several provisional State governments had, therefore, an abundance of time in which to take shape.

General Grant, as an officer of the army, as well as from habitual reserve, had very little to say about the political course of the President. What he thought about it was not known until afterward, when a time for action came. There was a vast amount of work in his hands, belonging to the reduction of the volunteer forces, the future of the regular army, the care and disposal of public property of a military nature, and the examination and decision of a heterogeneous mass of questions of all sorts which were referred to him. Technically, a state of war yet existed, and there were turbulent elements in many localities of the South which yet required to be dealt with pretty firmly, that the country might the sooner arrive at a condition of settled and genuine peace. The civil authorities could resume their operation only as the military hand completed its preparatory work and could safely be withdrawn.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The French in Mexico.—A Vacation.—The South and Reconstruction.—A First Veto.—Rupture between the President and Congress.—General of the Army.—Authorities in Conflict.—The Sinews of War.

It has not often been the case that a brief remark by an American has had weight in European imperial councils. When, however, in July, 1865, General Grant remarked to the Mexican minister, "The French will have to leave Mexico," the words went abroad as a notification not to be disregarded, and were quoted in Mexico as a powerful encouragement to the Republic in its struggle against imported imperialism. They testified also that the general's own mind was more busy with questions of national policy and broad statesmanship than it had been in the old, hard-working, secluded days before the Civil War.

Not even the Mexican minister himself knew, however, how deep a meaning there was in the words of the lieutenant-general. The acts of the French commanders on the Rio Grande frontier had been such as had declared Napoleon III. the active ally of the Confederacy. So far as Maximilian was concerned, they were acts of war against the United States; and hardly had General Kirby Smith, in the

Southwest, surrendered the last army of the Confederacy before General Sheridan was sent in haste to the Rio Grande. Grant vigorously urged President Johnson that an army corps should follow, with orders to drive the Emperor Maximilian out of Mexico at the point of the bayonet. So nearly was assent obtained, that all the influence of the Secretary of State barely sufficed to prevent it. His view, that war with France would follow, was not shared by Grant, to whose mind even such a result had no terrors. He had also a further patriotic purpose in his mind. He wished to furnish employment for the disbanded army of the Confederacy, officers, and men, and proposed to recruit the army-corps, to fight imperialism from the veterans of Lee and Johnston and Hood. His urgent counsels were overruled, and one consequence was that Maximilian lost his life, when at last his unreal empire went to pieces under him.

There were, however, other reasons than those relating to a well-earned vacation why it was becoming more and more desirable for General Grant to be away from Washington and its increasing political fermentations. He managed to get the routine work of his office in such condition that he was able to leave it behind him in July.

New York City always received him with honor, and from thence he passed on to a pleasant rest at Saratoga Springs. Visiting the White Mountains and other attractive places, he reached Brunswick, Maine, early in August, to attend the Commencement ceremonies of Bowdoin College, and to receive

from that institution the honorable degree of Doctor of Laws.

After a grand reception in Boston he went on to Portland and Halifax and through the Canadas, everywhere received, as at Quebec, Montreal, and Toronto, with popular and official demonstrations of respect. Visiting Chicago and receiving an ovation there, he went to Galena, Illinois, his former home, to discover how very proud of such a fact an entire town might be. After a further tour as far as the interior of Minnesota, he turned his face again toward Washington, not arriving there until the 6th of October. He had escaped much, and could now shut his ears and lips to all current politics and devote himself to the preparation of his report to the President upon military affairs. This was ready by the first days of December; but meantime he had spent another week or so in New York.

The report, dated December 6th, was a review of the operations of the army after it passed under the command of the lieutenant-general. As a matter of course, its record of events and its criticisms of men and measures called forth adverse comments and aroused sharp controversies among military men; but the report, as a whole, produced a marked effect upon the mind of the nation. It changed the common and somewhat narrow estimate of General Grant's mental capacity. It was laid before Congress by the President when that body came together, December 6th, 1865, and on the same day a bill was introduced by Hon. E. B. Washburne, of Illinois, to revive the grade of general in the armies of the United States.

This was to the minds of many men a somewhat startling proposition, and the fact that the bill was allowed to slumber long in the hands of the Committee on Military Affairs shows how needful it was to let the current jealousy of military power and centralization have time to die away.

At the date of the reassembling of Congress the lieutenant-general was in the South, making investigations which were to give him the basis for another important report. He visited Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, and was nowhere else so cordially received as at Charleston, the cradle of the Secession movement. On his return he submitted the results of his observations, in writing, to the President, who transmitted them to Congress, with similar reports by officers investigating other sections of the South. These, in the main, agreed with that of the lieutenant-general as to the existence of a disturbed and semi-chaotic social condition, still requiring the presence of military force for the protection of life and property. General Grant advised against the employment of colored troops for this purpose. He believed it a needless irritation of the minds of the Southern people, and in many respects injurious to the recently liberated and altogether unsettled colored element.

The report was everywhere well received, and the general was permitted to have his own way in the assignment of troops to what might well be called police duty.

Severe as had been the criticisms of the supposed policy of the President, he could not yet be said to

have sundered his relations with the party which elected him. One strong and outspoken element of it approved his course, and promised to sustain him. His message to Congress, on its assembling, was highly commended as being a paper of unexpected ability; but the clouds were fast gathering in the political sky. Men felt that there was a storm coming, of what kind they hardly knew, and their thoughts turned almost unconsciously to the one man, other than the President, whose power, both in rank and fame, was such as to make him a rallying-point in case of any general tumult.

Never before in the history of the city of Washington had society been so brilliant as it was made during that winter. It was sadly cut up into cliques and coteries, more or less political or sectional, but there was one house which furnished a sort of neutral ground, where the representatives of all extremes of opinion and of feeling could come together. Mrs. Grant and the general received with hearty cordiality all who were in any manner entitled to their hospitalities. Without any attempt at so doing, they exercised a very useful conservative influence.

The bill for the creation of the Freedman's Bureau was before Congress, and several other important legislative acts were in course of preparation. As to all, the views of President Johnson were daily more and more in doubt. It was not easy to obtain those of General Grant upon any matter yet in the hands of Congress, but his record as to the treatment of the colored people was really the basis of

the Freedman's Bureau Act. When this, at last, was passed by both Houses and went to the President, it was returned accompanied by a veto message, which caused a great and all but bewildering disturbance in the minds of the Republican Party, and, to a less degree, of other parties.

It was evident that Mr. Johnson had formed views, plans, purposes, altogether his own, embodying them in a policy opposed to that of the dominant political organization.

The remaining question was, "How far will he go?"

More information was soon to come. The Freedman's Bureau was laid aside for the time, to be taken up again at a later day, and the Republican view of the political situation was carefully and very distinctly embodied in what is known as the Civil Rights Bill.

When this was passed and sent to the President, the whole country listened with painful suspense for his reply. It came on the 27th of March, 1866, another veto message, so expressed as to arouse to a high pitch the indignant determination of the majority in Congress.

President Johnson believed himself to be sustained by the South and by a large party in the North. He believed his reconstruction policy a success, and that the States in process of restoration under it were gratefully indebted to him for their existence. It was a strange hallucination, considering who and what were the people of those States and the degree of their capacity to reconstruct and govern themselves.

While yet both Houses of Congress held the Civil Rights Bill veto message under consideration, the President, on the 2d of April, issued a proclamation formally declaring the end of the Rebellion and the restoration of peace. It was very nearly a year since the surrender of General Lee's army, and it could not be said that such a proclamation ought not to be made; but it came in time to save the Civil Rights Bill. Early in April the Senate and House of Representatives passed it again, by a two-thirds vote, and so it became a law in spite of the veto of President Johnson.

Whatever might thenceforth be done to soften asperities and allay excitement, the Executive and Legislative branches of the Government were at war, and no man could see the end.

The bill to revive the grade of general passed the House of Representatives, on the 5th of May, with only eleven opposing votes; but it was to slumber for two months afterward in the hands of the Senate.

Continually, day by day, as the work of the session went on, the breach between Congress and the President grew wider. More than one additional veto came to increase the irritation, and the President's verbal as well as written declarations of policy and purpose became unquestionably injudicious.

During all these months of busy fermentation the speech and conduct of General Grant were so carefully guarded that the newspapers of that period may be searched almost in vain for any discussion of his supposed political position.

On the 1st of July he issued a general order to

army officers on duty in the States in process of reconstruction, directing the arrest by them of all offenders against the laws, in cases where the local authorities failed or neglected to do their duty. Great offence was given by this act, and ultra Southern journals at once accused the lieutenant-general of leaning toward what was now called the Radical wing of the Republican Party. They were not far wrong; but no other indication of his future course was given them.

The bill reviving the grade of general became a law at last, as did that creating the grade of admiral of the navy. The nominations of General Grant and Admiral Farragut went to the Senate on the same day, July 25th, and were at once unanimously confirmed. In the then unsettled condition of the nation the bestowal of these honors, especially that of general of the army, was not regarded by thoughtful men as in any great degree ornamental. Sherman, thoroughly trusted by the people, was now lieutenant-general, and the third in command, as ranking major-general, was the equally trusted Philip Sheridan. A strong political bulwark had been established, but it was not well to say so too openly.

Congress adjourned on the 27th of July, 1866, leaving the country in a state of extremely excited activity with reference to the coming fall elections. How bitter had become the tone and language of current discussion may be gathered from the first sentence of a leading editorial article in the New York *Daily Tribune*, of August 13th: "A political

struggle rarely surpassed in importance and intensity has been precipitated upon the country by the treachery of Andrew Johnson."

Not a shade less vehement were the rejoinders made by the friends of the President. There were many men, both in this country and in Europe, who expressed the conviction that another civil war would surely come, and that this time the fields of battle would be in the Northern States. Whether or not the President shared in that opinion, he determined that he would, if possible, break through the reserve and silence of the general of the army. Not long after the adjournment of Congress he plainly asked him, "If I should have trouble with Congress, which side would you support?"

It is hardly too much to say that the main problem of whether or not there was a civil war coming was contained in the President's question, and was solved by the general's prompt answer:

"That would depend upon which side the law was."

The man who was the servant of his country only, and not of another man or of a party, had but to say to about a million of other veteran soldiers, "Come!" and they would have risen as one man, to save the country. Not until long afterward did any other person know at precisely what point the peril of further bloodshed vanished.

