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Grant's Life In the West and His Mississippi Valley Campaigns: A History, Book II

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By permission of Edward Joy, Esq., the present owner of the cabin.

THE LOG CABIN GRANT BUILT.

Built in 1854 of logs hewn in part by Captain Ulysses S. Grant on his retirement from the regular army. The corner prominent in this picture was joined and fitted by Grant in person. The cabin was originally located on Mrs. Grant's farm, situated in St. Louis county, about ten miles from the city. General Grant subsequently owned the entire Dent plantation, but sold it to Captain Conr., of St. Louis, at the time of his financial embarrassment in New York. The latter sold the cabin to Captain Joy for \$5,000, and he removed it to his own home near St. Louis, where it still stands in a good state of preservation.

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

(A HISTORY.)

By COL. JOHN W. EMERSON.

(Engravings from drawings and photographs furnished chiefly by Mrs. E. Butler Johnson.)
(Begun in the October Midland Monthly.)

BOOK II.

CHAPTER I.

GRANT RESIGNS FROM THE ARMY, AND RETIRES TO A FARM IN ST. LOUIS COUNTY, MISSOURI.

THE expensive conditions of life on the Pacific coast in 1853 made it quite impossible to support a wife and two children on the pay of a captain. The remote prospects of promotion in those times of peace, with no war-clouds visible or in prospect, made Grant's isolation from his family a distressing situation to him, and as time progressed he

became more dissatisfied with the separation which official and professional duty imposed upon him. Captain Grant had formed a strong attachment for the Pacific coast, and had been hopeful of being able at some time to remove thither with his family, and settle permanently in that land of golden promise. But in those "flush times" when all was gold that glittered in that region, and when prices of every item required for family use was as "altitudinous" as the mountains that looked down upon the fertile valleys

and golden canons, Grant saw no immediate prospect of establishing himself there.

His pay, in fact, was little more than adequate to support *himself* in a country so expensive as a place of residence. He determined, therefore, in the spring of 1854, to resign from the army, return to private life, and rejoin his family in Missouri.

He obtained leave of absence in March, and tendered his resignation at the same time, to take effect on July 31, 1854. If nothing better offered he could at least retire, with the little family he loved, to the farm of his wife adjoining the Dent, or White Haven homestead.

Grant made his final report, packed his few belongings as Captain on garrison duty, and, although his heart rejoiced at the prospect of soon meeting his family, he was sad at parting forever from his army friends and associates, and at the

thought of abandoning a profession in which he had received the highest training his country could give him. By his own act he had set aside all his military ambitions, making impossible, as he supposed, to realize any of his early dreams of a military career.

Shall we shut our eyes on this picture and open them again, just ten years later, in the early days of March, 1864?

Aladdin's dream is scarcely more wonderful than the contrast.

With superlative genius and cyclonic swiftness he had swept the Mississippi Valley with his victorious legions, in campaigns as marvelous as they were triumphant; and on these anniversary days of his retirement from the old army on the far-off Pacific slope, we see him standing, with his manly little soldier-son, at the Capital of the Nation,—summoned thither by its chief magistrate,—before President Cabinet and other dignitaries,



From an old photograph never before in print.

CAPTAIN GRANT, THE FARMER,
Leaning against the wheel of an old wagon on his farm in St. Louis county, explaining to a young horse-fancier the good points of a favorite horse.

of State; and quietly, and with the same unostentatious coolness and composure which seemed always a part of his nature, receiving his commission as Lieutenant-General of all the armies! And this honor, not the reward of personal or political favor, but *deserved and earned*—extended him because he filled the measure of his country's needs and expectations!

In 1854, the trip from California to St. Louis was neither one of speed nor of

sands of armed men, in which the fate of the Nation was to be decided.

CHAPTER II.

GRANT'S "PENURY" DENIED — NEW LIGHT THROWN UPON HIS RETIREMENT FROM THE ARMY.

There has been an effort by some writers and after-dinner orators to make it appear that Grant was so impecunious when he resigned from the old army, in 1854, that he had to depend upon



From an old photograph never before in print.

SOME OF GRANT'S PETS.
Grant's farm, St. Louis county, in 1858.

pleasure, and Grant's homeward journey was uneventful. We come in contact with him again after he joins his family at St. Louis, in the summer of 1854,—just ten years prior to that mighty death-grapple with Lee, in the "Wilderness" of Virginia. Another contrast—in one picture we see the happy meeting between Captain Grant and his family, and in the other, the struggle of hundreds of thou-

the bounty of friends for means with which to return home. This is not true. He had means of his own to pay, and did pay, his own expenses home. He also aided others, and had four months' pay and allowances as captain still due him up to July 31, 1854. The circumstance which Grant relates as a joke upon himself—that he and a brother officer raised a patch of potatoes at Vancouver, part of which were destroyed



From a recent photograph.

THE OLD LIME-KILN ON THE GRANT FARM,

Now called "Grant Wood," in St. Louis county, ten miles from the city, where Grant lived as a farmer from 1854 to 1858.

by an overflow, and the remainder valueless in the market—is exploited as a speculation and a failure. Grant had not a dollar invested in the enterprise.

It has been related that he sent a ship laden with ice to San Francisco market, and that this, too, was a failure. There is no truth in this story. Grant never speculated. His spare money was sent home to his family. He never engaged in buying hogs and cattle in Oregon and shipping them to San Francisco, as has been stated. He attended strictly to his official duties, and did not violate the ethics of the service by engaging, even indirectly, in commercial business and speculations.

It is true that Grant was a poor man; yet he was better off than most officers in the army, for he was economical in all his habits. He did not go in debt. He did not gamble. He saved every dollar

of his income which he was not obliged to spend in keeping up his position in the army.

Grant was promoted to a captaincy July 5, 1853. He therefore drew over \$100 a month in pay and allowances for nine months before he left California; and nearly seven months of that time were spent at the quiet, isolated post at Humboldt Bay, where there was little society and no opportunity of spending money. He was obliged to wear neat, clean and becoming apparel as captain in the regular service, and Grant was always as well dressed as his brother officers in the old army.

He had not been on any duty to mar his uniform. He came on a clean vessel from Humboldt to San Francisco; and yet these romancers say that when he arrived he was "shabby" and "he had a look of utter despair." And this, be it

remembered, at a time when his heart was full of joy at the prospect of an early meeting with his family. These are slanders which no act in Grant's life justifies.

When he reached San Francisco Grant drew \$250 back pay and expense money for court martial service. Two hundred and fifty dollars was a small sum to be sure, but this much he had in gold,—he was neither "penniless" nor "a pauper."

How do I know this? it may be asked. The story is very plain and very simple, and the slanders are sufficiently important to justify the truth being related with some detail.

In 1859 the writer was the junior member of the law firm of Pipkin & Emerson, at Ironton, Missouri. Judge Pipkin, the senior member, was a brother-in-law of Judge Long, of St. Louis county, who was one of Captain Grant's nearest neighbors and most intimate friends. Judge Long frequently came to Ironton to visit Judge Pipkin, and he and the writer became friends. Long was always ready with some interesting episode of Grant's Mexican War and California experiences. On one of his visits he went with me to look at a cottage I was having built. The carpenters were at work, and Judge Long and I, after looking about, seated ourselves on a saw-bench, and continued our conversation. He mentioned Grant's name. Mr. Babcock, who was head carpenter, heard it, came to us, and asked Judge Long if it was Captain Grant, of St. Louis county, he was speaking about. Judge Long answered, "Yes, it is that same Captain Grant." Babcock said, "Well, I guess he saved my life on the Isthmus, in 1854, coming from California. (I had also been in the Mexican War with him; set up his wagons at Vera Cruz, and drove one of his teams a while.) I was sick with rheumatism coming home from California, and only had money to pay my passage to Panama, where I expected to get able to work and earn money to come home on a later steamer. But I was very sick when we got there, and I begged Captain Grant to

loan me enough to take me home. He let me have forty dollars, and he took care of me, too. It's too bad, I've never paid him back the money, but I will, though."

As we walked away from the building, Judge Long remarked to me, "That's just like Grant; he would always divide his last dollar with a friend in distress." When Long returned to St. Louis he told Captain Grant about meeting Babcock and what he had said.

A few days later the writer received from Captain Grant a letter enclosing an old worn and stained note written by Babcock in 1854 at Panama, and which he had forced Grant to take. It was for forty dollars, and I was requested to collect it if I could do so without distressing the maker. The interest on it for the five years amounted to twelve dollars. I took the responsibility of discounting two dollars from the interest to induce Babcock to pay it. He paid me forty dollars in two gold coins, all he had, and I advanced the other ten dollars on his work, and cancelled and delivered to him the old note. When he tore it up he said, "This was worth \$1,000 to me; it saved my life."

A few days later I was in St. Louis and went to Grant's office to pay him the money collected from Babcock. Judge Long happened to be in the office and Captain Grant was relating to Long an incident which an old Mexican war veteran had been telling him that morning. After greeting me, he began again to relate the partly told story for my benefit. When he finished, I explained the success I had had in collecting his note from Babcock, and handed him the fifty dollars. He offered me ten dollars for my services, which I declined, expressing my pleasure at being able to oblige him, and that it had given me no trouble. He then cordially thanked me; and, looking at the two twenty dollar pieces, and turning them over in his hand in silence for a minute as if meditating, looked up at Judge Long and myself and said:

"These coins remind me of the ones I gave Babcock. I never expected to get

a cent of it again. They also remind me of my army life, and I may as well explain how I came to make this loan to an irresponsible sick man at Panama, when I was a poor man myself. After being promoted Captain, in July, 1853, and going to Humboldt, I was able to live a little cheaper and save some of my income to send home. When I resigned and came to San Francisco in the spring of 1854, on my way home, I had \$250 pay and allowances due me, which I collected. It was paid me in twenty-dollar pieces like these. I had to wait a few days for the next steamer, and I took a run, with another officer, out to the mines, to see an old friend; then returned a day or two before the steamer was to leave and secured my ticket to New York. As the army was paying the steamship company thousands of dollars for freight and transporting the army, it had become a custom of the company to give free passes to officers of the army who were returning on leave of absence. The Quartermaster, Major Allen, introduced me to the agent and vouched for my being on 'leave,' and he extended to me the usual courtesy, I paying my passage across the Isthmus. My trip to the mines, hotel bill and ticket across to Panama took about fifty dollars, and I remember I had just ten of these (still holding the coins in his hand and looking at them) when I went on the steamer.

"This man Babcock got rheumatism working in the cold water in the mines and came on the same steamer. He was sick when we reached Panama, and told me he had no money to pay his passage further, and appealed to me to take him along to New York. I could not leave an old soldier behind in that wretched place to die, so I gave him two of my coins. In a few days he was better and wrote out, pressed in my hand, and insisted on my taking, the note I sent you for collection. It had been lying in an old pocket-book for years and I never expected to hear from the man again. This comes as good now as if he had paid it back then.

"I divided one other piece between two

sick miners, friends of Babcock, who were returning home to Missouri as steerage passengers. This left me with only seven of these good fellows (looking at the coins and tossing them over in his hand) when I landed in New York. Then I had my four months' pay to begin my new life as a farmer."

After a moment of silence he added, "After all, my farm days were happy days, if only I could have had my health at it."

Then, rising, he remarked with a smile as he put the money in his pocket: "It seems odd to get fifty dollars for forty dollars loaned! I believe this is the first interest I ever received in my life, and I didn't know I was a capitalist before."

Grant was a poor man indeed,—God be thanked that his genius was not obscured by the influences of early fortune! But he was not "without means to get home"; did not look "shabby"; was not in "penury"; did not "look the picture of despair"; had twenty dollars to divide between two sick miners returning home on the steamer, and forty dollars to loan the sick carpenter; paid his own way, and had money when he reached home,—a brave, honest, independent Christian gentleman, owing no man anything.

CHAPTER III.

GRANT BEGINS LIFE AS A FARMER.

On entering upon his career as a farmer, the first duty that confronted Captain Grant was the erection of a house.

All the folk-lore gathered from those who once lived neighbors to Grant while a farmer, shows that he was ever as ready to perform with his own hands as he was with his head, every office that his position in life demanded. He assumed the actual duties of fitting up a home, and performed the necessary work required in those days of every man who engaged in farming with moderate means. And on the farm, as in military life, the same quiet persistency was his most pronounced characteristic.

On this interesting period in Captain

GRANT'S LIFE IN THE WEST

Grant's life, Gen. John W. Noble of St. Louis, late Secretary of the Interior, gave this interesting account in an address at a Grant Anniversary reunion in New York, which he has kindly allowed me to use. General Noble says:

There is a cabin, my friends, near the town in which I live, composed of rough hewn logs. It is of the old style. It has on either end a room, and through the center extends a porch or area. Long years ago the neighbors of a man gathered there and helped him to place those logs in position; helped him enjoy not only the labors, but also the festivities in what was then known as the "log house raising." It was his own home; it was the shelter raised by his own hands for his own family on his own farm.

The man who erected and lived in that house was the man who, in subsequent years, commanded the armies of the Union; who filled the Presidential chair, and who when he went forth among the nations of the earth was honored by the greatest in every clime and country. It was General Ulysses S. Grant.

There never was a time in the life of General Grant, no matter whether he was in the field in command of the armies, in the cabinet, or on his triumphal journey round the world, there never was a time when he forgot the days of that lowly toil whereby he learned the lessons of honor, integrity, self-reliance, the dignity of labor and the love of independence.

Genius he had that was superb; the power of organization almost beyond measure; and an intelligent grasp that enabled him to hold the mighty armies of the Union within his comprehensive grasp and direct their movements and their points of assault from the Atlantic ocean to the Mississippi and beyond.

Grant went on improving his farm, pursuing the uneventful life incident to the farmer in moderate circumstances, who is in no danger of having the burdens of a fortune thrust upon him as the result of his labors, and making a comfortable living, with all the peace and restfulness which come to the honest, fairly prosperous farmer who is out of debt, and has good digestion and a clear conscience.

Commercial people may make fortunes in prosperous eras, and anon be swept into bankruptcy by a panic or other disasters incident to business; but the mod-

erate farmer can at least sleep soundly, enjoy undisturbed dreams, unalarmed at the varying fortunes of trade or speculation, assured that next week and next year will find him "there or thereabouts." While Grant remained on his farm he worked as steadily, faithfully, and effectively as the average farmer of his time; though he performed no prodigies, he was up to the time in his mode of farming, in his attention to plowing, sowing and reaping; and out of it all peace and plenty were his rewards.

He modestly says in his Memoirs (vol. I, p. 211): "A house had to be built also. I worked very hard, never losing a day because of bad weather, and accomplished the object in a moderate way. If nothing else could be done I would load a cord of wood on a wagon and take it to the city for sale. I managed to keep along very well until 1858, when I was attacked by fever and ague. I had suffered very severely and for a long time when a boy in Ohio. It lasted now over a year, and, while it did not keep me in the house, it did interfere greatly with the amount of work I was able to perform. In the fall of 1858 I sold out my stock, crops, and farming utensils at auction and gave up farming."

It must not be understood that because Grant's house was called a "log cabin" it was rude or uncomfortable. On the contrary, the timbers were hewed, it was well constructed, was commodious and quite artistic in finish, as our illustration shows. It was surrounded by trees; also by roses and other flowers, and even the flocks of wild songsters found the environments a paradise of a home.

While the interior furnishings were plain, they were the perfection of quiet beauty, with such an air of refinement and good taste as to produce a most restful and happy effect.

Mrs. Henry T. Blow, after a visit to Mrs. Grant, wrote to a friend: "I quite envy her. No grand city home can compare with that log building. It's warm in winter and cool in summer; and oh, the happy life in the very heart of nature!

