

Stories of Ulysses S. Grant and Robert E. Lee

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Stories of Ulysses S. Grant and Robert E. Lee

Selected Authors

Libraries of Hope

Stories of Ulysses S. Grant and Robert E. Lee
Freedom Series

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Libraries of Hope, Inc.
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Website www.librariesofhope.com
Email: librariesofhope@gmail.com

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Ulysses S. Grant

The True Story of Ulysses S. Grant

By Elbridge S. Brooks

Preface

The life story of every great American contains much that is startling, much that is marvelous, and much that is inspiring, as, looking back, we read it from its starting point.

The true story of America's greatest soldier, Ulysses S. Grant, is not lacking in the elements that give to the stories of Washington, Lincoln and Franklin the flavor of moral and romance.

The son of a western tanner became the leader of the world's mightiest armies; the Ohio school boy became the ruler of the greatest of modern republics; the modest and retiring gentleman became the victorious general; the broken and discouraged farmer and clerk became the foremost man of his day in all the world.

As an example of persistence, of determination and of will, of a clear head in emergencies and a great heart in victory, of modesty, patience, simplicity, strength and zeal, the record of the struggles and successes of U.S. Grant is a lesson to young and old alike, and his story is one most fitting to be included in this series of "Children's Lives of Great Men."

The words of the president of the republic, spoken above the brave general's last resting-place, in

the grand mausoleum beside the Hudson, are eminently appropriate in this connection. They serve as the best possible preface to this life of the greatest American soldier.

"With Washington and Lincoln," said President McKinley, "Grant had an exalted place in history and the affections of the people. Today his memory is held in equal esteem by those whom he led to victory and by those who accepted his generous terms of peace."

To which may be added this portrait of our great general from the same poet-patriot who said grand words of Washington and Lincoln — I mean James Russell Lowell:

"He came grim, silent; saw and did the deed
That was to do; in his master grip
Our sword flashed joy; no skill of words could breed
Such sure convictions as those close-clamped lips;
He slew our dragon, nor, so seemed it, knew
He had done more than any simplest man might do."

E.S.B.

CHAPTER 1
Why a House Was Put Into a Box

This is a story for the boys and girls of America. It is a true story. It is the story of an American. It is a story of adventure, of fighting and of glory. It is the story of the greatest soldier of the Republic — the story of Ulysses S. Grant.

I do not wish to tell you the story of this remarkable man simply because he fought and won great battles, nor because, for fully twenty years, he was the foremost man and the chief citizen of the United States of America, nor because I delight to write of war and bloodshed and victory. I do not. I abominate war. I hate bloodshed. I know that there are two sides to every victory. But the story of General Grant seems to me one that all the boys and girls of America can take to heart. It is one that should help and strengthen and inspire them. For as they read in these pages, how, out of obscurity came honor, out of failure fame, out of hindrances perseverance, out of indifference patriotism, out of dullness genius, out of silence success, and, out of all these combined, a glorious renown, they may see, in this man's advance into greatness, a reason for their own doing their best patiently, unhesitatingly, persistently. For it was thus

that Grant rose to honor and renown; it was thus that the tanner's son of Georgetown became the general of the armies of the Republic, that the horse-boy of the Ohio farm became the President of the United States. Let me tell you his story.

In the year 1821 there stood on the banks of the Ohio river, in Clermont County in southwestern Ohio, twenty-five miles to the east of Cincinnati, a small frame house, with one story and an ell. It was the home of Jesse Root Grant and Hannah, his wife. Jesse Grant was a smart and industrious young tanner who had settled at this spot on the Ohio River. It was known as Point Pleasant. Here he had gone into the business of tanning hides into leather, being backed up with money by a man who wished to have his son learn the tanner's trade.

Point Pleasant was a little settlement of some fifteen or twenty families. It has not grown much in all these years; for, today it is a little village of but one hundred and twenty-five people; but it is more famous than many larger and more pushing places just because it was the birthplace of a great American.

The house of Jesse Grant, the tanner, stood back from the broad river some three hundred feet. A small creek flowed past the door and tumbled into the Ohio river; back of the house rose a little hill; close at hand was the tanyard where the bark of trees, brought from the wood-land near by, was ground into the reddish bark-dust called tan — the

stuff that helps turn calf-skin and cowhide into leather.

Into this pleasant but simple little home beside the beautiful Ohio, on the twenty-seventh day of April in the year 1822, a baby boy was born. He was a strong, promising looking little fellow and weighed just ten and three quarters pounds.

The young tanner and his wife were very proud of their first baby, of course, and did not think he should be named without talking over such an important matter with their folks. So, when the baby was about a month old, Jesse Grant hitched up his horse and wagon and took his wife and baby over to grandpa's, ten miles away.

There they held a family council over the baby's name. Everyone had a different name to propose, and it was finally decided to vote for a name by ballot.

So the father and mother, the grandfather and grand-mother and the two aunts wrote, each on a slip of paper, the name he or she liked best; the slips were put into a hat, and then one of the aunts drew out a slip. The name on the first slip drawn out was to be the baby's name. And the name drawn out was Ulysses.

Thus you see, almost the first thing that happened to this little Ohio baby was a decision by ballot. Do you suppose it was, what we call, prophetic? It may not have been, but don't you see, just

forty-six years afterwards, almost to a day, the representatives of the American people met in convention and the first ballot they took declared that Ulysses S. Grant should be their candidate for President of the United States.

So the baby was called Ulysses and Ulysses, you know, was a great soldier of the old, old days. But this baby's grandfather so much liked the name he had written — it was Hiram — that the baby's father and mother said that should be a part of their boy's name, too. And Hiram, you know, was a very wise and brave ruler in Bible times. There again, you see, the baby's name was just a bit prophetic, for they gave him the names of a great soldier and a wise ruler; and as Hiram Ulysses Grant the baby was christened.

When this baby, however, grew to be a big boy and went away to school he lost the name of Hiram by a very funny mistake, of which I will tell you later. By this mistake the boy's name became Ulysses Simpson Grant, and thus it came to pass that, as U. S. Grant, this Ohio boy finally became great and famous.

The baby Ulysses did not live long in the little frame cottage beside the Ohio; for, when he was but ten months old, his father Jesse had a good chance to go into the tanning and leather business in a much larger place, and so the family moved away from the little village with its attractive name of Point Pleasant.

But the birthplace of a great man is always a notable spot, no matter how short a time it was his home. So, of course, that little frame house at Point Pleasant became quite a show place when the little baby who had been born there in 1822 became, forty years after, a very famous man.

The cottage stood for a long time on the banks of the great river; but, at last, in the year 1888, a river boatman named Captain Powers bought the old house and loaded it on a flat-boat and floated it up the river to Cincinnati. Then it was taken off the flat-boat and twenty-four horses were hitched to it and dragged it to the corner of Elm and Canal streets in the city of Cincinnati. There it was exhibited to thousands of visitors, as one of the great sights of the Ohio Centennial Exposition of 1888.

After a few months, the house was bought by a rich Ohio man named Chittenden, who carried it off to Columbus, the capital of Ohio; he set it up on the State Fair Grounds and there it stayed until the year 1896, when Mr. Chittenden presented the famous house to the State of Ohio and moved it to another part of the Fair Grounds. And there a memorial building was built around it, to protect and preserve the little cottage in which our greatest soldier first saw the light.

So, today, if you go to the beautiful city of Columbus in the State of Ohio, and ride out to the Fair Grounds you can see the birthplace of General Grant

packed carefully away for safe keeping in a great house-box of brick and glass and iron. This is called the Grant Memorial Building.

When you have read his story you will understand why the birthplace of General Grant is so interesting an object to all the world, and why it has been put into a box for people to look at; though it does seem a pity that the little old house could not have been kept on the very spot where it stood when, on the twenty-seventh of April, 1822, Ulysses Simpson Grant was ushered into the great world that was, in after years, to so respect and honor him.

But the site of that great little house is still a notable spot even though the house itself has been carted away, and, even as I write, the Congress of the United States is considering a plan to buy all the land round about the spot where Grant was born and to lay it out and beautify it into a National Park, thus preserving for the people of the United States the place where General Grant was born.

As I have told you, the baby Ulysses, when he was ten months old, moved away from Point Pleasant. His father set up a tannery at Georgetown in Brown County, ten miles back from the Ohio River, twenty miles east of Point Pleasant, and almost fifty miles from Cincinnati.

I think you will be able to find the town on any good map of Ohio, for it is quite a place now. It is a town of fifteen hundred people, quite a city you see

in comparison to the little hamlet of Point Pleasant where the great American soldier was born.

Here, at Georgetown, Ulysses lived as a boy until he was seventeen years old. His father made quite a success of his tannery and leather business and became very well-known in his own neighborhood. Jesse Grant, the father of Ulysses, was never what we call a rich man, but he was a prosperous one. He was always, as General Grant himself tells us, in what is called "comfortable circumstances." Indeed, soon after he moved to Georgetown he built a neat and convenient, small brick house and, in addition to his tannery, had a good-sized and productive farm.

That brick house is still standing on one of Georgetown's streets, and though it has been changed a little in appearance, any boy or girl who visits the busy little Ohio town can see the places that were familiar to young Ulysses in and about the house where his boyhood was spent.

They will still show you the family sitting-room with its big fireplace and its old-fashioned mantel, the front hall and the odd-looking staircase — just the same today as when Ulysses climbed sleepily up to bed, the little hall bedroom which was "Ulysses' room," the old building in which he learned, much against his will, his father's trade of a tanner, the tumble-down building where he first went to school, and, just back of the tanyard, the "Town Run," a little brook along which lay the favorite playground

of the Grant boys. A mile out of town you could find that deep still spot in White Oak Creek familiar to generations of Georgetown boys as their "swimming hole" — and where, no doubt, Ulysses often "stumped" his companions with many a difficult or fancy water-act, for the boy was an excellent swimmer.

Young Ulysses Grant never took kindly to the trade of a tanner. He liked the farm best, especially the horses. Before he was six years old he could ride horseback or hold the reins as well as many an older boy, in town or country. Before he was ten years old his father took him to a circus and let him ride a pony around the ring, and as he grew through boyhood he became famous, in all the Georgetown region, as the best horseman and horse-trainer thereabouts. Indeed, he loved horses all his life, and he owned some very fast and beautiful ones when he became a man.

It was because he liked horses and farm-life so much that his father did not make him do much work about the tannery, but, instead, let him do about as he pleased on the farm out of school hours.

For Jesse Grant believed in boys going to school. He himself, had not had many such advantages, but he determined that his boys should have just as good an education as he could get for them in the farming section in which they lived. From all I can hear I don't think the boy Ulysses really enjoyed going to school, much better than any healthy active boy who

is fond of outdoor life. But all such boys are very glad in later years that their fathers or mothers insisted on their going to school regularly, and we are assured by General Grant that from the time he was old enough to go to school to the year that he left home he never missed a quarter from school. This was quite different from that other great American, Abraham Lincoln, was it not? For he, you know, never got more than a year's schooling in all his wonderful life.

A boy who does go to school, however, isn't much of a boy if he cannot find some time to play. So you may be sure that "Lyss Grant," as the Georgetown boys called him, made the most of his spare time.

He tells us himself, in his sketch of his boyhood, that he had as many privileges as any boy in the village and probably more than most of them.

Chief among these privileges was permission to go anywhere or do anything allowable in a boy, after his "chores" were done. And this meant all sorts of boyish sports fishing, hunting, swimming, skating, horseback riding, doing "stunts" at jumping and wrestling in the tanyard along the Town Run and in the "Swimming Hole," and all the other jolly outdoor and indoor good times that belong to the village boy even more than to the country or city boy. But it was by no means a case of all play and no work to this moderate, easy-going but fun-loving village boy. He tells us that when he was a boy everyone worked in his region — "except the very poor;" and Jesse

Grant, while allowing his boys all possible liberty, gave them also plenty of work to do.

Ulysses, as we know, hated the tannery work. But he loved farm-life; so his father set him at work, after school hours or in vacation time, "doing chores" on the farm.

While yet a little fellow the boy would drive the horses hauling cord-wood or logs from the wood-lot to the farm. At eleven, he could hold a plough and turn a furrow almost as well as a man, and until he was seventeen he did all the "horse-work" on the farm — breaking up the land, furrowing, ploughing, bringing in the loads of hay and grain, hauling the wood and taking care of the live stock.

He confesses to us, in the story of his life, that he did not like to work; but he says that, like it or not, he did do as much work when he was a boy, as any hired man will do today — and attended school besides.

And yet, as I have told you, he managed to find time to play. The home rule was never severe. He was never punished, and rarely scolded by his parents; so he must have been a pretty good boy, mustn't he? He tells us that they never objected to his enjoying himself when he could, for they let him go fishing, or swimming, or skating; they even allowed him to take the horses and go away on a visit with one of his boy friends.

Once, he went off in this way to Cincinnati, fifty

miles away; another time, he took a carriage trip to Louisville, with his father a big journey for a boy in those days. Once he went, with a two-horse carriage, a seventy-mile ride to Chillicothe, and again, with a boy of his own age, on the same kind of a seventy-mile ride to Flat Rock in Kentucky, to visit a friend. What a good time those two fifteen-year-old boys must have had on that trip! And you may be sure, Ulysses did the driving.

But he had a tussle driving home. Let me tell you about it. He saw a horse he liked, and he "swapped off" one of his carriage horses for it, getting ten dollars to boot. But the new horse had never been driven in harness, and the two boys had a fearful time getting an unbroken, balky, kicking, nervous horse to go in a span. In fact, the boy who was with Ulysses got frightened and after one very risky runaway adventure with the new horse, he deserted and went home in a freight wagon. But Ulysses was bound to get that new horse home and would not give in to its pranks. At one time it really looked as if he would have to give up the job; but, as a last resort, he got out of the carriage, blindfolded the balky colt with his big red bandanna handkerchief, and so drove the funny-looking team to an uncle's, not far from his home.

It was such things as this in the boy that worked out into equally pronounced qualities in the man. Ulysses S. Grant had, as boy and man, determina-

tion, grit, tenacity – what you boys call "stick-to-it-iveness" or "sand." When he really set out to do a thing he did it — whether it were to drive home a skittish colt or fight a great war to the finish.

Would you like to know what sort of looking boy "Lyss Grant" was in his early teens? He was a short, sturdy little fellow, with a careless way of walking, and inclined to be round-shouldered. He was a freckle-faced, "sober-sided" lad, with straight sandy hair and blue eyes, who got out of things when he could, but did them uncomplainingly if he felt it to be his duty. He was quiet, no bragger, just a bit shy, but when roused to action he was quick and determined. He was generally the successful leader in the snowball fights, no one in the county could outride him, and though never quarrelsome he was no coward. Above all else, like Washington and Lincoln, he hated a lie, and his word could always be depended upon.

One other trait he had that helped make his success later in life. I have told you that he was persistent and stuck to anything he had made up his mind to do. He was also a planner. If he had a hard piece of work in hand, he did not just go at it thoughtlessly; he sat down and planned it out.

They still tell the story in Georgetown of the "cute" way in which the twelve-year-old Ulysses beat the men of the town on a peculiar job of stone-lifting. It seems that while a new building was going up in

the town, the boy "Lyss," as every-one called him, drove the ox-team that hauled the stone for the foundation from White Oak Creek. One big stone was selected for the doorstep, but after the men had tugged away at it for hours they concluded it was too big to lift and that they must give it up.

"Here, let me try it," said Ulysses; "if you'll help me, I'll load it."

They all laughed at him, but promised to give him a lift. Then the boy asked the men to prop up one end of the stone. They did so, and "chocked" it. Then Ulysses backed the wag-on over the stone, slung it underneath the wagon by chains, hoisted up the other end of the stone the same way and then hauled it in triumph into town.

And today, if you are in Georgetown, they will show you in front of that same building, now an engine house, the very stone, picked out as a door-step and now set in the sidewalk, which the twelve-year-old Ulysses engineered out of White Oak Creek and hauled into town.

They tell much the same story of the boy and his big black horse, Dave, and how he loaded up and hauled off a load of great logs, cut out for building beams. This time, he was quite alone in the woods; but with a fallen tree-trunk as a lever and slide, and with the help of Dave and a strong rope, he lifted the heavy logs to the truck and brought them home in triumph, much to the surprise of his father.

This, you see, was planning to some advantage; but it was this same patience and invention that helped him to win victories later, and that men then called strategy.

So he went along, through a pleasant, happy boyhood, full of its trials and its crosses, no doubt even the best reared boy has these, and they help to make a man of him — but learning gradually those lessons of integrity, honesty, patience, self-dependance and self-help, which served him so well in the worries and disappointments, the failures and disasters, the endeavors and successes that made up the history of this later leader of men.

CHAPTER 2
Ulysses Faces the Music

There was nothing really remarkable about the boyhood of Grant. That you have found out already. But then, not many boys do have remarkable boyhoods or do great things at a time when their chief business should be growing and learning. The world's historic boys are few and far between; but it is from the sturdy, active, healthy, hearty, wide-awake, honest, honorable and commonplace boys that the world's best men have been made.

Young Ulysses Grant was just one of these healthy, commonplace boys. He did well whatever he deliberately set out to do, and he could ride and drive a horse better than any other boy in all that country round.

In fact, the most of his own business enterprises while he was a boy — all boys do have certain business enterprises in which they engage, you know, with more or less success — were connected with horses. He did not like to be called a horse-jockey, for horse-jockeys in those days were not considered altogether respectable; but he did dearly love a horse-trade, and he was generally so bright and shrewd at this business as to get the best of the

bargain.

To be sure, one of his earliest attempts at horse-trading was not a brilliant success — though he did get the horse he wanted! It seems, when he was about ten years old he fell quite in love with a certain colt that belonged to a farmer near by. He begged his father to buy the colt, and at last Jesse Grant commissioned the boy to see the farmer and make the bargain.

"Offer him twenty dollars for the colt, Ulysses," he said; "if he won't take that, try him with twenty-two and a half, and if he won't take that, offer him twenty-five. But you mustn't go over twenty-five dollars. It's all the colt's worth."

So Ulysses, proud of his mission, went to the farmer.

"What did your father say you might pay?" asked the farmer, and Ulysses, truthful always, and recalling his father's instructions replied, "He told me to offer you twenty dollars, and if that wouldn't do, twenty-two fifty, and if that wasn't enough, twenty-five; but not a cent more."

"Well, now, that's jest the very lowest I can sell the critter for, Lyss," the farmer declared. "You can have the colt for twenty-five dollars, but not a cent less."

Ulysses drove the colt home, delighted with his business ability. But, as his father questioned him, the truth came out, and it was very long before the

poor boy heard the last of the "good joke on Lyss Grant," as the boys called it.

But that first attempt at a horse trade, as the saying is, "cut the boy's eye-teeth." That is, he learned wisdom by experience, and after that he became one of the best judges of horses and prices in the neighborhood, so that his father let him do about as he pleased in horse trades, for he knew he could rely on the boy's judgment.

In this business, and by doing "odd jobs" of hauling and trucking, Ulysses made quite a bit of money for a boy of those days, and, in all this, he won no little reputation as a business boy.

I don't imagine he had a very clear idea as to what he wished to do when he became a man. Not many boys really do know what they desire or are fitted for, until they learn by experience, in what direction their tastes lie. One thing, however, Ulysses did feel certain about. He did not mean to be a tanner, if he could help it. He was like many another boy, you see, who, though he does not exactly know what he wishes to do, is quite sure that he doesn't intend following his father's line of business. And that decision has led to many a mistake and many a failure in the career of men — though not always.

I have told you that Ulysses was kept pretty steadily at school from the day when he was old enough to learn his A B C's. That old Georgetown schoolhouse, as I have said, is standing today, though it is

quite dilapidated. But there the boy went from his primer to the three R's — "'readin', 'ritin' and 'rithmetic," for so folks used to call them. Sometimes a man was his teacher, sometimes a woman, and while as he says they could none of them teach much nor very well, still that country "school marm" of his boyhood days, laid the foundation of an education that led finally to the production of one of the world's remarkable books.

Twice, during his boyhood at Georgetown, Ulysses was sent away to school in the hope of getting a better education than the village school of Georgetown afforded. Once he went to Maysville in Kentucky, and, after that, to a private school at Ripley in Ohio. But he was never much of a student; indeed, as he assures us, he did not take kindly to any of his books or studies, except his arithmetic. And I shouldn't be surprised if he helped wear out the bunches of switches that were gathered very often, from a beechwood near the schoolhouse, for the teacher's use and the child-ren's correction. Those were the days of hard whippings at school, you know — when Grant was a boy.

It was while at home for his Christmas vacation, from his school at Ripley, that Ulysses had a great surprise.

"Ulysses," said his father, one day, as he finished reading a letter he had just received, "I believe you're going to get that appointment."

"What appointment?" the boy inquired in surprise.

"Why, to West Point," replied his father. "I applied to Senator Morris for one, and I reckon you'll get it."

"To West Point," repeated Ulysses, still a bit dazed by the news, "why, I don't want to go there."

"But I want you to," his father said. "I reckon you'll go if I say so."

"Well, if you say so, I suppose I'll have to go," said the boy slowly. "But I don't want to — I know that."

The appointment did come in good time, through Mr. Hamer, the congressman from that section, and much to the surprise of the neighbors. For to their minds, young Ulysses Grant seemed the last boy in the world to go to West Point. Four boys had already gone to the famous Military Academy from that village of Georgetown, but then "they were smart," folks said, and only a smart boy could pass the examination for entrance. "Slow little chap, Lyss is," said one of the townsfolk, "might just as well send this little fellow of yours, squire, as that boy of Jesse Grant's." The Georgetown people all supposed that going to West Point depended on influence or ability, and they never imagined that Jesse Grant had enough of the first, or Ulysses enough of the second. You know the old Bible saying, don't you: A prophet is not without honor save in his own country and among his own kin.

To tell the truth, Ulysses rather shared the opinion of the Georgetown gossips; but when the documents came, he knew he must "face the music," as he declared, and try to pass those dreaded examinations — the bane and bugbear of every boy and girl who goes to school.

But Jesse Grant was determined that his boy should go to West Point, and when the appointment did come he put Ulysses in charge of a special tutor who "coached" the slow scholar so well that his teacher felt that the boy would pass the examination, if he did not get "rattled," as the saying is today.

As the day of departure approached, Ulysses found himself looking forward to this journey to the East, even though he knew that the dreaded examination came at the end of the trip. This western boy, of course, longed to see the world, as all boys do, and a trip to New York was something to talk about in those days.

Ulysses thought he was quite a traveler. He had been east as far as Wheeling in Virginia; he had been into northern Ohio; he had, as you know, visited Cincinnati and Louisville and esteemed himself, as he says "the best travelled boy in Georgetown." But this trip to West Point was indeed a journey. It was almost as much to the Ohio boy of sixty years ago as a trip to Europe or around the world is to the American boy of today. It meant to him the chance of seeing and inspecting the two great eastern cities,

Philadelphia and New York. That was enough. To have that chance he would willingly risk the examinations that were sure to come; but he tells us frankly in his "Memoirs" that he was in no hurry to reach West Point and, boy-like, would not have minded a steamboat explosion or a railroad collision or any other accident of travel, if it would only hurt him just enough to keep him from going into West Point. Boys are all alike, aren't they? I remember when I used to wish I could have some pleasant little happening on examination days — a stroke of harmless paralysis, or a temporary loss of speech, just long enough to excuse me from that most dreaded school ordeal. But to Ulysses Grant, as to all other boys and girls in a similar situation, "nothing of the kind," he tells us, "occurred, and I had to face the music."

At last the time came, and on the fifteenth of May, 1839, with a new outfit of clothes and over a hundred dollars in his pocket, the seventeen-year-old Ulysses bade "his folks" good-bye and started for Ripley, the river town ten miles away, where he was to take the steamer for Pittsburg.

Of course he enjoyed the journey. Every boy likes to see the sights, even if he must face the music at the end of the journey. But you may be sure he was in no hurry to get to the music. He took things leisurely. Railroads in that day were few and far between, and, to reach West Point, Ulysses "changed off," on steamboat, canal boat and railroad. He was

fifteen days making the trip. Today it can be made in almost as many hours.

The canal boat on which he journeyed from Pittsburg to Harrisburg had to be hauled over the Alleghany mountains; this was interesting, but the boy thought the railway ride from Harrisburg to Philadelphia about the finest, smoothest, fastest going he had ever made.

"Why," he wrote home, "at full speed our train made as much as eighteen miles an hour! Think of that!"

And today the Empire State Express easily makes, at full speed, sixty miles an hour!

Ulysses paid a five days' visit to his relations in Philadelphia and was called to account by letters from home for dallying so long by the way, when he should be at West Point. But he "did" Philadelphia pretty thoroughly and managed to see a good deal of New York — though there was not as much of that great city to see then as there is today.

At last he sailed up the river to West Point. On the thirty-first of May he saw the quaint old buildings on the heights, climbed the long road from the steamboat dock, known to so many visitors, reported at the barracks as an applicant for admission and then — faced the music and took the examinations for entrance.

This was the time when his name was changed. You see, when his application was put in, the

Congressman who filled out the papers forgot Ulysses Grant's full name. He mixed him up with his younger brother, Simpson, and thinking that Simpson was Ulysses's middle name, he filled in the application for Ulysses Simpson Grant instead of Hiram Ulysses Grant.

Now, when a thing gets down in black and white on the books of the government, it takes almost an Act of Congress to get it off. Ulysses was very much "put out" when his papers came to him with the wrong name, for no one likes to have a mistake made in his name, you know; although "they do say" that young Ulysses always did object to his initials, H-U-G. The boys used to make fun of them, you see. Nevertheless, as soon as he reported at West Point, he tried to convince the authorities that he was not U. S. Grant, but H. U. Grant.

It was no use, however. The boy's name was down on the appointment as Ulysses Simpson Grant; it was so on the books of the Academy. It would make a great fuss to get it changed and rather than bother about it he let it go. So it came to pass that he was U. S. Grant forever.

The "U. S." made so suggestive a pair of initials that, at once, the West Point boys caught them up as the Georgetown boys had his other initials. They nicknamed the new boy "Uncle Sam;" and as "Sam Grant" he was known all through his cadet days.

Very much to his surprise, so he assures us,

Ulysses passed his examination and, "without difficulty!" He was now a West Point cadet.

That sounds all very fine to you, I suppose. There has always been something attractive to American boys and girls about West Point cadets. But young Ulysses did not think it fine, although of course he was glad to get through his "exams" all right.

You see, he did not like the idea of being a soldier. He did not like the discipline nor the hard work. And as he had not, at that time, the least idea that he would ever be in the army, he did not like anything about the place, at first not even the camping out, which he thought very tiresome and stupid.

Indeed, during that first winter at West Point, when Congress met, Ulysses used to run for the newspaper and read the debates in Congress, eagerly. The reason was this. There were in those days, many people who did not believe at all in a school for the training of soldiers, like West Point, even though George Washington had founded it. They wished to do away with the Academy altogether and that very year of 1839, a bill was really introduced into Congress proposing to "abolish the Military Academy at West Point." It was the talk, or debate, on this matter that so interested Ulysses Grant, for, so he tells us, he hoped to hear that the school had been abolished, so that he could go home again. But, fortunately, the bill did not pass. West Point remained and Grant was trained into a soldier.

So far as his lessons were concerned, I am afraid this training did not occupy any more of his time than just enough to let him squeeze through the school. This was not because he was a slow or stupid scholar. He was not. He hardly ever needed to read a lesson through the second time, but trusted to luck to come off without a failure. His son tells us that his low standing at school was due to the West Point library. There was a good one there and this boy had come from a place where books were scarce. So he used the library at the Academy for story books and not for works on tactics or his other studies. They were pretty good story books however; for he read, while there, Scott and Irving and Marryatt and Cooper and Lever — authors dear to the boys of sixty years ago. He often told his son that that library at West Point was like a new world to him.

But, you see, at West Point, mathematics were the great thing, and Ulysses Grant had a good head for figures. So, as he got along easily with that tough study, it did not make so much difference about the others.

He did not tell us in his Memoirs just where he stood in his class, but he does say that if the class had been turned the other end foremost he should have been near the head. So it is not so hard to tell just about where he stood, is it?

His lowest marks seem to have been in French; his highest were in cavalry tactics. That is where his

boyish training as a horseman came in, you see. His fame as a splendid horseman even yet exists at West Point. There was nothing he could not ride, and his famous high jump on the big sorrel "York" over a bar six feet from the ground, is still marked and shown at West Point as "Grant's upon York."

Would you like to know what sort of a looking boy was Cadet Grant? He was a plump, fair-faced, almost undersized little fellow — in fact, he came just within the West Point entrance limit of five feet; he was quiet in manner, careless in dress, able to take care of himself, giving and taking jokes good-naturedly; determined, if he undertook anything that he really wished to do; a bit lazy, perhaps; never fond of study, but never stupid; slow to take offense, but ready to fight back when cornered or imposed upon.

"It is a long time ago," writes one of his West Point associates, "but when I recall old scenes, I can still see 'Sam' Grant, with his overalls strapped down to his boots, standing in front of his quarters. It seems but yesterday since I saw the little fellow going to the riding-hall, with his spurs clanking on the ground and his great cavalry sword dangling by his side."

There was nothing about his West Point life out of the common. He was just an ordinary, every-day cadet, going through the training that taught him obedience, attention, order, health, good manners and simple living. It is a hard life for some boys, with

its routine work, its strict rules, its absolute obedience to orders, and all the worries and trials that make school-life by rule hard to bear; but Ulysses got over his first dislike to it, and, after awhile, was glad that Congress had not "abolished" West Point. He thought that by the time he got through there he might teach mathematics in some school or college. The one thing he was certain about was that he would not be a soldier!

So his four years at West Point went on broken only by one vacation, when he had been two years at the school. Except for his famous horseback leap of six feet, three inches — that was on his last examination day, by the way, and in the presence of the high dignitaries called the "Board of Directors" — he left no reputation at the Academy, either for high scholarship or great pranks — nothing, in fact, to make a boy remember him after he had left the school, or to put him at the head of his mates.

Certainly he was not at the head of his class. He graduated on the thirteenth of June, 1843, number twenty-one in a class of thirty-nine — just about half way, you see.

He left West Point thinking pretty well of himself, as most cadets — in fact as most college boys do. But there is no harm in that, you know. I wouldn't give much for a boy who didn't have a pretty fair opinion of himself. It helps a fellow on, in a way. So Ulysses thought himself "the observed of all

observers," as he went on his homeward journey.

He considered that the two greatest men in America were General Scott, the head of the army, and Captain Smith, the commandant of cadets at West Point. And though he did not intend to be an army officer, still he did have a dream of some day reviewing the cadets just as General Scott had done — to his mind, at that time, the highest honor in the world. But, as he tells us, he remembered that horse-trade of his when he was a boy, and so for fear the boys would make fun of him, he kept quiet about his ever being like General Scott.