President Johnson, however well he understood the meaning of the general's answer, was by no means satisfied. It is not easy to see what he hoped to gain by his next undertaking, and his plans or

fears may have been altogether vague ; but he made up his mind to get so serious an obstacle out of the country. He waited only a few weeks before saying to the general, in what seemed otherwise an ordinary conversation :

"I may have occasion to ask you to go to Mexico."

As promptly as before he was answered :

"I am so situated that it will not be convenient for me to leave."

That might be ; but the President went on with the matter precisely as if consent had been given. Not many days later he sent for the general, asking him to come to his office at the Executive Mansion. On arriving, the general found the President and the Secretary of State, Hon. William H. Seward, waiting for him. He listened, in silence, while the secretary read to him a long paper, addressed to him, which proved to be his very full official instructions for the performance of the duties assigned to him in Mexico. That he would accept them and would go was apparently taken for granted ; but at the end of the reading he quietly said to the President :

"You know, I told you that it would not be convenient for me to go to Mexico."

Then followed a scene which plainly declared the importance set upon his absence. The President found argument and urgency all in vain ; and at last he lost his temper. He arose from the chair in which he had been sitting, and his clinched fist came heavily down upon the table as he demanded, "I

would like to know if there is an officer of the army who will not obey my orders!"

The general also arose now, with his hat in his hand, responding:

"I am an officer of the army, but I am a citizen also. The service you ask me to perform is a civil service; and, as a citizen, I may accept it or decline it; and I decline it."

With that he departed, leaving the President thoroughly assured that the general of the army would stand by the law and by all parts of the law.

There was less necessity for utter conversational reticence after this, and the leaders of both Houses of Congress were able to assure themselves that no political commotion, involving violence, was possible at the national capital. Whatever other errors the President might commit, such as required the passive obedience of the general of the army were out of his reach.

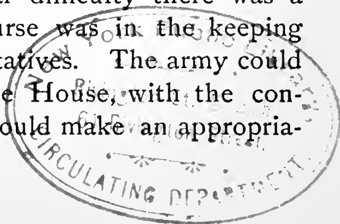
There were yet methods by which the President might hope to remove from his path the obstacle which he had discovered. He was the commander-in-chief of the army and navy of the United States, with as much power to order generals or lesser officers hither and thither on military duty as ever Abraham Lincoln had exercised. He soon began to exercise that power, but was not ready yet for a measure so rashly extreme as would have been the act of ordering Grant away from Washington without a good, apparent reason. Subordinate commanders were taken in hand first, and an unintentional warning was so given.

There had been serious local disturbances at New Orleans and other points in the South during the autumn months, and the course of the President with reference to some of these had been bitterly condemned at the North. The elections passed off quietly, after a long and heated canvass, but Congress came together on the 3d of December in a disturbed state of mind. It was soon to be made worse.

Hon. George S. Boutwell, of Massachusetts, then a member of the House of Representatives, relates that immediately after his arrival he received a request from the Secretary of War, Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, to come and see him at the earliest possible moment. He went ; and they were no sooner together, in the secretary's private room, than the latter exclaimed, "I am more concerned for the fate of the country than at any time during the war !"

That was strong language, but he proceeded to explain it. The President was undertaking to obtain personal control of the army, and was issuing orders to its officers without the knowledge of the Secretary of War or of General Grant. There was also reason to believe that he purposed sending the general away from Washington.

The aspect of affairs was certainly very threatening, but for this particular difficulty there was a remedy. The national purse was in the keeping of the House of Representatives. The army could have no money unless the House, with the concurrence of the Senate, should make an appropria-



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tion. Without money there would be no army; and it was therefore determined that the Army Appropriation Bill, when passed, should take the army out of the hands of the President and put it into those of General Grant.

There would be no other bill that session which the President would be less likely to veto and to face the storm aroused by so doing. When the Army Appropriation Bill was reported to the House, on the 5th of February following, the second section of it contained the following provisions:

"That the headquarters of the general of the army should be at Washington, and that he should not be detailed for service elsewhere except at his own request or by the previous approval of the Senate; that all orders and instructions relating to military operations issued by the President or the Secretary of War should be issued through the general of the army, or, in case of his disability, through the officer next in command; and, finally, that all orders issued in any other manner should be null and void, and that the officer issuing such orders, and all officers who might obey them, knowing that they had been issued in any other manner, should be alike guilty of a misdemeanor."

This section, as finally adopted, varied but little from the first draft of it made by Secretary Stanton and Mr. Boutwell at their conference in December. It was nearly three months later when, on the 2d of March, Congress passed the bill. During all that time it had daily grown more and more perilous for the President to adopt extreme measures with refer-

ence to the general of the army. The strongest supporters of his Administration were as much averse as other men to any course of action which might cause a revolution. There had been suffering enough and waste enough, and the country wished for a firm and lasting peace.

Without in any manner becoming a party leader, or forcing himself into party councils, General Grant was rapidly acquiring a political position to the last degree central and important.

One of the picturesque features of the autumnal political campaign had been a tour of the President through the Northern States, as a personal stump advocate of the policy he was pursuing. He had chosen his companions of that tour with strict reference to the dramatic effect of their presence, but with an adverse result. The general of the army and the admiral of the navy were made conspicuous by their studied silence at the many public gatherings which occurred. The newspapers explained their presence as an act of official courtesy to the President. Both found good excuses for leaving the political excursion party before it had half finished its proposed route, and the people generally understood why they did so. Any who did not understand received a more perfect explanation in a letter written by General Grant, and printed about the middle of September, soon after his return to Washington, in which he declared that it was contrary to his conviction of his duty, as a soldier, or of the duty of any other soldier actually in service, to attend political conventions or to other-

wise take an active part in the current politics of the day. The part he was taking was not active, but it was of vast value to the country, and especial significance was at once ascribed to this letter by the party press of all sorts. Apart from it, there is a deep lesson to be drawn from the continued absence of his name from all the heated editorial utterances of the hour.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A Vote of Confidence.—Grant Secretary of War.—Differences of Opinion.—The Political Tide.—The Impeachment of Andrew Johnson.—Nomination of Grant for President.

DEEPLY interesting as is the history of Congressional legislation during the winter of 1866–67, it does not belong to the life of General Grant.

More and more, however, as the stormy days went by, the conviction became fixed in the minds of all men that he was a safe depositary of power and a man whose obedience to duty and to law could be utterly depended on. This conviction was remarkably expressed by Congress in the passage of what were called the military reconstruction acts. Vetoed, as was expected, by the President, they were passed over the veto on the 7th of March, 1867. By these acts nine States were divided into five military districts, and their control was placed in the hands of the general of the army. On the 11th of March he assumed his new duties in a general order, and appointed the commanders of the several districts. From that day forward his position and responsibility were such as no other officer of the army had been given since the adoption of the Federal Constitution. That he discharged his duties well and wisely, with careful

reference to public laws and private rights, was afterward more strongly asserted by the partisans of Congress than by those of President Johnson; but the latter had only himself to blame for the subsequent collision which from the first was so very probable.

It may have been a desire to win the general to his own side, or to seem to have done so, which led the President, on the 23d of May, to invite him to attend the meetings of the Cabinet during the discussion of the constitutionality of the Reconstruction Acts. The powers and actions of the several department commanders were also under discussion, and the President's error was at once apparent, for the general came out vigorously in defence of his subordinates. Believing the laws to be constitutional, he declared his purpose to obey them so long as they remained laws, leaving the abstract question of their constitutionality to the Supreme Court. As no other authority had power in that matter, it was necessary to let the work go on for the time, without open intervention, and to wait for what might seem lawful methods for diminishing the general's authority. Care was taken not to give immediate cause of offence. When, on the 18th of July, the Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives summoned the general before them as a witness with reference to the President's course, his evidence had almost an exculpatory tone. He gave his views vigorously as to what he believed should be done or prevented, but it was very plain that he desired to act as a peacemaker

rather than to embitter the strife which was hindering the prosperity of the nation. The popular opinion of his conduct was expressed to him during a subsequent trip to Long Branch, for the continuous ovation given him was like a triumph.

The opinion entertained of the President by the Secretary of War, Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, may be gathered from the latter's conversation with Hon. George S. Boutwell, already recorded. At the same time, Mr. Stanton had grown more and more firm in his conviction that his duty to the country forbade him to resign, however unpleasant his position might be made for him. His retaining office seemed very necessary for the support of General Grant in his administration of the military Reconstruction Acts. There was also, throughout the country, a strong feeling in favor of the retention of the remaining members of Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet. For a long time Mr. Johnson respected this sentiment. There were many reasons why he needed all the strength he could obtain from the presence in his council especially of William H. Seward and Edwin M. Stanton; but his relations with the latter had never been pleasant, and were fast becoming unendurable.

About the middle of the summer of 1867 the President intimated to the Secretary of War that his resignation would be acceptable. The intimation was disregarded, and was soon followed by a direct request, responded to by as direct a refusal. The secretary believed that the Tenure of Office Act empowered him to retain his position until

the matter should be laid before Congress, which would not be again in session until late in the autumn. Such a case had never occurred before, but it seemed to Mr. Johnson to offer a rare opportunity for a stroke of policy. Whatever alliance or friendship existed between Stanton and Grant could be broken, and, at the same time, the general could be brought somewhat more under the President's control. As an officer of the army he could not disobey a distinct order in the line of military duty. Therefore, on the 12th of August, an order was issued to him, directing and empowering him to act as Secretary of War *ad interim*, and an order was sent to Edwin M. Stanton suspending him and directing him to transfer to General Grant's custody the affairs and papers of the War Department.

The secretary yielded, under protest, as to superior force, and General Grant obeyed the President; but it was soon understood by the at first indignant nation that Mr. Stanton and the general were as good friends as ever. It was by no means a political victory for Mr. Johnson, but it placed an immense additional burden upon the shoulders of the secretary *ad interim*. There was some grumbling and more approbation earned by him, very soon, by his efforts to cut down the War Office expenses, and by his continuous substitution of military men for civilians, wherever it could be done.

The first notable occurrence after the suspension of Mr. Stanton was the beginning of a direct interference by the President with General Grant's previous assignments of officers under the Reconstruc-

tion Act. He had placed the Fifth District, composed of Louisiana and Texas, under the command of General Sheridan, whose administration of it had not pleased Mr. Johnson as well as it had pleased General Grant and the nation. Against all protests of the latter, he was peremptorily ordered, August 17th, to put General George H. Thomas in charge of the Fifth District and assign General Sheridan to other duties. Shortly afterward General Sickles was in like manner removed from the Second District, composed of the Carolinas.