The spotless linen, the bits of delicate color in furnishings, the engravings on the walls, the books, reviews and magazines lying about, nowhere else look so fresh and so beautiful as in that country log cabin. It is the very expression of refinement, of culture and good taste. 'Cabin' is a misnomer. It is a castle if we are allowed to estimate the structure by the happiness, the thought and the culture within it."

CHAPTER IV.

INCIDENTS IN THE FARM LIFE OF GRANT.

During many years of search for information as to Grant's characteristics while on the farm, as a farmer, a neighbor and a citizen, several people have been found by the writer, in widely separated portions of the country and at different times, who either worked for or lived near him, and came in touch with him during those years, and from these much has been learned which enables one to make a true estimate of his private character, and to correctly measure him as a man and as a citizen.

An old colored man, "Uncle Jason," who worked for Grant, cutting cord-wood, told me the Captain was the kindest man he ever worked for. "He used ter pay us several cents more a cord for cuttin' wood than anyone else paid, and some of the white men cussed about it, but Cap'n he jis' kep' right on a-payin' for er work jis' er same."

And this estimate was confirmed by an elderly white man who sympathized with the South in secession, but who was not in the army. This class of men never forgave Grant for his effective fighting, though the Confederate soldiers did.

It was several years after the war when this old gentleman of aristocratic bearing said to the writer, with a cynical smile of contempt: "Why yes,—ha! ha!—yes, I reckon I *did* know Grant! What you want to know? Something good? Well, sir, you understand I'm not exactly in that line. That fellow and Lincoln, they broke up the Confederacy and freed the — niggers, and I be —! No, sir! Oh, well, yes I re-

member cussing about his fooling away his money paying them — free niggers ten and fifteen cents a cord too much for cutting his wood and a-spoiling them, sir, spoiling them. Then, sir, if a poor cuss, white or black, got sick, or lame, or halt, or a-pretending, and he went about Grant, why, sir, he spoiled them, sir, with help, needless help, sir. No sir; he couldn't get on, sir, a-wasting and a-fooling away his money on that poor trash, sir.

"Oh, yes sir, Captain Grant worked; he worked as hard, sir, as anyone. Why sir, he hauled wood to town, sir, himself! Yes, sir,—ha! ha!—I give you my word, sir, he actually hauled cord-wood and sold it, sir! A great General? A man who hauled cord-wood a great General!" [with a look of supreme contempt]. "Sir, look at General Lee! Sir, would *he* haul cord-wood, or hoe potatoes? *He* was a General, sir! But Grant! No, I have no objection to change the subject, sir, not any, sir. Yes, Grant worked as well as anyone, and raised as good crops as his neighbors, sir, but he was always talking horse, sir. When we talked about politics and abolitionists, Grant talked about horses. He did know all about a horse, that's true, sir; never knew a better horseman,—except General Lee,—I never saw Lee, but I reckon he was a better horseman than Grant! No, sir, Grant was no General, sir; he stumbled on some pretty big victories. Yes, sir, when our fellows made mistakes, Grant, he just happened to blunder into the right place; but it was accidental, sir, pure accident, I tell you, sir! Ha! ha!—yes, Grant hauled wood, sir; I give you my word, sir, he hauled wood! Ha! ha!" And the old gentleman hobbled off with his cane, limping, chuckling and laughing to himself as he went, "Yes, sir, he hauled wood, sir; it's true as gospel, sir, true,—ha! ha!—he hauled wood!"

If he who seeks original information about Grant has the misfortune to meet exclusively this class of people, who are still wrapped in the old-time prejudices and who still have a sneer of contempt

for all that is plebeian and self-made and were not in the purple born, he will not find his store of actual knowledge of the great commander much increased, or his estimate much heightened.

On the other hand, if he come in touch with an actual Confederate soldier who did honest and brave fighting in the "Lost Cause," he finds a high estimate of Grant as a soldier and esteem for him as a man. If he fall in with the working man, with the moderate farmer, who, like Grant, did honest toil on the farm, he will touch a chord of sympathy in that man, and he will tell of such acts as will awaken memories of Grant as a farmer that will fill us with admiration for his sturdy, honest qualities as a man and a citizen. He will learn of Grant's humane heart, his sympathy with and ever ready helpfulness to the poor, the needy, the suffering, and the distressed.

If a poor man's cow was about to be sold by the constable, Grant, even to his own distress, was on hand to buy it and leave it with the poor man's wife.

A soldier in the writer's regiment during the war told him this incident of Grant's benevolent and humane disposition and persistency. He was a poor man, and lived near Grant's farm in 1855, and had worked for him at the house-building. He had a family, and the only property he possessed was an old mule, with which he was cultivating a rented field in corn. He had contracted a small debt which he expected to pay when his corn matured, but the importunate creditor sent a constable around with an execution and seized his mule. Its loss while his corn had to be cultivated meant ruin to his crop and to him, and distress to his family. As the constable led the mule away, the poor, distressed debtor went with him past Grant's farm, and on appeal of this poor man, Grant gave bond to the constable for delivery of the mule on the day of sale, and turned the animal over to the man.

At the sale ten days later Grant attended and bought the mule for twenty dollars, paid the money, though he had

borrowed part of it himself for that purpose. He told the poor man to take the mule home and use it until he wanted it. The execution was not entirely satisfied by the sale. The constable told the lawyer who was collecting the debt that Grant allowed the debtor to take the mule home with him, and the next week the constable was sent to seize the mule again. On being notified, Grant protested and forbade it, but he was informed that as there had been no "change of possession" of the mule from the debtor, as the law required, the sale would not hold good as against an existing creditor! Grant was puzzled, but on advice had to yield.

The mule was again "bonded" by Grant, and held by the poor man, and it was again sold. At this sale nobody bid against Grant, as all knew the circumstances, and it was sold for five dollars. Another bill of sale was taken, and then Grant led the mule home himself, and next day again turned it over to the poor man. He was sure all was safe this time. But, alas for the uncertainties of the law! Ten days later, one evening as Grant was sitting in the shade after a hard day on the farm, the constable again appeared leading that same old mule, and the poor man by his side in much distress. There was still an unpaid balance on that fatal execution, and the lawyer had sent the constable to make this third levy on the mule, on the ground that there had not been a "continued change of possession."

Here was finessing that was too refined for Grant's plain code of honesty, and he intimated that if that lawyer was around there convenient, the constable would have some other duties to attend to besides leading off that poor man's mule every few days. But the lawyer was not "around there convenient," so there was nothing left for Grant to do but either "bond" the mule again, or see it led away, and the poor man's corn go uncultivated. The mule was "bonded," and again went back to the poor man's corn field. And in due time the mule was sold

a third time, and knocked down to Grant at one dollar; and Grant took the mule home. Two days later Grant gave the man a letter of authority and told him to take that mule twenty-five miles over into Jefferson County, and trade it off for another mule, *for him*. This was done. The identity of the mule was thereby changed. Grant made out a written lease of the mule at one cent a month, and the man took the mule home and resumed his corn cultivation; and, said he, "Captain Grant never asked me for either rent or mule; he said he was going to have that old mule if he had to buy it once a week all summer!"

The soldier continued: "Every time I saw Grant for two or three years after that he would ask me if that constable had been around hunting his mule any more. I reckon Captain Grant would like to have punched that constable, but Captain Grant was a mighty law-abidin' man,—mighty law-abidin' I tell you. He was always good to us poor, always a helpin' of us, and we all loved the Captain."

Another man who had worked for Grant relates the following unquestionably true incident:

"It was the second year Grant was on the farm, and it was in May. I was helping him load cord-wood in the woods to haul out near the house. A deer came along, walking around, browsing about, quite tame. Without saying a word to Captain Grant I ran off to my cabin, got my rifle and returned to shoot the deer. But when Grant saw me coming with my gun he forbade me shooting it, because he said it would be a violation of the law to kill a deer that season of the year. I told him everyone else killed deer any season when they had the opportunity. He said it could not be done on his land, that obedience to the law was the highest duty of every citizen, that if everyone would obey the law we would have good order, peace and prosperity; and I tell you, Colonel, I have never violated the law since."

Such minds are always the solid props

and supports of the State in emergencies. General Noble relates the following incident illustrative of Grant's open-handed benevolence:

"When General Grant was upon his farm making his living 'by the sweat of his brow,' and cutting what were called 'props' for the coal mines then near St. Louis, he was one day returning home with his wagon and team, having obtained five dollars for the load he had delivered. On reaching the country blacksmith shop at the cross-roads, there was a discussion going on between three or four persons there assembled about an old German neighbor whose house had been burned the day before. His family were without a shelter, and destitute. What was to be done? Grant came along driving his team, and learning the cause of the German's distress, took from his pocket the five dollars he got for his load (it was all he had) and said, 'Give this to the man; and I wish it were more.' These elements of his character mark and signalize him through all his career. He was not a selfish or self-seeking man.

"When on the field of battle he had achieved a victory it was not, to his mind, a victory for Grant. There was no desire to elevate or magnify himself. It was the victory of the flag."

That Grant did not acquire surplus means while farming is accounted for by his constant giving; his benevolence was only limited by his inability to increase his largesses.

But it was not alone in money and other material assistance that Grant divided his bounty with the needy, but his time, wise and kindly advice and personal sympathy for his neighbors were always freely given. In his own quiet, unostentatious way, it seemed to be a part of his nature to "succor, help and comfort all" whom he found or who might appeal to him "in danger, necessity or tribulation."

And, unpretentious as he was, he was not lacking in the ability and disposition "to comfort and help the weak-hearted."

His was not a religion of show or pretense. The highest ideals of right-living

and right-doing were inbred in his nature, and he believed that a religion which did not manifest itself in good acts, kindly deeds, and the fulfillment of that supreme law, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," was not worth the possession. Indeed, I think Grant would have indorsed the idea expressed to the writer by a soldier in the army during the war, "Any other kind of religion isn't worth paying taxes on."

To illustrate how true all this was of Grant during his quiet farm days, when there was nothing to obscure the real man, or to prevent his true character from manifesting itself, I will relate, in her own language, an incident told to the writer by an old lady, widow of one of his soldiers, who had since the war drifted into an interior county. In 1856, this woman and her husband and small family lived near Grant's farm, and they knew him well. She said:

"O, yes, I must begin by saying God bless Captain Grant! That's what we called him afore the war up in St. Louis county. You see we were very poor, and my husband James—you know'd him in the army, I reckon,—he drank and drank, and got real bad to me and the children, and he got mad one day and saddled up 'Clay,'—that was our old horse,—and was going to drive off our only cow and sell 'em both, an' leave us an' go to Texas. I was mighty upset, an' I just run fast as I could over to Captain Grant. You see I sorter felt as if somehow that man could help me. He was in the pasture talkin' to an' a pettin' a pretty colt he had there. My hair was danglin' around my shoulders an' I had lost my sun-bonnet, an' I was a-cryin' so I couldn't talk good; but he come to the fence, took off his hat (Captain Grant you know was always mighty good and polite to the ladies, poor ones as well as rich,) an' he asked me to tell him what was the matter of me. This sort o' quieted my excitable an' I told him what James—that was my husband—was goin' to do, and asked him to please come and ruffle-affle James down. Then I stood a-cryin' like a

goose, an' Captain Grant looked at me, then he looked away off over the fields a few minutes an' didn't say a word.

"Bim-by he says to me, 'you go home now, an' I'll come over 'dreckly.' Well, the Captain soon cum, and James was rubbin' down old Clay gettin' ready.

"Captain Grant come up to James and old Clay, and spoke kind to James an' patted old Clay on the nose an' head; asked James how many years old Clay was, an' a lot of questions that sorter interested James, and James got to talkin' right clever to Captain Grant. Then Captain Grant wanted to know if James would trade off old Clay for one of his young horses; and purty soon they walked out to an old log under the shade of a tree, an' I watched 'em through a crack in our cabin. They both went to whittlin' pretty soon, an' had their heads down, an' I knowed they was talkin' about somethin' serus. They whittled an' talked most of the forenoon, until a dinner-horn blew. Then Captain Grant went home. James, he soon come to old Clay, an' sorter stroked him, an' patted his nose with his hand, an' seemed sorter mixed in his feelin's. Then he untied Clay, led him to the stable, took off the saddle an' turned him in the lot, an' let the cow out in the pasture. Then James strayed around to the yard an' sorter puttered about. When he come close enough I see he had been a-cryin', looked sad, an' reflectin' like. I had dinner in a few minutes, an' James didn't say a word. It sorter seemed as if he couldn't swoller good,—somethin' 'peared to be in his throat. I didn't know what to think. Then he went to work around the house, an' after a while when all the children were out a playin' he cum in an' set down close to me as he used to do when we was first married, an' he says to me, 'Nancy,' says he; then he had to stop a minute, as somethin' was in his throat again. Then he said, 'Nancy, I've been a talkin' with Captain Grant an' he's give me some new ideas, an' set things out to me plain so I see 'em different now, an' I see how wrong I wus, an' how bad I've been a doin', an' I've swore clear off

Nancy, I have, an' I'm a going' to be a man from this very time, an' all my live-long days.' An' then he kissed me, an' I hugged an' kissed him, an'——. Now, James never drank nor was bad any more, and I always pray, 'God bless Captain Grant.'"

That this little incident was true in all its details is beyond question. The dead soldier had told me the story while in the army, but not with the fine dramatic touches that survived in the memory of the widow.

On several occasions, it is related how Grant, in that modest way that was ever his own inimitable way,—sometimes solicited, sometimes unsolicited,—interposed to compose and settle disputes and difficulties between neighbors, and it was seldom that Grant's arbitrament or suggestions were unheeded. In fact, an old neighbor, who was a close observer, thinks that Grant never did fail to make peace when his well-balanced and placid interposition was invoked, in his neighborhood.

Another poor man who lived in the Grant neighborhood while he was farming, related to the writer how his wife was taken ill of congestion one stormy night, about three o'clock in the morning. The sleet was falling. He ran to Grant's to get a horse to go for the doctor several miles distant. Grant got out of his bed and heard the man's story; but instead of giving him liberty to take a horse, and himself retiring again to his comfortable couch, as most men would have done, Grant sent the man back to his sick family, and himself rapidly dressed, saddled a horse, and rode through the mud and bitter storm, and brought the doctor. Nor did he content himself with sending the physician to the sick woman's relief; but he rode with him to the humble abode of the poor, to learn what other help he could bring in the hour of distress.

CHAPTER V.

GRANT, THE FARMER.

During these years Grant had kept up his habit of study, as far as that was possible, on the farm.

He had kept up his acquaintance and intercourse with army officers, who frequently rode out from Jefferson Barracks to see him and spend a few hours with him in pleasant social intercourse. Their wives frequently came out to visit Mrs. Grant; and she and the Captain in turn visited at the garrison.

There were also highly refined families in the neighborhood in those days, when cultured people esteemed country life more highly than they do now. Social relations were kept up with the O'Fallons* and many other of the first families of the city, as in the earlier days of army life.

The writer has a high regard for the sanctity of the hearthstone and the home, and has no sympathy with that prying and shameless curiosity which seeks to explore the privacies of home life; and he would stop at the cottage door, and not enter the inner sanctuary. Nevertheless, he is impelled to remark that all who had opportunity to know agree in saying that no man could be more kind, more patient, more helpful at home, or more attentive to all the amenities of domestic life,—more industrious in making his country home-life sweet and enjoyable, happy and elevating,—than was Ulysses S. Grant, during the four years of his life on the farm in St. Louis county, from 1854 to 1858.

His health being impaired by the continued siege of ague which had fastened itself upon him, he ceased farming in the autumn of 1858, and began business in St. Louis, and early in 1859 he removed his family into the city.

What effect Grant's humble farm-life has had upon his reputation in America, is an interesting subject of contemplation and study.