While Ulysses was at West Point, his father had removed his tannery and leather business to a little place called Bethel, about twelve miles away, in Clarmont County. Here the Grant family lived; here Ulysses had spent the one vacation granted him when at West Point, and here he went after graduation — brevet second lieutenant Ulysses Simpson Grant, Fourth U. S. Infantry.

The "brevet" meant that he wasn't really a second lieutenant yet, but he would be soon — if he was a good boy and joined his regiment.

When his new uniform came out to him he felt very big. This was natural enough. We all feel fine in new clothes, and there is always a fascination to boys about "soldier clothes" especially if they have been fairly earned, as his had been.

But you know the old saying that "pride goeth

before a fall." Our young brevet second lieutenant soon had proof of this.

When his fine "soldier clothes" came home he put them on and rode away on horseback to Cincinnati, to "show off." He was riding along one of the city streets, thinking, he says, that everyone was looking at him and feeling himself to be quite as big a man as General Scott, when a ragged, dirty, barefooted little street boy — what we call a "mucker" here-abouts — called out shrilly:

"Yah, soldier! Will you work? You bet he won't. He'd sell his shirt first."

Then everybody laughed. Well! You can imagine what a terrible shock this was to the spruce and dignified brevet second lieutenant. But when, soon after, he was home again at Bethel, he had just such another shock.

At the old stage tavern across the way from Grant's home worked a drunken wag of a stableman. When the trim-looking soldier boy had been home a few days, what should this stableman do but come into the street rigged out in a pair of sky-blue nankeen pantaloons with a white stripe along the seams. This was just the color of Ulysses's fine military trousers. Barefooted and bareheaded, but making the most of the sky-blue pantaloons, the stableman paraded up and down the street before the Grant house, with an absurdly dignified military walk, imitating the brevet second lieutenant of

infantry.

Of course it set every one to laughing, and of course it annoyed Ulysses dreadfully. Indeed, as he says, it quite "knocked the conceit" out of him, and it gave him a dislike for military bluster and military uniforms that he never got over in all his life.

Thus the schooling at West Point came to an end. It had done much for this homespun, awkward country boy from the Ohio valley. It had developed his qualities of manliness, persistence and endurance; it had disciplined and trained him into habits of obedience and had securely laid the foundation of that military knowledge and leadership which, thirty years later, was to do such mighty service to the republic which had educated and developed him.

CHAPTER 3
How the Lieutenant Marched Over the Border

We look at things quite differently when we are boys or girls and when we are men or women. Sometimes, however, opinions do not change. This seems to have been Grant's case as to the justice of the war with Mexico.

Forty years after that war, General Grant wrote in his "Memoirs" that he regarded it as one of the most unjust wars ever waged by a stronger against a weaker nation.

He tells us, in the same sentence, that as a young soldier he was bitterly opposed to it; but, you know, the first duty a soldier must learn is obedience; and, being a soldier in the United States army, owing to the republic his education and his training, Lieutenant Grant felt that obedience to orders was his supreme duty and, even against his will, he marched to the southeast with the troops that were first known as the Army of Occupation and, later, as the Army of Invasion.

I do not propose to tell you here the story of the Mexican War, which was fought in the years 1846 to

1848. That story you can read in history, and I hope in time that you will read enough about it to decide for yourself that it was an unjust and a tyrannical war — just the same kind of a fight as when a big bully of a boy doesn't "take one of his size," but "pitches into" a little fellow who couldn't possibly stand up against him.

From one side, the war with Mexico is nothing to be proud of; but from another it is full of spirit and interest. I shall simply tell you here of Grant's connection with it, and how it helped to make him and other officers brave soldiers, fitting them for the great and terrible war that came thirteen years later, largely because of this war against Mexico.

When Ulysses Grant graduated from the Military Academy at West Point in 1843, the regular army of the United States was a small affair. It had only 7500 men in all, and there were more than enough officers to go around.

But the young lieutenant was given a place in the Fourth regiment of the United States Infantry and, after ninety days furlough or vacation, was ordered to report at an army post at the Mississippi River six or seven miles below St. Louis.

This army post was called Jefferson Barracks and was then one of the largest in the country, being garrisoned by sixteen companies of infantry, or foot soldiers.

Grant had wished to belong to a cavalry regiment,

as was natural in so fine a horseman; but when his turn to choose came, there were no places left in either an artillery or a cavalry regiment. So it was, for him, what we call "Hobson's choice," and he became a lieutenant of infantry.

Jefferson Barracks is a very pleasant place. It is still a military post, you know, finely situated at the great river. Lieutenant Grant had a good deal of spare time there and he spent a part of this in visiting the home of one of his West Point classmates not far off. This farm was called Whitehaven, and was about five miles from Jefferson Barracks. There he fell in love with the girl who afterwards became his devoted wife. She was the sister of his classmate and her name was Julia Dent.

At that time young Lieutenant Grant had some idea of becoming a teacher of mathematics either at West Point or some other good school. He even wrote to his former professor at West Point to look out for some such chance for him. But, before the opening could be found, the United States and Mexico got into trouble; the little regular army was ordered into Texas; the President declared war against the republic of Mexico; volunteers were called for, because there were not enough regular troops; the Mexicans at Matamoras were angry because the Americans were building a fort opposite their town; they fired the first shot; that opened the war; and so it came to pass that, with his little

American army of three thousand men, General Zachary Taylor, whom people called "Old Rough and Ready," invaded Mexico, and young Second Lieutenant Ulysses S. Grant marched over the border and engaged in actual war.

The first taste of real war that he had, was in the little skirmish known as the Battle of Palo Alto — that is, the battle of the high trees or woods.

When, a little before the battle, the young lieutenant heard the first guns of conflict, he did not like the prospect before him. He wrote about this years afterwards, that he didn't know how General Taylor felt, but as for himself, a young second lieutenant who had never heard the boom of a hostile gun, he felt sorry he had enlisted.

However he may have felt at first, he certainly did not let his feelings interfere with his actions, for he did his duty when really in the fight. His company protected the American artillery which the Mexicans tried to capture; he helped to drive back the Mexican lancers, who came charging against them; and the stars and stripes went forward.

Then they marched on, and the next day fought another little battle at "the palm grove," or as the Mexicans call it, "Resaca de la Palma."

Here Grant was again one of the fighters in a sharp, short battle; but he seems to have recalled it when he became a famous man, only for the fact that, his captain being sent off somewhere on a

special mission, the young lieutenant was for a time in actual command of his company — and felt correspondingly elated, of course. He also mentions that he led his men in a fiery charge across a piece of ground that had already been charged over and captured by the Americans, so that, he says, he had come to the conclusion that, so far as he was concerned, the Battle of Resaca de la Palma would have been won just as it was, even if he had not been there.

But this, I imagine, was what you boys call "only funning," as it was just the modesty of the man — for General Grant was never a man to put himself forward or brag about what he had done. It is certain that, through those two years of war, he made quite a record for himself as a brave and valiant young soldier; his name was mentioned in reports and dispatches; he was promoted several times and he did a great deal of hard work as the quartermaster and adjutant of his regiment.

The quartermaster, you know, is the officer whose duty it is to look after the food and comfort of the men of his regiment; the adjutant is the colonel's chief helper. So you see both these positions are busy and responsible parts. The quartermaster need not go into battle if he does not wish to. His chief duty is in and about the camp. But Lieutenant Grant was never one to shirk. He felt that his duty was in the field quite as much as in the camp and he was always

ready to take his part in battle and on bivouac. So, as I have told you, he made a record for bravery and daring that would have been remembered even if his future had not been so great and glorious.

It was Lieutenant Grant who, when the fight was raging hotly in the streets of Monterey, volunteered to ride back to General Taylor's headquarters and order up fresh ammunition for the American soldiers who were holding the town. He did so. Flinging himself, Indian fashion, or rather in circus style, upon his horse, with one heel in the cantle of his saddle and one hand grasping the horse's mane, the young lieutenant rushed his horse toward the gate of the town, and swinging against the horse's side, rode the gauntlet of fire and shot that blazed out from housetop and street corner, helping some wounded men on the way, leaping a four-foot wall so as to gain a short cut, and kept on until he gained the general's tent with his message. Yet all he finds to say in his "Memoirs" of that daring gallop was, "my ride was an exposed one."

It was Lieutenant Grant who, when his regiment was detached from General Taylor's command and joined to the little army of General Scott, marched and fought under that victorious leader from the seafortress of Vera Cruz to the capital city of Mexico, never missing a battle and yet always faithful to his duty as caretaker for his regiment.

He chased the flying Mexicans out of the

bewildering ditches of the farm of San Antonio; he was in the rush that stormed and carried the church-fortress of Cherubusco; he left his commissary-wagons to take part in the fierce fight at Chepultepec, the "West Point" of Mexico, so gallantly defended by the Mexican cadets; he was one of the leaders of the gallant band that burst into the long low stone building of Molino del Rey — "the king's mill" — and won his promotion to a first lieutenant's commission, first by brevet for bravery and, later, to full rank, by the death of his senior.

Then came the final attack on the capital and the capture of the city of Mexico. In this struggle Lieutenant Grant bore an active part; for it was largely due to his good judgment and coolness that a speedy entrance into the city was gained by the Americans.

It seems that while he was marching with one part of General Scott's army to attack the northern entrance to the city, called the San Cosme Gate, he thought he saw a way by which he could get behind or, as it is called, flank, the Mexican soldiers who were drawn up to oppose the Americans.

Leaving the ranks — by permission, of course — he jumped behind a stone wall, and going cautiously, got to a point where he could see just how the land lay and just how the enemy was placed. Then he ran back again without being seen, called for volunteers, and leading a dozen plucky soldiers who were ready to risk the danger, he and his men trailed arms under

cover of the wall and thus getting behind the Mexicans drove them away from their battery and the housetops from which they were firing at the Americans.

Soon after this success, Lieutenant Grant, while looking for another chance to get the best of the Mexicans came upon a little church standing by itself back from the road. This church, he noticed, stood not far from the city walls; its belfry, he believed, was just in line with the space behind the city gate. "If I could only get a cannon into that belfry," he said, "I could send some shot in among the Mexican soldiers behind the gate and scatter them."

It was a bright idea. "I'll try it," he said to himself.

No sooner said than done. Hurrying back to the American ranks, Lieutenant Grant got hold of a small light cannon, called a mountain howitzer, and some men who knew how to work it. They dodged the enemy, cut across a field and made a bee-line for the little church.

There were several wide and deep ditches in this field; but the men took the howitzer apart, and each one carrying a piece of it they waded the ditches until, at last, they reached the church without being seen by the enemy. The priest who was in charge of the church was not going to let the American soldiers come in, but young Grant told him, "I think you will. We're coming in." And they did.

Piece by piece the cannon was carried up into the belfry, put together again, loaded and aimed directly at the Mexicans who were guarding the San Cosme gate, less than a thousand feet away.

Bang! went the howitzer. Bang! bang! it went again. You may well believe that those Mexicans were a surprised lot, when the cannon balls began dropping down among them. At first, they could not imagine where the shots came from, and when they did they were so confused, that instead of sending soldiers to surround and capture this battery in a belfry, they simply made haste to get out of the way of those dropping cannon-balls as quickly as possible.

Of course, the Americans noticed this "embattled church-steeple," too.

"That's a bright idea," said General Worth, and he sent a young lieutenant named Pemberton — who had something special to do with General Grant later in life — to bring the man with the bright idea before him.

So Lieutenant Grant reported what he had done to General Worth and the general told him to keep at it and take another gun up into the steeple, too. But as there was only room for one gun in that steeple, Grant could not use another, even if he wished to. But, as he explained, years after, he couldn't tell General Worth that, because it wasn't proper for a young lieutenant to contradict the commanding general when he said "put two guns in the

steeple."

Well, it was a very bright idea, that battery in a steeple, was it not? And, as it helped open the way for the capture of the Mexican capital, it also brought to the young lieutenant fame and promotion.

He really did not care very much about the first; for, as you know, Ulysses Grant was a quiet and modest young fellow who did not care a rap for show, and was never one to push himself forward. But his good work in that church steeple had been noticed by his superior officers, and in three different reports of the capture of Mexico, Lieutenant Grant's share received honorable mention.

This, in due time, brought him promotion — something that everyone likes, boy or girl, scholar, clerk or soldier. But things always went a bit slow with this slow-going young man, and while he had plenty of work to do as commissary and adjutant of his regiment, the war did not push him rapidly on towards General Scott's position — about which, you remember, he had a presentiment or dream when he was a West Point cadet. He went into the battle of Palo Alto, which opened the war, a second lieutenant; sixteen months later when he marched into the city of Mexico as one of the victorious Americans, he was still a second lieutenant, although he had been in almost every battle and belonged to a regiment that lost many officers.

Somehow, success was always slow in coming, or missed altogether in Grant's early days. But this, you know, teaches a boy patience, especially if a young fellow is determined, conscientious and persistent. U. S. Grant was all of these, even as a boy, you know; so delay schooled him and brought him experience, cautiousness, firmness and that other quality which some folks call stubbornness, but which we know was, in his case, persistence.

Promotion did come however, soon after the American soldiers were in possession of the city of Mexico. His gallantry in the church steeple and the way in which he always did his duty were not forgotten, and when a vacancy was made by the death of one of his superior officers, Grant went up a step and was made first lieutenant of his regiment — the Fourth U. S. Infantry.

There was not much more fighting after that, but the American soldiers held possession of the city of Mexico several months longer, remaining in the land until the treaty of peace between Mexico and the United States was signed, on the second of February, 1848. This is known as the "Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo," from the name of the place where the treaty was drawn up. By it, the United States obtained complete possession of Texas, New Mexico and California.

Lieutenant Grant had nothing to do with this treaty — his day for being the central figure in great

events and in a greater treaty had not yet come — but he found plenty to do as caretaker of his regiment. He was still quartermaster and he had his hands full. It is no small thing to look after the food and clothes of several hundred men, as the young lieutenant had long since discovered.

This question of clothes was a serious one. The soldiers were getting ragged after their months of service. No clothing was sent them by the government and something had to be done. So cloth was purchased of the Mexican merchants, and Mexican tailors were employed to make it up into "Yankee uniforms." Lieutenant Grant had to see to getting these new suits for all the men of his regiment, and as there were always more soldiers needing clothes than there were clothes ready for the soldiers, you can see that he was kept pretty busy "tailoring."

Then the money gave out which was needed for the payment of the military band. Now music is almost as necessary for keeping up the spirits and discipline of the soldiers as food and clothing. The musicians in the United States army at the time of the Mexican war were paid but a little by the government; the rest of their pay came from a sort of soldiers' savings bank known as the regimental fund. This fund had got pretty low down; it needed to be increased if the soldiers were to have good music, so Grant set himself to thinking things over.

As a result he went to work bread-making.

You see, a hundred pounds of flour will make one hundred and forty pounds of bread. Grant was allowed to draw flour for his men and this left quite an amount on his hands — forty pounds out of every one hundred and forty. He rented a bakery, hired Mexican bakers, bought fuel and other bake-shop needs and ran a bread bakery to supply the army with bread. He did this so well that, out of the profits of that extra forty pounds in every one hundred and forty, he paid the musicians of the Fourth Infantry and increased the slender regimental fund — which meant comforts and even luxuries for his soldiers.

All this of course kept him pretty busy. But he found time to climb up the volcano of Popocatapetl, that is "the smoking mountain."

You can find this in your geography, on the map of Mexico. It is a great volcano, you know, nearly eighteen thousand feet high, and the party of climbers were almost lost in a dreadful storm of wind and snow that came down on them. One of that party of volcano-climbers was to bring fame to Grant later in life — Captain Buckner, who in the Civil War commanded Fort Donelson and brought from Grant the famous words "unconditional surrender." Later still, Buckner was one of the pall-bearers at the funeral of the great soldier whom he helped to fame and who was his companion in that fearful climb up the smoking mountain.

So the time passed pleasantly enough in Mexico

with this young lieutenant, because he was kept busy. To do nothing, you know, is the hardest kind of work, and U. S. Grant was never a do-nothing.

He looked after all his regimental duties, and enjoyed his spare time in "poking about" seeing sights. Twice on these sight-seeing trips he was made prisoner by the Mexicans, but was allowed to go free because there was then no fighting or what is called a truce between the two republics.

Besides climbing Popocatapetl, he explored tombs and ruins of the old Aztecs, the Mexicans whom Cortez the Spaniard conquered, you remember, in the days after Columbus; he visited the wonderful "great caves" of Mexico, and went to see a bull fight. This, you know, is the favorite national sport of Mexico, just as baseball and football are with us. But Grant didn't like it. He only went to one — and one was enough. It made him sick, he said. For Grant, I must tell you, although the greatest of American soldiers, could not bear the sight of blood, and hated anything like brutality. Other great soldiers have been like him in this. So the bull-fighting disgusted him, and he said he could not see how human beings could enjoy the sufferings of beasts and often of men, as they seemed to do on these occasions.

But more than in sight-seeing, fighting and caretaking, the Mexican war was for Ulysses S. Grant a splendid school and a most helpful experience. In it,

he learned to be a soldier, to endure privation, to have patience, to know men and, especially, to become acquainted with those who, a few years after, were to play a prominent part upon a stage on which he was to be chief actor.

Grant never failed to acknowledge the great advantage that his experience in the Mexican war brought him. He learned to know by name or in person almost all the officers who rose to positions of leadership, on one side or the other, in the great Civil War. He was an observing man, he studied people and saw their good points and their weak ones and he knew just what sort of men were his old comrades of the Mexican war, when, in after years, he was either associated with them as commander or opposed to them as conqueror.

There is no better school, boys and girls, than the school of experience; and in that school Ulysses S. Grant was an apt, if a slow and often a worried pupil.

CHAPTER 4
How He Fought the Plague at Panama

The first thing that Lieutenant Grant did when he went marching home from the war with Mexico was to get a four months' leave of absence, or vacation, hurry to St. Louis and be married. This important date in his life — his wedding day — was the twenty-second of August, 1848.

He married Julia Dent, the St. Louis girl of whom I have already spoken, and a splendid wife she made him.

The wedding took place at the farmhouse, in which lived the parents of Julia Dent. It was ten miles below St. Louis and was a big, roomy, hospitable old Southern mansion with great rooms, ample fireplaces, broad verandas and pleasant grounds, and as it stood then it stands today, only slightly altered.

The young couple did not go to housekeeping in St. Louis, nor could they make their home in the big and breezy Dent mansion. Julia Dent was a "soldier's bride," and a soldier is never his own master. His home is "in barracks" or "quarters" at whatever point or place he is ordered to go. So his wife, too, had to

live with him in barracks that is, you know, in the soldier's quarters at some fort or garrison, or military post.

So, after the honeymoon had been spent in visiting the Grant family or the Grant relatives in Ohio, the young lieutenant and his wife, when his vacation days were over, went back to duty. He joined his regiment, and his wife went with him.

At the close of the Mexican war, Grant's regiment — the Fourth U.S. Infantry, you know — went into camp at Pascagoula in Mississippi. There the lieutenant left it when he went off to St. Louis to be married; but, before his four months' vacation was over, the Fourth U.S. Infantry was ordered to the military post of Sackett's Harbor on the shores of Lake Ontario. Quite a change from the Gulf of Mexico, was it not?

There, in the Madison Barracks at Sackett's Harbor, Lieutenant Grant and his wife began their married life. In their rooms in the officers' quarters they spent their first Christmas.

In the spring of the next year, however, 1849, orders came to move. The regiment was transferred to Detroit in Michigan. In this beautiful northern city — not as attractive then as it is today, I imagine — they lived for nearly two years, when again came the order to move.

This time, in the spring of 1851, they went back once more to their first home, the Madison Barracks

at Sackett's Harbor, following their regiment.

You see, by this, that a soldier and his wife can never hope to make their home long in one place. A small army, like that of the United States, is shuffled and shifted about almost as much as you shuffle the cards when playing your game of "Authors." Uncle Sam's blue-coats of the regular army never know how long they are going to "stay fixed."

So it came about that, before the Fourth United States Infantry had been in the Madison Barracks at Sackett's Harbor a year, orders again came to the soldier to move.

This time it fairly took their breath away; the regiment was ordered to California. That would not sound so very remarkable in these days when we can rush across the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific in six days. But in 1851 very few people went by land across the continent. There were no railroads; people had to ride in slow, lumbering wagons, or on horseback or walk! and the journey of three thousand miles took weeks and months, that were slow, tiresome and dangerous. There were mountains to climb, deserts to cross, rivers to wade, Indians to face and wild beasts to fight. Hunger and thirst, heat and cold, rain and snow and all the discomforts of life were a part of the daily experience of the traveler and the emigrant. It was a terrible journey to go overland to the Pacific in the days before the railroads.

So, people preferred going by water. This was not always agreeable, either; but, you see, it was a case of the longest way round being the shortest way home. Travelers to California went by steamboat from New York to Aspinwall on the Isthmus of Panama; then they crossed the Isthmus by boat and mule, went on board another steamer at Panama and sailed up the Pacific to San Francisco. It was a long, hard, tedious and often dangerous journey; but it was not nearly so difficult nor dangerous as the way overland.

But when the orders to go to California came to the soldiers at Sackett's Harbor, Lieutenant Grant decided that he would not take his young wife on such a long, hard and uncertain journey. He did not intend to live in California, and who could tell how long the regiment would be quartered there? Orders might come sending him somewhere else, even before he and his wife had really "got settled," and the long journey would be all for nothing.

So he arranged to have his wife visit his people in Ohio and her people in St. Louis, promising that when he had been in California long enough to see how he liked it, he would arrange either to send for her or get leave of absence and come east for her.

So it was arranged; the good-byes were said; and on the fifth of July, 1851, the Fourth Infantry, with such of the soldiers' wives and children as could not or would not stay behind, sailed out of the harbor of New York and steamed southward for their first port

on the Isthmus of Panama. In eight days they sailed into the harbor of Aspinwall on the Atlantic side of the Isthmus and prepared to go ashore.

July on the Isthmus of Panama is wet, hot and sickly. The passengers from the north felt the changes from drenching rain to burning sun and suffered from them greatly. They were very anxious to be on their way north again to a healthier climate.

But the Isthmus had to be crossed. It looks small and narrow enough on the map, does it not? In one part it is only thirty miles from ocean to ocean. But it is altogether too wide if one feels sick and has no way to get across except to ride horseback or walk.

Today, a railroad, forty-eight miles long, runs across the Isthmus from Aspinwall on the Atlantic to Panama on the Pacific. But, when Lieutenant Grant and his infantrymen crossed the Isthmus in 1851, this railroad had but just been commenced and only ran a few miles, to the banks of the Chagres River. This is the stream, you know, which engineers for more than three hundred years have been trying to turn into a ship canal that should join the Atlantic and the Pacific — the famous ditch known as the Panama canal.

When Lieutenant Grant and his seven hundred companions of the Fourth Infantry started to cross the Isthmus they had a fearful time. Grant was quartermaster or "caretaker" of his regiment, you know, and had to look out for the comfort and transpor-

tation of the men. This Isthmus journey put his ability to the test.

First, he saw them all on board the cars for the thirty-mile ride by railway. When the road ended, at the Chagres River, they "changed for Gorgona" and went on board certain flat-bottomed boats that would carry between thirty and forty passengers apiece. These boats were poled along the river, against the current — six polemen to a boat at the rapid rate of a mile an hour!

In this way, they pushed on to a place called Gorgona where they had to get out again for a ride on mule-back to Panama on the Pacific, some twenty-five miles distant.

Did you ever hear of a harder fifty-mile trip? To-day, in the comfortable cars of the Panama railroad, you can make the trip across the Isthmus in three hours. It took Lieutenant Grant and his company nearly two weeks to do that fifty miles. I will tell you why.

The United States government had arranged with the steamship company for the connected and comfortable transportation of the Fourth Infantry and its baggage from New York to San Francisco, including the trip across the Isthmus.

The officers and soldiers, with the families of a few of the latter, made up a company of seven hundred people. But, in 1851, crowds of adventurers were going to California to dig for gold. So the seven

hundred, instead of having comfortable quarters, were crowded upon a steamer already fully occupied. And when Aspinwall was reached everyone was in a hurry to get across the Isthmus to Panama and the Pacific. The passengers on the steamer had first chance and the soldiers simply had to wait for "second turn."

A part of the regiment did, after a few days' delay, get across to Panama; but Grant, as regimental quartermaster, was left at a place called Cruces on the banks of the sickly Chagres River with all the baggage and camp equipage, one company of soldiers and those men of the regiment who had brought their wives and children with them.

There at Cruces they waited. The transportation promised by the steamship company did not come; a man with whom a new contract had been made by the agents of the steamship company kept promising mules and horses, but after a day or two Grant discovered that this man had been supplying them to passengers who could pay high-er than the contract price, and the young quarter-master found out that if he were ever to get his people and baggage to Panama, he would have to find the means himself.

Then came the climax. The dreadful cholera — that plague of hot countries broke out in the camp. Lieutenant Grant had sickness and death to struggle with, in addition to his other worries. For cholera in July, in the Isthmus of Panama, with sultry, rainy

weather and insufficient shelter for the sick, means death.

Did you ever read Dickens's story of "Martin Chuzzlewit?" Do you remember Mark Tapley who always "came out strong" when things were at their worst? There was a good deal of this spirit in the quartermaster of the Fourth U. S. Infantry.

With a company of plague-stricken men and women to care for, with no means of removing them to a place of safety, with insufficient accommodation for either the sick or the well, with dis-appointment as to unkept promises delaying and worrying him, with half-hostile Indians all about his camp, and with food growing scarce and distress staring him in the face, Quartermaster Grant had certainly a hard problem to solve. But he coolly looked at all the chances, set his teeth together, and made up his mind to work the thing out himself.

He sent his last company of soldiers and the doctors on, by foot, to Panama. Then he took entire charge of the cholera camp and, for over a week, he fought the plague desperately and un-flinchingly. He cared for the sick, buried the dead, kept one eye on the half-hostile Indians, tried in every way to arrange for some kind of transportation to Panama, and kept things going as briskly and as cheerfully as he could, stubbornly resolved not to give in. He was busy all the time. For a week he did not take off his clothes and scarcely allowed himself any rest — working,

nursing, striving, in the midst of the plague that brought weakness and death from the forest and the swamp.

Of one hundred and fifty men, women and children in that cholera-stricken camp on the Chagres River, fully one-third died before that week of terror came to an end. But Grant never gave up.

Finding that the agents and promises of the steamship company were not to be relied upon, and that if his sick and his baggage were ever to get to the Pacific he must get them there himself, he took all the responsibility and set to work on his own hook. He hired mules and litters at twice the price offered by the steamship company, engaged Indians to bury the dead and pack on the mules the camp belongings, and at last took up his march to the Pacific, bringing everything with him, excepting alas! the victims whom the cholera had claimed as its own in that plague-spot in the Panama forests.

I have lingered over this brief happening in the life of U.S. Grant because it has always seemed to me a key to his character; it prepares us to see in this quiet, determined, self-reliant young quarter-master, sending all his available help away and grimly remaining to fight the plague and care for the people and property under his charge, the preface to that soldier and ruler of later years, whom the poet Lowell described as, "One of those still, plain men that do the world's rough work."

There is no doubt, is there, about that work in the Panama cholera-camp being rough indeed?

Early in September the Fourth Infantry sailed through the Golden Gate and entered upon its garrison life in California.

Those were exciting days in the great Western state. It was only a territory then a vast track of land, stretching along the Pacific and recently acquired from Mexico. But it was fast filling up. The word had gone abroad that gold was to be had just for the digging or the washing in the land and streams of California. People from all parts of the world, in a hurry to get rich, rushed to California to become gold-miners.

There were all sorts and conditions of men among them, and while most of them did not get rich, they did make things lively for a while on that far Pacific coast. For men who failed to find gold had to find work or starve. They had to do something. It was "hard lines" for many a stout-hearted young fellow, and that mining life in California was full of temptation, danger, risk and struggle. But these are the things which, bravely faced, help to make men. Only the plucky and strong ones did win the fight; but their labors and exertions, their defeats and successes helped to build mighty states in that far western land and to lay the foundations upon which the republic rose to greatness.

It was in such a school as this that U.S. Grant

learned anew the lessons of foresight, determination and watchfulness that guided him so well in later times of need. Those were days, he himself tells us, "that brought out character," and, in his case, each new experience strengthened a character that was to mean great things for his native land.

He lived in barracks with his regiment at Benicia, not far from San Francisco; at Fort Vancouver on the Columbia River, in the southern part of what is now the state of Washington; and at Humboldt Bay, near to the town of Eureka, in northern California.

He found a soldier's life in times of peace, even in that new and unsettled land of gold, lazy, unprofitable and unpromising. He never really did like a soldier's life, you know. "I never liked service in the army — not as a young officer," he said, years after; he always declared that he was more a farmer than a fighter. So, when he came to look carefully at his chances he could not see any future or prosperity for him if he remained in the army. And yet, as you all know, it was the army that was to make him great!

But, as he thought it all over, there in California, he longed to see the wife and children he had left in "the states," as folks then called the East; he knew that his pay as a soldier was too small to support a family, and he dared not take the risk of bringing them so far from home. So he concluded to resign, leave the army and go into some good business in

which he could hope to make money and win success.

He liked California, and, for many years after he left it, he hoped some day to go back and make that splendid state his home. But he felt that he must first get a good start in life; so, in March, 1854, he resigned from the army and went home again.

Ever since the day when, in the belfry of the Mexican church, he had bombarded the city of Mexico with his battery of one gun, he had been a captain by brevet, but not in rank or pay. In July, 1853, the death of an officer left a vacant place, and as the other officers moved up towards the head the lieutenant became a captain. So, when he resigned from the army and went home, he was Captain Grant. You see how slowly things went in times of peace. He had to wait six years for the promised promotion to captain.

For eleven years had U. S. Grant been a soldier of the republic. Slow in speech and action, except when action was absolutely necessary, more brave than brilliant, and a worker rather than a "show" soldier, he was always to be depended upon if anything needed to be done. He never shirked his duty because it was not a pleasant one, and if he saw that a thing must be done he stuck to it until it was done.

The same strategy that, as a boy, he displayed in lifting and loading the great stone in Georgetown, he exhibited as a lieutenant in the church tower in

Mexico; the same pluck and grit that helped the boy drive home the balky horse he had purchased, served the man in his daring ride for ammunition through the streets of Monterey and in the grim grapple with the plague in the forests of Panama. These, and such experiences as these, were the foundation of that stern, silent, determined, unyielding effort that made this quiet soldier the great captain — the future hero and victor in the republic's desperate struggle for life.

CHAPTER 5
How the Captain Found Life a "Hard Scrabble"

So Ulysses gave up fighting for farming. It was not altogether a successful exchange, so far as results went. Captain Grant had never been able to save much out of his pay as a soldier never very large; and eleven years of soldiering are not a very good preparation for farming. He would have to get his living out of the ground now, and he knew that, like Adam the first farmer, "in the sweat of his face he must eat bread."