The President continued to push his own policy in a sort of continual war with that of Congress. He began what might be called his fall campaign by a proclamation of amnesty, in anticipation of legislation; and once more it was well understood that General Grant had been in opposition.

The popular mind was in a state of feverish excitement, and the fear of coming disaster found numberless methods of expression. It was an increasing relief to many men to borrow a phrase from the order suspending Secretary Stanton, and to speak of Mr. Johnson as "President *ad interim* until such time as his successor should be elected and sworn in."

There could hardly be any question as to the name of the successor. Men of all ranks mentioned the matter, conversationally, as a settled thing; but the tendency of the American people is to organize even a prairie fire, if that were possible, and the formation of "Grant Clubs" began. The first of these was formed at Philadelphia, on the 16th of

October, and it is no exaggeration to say that the rapidity with which the movement spread imparted an encouraged and hopeful tone to the disturbed business and finances of the country. There were those who, for political, sectional, or even personal reasons, hated Ulysses S. Grant, who nevertheless declared that they would vote for him as a sure way of "getting things settled."

As early as the 11th of December, 1867, the National Executive Committee of the Republican Party published its selection of Chicago, Illinois, as the place in which the next National Convention was to be held for the nomination of Presidential candidates.

Two days later the President sent to the Senate a very full statement of his reasons for suspending Secretary Stanton. The Senate gave only one day to the consideration of the message. On the 14th they declared the President's reasons for suspending Mr. Stanton insufficient, directed him to resume his official duties, and notified General Grant of their decision.

Now came a time of fierce commotion. The President supposed, as he vehemently asserted, that the general was under a pledge to him to retain possession of the War Office in any event. It was an erroneous supposition; for Mr. Stanton was given renewed possession of the War Department as soon as he made his appearance there for that purpose. General Grant sent to the President a written notification of his action, based upon that of the Senate. A very bitter correspondence followed, which was

not made public, for nearly three weeks ; but while it was in progress the language of the President and his friends compelled the general to lay bare another matter. On the first of August, 1867, in a long, private letter to Mr. Johnson, embodying the substance of previous conversations, he had earnestly and solemnly protested against the removal of Stanton or Sheridan, warning the President of danger from such attempts to carry out a policy contrary to the expressed will of the people. When this was added, on the 4th of February, to the several further communications between him and Mr. Johnson already laid before the House of Representatives, a tremendous impetus was given to the movement, already nearly ripe, for the impeachment of the President.

The course of General Grant in this matter was strictly in accord with his original reply to Mr. Johnson, when the question of obedience to the President or Congress was suggested. His words then uttered were in substance and very nearly in form, " Neither the President nor Congress, but the law."

Mr. Johnson now appeared to have placed himself in the position of commanding the general of the army to disregard the law.

On the 24th of February, 1868, the House of Representatives adopted a resolution of impeachment, accusing Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, of " high crimes and misdemeanors." The Senate was duly apprised, and made preparations for the trial. It was the greatest case ever

yet tried in America. None equal to it had been tried anywhere on earth since the impeachment of King Charles the First of England. Eight years later the question of the Presidency was to be brought before another tribunal, but then the ballot-box was to be tried, and not an individual.

Formal articles of impeachment were presented to the Senate by managers on the part of the House March 2d, 1868. The managers were accompanied before the Senate by the entire House, as the grand inquest of the nation.

With solemn dignity and deliberation, accompanied by displays of great legal and oratorical power on the part of the counsel for the prosecution and defence, the trial went on until the 2d of May.

The suspense had been long, and the real objects of the impeachment, in giving a permanent check to any undue growth of the power of the Executive, were thoroughly attained. The conviction of the President required a two-thirds vote of the national jury, the Senate. When the verdict of each Senator, in turn, was called for, thirty-five said "guilty" and nineteen said "not guilty," and so by one vote the impeachment failed.

It had been known, from the first, that among the witnesses to be called would be General Grant, and this was added to the other reasons which forbade him any discussion of political questions during all this time. He became so much more silent than was customary, even for him, that hardly a day passed without some newspaper or speaker comparing him to the Egyptian sphinx. His prudence

did not at all lessen the popular confidence and good will. As fast as the State conventions of the Republican Party assembled, beginning with that of Ohio, on the 27th of February, all delegates to the National Convention were instructed to vote for General Grant. Not a whisper dissented, for the peace of the country required his election.

The progress of the impeachment proceedings, while deepening and embittering party feeling, did not concentrate that heat upon the general, for he was not a party politician, and had done what he could to prevent the very acts of the President which had made impeachment possible. The only distinct utterance obtained from him in advance of his nomination was the expression of a wish that Southern reconstruction might be completed before election-day. If he was to be a candidate, he wished to be voted for or against in every State, if possible.

When the National Republican Convention came together, at Chicago, May 20th, 1868, its first duty, after completing its formal organization, was to record the popular choice. This was done on the 26th. Six hundred and fifty delegates were present. As the States and Territories were called, one by one, each presented the name of Ulysses S. Grant. Those who were best acquainted with the private wishes of the old-time leaders of the party were well aware that among these delegates, as among those whom they represented and in Congress, there were many men who would have been glad if it had been otherwise, and if another and a very different man could have been chosen. What all alike saw,

however, was that General Grant as President was a public necessity. The element indicated accepted him as such, without any other change of views, and were afterward, therefore, in a state of mind fully prepared to watch closely and criticise keenly his words and deeds in office.

There was yet another mass of men who desired to vote for General Grant, but who wished to do so without declaring themselves members of the Republican Party. By these a National Convention of Soldiers and Sailors had been called, to meet at Chicago at the same time with the Republican National Convention. The soldiers and sailors also nominated the leader under whom they had served.

The Chicago Convention had more difficulty in selecting its candidate for Vice-President, but after five ballots succeeded in uniting upon the name of Hon. Schuyler Colfax, of Indiana, Speaker of the House of Representatives.

The telegraph carried the news to Washington, and on the evening of May 22d the street in front of General Grant's house was densely thronged with people who had come to congratulate him and to hear what he might say. After an address by Hon. George S. Boutwell, of Massachusetts, the general spoke, but his words were very few, and referred his hearers to his record as their security for his future conduct.

Committees from the National Republican and the Soldiers' and Sailors' Conventions arrived on the 29th, to formally announce the action of those bodies. Again his spoken responses were brief, but that to

the first-named committee concluded with a clause which, in the then condition of the public mind, was nearly equivalent to a full party platform, for he said, "I shall have no policy of my own to enforce against the will of the people." He had condensed in those words the indictment of Andrew Johnson, and the people so understood it. His more formal reply, given afterward in writing, in like manner terminated with an expression of the one great national hunger, and so of the reason for his own nomination. He said, "Let us have peace."

The Republican Party platform, adopted with its nominations, was wisely framed, for never in the history of this country did one other political body contain so many able men : but there was no proposition, or promise, or declaration made which had such power with the people as had these two utterances of General Grant.

CHAPTER XXX.

Grant Elected President.—The Administration.—The Era of Speculation.—Shadows of Coming Trouble.—Party Divisions.—Re-Election.

THE impeachment trial of Andrew Johnson was long since over, and his narrowly obtained acquittal had left him in a formal and constrained discharge of his functions as President.

The position of the General of the Army with reference to him would have been all but unendurable to many men. It was not so to General Grant, for he could make a sort of armor out of known duties, and refuse to be annoyed by the acts or words of either superiors or subordinates.

The political elements at that time described as "Democratic" combined with the very respectable Republican minority which sustained Mr. Johnson. They nominated for President Horatio Seymour, of New York, and for Vice-President, Frank P. Blair, of Missouri. It was a ticket admirably calculated to draw out the last vote of the opposition to the ruling party. When the November election came, and the votes were counted, the country learned with some surprise that the electoral votes of twenty-seven States had been given to General Grant, and those of only seven to Seymour and Blair. All the yet feverish war spirit of the North

had joined hands with the popular longing for settled peace. Southern soldiers had felt that they could vote with self-respect for the soldier to whom they had surrendered, and who had himself respected them. The result was even more complete than had been expected by those who had labored to obtain it, and it was received with almost universal satisfaction. Plain men said that the harvest of the war was now safe in the national barn.

It was now almost an evil that the personal power of the President-elect had been so continuously great for a long time prior to taking the oath of office. It was simply impossible that a strong-willed man should so use such great personal power as not to come into speedy collision with other men of settled convictions, and having wills as strong as his own. There was one private residence in the city of Washington which was even too much a social and political centre. With reference to this there was peculiar wisdom in the persistent silence of the man who was now more than ever called "the Sphinx." Some of his immediate personal friends were not so wise.

Never until that hour had the National Capital witnessed such a gathering or so imposing a spontaneous display as the inauguration of President Ulysses S. Grant. It was not by any wish or will of his, but the people came to see, and they not only saw but were seen. After all was over, the men who had assembled from every corner of the country went home with a strong persuasion that a new era of prosperity and peace had really come.

It had come, and it had come to stay, but there was yet a vast work to be done, and only a small part of it was or could rightfully be in the hands of the President of the United States. It seemed, however, to ordinary observers, that hardly ever had a chief magistrate entered upon the discharge of his duties under more favorable circumstances. He had a well-selected and capable Cabinet; both Houses of Congress were absolutely controlled by the party which had elected him; the people were with him; all things were in order, and would surely work smoothly.

In accepting the Presidency, army rank had been resigned, and Sherman became "general;" but there was a peculiar sense in which it is true that General Grant merely transferred his military headquarters to the Executive Mansion. He did so with an undefined but strictly professional idea that he was now commander-in-chief of the Republican Party. It was inevitable that he should form a plan of the great campaign upon which he and the party and the country were entering. He was as willing to discuss it, somewhat, with the political leaders who were to carry it into effect, as he had been to discuss any army plan with Meade, or Sherman, or Logan, or McPherson; but, after all discussion was over, all forces were expected to move as directed from headquarters. His own utterances, then and afterward, show how nearly unconscious was the President of the real reason why he soon found himself in sharp controversy with some of the best men and most trusted leaders of the Republican Party.