Americans claim to be democratic in their instincts and tastes; to value more highly than the people of other nations the self-made man,—the man who without wealth or family influence, or the adventitious circumstances and conditions of early life, has himself striven and by his own inherent powers and force of character

* Pictured in THE MIDLAND of December, 1896.

achieved success. But it is not to be denied by the observant student of our recent and present state of society, that there is too much weight in the argument of some thoughtful people that no other highly civilized people in the world are more influenced by title and ostentatious show. The superficial, dazzled and influenced by appearances, seldom give to the self-made man due meed of praise for having, by his own qualities and forces, overcome obstacles to progress. Grant was primarily and essentially a soldier. In this he was at home; in this all his ripe and magnificent powers of action had full play. How strange the combination! By instinct, he was a man of peace; yet no man could be more efficient or terrible in war. The man whom nature has planned for a great warrior is seldom found efficient in affairs. Can we conjecture the kind of success Napoleon would have had on a small farm without capital, laboring with his own hands to support a family! Wellington was invincible in war, but he was a failure as a statesman. The swift race-horse can not do the work of the dray-horse.

CHAPTER VI.

GRANT, THE ST. LOUIS COUNTY FARMER AND THE ST. LOUIS BUSINESS MAN— ST. LOUIS THE STORM CENTER OF DISCUSSION.

During the year and a half which Grant spent in St. Louis, from the fall of 1858 to the spring of 1860, he was engaged in the real estate brokerage business as a partner of Captain Harry Boggs, a cousin of Mrs. Grant. This was without question the most uneventful period of Grant's life. It was after the panic and depression of 1857, and therefore a most inauspicious time to engage in real estate operations. It was a period of partial stagnation in that as in all other business. Added to this, his conscientiousness, and the open frankness of his nature, influenced by his military education and training, rather unfitted him for those brilliant exploits of the imagination traditionally essential to success as a real estate agent.

He was conservative and methodical. He did not belong to the class of men who see "millions in it," where sober honesty can count the dollars but few. Nevertheless, persistent industry, careful and systematic attention to the business in hand, brought him that reward which was the ideal of the philosopher of old,—freedom from want and a like freedom from the cares and responsibilities of great fortune.

During his quiet, unostentatious business career in St. Louis he took no active part in public life. He did not seek to advertise himself. He had many devoted personal friends who prized him for his inherent good qualities, for his sturdy honesty, and for his frank loyalty, for his social qualities, which were fully revealed only to friends whom he loved and trusted. To these he would unbend and open his heart. To these he would reveal himself as a remarkable conversationalist, whose mind was richly stored with a very wide range of knowledge on nearly every subject of human interest. He had always been a great reader. He had seen much and observed more; and his memory retained all that he had read or heard. None but those who were admitted to his personal friendship and inner life had any adequate conception of the real breadth of mind and the vast fund of useful knowledge concealed under the quiet exterior of Captain Grant as he mingled with the busy life about him in St. Louis in 1858-1860. If we remember this, we shall wonder less that he was so greatly under-estimated when he entered upon his new military activities in 1861.

The period of Grant's sojourn in St. Louis county on his farm, and in the city of St. Louis in business,—1854 to 1860,—was an era of intensest political activity and bitterest antagonisms; and St. Louis, situated between the free states on the east and north and the fierce Kansas struggle on the west, was in the very storm-center of excitement. Grant said little, but was keenly alive to every move, knew every feature of it, and his honest, conservative nature revolted at the extravagances of the contending factions.

He had barely arrived at home after retiring from the old army in 1854, when the scheme to repeal the Missouri Compromise was thrust upon Congress and startled the country.* Senator Douglas introduced his Kansas-Nebraska bill, the object of which was to apply to these new territories (which lay north of the Missouri Compromise line of 1820) the principle of "squatter" or "popular sovereignty," whereby it should be left to the citizens of the territories to determine whether they would or would not admit slavery into the new commonwealths. This new device was plausible on the surface. "Why not allow the citizens of a territory to decide for themselves whether they would or would not have slavery?" it was asked.

But, as this scheme opened to the introduction of slavery all territories not then admitted into the Union as states should the few who might first occupy the new soil so determine, the North, opposed to slavery as morally and politically wrong, became alarmed. Hitherto the anti-slavery crusade had been mainly the work of the divines, the philanthropists, and the philosophers. Practical and conservative people generally, while agreeing on principle as to the wrong of slavery, did not desire to disturb the institution where it was established in the Southern states. But, now that slavery had become aggressive and sought to extend itself into the new and free territory of the North on an equality and in a race with freedom, the question and the battle were no longer to be left with the Garrisons, the Phillipses and the theorists on the anti-slavery side, but passed into the hands of practical thinkers, politicians and statesmen. Then began that titanic struggle between slavery and freedom which shook and startled the Nation from its security and repose, and ended in slavery's total extinction.

While Grant lived quietly on his farm

*When Missouri was admitted into the Union as a slave state, in 1820, it was agreed in Congress, as a "compromise" between the free and the slave states, that thereafter slavery should be excluded from all territory north of latitude 36 degrees and 30 minutes.

from 1854 to 1858, no man was better informed than he on every phase of the controversy.

No sooner had the compromise been repealed, and the free territory opened to the extension of slavery, if it could plant itself there, than began the race between those who favored freedom and those who favored slavery, for the possession of Kansas.

Through an ordeal of fire, rapine, battle and blood, Kansas finally emerged into the family of States, with its soil consecrated to freedom.

Meantime, the seat of the fiercest struggles, the most intense strifes, and the bitterest passions, was in the border states,—Illinois, Missouri, Kentucky and Kansas.

In Illinois, from the passage of Douglas's Kansas-Nebraska Act in 1854, the greatest intellectual battle of the age was fought without quarter and without truce, between the two great masters of political debate in America, Lincoln and Douglas. The one had no equal as a debater in the democratic party; and the other, in his incisive and convincing logic, his lofty and persuasive eloquence, and his magnificent intellectual grasp, was the equal, if not the superior, of any other public man America had produced. When these two, and the army of bright and able men who followed them and battled with them, became engaged in this gigantic conflict of ideas, their State was stirred as never before. The world, however reluctant, was forced to stop and listen.

The struggle in Illinois made itself felt in every hamlet in Missouri, and the "Free Soil" propaganda was soon in full progress under high pressure, with St. Louis as its center. B. Gratz Brown (afterwards both Governor and United States Senator), then a young man of high learning, with a pen sharp and persuasive, was editing *The St. Louis Democrat*, the ablest free-soil newspaper in the border states. Around his axiom that "wherever the white man can live and dominate, there the white man can live and labor," he built up unanswerable and convincing argu-

ments against the continuance of slavery in Missouri.

On the hustings, the able debater, the fiery, courageous and eloquent Frank P. Blair, Jr., met the demand for the extension of slavery with the still stronger demand for freedom and freedom's domain. He denounced "the crime of Kansas." A people, he declared, who would submit to these new and enlarged demands of slavery were themselves not fit to be free. Missouri, he insisted, should itself become a free state, not so much because slavery was wrong in morals as because it was a physical curse, blighting the progress of the state.

Many other co-workers aided this pair of belligerent young men,—both of Southern birth. The effect was like throwing a burning brand into a powder-house!

Thenceforth St. Louis and Missouri became a scene of political strife and antagonisms, the intensity and intolerance of which no words can adequately portray.

The struggle was intense, unrelenting; and in its daily progress was demonstrated the truth of Seward's aphorism, that there existed an irrepressible conflict between freedom and slavery, and that the conflict must continue until the United States would become all free or all slave. The contention was rapidly calling into play political and moral forces which were destined soon to change the history of the world.

It was not the majestic eloquence of Webster that gave him the victory over the forceful and persuasive Hayne so much as it was the grand and lofty patriotic sentiments he uttered.

And now came the new awakening. Again, in like manner, the pathos and force of Lincoln's appeals to the consciences and hearts of men in behalf of human liberty and human rights, carried with them an uplifting inspiration which no baser appeals could resist.

It was in the very center of this slavery and anti-slavery conflict that Grant spent

six years of his life, keeping himself quite free from its embroilments, yet in contact with it every day, looking at it, listening to its war of words; studying it, comprehending its awful import, and reaching the wise conclusion that all portents pointed to an early verification of the classic adage that whom the gods would destroy they first make mad.

He was distressed at the unnatural strife, which fast grew in intensity as 1860 approached. He talked only to intimate friends on the painful subject. He loved his country, loved the government that had educated him, and which he had served through one war, and during eleven years of his life in the army, and he could not and would not believe that an actual resort to arms would follow. Some way would be found to adjust the difficulty; perchance another compromise would be reached. How, he could not foresee, but it would come; it *must* come. It was impossible that this government could fail. If God was with our forefathers in founding it, he would be with their descendants in preserving it. We must wait, and hope, and trust. Thus he reasoned.

He said he knew that the one thing which makes Americans prouder of their country than all else, was not its wealth, its magnificent resources, its robust physical strength and organic greatness, but its ability to meet every crisis occurring in its national life and progress with such courage and wisdom as to emerge from each new trial upon a higher plane; and in such wise as to meet the general approbation of mankind,—each advance resting securely upon liberty, safeguarded by the best forms of constitutional law.

It was in this frame of mind, having observed and listened all these years of political strife to this maddening bedlam of contention, that Captain Ulysses S. Grant took his departure from St. Louis in the early spring of 1860, for the more restful atmosphere of the quiet little city of Galena.

(To be Continued.)

[The October instalment of "Grant's Life in the West" will consider and, we believe, forever settle the old question as to Grant's "drinking habits." It will also relate Grant's first experiences in Galena.—ED.]

CHIEF BLACK HAWK.

NEPHEW OF THE GREAT CHIEF OF THE SACS AND FOXES—FRIENDSHIP OF BLACK HAWK AND COLONEL BROCKWAY—A TRUE STORY REVIVING THE TRADITION OF THE NOBLE RED MAN.

BY ALBINA MARILLA LETTS.

I.

THE Indian is a denizen of the forest or other solitary places of the earth. Desirous of living his life according to his own wild nature, it is only now and then that his environments are favorable to a study of his character, life and habits. Therefore our knowledge of the Indian race must be gathered chiefly from occasional glimpses of individuals and tribes,—like photographic views taken when force of circumstances, or time of need, or extremity, brings them from their seclusion and throws a strong light on their peculiar characteristics.

Of such a nature will be the following sketch. Not an attempt to analyze the Indian's impulses and motives, his vices and virtues, but a simple delineation of a few scenes in the life of Black Hawk, chief of the Winnebago tribe in Wisconsin, the oldest living descendant, and almost the only representative of the illustrious Chief Black Hawk, leader of the Indian tribes in the Black Hawk war of 1832.

Chief Black Hawk was born on Lake Winnebago, where the city of Oshkosh now stands, in 1808. His father was a brother of the old Chief Black Hawk, of the Black Hawk war of 1832. Some have contended that he cannot be a nephew of the famous old chief, as he is a Winnebago, while the illustrious Black Hawk was a Sac. This conclusion is not based on facts, as the present Chief Black Hawk is also a Sac, as were his father and grandfather before him. He had joined himself to his father's people before the Black Hawk war, being then about twenty-four years of age. He acted as bearer of dispatches for his uncle, Chief Black Hawk, and doubtless was actively engaged in the conflict, although

he denies having any part therein. When the old chief was defeated at Bad Ax, and afterwards driven west of the Mississippi, the young Black Hawk drifted northward to the state of his nativity, and as his mother was a Winnebago, and both Sacs and Winnebagos belong to the Algonquin family, he naturally cast his lot with his brethren, and, as he sprang from a royal line, he soon became their chief and ruler.

He was of fine physique in his early manhood and the days of his prime, fully six feet in height, of commanding presence, and straight as an arrow; with heavy, straight black hair, dark eyes, strong white teeth and regular features, he looked every inch the chief, born to command and well-fitted to rule. His nearly ninety years have given a heaviness to his countenance that was not there in his mature manhood.

II.

REMOVAL OF THE WINNEBAGOS TO THE RESERVATION—AN ALL-NIGHT COUNCIL.

The Winnebago Indians of Wisconsin never feel at home elsewhere than in their native state. In 1851 the Government moved them to a reservation in Minnesota. Some were dissatisfied and soon returned, but Black Hawk and a number of Winnebago bands were still there at the time of the Sioux outbreak in 1862. These two tribes were always enemies, but the Winnebagos were friendly to the white settlers, and Black Hawk and his men rendered valuable service in warning them of danger and giving them information concerning the movements of the warlike Sioux. This embittered the Sioux, and many engagements took place between them. As soon as the



GRANT'S GALENA HOME BEFORE THE WAR.

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

(A HISTORY.)

BY COL. JOHN W. EMERSON.

(Engravings from drawings and photographs furnished chiefly by Mrs. E. Butler Johnson.)
(Begun in the October Midland Monthly.)

BOOK II.

CHAPTER VII.

ORIGIN OF THE STORIES RELATIVE TO GRANT'S "DRINKING HABIT."

IT SEEMS proper to pause here and refute the base slanders as to Grant's excessive use of intoxicating liquors at this period of his life. The story was wholly gratuitous. Grant was never a drunkard. He was never disqualified by drink for the performance of his duties with all the best energies of his mind and body. His intellect was never beclouded or benumbed, or its brightness obscured by drink or any other indulgence.

The stories originated as idle "yarns"

and neighborhood gossip, and in the beginning were wholly without malice or evil intent. Afterwards, when Grant became famous, they were repeated by those who hated him because of the blows he was striking the Rebellion, and then by those who envied him the glory he was acquiring.

Then, a little later, they were repeated by Grant's friends as "capital jokes on Grant." Even the wise and prudent Lincoln seemed in doubt at first as to their truth, but he silenced the detractors by saying: "Well, it's not easy to find a general who always whips the enemy, drunk or sober." And so the stories, not

denied publicly, became "jokes" to be laughed at by friends. But the world and the stranger took them seriously. The story, as the writer well remembers, originated when Grant was on his farm. He and his neighbor and intimate friend, Judge Long, drove their respective teams into the city of St. Louis with loads. For some time, Grant had been subject to that most distressing and annoying malady,—"ague" or "chills and fever," and was much weakened in consequence. Judge Long related to the writer the occurrence as follows:

"As we drove into the city, Grant began to chill. We unloaded our wagons and started home at once. He grew so much worse that I feared it would develop into a congestive chill and I urged him to take something hot. I suggested a hot toddy, but he was stubborn and refused. As we were passing the last drug-store on our road homeward, I stopped the teams, went in and got a dose of capicum and sugar, brought it out to Grant and made him take it. This diminished the severity of the chill, but it made him so deathly sick that he was obliged to lie down before we reached home. He had

not tasted a drop of liquor on the trip. He had not been out of my presence a moment.

"Next day, I met a neighbor who had seen us returning home the previous day, and he said, 'Oh, ho! So your friend, Grant, came home drunk,—flat on his back,—yesterday! Ho, ho! That's great for Captain Grant!' The story, thus started, found such swift wing that my denials and explanation never overtook the lie."

This one circumstance was repeated with some variations by the gossipers until, by repetition, the instances when "Grant was seen to come home drunk" were multiplied; and when he began to gain fame in the early days of the rebellion, the first report the inquirer was likely to hear about Grant around his old home—retailed with industrious and gleeful satisfaction by the gossips whose sympathies were against the cause in which Grant was engaged was: "Oh yes; Grant? Why, *he* used to haul wood into St. Louis and come home drunk!" And with a disdainful and significant look, a smile, or a wave of the hand, Grant was mentally "found wanting."



ANOTHER VIEW OF GRANT'S GALENA HOME BEFORE THE WAR.

Some of the eccentricities which characterized Halleck's treatment of Grant in the early days of the war, when that General had his headquarters at St. Louis, are, I think, traceable to the influence which at the time continued to linger in that locality.