That means hard work, of course; and hard work indeed our ex-soldier found it to make both ends meet. He was never afraid of hard work either as boy or man, and what he set his hand to do, he did "with his might," as the Bible says. But even the hardest worker does not always make a success of things, and this was to be the experience of the soldier from the Pacific.

When he landed in New York, on his homeward trip from San Francisco by the way of Panama, he had little or no money, and a man whom he had once helped and upon whom he depended for a return not

only refused to pay him but ran off altogether. So the poor captain had to write to his father in Ohio for help to get home.

His people were of course delighted to see him again; but when, at last, late in the summer of 1854, he was once more with his wife and children at St. Louis, he found that he must face the world sturdily if he were to get his own living and that, at thirty-two, he had actually to begin life over again; "a new struggle for our support," he calls it, and a struggle indeed it was.

Mrs. Grant's father had given her part of his Whitehaven acres as a farm. On this, Captain Grant decided to build a house and go to farming.

He had no house to live in and no money with which to stock the farm; but he set about building the house and hoped to raise enough on his farm to gradually pay for livestock and farm-tools.

He did most of the house-building himself. All he could do was to put up a log cabin, and he carted the stones for the cellar, hauled the logs for the walls and split the shingles for the roof. He had a few negroes to help him, but he was his own mason and carpenter, except when it came to the "raising," and at this the neighbors helped.

It was not very much of a house, I imagine; but then nobody expects all the conveniences in a log cabin and, humble as it was, his homemade log house was home and you know, as John Howard Payne's

beautiful song tells us, "Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

But long before he and his family were settled in their log-built home, Captain Grant had found out what work really was. He had learned how hard it was to squeeze a living out of the ground. He discovered that raising potatoes and corn and wheat and cutting cord-wood on a sixty-acre farm always meant hard work, but does not always mean money enough to live on as one would like.

As I told you, however, in my story of how Grant fought the plague at Panama, he had a good deal of the Mark Tapley spirit about him, and so, even while he saw what a hard row he had to hoe on his little farm, he saw the funny side of it too, and named his little place "Hardscrabble," because, he said, he was certain to find life there "a hard scrabble."

His sixty acres, as I have said, were good ground for corn and wheat and potatoes, and in its forest land he could cut a good many cords of wood. The log house at "Hardscrabble" was set on a rise of ground and shaded by a grove of young oaks. It was a pleasant spot, and Grant would have been very happy there with his wife and children if he had not been worried over money matters and often been sick with the fever and ague. That will make anyone feel mean and out-of-sorts, you know, and Grant had been a sufferer from that hot and shivery complaint ever since he had been a boy in Ohio.

There was one thing he always managed to have at "Hardscrabble" and that was good horses. To have had poor ones would not have been like Grant; for he, you know, was always a horse-lover. And, at "Hardscrabble," he used to declare that, with his pet team of a gray and a bay, he could plough a deeper furrow and haul a heavier load of wheat or cord-wood than any other farmer around.

For, you see, he was his own teamster. And when times were especially hard and money was slow in coming, he would load up his wood team and driving into town would peddle his firewood from door to door.

From this, you can be certain that there was about Captain Grant no such thing as false pride. He was ready to do anything that was honest work, no matter how humble. But not the most tempting opportunity could ever induce him to do a dishonorable action. He hated meanness as he did lying and swearing; and it is a splendid record for a man who has gone through as much and had as many ups and downs as he that, in all his eventful life, he never did a mean action, never swore and never lied. Yet that is the record of U. S. Grant.

He himself has said in no spirit of boasting — for Grant was never a boaster — but just to illustrate a point he was making, "I am not aware of ever having used a profane expletive in all my life." He told his boys so, too, and his eldest son declares that his

father did not even use the simplest kind of boyish "swear words." When his father was a young man, so this eldest son tells us, he did hear him say once on a time "thunder and lightning!" But he says that is about the only strong expression his father ever did use, and the fact that the soldier's son remembered it shows how unusual a thing it was.

His record for honesty and truthfulness is known to all men and is dwelt upon by all persons who had anything to do with him in business or pleasure.

"O, Sam Grant said it, did he?" they would say at West Point. "Well, that settles it. If he said so, it's so."

And meanness, which is very close to ungentlemanliness, is also pretty near to coarseness in talk or act. Not one of these found place in the character of U.S. Grant. He never said anything that approached coarseness, his son tells us. He never used vulgar words nor would he tell or listen to bad stories. He would get up and leave the room rather than hear them. And to do that, let me tell you, takes real courage.

Do you wonder that, through all his life, men trusted him and respected him, even when things went hardest with him? Do you wonder that, when the son from whom I have quoted grew to be a man, he said his father was his ideal of all that is true and good? Do you wonder that he says to his own boy that the best he can wish for him is to be as good a

man as his grandfather?

"My father's character," he says, "was what I believe a good Christian teacher would consider the ideal one. He was pure in thought and deed. He was careful of the feelings of others — so much so, in fact, that when he had to do anything to hurt them, I believe he felt more pained than the people whom he hurt."

This is an excellent reputation to have, is it not? And in the case of Ulysses Grant it is one that all men acknowledge as truly merited. It began with him even as a boy in the Ohio lanyard; under the hard experience of life at Hardscrabble and the years that followed it was tested by adversity and became at last the calm, self-controlled, fearless, yet at the same time tender and sympathetic nature that won, by unbending will and by equally determined clemency, in the terrible warfare that closed at Appomattox.

There is no "fire of adversity," as we call it, that is so trying and tormenting as not being able to "get along." Failure is a terrible blow to a man's good opinion of himself — indeed, it is so to a boy's, too.

Captain Grant had a severe schooling in failure after he left the army. Somehow, as we say, things did not seem to go his way.

He could not make farming pay; few men can, when along comes sickness to take all the strength and ambition out of them as did the fever and ague with Captain Grant. Hauling firewood ten miles to

town and peddling it from door to door at four dollars a cord will not put much money in a man's pocket, especially when he has a growing family to support.

So, after three year's trial at farming, when he saw that he was running behind each year, when he found himself weakened by continuous fever and ague, two thousand dollars in debt to his father, and, though steadily industrious, still as steadily unsuccessful, he came to the conclusion that he was not cut out for a farmer and must try his hand at something else.

Although he called "Hardscrabble" his home he had not lived there all the time. Once he left the cabin to take charge of the house of his brother-in-law on the Gravois road. It was a neat Gothic cottage and was called "Wishton-wish" — I wonder if that name was given it because of a certain tale by a great American storyteller? Do you know which one?

In 1856 the Grants moved into Whitehaven — the mansion belonging to Mrs. Grant's father. Captain Grant was to look after the place; but he still called "Hardscrabble" his home, and when at last the fever and ague would not let him continue as a farmer and he determined to make a change, he was obliged to sell "Hardscrabble" and its belongings so as to raise a little money.

Life had been a struggle there, certainly. But even uphill work may have its pleasures. Years after, walking over the old place one day, General Grant

pointed out some stumps sticking up in the farmland and said, "I moistened the ground around those stumps with many a drop of sweat. But they were happy days, after all," he added.

When the persistent fever and ague had so weakened him that he felt obliged to change his way of life, his wife's family, the Dents, found an opening for him in the real estate business in St. Louis.

He formed a partnership with a real estate dealer, a man who buys and sells houses and lands, you know, or lends money to landowners. This new firm was called Boggs & Grant, and all the office they had was a desk in an old house on Pine Street in St. Louis.

Captain Grant did the writing and figuring, but he was not a real good hand at "drumming up" business. A successful real estate agent must be what some folks in these busy days call a "hustler," and U. S. Grant was not cut out for work that called for a fast and ready talker. You know they called him, later on, "the silent man."

So he did not succeed as a real estate agent. The firm of Boggs & Grant lasted only about a year. Then hard times came on, money was not easy to get, there was not business enough for two in the Pine Street office and Captain Grant gave it up.

Although he had failed as a real estate agent he came out of the business with a spotless reputation. He might not be a business success, but he was a

success as a man.

"He was always a gentleman and everybody loved him, he was so gentle and considerate to every one," the wife of his partner said of him. "But really we did not see what he could do in the world."

That is the way too many people look at what they call failure, isn't it? But failure is not always not being able to do a thing in our way, you know. This lady lived to learn what Grant could do when his great opportunity came.

"Grant did not seem to be just calculated for business," says one man who knew him in those hard days. "But a more honest, generous man never lived. I don't believe he knew what dishonor was." That is even a finer record to have than to be set down as a "booming real estate speculator," is it not?

After Captain Grant gave up the real estate business, he tried hard to get the appointment as County Engineer. This is the man who looks after laying out roads and highways, and sees that boundaries and buildings are right. He should be a man who knows a good deal about mathematics and surveying.

Captain Grant was just the man for such a position. But, too often, one who is trying to get such a place must have lots of friends to back him up, and he must have what is known as political influence. This is not right, of course. The best man should always get the place, and a man's best recommendation for a position should be that he knows how to

do the work. It is getting to be more this way in public life now-a-days, but when Captain Grant was trying to get the place as County Engineer, political influence was the principal thing an applicant must have.

So he did not get the appointment. He did get a small place in the Custom House at St. Louis; but the next month the head man, or "Collector," died and the new Collector put one of his own friends in Grant's place.

Did not the poor captain have a hard time of it? It did seem as if there really was nothing for him to do, anywhere.

Day after day he walked the streets of the city trying to find work. Day after day he went home disappointed. He had to move into humbler and cheaper quarters; he had to borrow money to live on; he had no end of trouble, and at last he made up his mind to give up trying to get a foothold in a city where everything seemed to be against him, and go back to his father and the leather business.

It was in the spring of the year 1860 that he came to this conclusion. Of course, it was a hard thing to do. It is never easy for a man of spirit to ask favors or to depend upon others.

But Grant was never a man to sit down and do nothing. He would never give up trying, and effort is half the battle. That was one secret of his success, as it is of any boy or man who will never admit defeat. Lack of success is one thing; but loss of pluck is quite

another; and this loss Grant never admitted.

He did feel pretty blue over things, though. He had made a brave fight against ill-fortune, and the battle seemed going against him because the opportunities, the strife and the surroundings in Missouri seemed more than he could master. In all that big Western city there seemed to be no place for poor Captain Grant.

But today, where two great streets cross each other, in the busiest part of St. Louis, there stands a statue of the man who, so the world said, was a failure in St. Louis; and the great city in which he could not make a living honors and reveres him today not only as a great American, but as one of the great citizens of St. Louis.

But he could have no idea of that in 1860, when there seemed no possible way for him to get along there.

"I can't make a go of it here," he said; "I must leave." His wife was ready to share his fortunes, be they good or bad, and she agreed that his plan was the wisest. So, early in 1860, Captain U.S. Grant, with his affairs at their worst and his fortunes at their lowest, turned his back on the part of the world where he had found life a very "hard scrabble" indeed, and moved his family to Galena in the State of Illinois.

For, in Galena, his two younger brothers were in the leather business and Jesse Grant, his father, had

arranged with them to give Ulysses a chance to do something as clerk in their leather store.

CHAPTER 6
How He Heard the Call to Duty

Captain Grant's father was "well off," as riches were reckoned in those days, and was perfectly able to help his eldest son out of his difficulties.

But Jesse Grant had always been proud of this boy of his and it hurt his pride to have Ulysses so unsuccessful in business. He was considerably disturbed when Ulysses came to Covington to talk things over with him; but when the father saw that he really must give the son another lift over the hard places, he "took hold of Ulysses's affairs," as he said, and straightened them out by making a place for the ex-soldier, ex-farmer, ex-real estate agent in the leather store at Galena, of which he himself was chief owner.

Besides his tanneries in Ohio, Jesse Grant for several years had a prosperous leather store in Covington, Kentucky. He had also opened a large "leather and findings" store in Galena, which he had put in charge of two of his sons — both younger than Ulysses. The Galena store, in 1860, was one of the best buildings in that bluff-top town on the Galena River, just back from the Mississippi, and in it was carried on the largest leather and harness business northwest of Chicago.

It was not into the tannery business, as is generally stated, that U. S. Grant went when he moved to Galena. Indeed, it is not really correct to call him a tanner. You will remember that, when he was a boy, he did but little work in his father's tanyard, and his work at Galena was really selling leather and harnesses in a fine large store.

His home was with one of his brothers in a modest, two-story brick house away up on one of the terrace-like bluffs on which Galena is built, to the north of the principal street of the town, and in what was then considered a most desirable neighborhood.

Captain Grant was fond of his home, fond of his wife, fond of his children and, of course, fond of his horses, two of them being used in the leather business and cared for and driven by the captain.

He was a quiet, retiring sort of citizen and neighbor — "a very commonplace man," people said. He was never a stern or strict father, but he was a loving and a just one. He liked his boys to be boys manly, honest, fearless, self-reliant and true. His eldest boy, then about twelve years old, he taught to swim simply by tossing him into deep water where he just had to swim ashore. But the watchful father was close at hand to help and direct the boy.

His removal to Galena and business connection there was an excellent change for Captain Grant. For, although only a clerk on a six-hundred dollar salary in his brother's store, he was really given a

position in a good business in which, by his father's direction, he would, in time, become a partner. This he hoped would come around in a year or so. But when that "year or so" was over, he, as he tells us in his "Memoirs," "was engaged in an employment which required all my attention elsewhere." And, indeed, it did.

Captain Grant lived for eleven months in Galena from May, 1860 to April, 1861. He was a quiet, square-shouldered, spare-built man of thirty-eight, stooping slightly, because of farm-work and fever and ague. He walked to and from the leather store, or drove the horses about in the business wagon. He was salesman, bill-clerk and collector for the leather store. He was a great "homebody." He visited but a few neighbors, and was, even after ten months' residence, as he says, almost a comparative stranger in Galena. No one paid very much attention to him or expected that he would ever amount to much, except as the success of his father and brothers in business might push him into a fairly comfortable living.

Suddenly, to the quiet, unobtrusive, ordinary-appearing man came the call to duty that proved his call indeed. Political troubles ended in actual conflict. Americans were in arms against Americans. Fort Sumter was fired upon. The president of the United States called for volunteers to defend the Union. There was war in the land.

Ulysses S. Grant was no politician. He had neither the wish nor the will to be one. But he had thought a great deal about the questions that were putting the Union in peril. Being a soldier by education and experience, he knew well what war meant, and he hoped very much that so terrible a thing would not be forced upon his native land.

He talked this way; he voted this way; he helped, as far as his voice and vote could help, to put off the day that would divide the people of the United States and set the North against the South. Many other good and true men did so, too; but the dreadful day could not be put off. It had to come. It was what was called the "Inevitable Conflict" — that is, the trouble that cannot be put off.

When it did come, in the firing upon Fort Sumter by the Southern batteries encircling that little fortress-covered island in Charleston harbor, it aroused to action the very men who had tried hardest to keep it off. "The Union," they said, "must be preserved. The flag shall be defended."

How well I remember, as a boy, the coming of the tidings of that terrible twelfth of April, 1861. How excited was every one. How people talked and talked, when President Lincoln said, "I must have seventy-five thousand men to help me put down this rebellion." And how they did things! For the soldiers sprang to arms at once and the whole broad land became one mighty camp.

There were mass meetings held all over the northern country; business almost stopped; schools could hardly "keep"; men who had thought and voted differently now clasped hands for the Union and from the enthusiastic mass meetings went men pledged to march "on to Washington" to obey the call of the president, to defend the National Capital and uphold the nation's honor.

Just such a meeting as this was held in the court house in Galena, where Grant lived. It roused the citizens to enthusiasm and when, two days later, another meeting was held to encourage enlistments, the country court house was crowded.

Some one must preside. This was to be a military meeting, not a talking one, and some one suggested Captain U. S. Grant for chairman.

Not a hundred people in Galena knew who this Captain Grant was, and when a medium-sized, stoop-necked, serious looking man in a blue army overcoat rose in his place, the crowded court room looked at him curiously.

He did not know just what to do. It was a new position for him.

"Get up on the platform! go up; go up, Cap'n!" men shouted. But the captain did not like such prominence. He simply smiled, shook his head and leaning both hands on a desk looked over the throng.

"With much embarrassment and some prompting," he says in his "Memoirs," "I made out to

announce the object of the meeting."

"Fellow Citizens," he said, "This meeting is called to organize a company of volunteers to serve the State of Illinois" (in defence of the Union, he meant, of course). "Before calling upon you to become volunteers I wish to state just what will be required of you. First of all, unquestioning obedience to your superior officers. The army is not a picnicking party, nor is it an excursion. You will have hard fare. You may be obliged to sleep on the ground after long marches in the rain and snow. Many of the orders of your superiors will seem to you unjust, and yet they must be borne. If an injustice is really done you, however, there are courts-martial where your wrongs can be investigated and offenders punished. If you put your name down here it shall be in full understanding what the act means. In conclusion, let me say, that, so far as I can, I will aid the company, and I intend to re-enlist in the service myself."

That was Grant's first speech. It was like him — plain, honest, convincing and right to the point. It did not mean fun for those who enlisted. It meant business. To men who were as deter-mined and as interested as himself it told more than sounding words and bursts of eloquence. As a result, the Galena company of volunteers was speedily made up. More than enough enlisted. Indeed, over an hundred had to be rejected because the ranks were full.

At once, Grant was offered the captaincy of the

company. But he had other plans. He knew that, in the nation's stress, men of experience would be needed to serve as officers. "I can't afford to re-enter service as a captain of volunteers," he said. "I have served nine years in the regular army and I am fitted to command a regiment."

So he declined to take the post of captain of the company he had helped to raise, although he promised to do everything in his power to help them get into service.

This may seem to you, at first, as not just the modest way that Grant usually acted; but it was really wise and just. Do you remember, in the story of George Washington's life, the trouble that he had because he would not take a place offered him as captain in the American militia when he knew he ought to be colonel? His reasons for this action were honorable and right, and Captain Grant's were the same. He knew that the United States had educated him and that, to his country, his best service was due; this service called him really to higher duties than that of a captain of a company. Regiments would be formed that needed reliable heads; and even patriotism doesn't always know how to lead armies to victory. So he waited; but, while he waited, he gave all his time to working for the Union, drilling the new recruits, telling the leaders what to do; he even helped the ladies get up the proper kind of uniforms for the volunteers. After that meeting at which he

spoke he never, so he tells us, went into the leather store again to put up a package or do any other business.

Determined to serve, but equally determined to accept service only as he felt it to be his duty — in a position suited to his experience and rank — he followed the Galena company to Springfield, the capital of Illinois and the home of Abraham Lincoln. Here, in the midst of all the war fever and excitement, Captain Grant sought, for days, to get his just deserts. But he was too modest to insist upon what he knew to be his rights and at last became discouraged and declared that he should try somewhere else. The politicians and fancy soldiers were too much for him and his chance for service was but small.

"I came down here," he said to a friend, "because I felt it my duty. The government educated me and I felt I ought to offer my services again. I have applied, to no result. I can't afford to stay here longer and I'm going home."

He did accept a post in the adjutant-general's office that is the place in which most of the army business is transacted; but he felt it to be little more than "a clerk's job."

"Any boy could do this," he said. "I'm going home."

Do you remember how nearly Spain lost the glory and honor of placing Columbus on his feet, when he wished to make that wonderful voyage to the West?

You have read of it in the story of Columbus, of course. In the same way, the State of Illinois came very near to losing the honor and glory of Grant's services. As Columbus thought of offering his services to France because Spain rejected him, so Grant was on the point of offering his services to Ohio because Illinois refused them.

In fact, a commission as colonel of the Twelfth Ohio regiment was already on its way to him — though he did not know it when there came a telegram from the governor of Illinois asking if he would accept the command of the Twenty-first Illinois regiment. Before the Ohio offer reached him, Grant had already telegraphed his acceptance.

The Twenty-first Illinois had rather a hard name. Its colonel and its men did not get along well, and so many complaints against the regiment reached the governor that changed its colonel. So U. S. Grant became Colonel Grant.

The Twenty-first Illinois was awaiting orders for service at Camp Yates, just outside of Springfield, and here Grant went to take command.

"Colonel," said Congressman Logan who accompanied him to the camp, "this regiment of yours is said to be a little unruly. Do you think you can manage them?"

"I think I can," the colonel answered; and from the way he said it, Congressman Logan thought so, too.

Arrived at Camp Yates, he was introduced to his new command by Congressman Logan, whom the county knew later as general and senator. He was a brilliant, popular and inspiring orator, and opened his address with words that stirred his soldier-audience to enthusiasm. The new colonel was quietly in the rear, but now Logan led him forward and, as a fitting close to his thrilling speech said, "Illinoisans! allow me now to present to you your new colonel, U. S. Grant."

Of course the soldiers cheered. It was a great day for them. They had got rid of one objectionable colonel and had now been given another who did not look particularly stern or masterful. No doubt they thought they could do about as they pleased with Colonel Grant.

"Speech! speech!" they demanded.

Everybody made speeches to the soldiers in those days — speeches full of patriotism, love for the flag, loyalty to the Union and all that. Of course the soldiers expected just such a speech from Colonel Grant.

He hesitated a moment. Then in a clear, calm, everyday voice, that all could hear and all could understand, he said: "Men! go to your quarters."

That was all his speech. There was not much to it, was there? But it gave his soldiers an altogether new idea of their colonel.

They speedily discovered that their new idea

meant "business." That very night at dress parade, the colonel said to his officers, "A soldier's first duty is to obey his commander. I shall expect my orders to be obeyed as exactly and instantly as if we were on the field of battle."

They were so obeyed, for both officers and men saw at once, that, as one of the sergeants said, "he's the colonel of this regiment."

From an unruly, careless and disobedient set of men, the Twenty-first Illinois developed into an orderly, well-drilled soldierly regiment.

In all this their colonel was quiet, self-controlled, direct and just. He always knew what he wanted and how to get it. He was strict, but never ugly; firm, yet always friendly; determined, yet never tyrannical. His superiors were delighted with his orders and reports, which were short, clear and right to the point. He attended to everything himself, where attention was necessary, and as a result his command was always well looked after and supplied. He trained his men into soldiers and, therefore, they respected and obeyed him.

"We knew we had a real soldier over us," said one of his lieutenants. "We knew, too, that we had the best commander and the best regiment in the state."

In less than a month after he had taken command of his regiment, the Twenty-first Illinois was ordered into Missouri, where General Fremont was in command and where an invasion of the state by

southern troops was daily expected.

Grant thought this a fine opportunity to train his men to long marching. So, instead of going across the state by railroad, he marched his regiment across.

"I prefer to do my first marching in a friendly country and not in the enemy's country," he said, and the result proved the wisdom of his decision.

The knowledge of his able discipline and care of his men became known, and before the Illinois river was reached his command was ordered to a threatened point near the town of Palmyra in Missouri.

It did not prove a field of battle, however, for the enemy retired before Grant reached Palmyra. The colonel's sensations however are worth recording, as he has put them down. For, he tells us in his "Memoirs," that as he approached Palmyra he was anxious, rather than fearless or frightened. It was because of his responsibility as the leader of men; not because of any lack of courage. He had never before been in a position of command and, he says: "If someone else had been colonel and I had been lieutenant-colonel I do not think I would have felt any trepidation."

You see how slowly he developed into a real leader. The best soldier is not always the boasting, reckless leader; he mingles caution with courage, and his anxiety is often greater than his ambition.

But Colonel Grant's men never knew his feelings. They knew him to be a leader they could trust and

follow, and he handled them well. They marched on to a village called Florida; but the confederates had fled before them, and finally Colonel Grant was ordered to join General Pope who was stationed in the town of Mexico, in Missouri.

When he reached there he was given command of the district, with three regiments and a section of artillery. He found the men of his new command lacking in discipline and the people complaining of their actions. Colonel Grant changed all this at once. His own regiment was what is called an "object-lesson" in soldiering. He made soldiers out of the men; he protected the people; he kept the district over which he had been placed in command, orderly, quiet and peaceful.

One day the news came to him that he had been made a brigadier-general. This was a great surprise for him. But it shows that quiet, careful and determined work pays.

You see, the president had asked the Illinois Congressmen to recommend a few good Illinois officers for promotion to the post of brigadier-general. Colonel Grant scarcely knew the Congressmen from his state, but they had heard good reports of his ability and discipline and what he had done with the men over whom he was placed in command.

So, on the list of seven names proposed by them to the president as brigadiers, the name of Ulysses S. Grant led all the rest, and at once he was ordered to

take command of an important district in Missouri, with headquarters at the town of Ironton.

The day of return for patient waiting had dawned for him; and his readiness to respond to the call of duty and to do his best in whatever position he was placed, but to say what that position should be, had already found its result in his call to go up higher, even before he had been tried in the heat and fire of battle.

CHAPTER 7
How the General Unloosed the Mississippi

As brigadier-general, Grant was sent to take charge of a large district covering all the country south of St. Louis and all of southern Illinois.

This was on the borderland between the North and the South. It was full of rebels and half-rebels — and those who were half-rebels were much harder to deal with than the out-and-out rebels. It is always so, you know; an open enemy is better than a secret foe.

General Grant made his headquarters at Cairo, at the extreme southern tip end of Illinois. One of the first things he determined to do was to give the "half-rebels" a lesson, by seizing the city of Paducah on the Kentucky side of the Ohio River, forty miles or so east of Cairo.

Kentucky had not yet joined the Confederacy, but was trying to remain neutral, as it is called — that is, favoring neither the one side nor the other.

This is not an easy thing to do when opposing armies are marching from either side. As the Confederate troops already occupied two towns in the state, General Grant believed that the Union forces

should have a good footing there, also.

So he sailed down the river to Paducah with his soldiers and occupied the town, and though the "neutrals" were very indignant, the Union forces had secured a footing in Kentucky.

By this time he had a well-drilled army in camp at Cairo. These soldiers had enlisted to fight and they were tired of being idle. So was Grant; and, at last, taking three thousand men with him, he started to break up a camp of Confederates at a place called Belmont, on the Mississippi river, twenty or thirty miles south of Cairo.

Directly opposite Belmont in the town of Columbus a large Confederate force was stationed, and when Grant had surprised the camp at Belmont these troops began coming across the river to help their comrades.

A fierce fight followed. The Confederates were driven into their camp. Grant had his horse shot under him, but he kept his men moving, and at last the Confederates turned and hastily fled from their camp to the river.

It was a Union victory. It was Grant's first battle in the Civil War and the first that his soldiers had fought. When the boys in blue found they had really won a battle they were so overjoyed that, as the saying is, they completely lost their heads. They rushed about the captured camps firing guns, making speeches and "carrying on" until Grant, to bring

them to their senses, set the camp on fire.

While this was going on, the Confederates on the river bank had been reinforced by more troops from across the river. They turned, spread out their lines and swooping down on the Union troops fairly surrounded them.

At this, Grant's officers and soldiers were greatly alarmed. They supposed, of course, that they were captured.

"What shall we do?" they said to him. "We are surrounded."

"Well," said Grant coolly, "We cut our way in, we've got to cut our way out."

And they did. Under their general's lead they pushed down to the river conveying all their wounded men with them and, under a heavy fire got on board the steamers and were soon on their way back to Cairo, victors in their first battle, though by a very narrow chance. But that chance, you see, was because they had a cool-headed leader.

The battle of Belmont destroyed the rebel plans, broke up their camp, saved the Union posts from attack and, above all, so inspired the men engaged in the fight that, as General Grant himself declares, "they acquired a confidence in themselves that did not desert them through the war."

The battle of Belmont was fought on November 7th, 1861. It was the first step toward breaking into the Confederate lines. At once, General Grant

decided to make a still greater step and clear the Confederates away from the two forts they had built on the Tennessee and Cumberland Rivers, in Stewart County, northern Tennessee, just where the jog comes that you can find on your map of Tennessee.

If he could capture those two forts he could keep the Confederates from the control of a fertile section of country from which they drew their supplies. It was some time before he could get permission from his superior officers to make the attack. They thought it too risky.

But when, at last, they told him he might try to take Fort Henry, he did not waste a moment. With seventeen thousand men, and seven gunboats to help him, he moved at once on Fort Henry on the Tennessee. On the fifth of February he was before it. But the officer in charge felt that he could not resist an attack and, leaving but a small garrison, he sent his other men, almost without a fight, across country to Fort Donelson, eleven miles away. Then he surrendered Fort Henry, and Grant, taking command, sent word to his superior officer that he had captured Fort Henry and would take Fort Donelson in a very few days.

This almost took his commanding officer's breath away. The authorities were not used to such quick work. Fort Donelson was a large and strongly-built circle of earth-works, perched a hundred feet above the Cumberland River and protecting all that region.

Its capture was considered impossible.

So General Halleck, who was Grant's superior, sent word to him to "hold Fort Henry at all hazards," and sent him also pickaxes and shovels so that he could strengthen the fortifications. But Grant had other plans, and as he was not ordered not to take Fort Donelson, he set out to do it.

He knew both the Confederate generals in command at Fort Donelson. He had served with one of them in the Mexican war; he knew all about the other, too, and he felt certain that he knew what they would do or would not do.

So, at once, with fifteen thousand men, he marched against Fort Donelson and confronted an army of twenty-one thousand men, protected by strong fortifications.

With the gunboats on the river helping him, he set about his work. At first, the gunboats made an attack from the river; but the guns of the fort answered gallantly and the vessels were crippled and driven back.

The Confederates were delighted at this victory, and next day came pouring out of the fort and began a sharp attack on the Union lines. But General Lew Wallace, who, years after, wrote "Ben Hur," held back the Confederate attack on the right, and, as Grant came hurrying up, the enemy fell back again to their fortifications.

At once he followed up their retreat by ordering

his men to charge the Confederate outworks. They did this gallantly. They captured them; and that night the Union soldiers slept within the outer works of Fort Donelson.

That very night the two commanding generals at Fort Donelson, fearing for their lives if they were caught, stole out of the fort by the back way and slipped off with about three thousand men. Next day, General Buckner, whom they left in command, saw that he could not hold Fort Donelson against attack without more help, and sent a note to General Grant asking what terms he would give the Confederates if they gave up the fort.

You remember General Buckner, do you not? He was the officer who climbed the volcano of Popocatapetl with Grant, when they were both young soldiers in Mexico.

Grant knew him, too; but he sent back a note in reply that has become famous:

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

That settled it. General Buckner knew that Grant meant just what he said and would keep his word; and, on the sixteenth day of February, 1862, Fort Donelson with seventeen thousand men surrendered to General Grant.

"General," said Buckner to Grant, after the surrender, "if I had been in command, you would not

have got up to Donelson as easily as you did."

"General," said Grant to Buckner, "if you had been in command, I should not have tried the way I did."

Which shows, does it not, what an advantage it was for Grant to have served in the Mexican war? He knew the characters of the men he was marching against.