The time has not come for an impartial history of the political events of those years of national reorganization. It is yet necessary to separate them almost entirely from a biography of Ulysses S. Grant. They belong to the politics of this present day, and even their facts are matters of discussion.

The President's own conception of the duties of his office had grown upon him under peculiar circumstances. The course of his life, up to mature manhood, separated him from all study of public affairs. The powers of the President of the United States were as dimly understood by him as they are now by any other American voter who is living by himself and taking no part in political discussions. The first "President" with whom he came in contact was Abraham Lincoln, nearly a dictator, exercising "war powers" by common consent for the good of the nation. He, indeed, with unfailing sagacity, discerned and respected the jealous line at which the Executive must pause in any dealings with the legislative branch of the Government. That was the line at which Andrew Johnson had stumbled. It is to the praise of Grant's common sense and patriotism that he so governed his course as to retain with him the great mass of the party and of the nation.

The four years of that presidential term formed a remarkable era of political, financial, and moral change to the United States. The country accomplished wonders of real growth, but there was much of the apparent prosperity which was felt to be unreal. Men distrusted it and dreaded the future.

As the term drew near its close there came upon the popular mind an almost timid and nervous dread of change. It was all in vain for able men in Congress, and for the ablest journalists and public men out of Congress, to condemn the administration of President Grant. A stronger element of the Republican Party than that which had sustained Andrew Johnson now utterly denounced his successor. The machinery of the party organization was in the hands of the friends of Grant, but that would have amounted to nothing at all if it had not been that the people themselves were afraid to make a change. So far as what they really desired was concerned, Grant had proved a good enough President. The peace of the country had been absolutely safe in his keeping, and the crash they dimly dreaded had not come. Whatever had been his errors or the mistakes and faults of his subordinates, there was a very general determination to try him once more.

When the National Convention of the Republican Party assembled at Philadelphia, on the 6th of June, 1872, Ulysses S. Grant was once more nominated unanimously, without a breath of opposition in the convention. Hon. Henry Wilson, of Massachusetts, was named for Vice-President.

There was an abundance of apparent opposition outside of the convention, and it expressed itself in a very significant manner. The Democratic Party nominated Horace Greeley, of New York, for President, and B. Gratz Brown, of Missouri, for Vice-President. Then every Democrat in the land who feared the consequences of a political change either

stayed at home or voted for Grant and Wilson. When the votes were counted it was found that these votes had given thirty-one States to Grant, while only five, all of them Southern, had chosen Greeley electors.

It was entirely possible for the President and his personal friends to misunderstand what seemed to be a sweeping vote of approval. That they did so appeared in many ways at the time, but there was an hour of terrible instruction very near at hand.

There was much rejoicing in official circles over the results of the election. The following winter was the gayest yet on record in the social circles of the capital. Speculation of every kind was at fever heat in all financial circles, and there were hosts of men who called it all "prosperity."

CHAPTER XXXI.

The Finances.—The Inflation Bill Veto.—False Expectations.—The Panic.—The Third Term.—Hayes and Tilden.—The Electoral Commission.—A Last Great Public Service.

THE first act of Congress signed by President Grant, immediately after his inauguration, in 1869, was one which solemnly declared the financial good faith of the nation. From first to last his perception of public policy coincided with his perception of public honesty. He believed that the country could and should pay its debts to the last dollar. His adherence to this faith was of inestimable value and lasting consequences.

The cost of the war, North and South, had left a vast hollow in the accumulated wealth of the nation, and there were many men who believed that it could be filled with paper money, without awaiting the slow processes of human work. Grant was not one of those men, and he was soon known to be a steady enemy of the many schemes of inflation or expansion of the currency which were continually offered in Congress. Through Mr. John Russell Young he has left a record of the manner in which he dealt with the most dangerous of these, after it had passed the Senate and House and came to him for his signature. The pressure brought to bear upon

him was tremendous, especially from Western and Southern men, that he should put aside his personal convictions and sign the bill. He had ten days in which to sign or veto it, and for once he wavered; for it was represented to him that the fate of the Republican Party, as well as the business welfare of the nation, depended upon that act of Congress. In his own words, as reported by Mr. Young:

"I thought at last I would try and save the party, and at the same time the credit of the nation, from the evils of the bill. I resolved to write a message, embodying my own reasoning and some of the arguments that had been given me, to show that the bill, as passed, did not mean expansion or inflation, and that it need not affect the country's credit. The message was intended to soothe the East, and satisfy the foreign holders of the bonds. I wrote the message with great care, and put in every argument I could call up to show that the bill was harmless, and would not accomplish what its friends expected from it. Well, when I finished my wonderful message, which was to do so much good to the party and country, I read it over, and said to myself: 'What is the good of all this? You do not believe it. You know it is not true.' Throwing it aside, I resolved to do what I believed to be right—veto the bill! I could not stand my own arguments. While I was in this mood—and it was an anxious time with me, so anxious that I could not sleep at night, with me a most unusual circumstance—the ten days were passing in which a President must sign or veto a bill. On the ninth day I re-

solved inflexibly to veto the bill, and let the storm come. I gave orders that I would see no one, and went into the library to write my message. Senator Edmunds came to the White House, and said he only wanted to say one word. He came in looking very grave and anxious. He said he wanted to speak of the inflation bill, to implore me not to sign it. I told him I was just writing a message vetoing it. He rose a happy man, and said that was all he wanted to say, and left. When the Cabinet met my message was written. I did not intend to ask the advice of the Cabinet, as I knew a majority would oppose the veto. I never allowed the Cabinet to interfere when my mind was made up, and on this occasion it was inflexibly made up. When the Cabinet met I said that I had considered the inflation bill. I read my first message, the one in which I tried to make myself and every one else believe what I knew was not true ; the message which was to save the Republican Party in the West, and save the national credit in the East and Europe. When I finished reading I said that, as this reasoning had not satisfied me, I had written another message of veto, saying that I had made up my mind to send it in. This prevented debate, which I did not want, as the question had passed beyond debate."

The results were all he could have asked for to all parts of the country. On this and other occasions he left an admirable record of his clear perception of justice and right as the true wisdom in national finance.

While this was true, it was also true that the

President neither had nor pretended to have any extended knowledge of banking, of commerce, or of what is called political economy.

The nation, as a whole, was even more in the dark, and had chosen him the second time as its chief magistrate with a vague idea that it could hold his administration responsible for any financial convulsions which might come. He could with almost equal sanity have been called upon to prevent a snow-storm or an earthquake.

Once more there was a grand inauguration festivity in Washington, and the second term of Grant as President began. He was not in such perfect accord with the Republican Party or with Congress as he had been four years earlier.

In spite of all that had been done, the South was restless, the West was dissatisfied, and the East was full of anxiety. Speculation of all kinds blew bubbles as before for a few months, but in midsummer came "the panic of 1873," and it seemed, for a time, as if all things, good and bad, were coming down together in one grand crash.

Neither the Administration nor the Republican Party were responsible for the great catastrophe, but the entire present and future of the party politics of the nation underwent a sudden change. The very thing which timid men had expected Grant's administration to prevent had actually come, and they would never again trust him as to storms or earthquakes.

During the three years which followed the course of events did much to restore the broken prestige

of the party; but there were many reasons why it could not again bring before the electors the name of General Grant. Most imperative of these reasons was the rooted opposition of a vast army of thoughtful citizens to bestowing a "third term" upon any man whomsoever. The general himself had a strong respect for this idea. He was himself opposed to a "consecutive" third term, and clearly comprehended the other features of the political situation. It was early declared that his name would not be mentioned in connection with a nomination, but not until afterward was it known how little he really had to do with any of the busy efforts made on behalf of other candidates. Several of the more prominent were his personal friends, among whom he had no special preference.

When the Republican National Convention met at Cincinnati, June 14th, 1876, all branches of the party were well represented, and so were all the strifes and divisions of previous years. Only in united action was there any hope of success, for it was well understood that the overwhelming predominance of the party had gone from it. All the old political champions were therefore put aside. Rutherford B. Hayes, of Ohio, was named for President, and William A. Wheeler, of New York, for Vice-President.

An exceedingly excited canvass followed, and all the power of the Administration was exerted to prevent what seemed an all but sure defeat. The Democratic opposition had nominated Samuel J. Tilden, of New York, for President, and Thomas

A. Hendricks, of Indiana, for Vice-President, and each had a strong personal following. All the reviving sectional spirit of the South, and all the discontent of the North, were in their favor. All the real and imagined errors and shortcomings of the Grant Administration told against the Republican candidates. So did the spirit of reaction and the feverish desire for change.

The election took place on the 7th of November, and on the 9th the telegraphic reports of the result gave Tilden seventeen States, with 204 electoral votes; Hayes, twenty States, with 181 electoral votes; Florida, with 4 votes, being regarded as doubtful. Subsequent reports increased the number of doubtful returns. In Florida, South Carolina, Louisiana and Oregon the contest was so evenly balanced, and there were so many questions of law and fact involved, that decisions satisfactory to all concerned seemed unattainable. Charges of force, of violence, of fraud, and of corruption were freely made on both sides. Courts sat and heard evidence. Commissioners went to make investigations. Lawyers and journalists argued. The whole country was in a ferment, and the dread of another civil war came in to strengthen the hands of peace. No settlement had been reached when Congress assembled, and the great question of the Presidential election came before the Senate and House of Representatives. It was in the way of other business, and a bill was carefully drawn providing for an Electoral Commission, to hear evidence and to determine the result. After much

acrimonious debate the bill was passed and signed on the 28th of January, 1877.

Early in the first term of President Grant the salary of the President had been increased from twenty-five thousand dollars a year to fifty thousand dollars. On the 18th of December, 1876, an act was passed reducing it to its former amount, but it was promptly vetoed by the President, "on behalf of my successor, whoever he may be."

Even Grant's enemies bestowed strong commendations upon him for his behavior during the prolonged strain of the electoral excitement. Moderate, calm, inflexibly determined that the law should be obeyed, he was the one central reason why civil war could not come. He was once more the right man in the right place, and his last services as President exceeded any other in their value to the country. Again the nation looked confidently to him as the Tribune of the people, as the steady balance-wheel, and felt easier because all the factions were foaming around so strong a rock. It was well understood that he was prepared and determined to crush like an eggshell the first outbreak of violence and sedition. Therefore, if not for better reasons, there was no outbreak.