Denials by his friends had no effect.

The story seemed rather taking. It was thought a good joke to relate. To some it had all the fascination of the Washington hatchet-cherry-tree story; albeit, out of respect and reverence for the cherished memories and fancies of my boyhood, I still cling to the truth of the latter story!

After Grant had several times beaten the enemy, and Vicksburg had been captured with its vast armament, an old gentleman in

the country who was fond of repeating the story about Grant's drinking, and whose estimate of the prowess of the Southern generals and armies was away up in the clouds; and who, having just heard of the fall of Vicksburg, said to the writer, in quite a desponding and reflective mood: "Well, well! ef that ere don't beat old Hickory! That feller Grant is gist a wollopin' uv them ere big Southern generals out'n their boots, and a creatin' uv a mighty consummation among 'em. I'll be blamed ef I don't kinder b'lieve them ere stories about Grant a drinkin' ain't lies, durnation lies! He



THE OLD METHODIST CHURCH IN GALENA, Which Captain Grant attended, and in which Rev. John P., now Bishop, Newman preached.

could'n't sashay around that away ef he wuz that sort uv a feller."

Thousands began to doubt, and finally truth has so far supplanted the lie that the world is coming to know that Ulysses S. Grant *never did drink to excess.*

Judge Long, his most intimate friend and neighbor at the time, who saw Grant nearly every day during his farm-life, protested that "Grant not only did not drink to excess, but seldom drank at all." And he added with emphasis, "The story is entirely without foundation."

Gen. Frank P. Blair, and Gov. B. Gratz Brown, knew Grant intimately while he lived in St. Louis, and later in the army.

General Blair said to the writer: "It's a lie! It's a rank lie, sir! No one who knew Grant believes the story."

Governor Brown said: "The stories first originated in idle and amusing gossip; and then later developed into malevolent slander by his enemies. They began in falsehood, and they will vanish before the march of truth."

The writer's information is all in accord with that of General Blair and Governor Brown.

Major Coppée, who was one of Grant's classmates at West Point, and the author of "Grant and His Campaigns," says he visited St. Louis when the Captain lived on his farm. "Grant, in his farmer rig, whip in hand, came to see me at the ho-



THE OLD GRANT & PERKINS STORE.

tel where were, also, Joseph J. Reynolds, then professor, afterwards Major-General, Maj. D. C. Buell, and Major Chapman of the Cavalry. If Grant ever used spirits, I distinctly remember that upon the proposal being made to drink, Grant said, 'I will go in and look at you, but I do not drink anything.'

The drinking stories were variously exploited by men who had never seen Grant, and visionary revelries with him were related,—most of them too absurdly false to merit notice had they not entered to some extent into the earlier estimate which the public formed of Grant's character. Hence truth demands their total effacement.

Here is a sample of the inventive genius of the story-teller in Galena, as related by Leigh Leslie of that city.* They were equally as ingenious and industrious about St. Louis.

Bar-room loafers affirmed that they had drunk gallons of whiskey with him. One old barber, as he bent on outdoing all others in mendacity, sol-

*"Grant and Galena," MIDLAND MONTHLY, November, 1895.

emly averred that, in the *early forties*, Grant used to call at his shop precisely at seven every morning and go out with him to take a drink. . . . The fact that Grant had never seen Galena at that time [not until 1859] gave the barber no concern whatever. It is in evidence that Grant never drank a drop of intoxicating liquor while he lived in Galena. He had only two conspicuous habits at that time; one was smoking, and the other was attending to his own business.

Truthful men who are still living will tell you that the stories about his drinking are utterly false. Grant was a man of the highest virtue, reverencing all that was pure and sweet and noble.

CHAPTER VIII.

CITIZEN GRANT'S HABITS IN GENERAL.

In civil life Grant's habits were methodical. Whether on the farm, or in business in the city, the punctuality and order of military discipline marked all his movements.

No man enjoyed a sweeter domestic felicity. His supreme happiness centered in his home. He was never idle. Either he was busy with the needful work his hands found to do on the farm, in his office or in his store; or his active mind was pondering over book or periodical, keeping abreast with the current thought of the world. His character was pure and



HON. B. GRATZ BROWN, One of Grant's staunch friends in Missouri.

spotless. In his sympathies he was tender and affectionate as a child, yet always firm in his convictions of right.

His religion was void of ostentation and show, but he possessed a deeply religious nature. His reverence for an omnipotent and over-ruling Providence was supreme.

He was never heard to utter a profane word during his six years' sojourn in and adjacent to St. Louis; and it is affirmed by his friends that he never did use profane language; though he must have had the patience and self-control of a Job, to have avoided the use of forbidden expletives during his trying experiences with Mexican mules and army trains!

Critics have asserted that Grant was careless in dress, often looked "slouchy," "seedy," "rough." The world will not judge Grant from the standpoint of the man of fashion. Only in the sense that he was not always ready for the drawing-room, or for entrée into "society," is this criticism true.

In his old army life his dress was always up to the best standard. When he retired to the farm, he wore the usual costume of his well-to-do neighbor farmers; and he was never ashamed to drive his team into the city, or meet his old army friends at his home or elsewhere, clad in this plain substantial attire.



THE OLD GRANT LEATHER STORE IN GALENA.

When in business in the city at the end of his farm life, his costume was the same as that worn by the other business men around him. It was neither better nor worse. His conservatism and eminent practical common sense induced him always to choose the golden mean.

Later, in the army, the critics who fancied that pomp and show were the

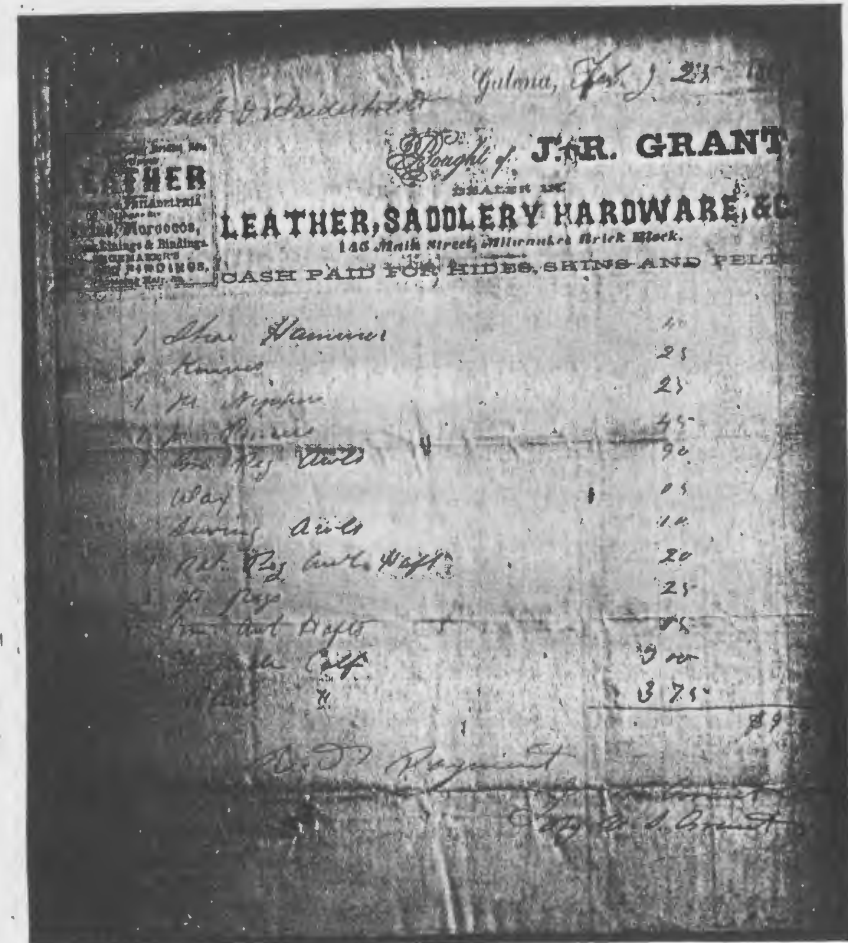
outward and visible signs of genius, complained of Grant's plainness. But while he indulged in little tinsel, his dress was soldierlike, decent, and well suited to the rough, hard and swift work which he did in all his campaigning.

When the war was ended, and his destiny placed him in different environments, his dress conformed to his situation in life. And thus the fact was continuously in evidence from youth to old age, that Grant was in all ways, in all situations, equal to every rational demand and every just expectation of the wisest and best.

CHAPTER IX.

GRANT AT GALENA.

On reaching Galena with his family, Grant secured as a residence a two-story brick building, plain in architecture, but comfortable and commodious, perched upon the top of one of the many consider-



Photographed for THE MIDLAND MONTHLY by H. E. Henning, Galena.

BILL MADE OUT BY U. S. GRANT WHILE IN THE EMPLOY OF HIS FATHER, EARLY IN 1861.

able bluffs or hills upon which the good old town is built. The site of Galena had been selected not for its convenience or fitness for the growth of a commercial city, but because it seemed to the early pioneer trader on the then distant frontier a convenient landing and a good location for a trading post. Then, gradually, the lead "diggings" opened an alluring field for the fortune-hunter. Enterprising pioneers who were moving over the Alleghany

mountains into Eastern Ohio, began to drift down the Ohio river and up the Mississippi into the far Northwest, and the trappers and fur-traders were speedily displaced by the new on-rush which Galena invited; and thenceforth and speedily Galena grew into the most important town in the great Northwest. Large warehouses were erected; fleets of steamboats were soon plying between Galena, St. Louis and Pittsburgh, and its commerce

grew in value into the millions, and for many years dominated the whole of the upper Mississippi river region.

Galena was a big town long before St. Paul or Chicago had grown beyond the dimensions of insignificant villages. Even St. Louis was resting in easy repose compared with the energy and swift business push of Galena, in the good old days in the forties.

If the intimate relation of Galena to the early settlement of the Northwest country were better understood its fame would be more widely known in history.

It was during Ulysses S. Grant's school days at West Point that his father arranged with E. A. Collins to open a leather store in Galena, then at its greatest prosperity, and the commercial metropolis of the vast country around it.

The elder Grant's large tannery in Ohio was doing an extensive and prosperous business, and the establishment in Galena could dispose of his large output of leather in the new and prosperous Northwest, and could ship back the abundant stock of hides to the Ohio tannery.

The business was highly prosperous, and continued without change for more than twelve years, when Mr. Collins severed his connection with it, and the senior Grant placed the Galena concern in charge of his two younger sons, Samuel Simpson Grant and Orville Grant, who, with slight change, continued the business until the arrival of the oldest brother, Captain U. S. Grant, in 1860.

The health of the elder of the two, Samuel Simpson Grant, had become so impaired that it was quite evident he could not long survive, and the father desiring to perpetuate a business which had been continuously prosperous, concluded that his son Ulysses, in whom he had unlimited confidence, would be the right man to place at the head of the Galena concern, if he could be induced to undertake it.

The negotiations resulted favorably, and it was arranged that "Captain Ulysses" should take charge of the business, on a salary at first, but to become a part-

ner and head of the firm if the brother, "Samuel Simpson" (whose health was beyond hope of recovery) should die.

These were the circumstances and conditions under which Ulysses S. Grant entered upon the untried life of a merchant. While the particular business in hand was new to him, his long experience as quartermaster, commissary and adjutant in the old army was an excellent business training, and made him a prompt, careful and competent business man, with those habits of exactness and regularity which contribute so largely to success.

The business continued to prosper under Captain Grant's management. His life was quiet—because the old town of Galena had come to be a very quiet place, its commercial glory having long since departed. He attended strictly to business and came and went with all the regularity of "Taps" or "Reveille," of army memory. He made few acquaintances aside from those with whom he had business relations, but these were pleasant, and the friendships which grew up were cordial and enduring. His strict and exemplary habits were observed by all.

He was regular in attendance at church with his family every Sunday morning, the Reverend Doctor Vincent, afterwards a bishop in the Methodist church, being their pastor. He never loafed about town; never spent any of his time away from his store and his home, except when he traveled to visit his firm's merchant-customers and obtain orders in various towns in the four states of Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa and Minnesota, within a radius of 100 miles of Galena.

He kept himself thoroughly informed on all the questions which were so profoundly agitating the country, and which so deeply troubled the thoughtful and the patriotic. His six years' sojourn in a border slave state, where he saw and felt the bitter passions which the discussions and sharp antagonisms were creating, gave him a much broader comprehension of the real situation than any one who had resided exclusively in a free state could possibly have.

CHAPTER X.

GRANT'S REFLECTIVE MOODS.

Reflecting in his quiet hours upon the ominous and evil portents, his patriotic heart was often oppressed with sadness and fear of the evils whose shadows were projecting themselves over the land. Chroniclers have variously described Captain Grant during this period of his life as "quiet," "somber," "moody," "unapproachable," "not seeking new acquaintances." On leaving his store "he would pull his slouch hat well over his grave, thoughtful eyes, and climb the hill to his home," it was said.

Another observer related to the writer that in visiting customers in other towns, when business was ended, "Grant would sit in his hotel, after reading his paper, in an apparent abstraction, silent and thoughtful."

This habit was quite observable in Grant during the last year or two of his sojourn in St. Louis. The writer has on more than one occasion entered his office and found him sitting alone at his desk with his hand holding a newspaper hanging listlessly by his side, with every evidence of deep thought, suggesting sadness. At first I supposed these were mere studious and reflective "moods." But I soon learned from remarks he now and then made in condemnation of some extravagant and vicious sentiments or proceedings which he had been reading, that in reflecting and pondering upon what all this might mean, and what would be its culmination, he was deeply pained; and it was this apprehension of evil which was menacing his country that produced in him a personal grief and sadness.

It is from this standpoint, and with a knowledge of these facts and these characteristics of Grant at this period of his life, that students must study him, and seek to gain an insight into the workings of his mind, if they would understand the comprehensive grasp which he possessed of the situation, when the rebellion burst upon the country.

When he pulled his hat over his eyes,

it was not so much for the purpose of shutting out the world, as it was to shut in his own thoughts—that he might commune with himself—and, pondering, try to comprehend and solve the problems which were so disturbing and perplexing every thoughtful and patriotic American. It was the attitude of the student, deep in the laboratory of thought, seeking, in all the entangling philosophies and specious reasonings about him, to evolve a remedy; to discern if possible, through all the clouds and befogments, some gleam of the blue heavens.

Such were then Captain Grant's mental processes, as the author comprehends them.

CHAPTER XI.

A MUCH OBSERVED MAN.

Wherever Grant traveled, in the little towns where his firm's customers lived, he was an observed and marked man; not because of his achievements at that time, but because he was a West Point graduate; had served in the regular army eleven years, and had gained mentionable honors in a war which had added new stars to his country's flag. Hence, it was only quite natural that his company was sought wherever he remained long enough for earnest and anxious citizens to gather around him, discuss with him and hear his opinions on the prospect of war. They seemed to feel that a man of his intelligence, who had served so long in the army as an officer, and had lived so lately in a slave state, would be able to see quite clearly into the horoscope and divine coming events. Anxious men everywhere were looking for a prophet, and asking: "Watchman! what of the night?"

In truth, with all his study of the situation, his anxiety and solicitude, he could see but little further than they through the mists which enveloped the future. But he proved on all such occasions to be a thoroughly well informed man, an interesting conversationalist, and an agreeable companion. He everywhere impressed thoughtful men as being a man of exten-

sive information, of broad and comprehensive views and well-balanced mind.

On these occasional short journeys he made many valued friends who clung to him and rallied around him in his hour of need as the plot against his country thickened, and its panorama slowly, at first, then more swiftly, unfolded.

CHAPTER XII.

GRANT'S VIEWS BEFORE THE WAR.