The whole North was delighted at the fall of Fort Donelson. "Who is this man Grant?" they began to ask, and catching sight of his initials — U. S. — they called him, from his famous letter to Buckner, "Unconditional Surrender Grant."

As for him, he at once advocated another advance. He had broken into the rebel lines at Belmont. He had cleared the rivers by the capture of Forts Henry and Donelson. Now he wished to go a step further and attack the Confederate base of railroad communication at Corinth in northern Mississippi. If he succeeded in this, he would break through their second line of defense.

His army was to be reinforced, and were to gather at Pittsburg Landing on the Tennessee River, twenty-two miles from Corinth. Here he was encamped when Albert Sidney Johnston, the Confederate general and a gallant leader, determined, like Grant, not to wait to be attacked, but to attack.

So, on the sixth of April, with an army of forty thousand men he fell upon Grant's force of twenty-

five thousand, striking it at Shiloh church three miles from Pittsburg Landing. There a terrible battle was fought. It was as Grant says "a case of southern dash against northern endurance."

The battle lasted through two days and its story proves the truth of Grant's words. The first day's fight was favorable to the Confederates. Again and again they threw themselves upon the Union lines, which being made up in many cases of new men — "raw recruits" — staggered, broke and gave away. But they reformed again speedily, for their leaders were such fine soldiers as Generals Sherman, McClernand, Wallace and McCook. Through the entire day, from eight o'clock until sunset the Union troops of 25,000 men held at bay the Confederate army of 40,000, well generaled and determined to win.

Before night came General Buell with nearly 20,000 more men. To him the situation looked desperate and he said to Grant, "General, what preparation have you made for retreating?"

And Grant replied confidently, "Why, I haven't given up the hope of whipping them, yet."

It was almost like the answer of the famous John Paul Jones, the plucky sea captain in the American Revolution, who, when called upon to surrender, shouted back, "I haven't yet begun to fight."

As Grant looked over the field at night, rain-soaked, blood-sprinkled, disadvantageous, with an

enemy sleeping in his captured tents, confident of victory, when all but he expected defeat on the morrow, he studied over the situation and said, "We shall win tomorrow. Begin the fight as soon as you can see, and we shall report a victory."

It was as he said. The second day's fight was favorable from the start. All day the Confederates were driven back, back, back, fighting for every inch of ground. At three in the afternoon Grant himself led two regiments in a charge; the Confederates broke and ran and the battle of Shiloh ended in a victory for the Union.

It was a victory only because of General Grant's tenacity — that is, his determination to stick to a thing until he had succeeded — never to acknowledge defeat until he was actually whipped off the field. The victory, as Grant very properly says, "was not to either party until the battle was over." And when it was over the Union soldiers were the victors. The leader of the Confederates, General Albert Sidney Johnston, was killed; the rebels, though daring and enthusiastic fighters, were worn out; "it is possible," says General Grant in his account of the battle, "that the southern man started in with a little more dash than his northern brother; but he was correspondingly less enduring." Shiloh was the victory of endurance and the Union soldiers learned a lesson in this line from their determined and silent general.

So the second line of the Confederate defence was broken and Grant pushed onward for a third move. This was nothing less than to divide the Confederacy east and west by starting at its main centre of communication, the city of Vicksburg on the Mississippi. If that were captured the Mississippi would be freed and the Confederacy cut off from its western base.

It was not set about at once. It was over a year before Grant accomplished his purpose. In spite of his successes thus far in the war, jealousy, calumny and lack of appreciation barred his way. Grant was of slow development, as his story shows, but he had wonderful patience, wonderful persistence and wonderful push — three p's that help to make a great commander.

Because of his victory at Fort Donelson he was made major general of volunteers and then he was set aside for an-other officer, only to be speedily reinstated in his command; after Shiloh he was found fault with and almost arrested, only to be given full command again, entrusted with a larger territory and made general in command of the department of the Tennessee. Step by step he worked toward his objective point. Battles were fought, advances made, territory occupied, and, finally, with twenty-five thousand men under his command and a clear field before him he moved against Vicksburg, called from its importance and its strength "the

Gibraltar of the Mississippi."

The Confederacy awoke to its danger and tried to stop him. But it was of no use. Grant could not be stopped.

His risk was great. On one side, behind its entrenchments, garrisoning the town, was Pemberton's army, fully as large a force as his own; on the other side, marching toward him with the hope to reinforce or relieve Vicksburg, was Joseph E. Johnston's army, many thousands strong. But Grant never faltered. With Sherman and McPherson as his trusted assistants, he swung round upon the advancing enemy and, at the same time, kept a bold front toward the entrenched foe. He swept around with a resistless rush. Pemberton was driven back into the Vicksburg trenches; Johnston was defeated in three desperate battles. Within twenty days Grant, in five separate battles, beat two armies (who united, might have destroyed him), seized Jackson, the capital of Mississippi, took thousands of prisoners and captured stores of artillery. Having thus separated the two armies of his foemen beyond hope of union, he sat down before Vicksburg to starve it into surrender.

This was on the nineteenth of May, 1863. The end came speedily. By the first of July the besiegers had reached the outer works, and orders were issued for an assault on the sixth. On the third a white flag appeared on the works and General Grant received a letter from Pemberton, the Confederate com-

mander of Vicksburg, asking for terms of surrender.

To this request Grant returned his customary answer: "The unconditional surrender of the city and garrison…. I have no terms other than these."

There were no other terms, and on the Fourth of July, 1863, the very day on which in the North occurred the great victory at Gettysburg, Vicksburg surrendered to Grant. The Mississippi river was free from the lakes of Minnesota to the Gulf of Mexico. The tanner's son had become a great and successful general.

CHAPTER 8
How He Fought It Out

When Vicksburg fell all the North rejoiced. Well might the South have done so, too, could her people have seen, as they do today, that in their case failure was success. By that I mean that the South gained, and will gain, more because of the way the Civil War ended than had she won the victories and obtained independence.

> "God moves in a mysterious way
> His wonders to perform,"

the old hymn tells us, and in the making of the New America through strife and blood, one of His wonders was certainly worked out in a mysterious way for the side that did not win.

When the report of the fall of Vicksburg was sent north by the successful general, the land rang with hurrahs. Halleck, the commander-in-chief, who had not always believed in Grant's plans, or always helped them on, telegraphed to him, "Your narration of the campaign, like the operations themselves, is brief, soldierly, and in every respect creditable and satisfactory. In boldness of plan, rapidity of

execution, and brilliancy of routes, these operations will compare most favorably with those of Napoleon about Ulm. You and your army have well deserved the gratitude of your country, and it will be the boast of your children that their fathers were of the heroic army which reopened the Mississippi River."

But even more than this acknowledgment of his ability, Grant prized the congratulations that came from that other great American whose name and fame are so dear to us all today — the president — Abraham Lincoln. Read his words carefully and see how like that grand and noble man was this letter of thanks sent by him to his successful general.

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

you were right and I was wrong. Yours very truly, A. LINCOLN."

Congress, too, sent a vote of thanks to this modest victor, and the legislatures of some of the northern states followed suit. He was made major-general in the regular army, and both the nation and the government awoke to the fact that when, as Lincoln wrote, "the Father of Waters again goes unvexed to the sea," the tide of war had turned indeed, and America had discovered her greatest soldier.

Soon his new plans developed. He was given the command of a great section called the "Military Division of the Mississippi." He wished to strike at another point and relieve the division of the Union army which was almost shut up in Chattanooga, at bay before the Confederates in southern Tennessee. A victory here would relieve the great stretch of fine country between the Alleghany Mountains and the Mississippi River and this was the next campaign that Grant desired to lead.

He acted quickly as soon as his plans were laid and permission obtained from the War Department at Washington. He first arranged a line of supply to get food to the hungry and beleaguered soldiers in Chattanooga — the "cracker line," so the soldier boys called it; then, he drew in some of his men at one point, hurried on reinforcements to another, sent some of the soldiers charging against Mission Ridge, fought a great battle on a hilltop "above the

clouds" on Look-out Mountain, hurled his army like a thunderbolt against the Confederate center at Chattanooga, and so surprised, and dazed the enemy that the Confederate armies who had gathered all about Chattanooga to crush and capture the Union troops, were sent racing for dear life through the mountain gaps into Georgia. The battle of Chattanooga is said by military critics to have been one of the most remarkable battles in history. It brought to a brilliant ending Grant's well-planned endeavor to secure the great mountain plateau he had aimed for; it made him lieutenant-general and commander-in-chief of the armies of the United States; it brought him, at once, to the direction of affairs in Virginia, where for three years the genius of Lee had held the northern armies at bay and had overwhelmed in defeat the four generals who had led the Union soldiers to battle.

But now see the modesty, the generosity, the kind-heartedness and appreciation of this remarkable man. He had done it all; his brain had thought out, his hand had worked out all this plan of victory, from Shiloh to Chattanooga. Yet, when he was leaving the West for the East to take his great command he wrote to his best and most beloved assistant, the brave General Sherman, who was to make that remarkable "march to the sea," a letter in which he gave him thanks and credit for the help he had been to him in his western campaign. "No one feels

more than I," he said, "how much of this success is due to the energy, skill, and the harmonious putting forth of that energy and skill, of those whom it has been my good fortune to have occupying subordinate positions under me. There are many officers to whom these remarks are applicable to a greater or less degree, proportionate to their ability as soldiers; but what I want is to express my thanks to you and McPherson, as the men to whom, above all others, I feel indebted for whatever I have had of success. How far your advice and assistance have been of help to me, you know. How far your execution of whatever has been given to you to do entitles you to the reward I am receiving, you cannot know as well as I. I feel all the gratitude this letter would express, giving it the most flattering construction."

Do you wonder that the men who helped him were willing to do their very best when such words as these came to them? In this world, boys and girls, too many men are willing to take to themselves all the credit for what they have a share in. It is a sign of goodness as well as greatness to say to another, "Without your help, I should not have succeeded."

For the first time since his cadet days Grant was in the city of Washington. For the first time in his life he met Abraham Lincoln. The men whose names will ever be joined together as the two greatest Americans of the Nineteenth Century, met quietly and cordially; and, in the president's room at the

White House, on the ninth of March, 1864, President Lincoln handed to General Grant the paper which, by act of Congress, made him lieutenant-general of the armies of the United States.

The two men faced each other the one, tall, angular, ungainly, almost awkward in appearance, but with a face that was full of earnestness and an eye that looked straight into a man's heart; the other, slim, slightly stooping, almost a foot shorter than the president, with a quiet face that showed but little of his great power, and an eye, gray, like Lincoln's, and, like Lincoln's, his most expressive feature.

And it is just an indication of the real pride Grant felt in this ceremony that he took with him, not a display of pomp and circumstance, but simply his boy, his eldest son, whom he wished to have share in his honor and glory.

"General Grant," said the President, handing the soldier his commission, "the nation's appreciation of what you have done, and its reliance upon you for what still remains to be accomplished in the existing great struggle, are now presented with this commission, constituting you lieutenant-general in the army of the United States. With this high honor, devolves upon you, also, a corresponding responsibility. As the country herein trusts you, so, under God, it will sustain you. I scarcely need to add that, with what I here speak for the nation, goes my own hearty personal concurrence."

"Mr. President," General Grant replied, reading the words from a paper in his hand, "I accept the commission with gratitude for the high honor conferred. With the aid of the noble armies that have fought on so many fields for our common country, it will be my earnest endeavor not to disappoint your expectations. I feel the full weight of the responsibilities now devolving on me, and I know that if they are met, it will be due to those armies, and above all, to the favor of that Providence which leads both nations and men."

Short, you see, and modest as were all his utterances, was this speech of acceptance in reply to an order that placed him in command and leadership of a mighty army of seven hundred thousand men.

To use this great army to advantage was what General Grant now desired — to make each part of it do something, but especially to make all the parts work together to one end — victory.

"We have worked so much apart, up to this time," said Grant, "that we've been like a balky team, no two ever pulling together" — he just knew how that was, too; Grant was a horseman, you know. So to make all parts of the army, East and West, work together, his plan was to hurl his armies against the Confederate armies; to keep hurling them; to give the enemy no rest; to give him no chance to draw away troops from one part to reinforce another, and, as he declared, "to take no backward step." That was

one thing Grant never did — go backward.

In May, 1864, this forward movement was begun. Grant, though directing the movements of all the armies, from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, made his headquarters with the army of the Potomac, and that force, though commanded by General Meade, was controlled and directed by Grant.

It took a year for Grant to carry out his plans, but he kept steadily at work. He had quite another piece of work on hand than he had yet attempted — the conquest of General Lee, the greatest general of the Confederacy.

In the way in which he set about this task we can see the greatness of U. S. Grant as a soldier. He always knew and studied the men he was opposed to; each one he met in a different way. And, in Lee, he knew that he was matched against a leader who was bold as well as cautious, determined as well as patient, masterly as well as wily, and, in every way as the old saying has it, "a foeman worthy of his steel."

I shall not describe the terrible fights which made the last year of the Civil War so wonderful a year of battle.

You will read the description for yourselves as you grow older; you can read them with even better understanding than could those who were boys at the time they were fought, or even those who read of them a dozen years after they were fought. For you will read them as a connected story, explained by the

light of what we now know as to plan and method, and you will see that Grant's whole plan of campaign was as simple as it was great: "Give the enemy no rest; strike him and keep striking him. The war must be ended and we must end it now."

Directing every great movement; watching every action; at the front oftener than at the rear; mingling with the men in their camp and on the march; sleeping with them on the bare ground; eating with them their humble rations; advancing always, inch by inch perhaps, but always going toward something, if defeated in one attempt trying it again next day; making the enemy defend himself and not defending himself from the enemy; fearless, though a hater of blood; confident of victory even in the darkest hour; picking the best men as his helpers and sticking to them until they achieved success — this was Grant in Virginia. "Direct as a thunderbolt, tenacious as a bull-dog," as someone said of him, he fought straight on, never halting in his opinion nor wavering in his actions.

"I shall fight it out on this line if it takes all summer," he wrote in a letter to the government from the terrible battlefield of Spottsylvania. That announcement thrilled the North; it gave soldiers and people confidence; and the weary president at Washington with a great sigh of relief knew that at last he had a general at the head of his armies upon whom he could rely to the end.

In just thirteen months after the president had handed to General Grant at the White House his commission as head of the army the end came. Sherman had made a path for his army through Georgia and marching to the sea had cut the Confederacy in two; Sheridan, at the head of a wonderful body of cavalry had ridden around Lee's entire army and kept it from running away and from getting any more supplies of food or ammunition; Thomas, at Nashville, held back the western armies of the Confederacy and defeated them so that they could not go to the aid of Lee; Meade, the hero of Gettysburg, marching as Grant's right hand man at the head of the army of the Potomac, executed all the orders of his chief with determination, precision and despatch; and, at the centre of all stood Grant firm, unyielding, aggressive, imperative; saying a thing and doing it, too; striking, striking, striking — until, at last, in the apple orchard at Appomattox the last stand was made, the last gun fired, the white flag fluttered out and Lee, serene even in defeat, in the little McLean farmhouse met the triumphant general of the Union and surrendered himself and his entire army prisoners of war.

General Grant tells us that he had a dreadful sick headache when Lee's note was handed him asking for an interview to discuss terms of surrender.

"The instant I saw the contents of that note I was cured," he said; and no wonder, was it?

Dressed simply, in a soldier's blouse, without a sword, his general's shoulder straps the only mark of his rank, General Grant met General Lee in McLean's farmhouse and arranged the terms of surrender.

Do you know what those terms were? Before Grant's day a surrender meant a disgrace, a punishment or a terror. Leaders in rebellion were imprisoned, hung or shot; soldiers were penned up like criminals, homes devastated, lands laid waste. Surrender meant savagery.

Now it meant release, relief, friendship. Read what Grant wrote to General Lee at Appomattox Court-House, Virginia, on the ninth of April, 1865.

"In accordance with the substance of my letter to you of the 8th instant, I propose to receive the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, on the following terms, to wit:

"Rolls of all the officers and men to be made in duplicate, one copy to be given to an officer designated by me, the other to be detained by such officers as you may designate.

"The officers to give their individual paroles not to take arms against the United States until properly exchanged, and each company or regimental commander to sign a like parole for the men of their commands.

"The arms, artillery, and public property to be parked and stacked, and turned over to the officers

appointed by me to receive them. This will not embrace the side-arms of the officers, nor their private horses or baggage.

"This done, each officer and man will be allowed to return to their homes, not to be disturbed by United States authority so long as they observe their parole and the laws in force where they may reside."

Was not that generous, magnanimous, great? But, as if to add emphasis to his goodness, Grant said to Lee, when the southern leader told him that some of his men owned their horses, "I will instruct my paroling officers that all the enlisted men of your cavalry and artillery who own horses are to retain them, just as the officers do theirs. They will need them for their spring ploughing and farm work."

"General," said Lee earnestly, "there is nothing you could have done to accomplish more good either for them or for the government."

So you see that one of Grant's kindliest deeds was in connection with horses, of which he was so fond, and farming, at which he had tried his hand.

Then General Lee mounted his horse; he and Grant saluted each other like gentlemen and soldiers; the Confederate chieftain rode back to his army, and the long conflict was over.

As for Grant, he sent to the authorities at Washington this short telegram:

HEADQUARTERS, APPOMATTOX C. H., VA.
April 9th, 1865, 4.30 P. M.

HON. E. M. STANTON, Secretary of War,
WASHINGTON.

General Lee surrendered the Army of Northern Virginia this afternoon upon terms proposed by myself. The accompanying additional correspondence will show conditions fully.

U. S. GRANT, Lieut.-General.

"Lee has surrendered!"

The North was jubilant. Bells rang, salutes thundered, bonfires blazed, there was joy and glorification everywhere, and Grant was the hero of the hour.

In the midst of it all a heavy blow fell on the land. The good president was killed. There is reason to believe that the great general who had led the armies of the Union to victory was also marked for the assassin's bullet; but, fortunately, he escaped by a change of plans, and our greatest martyr, Lincoln the good, was the only victim of the madness of hate. It was a mighty sacrifice.

So peace came. The last hostile shot was fired in Texas, the last armed rebel to the national authority had surrendered, the grand review of the armies marched for two days before the new president and the general of the army, in Washington, and then as the armies were disbanded and the soldiers were sent to their homes, General Grant, on the second of June, 1865, issued to them his final order.

"Soldiers of the Army of the United States," he

said to them; "by your patriotic devotion to your country in the hour of danger and alarm, your magnificent fighting, bravery, and endurance, you have maintained the supremacy of the Union and the Constitution, overthrown all armed opposition to the enforcement of the laws, and of the proclamations forever abolishing slavery (the cause and pretext of the rebellion), and opened the way to the rightful authorities to restore order, and inaugurate peace on a permanent and enduring basis on every foot of American soil.

"Your marches, sieges, and battles, in distance, duration, resolution and brilliancy of results, dim the lustre of the world's past military achievements, and will be the patriot's precedent in defence of liberty and right in all time to come.

"In obedience to your country's call, you left your homes and families, and volunteered in its defence. Victory has crowned your valor and secured the purpose of your patriotic hearts; and with the gratitude of your countrymen, and the highest honors a great and free nation can accord, you will soon be permitted to return to your homes and families, conscious of having discharged the highest duty of American citizens.

"To achieve the glorious triumphs, and secure to yourselves, your fellow-countrymen and posterity the blessings of free institutions, tens of thousands of your gallant comrades have fallen and sealed the

priceless legacy with their lives. The graves of these a grateful nation bedews with tears, honors their memories, and will ever cherish and support their stricken families."

And thus ended the long and terrible war that had made the tanner's son the greatest soldier of the century.

CHAPTER 9
How the Republic Gave Its Verdict

The war was over, and U. S. Grant was the hero of the hour. How well I remember the popular enthusiasm that greeted the hero of Donelson and Vicksburg and Appomattox when he came North. I was a boy then and a hero-worshipper — all boys and girls are, if they have any heart and life and love in them. I raced all the way up Broadway beside his carriage, to the old building of the Union League Club where the general was to have a reception, and only my lack of assurance and a sufficient number of years kept me out of the clubhouse, itself. And when the short, stooping, brown-bearded, quiet-faced man came out on the balcony and bowed to the crowd, oh! how we did cheer. Those were great days for boys in New York.

The victorious general bore his honors modestly. You do not need to be told that. He was never a man to seek publicity or notoriety.

"I don't like this show business," he used to say, when dragged forward to be "exhibited."

After the surrender of Lee, Grant's first thought was to hasten the disbandment of the great armies of

the Union; his second was to help the republic of Mexico.

Our former foemen, the Mexicans, against whom Grant had first marched across the border, were in a bad way. The French emperor, Napoleon III, had, by force of arms and contrary to the will of the people, established an empire in Mexico.

The United States, years before, had pledged itself not to let Europe interfere in the affairs of America. This is called the "Monroe Doctrine," because it was given to the world by President James Monroe, the man who was president of the United States when Grant was born.

This interference in the affairs of Mexico by the Emperor of the French was done in an unfriendly spirit to the United States and at a time when, in the midst of a great civil war, it was especially mean and cowardly.

But that was just like Napoleon III, Emperor of the French.

As soon as our war was over and his hands were free, General Grant induced the United States government to show the French Emperor that a sister republic was not to be thus overawed or enslaved without a protest. So, at his suggestion, General Phil Sheridan, the greatest cavalry general of the United States, was sent to the southwest and, with sixty thousand troops was placed upon the Texan border as a strong hint to Napoleon that the French soldiers

were apt to get themselves into trouble if they stayed much longer in Mexico.

Napoleon had made one of his tools, the Austrian prince, Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico. But when the Emperor of the French saw how the United States felt in the matter and knew that his soldiers might have to face in fight such a general as Grant and such troops as Sheridan's sixty thousand veterans, he, as the old saying has it, "deemed discretion the better part of valor." So he called home to France all his soldiers, and left poor Maximilian to fight his own battles which he was, of course, not able to do, because the people of Mexico were opposed to him.

So Maximilian's grand "Empire of Mexico" fell; the poor prince was shot and Mexico, once again, was a free republic — and largely because of Grant's determined actions.

The sad death of Abraham Lincoln made Andrew John-son, president of the United States.

He was in every respect the exact opposite of the great and good Lincoln.

The result was that President Johnson was soon in hot water with everyone and his whole term was a constant and unlovely squabble with Congress.

Into this fight he tried hard to drag General Grant. But it was of no use. Grant knew that the president was commander-in-chief of the armies of the United States, and that it was his part as general to yield to his superior officer, a soldier's first duty —

obedience.

So he obeyed the president's commands until they touched his honor; then he refused.

This was when President Johnson tried to have General Lee, the Confederate general, arrested for treason, impri-soned and punished.

This was the last thing in the world Lincoln would have done. It was absolutely against Grant's ideas. Besides, he had promised to General Lee and his soldiers, in the name of the American people, freedom from punishment, so long as they obeyed the laws of the land. They were prisoners under parole that is, they had given their word of honor to do nothing against the United States. To punish them as traitors would be breaking his word, and Grant fought sturdily for kindness toward them and especially for amnesty or pardon to General Lee. Was not that grand?

The nation said it was, and the president had to yield. But he did not like Grant after that.

President Johnson had his first quarrel with Lincoln's stern old war secretary, Stanton. Contrary to the law, he forced Stanton out of office, in August, 1867, and appointed General Grant, Secretary of War ad interim — that is, until a new secretary should be regularly nominated by the president and approved by Congress.

General Grant therefore served as Secretary of War, and during the months in which he occupied

that high and important office he performed its duties acceptably and well.

But when Congress met again, in January, 1868, the Senate refused to agree to the president's turning Stanton out of office and he became Secretary of War once more.

Grant had filled the office of Secretary of War, not because he wished to but because the president had ordered him to; and he recognized the president, as I have told you, as his superior officer.

But when President Johnson told General Grant not to obey Stanton, after the great secretary's return to the war office, Grant told the president that he could only obey his orders when put in writing.

"You said you would," said the president. "You promised to do what I asked you."

"I did not," Grant replied, "I simply said I would obey your orders as my commanding officer."

The president began to say spiteful things about Grant, but the great soldier would not be drawn into a quarrel.

"Mr. President," he said "I will do only my duty. I regard this whole matter, from beginning to end, as an attempt to involve me in the resistance of law for which you hesitate to assume the responsibility in orders."

The president could say no more after this bold and blunt declaration. Indeed, he only got deeper into hot water and, soon after, came within a very

few votes of being turned out of his high office by Congress that is, by what is called "impeachment."

Soon after this most unpleasant state of affairs in the government, the time came to elect a new president.

With one voice the National Republican Convention — the same body that had nominated and re-nominated Abraham Lincoln — selected Ulysses S. Grant as its choice, and the vote in the Convention stood six hundred and fifty for Grant, and not one against him!

General Grant did not wish to be president. He enjoyed his position as General of the Army. To this position, created especially for him and held by no other man since George Washington's day, he had been advanced by Congress on July 25, 1866. It was a life position and gave him a salary of twenty-two thousand dollars a year. Was not that a great change from the days not seven years before when he had walked the streets of St. Louis, poor, unrecognized, almost unknown, hunting for work?

He knew that the presidency meant criticism, worries, troubles, hard work, misunderstandings, enemies, for four years; and then, perhaps, nothing to do.

But Grant was a soldier; he was accustomed to obey orders; in a republic the people rule; they are the masters; to their will obedience is due, and it was because he felt in this way, because he was true and

loyal and grand and great that U. S. Grant put aside his own desires, sunk his own preferences and said, "If the people select me as president I must serve." As one writer has said of this decision, "It was the final sacrifice of a patriot."

So, when they came to tell him that he was nominated for the presidency he did not say he could not accept the nomination, that he was not a fit man for it, that he was afraid to assume the responsibilities of the position. He met the order like a soldier; and, like a soldier, accepted it.

"Gentlemen," he said, in the short speech replying to the announcement of his nomination, "being entirely unaccustomed to public speaking, and without the desire to cultivate the power, it is impossible for me to find appropriate language to thank you for this demonstration. All that I can say is, that to whatever position I may be called by your will, I shall endeavor to discharge its duties with fidelity and honesty of purpose. Of my rectitude in the performance of public duties you will have to judge for yourselves by the record before you."

Then he sat down and wrote to the committee of the convention who notified him of his nomination a letter of acceptance which is now one of the famous letters of the world, for in it occurred these words.

"If elected to the office of President of the United States," he wrote, "it will be my endeavor to administer all the laws in good faith, with economy, and

with the view of giving peace, quiet and protection everywhere. In times like the present, it is impossible, or at least eminently improper, to lay down a policy to be adhered to, right or wrong, through an administration of four years. New political issues, not foreseen, are constantly arising; the views of the public on old ones are constantly changing, and a purely administrative officer should be left free to execute the will of the people. I always have respected that will, and always shall. Peace, and universal prosperity — its sequence — with economy of administration, will lighten the burden of taxation, while it constantly reduces the national debt. Let us have peace."

"Let us have peace" — those were great words. They fitted the needs and spirit of the time better than a volume of explanations or a flood of eloquence. And the people applauded them and adopted them as their sentiment and desire.

As General Grant had made no exertion to secure his nomination, so, too, he made no move toward helping forward his election to the presidency.

This was not a war campaign. In that he always led; that moved according to his directions. In the presidential campaign the people were to lead. He was in their hands. If the nation wished him for its chief ruler, the nation must elect him. He would give no help. All of which shows, as I told you in an earlier chapter, that Grant was no politician. He was a

soldier, calmly awaiting the call to duty.

It came. The National election, in November, 1868, resulted in the republic's verdict to its greatest soldier: Go up higher! And by an electoral vote of two hundred and fourteen out of three hundred and seventeen, twenty-six states out of thirty-four, Ulysses S. Grant was elected President of the United States.

Standing upon a platform built for the occasion against the splendid east front of the great white capitol at Washington, on Thursday, the fourth of March, 1869, with a great cheering throng before him, with senators and generals and high officials about him and, beside him, those who were dearest to him — his wife and children — General Grant took the oath of office to faithfully administer the duties of his office during his term as president. Then the guns boomed a salute; the steam whistles shrilled out their applause; the bands played; the people cheered; and that all meant the old-time hail: "Long live Ulysses S. Grant, President of the United States!"

Then, when things became quiet, President Grant read his inaugural address. It was short, only about a thousand words. But it expressed a firm determination to do his duty and serve the nation, as president, as loyally as he had served it as general.

"I have," he said, "in conformity with the Constitution of our country, taken the oath of office

prescribed therein. I have taken this oath without mental reservation, and with a determination to do, to the best of my ability, all that it requires of me.

"The responsibilities of the position I feel, but accept them without fear. The office has come to me unsought; I commence its duties untrammelled. I bring to it a conscious desire and determination to fill it, to the best of my ability, to the satisfaction of the people. On all leading questions agitating the public mind I will always express my views to Congress, and urge them according to my judgment, and when I think it advisable, will exercise the constitutional privilege of interposing a veto to defeat measures which I oppose. But all laws will be faithfully executed, whether they meet my approval or not.

"I shall, on all subjects, have a policy to recommend; none to enforce against the will of the people. Laws are to govern all alike those opposed to as well as those in favor of them. I know no method to secure the repeal of bad or obnoxious laws so effectual as their strict execution."

As he read, his little daughter Nellie, then just in her "teens," stood beside her father, holding his hand, until someone placed a chair for her, so that she might sit near "her papa the president."

And after it was over, surrounded by a great and cheering crowd, the new president drove to his new home in the nation's capital — the splendid White House.

His work there as president was quite different from what he had ever been used to as a soldier; and yet, very naturally, he brought into it, the same traits that had made him a great and successful soldier.

As he chose his own lieutenants and helpers in the army, so he wished to select them as president. He asked no one's advice, took no one into his confidence, but went his way as would a leader of an army planning a campaign of which he alone was the director and head.

People began to talk, that is, the politicians did. They had always been accustomed to having their advice asked, or to having the opportunity to suggest some one they knew for office or appointment.

But Grant went on his solitary way. He made up his first cabinet — his circle of advisers and helpers, you know — to suit himself and not to please the politicians. Then they — the politicians — began to grumble. They called Grant hard names — the dictator, the man on horseback, and other things.

But the soldier-president paid no attention to their criticism. He thought he knew what was wanted. He selected his cabinet almost without consultation; every one was surprised at his selections; even those selected had to be argued with to accept, and when one or two were found "not eligible" — that is, not permitted by the laws of the land, to fill the position offered them — no one was more surprised or disappointed than President Grant. Then

he understood that a president and a general were quite different. But, all the same, it was a good cabinet, and his administration was a success, notwithstanding all he had to learn and unlearn.

It was during his first administration that the city of Washington was remade. From a mud-hole it became a metropolis; from a shabby country village it became a city of groves and bowers, of boulevards and palaces, of beauty and importance, so that it is, today, the most attractive of capitals, the finest winter city in the world, the show town of America. And this was largely due to the foresight and planning of U. S. Grant.