The Electoral Commission had a complicated task upon its hands, and the work progressed slowly. It was a most notable tribunal, and it had the civilized world for spectators. That it could so sit and so decide, and have its decision quietly accepted, was deemed a last test and triumph of self-government by the people. In that very idea of popular

self-government, however, was included the fact that the doors of the Tribunal were guarded by the strong hand of the Executive.

As the count went on toward the end, it became clear that it must turn in favor of Hayes and Wheeler. There had been time for heat of passion to cool and die away, but almost too much time was given, for the last State was not reached and counted until three days before the inauguration of Hayes as President.

There were murmurs, of course, among the defeated and disappointed ; but President Hayes took the oath of office without further question, and Ulysses S. Grant was once more a private citizen, free to attend to his own affairs like other men. In these his last days of power he had regained the hearts of men, as he was soon to discover.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Free at Last.—A Boyhood Dream.—Across the Ocean.—Queen and People.—On the Continent of Europe.—Cities and Kings and Great Men.—Egypt.—Palestine.—Europe.—Asia.—Around the World.

THE love of travel had been strong in Ulysses S. Grant from childhood. More than any other incentive it had encouraged him to prepare for his admission examinations at West Point. There and afterward he had discovered a sound reason for his passion in the fact that he could learn more through his eyes than in any other way. Not unable to use books with profit, they were yet not his most effective teachers, while he could gather the entire meaning of a field of battle at a glance. He had seen a great deal of North America, from Canada and Oregon to Mexico and Panama. His early ambition had been gratified as to the New World, and it now turned eagerly toward the Old. Relieved of all official care and responsibility, possessed of sufficient pecuniary resources, unhampered by business cares, in the full meridian of health and strength, and at the ripe completeness of his fame, there was no reason why he should not give himself up, utterly, to the realization of a dream of travel such as no other American boy or man ever dreamed. The first citizen of the Republic determined to

make a tour around the whole world, and see for himself its countries, and its peoples, and their armies, fleets, and kings. He would see the mountains, the plains, the islands, the battle-fields, and sail the seas of which he had read, and there were living men, also, in whose faces he wished to look.

Preparations for the proposed tour began soon after the close of the Presidential term, and all was ready by the end of the first week of May, 1877. The party was to consist of the General and Mrs. Grant and their youngest son, Jesse. An accomplished journalist, Mr. John Russell Young, of New York, accompanied them, by invitation, from first to last, and there was also, from point to point, a continually changing escort of more or less distinguished men and women. It was as if a brilliant cavalcade rode out from Washington toward Philadelphia on the 9th of May, and that as fast as any of its membership afterward bowed, and smiled, and turned away, the vacant place was instantly occupied by some other form whose presence was as a badge of honor.

From the 9th to the 17th the general remained in Philadelphia, nominally the guest of his friend George W. Childs, but really the guest of the city, loaded with public honors. He had chosen to cross the ocean in the steamer Indiana, of the solitary American line of transatlantic steamships, and went on board her on the morning of the 17th, attended by a company of personal friends and distinguished citizens. Her departure was as a triumph, amid the fluttering flags of all the shipping in the

Delaware, and the thunder of a salute from the guns of a United States war vessel.

The voyage was pleasantly uneventful, the tourists being but little annoyed, even by sea-sickness, while the general himself was in the best of health and spirits. The kindly feeling of his countrymen had been enthusiastically displayed in bidding him farewell, and he felt it deeply. A few days later it was made to take an official form, in a circular letter from the State Department to its Diplomatic and Consular officers abroad, informing them of the ex-President's journey, and instructing them to do all in their power to provide in advance for his reception.

On the first day out at sea, as recorded by Mr. Young, the general declared that he "felt better than he had for sixteen years, from the fact that he had no letters to read, and no telegraphic dispatches to attend to." The long-borne burden of public life and heavy responsibility had slipped away from his shoulders, and the Indiana was taking him farther and farther, hour by hour, away from toil, and nearer to the fulfilment of his boyish vision of other countries than his own.

On the 27th of May the Indiana reached Queenstown, Ireland, and here there were friends in waiting with a hearty welcome; but there could be no pause in the voyage, and it was continued next day to Liverpool, England. Here began a series of public ovations and of special official honors which hardly ceased for a day during the general's stay in England.

The Mayor of Liverpool awaited him at the steamer's dock, to welcome him on behalf of the city, and so it was, with local variations, in other cities and towns as he came to them. The city of London conferred upon him, in stately public ceremonial, the rare honor to a foreigner of "the freedom of the city." Society opened its doors, and the great men of the nation hastened to pay their respects. It soon became evident, as the papers printed, one after another, the replies made by the general to a long series of addresses in public places and "toasts" at dinner-tables, that he had somehow acquired the art of very briefly saying well and wisely the words that should be said. He was not an orator, in one sense of the word, but in another he certainly had become so.

Soon after returning from a short visit to his daughter Nellie, now Mrs. Sartoris, at Southampton, the General and Mrs. Grant were invited to visit Queen Victoria, at Windsor Castle. There was a public use in such an attention from the British sovereign to America's representative, and even at the dinner-table itself telegrams reached the general testifying that his countrymen accepted the compliment as national.

Contrasted with the Queen's invitation and the endless list of honors paid by rank, and wealth, and fame, and power, yet of as deep a significance as had any of them all was a memorable deputation which came to see General Grant in London, and was received by him at the house of General Badeau, the Consul-General of the United States. It was

composed of leading representatives of the workingmen of England, including engineers, iron-workers, miners, and many others. They represented the more important "laboring" towns throughout the country, and they came not only to express personal admiration, but to pay their respects to the representative of a country in which labor is free and honorable. The general, in his reply to their address, recognized the real meaning of their visit, and added: "I have received nothing from any class since my arrival on this soil which has given me more pleasure." His own life had begun as a farmer's boy, and yet he was now received as the welcome guest of European royalties. The earth contained, as the English workingmen plainly perceived, no other such living argument for the rights of men or against the old-time tyrannies of caste.

On the 5th of July the general went across the Channel for a first look at the continent of Europe. On landing at Ostend he was met by an officer of the household of the King of Belgium, tendering him the royal car for his ride to Brussels. Shortly after his arrival in that city the king in person called upon him, and a royal banquet in his honor was given on the evening of the 8th.

Another royal railway carriage carried the tourists from Brussels to Cologne, and the succession of visits and of public and private ovations continued from city to city. He went up the Rhine as far as Coblentz. At Frankfort, in particular, a crowd of ten thousand people assembled to see the great American, and almost made it difficult for him to

see the city. Darmstadt and other places followed, including Heidelberg, Baden, the Black Forest, and Geneva. Everywhere the general's unflinching will adhered to the purpose which had brought him across the ocean.

In spite of all the honors which could be paid him, he had come to take an actual look at everything of interest within his reach. He enjoyed the mountain scenery of Switzerland thoroughly, went over the Simplon Pass for a tour of northern Italy, and returned to England in the latter days of August. On the 31st of that month he was in the ancient city of Edinburgh, Scotland, as its guest, receiving at the hands of the Lord Provost "the freedom of the city," in the presence of two thousand citizens, gathered in its Free Assembly Hall. The city of Glasgow soon afterward paid him a similar honor, and his tour of Scotland was made pleasant for him in every possible manner.

Once more across the English border, the general made a sort of tour of inspection of the manufacturing districts of the north of England, including the ship-building interests on the Tyne. The greeting everywhere extended to him by the working people can hardly be described. A faint idea of it may be gathered from the fact that from eighty thousand to a hundred thousand gathered around a platform on the town moor of Newcastle to look and listen, while their Member of Parliament, Mr. Burt, read an address of welcome to General Grant. The city made it like a holiday, and all the flags were out on buildings and on ships, while the pitmen from the

mines, with their wives and young people, came pouring to see a ruler who had once sold cordwood in the streets of St. Louis chopped by his own hands. They knew of Lincoln also, and the mention of the dead President's name had occurred very often among the speeches made to the general whom he had chosen to command the armies of the great Republic.

There were other demonstrations, at Sunderland and elsewhere, of the intense interest excited in the minds of English workmen by the coming among them of a man who seemed to them to embody their idea and hope of the freedom of labor yet to come.

There was much more to be seen and enjoyed in England, and there were reasons for postponing a visit to France. A great political contest was going on in that Republic, and it was feared that an improper use might be made of the name and presence of General Grant.

He waited until the elections were over, not leaving England until the 24th of October.

There had been an erroneous impression in the minds of many Frenchmen as to the position of the general, while President of the United States, during the Franco-German war. The American Minister, Mr. Washburne, had been conspicuous as the friend and protector of the German residents of Paris. It was easy to persuade a people sore at heart with defeat and disaster that a foreign ruler could not be a friend of Germany and at the same time a friend of France. He had also been a friend

of Mexico, and his declaration that the French army must leave that country had not arisen from animosity toward the people, whose ruler, the Emperor Napoleon III., had sent that army. General Grant fully shared in the strong aversion felt by nearly all Americans for the usurper who had temporarily destroyed freedom in France, and had afterward brought upon himself and upon the land whose crown he stole so great an overthrow. The desire of the emperor for the ruin of the American Republic had hardly been concealed.

Whatever might be the extent of the popular misconception of the feelings of General Grant, he was welcomed with due honor by the French President, Marshal McMahon, and his visit in Paris was made very agreeable. It was historic ground, and the general studied it thoroughly in the intervals of a constant succession of entertainments. Mr. John Russell Young relates that Marshal McMahon proposed to his guest a review of the army, but that it was declined. The same thing occurred afterward, somewhat to the astonishment of European crowned heads and military men. The fact was, as Mr. Young states, that General Grant had seen enough of war and its devices for destruction. He never wished to hear a drum beat again. He had been forced to fight his own countrymen and fellow citizens, and his memories of all his battle-fields increased his aversion to the profession into which he had been pushed almost against his will.

A few weeks passed rapidly away, but winter weather was at hand, and that of Paris is not pleas-

ant. The United States Government had placed the man-of-war Vandalia at the general's disposal for a trip through the Mediterranean Sea, and the tourists were on board her in the harbor of Marseilles on the 13th of December.

The Vandalia anchored in the Bay of Naples four days later, that the general might go on shore and see the ancient city, and climb the rugged side of Mount Vesuvius, for a look into its threatening crater. The ruins of Pompeii were also visited and other points of interest, before sailing for Palermo. After that came a brief cruise along the coast and through the Strait of Messina, and a severe gale on the way to Malta. Here was met the British ironclad Sultan, in command of the Duke of Edinburgh, who at once came to pay the general a visit. The evening was spent at an entertainment given on shore by the governor of the island.