Perhaps Grant's views were the more esteemed because it was known that, while he was born in a free state (Ohio), he had married, and the mature years of his civil life had been spent, in a slave state. Then too, his father-in-law, Colonel Dent, was a wealthy planter, owning slaves; it was therefore supposed that Captain Grant's views would be based upon facts, unbiased by prejudice against the "Institution" which now seemed to many to be at the bottom of the impending difficulty.

And this was true. Grant was by nature a conservative thinker. While opposed to slavery on principle, and against its further extension into any new territory, he deplored the agitation of its abolition in the old slave states, unless that agitation was by citizens of the states wherein it was sought to have the institution abolished. He so felt because he thought the people of the South were not exclusively responsible for the existence of slavery, and he desired to do no injustice to the property-rights of those who owned slaves, also because he feared the slaveholders would become so incensed that they would attempt to carry out their threat to withdraw from the Union. He saw that many of them were as fanatical in their agitation in favor of the extension of slavery into the new territories as the agitators at the North were in favor of its abolition in the old slave states. But still, to avoid any open rupture, he felt that if the *status quo* could be maintained, immediate danger would be averted. It was in this frame of mind that he voted for Buchanan for president, in St. Louis county, in 1856, and

was favorable to the election of Douglas in 1860 after returning to Galena, though he had not then resided long enough in the latter place to vote at that election. As between Lincoln and Breckenridge, the real opponents in that contest, he was heartily in favor of the election of Lincoln.

He said he knew that the election of Lincoln did not mean danger to any rights of the South, but he did not know what the Yanceys, the Toombs, the Slidells and other hotspurs of the South might incite the people there to believe and do, in such an event. He was anxious to deprive them of even an imaginary cause to apprehend danger to their domestic institutions.

His love of peace and strong patriotic impulses led him, in the bewildering gable and frenzy of the hour, to hope that the election of a chief magistrate unobjectionable to the slaveholders in political faith, might avert the threatened disruption of the Union.

There is no doubt but a large percentage of those who supported Douglas in the political campaign of 1860 were actuated by the same motives, rather than because they approved of Douglas's course in the repeal of the Missouri Compromise.

CHAPTER XIII.

GRANT ALWAYS CONTENT AND PHILOSOPHICAL.

Recent writers on Grant have sought to show that the business of a leather merchant was "irksome to him"; that farming "was a business which he despised." The very contrary was the truth. It may be broadly said that it was "irksome" to Grant to see any one who "despised" or was "above" any honest calling, or above honest toil of any kind. Farming was his ideal of an independent and happy life; and he was wont to reason that its freedom from the anxieties, perplexities and unrest of business, offered possibilities of happiness in country homes above and beyond any others. Moreover, he regarded farm life as equally honorable, and far more independent than any other life, and he deplored the modern tendency of

young men to abandon the farm for a more uncertain business or professional career.

As a farmer he was happy and contented until his health failed. He was deeply interested in the new business which he had undertaken in Galena. He believed it was his duty, as it was the wisest philosophy, to be content; "to labor, to make his own living, and do his duty in that state of life unto which it had pleased God to call him." Feeling thus, he always went forward with faith and quiet earnestness, and without any weak or vain sentimentality in the doing of whatever lay before him.

I may be allowed here to affirm that there is *no truth* in the statement of some writers that he was getting along "so in-

differently well" in Missouri that his father had to come to his relief and set him up in business in Galena. He was not making a fortune, it is true; few people were, during the dull years of 1858-60, but he was making a respectable living for his family, and was entirely competent to do this anywhere and without help from any source. There exists no good reason, in truth, why any writer should portray Grant as a great failure in civil life. He was not. As a civilian his qualities were those of a capable, all-round, high class American citizen. In nothing did he fall below the average. This was indeed success for one who was primarily a soldier, and it was in the latter sphere of action that his abilities rose into the realm of superlative genius.

(To be Continued.)

(The November installment of "Grant's Life in the West" will tell of Grant's activities at the outbreak of the Rebellion.)



A SONG FOR BREAD.

IN THE market-place in the early morn,
A poet stood and he sang for bread,
Some passed him by with a glance of scorn
And some, who pitied his look forlorn,
Flung him a coin instead.

The king came out for his morning ride,
In golden laces and velvet dressed,
And the threadbare poet was pushed aside,
And crept away to the wood and died,
His lyre to his bosom pressed.

With his cold dead hand in the brook afloat,
They found him there on the daisied sod;
And they buried him deep, in his shabby coat,
With never a prayer or a sacred note
To waft his soul to God.

The wood is felled and the king is dead,
And the steps of his palace are green with mold;
But the song that the poet sung for bread
Has bound the world in a silver thread,
And girdled it round with gold.

Minna Irving.

his neighbor roughly. "The memory of the Colonel's wife doesn't seem to interfere with his pleasure—By all the saints, the girl is beautiful—I only wish that I were in command!"

"So Senorita, you concluded it was best to obey me?" said the Colonel insolently. "We will now go to the pavilion. I have promised these gentlemen that my bride shall dance or sing for them there."

He arose, motioned her to walk beside him, and led the way to the pavilion, Ines keeping close to Anita's side.

The great full moon shone on the water, turning it into silver and snow. The dashing of the waves against the cliffs made rhythmic thunder.

Anita, leaning on her nurse's arm, whispered softly, "When the time comes,—and it will be soon,—run into the cane-fields. You can escape; find the Captain, and tell him good-bye." She kissed the wrinkled cheek, and stepping in front of the Colonel, said:

"Senor, since it is your pleasure that I entertain your companions, my disinclination to dance must go for nothing. Pray step back a little that I may have room."

She made an imperious gesture as she spoke.

"Step back, my cavaliers, it pleases the Senorita to give orders," said the Colonel.

The officers ranged themselves in a half-circle, the Colonel in the center.

Anita faced them, standing alone on the tiny plateau beyond the pavilion. She dropped three courtesies, the first to the Colonel, the second to those on his right hand, the third to those on his left, and as she raised her body after each courtesy,

she took a long step backwards. Then she pointed toward the Spaniards and said, her voice rising to a triumphant cry:

"You cannot subdue a Cuban girl, neither can you subdue Cuba! We will be free! God's blessing on Cuba Libre!"

And while the air still trembled with her words, she leaped into the sea.

In the confusion that followed her act, old Ines stole away unnoticed, and was lost to sight in the cane-fields.

IV.

One afternoon two weeks later, a handful of Spanish soldiers were feeling their way through a ravine where, but a few hours before, a fight had taken place.

"We've found ten dead Insurgents so far," said the leader. "That will be multiplied by four before it gets into print,—and twenty-five of our men dead."

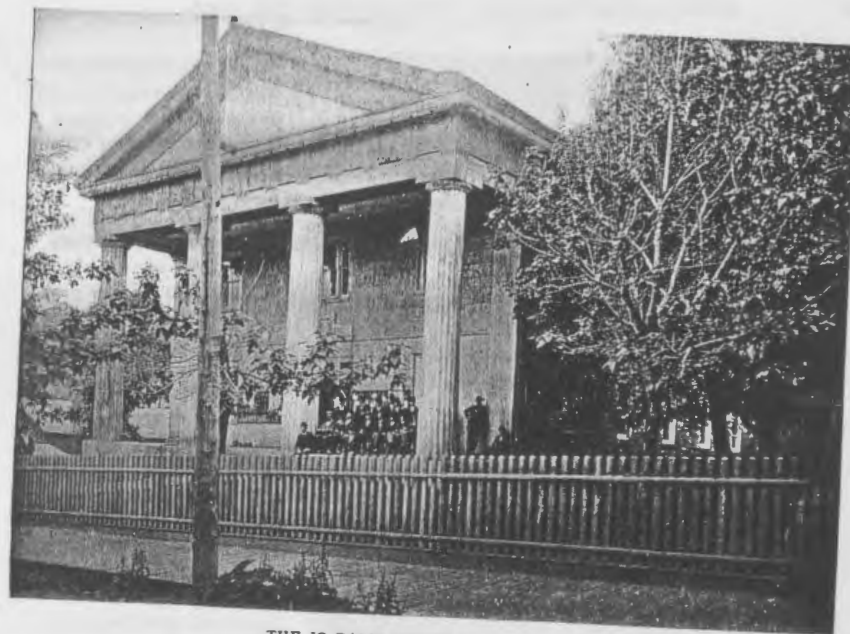
"And that will be reduced by twenty," said one of the others with a grin.

"The worst of it is," said the first speaker, "that these Cubans *do* seem to multiply by magic, but not after they are dead, the way the reports have it. You kill one, and a dozen rise from nowhere to take his place. Ha! here's another, gone to a hotter home than this! Turn the dog over. A captain, by his shoulder-straps, and this, why this is Colonel Rodriguez, with the Cuban hound's machete in his heart! Pull it out, Henrique, wipe the blood off, and give it to me! It is a beauty!" he added in a moment as he examined it. "Look at this! the blade bends nearly double, and does not break! and the hilt is chased gold, finished with a carved wolf's head."

LOST CHORDS.

ECHO of bird-song that lilted in rollicking measure
Through the brown branches that writhe in the gale to and fro;
Little bare nests that were once hidden deep in the leafage
Swing in the blast, holding only a handful of snow;
Strains of the music that thrilled the wild heart of the woodland
Lost from the song of the summer in days long ago.

Mary Morrison.



THE JO DAVIS COUNTY COURT HOUSE,
In which Captain Grant presided over the first war meeting held in Galena.

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

(A HISTORY.)

BY COL. JOHN W. EMERSON.

(Engravings from drawings and photographs furnished chiefly by Mrs. E. Butler Johnson.)
(Begun in the October, 1896, Midland Monthly.)

BOOK II.

CHAPTER XIV.

WAR CLOUDS ARISE.

IMMEDIATELY after the election of Abraham Lincoln to the Presidency of the United States, in November, 1860, the extremists in the South began a vigorous agitation in favor of the withdrawal of the slave states from the Union. This agitation blazed forth with wildest intensity. South Carolina convened a constitutional convention and passed an ordinance of secession. One by one other southern states followed.

When the time came for the President-elect to proceed to the nation's capital to be inaugurated, passions were so inflamed in the intervening slave territory of Mary-

land that, in deference to the wishes of his friends, Lincoln made the trip earlier than he had planned, passing through Baltimore under the cover of night.

Everywhere in the slave states the conspiracy to dis sever the Union was progressing with rapidity. Lincoln was duly inaugurated President. Meantime the southern members of the cabinet of President Buchanan had transferred large quantities of arms and other war material of the United States to points in the South, where they were seized by the seceding states.

The states that had withdrawn from the Union organized a new general government,—“The Confederate States of

America";—marshaled armies, bombarded and captured Fort Sumter, and, as there were no armies to oppose them, took possession of all the property of the United States government within the seceded states, pulled down the flag of the Union and hoisted the flag of the new confederacy.

The two cardinal principles of the new government were "African Slavery" and "State Rights."

It therefore occurred that in the early months of President Lincoln's administra-

tion there came into being a new government, including all the slave states, except Missouri, Kentucky, Maryland and the western portion of old Virginia; these contained so large a Union element that the passage of any ordinance of secession was prevented.

able to defend its property. A large percentage of the officers who had entered the United States army from the South, and had been educated at the nation's expense at its military academy, resigned, and accepted service with the new government, under the mischievous plea of higher allegiance to their respective states. Thus it was that the new Confederate government was much better, and more quickly, prepared for immediate war than the government of the United States. Moreover, the hasty and pre-



THE JO DAVIS COUNTY COURT ROOM,
In which Captain Grant presided over the first war meeting held in Galena.

tion there came into being a new government, including all the slave states, except Missouri, Kentucky, Maryland and the western portion of old Virginia; these contained so large a Union element that the passage of any ordinance of secession was prevented.

The new revolutionary government thus, at the outset, having possessed itself of a large portion of the arms and war material of the United States, and captured the small detachments of its army, widely scattered throughout the South, left the old government without an army

and precipitate action of the South was so unexpected, so contrary to anything the northern people had thought possible to happen, that it required a few months for them to come to a realization of its portents.

Fort Sumter was bombarded by Confederate forces under General Beauregard on April 11, 1861, and was captured on the 13th.

Grant in his quiet Galena home, was watching every move with the utmost anxiety.

If the shot fired at Lexington, at the

beginning of the Revolutionary war, "was heard round the world," with joy, it was because it announced the birth of liberty. When Sumter was fired upon, the shot was heard throughout the non-slave-holding world with grief, because it announced the birth of a Slave Confederacy.

The people of the North, slow to believe that the South meditated any overt act of violence against the old government and the old flag, now, when they heard this shot, awoke as a lion suddenly aroused from his slumber and prepared for defense. The attack came in the nature of a surprise, and it required months for a comprehension of the full and far-reaching significance of the overt act. But when it was once fully comprehended, the spirit of patriotism burst

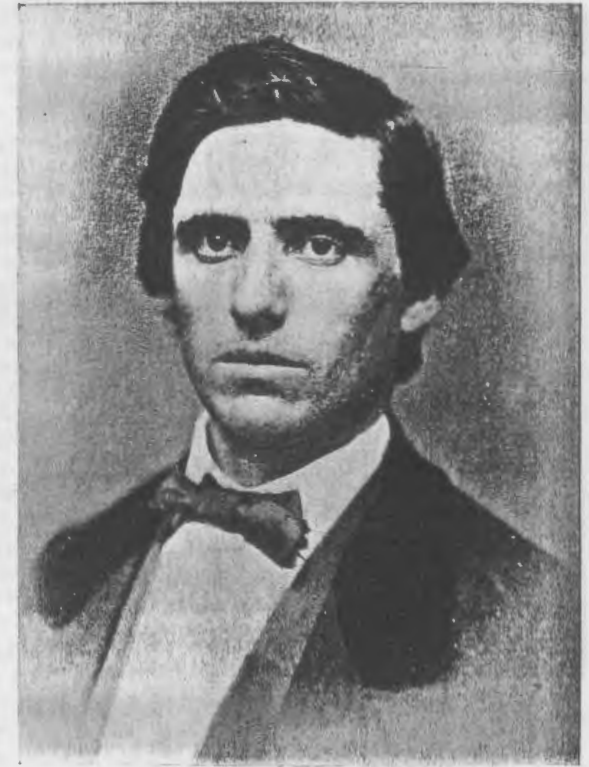
forth in an irrepressible determination to defend the flag, protect the government of the fathers, and save the Union from dismemberment.

Immediately after this event, the President of the United States issued his proclamation calling into immediate service 75,000 men to serve for ninety days.

CHAPTER XV.

FIRST WAR MEETING IN GALENA.

Instantly, throughout the North volunteering began, and in no place with more promptness and earnestness than in Galena. A few hours after the news of the call for troops reached the town, posters placarded the streets calling a meeting that evening at the court-house. The



JOHN A. RAWLINS,
The young lawyer who addressed that now historic first war meeting in Galena, and stirred every soul with his fervid eloquence.

house was crowded with earnest men. Captain Grant attended. Supposing himself to be little known, he was greatly surprised on being unanimously chosen to preside over the meeting.

During the political campaign, in the autumn of 1860, he had taken no active part in politics, as he was not yet a voter in Illinois; but he had frequently drilled both the "Wide-awakes," and the "Douglas Guards," the republican and the democratic clubs respectively; and, having been Captain in the regular army, he was far more widely known than he supposed. As the business now in hand was military, and not political, he was the man who, in this emergency, was most in the thoughts of that assembled throng.

FACSIMILE OF THE LETTER SENT BY CAPTAIN GRANT, TENDERING HIS SERVICES TO THE GOVERNMENT "UNTIL THE CLOSE OF THE WAR."