But greater than material growth — than the picturesque development of granite and tar and sewer and drain pipes and brick and mortar — was the great stride toward peace made by the Republic's greatest soldier.

There was serious trouble with Great Britain. England had not used us well during the great civil war. From her ports had sailed rebel warships to destroy our merchant vessels and drive our commerce from the sea.

Of course our government objected and said England had hurt us. And, after the war was over, the United States government demanded satisfaction from Great Britain. This was refused. There was grumbling and quarreling on both sides of the sea; there was even talk of war.

President Johnson had sadly bungled; President Grant took things in hand. He clearly saw the right and wrong of the whole matter; he refused to acknowledge the justice of England's position; he formed his plan for settlement as wisely and as directly as he did his plans for battle.

He made the United States responsible for all demands upon Great Britain so that private claims might be counted out and the trouble brought down simply between the two governments. Then he demanded from Great Britain justice — that was all.

Our mother-country and old-time enemy objected; she twisted and turned; but she did not wish war. Finally Great Britain yielded a point in the dispute. Then Grant pushed on another — just as he had "inched on" towards Vicksburg and Richmond.

At last, a commission of five Americans and five Englishmen was appointed to talk over the matter. That was Grant's first great victory. It decided that the United States was right in making its complaints, and a treaty was signed the eighth of May 1871, called the treaty of Washington which gave satisfaction to the United States.

Then the main question of whether Great Britain was responsible for the damage done by rebel warships fitted out in English ports was submitted for decision — we call it arbitration, now — to a court made up of five picked men from the United States, Great Britain, Italy, Switzerland and Brazil.

This court of arbitration met at Geneva in Switzerland and in September 1872, after long discussions, decided that Great Britain was in the wrong and must pay to the United States over fifteen millions of dollars to make good the damage she had done.

This was Grant's second great victory. It was peace instead of war; honorable settlement instead of blood and blows as in the old days.

"I shall never fire another gun in anger," said U. S. Grant, and to his unchanging desire and invincible will came this great and notable victory of peace with honor to both sides.

CHAPTER 10
How the Tanner's Son Served the Second Time

Was there ever a girl or boy who did not say to his or her playmate "I am mad at you" or "I won't play with you?" Very few, I suspect. It is not a good state of mind to be in, or a nice thing to say — but it's the way of the world, and, as some old poet has said, "the child is father to the man."

That means, of course, that what children do, grown folks sometimes do, as well. They get "mad" and call names just as they did when they were boys. And sometimes it is old friends who do this.

Though the people liked and honored Grant, the politicians did not. Even some statesmen, who ought to have been broader-minded and clearer-sighted than politicians, did not like "Grant's way."

They said he was running the office to suit himself; that he wanted to have all the say and become a tyrant or a dictator; that he was not re-uniting the North and South in the right way; that he was only looking out for his own friends in the government; that he was trying to make the party in power like a great machine in which he held the lever. They said

— well, in fact they said about everything that was dis-agreeable, either because they were "mad," like foolish boys and girls, or because they thought they knew better themselves how to do things, or because they were on the other side in politics and felt bound to find fault with the side in power, or because they honestly felt that the way things were being done was not for the good of the country. It takes all kinds to make up the world, you know.

But Grant went on in his own direct way. He felt that he was doing the best for the country, and, when he believed that, nothing could move him.

He had certain simple views about "running the government." He wished to put into office men who were friendly to him and who would carry out his ideas; he wished to make the republic strong at home and abroad; he wished it to be honest in money matters and to keep all the promises it had made when it had to borrow great sums of money to pay for carrying on the war. As a result, he had done many excellent things as president. He had made mistakes, perhaps; every one makes some mistakes, you know; but see what he had accomplished as president of the United States during the four years he had held the office. He had paid a great slice of the public debt — that was the money borrowed by the republic to carry on the war; he had lowered the taxes — the money that each man has to pay towards carrying on the government; he had tried to put only honest and

good men into office and to cut down the running expenses — that is what we call "honesty and economy in the public service;" he had been so strong and sure a captain, with his hand on the rudder of the ship of state, that business had improved and the people, at home and abroad, had confidence that the great American Republic would keep all its promises, pay all its debts, recover from all the harm done by those terrible years of war and become greater, stronger, richer and more powerful than ever.

So, you see, the people believed in Grant; and when his first four years as president were nearly over, even though the other party wished a change — just because it was the other party, you know, and though the discontented ones in his own party growled and grumbled and wished a change, also, the people of the republic in great numbers said, "Let us have Grant again for president. He is a safe man and the best man."

So, at the National Republican Convention which met at Philadelphia on the fifth of June 1872, U. S. Grant was unanimously nominated as the candidate of the party for president of the United States for a second term.

Of course he was re-elected. Although the "mad," the discontented, the dissatisfied, the jealous, the angrily-critical and the honestly-critical men in his own party joined with the hostile men in the other party, their efforts failed and Grant was re-elected

president by a vote of two hundred and eighty-six out of three hundred and forty-nine electoral votes and by a popular majority of nearly eight hundred thousand.

It was a cold, bleak, raw and wintry day when he stood up to deliver his second inaugural. But he stood before the people stalwart, determined, but modest and unassuming, as if to show the people that he knew his duty to be the republic's need, and to do it however the wind of opposition might blow or the cold of criticism cut and sting.

He knew that he was right; and, standing there, he said, sorrowfully but feelingly: "From my candidacy for my present office in 1868, to the close of the last presidential campaign, I have been the subject of abuse and slander, scarcely ever equaled in political history. This, today, I feel I can afford to disregard, in view of your verdict, which I gratefully accept as my vindication."

So he took the oath of office the second time; again the drums beat, the guns boomed and the people cheered; and again Ulysses S. Grant, the tanner's son, entered the White House, president of the United States for the second time.

Once more he entered upon that high office not because he liked it or wished for it, but because he felt it to be his duty; once more, so he believed, the people had selected him to act for them and to look after their affairs and he intended to serve them

honestly and well; once more he found things that must be done and he set about doing them.

Two of these were, what was called, the reconstruction of the South and the money question. To both of these he gave much thought and care, and the time will come when the work of President Grant on both these difficult matters will be set down as the work of a statesman and a great ruler.

Very few boys think alike; very few men think alike. It is because people differ that the world goes on. So, when men in office or in power or in politics or in business have a question to settle, they are apt to differ about it and discuss it, until some decision is reached.

There never was a harder question to settle than how to make the southern States which had been in rebellion good Union States again. Probably if Lincoln had lived there would not have been so much trouble; but, for some good reason, God thought it best to have us work out the problem without that kindly, kingly soul.

So President Johnson muddled it up, and so stirred up things that the southern people, who had been ready to grasp the hand of peace that Grant stretched out at Appomattox, were changed by Johnson's mistakes and demanded where they should have asked.

This made it hard to settle things, for though none who had been rebels against the national

authority had been punished, all had seen that justice must be done.

For nearly eight years Grant had to face the question what to do in the South.

The people of the South tried to make things go the way they wished them and were unjust, harsh and cruel to the black men whom the nation had set free, and the white men who differed from them. Grant, who tried to see the matter from their side as well as from his own, said that he did not wish to do anything that should distress or hurt them, but, he added, in much the same way that he had said "unconditional surrender" at Donelson, "I will not hesitate to exhaust the powers vested in the executive, whenever and wherever it shall become necessary to do so, for the purpose of securing to the citizens of the United States the peaceful enjoyments of the rights guaranteed to them by the Constitution and the laws."

That was stern talk. It was the word of a soldier, and it was kept like a soldier.

There were terrible times in the South. It was years before matters were smoothed out, and the hatred and anger and wickedness that were a part of the story of Southern progress died down. For, you must know this, boys and girls — no good thing is ever done for the world, no great result ever reached, nothing really worth having is ever obtained without worry, trouble, suffering and loss. But the end came

in time. And the new America, the real union of states, the true and mighty republic, will, when you are men and women, be found to have come to grandeur at last largely because of the determined, unyielding and noble stand of the soldier-president Ulysses S. Grant who, with his firm hand, taught the people the value of obedience to law and the greatness of a patriotism that knew neither North nor South — nothing but the Re-public.

In the same way, he settled the money troubles. The public debt was great; the needs of the country were great; the year 1873 was a dark and trying one. Some of the leaders thought they saw a way out by making more money, even if it cheapened our dollar and broke the nation's solemn promise to pay its debts in honest money. This was what was called the "inflation of the currency" — that is, swelling it in amount but not in real value.

Grant saw how this would, in a way, help the country out of its difficulties, but the more he studied it the more he felt certain that it would not be just or right. And when, in 1874, the Congress passed a bill of this sort, which should make paper money or "currency" as good as gold, he vetoed it — that is, he refused to sign it, and sent it back to Congress with these words: "I am not a believer in any artificial method of making paper money equal to coin when the coin is not owned or held ready to redeem the promise to pay; for paper money is nothing more

than promises to pay."

That sounds like Ulysses S. Grant, does it not? He was the soul of honor and of truth.

Arbitration — the settlement of disputes by peaceful discussion instead of by the terrible clash of war — was the victory of Grant's first administration.

The veto of the inflation bill — honesty in money matters — was the victory of Grant's second administration.

And when men whom he had trusted, men whom he had placed in high position and honored with his confidence and his faith, proved themselves weak and unable to resist temptation; when they joined with others to do the nation harm by using their high position for selfish and base ends — in other words, to put money in their pockets by using their position as the means, without care or thought as to their duty to the republic — then the president, like the soldier he was, put justice before friendship, and duty above regard and, though he knew those he had held as friends might be brought to justice, said simply: "Let no guilty man escape."

In his second administration came the close of the first one hundred years of the life of the republic — the Centennial anniversary of the founding of the United States of America.

The nation celebrated the event grandly. In every town and village in the land the Fourth of July, 1876, was observed with especial honor. In the city of

Philadelphia, in which, one hundred years before, the Declaration of Independence had been signed, and America proclaimed free, a six-month's exhibition of the world's progress and the world's work was displayed. And this great Exposition was opened and set going by the man whose head and hand had done so much toward preserving independence and keeping whole the union of the states — its defender and ruler, President Grant.

The second administration of Grant drew toward its close. And when people began to talk about who should be president after that, there were those all through the nation who said: "No one can succeed him. Let us have Grant for a third term."

They had said the same thing about Washington, you know.

But Washington, you remember, would not serve a third time. He told the people that they were able to make a wise choice and that they must get a new president. It was not wise or right to keep putting the same man in the president's chair. It was not good for him or for the nation. And then, you know, he issued his grand Farewell Address.

President Grant did not issue a farewell address. He was a much younger man than was Washington when his second term closed, and he did not feel that the occasion called for any such action.

But he did see that it was not a wise thing to listen to the voice of those who cried "once more." He did

feel that if he should allow his name to be used again as a candidate, it would, in a way, force the party to nominate him, and this he believed to be a very bad thing for the country. For, if one man is able to say to the people, "You must keep me as a president," in time the republic would be no better than a tyranny and freedom would be in danger.

So, though it meant loss and sacrifice to himself, he put aside all personal wishes or desires and said very firmly: "I will not serve as president for the third time. Choose someone else, and let me be a plain citizen of the United States once more."

It turned out when he would not let his name be used, that it was not so easy to choose a new man.

There was great difference of opinion; and when the time came for a change there were many who wished to see the other party succeed. Two good and wise men were selected as candidates — one by the Republican and one by the Democratic party.

But, so close was the election, that when election day was over, the votes were so nearly even and there were so many disputes about the voting that it was impossible to say which candidate was elected.

The matter had to go to Congress for settlement. They appointed fifteen men to go over the whole matter and decide. This was called the Electoral Commission and they went carefully over all the facts and figures trying to decide. But even then they differed about the matter, seven of them saying that

the Democratic candidate was elected and eight of them that the Republican candidate was elected.

The majority decided it. The Republican candidate was declared elected. But even then those on the other side were not satisfied. They said that the Democratic candidate had really won and that the decision of the eight men should not be accepted.

For a few days things looked threatening. Men talked wildly. But, in the president's chair at Washington, sat a man who could not be moved by talk and bluster. Whatever was the law that would Grant enforce.

If the fifteen men had said that Mr. Tilden, the Democratic candidate, had been elected, President Grant would have seen to it that Tilden was inaugurated president. A majority of the fifteen men had said that Mr. Hayes, the Republican candidate, was the rightful president. It was the duty of President Grant to enforce the will of the majority, and he took every step necessary to secure the inauguration of Hayes.

"Let us have peace" his action meant again. "But we will have justice."

To the everlasting honor of Mr. Tilden let it be said that he sided with President Grant in working to still the loud talkers and act for peace. He would do nothing to help on the disturbing element, and, with Ulysses S. Grant in the White House, the disturbers dare not disturb.

His firmness and determination to carry out the will of the people as decided by the majority of the fifteen let the country know that it would be carried out. The growls of disappointment grew weak; the threats of the disobedient ones died away, and Ulysses S. Grant, soldier-president to the last, handed over his great office to his successor, President Hayes, and became a plain citizen — Mr. Grant, once more.

CHAPTER 11
How Ulysses Saw the World

Is there any boy or girl who does not like a vacation? Perhaps such a curiosity does exist somewhere, but I have never seen one; have you?

No matter how much we enjoy our work or our study, no matter what may be our occupation in life, a rest is always welcome, a change is always pleasant.

It is so with boys and girls; it is so with men and women; you know the old rhyme.

> "All work and no play
> Makes Jack a dull boy."

It had been lots of hard work and very, very little play for U. S. Grant all through his life. And from 1860 to 1876 he had been so busy as soldier, as general, as conqueror, as secretary, as president, that life had been as crowded with work as it had been filled with honor.

So, when the quiet of private life came, after the rush and worry of public station, the general looked about for some way in which he could get change of scene and occupation.

You remember, do you not, the reason why

Ulysses the boy was willing to go to West Point? Because of the journey there. It would give him a chance to see the world, he said, and he was even ready to accept the risk and work of West Point at the end, for the sake of the journey East and all the sights and scenes he would see on his way to the Military Academy on the banks of the Hudson.

This desire to travel and to see new places was with him all his life. So when his presidential terms were ended and he had time and leisure for the first time in all his busy life, he declared that he meant to see the world.

When the government which he had served so well knew his desire and intention, it would have sent him across the sea in a special ship, setting apart one of our men-of-war for this purpose.

But show and circumstance were just what General Grant wished to avoid. Always the most modest and retiring of men in private life, he wished to go abroad simply as an American citizen on a visit to his daughter.

For you must know that this dearly-loved daughter, Nellie, the girl who had stood beside him when he was first inaugurated president had been married in the White House. She had married a young Englishman and had gone to England to live. One of the general's chief reasons for his trip abroad was to visit Nellie.

So, on the seventeenth of May, 1877, General

Grant with his wife and his son Jesse sailed from Philadelphia on the steamer "Indiana" of the American line, en route for England and the Continent.

I speak of him here as General Grant. It is natural. With all his high record as a just and wise president, it is as General of the Armies of the Republic that he is most famous; it is as general that the world speaks of him, today.

It is still, with us, as it was with General Sherman, his loved and splendid assistant, when, in Philadelphia, he made the farewell speech to his old chief as a large company assembled to bid Grant good-bye and God speed.

"While you, his fellow-citizens," said General Sherman, "speak of him and regard him as ex-President Grant, I cannot but think of the times of the war, of General Grant — President of the United States for eight years — yet I cannot but think of him as the General Grant of Fort Donelson. I think of him as the man who, when the country was in the hour of its peril, restored its hopes when he marched triumphant into Fort Donelson. After that, none of us felt the least doubt as to the future of our country, and therefore, if the name of Washington is allied with the birth of our country, that of Grant is forever identified with its preservation, its perpetuation. It is not here alone, on the shores of the Delaware, that the people love and respect you, but in Chicago and St. Paul, and in far-off San Francisco, the prayers go

up today that your voyage may be prosperous and pleasant. God bless you, and grant you a pleasant journey and a safe return to your native land."

That was a pleasant and friendly "send-off" from an old comrade, was it not? And General Sherman meant it all, for he loved and honored General Grant.

But if the United States government could not prevail upon General Grant to go to Europe in a warship, specially set apart for his use, it did intend that the people across the Atlantic should have the opportunity to make the general's journey an enjoyable one. To do this, word was sent to all the men abroad who were the agents or representatives of the United States in Europe — our ministers and consuls, they are called — in a note from the Secretary of State at Washington. It read as follows:

"Gentlemen, Ulysses S. Grant, the late President of the United States, sailed from Philadelphia on the 17th inst. for Liverpool.

"The route and extent of his travels, as well as the duration of his sojourn abroad, were alike undetermined at the time of his departure, the object of his journey being to secure a few months of rest and recreation after sixteen years of unremitting and devoted labor in the military and civil service of his country.

"The enthusiastic manifestations of popular regard and esteem for General Grant shown by the

people in all parts of the country that he has visited since his retirement from official life, and attending his every appearance in public from the day of that retirement up to the moment of his departure for Europe, indicate beyond question the high place he holds in the grateful affections of his countrymen.

"Sharing in the largest measure this general public sentiment, and at the same time expressing the wishes of the President, I desire to invite the aid of the diplomatic and consular officers of the Government to make his journey a pleasant one should he visit their posts. I feel already assured that you will find patriotic pleasure in anticipating the wishes of the department by showing him that attention and consideration which are due from every officer of the Government to a citizen of the Republic so signally distinguished both in official service and personal renown."

This note put every one on the lookout for the great American general. It is very likely that, if General Grant had been asked, he would have preferred to go about without any one knowing it, just "on his own hook," you know. But, certainly, this preparing the way for his coming must have made his visit and his journeying all the more enjoyable.

He travelled everywhere that he cared to; he saw everything there was to see; and the best of it was he did not have any one to find fault with him because he lingered here or loitered there, as when he first

saw the world as a boy, on his way to school at West Point. Then, you remember, he stopped so long in Philadelphia and New York "seeing the sights" that his folks at home scolded him for loitering. Now, there was no one to scold him; he was the head of his class.

He found all the doors open and every one ready to welcome him. He visited the Queen of England at splendid Windsor castle; he called on the Emperor of Germany at Berlin, he met the soldier president of France, General MacMahon, at Paris, he was the guest of the boy-king of Spain at Vitoria, and the king of Portugal at Lisbon. He talked with the Pope at Rome and with the king of Italy, too. The king of Denmark at Copenhagen, the king of Sweden at Stockholm, the Emperor of Austria at Vienna, all said, "how do you do," in their most royal style, and the Czar of Russia at St. Petersburg welcomed him as a "great and good friend," as the letters between kings and presidents always say.

In all of these interviews Grant bore himself modestly but manfully. His hosts respected and honored him, and felt that it was quite as great a privilege to see and talk with the foremost American soldier as it was for him to see and talk with them.

For, of course, it was a privilege, and as such General Grant regarded it. To dine with the Queen of England, to discuss military matters and affairs of state with Bismarck, to exchange greetings and

opinions with the Pope — these opportunities were most welcome to so keen a student of men as General Grant; but I am certain that, quite as much as royal interviews and princely festivities, did this sturdy American citizen appreciate and enjoy his chances to see and talk with the common people. For the people, whatever is their condition and whoever are their rulers, make up the nation, and their life and talk show what the spirit of that nation really is.

So when Grant was in England, no occasion so gratified him as the greeting he received from hundreds of thousands of British workingmen. For it was the workingmen of England, you must know, who in the darkest days of our Civil War held firmly to the side of liberty and union, even though their living depended on the trade in American cotton and though the Confederacy made all sorts of brilliant promises if England would only recognize and befriend it. It was the workingmen of England who kept off this recognition until the cause of free labor triumphed over slave labor, and the spirit of union over that of disunion.

You can therefore easily understand why Grant was so de-lighted with his greeting by the workers of England. He was a worker himself. He knew what it was to toil and sweat over his day's "job" and he spoke from his heart when he replied to the address of welcome from the working men of England.

"There is no reception I am prouder of," he said,

"than this one today. I recognize the fact that whatever there is of greatness in the United States, or indeed in any other country, is due to the labor performed. The laborer is the author of all greatness and wealth. Without labor there would be no government, no leading class, nothing to preserve. With us, labor is regarded as highly respectable. When it is not so regarded, it is that man dishonors labor.

"We recognize that labor dishonors no man; and no matter what a man's occupation, he is eligible to fill any post in the gift of the people. His occupation is not considered in the selection of him, whether as a lawmaker, or an executor of the law. Now, gentlemen, in conclusion all I can do is to renew my thanks to you for the address, and to repeat what I have said before, that I have received nothing from any class since my arrival on this soil which has given me more pleasure."

So when he came to Newcastle, in the great coal and iron district of England, the city had a holiday. English workers greeted an American worker; to his victorious arm they felt that much of their own prosperity might be due. They hailed him with banners and with cheers as "the Hero of Freedom;" and Grant, standing on a platform in the midst of these shouting thousands spoke the message of peace from America to England the great and happy hope that was ever in his mind. For our greatest soldier was also our greatest peace-lover.

From May, 1877, to November, 1878, General Grant was in Europe. Besides his trip to the Continent he spent much of the time visiting his dear daughter Nellie at her English home.

Then he began to think of America. But the president of the United States saw how much good this visit of General Grant was doing for America, in what he did, what he said, and in his being seen and heard as the foremost American of his day; so the president expressed a wish that General Grant would keep on his travels and would visit those far eastern lands where an American was scarcely known or understood by the millions of people so different from Americans in speech, customs, religion and life.

This changed General Grant's plans. He decided to come home by the way of Asia and make his journey a trip around the world.

With United States government vessels placed at his service whenever he desired, with kings and consuls waiting to receive him, and with eyes open to all that was curious, all that was notable and all that was interesting in those old lands that were new to him, General Grant, with his wife and eldest son, sailed from Marseilles in Southern France on the twenty-fourth of January, 1879, for what is known to us as the Far East — though really if you live in California or on the Pacific coast it is the Nearest West!

It was a most extraordinary trip. It did not exactly reach up to Greenland's Icy Mountains (although

the general, you know, had been to the Land of the Midnight Sun) but it did touch India's Coral Strand, and others of those far away regions which the old hymn writer had in mind when he said of them:

> "Where all the prospect pleases
> And only man is vile."

The men who met and welcomed General Grant on his Oriental tour however were not at all vile; they were courteous, interested and full of big-worded compliments.

In India, in Siam, in China and in Japan, Grant met a quick and friendly welcome, even though the princes and people he saw were as opposite to him as possible in nature and in looks, and though, with the inability of people who live under a tyranny to understand the people who live under a republic, they persisted in looking upon him and referring to him as the "King of America." Imagine Grant, the most democratic of men, being hailed as king!

Welcomed like a king, housed like a king, treated like a king, Grant went from one strange land to another, studying men and manners, customs and laws, more interested in the viceroy of China than in the ruins of Rome, more impressed by the people of Siam than by all the famous paintings in the galleries of Europe. For General Grant was always a student of men rather than of books, and a lover of the people of the world rather than the beauties of

nature. Bismarck was more interesting to him than Niagara, the Mikado of Japan than Mount Blanc.

From Marseilles to Bombay, from Bombay to Calcutta, from Rangoon to Hong Kong, from Hong Kong to Canton, from Canton to Shanghai, from Shanghai to Peking, from Peking to Tokyo and from Tokyo home. This, with stops at many important and intermediate places, was the journey of Grant in the East. He saw the Parsee sun-worshippers of the Towers of Silence; he rode on elephant-back to the sacred Ganges; he saw the places made famous by the terrible Sepoy rebellion in India; he saw the gate at Lucknow through which Jessie Brown heard the slogan that brought the pipers and relief to that beleaguered city; he toasted, in the British colony of Hong Kong "the friendship of the two great English-speaking nations of the world — England and America;" he swung through the curious streets of Canton in a latticed bamboo chair; he saw his name coupled with those of Washington and Lincoln on the street-mottoes of Shanghai; he talked long and pleasantly with the great Viceroy of China, Li Hung Chang, and, leaving the United States warship in the beautiful harbor of Nagasaki, he rode over the green hills of Japan and visited in his own palace of Enriokwan, the young Mikado of Japan that hidden mystery of Eastern royalty, who, for the first time in the history of the world now talked with a "foreigner."

Then, at last, he turned his face homeward. He

bade good-bye to hospitable Japan and to that great Asiatic continent that had been to him, from boyhood, alike mysterious and fascinating; he said good-bye to the foreign lands he had visited and the strange sights he had seen, and, steaming across the wide Pacific, set foot again upon his native land, entering it through that splendid Golden Gate which, as a young officer in California, he had seen years before, but never dreamed that he should enter in this fashion, as the great American, homeward bound from his round of visits to the kings and queens and princes and people of the world.

But he returned as he departed, untouched by lionizing, unspoiled by fame, the simple, modest, clear-headed, practical American citizen and gentleman — just U. S. Grant, the same as ever.

CHAPTER 12
The Old General's Last Fight

Although vacations are welcome and rest or change is delightful, there are but few men who like to have nothing to do.

General Grant was not one of these. He liked to be occupied. His trip around the world was over, he was no longer in office or in the army, he was worth just about a hundred thou-sand dollars. If he could use this money wisely, he thought, he could make a good deal out of it and perhaps be worth a for-tune — which would be a good thing for his family.

As you know, the general's tastes were simple. He did love fine horses, he did enjoy a good cigar; but these were his only luxuries.

He was very, very fond of his children. He wished to help them on in the world, and, after his return to America, he was anxious to do something that would occupy his mind and benefit his family.

He had been given many presents by his fellow-countrymen. They insisted on showing him how much they thought of what he had done for them and the republic. He was given a fine house in Galena, one in Philadelphia, one in Washington, and

one in New York. The men who had money made him a gift of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, the interest of which — that is, the money it earns each year was to come to him — while the whole amount was to be kept un-touched for his wife and children if he should die.

He had one hundred thousand dollars of his own besides this, and the brownstone house in East Sixty-sixth street, near the Central Park, in New York, was full of presents and trophies and mementoes that had been given him by the princes and people he had visited in his journey around the world.

In 1880 the National Republican Convention met at Chicago to nominate a new president of the United States. Many of the men in that convention wished to nominate General Grant. But there was a strong opposition, not to Grant, but to allowing any man to be president of the United States more than twice.

No president had ever had a third term. Washington had stood out against it when he was asked to serve and his example has always been followed. Probably Grant would not have accepted the nomination, although he never did say anything until it was time to speak.

So the fear that the people would not like it carried the day, and another man was nominated for president. But three hundred and six of the delegates to the convention held firmly together, voting every

time for General Grant.

If he had been nominated, and if he had accepted, there is no doubt that he would have been elected, for he was the greatest living American and the people were true to the man who had made almost their very existence possible. He did not wish the office again; he would not have accepted it or served had he not felt that it was the will of the people. To that he always bowed obedience. It is probable, had he been elected, that he would have made a better president than ever, for his trip around the world had given him a new knowledge of men and of nations, and that experience would have aided him greatly in conducting the affairs of the republic and keeping it up to the mark alongside the rest of the world.

But, instead of a political campaign, he had another fight before him — the fiercest, most unrelenting and most desperate of any that it had ever fallen to the lot of the great soldier to face and wage.

He was sixty years old; he was healthy, wealthy and wise. The world was going well with him. His fame was at its highest. His name was honored throughout all the world. It seemed as though nothing could disturb or molest him, and yet, at one blow, the old general was struck down, wounded, in the tenderest of all places, his honor, his reputation — his word.

It was this way. In 1880 he had gone into business, investing the hundred thousand dollars, of

which I have told you, in the banking business in which one of his sons was a partner.

The banking business, you know, is one that deals with money, lending, using or investing it so as to get large returns and good profits. It is a very fine and high-toned business when honorably conducted. But it gives opportunity to a dishonest or bad man to harm and hurt other people, by what is called speculation.

General Grant was not an active partner in the business. He put in all his money and was to have part of the profits. He had perfect confidence in his son and his son's partner.

At first the firm made lots of money. General Grant's name, of course, gave people confidence and one of the partners was such a sharp and shrewd business man that people called him the "Napoleon of finance" — which means that he was such a good hand to manage money matters that he could conquer everything opposed to him in business, just as Napoleon did in war. But Napoleon, you know, was defeated and utterly overthrown at Waterloo!

It was the night before Christmas in the year 1883, when General Grant, as I have told you, was feeling that everything was going finely with him, that he was well and strong and, that he was very nearly a millionaire on the profits of his banking business, that he slipped on the ice in front of his house and hurt one of his muscles so badly that he had to

go to bed and was kept indoors for weeks. You would not think a little fall like that would be so bad, but when a man gets to be over sixty he does not get over the shock of such an accident as easily as he did when he was sixteen. From that Christmas day of 1883 General Grant was never again a well man.

Still he felt comfortable in his mind, for his affairs were prosperous, and for the first time in his life he was able to buy what he pleased and to spend as he liked, with a good big sum in the bank.

On the morning of Tuesday, the sixth of May, 1884, General Grant was, as he thought, a millionaire. Before sunset that same day he knew that he was ruined.

The bank had failed. The "Napoleon of finance" whom everyone thought so smart a business man, had been too smart. He had speculated and lost everything.

Worse than this he had lied and stolen. He had used the name and fame of General Grant to back up wicked schemes and dishonorable transactions; he had used up all the money put into the business by General Grant and Mrs. Grant and the others who had gladly put in the money because of General Grant's name, and he had so turned and twisted and handled things that not a dollar was left in the business. General Grant and his sons were ruined; their good names apparently, were disgraced by being mixed up with the affairs and wickednesses of their

bad and bold partner, who, as soon as he saw the truth was out ran away, like the thief and coward he was.

Every one was surprised. More than this, they were so startled that, for a time, even the great name of Grant seemed beclouded, and thoughtless people, cruel people, the folks who like to talk and to say things without thinking of the consequences, said mean and hateful and wicked and untruthful things about this great and noble soldier who never in his life had done a dishonorable act, or said a mean or unkind thing, or knowingly injured a single person. It was hard, was it not?

It was especially hard on such a man as General Grant. He never complained, he never spoke of the treatment to his friends; but it hurt terribly.

It made him sick. It weakened a constitution already undermined by the shock of that fall on the ice, and it developed a terrible trouble in his throat that brought him months of suffering, of torture and of agony.

Before this developed however, he had set to work to do something to earn money. For, to make a bad matter worse, something was wrong with the way the trust fund of $250,000, of which I have told you, was invested and no money could come from that for months. A great magazine wished him to tell for its readers the story of one of his battles, and, although General Grant had never tried or even thought of

such a thing, he did set to work, and wrote the story of how he fought the battle of Shiloh; then he wrote another one telling how he captured Vicksburg.