Only a day could be given to Malta, and then the tourists were at sea again. It was marvellous how completely the ex-President had left behind him everything but his present business of sight-seeing. If it had been a military campaign he could not have done it more thoroughly. He travelled for enjoyment, and permitted nothing to interfere. When the idle hours on ship-board became too long, and the help of a book was needed, the volumes taken up were of the lightest character, books of humor rather than even books of fiction.

There was a vein of dry and often caustic fun in the character of Grant that most people were hardly aware of. It comes to the surface, here and there,

in his later writings, somewhat as it did in a museum of old curiosities at Naples. When the guide showed him the portrait of the generous man who had presented the city with that collection of wonders, the only comment made was: "Well, if I had a museum like this, I would give it to Naples or whoever would take it."

There was much rough weather, as often happens during Mediterranean cruises, and the passengers of the Vandalia were glad of their arrival in the harbor of Alexandria. They were well received on shore, the governor welcoming his guest in the name of the Khedive, and three days were spent in looking at the city founded by the Greek conqueror.

Stanley, the famous explorer, was then in Alexandria, fresh from the interior of Africa and the sources of the Nile, and he came to tell the general concerning places and peoples beyond the limits of his own possible travels.

The Vandalia was now free to the performance of other peaceful cruising, and the tourists went on to Cairo by rail. The almost oppressive attentions which came at every hour and every step did not prevent the general from studying all he saw with an interest which seemed to grow more intense, now that he had left Europe behind him. At Cairo, after seeing the Khedive and his capital, one of the small steamers which ply up and down the Nile was chartered. The river itself, the ruins of old cities, the pyramids, the Sphinx—all the often-described marvels of Egypt—were reached successively. Even among the ignorant population of interior towns the

fame of the general had penetrated, and his coming was looked upon as a great event. Eager swarms gathered around the donkey which bore him, that they might be able to say they had seen that wonderful potentate, "the king of America." Not many names have risen in American history which have ever been heard in the hovels of Egyptian Fellahs.

All was finished, at last, and the tourists returned to Cairo, but only for a brief stay. The Vandalia was at Port Said, waiting to convey the general to Jaffa, and there was little delay made in getting on board.

The lesson of Egypt had been learned, and that of the Holy Land was now to come. From Jaffa to Jerusalem is a short journey. There had been so little ceremony troubling him on landing that the general had expressed a strong hope that there would be none whatever on reaching the city. He was disappointed.

The Pasha's lieutenant came to meet him, with horses for his riding and a squadron of cavalry as a guard of honor, and a multitude gathered along the highway by which he approached the gate, where infantry were drawn up, ready to present arms. General Grant rode bareheaded through the crowd assembled to show such unlooked-for respect. He had been magnificently welcomed in many cities, in his own and other lands, but never at any other had there been a more noteworthy demonstration.

The many places of interest in and around Jerusalem were visited, day by day, and Bethany was

seen, and Bethlehem, and afterward Nazareth. It was all that the general's dream of travel could have painted, and in one respect it was much more. Not only were the Turkish officials everywhere courteous and respectful, but wild Arab sheikhs came long journeys that they might have one look at the great commander of the armies of the far-away western people. Themselves warriors by birth and leaders of the dusky cavalry of the desert, it was worth going far to see a soldier who had led more men in actual battles than had any other man living. It was something added to the traditions of the tribe of the sheikh who made the journey.

Palestine was given as much time as possible, and Damascus was visited, and the country through which runs the road from that city to Constantinople was carefully studied, but it was the 5th of March, 1878, before the tourists discovered what bitter weather could be had in Stamboul at the end of winter.

The war between Russia and Turkey, resulting so disastrously to the latter, had been but a few months over, and this was one reason why there was less of Oriental pomp and ceremony in the reception given General Grant by the sultan, Abdul Hamid, than there would have been in other days. Enough was done, however, and more entertainments were offered than could be accepted, for the general was ever impatient to press on. His next sight-seeing was to be done in Greece, and he lingered in Constantinople for a few days only. While there he found occasion for some surprise at the

thorough acquaintance with the events and men of the American Civil War possessed by the very capable foreign officers in the Turkish service.

Greece was seen, beginning at Athens and going on from place to place, from battle-field to battle-field. It was near the end of the month of March before the general could sail for Italy and Rome.

Invited to a personal interview with Pope Leo XIII. soon after arriving in Rome, and received by King Humbert of Italy with marked courtesy and attention, the general remained until April 20th, and then passed on to visit Florence, Venice, Milan, and then to be once more in Paris, attending the great exhibition.

The wonders of the World's Fair were wearisome from their very richness and multitude, and the tourists were glad that their next study was to be so quiet a country as Holland. It was the 26th of June before "the low countries" were finished and Berlin reached.

The interest taken by Grant in the German people and their country had always been great, and he had now no reason to complain of any lack of hospitality on their part.

One of the first to come of the many distinguished men who quickly called to pay their respects was Prince Bismarck, but Grant was already away from his hotel, sight-seeing. A second call failed in like manner, and so the general went to see the prince. It was an unceremonious meeting. The first words of Bismarck, on shaking hands, were: "Glad to welcome General Grant to Germany." The reply

was in substance: "There is no incident of my tour more interesting to me than this opportunity of meeting Prince Bismarck."

A thoroughly free and friendly talk followed, in which the affairs of States and nations and the names of generals and rulers passed from lip to lip, as the small things of life do in the talk of other men. Both of these had had much to do with "making the history" of the generation to which they belonged.

There were royal attentions and popular demonstrations after that, and social entertainments of various kinds, and then the general's plans carried him to Denmark for a similar experience at Copenhagen. Norway and Sweden were studied with deep interest, and then a brief Baltic voyage ended at St. Petersburg, and the ex-President of the United States was welcomed by the Czar of all the Russias. Moscow, and afterward Warsaw, and then Vienna only serve to mark the fact that the general's tour showed him Russia, Poland, Austria. At Vienna he was made the guest of the Imperial family.

After Austria and its cities came Spain, with another royal welcome. European etiquette had been often puzzled as to the precise form and ceremony with which to receive an ex-President of the United States. Prince Bismarck had solved the problem in one way. The Spanish court authorities solved it in quite another, for they bore in mind that he had held the highest rank in the American army, and orders were given to receive him with

the honors due a Captain-General of the Army of Spain. On the way to Madrid there was another memorable conversation, for General Grant talked long with Castelar, the eloquent patriot, who had been President of the short-lived Spanish Republic, and had exercised so vast an influence for good upon the minds and hearts of his countrymen.

Part of Spain having been seen, the tourists went to Lisbon, and the King of Portugal came to the city to meet the general as soon as he heard of his arrival.

There was much that was interesting in this visit, but it could not be prolonged, for there were other cities of Spain full of historic interest yet unseen, and the unwearied traveller hastened on from place to place with all the enthusiasm of youth. Just so had he made his first long journey on his way to West Point.

Through France again, to Paris, and thence to London, and here the party separated, Mrs. Grant and her son going to visit Mrs. Nellie Grant-Sartoris, while the general went to Ireland, to be everywhere greeted by eager crowds, among whom he found many men who had served under him, and some who had fought against him. They felt none the less kindly for that, however, as was testified by one Irishman who had been surrendered to him at Paducah.

All Europe was to be left behind, at last, for the general's face was now turned toward India.

He and his party left Marseilles by steamer on the 24th of January, 1879. Colonel Frederick D.

Grant had taken the place of Jesse, and Mr. A. E. Borie, ex-Secretary of the Navy, his nephew, Dr. Keating, and Mr. John Russell Young, made up the party. They crossed the Mediterranean once more to Alexandria, went by rail to Suez, and through the Red Sea and on to Bombay by steamer. There is no need to follow the general through Hindustan and Burmah. He fulfilled his purpose, and saw them, and Siam, and Cochin China, and China itself, and, last of all, Japan, before crossing the Pacific Ocean, homeward bound. With reference to the relations of the United States with other countries, his visits and the greetings given him were of national importance. With reference to his own character, and career, and fame, this wonderful journey crowned them well, and was a fitting preparation for the honored and honorable retirement of his latter days.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Politics.—Finances.—The Banking Bubble.—Perfect Prosperity.—A Sudden Storm.—A New Undertaking.—Suffering.—Heroism.—The Great Lesson.

THE reception given to General Grant on his return home from his long absence in other lands was all that the heart of man could ask. It was so full, so enthusiastic, so strongly did it express the rank he held in the esteem of his countrymen, that his political friends and even the general himself misunderstood it. Some of the shrewdest and best leaders of the Republican Party said to themselves and to others: "There will be hardly any opposition now to a nomination for a third term." They should rather have said: "Because the people regard him as forever out of politics, and as having sealed his retirement by this grand rounding off of his public life, *therefore* even those who could not again vote for him are entirely free to do him honor."

It was not easy, at the time, to hear the voice of genuine political wisdom amid the almost continuous roar of popular applause.

It was well understood that the general was not rich, and that his travelling expenses had been heavy. He had, in fact, about one hundred thousand dollars, invested in Government bonds. Upon the interest of this he and Mrs. Grant would hardly

be able to keep house in such a style as the dignity of his position seemed to require. They were compelled to take rooms in a hotel in New York for awhile, until the aroused sense of national honor could have time to bear fruit. There were many reasons why Congressional action was not to be expected, and why it was hardly desirable. One liberal popular subscription-list speedily raised a fund of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, to be held in trust by the well-known banking-house of E. D. Morgan & Co., only the interest of it being at the general's disposal. Another list provided one hundred thousand dollars for a house in New York City. Of this sum, forty-eight thousand dollars was actually used at once, in part payment for the house afterward occupied, and the remainder was deposited where to leave it was to lose it.

Only a little while elapsed, therefore, before the man who was now beyond all question the first citizen of the Republic was apparently provided with means greatly in excess of the demands of his simple and unostentatious tastes. New York was proud that he had chosen that city for his home, and all it contained of social rank or worth joined with the great multitude which greeted him gladly from day to day in one continual effort to assure him that he had chosen well.