Galena, Ill.
 May 24th 1861
 Col. S. Johnson
 Regt. Ill. Inf.
 Washington D.C.
 Sir,
 Having served for fifteen years in the regular Army, and during four years at West Point, and feeling it the duty of every one who has been connected at the Government expense to offer their services for the support of that Government, I have the honor very respectfully to tender my services, until the close of the war, in such capacity as may be offered. I would say that in view of my present age, and length of service, I feel myself competent to command a Regiment of the President, in his judgment, should see fit to entrust me to one.
 Since the first call of the President I have been serving on the Staff of the Governor of this State rendering such aid as I could in the organization of our State Militia, and am still engaged in that capacity. I have returned to me at Springfield Ill. will reach me.
 I am very respectfully
 Yours till Death
 H. D. Grant

Presiding over a large meeting of enthusiastic men was a new experience for Captain Grant, but his heart was moved by all the highest impulses of a lofty patriotism, and he managed, with a little assistance, to perform his duties acceptably.

All party differences disappeared in the presence of the danger that menaced the nation. The postmaster of Galena, who had been a Breckinridge democrat, made an eloquent speech in favor of the Union and urged a prompt response to the

Galena's quota. That company was organized before the meeting adjourned, and two or three times as many more men offered themselves as volunteers.

CHAPTER XVI.

GRANT DECLINES THE CAPTAINCY OF THE GALENA COMPANY.

Captain Grant was earnestly urged to accept the captaincy of this first company raised in Galena, but he persistently declined. He was cheered when he assured its members that he would do all

President's call. A young lawyer, John A. Rawlins, who had been a candidate for elector on the Douglas ticket in the late campaign, addressed the meeting with fervid eloquence. It was here, in this hour of peril to their country, that the two minds, those of Grant and Rawlins, first met and revealed their harmony.

The Hon. Elihu B. Washburne, member of Congress for the Galena district, also attended the meeting and addressed it. This was probably the first time Grant met the man who was destined, a little later, to become so potent an instrument in promoting his advancement and his country's welfare.

It was supposed that not more than one company would be accepted as Ga-

he could to assist them, and would be in the army himself, in some capacity, "if there should be a war."

The earnest men who attended that meeting, and who entered that company, had heard political theorists talk for years; but amidst all the confusion and bedlam of ideas; amidst all the finessing about "state rights" and "constitutional guarantees and limitations" and "the divine right of slavery" and the enforcement of the fugitive slave law; amidst all the confusion and mental befogments of the time, there was one clear, unobscured, imperious thought and determination running through and dominating every mind,—that, first of all, the Union and the Government must be preserved, without the loss of one foot of its territory, or one star from its flag.

That was enough. All other questions might come or go, survive or perish in the concatenation of events; but this one, at least, was clear. Talk was at an end. The hour of action had arrived, and men of action were henceforth the men the country needed.

These resolute men knew that Captain Grant could not make a speech; but they believed that this quiet, determined man would act.

Grant's martial spirit was so aroused by the insult to the flag and by the dangers which were threatening the country that he ceased his attention to business and devoted his time to drilling the company preparatory to its movement to the state capital to be mustered and assigned to a regiment.

The patriotic ladies of Galena deter-

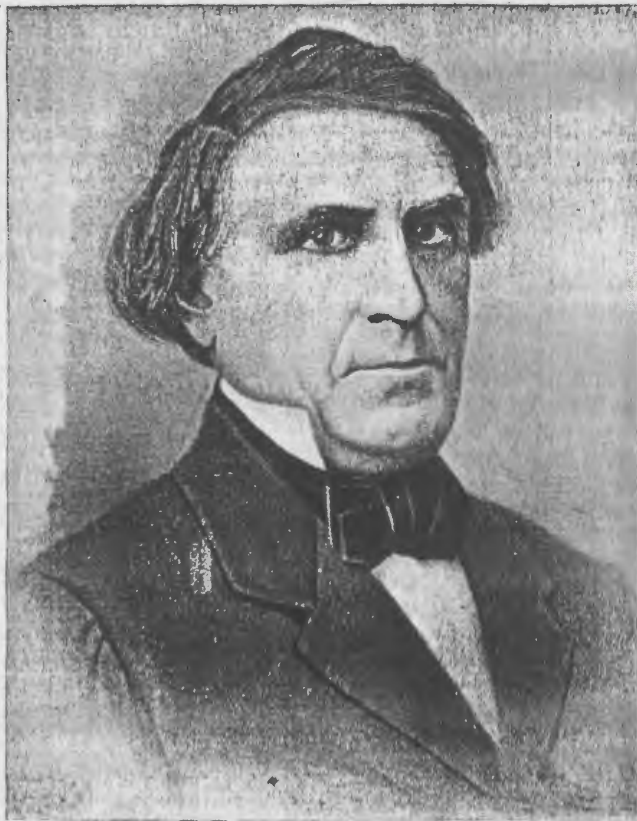


HON. RICHARD YATES,
 The War Governor of Illinois—The man who appointed Grant to a staff position in the State Adjutant-General's office and assigned him to mustering duty, (April-May, 1861,) and who appointed him Colonel of the 1st Regt., Illinois Infantry (June 15, 1861).

mined that this company should be properly uniformed before departing from home. They procured material and Captain Grant gave them the regulation style and superintended the making, and soon a well uniformed and well drilled company was ready to move to the front.

Occasionally in history we find an obscure town that produces an undue proportion of great men; a town where neither casual observation nor subtle reasoning give us any clew to the mysterious forces at play to produce such results.

Galena was one of those exceptional localities. It not only supplied its quota of men for the ranks during the war of the rebellion, but it contributed Ulysses S. Grant, who became Lieutenant-General and Commander-in-Chief of all the armies; John A. Rawlins, Brigadier-General and Grant's trusted chief of staff; Wil-



HON. E. B. WASHBURNE, OF GALENA, ILL.,
Grant's faithful friend and defender in Congress, and during the Franco-Prussian War
American Minister to France.

liam R. Rowley, also on General Grant's staff; Major-General J. E. Smith, and Brigadier-Generals J. A. Maltby, J. O. Duer, J. C. Smith, A. L. Chetlain, and Dr. E. D. Kittoe. The last named was first Surgeon of the 45th Infantry, afterwards promoted to Medical Inspector of the Military Division of the Mississippi, and served on the staffs of both Grant and Sherman, with rank as General.

In civil life it also produced Elihu B. Washburne, who became "Father of the House," and Grant's determined, unshaken, unwavering friend in Congress, amid all the traducing, abuse and defamation to which that General was sub-

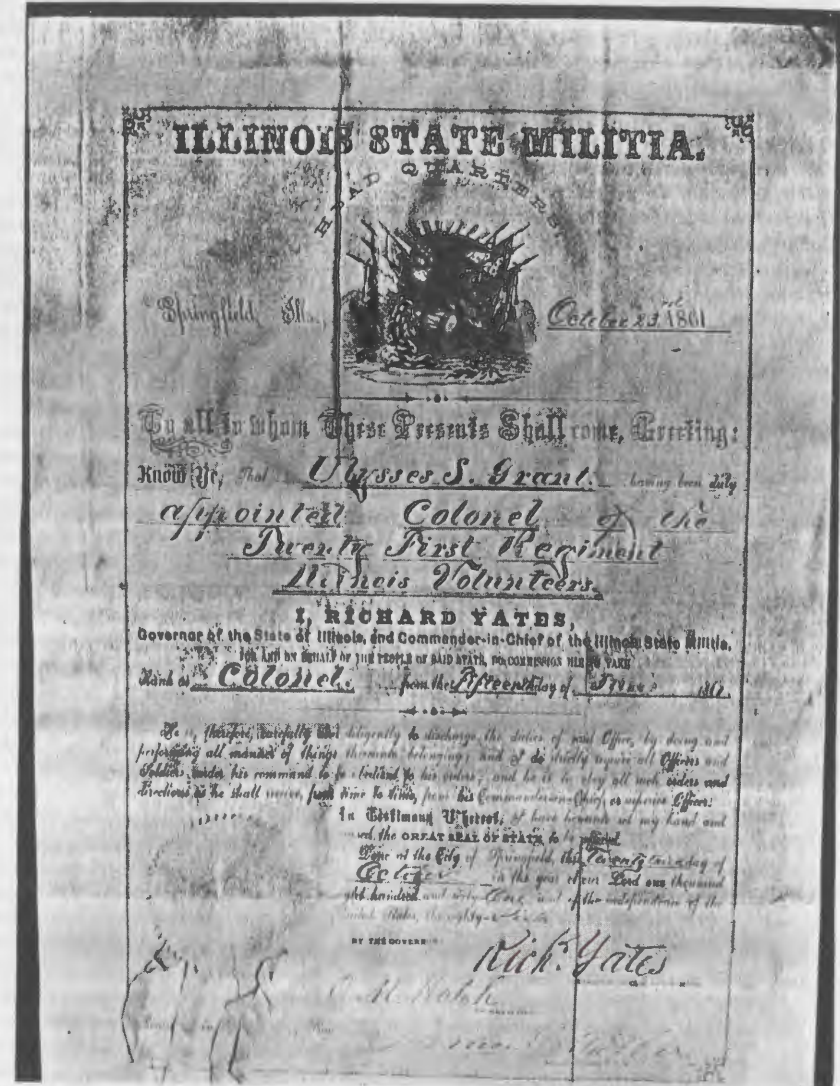
jected during the early years of the war. Washburne comprehended him, believed in him, and defended him. He never hesitated in his fealty at any moment, but was as fearless in his defense of Grant whenever assailed as any plumed and helmeted knight of old ever was in defense of his chief.

In that first anxious hour when Galena was on its feet to do its share in upholding the Union, Captain Grant assured the new volunteers that "if there should be a war, he would be there.

If there should be a war! How strange that "if"

sounds to us now! And yet this was then the state of mind of a large portion of the people of the North. It could not be conceived, it would not be believed, that there would be any serious or prolonged effort to overthrow the government or disturb its functions. "No," men reasoned, "such insanity is impossible. It surely can be little more than a mob in South Carolina, exploding some of the fireworks of Calhoun, Yancey or Toombs! Peace and order will reign again as soon as the pyrotechnic display exhausts itself." How vain the expectation!

"If there should be a war," he would be there! We shall see by pursuing our



GRANT'S FIRST COMMISSION IN THE VOLUNTEER SERVICE—AS COLONEL OF THE TWENTY-FIRST ILLINOIS INFANTRY.

story that he was "there,"—very potentially, "there."

Captain Grant was not hesitating about the path of duty. That was always settled with him. He belonged to his country whenever that country should be menaced with danger. When that mo-

ment should arrive, he would be found ready, waiting.

CHAPTER XVII.

GRANT GOES TO THE STATE CAPITAL.

Grant went with the company as a sort of military guide or *chaperon*, and re-

ported promptly to Governor Yates at Springfield.

Swift work it was; and how like many things we shall see of Grant later on in the war!

While waiting for the completion of the uniforms for the company, before leaving Galena, Captain Grant wrote a characteristic letter to his father-in-law, Colonel Dent, in St. Louis county. It is valuable as showing his grasp of the situation at that time.

GALENA, April 19, 1861.

Mr. F. Dent:

DEAR SIR—I have but very little time to write, but, as in these exciting times we are very anxious to hear from you, and know of no other way but by writing first to you, I must make time.

We get but little news by telegraph from St. Louis, but from all other points of the country we are hearing all the time. The times are indeed startling, but now is the time,* particularly in the border slave states, for men to prove their love of country. I know it is hard for men to apparently work with the Republican party, but now all party distinctions should be lost sight of, and every true patriot be for maintaining the integrity of the glorious old Stars and Stripes, the Constitution and the Union. The North is responding to the President's call in such a manner that the rebels may truly quake. I tell you there is no mistaking the feelings of the people. The government can call into the field not only 75,000 troops, but ten or twenty times 75,000 if it should be necessary, and find the means of maintaining them, too.

It is all a mistake about the northern pocket being so sensitive. In times like these, no people are more ready to give their own time, or of their abundant means. No impartial man can conceal from himself the fact that in all these troubles the Southerners have been the aggressors and the administration has stood purely on the defensive, more on the defensive than she would have dared to do but for her consciousness of strength and the certainty of right prevailing in the end. The news is that Virginia has gone out of the Union.

In all of this I can but see the doom of slavery. The North does not want, nor will they want, to interfere with the institution; but they will refuse for all time to give it protection unless the South shall return soon to their allegiance.

I have just received a letter from Fred [Friedrick Dent, Jr.]. He breathes forth the most patriotic sentiments. He is for the old flag as long as there is a union of two states fighting under its banner, and when they dissolve, he will go it alone. This is not his exact language, but it is his idea, not so well expressed as he expresses it.

Julia and the children are well and join me in love to you all. I forgot to mention that Fred has another heir with some novel name, which I have forgotten.

Yours truly

U. S. GRANT.

Twenty-four years afterward, this letter was published in the New York *Tribune*,† with the following editorial comment:

It is a peculiarly important and timely contribution to history. It was written by a democrat to a democrat, at a time when democratic Governors in border states were insultingly replying to

the President's proclamation, and refusing troops for what they called an abolition war, or the "coercion of sister states." The language of the muggumps of that day may be profitably contrasted with the private letter of the true patriot, who little dreamed then how large was to be his part in the suppression of the rebellion.

This letter comes in time to correct many impressions as to the career of the great soldier and ex-President. It has been commonly thought that he entered the service as a soldier rather than as a patriot, with not very clearly defined political opinions.

But his letter of 1861, on the contrary, proves that he had most clearly defined convictions in regard to the question of slavery, the right and the wrong of the struggle, even before he had offered his services to his country. He was mentally a larger and broader man, prior to the war, than the nation has been prone to suppose.

Shortly after this letter was written, he began that active life which has resulted so grandly for his country and so gloriously for himself.

The quota assigned to Illinois as its part of the 75,000, was six regiments. It was but a few days after the call until Governor Yates was embarrassed by the offer of more than 20,000 men, organized and being organized into companies, battalions, and regiments, in every part of the state. To relieve the situation, the legislature, then in session, passed an act, accepting ten additional regiments in the service of the state, to be mustered into the United States service should they be required.

The company from Galena had been mustered and assigned to the 11th Regiment, and Grant was ready to return home on the morrow.

His modesty forbade him asking a position for himself. He saw that the politicians were swarming about the capital, and were appointed to places in the army, graded somewhat according to the influence they were able to exert. Grant was a comparative stranger at the state capital; hence, he felt it would be useless for him to apply, especially as his ambition was for some active command in the field, and these places seemed likely to be monopolized by those who could command more influence than he.

But while he had been busy, and had made few acquaintances, he had not escaped observation during the few days he had made his headquarters at the hotel where the Governor, the leading politicians of the state, and many of the new officers made their rendezvous.

In those days of excitement and blus-

ter, a quiet man with military bearing, who said but little, and acted with poise and self-control, and yet with celerity, was a marked man. So the question was frequently put, "Who is that quiet, thoughtful man? He looks a little like a soldier, but I can't quite make him out."

Soon everybody knew that "that fellow" was Captain Grant, late of the regular army, a graduate of West Point, an honored veteran of the Mexican war. He was now the picture of health and manly vigor, and in the prime of life, his age at that time being thirty-nine.

Writers who enjoy romancing have variously described Grant at this epoch. Some have pictured him as ill-clad and looking decidedly "rusty" as he came to Springfield with the Galena company. Others have painted him standing in the door of his store as the company passed, clad in his heavy old army overcoat, waiting to "fall in" at the rear. Of course, only a brilliant imagination could see a man wearing a heavy overcoat on a sunny afternoon in the latter part of April! In truth, he was clad in a respectable business suit, and it was neither old nor "rusty."