It was while he was at work on these articles that the trouble in his throat developed. It grew worse and worse. The doctors could not cure it; they could hardly give him relief from the pain that came; and the first struggle with the dreadful disease was harder to stand than any battle-grip he had ever wrestled with.

At first he was discouraged. For, as he looked at the wreck of his fortune made by the dreadful business failure, and knew that he was a sick man, no longer able to work or make his own living, the future looked very dark and he could not see how he could make things better for his wife or the boys he so dearly loved.

Then it was that he determined to write, as did Julius Caesar, the story of his life, his battles and his campaigns. Publishers in different parts of the country, when they saw how interesting were the two articles he had published and how interested the people were in reading them, knew that his story of the war would be a very successful book and made him all sorts of offers and promises, if he would write it.

He saw a way out of his difficulties; he determined to try. Then the world saw one of the most remarkable things in all its long history — a sick man,

without experience or training, deliberately sitting down to write the story of his life, fighting off death with all the might and strength of his giant will, in order to save his name from dishonor and leave something for his wife and children after the death that he knew was not far away.

In his room in the second story of that vine-covered brownstone house in Sixty-sixth street the fight went on. Now up, now down; sometimes so improved that every one, save the doctor, was full of hope; now down so low that the faltering breath nearly stopped, and only by stimulants was life bought back and death held at bay, thus he lived; and still the pencil kept going busily, whenever there was a pause in the weakness or the pain. Writing or dictating, sometimes four, sometimes six, sometimes eight hours a day, so the months went on, until, at last, on the 9th of June, 1885, he was removed to Mount McGregor near Saratoga, in New York, and there, almost within sight of a famous field of battle and surrender in which his forefathers had joined, the fight for life and for strength to finish his work went on.

It was a tremendous effort. He had barely two months to live; but, in the eight weeks that followed the first of May, he did more work in writing his book, than in any other eight weeks of his life. As an army in battle sometimes gathers up all its strength for a final charge or for a last stand against the foe,

so the old general, weakened by disease, worried by anxiety, but determined to win, actually held death at bay until the work he had set himself to do was accomplished.

Think of it, boys and girls, for it is one of the most remark-able things that ever happened, the most heroic act in all this great soldier's wonderful career.

And the book that he wrote and completed under those fearful conditions is one of the world's notable books, while its success more than met the desires of the writer and placed his family again in comfort and security.

It was a wonderful victory.

As he lay there sick, dying, but working manfully and well, the sympathy of all the world went out to him. Friend and foe, Northerner and Southerner, American and alien, prince and king, workingman and laborer, the high and the humble, men and women, old and young from all these, all over the land and across the seas in the countries he had visited, came words of sympathy, of inquiry and of affection which showed how all the world loves and honors and reveres a real hero.

From his sick room went out this message to the world, whispered with stammering tones.

"I am very much touched and grateful for the sympathy and interest manifested in me by my friends and by those who have not hitherto been regarded as my friends. I desire the good-will of all,

whether heretofore friends or not."

At last, the work was done. The book was finished. On the first day of July, 1885, his preface was dated and signed. On the next day, silently thinking over what he had done, what he had suffered and what might still be before him, he wrote a remarkable letter to his doctors which closed in this way: "If it is within God's providence," he wrote, "that I should go now, I am ready to obey his call without a murmur — I should prefer going now to enduring my present suffering for a single day without hope of recovery. As I have stated, I am thankful for the Providential extension of my time to enable me to continue my work. I am further thankful, and in a much greater degree thankful, because it has enabled me to see for myself the happy harmony which so suddenly sprung up between those engaged but a few years ago in deadly conflict. It has been an inestimable blessing to me to hear the kind expressions toward me in person from all parts of the country, from people of all nationalities, of all religions and of no religion, of Confederates and National troops alike…. They have brought joy to my heart, if they have not affected a cure. So to you and your colleagues I acknowledge my indebtedness for having brought me through the valley of the shadow of death to enable me to witness these things."

You see, to the last, the great soldier's thoughts were all for peace. He had seen battles. He knew the

horrors of war. He knew the beauty of peace.

With his work finished, his desire for life was gone. He knew what life meant — suffering. He wished release and peace. A few days longer he lingered on, then, quietly, calmly, in the cottage on the mountain top came the end. The last fight was over; the last victory had been won.

On the morning of the twenty-third of July, 1885, the tired hand dropped limply within that of the patient, faithful wife. Then the telegraph clicked; a brief message went abroad over all the earth; the flag on the White House at Washington dropped to half-mast. General Grant was dead.

CHAPTER 13
What the World Says

With flags at half-mast, amid tolling bells and draped houses and silent throngs of watchers, the dead general was brought from his cottage on the mountaintop to the great state capitol at Albany and then down the river to the city which had been his home.

There were processions and parades, a city hung with black, a nation dotted with half-masted flags as, with the slow and measured step of many troops, the great soldier was carried to his grave on the heights above the Hudson.

There, in the temporary tomb of brick and iron, curved into a temple-like dome, the worn body was left, covered with flowers and garlanded with the memories of a grateful nation.

The president and ex-presidents of the United States, cabinet secretaries, senators, governors, generals and admirals, soldiers who wore the blue, soldiers who wore the gray, men, women and children, a vast and notable throng, escorted the dead soldier through the city streets and stood about his modest resting place on beautiful Riverside Drive.

The bugle-call sounded "taps"; again it sounded "rest"; then, from the warship in the river below, boomed out the farewell gun; the door of the little tomb swung shut; the great crowd melted away, and only the silent soldier and his guard of honor were left on the bluffs above the river, so green and beautiful that fair midsummer day August the eighth, 1885.

And a poet wrote:

"The stars look down upon thy calm repose
As once on tented field, on battle eve,
No clash of arms, sad heralder of woes
Now rudely breaks the sleep God's peace enfolds,–
Good night.

"Thy silence speaks and tells of honor, truth,
Of faithful service, generous victory,
A nation saved. For thee a nation weeps,
Clasp hands again, through tears! Our leader sleeps!
Good night."

And from that day to this how that great leader's fame has gone on increasing, until, today, the three names that all America links together as those of its greatest, noblest, worthiest sons are Washington, Lincoln, Grant — the founder, the liberator and the savior of the Union. So, already they have been joined together on a portrait medal; so, as the years go on, will they be joined in the hearts of the American people reverencing those who served the republic.

We all like to know what sort of a man a really great man is.

Very much like other men you will find him to be, until some great opportunity comes to test and try him; then he rises above all his fellows — grand, impressive, monumental.

Some one has said that General Grant's greatness was made by opportunity. And this is about right.

You have read his life as here written. You know how little there was to mark him as great, in his life, from 1822, when he was born in the little Ohio village, to 1861, when he was called to duty from the leather-selling counter in the Illinois city of Galena.

Simple, modest, unambitious, caring only for his wife and family and thinking only of their welfare, finding life a hard battle, but never complaining or dreaming of surrender — so he lived for forty years; so he would have lived on to the end had not the occasion for action roused him, formed him, developed him, until he became the leader, the genius, the conqueror, the deliverer, the ruler, the hero, the man.

As a leader you have seen how he was brave as a soldier, great as a general, greater as a conqueror.

His coolness in battle was wonderful, nothing disturbed or excited him; nothing drew off his attention from the plan he was working out. His voice was seldom raised in the fierce, hoarse shout of war, and never in anger.

When a shell burst almost at his feet, in the dreadful battle of Spottsylvania, he kept on writing, never rising from the stump which he called his "headquarters," hardly looking up to see what the fuss was about, and a wounded soldier who was being carried by and saw it all said, admiringly, "Well, Ulysses don't scare a bit, does he?" There is nothing soldiers admire so much as bravery.

Once, at a lull in the great battle called the Wilderness, the wounded General Hancock sprang from the ground at the sound of distant firing and buckling on his sword called for his horse so as to ride out into battle. But Grant sat calm and unconcerned, and kept on whittling.

"Don't worry, general," he said, "It takes firing on both sides to make a battle. That's all on one side."

As a genius — you know what that is: a man to whom is given a natural gift for creating and doing things impossible to most people — Grant stands out as, beyond all others, the man of the century with a genius for success in war.

Early in the struggle he saw how the war should be fought. After Donelson, so he tells us, he began to see how important was the work that Providence had marked out for him. He saw what that work was and how to do it, as did no other leader. The power was in him. It only needed the opportunity to develop it, and when that opportunity came he rose to the occasion as few other men have done in history — as no

soldier has done since Napoleon. The same ingenuity that led him to haul a gun into the steeple of the little church in Mexico and flank the defenders of the gate, led him to circumvent the Confederate plans and Confederate defenders at Vicksburg, to carry the day at Chattanooga and to finally make victory at the Wilderness.

When the sortie was made by the enemy at Fort Donelson and his men feared a general attack, Grant mused over a group of dead Confederates. "Their haversacks are filled," he said. "That means that they don't intend to stay here and fight us they intend to fight their own way out. They are desperate. Now then, whichever side attacks first is certain of victory. They'll have to be pretty quick if they are going to beat me." He acted at once, and, before night, Donelson fell.

It was in emergencies like this that Grant came out strongest and in which his genius shone bright. To many he seemed slow, silent, indifferent; instead, when the supreme moment came, he was alert, prompt, decided.

But genius is displayed quite as much in persistence as in pluck. It was Grant's one great purpose to keep at it and never to give in, to fight it out on the line upon which he had re-solved, to take no backward step, that brought him success and triumph. General Grant was a great soldier because he could see just what to do and just how to do it, when other

leaders hesitated and experimented. He won by energy and tenacity; he saved the nation by patience, push and endurance; he attained fame by absolute persistence, audacity, determination, unconquerable will — these were the proofs of his genius.

As a conqueror he was one of the greatest and most magnanimous that the world has known. What his sword had achieved, his generosity consummated. He conquered the enemies of the Union in war; he conquered them again in his generous terms at surrender; he conquered them yet again when he stood as their champion against persecution.

In no pride of pomp or vain glory did he receive Buckner's surrender at Donelson, Pemberton's at Vicksburg or Lee's at Appomattox. The instant these old comrades of other days were overpowered they were no longer his enemies; they were his fellow-countrymen — his friends. He thought more of his muddy boots than of his triumph as he went toward the McLean farmhouse at Appomattox to receive the surrender of Lee. He did not even wear his sword, nor did he demand that of his captive, as laid down in the laws of war. No troops paraded, no banners streamed, no triumph music sounded as the brave men in gray yielded to the men in blue. Grant had not conquered his foes; he had convinced his fellow citizens.

As a man he was the kind that the world loves to remember and talk about — loyal to his friends,

forgiving to his foes, calm in the face of danger, firm in the hour of decision, modest and unassuming in his daily life, loving and tender in his home, a leader when he led, a hero when called upon to face either danger, disaster or death.

He loved children. For his own children he was ready to lay down his life. For them and for his dearly loved wife he struggled with death, writing a book that was to become famous and to make them comfortable for the future. One of the most charming pictures of Grant the man and the father, is that given by his son, who says that when the children were young, his father was seldom away from home; he found his greatest pleasure there, and delighted in reading aloud for the benefit of his children. "I remember," says his son, "that, in this way, he read to us all of Dickens' works, many of Scott's novels and other standard works of fiction. I recall the evenings when we all sat around in the family circle and enjoyed listening to these stories which pleased my father quite as much as they did the children. This reading always took place in the early part of the evening because we were sent to bed at a reasonable hour."

This is interesting, is it not; but more touching is it to know that through all the years of his duty and fame as general and president and as our greatest citizen, he wore about his neck an intertwined braid made of the hair of his wife and child, sent to him

after that plucky fight with the plague in the early days at Panama, of which I have told you, and when far away from his dear ones on the Pacific coast. And when, at Mount McGregor, he gave up the long, bitter fight with pain and death, about his neck was found the same braid of twisted hair, worn there as a precious keepsake for over thirty years.

No man is perfect; all of us make mistakes and have our imperfections. No man has been more maligned or criticized or talked against than General Grant. As we look back over the years we see, now, that most of this harsh language was wrong and uncalled for. This simple, silent, honest, straightforward man was trying to do his duty, as he saw it, and in his own simple, and manly fashion. If he did not do it in the way that suited every one, may not that have been the fault of his critics quite as much as of himself? There are two sides to every shield, you know.

The years pass on; twenty-two in all had gone since that solemn midsummer funeral procession; then, in the spring of 1897, on the April day that would have been his birthday on earth had he lived so long, the cherished remains, which had been taken from the little temporary tomb in which they had lain for nearly twelve years and deposited in a grand and glorious mausoleum, were honored with a splendid memorial ovation.

On the heights of Riverside, overlooking the

beautiful Hudson and the great and prosperous city which so reveres and honors him, the splendid monument stands a landmark for miles around. The modest, unassuming soldier who disliked show and parade, and, hated especially, to have "a fuss" made over him, received on the 22nd of April, 1897, one of the grandest ovations ever given to man.

Soldiers marched, orators spoke, the people in great and marvelous throngs assembled to pay to the dead leader new and impressive honors. But, in doing so they honored them-selves. For it was because of what he did and of what he was that the world thus publicly honored him; and, as time goes on, longer than that great gray monument shall stand above his silent dust, while the words honor, duty, courage, faith, simplicity, worth, will and loyalty mean anything, so long will the world reverence and uplift the name and fame of U. S. Grant, the greatest American soldier.

Selections from

Ulysses S. Grant

Franklin Spencer Edmonds

Grant — The Man

It is difficult to sum up briefly the essential characteristics of a man who has touched life on many sides, and has aroused personal enthusiasm and partisan bitterness. The generation who knew Grant intimately could not agree concerning him, and those whose knowledge is derived from secondary sources cannot hope to escape like differences in opinion. But whatever disputes there may be concerning his generalship, his administrative capacity and his habits, there are certain large notes of personal character concerning which all testimony points to fixed and definite conclusions. Among these notes may be mentioned the purity of his speech and life, his devotion to the wife and the home-circle, the simplicity of his bearing and his dogged determination along fundamental lines.

Living in an age when men gave free scope to their elemental passions, Grant stands unique in his singular self-control. His army associates, at a time when profanity was glossed over as the natural expression of strong passion, commented freely upon the absence of oaths in his speech. Charles A. Dana has recorded his impression of this side of Grant's character:

> "Late in the evening I left Hard Times with Grant to ride across the peninsula to DeShroon's. The night was pitch dark, and, as we rode side by side, Grant's horse suddenly gave a nasty stumble. I expected to see the General go over the animal's head, and I watched intently, not to see if he was hurt, but if he would show any anger. I had been with Grant daily now for three weeks, and I had never seen him ruffled nor heard him swear. His equanimity was becoming a curious spectacle to me. When I saw his horse lunge my first thought was, 'Now he will swear.' For an instant his moral status was on trial, but Grant was a tenacious horseman, and instead of going over the animal's head, as I imagined he would, he kept his seat. Pulling up his horse, he rode on, and, to my utter amazement, without a word or sign of impatience. And it is a fact that though I was with Grant during the most trying campaigns of the war, I never heard him use an oath."

Nor was this self-control due merely to impassiveness, but rather to an innate fineness of feeling which resented anything vulgar or unclean. The traditional story will be recalled of the dinner-table, where one of the guests prefaced a salacious story with the common introduction, "Now, as there are no ladies present" — when he was interrupted by Grant's instant and effective comment — "No, but there are gentle-

men!"

This high appreciation of clean life and speech was based upon the strength of the teachings of his early boyhood, but it was undoubtedly increased by the charm and simplicity of his home-life. His marriage was very happy, in the days of privation as well as in the later years of prosperity, and no man responded more completely to the joys of domestic life. During his military career, his letters to his wife written in camp and on the battlefield, many of which have never been published, show a tenderness of feeling surprising in a man who seemed as stolid as Grant. "Tell me all about the children," he writes after Donelson. "I want to see rascal Jess already." "Give my love to all at home," he writes to his wife on the eve of Shiloh. "Kiss the children for me." Just before Missionary Ridge, when the care of the Army of the Cumberland bore hard, he wrote to an old friend at St. Louis: "I was very glad to hear from my children. I have ordered Fred and Buck to write to me often, but they don't do it. If you see them again tell them they must write to me every week."

These home letters, written not for publication, show the real man, and no one can understand his essential qualities who fails to recognize that here was a clean-minded, home-loving American. Moreover, his affection for his wife was so marked that it made their relationship almost ideal. There is real romance in the beautiful story of the wife of General

Pickett, who made the Grants a visit in the White House, and was present at a discussion of a prospective surgical operation to remove a slight obliquity in Mrs. Grant's eyes. When the operation had been almost decided upon, Grant suddenly protested — "I don't want to have your eyes fooled with. They are all right as they are. They are the same eyes I looked into when I fell in love with you!"

But even his affections became a source of weakness in the Presidency, when scheming and ambitious men, who could not have approached him directly, made use of his kinsmen as a means of communication. Moreover, not all in the large circle of Grant's family were equally worthy of confidence, and some showed indeed a sad lack of propriety in using his position and prestige as a medium for personal advancement and gain. To the end of his days, his loyalty responded instantly to the call of affection, and some of his greatest errors of judgment are to be attributed to this trait. When he was President, some members of Congress called on him to suggest the removal of a cabinet officer who was under investigation. When the purpose of the deputation had been stated, Grant replied, "The true test of friendship after all isn't to stand by a man when he is in the right; any one will do that; but the true test is to stand by him when he is in the wrong." And that test he accepted and fulfilled.

Sheridan once remarked to Don Cameron: "This

is a queer world. The less any one knows of anything, the more he thinks he knows. Now take Grant, he does not know a thing about finances, but believes that he knows it all." Once a member of the Cabinet called at the White House, and found Grant pasting internal revenue stamps in his wife's checkbook. The visitor called attention to the fact that the checks were already stamped in the printing. Whereupon the President naively confessed that he had been pasting stamps on the checks for over a year!

Again Sheridan said: "Grant is a wonderful fellow about his children. He thinks Fred is a devil of a fine fellow and that Buck knows twice as much as Fred and that Jesse knows more than both together." In the home, Grant was a loving and almost an indulgent father. His partiality for children made him a great favorite with the group of youngsters who played in the White House during his Presidency. At the second inaugural he brought joy to the heart of an eight-year-old boy by inviting him to sit in front of the President's carriage upon the return from the Capitol. When Mrs. Pickett brought her children to the White House on a visit and was afraid that the crying of the baby would disturb her host, Grant at once reassured her and placing his stick in the child's hand and his silk hat on its head, remarked, "Now tell them that you will do as you please and that the whole place belongs to you."

In personal intercourse there is much contra-

diction in testimony as to his habits of speech. Prior to the war his intimates recall him as a most interesting conversationalist, especially on topics that related to his own experiences. But during the war he became popularly known as reserved, taciturn and silent, and this characteristic developed also during the period of the Presidency. It is highly probable that this restraint was unnatural to Grant, and was the result of the watch he was forced to place upon his words, at a time when a careless phrase might have resulted in public misconception and disaster. Among his staff or with intimate friends, Grant conversed readily and on a wide variety of topics. He was not a raconteur but sometimes he told a story with excellent effect. General Horace Porter has recorded an episode of the Petersburg campaign. The staff was discussing some rumors which were evident exaggerations, and in the chat Grant told a story of an officer who had such a propensity for lying that he frequently made himself absurd. In trying to amend he asked a friend to touch his foot under the table if he ever seemed to exaggerate. During the dinner some one mentioned the tendency to build larger hotels every year, and the amateur Munchausen broke into the conversation by describing the hotel which his father had built, bigger than any one had ever attempted since. "Two hundred ninety-six feet high, five hundred eighty feet long, and" — here his friend kicked him under

the table and the officer concluded, in a subdued tone of voice, "five and one half feet wide."

In the list of anecdotes, mention should be made of Grant's well-known comment on Sumner. At the height of the controversy between them with reference to San Domingo, some one remarked to Grant that Sumner did not believe in the Bible. "Of course not," replied Grant; "he didn't write it!"

With a strong interest in reading, Grant had little development of the aesthetic senses. Poetry and literary criticism did not interest him, and he was singularly deaf to the charm of music. He once remarked to Robert C. Winthrop of Boston — "I only know two tunes, one is Yankee Doodle and the other isn't!"

No one ever heard Grant scoff at religion, and yet he did not formally join church until three months before his death. It may be that the circumstances of pioneer life did not give opportunity for a regular church membership, and it is certain that afterward Grant was temperamentally less interested in the outward signs of membership than in the conditions of inward grace. When he was baptized in April, 1885, he said to Bishop John P. Newman, whose church he had attended for many years in Washington, "I believe in the Holy Scriptures. Whoso lives by them will be benefitted thereby." At the same time, when a sinking spell had almost ended his life, Newman asked him — "What was the supreme

thought in your mind when eternity seemed so near!" To which the dying General responded — "The comfort of the consciousness that I have tried to live a good and honorable life." A member of the family circle quotes Grant as having once remarked, "I often prayed silently to God at night and during the day that He might aid me in the performance of my duties." Once he attended a communion service at Dr. Newman's church in Washington, in company with Schuyler Colfax; during the service Grant requested Colfax to accompany him to the communion, but the latter refused, and so Grant too stayed away.

In his dealings with others, Grant was most scrupulous of the truth. "Tediously truthful" he was called by one of his staff officers. At the White House an attendant one day brought him the card of a visitor when he was very busy. "Shall I tell the gentleman you are not in?" asked the usher. "No," replied the President, "you will say nothing of the kind. I don't lie myself, and I won't have any one lie for me."

When Alexander H. Stephens visited the camp of the Army of the Potomac, he was much impressed by Grant's kindliness of manner to his subordinates, and his constant use of "please" in his directions. General Wilson has commented on the same trait, saying: "Without being effusive, he was altogether the most thoughtful and considerate general with whom I ever served." In the entire course of the war,

only two outbursts of anger have been recorded. The first occurred in the Iuka campaign, when Grant found a straggler who had assaulted a woman. Seizing a musket in sudden rage he struck the culprit over the head, sending him to the ground. Again, in the Virginia campaign, he broke out in vehement denunciation of a teamster whom he had seen abusing a horse.

The Civil War was scarcely concluded before there was ushered in an interminable strife among military critics as to the merit of the various operations. Grant has not been a favorite among the critics, many of whom have urged that with his overwhelming superiority of resources he should have accomplished his results with a greater economy of life. The answer to this point of view is to be found in Grant's conception of the war as a struggle which had to be fought to a finish. It was necessary that not only should the North win, but also that the South should know itself to be defeated, so that the conflict would be ended for all time. A campaign of higher strategy might have taken Richmond, but until Lee's army was overwhelmed, the South would not recognize its defeat, and to conquer Lee's veterans a great sacrifice of life was inevitable.

One of the great factors in his military success was his complete familiarity with all phases of command. After the war, Grant once remarked to Hillyer, his St. Louis friend — "I think I should have failed in

this position if I had come to it in the beginning, because I should not have had confidence enough. You see I have come through all the grades of the service — captain, colonel, brigade, division, corps, army — and I am confident of myself now. McClellan's misfortune, I always believed, was in his clearing all the grades at once, and hence feeling a want of confidence in this great responsibility." Even the experience as quartermaster helped in qualifying him for high command; Grant always was in touch with the arrangements for supplies, and as a consequence his men were kept fit for their work.

In his methods and strategy there is nothing which revolutionized military science. He brought all the resources of a sturdy common sense, aided by a dogged resolution, to bear on his problem, and that is all! General Alexander, who served as Lee's Chief of Artillery, includes among Grant's rare qualities "his ability to make his battles keep their schedule times." There was a clear and simple reason for this. When he had written out his orders for one corps commander, he would send copies to all of the other generals, so that each would understand not only his own part, but the part of each of the others in the common result. After the war, General Ewell commented most favorably on this practice, which was wholly unlike anything practiced in the Army of Northern Virginia.

His strategy is seen at its best in the campaign

before Vicksburg, and in the last campaign against Lee. Perhaps the last ten days prior to Appomattox revealed Grant's powers to best advantage, and his use of cavalry with infantry while in pursuit of Lee has been highly commended as one of the most original strokes of the war. But in all of the campaigns his concentration of resources against the material point, his continuous fighting until the end was attained, and his constant use of all that he had, stamp his leadership as of the highest quality. Many critics have instituted a comparison between Grant and Lee, perhaps because their qualities, both military and personal, made so striking a contrast, and considering the difference in the resources of each, they generally conclude that Lee was the better general. In qualification of this point of view, however, it is well to remember the story, that once when an ex-Confederate officer was criticizing Grant's generalship to Lee, the latter promptly interrupted — "You pay me a very poor compliment, sir, when you rate so low the general who compelled my army to surrender."

On the battlefield, and in the crises of a campaign, his mind worked very rapidly and with perfect clearness. Thus, when at Missionary Ridge, the messengers from Hooker brought the news of his victory on Lookout Mountain with so little loss, Grant at once concluded that so cheap a victory against the enemy's left must indicate that Bragg had heavily

reinforced his right against Sherman.

It is not, however, by scientific contributions to the theory of war that Grant's name will live. It is rather for his personal qualities, and the determination which he brought into the struggle. From the beginning he had no doubts, either as to the righteousness of his cause, or its final triumph. From early boyhood his strong will and determination attracted attention. He once remarked that he would never turn back if he could possibly avoid it. When a lad he had started on horse-back to go to the mill and while musing he had passed the road which led to it; instead of retracing his steps he drove a long distance around so as to reach the mill without turning back. When his dogged determination became centered on the problems of the war, it was irresistible. In the darkest days of 1864, Grant said — "I feel as certain of crushing Lee as I do of dying."

This was the secret of his influence on Sherman, McPherson and Sheridan. Toward the close of the war, Sherman once opened his heart to Wilson, who had joined him in the Georgia campaign — "Wilson, I am a d*** sight smarter man than Grant; I know a great deal more about war, military history, strategy and grand tactics than he does; I know more about organization, supply and administration and about everything else than he does; but I'll tell you where he beats me and where he beats the world. He don't care a d*** for what the enemy does out of his sight,

but it scares me like H***!" Again, General Howard once said: "If at any time one said to Grant, 'Our men are worn out,' 'They are short of rations,' 'They need rest,' he would answer, 'Just so it is with the enemy.' Speeches like this seemed to be heartless, but it meant — 'Go on now, and make a little larger sacrifice and you will gain the victory. The enemy is as weak as you are.'"

There are many illustrations of this trait in the stories of the war. In the Wilderness, an excited aide rode up to Grant, "General, Lee is in our rear." "All right," returned Grant, "then we are in his rear." Again, when Ewell made his final attack on Sedgwick, one general warned Grant that this was Lee's method, and that the Union Army would soon be out-flanked. "I am heartily tired of hearing about what Lee is going to do," was Grant's response. "Some of you always seem to think that he is suddenly going to turn a double somersault, and land on our rear and both of our flanks at the same time. Go back to your command, and try to think what we are going to do ourselves, instead of what Lee is going to do." It was Lincoln's recognition of Grant's unfaltering purpose which gave him such absolute confidence in his general. "The great thing about Grant," he said to Carpenter, "is his perfect coolness and persistency of purpose. I judge he is not easily excited — which is a great element in an officer — and he has the grit of a bulldog! Once let him get his teeth in, and no-

thing can shake him off."

Here then is the secret of his greatness. In command of an army, he had a complete knowledge of its organization and capacity; he clearly and quickly thought out the possibilities of a situation; and his dogged and unfaltering persistence kept his men at the task until the work was done. It may be asked why did not these same qualities bring him success in civil life? The answer is clear, because he needed some supreme crisis to make him work at his best. With Grant, love of country was the mastering devotion. When there was a fundamental problem to be solved, he could arouse his mighty powers; but in the ordinary affairs of life there was no special call for him. It is highly significant that when Oliver Wendell Holmes met the General in 1865, what first attracted him was the "entire loss of selfhood in a great aim which made all the common influences which stir up other people as nothing to him."

In civil life, the call to the patriot is not always clear. In the contending of factions, when all appeal alike to love of country, Grant found no guiding star. Sometimes a question would come up, like the proposed inflation of the currency, which appealed to his temperament as a fundamental question of right or wrong, and then he was just as decisive as on the battlefield. But ordinarily he saw little in civil administration, except the strife of parties for place, and in a rivalry between friends and foes he supported his

friends.

The ideal of a soldier of a republic has probably never been more fully realized than in Grant; — his simplicity of manner, lack of ostentation, repugnance to military parade, which amounted to almost an aversion, his fixed devotion to the institutions of his country, contrast strongly with the personal ambition for self-aggrandizement of the typical soldier of the preceding centuries. Grant always manifested a strong respect for law as the expression of the supreme will of the people. When he was President he once said, "The best means of securing the repeal of an obnoxious law is its vigorous enforcement." In the exciting days of the reconstruction controversy, Johnson once asked Grant where he would be found in the event of a rupture between Congress and the President. The answer was, "That will depend entirely upon which is the revolutionary party."

While Grant's fame will rest chiefly upon his services during the war, it cannot be denied that he has also made a permanent and enduring contribution to literature. Prior to the publication of the "Memoirs," it had long been recognized that Grant wrote quickly and well. His military messages and orders written upon the field of battle had certain characteristics of clearness, and they showed not only lucidity of thought but great power of expression. The common speech of the nation would be poorer if it were not

for his additions to the store of apt expressions. As illustrations — "Immediate and unconditional surrender." "I propose to move immediately on your works." "I shall take no backward steps." "I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer." "I shall have no policy to enforce against the will of the people." "If a command inferior to my rank is given me, it shall make no difference in my zeal." "Let no guilty man escape." It took a man of heroic mould to send word to Logan in the middle of the battle of Champion Hill when the attack was being pressed with great vigor, "Tell Logan he is making history today."

A study of Grant's addresses and state papers during the Presidency discloses a statesmanlike grasp of many interesting questions. He strongly urged an interoceanic canal, and in one of his statements said, "I commend an American canal on American soil to the American people." When the movement toward civil service reform was instituted, he wrote — "The present system does not secure the best men, and often not even fit men, for public place. The elevation and purification of the civil service of the Government will be hailed with approval by the whole people of the United States." After his European experience, he anticipated a great movement toward public recreational centers in the following — "All cities ought to have similar places where the rich and the poor, the high and the low, may meet

on a footing of equality; where they may have aesthetic, instructive and other innocent amusements; and where all behave themselves in a proper manner, as is the case in the Tivoli Garden in Copenhagen. It would keep the poor people from grumbling, as well as from revolutionary tendencies." But, perhaps, the most striking of all his comments was that upon war — "Though I have been trained as a soldier and have participated in many battles, there never was a time when in my opinion some way could not have been found of preventing the drawing of the sword. I look forward to an epoch when a court recognized by all nations will settle international differences instead of keeping large standing armies as they do in Europe."