He had done so, perhaps, in all respects but one. Shortly after his return from travel, and before any other increase of income had been provided, he assented to a plan for using his moderate capital more profitably. His son, Ulysses, was a member of the

firm of Grant & Ward, bankers, and believed himself to be already rich, although it afterward appeared that his belief was based upon the illusory statements of his partners. These men, Ferdinand Ward, the actual manager of the banking-house, and James D. Fish, President of the Marine Bank, were supposed to be great financiers of long experience and uncommon success. What they really were did not come out until, a few years later, they were brought before a judge and jury to answer criminal charges.

From the beginning of his career to its ending the strong personal attachments and implicit confidences of General Grant had bordered closely upon becoming a positive defect of character. That he was led into so few errors while in command of the army is largely because the course of military events guided his selections and created his confidences. He was less likely to err in his judgment of a soldier, much more so with reference to politicians, and altogether likely to fail in forming a correct opinion of financiers. Of the science of banking he knew as little as he did of chemistry, and he became a special partner first, and then a general partner, in the firm of Grant & Ward, without a thought of any liability he was thereby incurring. He was entirely willing that Mr. Ward and Mr. Fish should conduct the affairs of the concern, and he believed them, month by month and year by year, when they laid before him false statements of profits, and cashed his checks for his deceptive dividends. It was all the more bitter, in

the end, to know how many others had been betrayed to a similar confidence by the misuse of the name of the ex-President.

All that trouble was as yet hidden, however, behind the dark curtain of the future. The present was all one glow of prosperity. The very pinnacle of human success seemed to have been attained, and the highest praise which any biographer can bestow must be given here in declaring that this greatest and severest test of human character was well borne. At no point now did the noble outlines of the genuine strength which had already been proved in so many other ordeals show signs of weakness. Eyes that search for small defects can find them, but it is hardly worth while—considering what a splendid lesson this fast-ripening life was soon to teach and to leave as a legacy to the nation.

The National Convention of the Republican Party which met at Chicago in the year 1880 contained almost a majority determined upon the nomination of General Grant as President of the United States for a third term. The contest was so heated, so nearly fierce in its vehemence, as barely to escape a permanent rupture of the party, but the jarring forces were at last able to unite in the selection of General Garfield. Strong, persistent, final as was the opposition to a third term, justice to the men who were most earnest in it requires the record that it did not arise from personal animosity. To this there were marked exceptions, but General Grant had many warm friends and admirers among those

whose convictions of public policy prevented them from desiring his re-election as President.

Putting aside the episode of this Presidential candidacy, the four years of life immediately following the tour around the world may be traced through all their occurrences, season after season, and then grouped and numbered as one year, one season. There was in them one unvarying current of prosperity, of private enjoyment and public honor, as if all which human ambition could sanely ask for had been given to one man. The minor incidents of that period lack value and fail of interest. They are too much dwarfed by that which went before and by the things which now followed.

The affairs of the banking-house of Grant & Ward were so uniformly reported prosperous, and the declared profits were so large, that General Grant saw less and less cause for any minute inspection of them. He advised against any meddling with United States Government contracts by a firm of which he was a member, but did not otherwise interfere. The brilliant financiers with whom he was associated were succeeding even as other men to whom the Wall Street channels of wealth were open and familiar. The general's name had been a tower of strength to them, and he saw no harm in that. They had made him, as he believed, a millionnaire, and he could give away or spend as much money as he pleased, and he did both, liberally. His own means and the fortunes of his entire family, deposited with the concern, bore ample witness to the utter good faith with which he trusted Ward and

Fish in finance, as he had trusted Sherman and Sheridan in military affairs.

Time went on until the year 1883 was nearly ended. On the evening before Christmas, although the weather was inclement, General Grant went out to pay a visit to a friend. A man in such vigorous health had no occasion to mind a little rain and ice, for his sixty-one years sat very lightly on him. He returned home about midnight in a hired cab, and alighted in front of his own door. He was in the act of paying the driver his fare when his foot slipped. He fell heavily upon the sidewalk and was unable to rise. When carried into the house, the surgeons who came told him only of the rupture of a muscle in the upper part of the thigh, but it was the beginning of a long catalogue of disasters.

For weeks after the accident he was unable to turn in bed without suffering, and a severe attack of pleurisy came as a complication. In the following March he was able to leave the house, and made a trip to Washington and to Fortress Monroe for a change of air, but he was still a cripple.

The politics of the country were rapidly warming toward the intense heat of the coming Presidential campaign, but it was noted that General Grant avoided discussion. There were strong reasons for believing that the Republican Party could not be rallied to the united support of either of its aspiring leaders, and that its only hope for success lay in its putting aside all objections and presenting Grant's name to the people.

Such suggestions, when from time to time they

were made to the general himself, elicited little or no response. His spirits had suffered somewhat from illness and confinement, but pride, and, perhaps, some soreness of feeling, were scarcely hidden by this silence. If called for, he would have served, but he would not declare himself a candidate. Without any fault of his, the Republican Party was to be without power to use his name, and their foreseen defeat by division came upon them.

So late as the 3d of May, 1884, there had been no intimation of possible trouble in the grand financial operations of Mr. Ward and Mr. Fish. On that day the general's youngest son deposited with the speculative firm the sum of eighty thousand dollars, his entire fortune, and all the money belonging to the other members of the family was already there. The next day, Sunday, May 4th, Mr. Ward came to tell the general that the Marine Bank, of which Mr. Fish was manager, had failed to collect its outstanding loans, and was in some difficulty, but that one hundred and fifty thousand dollars would carry it over the peril. He did not add that the loans which could not be collected had been made to himself, and he induced the general to go to his friend, Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt, and get a check for the amount. It was given as frankly as it was asked, without security, and was handed to Mr. Ward by the general without a suspicion that the man who took it was otherwise than honorably helping their joint friend and partner. So complete was the concealment that the general saw no reason for going down to the office on Monday. He did so on Tues-

day. He was still a cripple, and walked with the help of crutches, but he entered the banking-house with a yet undisturbed conviction that he was worth, at least, one million of dollars.

He was met by his son Ulysses, whose first remark was:

"Father, you had better go home. The bank has failed!"

He did not go, however. Half an hour later, when his old friend General Badeau came in to see him, he had learned more correctly the extent of the disaster. He was calm and brave as ever, but said:

"We are all ruined here. The bank has failed. Mr. Ward cannot be found. The securities are locked up in the safe, and he has the key. No one knows where he is."

It was some time before the financial experts and lawyers who undertook to sift the matter discovered how empty of aught but delusion and fraud was the great banking-house of which Mr. Ward had so long kept the only key. The general and Mrs. Grant turned over their house and its contents to Mr. Vanderbilt at once, against that gentleman's will. They were so nearly stripped of even the means of living that only eighty dollars remained in his pocketbook and a hundred and thirty in hers. The trust fund of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars was beyond the reach of Ferdinand Ward and the failure, but Mr. Morgan had invested it in the bonds of a company which had suspended payment. After his death his estate was an ample guaranty of the

investment, but his executors, for legal reasons, were at present unable to make any advances on that account. Suddenly, therefore, the great and dazzling prosperity had vanished like a dream, and there was actual poverty in the splendid home, the gift of the people, which was also lost.

Mere loss of money was not the bitterest drop in the cup which now was to be swallowed daily, through month after month, as the newspapers discussed the marvellous bankruptcy of Grant & Ward. It required time and patient search to establish in the minds of men the fact that the general himself was in no manner to blame. Men spoke of dishonor where there had but been too simple a faith in the honor of other men. The losses which fell upon relatives and friends, drawn into the whirlpool by the uses made of the general's name, were so much added gall and wormwood.

As prosperity had been well endured, so also was this great agony, with its successive blows and humiliations.

There were flashes of sunshine. On the 10th of May came a letter from a Mr. Charles Wood, of Lansingburg, New York, with a check for five hundred dollars, and an offer of five hundred dollars more as a loan without interest until the general could pay it. He was not even an acquaintance, but the money was "on account of my share for services ending April, 1865."

Something like that might have been expected, but another thousand on account of gratitude was even more an honor to the man who brought it. Gen-

eral Grant's friendship for Mexico had been strong and active from his youth up. Now in the darkest of this adversity the Mexican Minister, Mr. Romero, came to him with a thousand-dollar check, and, when it was refused, threw it down on the general's table and walked out of the house.

This loan and other household debts were soon repaid out of the proceeds of the sale of two small houses in Washington belonging to Mrs. Grant. Expenses were cut down, and the best possible disposition was made of the several members of the family during the long suspense which would surely attend the legal proceedings arising from the bankruptcy.

Public opinion reacted speedily, and once more took charge of the general's good name and personal honor as one of its cherished treasures. He was acquitted of all wrong, and only a few refused to understand that he had not even been guilty of culpable neglect.

It was evident that the slender resources indicated would keep the wolf from the door but a little while, and all the honorable pride of the general's nature forbade his living upon charity, even when it came to him in the disguise of eagerly offered loans. It is well to record that there were not lacking men who felt it both a duty and an honor to try and get between the bankrupt hero and such an assailant as poverty.

He felt that he must once more do something to earn a living. There was a strong hope that Congress, in due season, would put him upon the retired

list, as a general of the army, but that uncertainty could not be waited for. The list of possible openings for money-getting was very narrow to an elderly man, getting about slowly on crutches, and crushed out of business life by vast liabilities in bankruptcy.

The idea of taking part in the current literary discussion of the events of the Civil War had more than once been urged upon the general, but not, formerly, as a distinct means of emolument. That view of the matter, presented in a most admirable manner, now came to him from the editors of the *Century Magazine*, with ultimate results which vastly exceeded even their kindly expectation.

As an officer of the army the general had written many reports of field and siege operations; as President he had prepared messages and other State papers; but he had never been in any manner a literary man. He now made his first attempt at historical composition, with General Badeau at his side once more as "aide" and critic. The first difficulties were speedily overcome, and the series of papers upon war subjects afterward printed by the *Century* was completed, one by one. Much was finished before the end of the following summer. The greater part of that year's pleasant weather was passed at Long Branch on the seashore. Crutches were still required in walking, but there were daily drives, with or without company, and the literary undertakings grew rapidly, furnishing mental occupation of a very healthy sort.