Others describe Grant at Springfield as out of money, and looking "moody and shabby." Neither is this the truth. His attire was in good, plain, respectable business form; equal to that worn by the solid business men of Springfield.

I suspect that the criticisms originated with those who knew nothing, and were willing to sacrifice truth to sensationalism; or with some of those who at that time were ashine in tinsel and new uniforms, fresh in the service; and who regarded display as synonymous with merit. If Grant had ever been afflicted with that weakness, he had been cured of it by his old army service. Utility, not show, was his motto. Correct and quiet manners and plain genteel garb, covering character and merit, were Grant's fitting passports. And the society door which these would not unlock was not the door which Grant or any other well poised American would care to enter.

That he was too impecunious to pro-

cure a uniform, or a sword, or a horse, is also one of the harmless fictions of a later day. In truth he was able to pay his way and provide all that was needful. *This he always did.*

In those days a great many came to know Grant whom he did not know. The gods are not blind. They may be silent and invisible; but they take note of, and search out, all the ways of the instruments they intend to use in shaping the destinies of men and of nations.

General Pope was on duty at Springfield. He had served in the Mexican war with Grant. He was willing to use his influence to secure an appointment for him; but Grant declined such assistance, believing that his own merits, and not external influences, should bring him an opportunity to serve his country. This was not "good politics," as the world goes; but it was one of Grant's remarkable characteristics,—a sort of intuition or pre-science, which led him to see and do the wise thing at the right time. It resulted in the thing coming to him which he wanted, leading directly on to that glorious consummation which has been the admiration of the world.

Governor Yates had observed him and studied him. He learned about him upon inquiry and made up his mind that Grant was a man he wanted.

CHAPTER XVIII.

GOVERNOR YATES AND CAPTAIN GRANT.

Grant was ready to return to Galena when Governor Yates met him in the evening, conversed with him a few minutes and invited him to stay over and call at his office the following morning.

Captain Grant complied with his request. Governor Yates told him that he needed his assistance; that his army experience would be valuable. Thereupon Grant expressed a willingness to render any service he might be able to perform.

Governor Yates appointed him on his staff, and assigned him to duty in the Adjutant-General's office, especially in charge of the mustering service.

* The Italics are by the author.
Of April 14, 1885.

INARTICULATE.

It is not true that Grant was humiliated by being assigned to menial work, "ruling blanks in a gloomy and carpetless ante-room, where he was cheerless and dependent."

Nothing of the kind occurred. He was at once recognized by Governor Yates and and by the Adjutant-General as possessing the knowledge which they needed in the new stress which had suddenly come upon them.

Here were the records of an army of 16,000 men to be perfected,—an army which had suddenly come into existence,—and it is not surprising that the little corps of civilian clerks without military experience should be overwhelmed with confusion, and that Grant's knowledge and quiet direction should be of invaluable service.

Not since the Black Hawk war, nearly thirty years before, had the Adjutant-General's office had any considerable war work to do. The state militia, during all the intervening years of peace, was scarcely an organization; and, when this war emergency suddenly came upon the office it affected it much the same as

an unexpected attack of an enemy upon an unprotected camp of raw recruits,—there was demoralization and confusion.

The advent of an educated soldier, who had had long experience in this branch and in kindred branches of the service, was timely. Grant at once prescribed new forms and introduced new modes of procedure which greatly expedited business. And, following the lines and the rules which Grant introduced, the Adjutant-General's office of Illinois became one of the model offices of the United States during the entire war. So perfect were the records that when the war closed the War Department found less difficulty in adjusting its accounts with that state than with those of any other state in the Union.

Meantime Captain Grant was soon, and as occasion required, mustering the new troops into the service as they arrived at Springfield or were elsewhere assembled under orders. Where he could not go, he detailed other officers to perform the duty.

Time and events were speeding with bewildering swiftness, and the first week in May had passed.

(To be Continued.)



INARTICULATE.

TO IMPROVE their speech, inarticulate,
Like another Demosthenes,
With pebble-filled mouths to the shores they speak,—
The rivers, the oceans, the seas.

For audience they have the wind,
And the heavy-foliaged trees
That lean and listen and learn the speech
Of their Demosthenes.

Elizabeth H. Calvert.



NEST AND EGGS OF THE BLUE-WINGED TEAL.



NEST AND EGGS OF THE MARSH HAWK.

BIRDS OF THE MIDLAND REGION.

BY DAVID L. SAVAGE,

(Editor of The Iowa Ornithologist.)

III.*

The breath of autumn fans my brow,
Her voice is in my ear,
And earth in all its loveliness,
Proclaims her presence near;

And I rejoice that round my way,
That's often dark and dim,
God sends so many messengers
To draw my soul to Him.

Nesting time is over. Now comes the most interesting season of the year to the bird lover; when the parent birds bring forth their younglings, all unused to the ways of the world, and carry on their training before our eyes. Very few, perhaps, are aware that most of these youngsters are dressed in a different costume from their elders. When the young birds come forth even the expert ornithologist is at times sorely puzzled to fix on the category to which some of them belong. Yet there are usually some characteristics by which their places in the *avi fauna* may be determined. As a rule, the plumage of young birds is more striped and mottled than that of mature specimens. I said that nesting time was over. Perhaps a half-dozen species are busy with second broods.

*The first of this series appeared in the June MIDLAND; the second in August.

But did I not forget that charming, sweet-voiced goldfinch (*Spinus tristis*) who has just commenced the cares of housekeeping? Nay, the pretty mansion in the elm is not yet completed! The courtship of the bird of July is a charming sight. What a time he has courting that little spouse of his! It would seem that these sombre maidens are harder to woo than the others of their sex. And yet writers would have us think that this delay in nesting is on account of a late-coming insect necessary for the welfare of the nestling, or for the thistle silk, which alone makes a fit cushion for his delicate spouse and her "wee babies!"

By no means does Master Goldfinch cease evincing affection for his mate when nest-building commences. From morning till night you may hear his joyous notes. He is singing as he accompanies his mate on almost numberless excursions across the meadow to the pasture land, where the over-worked or indolent farmer has left the thistle to gain a stronghold; singing as he returns with Lady Goldfinch, who has her beak loaded with "thistle silk" for the nest; singing as, perched upon the topmost



COL. JOHN W. EMERSON IN HIS STUDY.*

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

(A HISTORY.)

BY COL. JOHN W. EMERSON.

(Engravings from drawings and photographs furnished chiefly by Mrs. E. Butler Johnson.)
(Begun in the October, 1896, Midland Monthly.)

BOOK II.

CHAPTER XIX.

GRANT REVISITS ST. LOUIS.

ONE of the regiments which Grant was required to muster was expected to rendezvous at Belleville, Ill., about May 8, 1861, and thither he went to perform that duty. When he arrived all the companies had not assembled, and would not do so for several days.

Grant concluded to make a hasty visit to St. Louis, his old home, only eighteen miles distant, see his wife's parents, near the city, and feel the temperature in that border slave State.

To say that he "found things hot"

*Taken by Photographer W. C. Perkins, of Ironton, Mo., while the Colonel was engaged upon his "Grant in the West."

would be too mild an expression. They were boiling—seething.

St. Louis was a large city, with nearly two hundred thousand people, and perhaps thirty per cent thereof decidedly southern in sentiment. Probably a third or a fourth of this class were as intensely bitter and as "fire-eating" in favor of secession as the same number in any of the southern States. They were utterly intolerant of opinion, and were bold, demonstrative and outspoken against "Lincoln tyranny" and "Lincoln hirelings." From the noise and bluster they made, it would seem to an observer from without, that the city and State were overwhelmingly in favor of secession. But Grant had lived there most of the years in

which this trouble had been brewing and he readily comprehended the situation.

In truth there never was a time when there was not in St. Louis and in the State at large a very decided majority for the the Union.

But this Union majority was composed of the working, thinking, conservative, undemonstrative business portion of the population. It required time for this element to arouse and assert itself; and to comprehend what the excited agitators really meant.

But the fiery, aggressive spirits of Frank P. Blair, B. Gratz Brown, Capt. Nathaniel Lyon and others, kindled the Union spirit into active assertion, and at the time Grant made his visit it was organized and ready to assert itself; and it did make itself heard, and felt.

CHAPTER XX. THE CONSPIRACY TO TAKE MISSOURI OUT OF THE UNION.

It will be profitable to stop here and take a brief survey of the conspiracy as it had thus far developed in Missouri.

Under the president's first call, the quota assigned to Missouri was four regiments. The governor, Claiborne F. Jackson, was intense in his southern sympathies. He had for some time been engaged in secret intrigue with Jefferson Davis, and others connected with the Confederate government, with the purpose of carrying Missouri out of the Union and into the confederacy.

When the President's proclamation reached Governor Jackson he answered it in the most haughty and insulting terms. He denounced the request as "illegal, unconstitutional, revolutionary, inhuman and diabolical." He immediately convened the legislature, in extra session, for the undoubted purpose of taking some pretended steps whereby Missouri might cast her destiny with the Confederate States. The working out of this conspiracy was found to be beset with many difficulties.

Governor Jackson had proceeded, under cover of the regular militia law of the state, to organize a camp, named after himself, in the western part of the city of St. Louis, apparently as an ordinary camp of instruction. Here the militia of the State were invited, and more than two regiments, and a battery or two, soon assembled. The United States flag floated over the camp, and there were no visible indications of disloyalty. Many Unionists were there

in the ranks and as holiday spectators or participants, ignorant of any disloyal purpose of the leaders; but, as was thoroughly demonstrated afterwards, the whole animating purpose and motive of the leadership were in aid of the scheme of projected secession and the capture of the United States Arsenal at St. Louis.

Governor Jackson had dispatched two commissioners to Jefferson Davis, President of the newly organized "Confederate States of America," to secure aid, and



BRIG.-GEN. NATHANIEL LYON.
A better portrait of Lyon, from an old photo owned by Captain J. S. Clark, of Des Moines, appeared in the August MIDLAND.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL NATHANIEL LYON.

Killed at the battle of Wilson's Creek, near Springfield, Mo., August 10, 1861. With a force of 6,000 he attacked the Confederate Generals Price and McCulloch, over 20,000 strong, and had practically won a victory when he was killed while leading the First Iowa Regiment in a brilliant charge. He was in command at the arsenal, St. Louis, when he captured Camp Jackson, May 10, 1861, and then immediately advanced and took possession of the State Capital. Grant met him as he was preparing to move on Camp Jackson. The sketch is from a painting in the Senate at Jefferson City, Mo.

on the 23d of April, 1861, President Davis returned the following reply:

After learning as well as I could from the gentlemen accredited to me what was most needful for the attack on the arsenal, I have directed that Captains Green and Duke should be furnished with two 12-pounder howitzers and two 32-pounder guns, with the proper ammunition for each.

These, from the commanding hills, will be effective both against the garrison and to breach the inclosing walls of the place. I concur with you as to the great importance of capturing the arsenal and securing its supplies. We look anxiously and hopefully for the day when the Star of Missouri shall be added to the Constellation of the Confederate States of America.*

So hopefully and confidently had Governor Jackson written President Davis, that Missouri began to be treated as Confederate territory.

Three days after Davis had sent his

* War Records.

reply to Jackson, the Confederate Secretary of War, Walker, wrote to Governor Jackson:

"Can you arm and equip one regiment of infantry for service in Virginia, to rendezvous at Richmond? Transportation will be provided by this Government. The regiment to elect its own officers and must enlist for not less than twelve months, unless sooner discharged.*

This missive reached Governor Jackson on the 4th of May, and on the 5th he answered it. The language gives a vivid picture of the progress of the conspiracy:

Yours of the 26th ultimo, via Louisville, is received. I have no legal authority to furnish the men you desire. Missouri, you know, is yet under the tyranny of Lincoln's government—so far, at least, as arms go. We are woefully deficient here in arms and cannot furnish them at present; but so far as men are concerned we have plenty of

* War Records.

them ready, willing, and anxious to march at any moment to the defense of the South. Our legislature has just met, and I doubt not will give me all necessary authority over the matter. If you can arm the men they will go whenever wanted, and to any point where they may be the most needed. I send this to Memphis by private hand, being afraid to trust our mails or telegraphs. Let me hear from you by the same means. Missouri can and will put 100,000 men in the field if required. We are using every means to arm our people, and until we are better prepared must move cautiously. I write this in confidence, and with my earnest prayers for your success.*

The "means to arm our people," which Governor Jackson was taking, consisted of preparations in his militia camp to capture the arsenal, and the extraordinary measures which were being sent through the legislature at Jefferson City. A comprehensive military bill, placing extraordinary powers in the hands of the Governor, was enacted, and the money

belonging to the common schools of the State was diverted from its use and applied to advance the Governor's military and secession schemes.

The committee of safety in St. Louis kept a keen eye upon every step of the intrigue, though this correspondence was not then known to them. President Lincoln was duly informed of the increasing danger, and on April 30th caused Secre-

* War Records.

tary of War Cameron, to issue the following celebrated order, directed to Captain Lyon, in command of the arsenal:

The President of the United States directs that you enroll in the military service of the United States, the loyal citizens of St. Louis and vicinity, not exceeding, with those heretofore enlisted, ten thousand in number, for the purpose of maintaining the authority of the United States and for the protection of the peaceable inhabitants of Missouri.*

On the back of the order, Gen. Scott indorsed, laconically, "it is revolutionary times, and therefore I do not object to the irregularity of this."

This gave Lyon and Blair a compact little army. Blair was colonel of one of the first regiments organized, but Lyon was of rank, being in the regular army.

CHAPTER XXI.

CONSPIRACY DETECTED.

On the 8th of May, the

day on which our Captain Grant arrived in St. Louis from Belleville, Illinois, an event occurred which brought matters to a speedy crisis. Several cannon and ammunition, packed in hogsheads marked "bacon," and boxes of muskets, were landed at the St. Louis levee from a New Orleans steamer; sent by order of Jefferson Davis, and transferred to Camp Jackson.



From an old painting

GOV. CLAIBORNE F. JACKSON,
Of Missouri, who plotted with Jefferson Davis, in 1861, to carry his State over into the Southern Confederacy.

CHAPTER XXII.

CAPTURE OF CAMP JACKSON.

The attempt to conceal the contents of the shipment was not a success. The Committee of Safety learned of it at once. These arms and this war material were brought from Baton Rouge, Louisiana, and were a part of those captured in the United States Arsenal there in the previous January, by the seceding Governor of that State. They were, therefore, stolen property of the United States, and connected Camp Jackson unmistakably with the insurrectionary movement.

There never was any hesitancy about

Secession sympathizers were running through the streets with arms; men jumped into carriages, spring wagons and carts, and, lashing the horses into a mad gallop, went streaming out to join in the defense of Camp Jackson. The sidewalks were thronged with frenzied people. The Union men were largely in the well organized regiments now forming in line of march at the arsenal,* pre-



W. C. Perkins, Photographer, Ironton, Mo.

A BIT OF LAWN AT "SYLVAN LAKE HOME."

Where "Grant's Life" is being written, showing the "Grant Oak," the Grant Monument, and the residence of the author. See outline of Judge Emerson's career, in the Editorial Department of this number.

prompt action where Captain Lyon and Colonel Blair were the actors.

These were the tempestuous conditions in the midst of which Grant found himself on his brief visit to his old home. He spent one day in the country at the Colonel Dent home, and returned into the city on the morning of May 10th and soon learned the startling rumor spreading through the city, that Lyon and Blair were then marshaling their forces for an attack on Camp Jackson. He had never before experienced such wild tumult and excitement.

paring to move. Grant's heart beat with loyal pride at the knowledge that Lyon and Blair were not going to wait to be attacked, but meant to promptly strike and put an end to the treasonable plottings of which they were then only partially informed.