Here then was a man who made a poor beginning in life, but recognizing his mistake he redeemed himself at the right time. When the crisis came, his military experience and poise enabled him to do something even with small resources, until at last he won recognition as the best-qualified man in the nation for large command. When the war had been fought to a finish and the Union preserved, the gratitude of his countrymen brought him into civil life for which he had little aptitude and no previous training. Even in these new experiences, however, he showed himself right upon fundamental questions, and if he was not able to curb the administrative demoralization of his time, it may at least be questioned

whether any other could have done much better. In war and in peace, he never doubted the future of his country or the security of its institutions. The world will not willingly forget the life and work of a conqueror whose first thought was of sympathy with the sensitive feelings of the vanquished, and whose message to his countrymen when on the verge of his highest honor was — "Let us have Peace."

Selections from

Personal Memoirs of U.S. Grant

Ulysses S. Grant

Negotiations at Appomattox – Interview with Lee at McLean's House – The Terms of Surrender – Lee's Surrender – Interview with Lee After the Surrender

On the 8th I had followed the Army of the Potomac in rear of Lee. I was suffering very severely with a sick headache, and stopped at a farmhouse on the road some distance in rear of the main body of the army. I spent the night in bathing my feet in hot water and mustard, and putting mustard plasters on my wrists and the back part of my neck, hoping to be cured by morning. During the night I received Lee's answer to my letter of the 8th, inviting an interview between the lines on the following morning. But it was for a different purpose from that of surrendering his army, and I answered him as follows:

> Headquarters Armies of the U.S., April 9, 1865. GENERAL R. E. LEE, Commanding C. S. A.
>
> Your note of yesterday is received. As I have no authority to treat on the subject of peace, the meeting proposed for ten a.m. today could

> lead to no good. I will state, however, General, that I am equally anxious for peace with yourself, and the whole North entertains the same feeling. The terms upon which peace can be had are well understood. By the South laying down their arms they will hasten that most desirable event, save thousands of human lives and hundreds of millions of property not yet destroyed. Sincerely hoping that all our difficulties may be settled without the loss of another life, I subscribe myself, etc.,
>
> U. S. GRANT. Lieutenant-General.

I proceeded at an early hour in the morning, still suffering with the headache, to get to the head of the column. I was not more than two or three miles from Appomattox Court House at the time, but to go direct I would have to pass through Lee's army, or a portion of it. I had therefore to move south in order to get upon a road coming up from another direction.

When the white flag was put out by Lee, as already described, I was in this way moving towards Appomattox Court House, and consequently could not be communicated with immediately, and be informed of what Lee had done. Lee, therefore, sent a flag to the rear to advise Meade and one to the front to Sheridan, saying that he had sent a message to me for the purpose of having a meeting to consult about the surrender of his army, and asked for a suspension of hostilities until I could be communicated with. As

they had heard nothing of this until the fighting had got to be severe and all going against Lee, both of these commanders hesitated very considerably about suspending hostilities at all. They were afraid it was not in good faith, and we had the Army of Northern Virginia where it could not escape except by some deception. They, however, finally consented to a suspension of hostilities for two hours to give an opportunity of communicating with me in that time, if possible. It was found that, from the route I had taken, they would probably not be able to communicate with me and get an answer back within the time fixed unless the messenger should pass through the rebel lines. Lee, therefore, sent an escort with the officer bearing this message through his lines to me.

> April 9, 1865.
> GENERAL: I received your note of this morning on the picket-line whither I had come to meet you and ascertain definitely what terms were embraced in your proposal of yesterday with reference to the surrender of this army, I now request an interview in accordance with the offer contained in your letter of yesterday for that purpose.
> R. E. LEE, General.
> LIEUTENANT-GENERAL U. S. GRANT
> Commanding U. S. Armies.

When the officer reached me I was still suffering with the sick headache, but the instant I saw the

contents of the note I was cured. I wrote the following note in reply and hastened on:

> April 9, 1865.
> GENERAL R. E. LEE.
> Commanding C. S. Armies.
>
> Your note of this date is but this moment (11.50 a.m.) received, in consequence of my having passed from the Richmond and Lynchburg road to the Farmville and Lynchburg road. I am at this writing about four miles west of Walker's Church and will push forward to the front for the purpose of meeting you. Notice sent to me on this road where you wish the interview to take place will meet me.
>
> U. S. GRANT. Lieutenant-General.

I was conducted at once to where Sheridan was located with his troops drawn up in line of battle facing the Confederate army nearby. They were very much excited, and expressed their view that this was all a ruse employed to enable the Confederates to get away. They said they believed that Johnston was marching up from North Carolina now, and Lee was moving to join him; and they would whip the rebels where they now were in five minutes if I would only let them go in. But I had no doubt about the good faith of Lee, and pretty soon was conducted to where he was. I found him at the house of a Mr. McLean, at Appomattox Court House, with Colonel Marshall,

one of his staff officers, awaiting my arrival. The head of his column was occupying a hill, on a portion of which was an apple orchard, beyond a little valley which separated it from that on the crest of which Sheridan's forces were drawn up in line of battle to the south.

Before stating what took place between General Lee and myself, I will give all there is of the story of the famous apple tree.

Wars produce many stories of fiction, some of which are told until they are believed to be true. The war of the rebellion was no exception to this rule, and the story of the apple tree is one of those fictions based on a slight foundation of fact. As I have said, there was an apple orchard on the side of the hill occupied by the Confederate forces. Running diagonally up the hill was a wagon road, which, at one point, ran very near one of the trees, so that the wheels of vehicles had, on that side, cut off the roots of this tree, leaving a little embankment. General Babcock, of my staff, reported to me that when he first met General Lee he was sitting upon this embankment with his feet in the road below and his back resting against the tree. The story had no other foundation than that. Like many other stories, it would be very good if it was only true.

I had known General Lee in the old army, and had served with him in the Mexican War: but did not suppose, owing to the difference in our age and

rank, that he would remember me, while I would more naturally remember him distinctly, because he was the chief of staff of General Scott in the Mexican War.

When I had left camp that morning I had not expected so soon the result that was then taking place, and consequently was in rough garb. I was without a sword, as I usually was when on horseback on the field, and wore a soldier's blouse for a coat, with the shoulder straps of my rank to indicate to the army who I was. When I went into the house I found General Lee. We greeted each other, and after shaking hands took our seats. I had my staff with me, a good portion of whom were in the room during the whole of the interview.

What General Lee's feelings were I do not know. As he was a man of much dignity, with an impassible face, it was impossible to say whether he felt inwardly glad that the end had finally come, or felt sad over the result, and was too manly to show it. Whatever his feelings, they were entirely concealed from my observation; but my own feelings, which had been quite jubilant on the receipt of his letter, were sad and depressed. I felt like anything rather than rejoicing at the downfall of a foe who had fought so long and valiantly, and had suffered so much for a cause, though that cause was, I believe, one of the worst for which a people ever fought, and one for which there was the least excuse. I do not question, however, the

sincerity of the great mass of those who were opposed to us.

General Lee was dressed in a full uniform which was entirely new, and was wearing a sword of considerable value, very likely the sword which had been presented by the State of Virginia; at all events, it was an entirely different sword from the one that would ordinarily be worn in the field. In my rough traveling suit, the uniform of a private with the straps of a lieutenant-general, I must have contrasted very strangely with a man so handsomely dressed, six feet high and of faultless form. But this was not a matter that I thought of until afterwards.

We soon fell into a conversation about old army times. He remarked that he remembered me very well in the old army; and I told him that as a matter of course I remembered him perfectly, but from the difference in our rank and years (there being about sixteen years' difference in our ages), I had thought it very likely that I had not attracted his attention sufficiently to be remembered by him after such a long interval. Our conversation grew so pleasant that I almost forgot the object of our meeting. After the conversation had run on in this style for some time. General Lee called my attention to the object of our meeting, and said that he had asked for this interview for the purpose of getting from me the terms I proposed to give his army. I said that I meant merely that his army should lay down their arms, not

to take them up again during the continuance of the war unless duly and properly exchanged. He said that he had so understood my letter.

Then we gradually fell off again into conversation about matters foreign to the subject which had brought us together. This continued for some little time, when General Lee again interrupted the course of the conversation by suggesting that the terms I proposed to give his army ought to be written out. I called to General Parker, secretary on my staff, for writing materials, and commenced writing out the following terms:

> APPOMATTOX C. H., VA.,
> Ap 19th. 1865.
> GEN. R, E, LEE, Comd'g G. S. A.
>
> GEN: In accordance with the substance of my letter to you of the 8th inst., I propose to receive the surrender of the Army of N. Va. on the following terms, to wit: Rolls of all the officers and men to be made in duplicate. One copy to be given to an officer designated by me, the other to be retained by such officer or officers as you may designate. The officers to give their individual paroles not to take up arms against the Government of the United States until properly exchanged, and each company or regimental commander sign a like parole for the men of their commands. The arms, artillery and public property to be parked and stacked, and turned over to the officer appointed by me to

> receive them. This will not embrace the side arms of the officers, nor their private horses or baggage. This done, each officer and man will be allowed to return to their homes, not to be disturbed by United States authority so long as they observe their paroles and the laws in force where they may reside.
>
> Very respectfully, U. S. GRANT. Lt. Gen.

When I put my pen to the paper I did not know the first word that I should make use of in writing the terms. I only knew what was in my mind, and I wished to express it clearly, so that there could be no mistaking it. As I wrote on, the thought occurred to me that the officers had their own private horses and effects, which were important to them, but of no value to us; also that it would be an unnecessary humiliation to call upon them to deliver their side arms.

No conversation, not one word, passed between General Lee and myself, either about private property, side arms, or kindred subjects. He appeared to have no objections to the terms first proposed; or if he had a point to make against them he wished to wait until they were in writing to make it. When he read over that part of the terms about side arms, horses and private property of the officers, he remarked, with some feeling, I thought, that this would have a happy effect upon his army.

Then, after a little further conversation. General

Lee remarked to me again that their army was organized a little differently from the army of the United States (still maintaining by implication that we were two countries): that in their army the cavalrymen and artillerists owned their own horses; and he asked if he was to understand that the men who so owned their horses were to be permitted to retain them. I told him that as the terms were written they would not; that only the officers were permitted to take their private property. He then, after reading over the terms a second time, remarked that that was clear.

I then said to him that I thought this would be about the last battle of the war — I sincerely hoped so; and I said further I took it that most of the men in the ranks were small farmers. The whole country had been so raided by the two armies that it was doubtful whether they would be able to put in a crop to carry themselves and their families through the next winter without the aid of the horses they were then riding. The United States did not want them and I would, therefore, instruct the officers I left behind to receive the paroles of his troops to let every man of the Confederate army who claimed to own a horse or mule take the animal to his home. Lee remarked again that this would have a happy effect.

He then sat down and wrote out the following letter:

Headquarters Army of Northern Virginia,

April 9, 1865.
GENERAL:— I received your letter of this date containing the terms of the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia as proposed by you. As they are substantially the same as those expressed in your letter of the 8th inst., they are accepted. I will proceed to designate the proper officers to carry the stipulations into effect.
R. E. LEE, General.
LIEUT.-GENERAL U. S. GRANT.

While duplicates of the two letters were being made, the Union generals present were severally presented to General Lee.

The much talked of surrendering of Lee's sword and my handing it back, this and much more that has been said about it is the purest romance. The word sword or side arms was not mentioned by either of us until I wrote it in the terms. There was no premeditation, and it did not occur to me until the moment I wrote it down. If I had happened to omit it, and General Lee had called my attention to it, I should have put it in the terms precisely as I acceded to the provision about the soldiers retaining their horses.

General Lee, after all was completed and before taking his leave, remarked that his army was in a very bad condition for want of food, and that they were without forage; that his men had been living for some

days on parched corn exclusively, and that he would have to ask me for rations and forage. I told him "certainly," and asked for how many men he wanted rations. His answer was "about twenty-five thousand;" and I authorized him to send his own commissary and quarter-master to Appomattox Station, two or three miles away, where he could have, out of the trains we had stopped, all the provisions wanted. As for forage, we had ourselves depended almost entirely upon the country for that.

Generals Gibbon, Griffin and Merritt were designated by me to carry into effect the paroling of Lee's troops before they should start for their homes — General Lee leaving Generals Longstreet, Gordon and Pendleton for them to confer with in order to facilitate this work. Lee and I then separated as cordially as we had met, he returning to his own lines, and all went into bivouac for the night at Appomattox.

Soon after Lee's departure I telegraphed to Washington as follows:

> Headquarters Appomattox C. H.,
> April 9th, 1865, 4.30 P.M.
> HON. E. M. STANTON, Secretary of War, Washington.
> General Lee surrendered the Army of Northern Virginia this afternoon on terms proposed by myself. The accompanying additional correspondence will show the

conditions fully.
U. S. GRANT. Lieut.-General.

When news of the surrender first reached our lines our men commenced firing a salute of a hundred guns in honor of the victory. I at once sent word, however, to have it stopped. The Confederates were now our prisoners, and we did not want to exult over their downfall.

I determined to return to Washington at once, with a view to putting a stop to the purchase of supplies, and what I now deemed other useless outlay of money. Before leaving, however, I thought I would like to see General Lee again; so next, morning I rode out beyond our lines towards his headquarters, preceded by a bugler and a staff officer carrying a white flag.

Lee soon mounted his horse, seeing who it was, and met me. We had there between the lines, sitting on horseback, a very pleasant conversation of over half an hour, in the course of which Lee said to me that the South was a big country and that we might have to march over it three or four times before the war entirely ended, but that we would now be able to do it as they could no longer resist us. He expressed it as his earnest hope, however, that we would not be called upon to cause more loss and sacrifice of life; but he could not foretell the result. I then suggested to General Lee that there was not a man in the Confederacy whose influence with the

soldiery and the whole people was as great as his, and that if he would now advise the surrender of all the armies I had no doubt his advice would be followed with alacrity. But Lee said that he could not do that without consulting the President first. I knew there was no use to urge him to do anything against his ideas of what was right.

I was accompanied by my staff and other officers, some of whom seemed to have a great desire to go inside the Confederate lines. They finally asked permission of Lee to do so for the purpose of seeing some of their old army friends, and the permission was granted. They went over, had a very pleasant time with their old friends, and brought some of them back with them when they returned. When Lee and I separated he went back to his lines and I returned to the house of Mr. McLean. Here the officers of both armies came in great numbers, and seemed to enjoy the meeting as much as though they had been friends separated for a long time while fighting battles under the same flag. For the time being it looked very much as if all thought of the war had escaped their minds. After an hour pleasantly passed in this way I set out on horseback, accompanied by my staff and a small escort, for Burkesville Junction, up to which point the railroad had by this time been repaired.

Morale of the Two Armies – Relative Conditions of the North and South – President Lincoln Visits Richmond – Arrival at Washington – President Johnson's Policy

After the fall of Petersburg, and when the armies of the Potomac and the James were in motion to head off Lee's army, the morale of the National troops had greatly improved. There was no more straggling, no more rear guards. The men who in former times had been falling back, were now, as I have already stated, striving to get to the front. For the first time in four weary years they felt that they were now nearing the time when they could return to their homes with their country saved. On the other hand, the Confederates were more than correspondingly depressed. Their despondency increased with each returning day, and especially after the battle of Sailor's Creek. They threw away their arms in constantly increasing numbers, dropping out of the ranks and betaking themselves to the woods in the hope of reaching their homes. I have already instanced the case of the entire disintegration of a

regiment whose colonel I met at Farmville. As a result of these and other influences, when Lee finally surrendered at Appomattox, there were only 28,356 officers and men left to be paroled, and many of these were without arms. It was probably this latter fact which gave rise to the statement sometimes made, North and South, that Lee surrendered a smaller number of men than what the official figures show. As a matter of official record, and in addition to the number paroled as given above, we captured between March 29th and the date of surrender 19,132 Confederates, to say nothing of Lee's other losses, killed, wounded and missing, during the series of desperate conflicts which marked his headlong and determined flight. The same record shows the number of cannon, including those at Appomattox, to have been 689 between the dates named.

There has always been a great conflict of opinion as to the number of troops engaged in every battle, or all important battles, fought between the sections, the South magnifying the number of Union troops engaged and belittling their own. Northern writers have fallen, in many instances, into the same error. I have often heard gentlemen, who were thoroughly loyal to the Union, speak of what a splendid fight the South had made and successfully continued for four years before yielding, with their twelve million of people against our twenty, and of the twelve, four being colored slaves, non-combatants. I will add to

their argument. We had many regiments of brave and loyal men who volunteered under great difficulty from the twelve million belonging to the South.

But the South had rebelled against the National government. It was not bound by any constitutional restrictions. The whole South was a military camp. The occupation of the colored people was to furnish supplies for the army. Conscription was resorted to early, and embraced every male from the age of eighteen to forty-five, excluding only those physically unfit to serve in the field, and the necessary number of civil officers of State and intended National government. The old and physically disabled furnished a good portion of these. The slaves, the non-combatants, one-third of the whole, were required to work in the field without regard to sex, and almost without regard to age. Children from the age of eight years could and did handle the hoe; they were not much older when they began to hold the plough. The four million of colored non-combatants were equal to more than three times their number in the North, age for age and sex for sex, in supplying food from the soil to support armies. Women did not work in the fields in the North, and children attended school.

The arts of peace were carried on in the North. Towns and cities grew during the war. Inventions were made in all kinds of machinery to increase the products of a day's labor in the shop, and in the field.

In the South no opposition was allowed to the government which had been set up and which would have become real and respected if the rebellion had been successful. No rear had to be protected. All the troops in service could be brought to the front to contest every inch of ground threatened with invasion. The press of the South, like the people who remained at home, were loyal to the Southern cause.

In the North, the country, the towns and the cities presented about the same appearance they do in time of peace. The furnace was in blast, the shops were filled with workmen, the fields were cultivated, not only to supply the population of the North and the troops invading the South, but to ship abroad to pay a part of the expense of the war. In the North the press was free up to the point of open treason. The citizen could entertain his views and express them. Troops were necessary in the Northern States to prevent prisoners from the Southern army being released by outside force, armed and set at large to destroy by fire our Northern cities. Plans were formed by Northern and Southern citizens to burn our cities, to poison the water supplying them, to spread infection by importing clothing from infected regions, to blow up our river and lake steamers — regardless of the destruction of innocent lives. The copperhead disreputable portion of the press magnified rebel successes, and belittled those of the Union army. It was, with a large following, an auxiliary to

the Confederate army. The North would have been much stronger with a hundred thousand of these men in the Confederate ranks and the rest of their kind thoroughly subdued, as the Union sentiment was in the South, than we were as the battle was fought.

As I have said, the whole South was a military camp. The colored people, four million in number, were submissive, and worked in the field and took care of the families while the able-bodied white men were at the front fighting for a cause destined to defeat. The cause was popular, and was enthusiastically supported by the young men. The conscription took all of them. Before the war was over, further conscriptions took those between fourteen and eighteen years of age as junior reserves, and those between forty-five and sixty as senior reserves. It would have been an offence, directly after the war, and perhaps it would be now, to ask any able-bodied man in the South, who was between the ages of fourteen and sixty at any time during the war, whether he had been in the Confederate army. He would assert that he had, or account for his absence from the ranks. Under such circumstances it is hard to conceive how the North showed such a superiority of force in every battle fought. I know they did not.

During 1862 and '3, John H. Morgan, a partisan officer, of no military education, but possessed of courage and endurance, operated in the rear of the

Army of the Ohio in Kentucky and Tennessee. He had no base of supplies to protect, but was at home wherever he went. The army operating against the South, on the contrary, had to protect its lines of communication with the North, from which all supplies had to come to the front. Every foot of road had to be guarded by troops stationed at convenient distances apart. These guards could not render assistance beyond the points where stationed. Morgan was footloose and could operate where, his information — always correct — led him to believe he could do the greatest damage. During the time he was operating in this way he killed, wounded and captured several times the number he ever had under his command at any one time. He destroyed many millions of property in addition. Places he did not attack had to be guarded as if threatened by him. Forrest, an abler soldier, operated farther west, and held from the National front quite as many men as could be spared for offensive operations. It is safe to say that more than half the National army was engaged in guarding lines of supplies, or were on leave, sick in hospital or on detail which prevented their bearing arms. Then, again, large forces were employed where no Confederate army confronted them. I deem it safe to say that there were no large engagements where the National numbers compensated for the advantage of position and intrenchment occupied by the enemy.

While I was in pursuit of General Lee, the President went to Richmond in company with Admiral Porter, and on board his flagship. He found the people of that city in great consternation. The leading citizens among the people who had remained at home surrounded him, anxious that something should be done to relieve them from suspense. General Weitzel was not then in the city, having taken offices in one of the neighboring villages after his troops had succeeded in subduing the conflagration which they had found in progress on entering the Confederate capital. The President sent for him, and, on his arrival, a short interview was had on board the vessel. Admiral Porter and a leading citizen of Virginia being also present. After this interview the President wrote an order in about these words, which I quote from memory: "General Weitzel is authorized to permit the body calling itself the Legislature of Virginia to meet for the purpose of recalling the Virginia troops from the Confederate armies."

Immediately some of the gentlemen composing that body wrote out a call for a meeting and had it published in their papers. This call, however, went very much further than Mr. Lincoln had contemplated, as he did not say the "Legislature of Virginia" but "the body which called itself the Legislature of Virginia." Mr. Stanton saw the call as published in the Northern papers the very next issue and took the

liberty of countermanding the order authorizing any meeting of the Legislature, or any other body, and this notwithstanding the fact that the President was nearer the spot than he was.

This was characteristic of Mr. Stanton. He was a man who never questioned his own authority, and who always did in war time what he wanted to do. He was an able constitutional lawyer and jurist: but the Constitution was not an impediment to him while the war lasted. In this latter particular I entirely agree with the view he evidently held. The Constitution was not framed with a view to any such rebellion as that of 1861-5. While it did not authorize rebellion it made no provision against it. Yet the right to resist or suppress rebellion is as inherent as the right of self-defence, and as natural as the right of an individual to preserve his life when in jeopardy. The Constitution was therefore in abeyance for the time being, so far as it in any way affected the progress and termination of the war.

Those in rebellion against the government of the United States were not restricted by constitutional provisions, or any other, except the acts of their Congress, which was loyal and devoted to the cause for which the South was then fighting. It would be a hard case when one-third of a nation, united in rebellion against the national authority, is entirely untrammeled, that the other two-thirds, in their efforts to maintain the Union intact, should be

restrained by a Constitution pre-pared by our ancestors for the express purpose of insuring the permanency of the confederation of the States.

After I left General Lee at Appomattox Station, I went with my staff and a few others directly to Burkesville Station on my way to Washington. The road from Burkesville back having been newly repaired and the ground being soft, the train got off the track frequently, and, as a result, it was after midnight of the second day when I reached City Point. As soon as possible I took a dispatch-boat thence to Washington City.

While in Washington I was very busy for a time in preparing the necessary orders for the new state of affairs; communicating with my different commanders of separate departments, bodies of troops, etc. But by the 14th I was pretty well through with this work, so as to be able to visit my children, who were then in Burlington, New Jersey, attending school. Mrs. Grant was with me in Washington at the time, and we were invited by President and Mrs. Lincoln to accompany them to the theatre on the evening of that day. I replied to the President's verbal invitation to the effect, that if we were in the city we would take great pleasure in accompanying them; but that I was very anxious to get away and visit my children, and if I could get through my work during the day I should do so. I did get through and started by the evening train on the 14th, sending Mr. Lincoln

word, of course, that I would not be at the theatre.

At that time the railroad to New York entered Philadelphia on Broad Street; passengers were conveyed in ambulances to the Delaware River, and then ferried to Camden, at which point they took the cars again. When I reached the ferry, on the east side of the City of Philadelphia, I found people awaiting my arrival there; and also dispatches informing me of the assassination of the President and Mr. Seward, and of the probable assassination of the Vice President, Mr. Johnson, and requesting my immediate return.

It would be impossible for me to describe the feeling that overcame me at the news of these assassinations, more especially the assassination of the President. I knew his goodness of heart, his generosity, his yielding disposition, his desire to have everybody happy, and above all his desire to see all the people of the United States enter again upon the full privileges of citizenship with equality among all. I knew also the feeling that Mr. Johnson had expressed in speeches and conversation against the Southern people, and I feared that his course towards them would be such as to repel, and make them unwilling citizens; and if they became such they would remain so for a long while. I felt that reconstruction had been set back, no telling how far.

I immediately arranged for getting a train to take me back to Washington City; but Mrs. Grant was

with me; it was after midnight and Burlington was but an hour away. Finding that I could accompany her to our house and return about as soon as they would be ready to take me from the Philadelphia station, I went up with her and returned immediately by the same special train. The joy that I had witnessed among the people in the street and in public places in Washington when I left there, had been turned to grief; the city was in reality a city of mourning. I have stated what I believed then the effect of this would be, and my judgment now is that I was right. I believe the South would have been saved from very much of the hardness of feeling that was engendered by Mr. Johnson's course towards them during the first few months of his administration. Be this as it may, Mr. Lincoln's assassination was particularly unfortunate for the entire nation.

Mr. Johnson's course towards the South did engender bitterness of feeling. His denunciations of treason and his ever-ready remark, "Treason is a crime and must be made odious," was repeated to all those men of the South who came to him to get some assurances of safety so that they might go to work at something with the feeling that what they obtained would be secure to them. He uttered his denunciations with great vehemence, and as they were accompanied with no assurances of safety, many Southerners were driven to a point almost beyond endurance.

The President of the United States is, in a large degree, or ought to be, a representative of the feeling, wishes and judgment of those over whom he presides; and the Southerners who read the denunciations of themselves and their people must have come to the conclusion that he uttered the sentiments of the Northern people; whereas, as a matter of fact, but for the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, I believe the great majority of the Northern people, and the soldiers unan-mously, would have been in favor of a speedy reconstruction on terms that would be the least humiliating to the people who had rebelled against their government. They believed, I have no doubt, as I did, that besides being the mildest, it was also the wisest, policy.

The people who had been in rebellion must necessarily come back into the Union, and be incorporated as an integral part of the nation. Naturally the nearer they were placed to an equality with the people who had not rebelled, the more reconciled they would feel with their old antagonists, and the better citizens they would be from the beginning. They surely would not make good citizens if they felt that they had a yoke around their necks.

I do not believe that the majority of the Northern people at that time were in favor of negro suffrage. They supposed that it would naturally follow the freedom of the negro, but that there would be a time of probation, in which the ex-slaves could prepare

themselves for the privileges of citizenship before the full right would be conferred; but Mr. Johnson, after a complete revolution of sentiment, seemed to regard the South not only as an oppressed people, but as the people best entitled to consideration of any of our citizens. This was more than the people who had secured to us the perpetuation of the Union were prepared for, and they became more radical in their views. The Southerners had the most power in the executive branch, Mr. Johnson having gone to their side; and with a compact South, and such sympathy and support as they could get from the North, they felt that they would be able to control the nation at once, and already many of them acted as if they thought they were entitled to do so.

Thus Mr. Johnson, fighting Congress on the one hand, and receiving the support of the South on the other, drove Congress, which was overwhelmingly republican, to the passing of first one measure and then another to restrict his power. There being a solid South on one side that was in accord with the political party in the North which had sympathized with the rebellion, it finally, in the judgment of Congress and of the majority of the legislatures of the States, became necessary to enfranchise the negro, in all his ignorance. In this work, I shall not discuss the question of how far the policy of Congress in this particular proved a wise one. It became an absolute necessity, however, because of the fool-hardiness of

the President and the blindness of the Southern people to their own interest. As to myself, while strongly favoring the course that would be the least humiliating to the people who had been in rebellion, I gradually worked up to the point where, with the majority of the people, I favored immediate enfranchisement.

The armies of Europe are machines: the men are brave and the officers capable; but the majority of the soldiers in most of the nations of Europe are taken from a class of people who are not very intelligent and who have very little interest in the contest in which they are called upon to take part. Our armies were composed of men who were able to read, men who knew what they were fighting for, and could not be induced to serve as soldiers, except in an emergency when the safety of the nation was involved, and so necessarily must have been more than equal to men who fought merely because they were brave and because they were thoroughly drilled and inured to hardships.

It may not be out of place to again allude to President Lincoln and the Secretary of War, Mr. Stanton, who were the great conspicuous figures in the executive branch of the government. There is no great difference of opinion now, in the public mind, as to the characteristics of the President. With Mr. Stanton the case is different. They were the very opposite of each other in almost every particular,

except that each possessed great ability. Mr. Lincoln gained influence over men by making them feel that it was a pleasure to serve him. He preferred yielding his own wish to gratify others, rather than to insist upon having his own way. It distressed him to disappoint others. In matters of public duty, however, he had what he wished, but in the least offensive way. Mr. Stanton never questioned his own authority to command, unless resisted. He cared nothing for the feeling of others. In fact it seemed to be pleasanter to him to disappoint than to gratify. He felt no hesitation in assuming the functions of the executive, or in acting without advising with him. If his act was not sustained, he would change it — if he saw the matter would be followed up until he did so.

It was generally supposed that these two officials formed the complement of each other. The Secretary was required to prevent the President's being imposed upon. The President was required in the more responsible place of seeing that injustice was not done to others. I do not know that this view of these two men is still entertained by the majority of the people. It is not a correct view, however, in my estimation. Mr. Lincoln did not require a guardian to aid him in the fulfilment of a public trust.

Mr. Lincoln was not timid, and he was willing to trust his generals in making and executing their plans. The Secretary was very timid, and it was impossible for him to avoid interfering with the armies

covering the capital when it was sought to defend it by an offensive movement against the army guarding the Confederate capital. He could see our weakness, but he could not see that the enemy was in danger. The enemy would not have been in danger if Mr. Stanton had been in the field.

Conclusion

The cause of the great War of the Rebellion against the United Status will have to be attributed to slavery. For some years before the war began it was a trite saying among some politicians that "A state half slave and half free cannot exist." All must become slave or all free, or the state will go down. I took no part myself in any such view of the case at the time, but since the war is over, reviewing the whole question, I have come to the conclusion that the saying is quite true.

Slavery was an institution that required unusual guarantees for its security wherever it existed; and in a country like ours where the larger portion of it was free territory inhabited by an intelligent and well-to-do population, the people would naturally have but little sympathy with demands upon them for its protection. Hence the people of the South were dependent upon keeping control of the general government to secure the perpetuation of their favorite institution. They were enabled to maintain this control long after the States where slavery existed had ceased to have the controlling power, through the assistance they received from odd men here and there throughout the Northern States. They saw

their power waning, and this led them to encroach upon the prerogatives and independence of the Northern States by enacting such laws as the Fugitive Slave Law. By this law every Northern man was obliged, when properly summoned, to turn out and help apprehend the runaway slave of a Southern man. Northern marshals became slave-catchers, and Northern courts had to contribute to the support and protection of the institution.

This was a degradation which the North would not permit any longer than until they could get the power to expunge such laws from the statute books. Prior to the time of these encroachments the great majority of the people of the North had no particular quarrel with slavery, so long as they were not forced to have it themselves. But they were not willing to play the role of police for the South in the protection of this particular institution.