Somehow or other, the report got out that the

general contemplated writing his own "memoirs," but the first full-grown idea of so doing came to him in the shape of propositions for its publication, sent him by leading houses. He saw that the work already done and such as remained to be done would all be available as part of a comprehensive autobiography, and that it had already, therefore, a very good beginning. Without at once entering into any contract for publication, he gave himself up almost entirely to the new project after returning to New York. He was constitutionally averse to clerical work or close confinement, but he gave to his self-appointed task five, six, and often seven hours a day of unremitting application. Trained literary workers can hardly exceed that, as a rule. It was as if he had a premonition that his time for the work would be barely sufficient; but the real spur, as he himself declared, toward the end of it, was the fact that he was living upon borrowed money, and was toiling for independence.

During the summer days at Long Branch there had been occasion several times to take notice of unaccustomed throat-pains, but no especial importance had been attached to them. They returned early in the fall, but it was not until late in October that he complied with advice which he had received from a physician who had examined his throat just before he left the seashore. This was that he should consult the most eminent medical specialists in diseases of the throat. He did so, even now, only at the urgency of Mrs. Grant. The answer he received was as if a sentence of death had been pro-

nounced, although neither he nor his family at all accepted its full meaning, for he was told that the cause of his suffering was a cancerous affection of the throat.

This was on the 22d of October, 1884, and before the sufferer were nine months of such complicated bodily and mental trial as have rarely clouded the close of a great human career. For several weeks the patient went daily to see his physician. At first he insisted upon going alone and by street-car, but afterward consented to have a carriage and company. His nervous system was more shaken than he was aware of, as was proved by the shock occasioned by a necessary dental operation. During the month of November the throat pains became excruciating, especially in all eating or drinking, but were endured with heroic firmness.

Literary work had not been suspended during the first struggles with the inner enemy, but it was now beyond human courage to take up the pen or toil over reminiscences. He did not fail in fortitude, but was forced by sheer agony to tell his family and friends that he had no desire to live if there was really no hope of recovery. Immediate death would be better than lingering under a torment which must surely end in death. Very honestly had his physicians declared that they had never known a cure of what they termed epithelial cancer. All that science and skill could do must be confined to alleviation of suffering and support of all vital forces. These were under a terrible drain from the disease itself, but the bodily cancer was not the only corro-

sion under which the patient was sinking. His affection for his wife and children was intense. All the strength of his nature entered into his devotion to them, and his sense of personal responsibility for their future welfare was excessive. No such load of duty concerning grown-up men and women rightfully rests upon any man, but General Grant assumed it, as if, like the cancer, it were incurable.

Sitting in silence and almost motionless, hour by hour, he stared in the face the coming death of untellable pain, and with it were bankruptcy, poverty, disgrace, calumny, a bitter sense of private wrong, and of public misconception and neglect. It is one of the saddest of pictures, but it did not last. Love proved too strong for even all that ruin, and the dying man aroused himself to toil for his wife and children, and for the little grandchildren whose daily visits once more became a permitted relief and brightness. The "memoirs" were taken up with an energy of perseverance that was surprising, and at no time afterward until they were completed was daily work upon them interrupted save by positive disability. They are, in a most truthful use of the term, his "monument," an American household treasure continually.

Now came a season when the disease relaxed its hold, a strong, healthy constitution seconding by its power of resistance the uttermost capacity of medical skill and resources. Something like cheerfulness returned with the suggestion of a hope that if a cure were impossible a prolonged reprieve might be obtained. Had other circumstances permitted,

cheerfulness might have remained longer, but with the close of the year pecuniary troubles returned. A thousand dollars sent by the liberal *Century*, in addition to the price of his first article, as his share of its profit to them, went to pay Mr. Wood the loan made in the first crash of the bankruptcy. A second thousand, from the same source, soon afterward, is said by General Badeau to have been the last check ever endorsed by General Grant.

The pressure of several creditors of the firm of Grant & Ward compelled Mr. Vanderbilt to assume the ownership of the residence and its contents, but the manner of his doing so was beyond all criticism, and was a relief rather than otherwise. It would have been made more so but for the somewhat morbid self-will evinced by the sick man as to how his friends should help him. He rejected, positively, the idea of a pension from the United States, but was deeply stung by the apparent reluctance to place his name on the retired list. It was understood that if the bill for that purpose should be passed by Congress, it would be vetoed by President Arthur, for reasons which seemed to the general insufficient. The effect upon his spirits was as if he had thus been assured that he was under a cloud. He said little, but only a few words were needed to tell how severely his mental annoyances were depressing him.

Another council of physicians, held in January, passed a verdict which dispelled all temporary illusions. The disease was malignant, and its advances could not be checked. Pains might be alleviated to

some extent, but the end could not be averted nor long postponed.

Shortly after this all attempt at concealing the facts of the case ceased, and the world knew all that the physicians could tell. Except upon a very few acrid and bitter souls, here and there confessing themselves unduly, the effect was marvellous. Calumnies seemed to have suddenly disappeared, and political animosities were forgotten. The illustrated journals came to the aid of the popular imagination, and men and women, young and old, had vividly before their minds the picture of the brave old soldier in his hour of utter desolation, toiling for earnings while the cancer searched for his life. A tide of honorable sympathy flowed steadily toward the broken man who had been general of the army and twice President, and through whom the nation had been honored by the kings of the earth. It was felt that there were some treasures which had not been squandered by Mr. Ferdinand Ward. Among the distinguished individuals who expressed in person or by kindly messages the feelings called for by so sad an announcement, were political opponents as well as friends, and the list included the ex-President of the Confederacy and the generals and sons of the generals who had surrendered its armies to the leader who was now passing away. The President of the United States and his Cabinet showed that there had been no lack of good-will attending their view of law and public policy, but it was too late, even if they could have said or done much more. An effort was made to place General Grant

on the retired list by means of a bill framed to meet President Arthur's objections, but it failed to do so, and for that understood reason the bill was lost in Congress.

General Grant's only remark, when this news reached him, was that the bill had failed on the 16th of February, the anniversary of the surrender of Fort Donelson. General Buckner, from whom he received that surrender, had already called to see him, as one of the Southern soldiers who had not forgotten his uniform good-will to them.

Whether or not too strong an expectation had been permitted as to the passage of the Retirement Bill, its defeat was a blow which was followed by a rapid decline of strength. The physicians had from the first expressed great anxiety as to the horrible "cancer pains" which must attend the later stages of the disease, and from time to time these began to manifest themselves. They did not interfere, however, with the clear exercise of the mental faculties. Only physical weakness checked repeated efforts to use pen and paper. A new Retirement Bill, now before Congress, was watched in its rapid way through both Houses, until it reached the President. In the last hour of the session, on the morning of the 4th of March, it passed, it was signed, a message of nomination hurried into the Senate chamber, and only a few minutes before the close of that Congress Ulysses S. Grant was made once more a general of the army. He brightened and rallied as if a strong restorative had been given him, for this removal of all supposable stain upon

his name had a peculiarly noble character. The bill had not been in any slight degree a party measure. Southern men who had served in the Confederate armies, and Northern Democrats who had been most strenuous opposers of the Grant Administration, vied with Republican Radicals in putting all obstacles out of the way of the bill. A Republican President signed it, but a Democratic President, Grover Cleveland, made the issue of a commission to General Grant the first act of his administration after naming his own cabinet. So was it the voice of the nation.

A few days later a contract was signed for the publication of the book which had cost so much. Then came another trial, to the endurance of which all remaining energy had to be summoned, for there were solemn warnings that death might come at any day or hour. The course of justice to Ferdinand Ward and James D. Fish required the testimony of the general, and so did his own good name and that of his sons. The examination was held in his bed-chamber, and in the presence of death no "oath" was demanded. The witness conquered pain for a full hour while he answered the questions of lawyers and told the story of his betrayal by those two "financiers." When it was over and the public read the printed report, it was forever understood that the Grant family were as utterly mere victims of fraud and concealment as were any other creditors of the plundered banking-house.

There were many fluctuations of strength, many variations of the suffering from this time forward,

and again and again a near termination seemed inevitable. The watching by the family and by devoted medical attendants was unceasing. Mrs. Sartoris had arrived from England, and all the household were together. So imminent, at times, seemed the very end, that when the first of the new payrolls came and was attended to with feverish eagerness by the sick man, and a check for pay followed, the only person who would consent to leave the bedside to cash that token of restoration to the public service was Mr. Chaffee, the father-in-law of Ulysses Grant, Jr. When the money came the general made an immediate division of it among the members of the family, saying that it was all he had to give them. It was not to be so, however, for there followed an unexpected respite.

Whether or not the consciousness of restored honor and so strong an assurance of national esteem and affection as had come to him and was coming had operated as a medicine, the hand of death was put aside for a season. Before summer came the "Memoirs" were again taken up, with the help of a stenographer. Early in June there was enough of strength manifested to admit a removal to Mount McGregor, near Saratoga, New York, where a cottage tendered by Mr. Joseph W. Drexel had been prepared.

The change from the noise and heat of the city to rural coolness and quiet brought further relief, and the last toils went bravely on, but the inner bonds of life were steadily parting. From the hour when the nature of the general's case was made

public the press had responded instinctively to the demand for full and continuous reports, and the telegraphic wires leading to Mount McGregor were in constant use. They brought, as did the mails, expressions of interest from the very ends of the earth, for all the world, its peoples and rulers alike, understood the deep meaning of this last, greatest battle of the great American soldier. He was surely losing it, and yet as surely winning it. One important fruit of the victory he was gaining belonged to the re-united nation, and he was able to say: "I have witnessed, since my sickness, just what I wished to see ever since the war—harmony and good feeling between the sections." And again: "I am thankful for the providential extension of my time, because it has enabled me to see for myself the happy harmony which so suddenly sprung up between those engaged, but a few short years ago, in deadly conflict."

There was a certainty, now, that the general's death would not leave his family in poverty, but the best and largest part of their provision depended upon the words he was tracing or dictating in the intervals of his last faintness. When that work was completed the incentive for struggling with the enemy was gone, for the victory of love had been gained.

The end of all was very quiet. All earthly farewells had been long since uttered. All earthly duties were finished. On the 23d of July, 1885, in all the cities and towns and homes in the United States to which the telegraphic wires could take the

instantaneous message, the waiting flags arose half-mast, as if of their own accord, and the people knew that General Grant had obeyed an order which had come to him from a higher power than any on the earth. The message went across the sea, and in other lands and harbors the flags on forts and shipping, and the cannon, announced the universal recognition of the lesson of a great and useful life which had terminated well.

THE END.

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