Grant hastened to the arsenal, and conversed a few minutes with Blair and Lyon, as the regiments were taking up their positions in line of march, and wished them success. He did not have

A view of the arsenal in St. Louis is given in THE MIDLAND MONTHLY of November, 1896.



THE FAMOUS "GRANT OAK"

On Col. John W. Emerson's grounds at Ironton, Mo., under which Colonel Grant received his commission as Brigadier-General, August, 1861, while there in command. The spring flows out beneath the statue of the Angel, to the left of the oak. "Sylvan Lake" is seen through the openings, in the background.

a horse, and it was impossible, in the excitement then prevailing, to obtain one, else he would have joined them as a volunteer aid.

At 2:30 o'clock in the afternoon of May 10th, Lyon's army of six regiments and a battery of artillery were moving rapidly through the streets of St. Louis toward Camp Jackson, and, converging, surrounded the camp on three sides. On the other side Lyon planted his battery on an elevation commanding the camp.

To Captain Lyon's demand for the immediate surrender of the force and all war material, General Frost, who was in command, made no resistance, except a protest that the camp was organized under the laws of the State, and was not hostile to the general government!

How far General Frost was aware of the designs and schemes of Governor Jackson and the other conspirators, the writer has not the evidence to determine.

Before night Camp Jackson was extinguished and the prisoners and war

material were safe inside the walls of the United States Arsenal.

There were, afterwards, riots on the streets; mobs attacked the volunteers; they in turn swept the streets with musketry fire, and there were many killed and wounded.

Thenceforth St. Louis became, and continued throughout the war, the center of Union military and naval activities in the West.

When Lyon and Blair returned to the arsenal with their prisoners, and other captures, Grant again met them and congratulated them.

It was on his way to the arsenal to see Lyon and Blair after the capture that the following incident occurred, which Gen. Grant pleasantly relates in his Memoirs: "Before the car I was in started," he says, "a dapper little fellow—he would be called a dude at this day—stepped in. He was in a great state of excitement and used adjectives freely to express his contempt for the Union, and for those who had just perpetrated such an out-

CHAPTER XXIII.

GRANT WRITES TO WASHINGTON.

The mustering was about completed, the machinery of the Adjutant-General's office was running smoothly, and Captain Grant took leave for a few days to return to Galena. He knew that his position on the Governor's staff was out of the line of promotion, and opened no field for military activities. He believed he had ability to be of greater service to his country in an active command. He therefore concluded to make formal application to the War Department at Washington, and wrote the following letter:*

position on the Governor's staff was out of the line of promotion, and opened no field for military activities. He believed he had ability to be of greater service to his country in an active command. He therefore concluded to make formal application to the War Department at Washington, and wrote the following letter:*

GALENA, ILLS.,
May 24, 1861.
Col. L. Thomas,
Adj't-Gen., U.S.
A., Washington,
D. C.:

SIR:—Having served for fifteen years in the regular army, including four years at West Point, and feeling it the duty of all who have been educated at the government expense to offer their services

for the support of that government, I have the honor, very respectfully, to tender my services, until the close of the war, in such capacity as may be offered. I would say, in view of my present age and length of service, I feel myself competent to command a regiment, if the President, in his judgment, should see fit to entrust one to me.

Since the first call of the President, I have been serving on the staff of the Governor of this State, rendering such aid as I could in the organization of our State militia and am still engaged in that capacity. A letter addressed to me at Springfield, Illinois, will reach me. I am very respectfully,
U. S. GRANT.

This modest, patriotic letter elicited no answer. It was probably pigeon-holed

*A facsimile of this letter was presented in the November MIDLAND MONTHLY.

rage upon the rights of a free people. He evidently expected to find nothing but sympathy, for he turned to me and said: '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 the limb of the first tree we come to.' I replied that after all we were not so intolerant in St. Louis as we might be; I had not seen a single rebel hung yet, nor heard of one; there were plenty of them who ought to be, however. The young man subsided. He was so crestfallen that I believe if I had ordered him to leave the car he would have gone quietly out, saying to himself, 'More Yankee oppression.'

Grant returned to Illinois and resumed his duties as aid to Governor Yates, mustering the new regiments as fast as their organization was completed. One of these was the Twenty-first Illinois, mustered in at Mattoon. His brief intercourse with the men and officers was pleasant. He gave them instructions and advice which, coming from a West Point graduate and an old regular army officer, was appreciated and remembered. But none of them then suspected how soon they were destined to be bound together by official ties.



NEAR VIEW OF THE GRANT MONUMENT
On Colonel Emerson's grounds, Ironton, Mo., where General Grant made his headquarters in 1861.

by some subordinate clerk and was never even seen by the Adjutant-General or the President, for it was found unfiled among miscellaneous papers, long after the war. Amid the thousands of similar applications then pouring in upon the Department this was not surprising; especially as it bore no endorsement, and no name that would then arrest attention.

Captain Grant, in his self-deprecatory spirit, had felt some misgivings as to his ability to command a regiment; but, having met all the colonels whom he had been mustering into the service and taken mental measure of them, he was encouraged to believe that he was, at least, equal to any of them. He was certainly the most modest and unambitious of men; and in the absence of all efforts in his own behalf, or any solicited intervention of his friends for his advancement or promotion, it is difficult to doubt that a guiding Hand was directing his destiny.

Strangely, it had not occurred to him to apply to his chief, Governor Yates, for the command of a regiment. If he did think of it, he saw, also, that the men whose claims were most likely to have consideration were those whose activities in public and political life had raised them to a position which commanded attention. Then, too, in his old army life,

he had been accustomed to deal exclusively with the authority of the general government, and this is undoubtedly his reason for applying, of his own volition, to that source. He knew, too, that in applying there, the records in the war office furnished abundant evidence of his gallant deeds in Mexico, of his two brevets, and his subsequent promotions in the regular army.

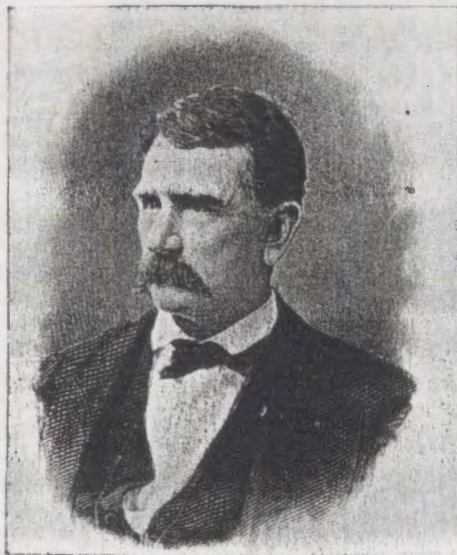
CHAPTER XXIV.

GRANT VISITS HIS PARENTS, AND TRIES TO SEE McCLELLAN.

Just then General McClellan was becoming a prominent figure. He was organizing the forces in Ohio, with his headquarters at Cincinnati, making rapid preparations to attack the Confederate forces menacing the Ohio River in West Virginia. Grant knew General McClellan quite well. He had spent a year

with him at West Point, and served with him in the Mexican War; had assisted him personally at one of the heavy batteries at Cerro Gordo. Possibly if he would call upon the young General and revive old acquaintanceship, the latter might offer him a position on his staff where he could soon see active service in the field.

With these possibilities in view, and when the work of formal organization was temporarily completed at Springfield, he made a hurried visit to his



GEN. FRANK P. BLAIR, JR.

Frank P. Blair was the leading spirit in Missouri in combatting the extreme pro-slavery propaganda and, before the War, in urging Emancipation. When the War began, his keen intuition enabled him at once to grasp its full character, and he entered the contest with a zeal born of assurance that he was right. He at once rallied the Union sentiment of St. Louis, and in a few weeks organized two regiments; rallied them around the brilliant and fiery Lyon, of the regular army; captured Camp Jackson, and drove the rebel forces out of the State. He was Colonel, Brigadier and Major General, and, after the War, United States Senator from Missouri. He commanded under Grant during the Vicksburg and Chattanooga campaigns. Grant knew him in St. Louis before the War.

parents at Covington, Kentucky, and took occasion to call at McClellan's headquarters in Cincinnati to pay his respects. But neither then, nor on a subsequent call, was he successful in seeing the redoubtable little General. It has been asserted that McClellan was so encompassed with a multitude of orderlies, aids, and other military personages who indulged in much pomp and ceremony, that it was very difficult for any except his own officers to gain access to him. On this occasion however, the writer is inclined to think that McClellan was absent in Washington.

The plain, strong common sense of Grant revolted at the formalities, the pomp and ceremony which he saw about the headquarters in Cincinnati, and, later, at General Fremont's headquarters in St. Louis. When Grant became master of headquarters incomparably more important, formality and show were discouraged and he was always accessible, even to the private soldier who had a special favor to ask or a grievance to make known. It was this plainness and simplicity (without relaxation of discipline) that made him, during the terrible campaigning of the early years of the war, the idol of the Western army; an army always ready at the tap of the drum to

fight under its leader with a bravery and persistency that knew no defeat.

Meantime the President issued another call—this time for 300,000 men to serve "three years, or during the war."

CHAPTER XXV.

GRANT IS APPOINTED COLONEL.

The first Colonel of the Twenty-first

Illinois regiment proved incompetent. The men were as fine fellows as ever marched to battle,—hardy, self-reliant, brave; but they were in mutiny against a reckless and incompetent commander. And now that there was a prospect of soon marching to war, they demanded a leader who could intelligently command them in battle. They remembered the quiet Captain who had mustered them, a few

weeks before, and they made their wishes known to Governor Yates. His own brief acquaintance with Captain Grant had made a most favorable impression, and he was glad to have the opportunity of appointing as Colonel the only West Point graduate as yet in the now rapidly growing Illinois army.

The appointment was made on the 15th of June, 1861.

Captain Grant, who had gone to Galena a few days previously, was not aware of



MAJ.-GEN. STERLING PRICE.

In command of the Missouri rebel forces under Governor Claiborne F. Jackson. He was very popular in the State with the young Confederate element, and drew thousands of that class with him. They familiarly called him "Pop Price." He was repeatedly driven from the state during the war. In his last invasion, in 1864, his army was almost entirely annihilated before he escaped from the State. He campaigned against General Lyon, Colonel Blair, General Fremont, and finally against Grant in Southeast Missouri. This sketch is given by favor of the Southern Historical Society, St. Louis.

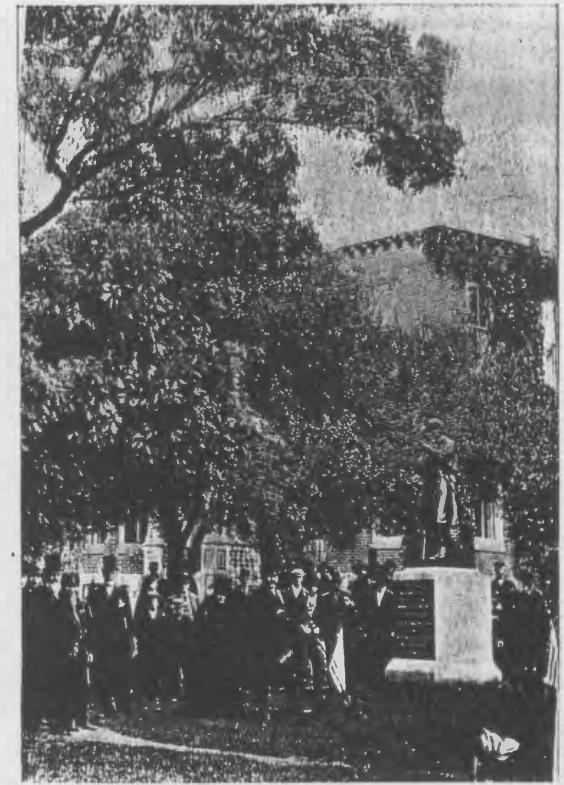
this sudden change in his fortunes until he was informed of his appointment by a dispatch from Springfield. The placidity of his nature did not allow any exhibition of the pleasure he felt upon having his ambition to command a regiment thus suddenly and unexpectedly gratified.

Even when he walked from the store where he received the message up the steep hill to his modest residence and announced to his devoted wife his intended immediate departure, his reference to the glad news of his appointment as Colonel was apparently more by inference or casual allusion than as a direct announcement of any glad tidings. Whatever demonstrations of pleasure followed were from the little wife who loved him dearly and had faith in his ability, and knew his ambition for some command that would give him active service in the field. Possibly, too, she may have indulged in a woman's dreams, and had some feminine intuitions of her husband's destiny.

Taking with him his little son Fred. (now Col. Frederick D. Grant), he hastened to assume command.

The records in the Adjutant-General's office make it appear that he was appointed on the 15th and mustered in as Colonel on the 28th of June, 1861.

The error is accounted for by the fact that the regiment was first mustered for ninety days' service and then again mustered on June 28th for three years or during the war. Strangely, too, his commission bears date of October 23, 1861,—more than four months after he was appointed, and two and a half months after he was appointed Brigadier-General.



MRS. U. S. GRANT, COL. FREDERICK D. GRANT, AND PARTY, Viewing the Grant Monument on Colonel Emerson's grounds at Ironton, Mo., in May, 1894.—Colonel Emerson, the host of Mrs. Grant and Colonel Grant, on the left of Mrs. Grant in the picture.

The writer's efforts to find an explanation of this have been unavailing. The Adjutant-General of the State of Illinois says:

DEAR COLONEL EMERSON: A diligent search through the records in this office furnishes no explanation as to why General Grant's commission as Colonel bears date October 23, 1861. It is well known that he was appointed June 15th, and served as Colonel from that date until he was promoted Brigadier-General.

Col. Frederick D. Grant* writes:

MY DEAR COLONEL EMERSON: I was under the impression that father's commission as Colonel of the Twenty-first Illinois Volunteers was dated June 15th, and I am unable to explain why it is dated October 23d.

*Also see Colonel Grant's recent letter to the editor of this magazine (Editorial Department) in which occurs this historically valuable testimony: "I consider his (Colonel Emerson's) statements with reference to the private life of my father, and his re-entrance into the army at the commencement of our civil war, are more accurate than any which have up to this date appeared."



E. A. COLLINS,

A partner of Jesse R. Grant in the tannery business, and a warm friend of Captain Grant during his residence in Galena. Mr. Collins died several years ago in Shelby County, Iowa.

The commission provided,* however, that *ful soldier, the consummate General, the invincible leader* in the greatest war of modern history.

*See facsimile of the commission in the November MIDLAND MONTHLY.

END OF BOOK II.

Book III (with which Colonel Emerson's "Grant" concludes) will begin in the January number of THE MIDLAND MONTHLY and run well on through the coming year. It opens with a spirited description of Colonel Grant's Missouri campaign, and includes the greater campaigns of 1862-63, which proved General Grant to be the greatest commander in the world's history.—ED.



LIFE.

THERE is no pang can rend the human heart,
There is no joy the human heart can thrill,
But it has been of some past life a part,
A life to joy and pang now strangely still.

Clara Swearingen Goodrich.

Colonel Grant should take "rank from June 15th." The writer is inclined to indulge the conjecture that a commission was issued at the time of appointment and was lost; and that, on the objection of some technical paymaster, a new commission was made out, to supply the record.

Thus equipped, and invested with the command of one of the best regiments in the service, our hero now steps from the quiet, the peace and the obscurity of private life into the publicity, the activities and the tumults of war.

Hitherto we have seen Grant, the man, the civilian, the quiet, peaceful and helpful neighbor; the loyal, gentle and loving friend. Henceforth we shall see him *the success-*

ful soldier, the consummate General, the invincible leader in the greatest war of modern history.



RAPHAEL'S "LA BELLE JARDINIÈRE."

Second of THE MIDLAND'S series of the World's Greatest Paintings, engraved from photographs selected by an American artist in Rome and Paris.

Editorial Department.