In the early days of the country, before we had railroads, telegraphs and steamboats — in a word, rapid transit of any sort — the States were each almost a separate nationality. At that time the subject of slavery caused but little or no disturbance to the public mind. But the country grew, rapid transit was established, and trade and commerce between the States got to be so much greater than before, that the power of the National government became more felt and recognized and, therefore, had to be enlisted in the cause of this institution.

It is probably well that we had the war when we did. We are better off now than we would have been without it, and have made more rapid progress than we otherwise should have made. The civilized nations of Europe have been stimulated into unusual activity, so that commerce, trade, travel, and thorough acquaintance among people of different nationalities, has become common; whereas, before, it was but the few who had ever had the privilege of going beyond the limits of their own country or who knew anything about other people. Then, too, our republican institutions were regarded as experiments up to the breaking out of the rebellion, and monarchical Europe generally believed that our republic was a rope of sand that would part the moment the slightest strain was brought upon it. Now it has shown itself capable of dealing with one of the greatest wars that was ever made, and our people have proven themselves to be the most formidable in war of any nationality.

But this war was a fearful lesson, and should teach us the necessity of avoiding wars in the future.

The conduct of some of the European states during our troubles shows the lack of conscience of communities where the responsibility does not come upon a single individual. Seeing a nation that extended from ocean to ocean, embracing the better part of a continent, growing as we were growing in population, wealth and intelligence, the European

nations thought it would be well to give us a check. We might, possibly, after a while threaten their peace, or, at least, the perpetuity of their institutions. Hence, England was constantly finding fault with the administration at Washington because we were not able to keep up an effective blockade. She also joined, at first, with France and Spain in setting up an Austrian prince upon the throne in Mexico, totally disregarding any rights or claims that Mexico had of being treated as an independent power. It is true they trumped up grievances as a pretext, but they were only pretexts which can always be found when wanted.

Mexico, in her various revolutions, had been unable to give that protection to the subjects of foreign nations which she would have liked to give, and some of her revolutionary leaders had forced loans from them. Under pretence of protecting their citizens, these nations seized upon Mexico as a foothold for establishing a European monarchy upon our continent, thus threatening our peace at home. I, myself, regarded this as a direct act of war against the United States by the powers engaged, and supposed as a matter of course that the United States would treat it as such when their hands were free to strike. I often spoke of the matter to Mr. Lincoln and the Secretary of War, but never heard any special views from them to enable me to judge what they thought or felt about it. I inferred that they felt a good deal as

I did, but were unwilling to commit themselves while we had our own troubles upon our hands.

All of the powers except France very soon withdrew from the armed intervention for the establishment of an Austrian prince upon the throne of Mexico; but the governing people of these countries continued to the close of the war to throw obstacles in our way. After the surrender of Lee, therefore, entertaining the opinion here expressed, I sent Sheridan with a corps to the Rio Grande to have him where he might aid Juarez in expelling the French from Mexico. These troops got off before they could be stopped; and went to the Rio Grande, where Sheridan distributed them up and down the river, much to the consternation of the troops in the quarter of Mexico bordering on that stream. This soon led to a request from France that we should withdraw our troops from the Rio Grande and to negotiations for the withdrawal of theirs. Finally Bazaine was withdrawn from Mexico by order of the French Government. From that day the empire began to totter. Mexico was then able to maintain her independence without aid from us.

France is the traditional ally and friend of the United States. I did not blame France for her part in the scheme to erect a monarchy upon the ruins of the Mexican Republic. That was the scheme of one man, an imitator without genius or merit. He had succeeded in stealing the government of his country,

and made a change in its form against the wishes and instincts of his people. He tried to play the part of the first Napoleon, without the ability to sustain that role. He sought by new conquests to add to his empire and his glory; but the signal failure of his scheme of conquest was the precursor of his own overthrow.

Like our own war between the States, the Franco-Prussian war was an expensive one; but it was worth to France all it cost her people. It was the completion of the downfall of Napoleon III. The beginning was when he landed troops on this continent. Failing here, the prestige of his name — all the prestige he ever had — was gone. He must achieve a success or fall. He tried to strike down his neighbor, Prussia — and fell.

I never admired the character of the first Napoleon; but I recognize his great genius. His work, too, has left its impress for good on the face of Europe. The third Napoleon could have no claim to having done a good or just act.

To maintain peace in the future it is necessary to be prepared for war. There can scarcely be a possible chance of a conflict, such as the last one, occurring among our own people again; but, growing as we are, in population, wealth and military power, we may become the envy of nations which led us in all these particulars only a few years ago; and unless we are prepared for it we may be in danger of a combined movement being some day made to crush us out.

Now, scarcely twenty years after the war, we seem to have forgotten the lessons it taught, and are going on as if in the greatest security, without the power to resist an invasion by the fleets of fourth-rate European powers for a time until we could prepare for them.

We should have a good navy, and our sea-coast defenses should be put in the finest possible condition. Neither of these cost much when it is considered where the money goes, and what we get in return. Money expended in a fine navy, not only adds to our security and tends to prevent war in the future, but is very material aid to our commerce with foreign nations in the meantime. Money spent upon sea-coast defenses is spent among our own people, and all goes back again among the people. The work accomplished, too, like that of the navy, gives us a feeling of security.

England's course towards the United States during the rebellion exasperated the people of this country very much against the mother country. I regretted it. England and the United States are natural allies, and should be the best of friends. They speak one language, and are related by blood and other ties. We together, or even either separately, are better qualified than any other people to establish commerce between all the nationalities of the world.

England governs her own colonies, and particularly those embracing the people of different races

from her own, better than any other nation. She is just to the conquered, but rigid. She makes them self-supporting, but gives the benefit of labor to the laborer. She does not seem to look upon the colonies as outside possessions which she is at liberty to work for the support and aggrandizement of the home government.

The hostility of England to the United States during our rebellion was not so much real as it was apparent. It was the hostility of the leaders of one political party. I am told that there was no time during the civil war when they were able to get up in England a demonstration in favor of secession while these were constantly being gotten up in favor of the Union, or, as they called it, in favor of the North. Even in Manchester, which suffered so fearfully by having the cotton cut off from her mills, they had a monster demonstration in favor of the North at the very time when their workmen were almost famishing.

It is possible that the question of a conflict between races may come up in the future, as did that between freedom and slavery before. The condition of the colored man within our borders may become a source of anxiety, to say the least. But he was brought to our shores by compulsion, and he now should be considered as having as good a right to remain here as any other class of our citizens. It was looking to a settlement of this question that led me to urge the

annexation of Santo Domingo during the time I was President of the United States.

Santo Domingo was freely offered to us, not only by the administration, but by all the people, almost without price. The island is upon our shores, is very fertile, and is capable of supporting fifteen millions of people. The products of the soil are so valuable that labor in her fields would be so compensated as to enable those who wished to go there to quickly repay the cost of their passage. I took it that the colored people would go there in great numbers, so as to have independent states governed by their own race. They would still be States of the Union, and under the protection of the General Government; but the citizens would be almost wholly colored.

By the war with Mexico, we had acquired, as we have seen, territory almost equal in extent to that we already possessed. It was seen that the volunteers of the Mexican war largely composed the pioneers to settle up the Pacific coast country. Their numbers, however, were scarcely sufficient to be a nucleus for the population of the important points of the territory acquired by that war. After our rebellion, when so many young men were at liberty to return to their homes, they found they were not satisfied with the farm, the store, or the workshop of the villages, but wanted larger fields. The mines of the mountains first attracted them; but afterwards they found that rich valleys and productive grazing and farming lands

were there. This territory, the geography of which was not known to us at the close of the rebellion, is now as well mapped as any portion of our country. Railroads traverse it in every direction, north, south, east, and west. The mines are worked. The high lands are used for grazing purposes, and rich agricultural lands are found in many of the valleys. This is the work of the volunteer. It is probable that the Indians would have had control of these lands for a century yet but for the war. We must conclude, therefore, that wars are not always evils unmixed with some good.

Prior to the rebellion the great mass of the people were satisfied to remain near the scenes of their birth. In fact an immense majority of the whole people did not feel secure against coming to want should they move among entire strangers. So much was the country divided into small communities that localized idioms had grown up, so that you could almost tell what section a person was from by hearing him speak. Before, new territories were settled by a "class"; people who shunned contact with others; people who, when the country began to settle up around them, would push out farther from civilization. Their guns furnished meat, and the cultivation of a very limited amount of the soil, their bread and vegetables. All the streams abounded with fish. Trapping would furnish pelts to be brought into the States once a year, to pay for necessary articles which

they could not raise — powder, lead, whiskey, tobacco and some store goods. Occasionally some little articles of luxury would enter into these purchases — a quarter of a pound of tea, two or three pounds of coffee, more of sugar, some playing cards, and if anything was left over of the proceeds of the sale, more whiskey.

Little was known of the topography of the country beyond the settlements of these frontiersmen. This is all changed now. The war begot a spirit of independence and enterprise. The feeling now is that a youth must cut loose from his old surroundings to enable him to get up in the world. There is now such a commingling of the people that particular idioms and pronunciation are no longer localized to any great extent; the country has filled up "from the centre all around to the sea"; railroads connect the two oceans and all parts of the interior; maps, nearly perfect, of every part of the country are now furnished the student of geography.

The war has made us a nation of great power and intelligence. We have but little to do to preserve peace, happiness and prosperity at home, and the respect of other nations. Our experience ought to teach us the necessity of the first; our power secures the latter.

I feel that we are on the eve of a new era, when there is to be great harmony between the Federal and Confederate. I cannot stay to be a living witness to

the correctness of this prophecy; but I feel it within me that it is to be so. The universally kind feeling expressed for me at a time when it was supposed that each day would prove my last, seemed to me the beginning of the answer to "Let us have peace."

The expression of these kindly feelings were not restricted to a section of the country, nor to a division of the people. They came from individual citizens of all nationalities; from all denominations — the Protestant, the Catholic, and the Jew; and from the various societies of the land — scientific, educational, religious or otherwise. Politics did not enter into the matter at all.

I am not egotist enough to suppose all this significance should be given because I was the object of it. But the war between the States was a very bloody and a very costly war. One side or the other had to yield principles they deemed dearer than life before it could be brought to an end. I commanded the whole of the mighty host engaged on the victorious side. I was, no matter whether deservedly so or not, a representative of that side of the controversy. It is a significant and gratifying fact that Confederates should have joined heartily in this spontaneous move. I hope the good feeling inaugurated may continue to the end.



Robert E. Lee

Story from

Robert E. Lee: A Story, A Play

Ruth Hill

Growing Up

Once upon a time in beautiful Virginia there lived a little boy named Robert Edward Lee. It was in the days before the Civil War when, if we may believe all we hear, all the women were charming, and all the men were gentlemen.

The boy's father was one of the most gallant of the gentlemen, for he was Light Horse Harry of Revolutionary War fame. He it was who said of Washington, "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." Mr. Lee did not realize, then, how many people would apply this same re-mark to his own son.

No doubt little Robert got in and out of as many scrapes as any other active little boy, but all the time he was hard at work learning to control his temper. I started to say he was learning to be a gentleman, but that was something he did not have to learn. A gentleman, he was by nature, as the Lees of Virginia had been for generations.

He did not have a very happy boyhood. His father died when Robert was only eleven. His mother was an invalid and Robert was the one who did all the thoughtful little things that mean so much when one is sick. He would race home from school to take her

out to ride. He would arrange all the pillows carefully and then tell her everything amusing he could think of, because he said unless she was cheerful the ride would do her no good.

In her last illness he nursed her day and night. If Robert left the room, she kept her eyes on the door until he returned, but she never had long to wait.

A Young Soldier

When the time came for Robert to choose a profession, he decided to be a soldier. He prepared himself for West Point. His teacher said that everything Robert started to do, he finished beautifully, even if it were only a plan drawn on his slate.

When the time came, he received his appointment to West Point through Andrew Jackson, who was greatly taken by the appearance of this straightforward young man.

At West Point he graduated second in his class, and better than that, he never received a demerit all the time he was there.

Right after graduation, he was made second lieutenant of Engineers and for some time he was busy looking after our coast defenses.

Two years afterwards he married. Who do you suppose the bride was? The granddaughter of Washington's stepson. Robert and Mary Park Custis had played together as children. She was an heiress, while Lieutenant Lee was poor, but that did not lessen her pride in her husband.

Some years later, after he had been made Captain, the Mississippi River threatened to flood St. Louis. General Scott was asked for help and he sent

Captain Lee. "He is young," Scott wrote, "but if the work can be done, he can do it."

The city government grew impatient because they thought the young engineer was not working fast enough. They withdrew the money they had voted to spend on the work, but this did not stop Captain Lee. All he said was, "They can do as they like with their own, but I was sent here to do certain work, and I will do it." And he did it.

Feeling in the city ran high, riots broke out, and it was said that cannons were placed ready to fire on the working force. But Lee kept calmly on to the end, and his work still stands today. Just as when he was a boy, anything he began, he finished beautifully.

The Mexican War

Later, when the Mexican War broke out, of course Captain Lee was sent to the border. You know what sort of country that is, how easy it is for Mexicans to hide in the mountains, and how hard it is for Americans to find them.

So successful was Lee as a scout, however, that first he was made major, then lieutenant-colonel, and finally colonel, all in one year. General Scott declared years afterward that Lee was the very best soldier he had ever seen.

Early in the war, he started out with a single Mexican guide whom he forced to serve at the point of a pistol. The Americans had received a report that the Mexicans had crossed the mountains and were near, ready to attack. Lee started out to find how near the Mexicans really were.

Soon Lee and his frightened guide came upon tracks of mules and wagons in the road. This would have satisfied many scouts, but Lee determined to press on until he reached the pickets of the enemy.

To his surprise he found no pickets, but he saw large campfires on a hillside not far away. By this time, his guide was ready to die of fright and begged Lee to return. But he was not quite satisfied and rode

forward. Soon he saw what carried out the report he had heard of the mountain side covered with the tents of the Mexicans, for there it gleamed white in the moonlight. Still riding on, he heard the loud talking and usual noises of a camp. But by this time he discovered that what others had taken for tents were — well what do you suppose? Why, nothing but sheep!

Riding into the herders' camp, he learned that the Mexicans had not yet crossed the mountains, so he galloped back to his own camp with this important news — much to the relief of his guide.

At another time he set out in darkness in the midst of a terrible tropic storm, across lava beds where Mexicans lurked. By carrying an important message, he forced the Mexicans to retreat. Seven officers were sent on the same errand, but all except Lee returned without delivering the message. General Scott called it the bravest act of the whole war.

A story which shows how Lee kept right on doing anything that he knew was right, is told of him when he was in Mexico. He had been ordered to take some marines and make a battery to be manned by them afterwards. The sailors did not like to dig dirt and swore. Even their captain said his men were fighters, not moles. Lee simply showed his orders and made them keep on. When the firing began, the marines found their trenches very useful. The captain apologized to Lee saying, "I suppose after all, your work

helped the boys a good deal. But the fact is, I never did like this land fighting — it ain't clean."

After the fall of Mexico when the American officers were celebrating with a banquet in the palace, a health was proposed to the gallant young captain of engineers who had found a way for the army into the city. Then they noticed that Lee was not there, so one of them went in search of him.

At last Lee was found in a faraway room, hard at work studying a map. When his friend asked him why he was not at the banquet, he pointed to his work. Then his friend told him that was just drudgery and that some one else could do it just as well.

"No," said Lee, "No, I am only doing my duty."

A Returned Hero

After the war with Mexico, Lee was one of the most popular war heroes. The Cubans tried to get him to lead them in a revolution against Spain. They offered him far more money then he could receive here, but he thought it dishonorable to accept service in a foreign army when he held a United States commission.

Three years later he was made superintendent of West Point. When he learned of his new position, he wrote just what we might expect of him. He said he was sorry to learn that the Secretary of War had decided on him, because he was afraid that he did not have skill and experience enough.

As a matter of fact, he made a highly successful super-intendent. One day when Lee was out riding with his son, they caught sight of three cadets who were far out of bounds, and were going farther just as fast as they could. After a moment Lee said, "Did you know those young men? But no, if you did, don't say so. I wish boys would do what is right; it would be so much easier for all parties."

After three years' service at West Point, Lee was made lieutenant-colonel in a new cavalry regiment, intended to keep peace in the South Western

territory which had been taken over from Mexico. His time was spent in fighting Indians.

He happened to be in Washington at the time of the famous John Brown raid and he was sent to end it. Lee captured John Brown and then turned him over to the civil authorities. If it had not been for Lee, John Brown and his party would have been lynched. In talking with a friend afterwards, Lee said, "I am glad we did not have to kill him, for I believe he is an honest, conscientious old man."

The Civil War

Day by day the feeling between the Northern and Southern states grew more bitter. Lee thought both sides were somewhat in the wrong but he kept right to his military duties. He said a soldier should not dabble in politics.

At last the break came for Lee when Virginia decided to leave the union. Can't you just imagine how the heart of Lee was torn? Here he was an officer in the United States Army, and yet his beloved Virginia was no longer to be a part of the nation.

It is said that he was offered the position of Commander-in-Chief of the United States forces if he would remain loyal to the union, but he could not turn his back upon Virginia. It was not as if he had felt bitterly against the North. It was not as if he felt strongly on the slave question. As a matter of fact he had freed his own slaves before. He wanted peace but since Virginia had decided to withdraw from the union and so needed him, he was not the man to fail her.

We still remember how he refused to take command in Cuba because he was a United States officer. Now he was obliged to resign his commission,

but he said he hoped never to draw his sword again except in defence of his native state.

As soon as it was known that Lee had retired from the United States army, the Governor offered him the position of Commander-in-Chief of the forces of Virginia.

The president of the Virginia convention gave him his commission saying, "Sir, we have by this unanimous vote expressed our convictions that you are at this day, among the living citizens of Virginia, first in war, and we pray God that it may soon be said of you that you are first in peace, and when that time comes you will have gained the still prouder distinction of being first in the hearts of your countrymen."

So, at the age of fifty-four, after thirty-two years of service in the United States army, Lee accepted the command which he felt to be his duty.

For four years, the life of General Lee was a part of all men's history. You know how he took charge of raw recruits and in two months had sixty trained regiments ready for the service of his state. You know how hard it was for the South to get arms and ammunition. General Lee called upon all the citizens to give up all the guns they owned and saw that factories turned out as much ammunition as possible.

I don't have to tell you of Lee's victories and defeats, because you have read of them all.

He had not only to fight with the Northern armies but he had also to battle against home sick-

ness and measles (measles during the Civil War were no joke) in his own camp.

Because the Southern States were fighting for their separate rights, the feeling of independence was particularly strong among the Southern officers, and General Lee was sometimes seriously hindered by not having his orders carried out.

Then came the last terrible years and months of the war when the South could not get food or clothes or shoes for her army. But the men inspired by Lee, continued to fight bravely on. They knew that their general was not feasting while they starved; for often one cold sweet potato would be all that General Lee would have for a meal.

You can see how great an influence Lee had on the army, by the words that would pass from mouth to mouth before a battle. "Remember, General Lee is looking at us."

Before one of the later battles of war, Lee was reviewing the troops. "These," said one of the officers, "Are the brave Virginians."

Without saying a word, Lee removed his hat and rode the length of the line. One man said it was the most eloquent speech he had ever heard.

A few minutes later as the men advanced to the charge one of the youngest called out, "Any man who would not fight after what General Lee said is a blame coward!"

During battle, Lee seemed not to know the

meaning of fear. His officers were forever telling him to keep out of danger. On one occasion he was so determined to fight in the front of the battle, they had to refuse to advance until he went back. He said one time in his quiet vein of humor, "I wish some one would tell me what my place is on the battlefield, I seem never to be in it."

Another time, he was seen to advance in the midst of firing, stoop, and pick something up. He was replacing a baby bird that had fallen out of its nest.

Finally with all supplies cut off, General Lee saw all further fighting was useless, and he accepted arrangements for surrender. One of his officers told him that history would blame him for surrendering. He replied that it did not matter if he knew it was right.

So at the courthouse at Appomattox, Lee proved himself as great as ever he had been in victory. It is easy enough to be great in the midst of victory, but the truly great man is the one who remains great in spite of defeat. That is the test.

General Grant was so much touched by the bravery and suffering of the Southern army that by his orders no salutes of joy were fired.

After signing the articles of surrender, Lee came out of the courthouse, looked up for a moment at the Virginia hills for which he had fought so bravely, struck his hands together just once in agony, then mounted his confederate grey horse, Traveller, and

rode calmly away.

As he rode, he passed in view of his men — as many as remained of them. News of the surrender had spread, so they were standing about in dejected groups, when they caught sight of Lee. For a moment they forgot hunger and defeat and let out a mighty shout. Then they crowded around their former commander kissing his hands though their tears.

"Men," he said, "we have fought through the war together. I have done my best for you. My heart is too full to say more."

The College President

The Lee's beautiful home, Arlington, across the river from Washington had been used as headquarters for the Union Army during the war. The country home they owned had been burned.

The family was now living at Richmond, and General Lee went to join them there. You can imagine how glad they were to see each other after their long and terrible separation.

But Lee was not allowed the peaceful home life for which he longed. Callers of every class crowded the house.

One morning an Irishman who had fought on the Northern side came with a basket of provisions and insisted upon seeing General Lee. The servant could not put him off, so when the General appeared, Pat said to him, "Sure, sir, you're a great soldier, and it's I that knows it. I've been fighting against you all these years, and many a hard knock we've had. But, General, I honor you for it, and now they tell me you are poor and in want, and I've brought you this basket. Please take it from a soldier."

Lee, of course, thanked him for it and told him that although he himself was not in need there were

poor soldiers in the hospital who would be glad to be remembered by so generous a foe.

With the death of President Lincoln, feeling in the North against the South took new life. Friends of Lee began to fear for his safety.

One day a confederate soldier in a tattered uniform called upon the general saying he was speaking for four other fellows around the corner who were too ragged to come to the house. They offered their loved general a home in the mountains where they would guard him with their lives. Lee thanked them with tears in his eyes, but he said he could not live the life of an outlaw. He gave them some of his clothes and the soldier went back to his friends around the corner.

Because of Mrs. Lee's poor health, it became necessary to leave Richmond. A friend offered them a country house near Cartersville in Cumberland county. But people followed him even here. An English nobleman offered him an estate abroad, but Lee would not leave Virginia now that she needed him more than ever.

He received all sorts of offers of money, of land, of stock if he would allow business companies just to use his name. He was offered the presidency of an insurance company at a salary of $50,000 a year. He said he could not accept because he knew nothing about the insurance business. "But General, you will not be expected to do any work; what we wish is the

use of your name."

"Don't you think," said General Lee, "that if my name is worth $50,000 a year, I ought to be very careful about taking care of it?"

As one of his daughters said, "They are offering my father everything but the only thing he will accept — a chance to earn honest bread while engaged in some useful work."

That speech made to a trustee of Washington College brought Lee the offer of presidency of the college at a salary of $1,500 a year. At first Lee would not accept, because he was afraid that because he was still a prisoner on parole it might hurt the college to have him as its head. When the trustees told him what an honor it would be to the college to have his name connected with it, he finally accepted.

On his old war horse, Traveller, he rode into Lexington alone to take up his college duties. At first he was met with a reverent silence, but soon his old soldiers broke out into their far-famed rebel yell.

He took his oath as president on October 2, 1865, and from then until his death, he devoted himself to the needs of the college. When he took charge there were only four professors and forty students. Don't you think most men who had been commanders-in-chief would have considered it beneath their dignity to accept a position like that?

He put every student on his honor. If he found that a student was getting no good from the college,

and that his influence might be bad on the others, the student was given the chance to leave instead of being expelled. Even as the college grew bigger, Lee knew every student personally, and even most of his marks.

Lee was still pursued by offers of large salaries for the mere use of his name. To one of these he replied what he might have said to all, "I am grateful, but I have a self-imposed task which I must accomplish. I have led the young men of the South in battle. I have seen many of them die on the field; I shall devote my remaining energies to training young men to do their duty in life."

The trustees of Washington College wanted to give him as a home, the house erected for him as president. But he insisted that the building be kept by the college. He said he could not allow himself or his family to be a tax on the college.

Because of poor health, Lee went South during his last winter. While he was gone, the trustees voted to give his family three thousand dollars a year.

But this, like everything else, Lee refused. After Lee's Southern trip, it was hoped that he had regained his health, for he took up his college duties with such energy.

On the morning of September 28, 1870, General Lee was at his desk promptly as usual. In the afternoon he went to a business meeting of the Church officers. A steady rain was falling and the air was

chilly. He presided at the meeting, sit-ting in the cold, damp church. When it was announced that the minister's salary had not been raised, Lee said he would pay what was lacking.

Tea was waiting for him when he came home. He stood up as if to say grace, but he could not speak. When the doctor came, he told Lee he would soon be up again riding his favorite gray, but Lee only shook his head. Then later in his delirium, he showed his mind had wandered back to the battle-fields, for once he said, "Strike the tents." And again speaking of one of his favorite officers who had been killed in the war, he said, "Tell Hill he must come up."

Then at last Lee passed peacefully away from all battlefields.

One time a young student was called to the pre-sident's office and was told gently that only patience and industry would prevent the failure that would otherwise certainly come to him.

"But, General, you failed."

"I hope that you may be more fortunate than I," was the quiet answer.

But it was only the General's great modesty that made him consider himself a failure. What greater success could come to any man than to be always a Christian and always a gentleman?

Selections from

Robert E. Lee

Philip Alexander Bruce

General Character

The very qualities that diminished General Lee's ability to perform the part of a successful revolutionary leader were such as to adorn his character in private life. Profound religious feeling was the foundation of that character; it gave its complexion to all his thoughts, and, consciously or unconsciously, governed all his actions, whether trivial or important. If Southern independence was to be won only by violating Christian principles or the dictates of humanity, he would never have consented to become the Confederacy's military instrument in bringing it about, however ardently he might have desired its attainment. No such cynical sentiment as "omelettes cannot be made without breaking eggs" could ever have been uttered or approved by him. Never during his invasions of hostile territory would he have inaugurated or countenanced a course of devastation involving the innocent and helpless, even had he thought that such a course would perhaps cripple the enemy beyond recovery. Not even the suggestions of a just and natural resentment provoked him to reprisals, because the indulgence of such a feeling would have imparted to the war a spirit of wanton cruelty and savagery which he abhorred.

The burning of Chambersburg by General Early, in retaliation for General Hunter's use of the torch in the Valley (that city, knowing the alternative, having declined to pay the money tribute levied on her in consequence of those barbarities) was done without General Lee's knowledge, authority, or approval. As we have seen, he positively refused, during the retreat from Petersburg, to disperse his army in guerilla warfare, because, however effective this might be toward securing more favorable terms in the final pacification, it would lead to courses radically repugnant to the Christian and humane principles which he was determined to uphold to the last ditch.

Indeed, his religious feeling seemed only to be intensified by the Confederacy's declining fortunes. The profound impression made upon him by the Gettysburg campaign, and his less hopeful outlook on the future thereafter, are clearly revealed in the deeper and more fervent religious tone of his correspondence from that date to the end of the contest. He seemed to lean more on Providence the more Providence appeared to be deserting his cause. When the Confederacy finally sank in ruins, it was this unshaken trust in God, this confidence in Divine wisdom, that inspired him with calm resignation to the inevitable as well as with a sanguine expectation of a happier day for the Southern people. So deep was this trust and so firm this confidence that not even the relentless Acts of Reconstruction aroused

in him bitterness or animosity toward the North. That era of submersion was to him but a passing wave of darkness; the light from Heaven would be obscured only for a time.

It was natural that a man guided in his entire conduct by religious principles should, at all costs, and in spite of every temptation, have been loyal to his conception of duty from the beginning to the end of his life. The boy, who, with a gravity beyond his years, devoted every moment not engaged in study, to brightening the hours of an invalid mother, was the father of the man, who, putting aside all proffers of Federal honors, and disregarding the loss of home and estate, obeyed the call of his native commonwealth, defended her soil up to the exhaustion of his last resource, and then used his influence to promote peace and harmony and to spread abroad a hopeful spirit. "I never in my life saw in General Lee the slightest tendency to self-seeking," said Mr. Davis. "It was not his to make a record; it was not his to shift the blame to other shoulders, but it was his, with an eye fixed upon the welfare of his country, never faltering, to follow the line of duty to the end." And Mr. Stephens has recorded: "What I had seen General Lee to be at first, childlike in simplicity, and unselfish in his character, he remained unspoiled by praise and success."

Indeed, no feeling of personal ambition seemed at any time to animate him. When, in the spring of

1861, the Confederate seat of government was removed to Richmond, he lost his position as supreme commander of the Virginia troops, a reduction which the Confederate authorities at first greatly feared would diminish his zeal for the cause. When sounded by Mr. Stephens, he simply replied: "I am willing to serve anywhere where I can be useful." Before his appointment to the leadership of the Army of Northern Virginia, in succession to Johnston, he occupied the least conspicuous post filled by any Confederate officer of equal rank. His military reputation had been seriously lowered by the campaign in western Virginia, and not advanced by his achievements as an engineer along the south Atlantic coast because unknown to the general public; and yet at no time, in word or action, did he give any sign of dissatisfaction or discontent.

Undepressed by events that clouded his private fortunes, he was never elated by events that covered those fortunes with a dazzling radiance. In either situation, he displayed equal greatness of mind and soul. Which was the sublimer moral act, to attribute, in the intoxicating hour of success at Chancellorsville, all the glory of the victory to Jackson, or in the depressing hour of failure at Gettysburg, to assume all the responsibility for the repulse, which really belonged to Longstreet! This spirit of generosity was shown just as conspicuously in his relations with less distinguished subordinates; the officers of inferior

rank who rose to prominence under him were always certain to receive more rather than less credit than was their due for their services to the Confederate cause.

Another phase of the same spirit was exhibited in his attitude toward the enemy: he was never heard to express himself with rancor regarding the North even during the progress of the war. He always spoke of the opposing army as "those people." This spirit of moderation toward his foes was illustrated with singular beauty in an incident that occurred at Gettysburg, after the close of the battle. "I was badly wounded," says a private of the Army of the Potomac. "A ball had shattered my left leg. I lay on the ground not far from Cemetery Ridge, and as General Lee ordered his retreat, he and his officers rode near me. As he came along I recognized him, and though faint from exposure and loss of blood, I raised up my hands, looked Lee in the face, and shouted as loud as I could, 'Hurrah for the Union.' The general heard me, looked, stopped his horse, dismounted, and came toward me. I confess I at first thought he meant to kill me. But as he came up, he looked down at me with such a sad expression on his face, that all fear left me, and I wondered what he was about. He extended his hand to me and grasping mine firmly said looking right into my eyes, said, 'My son, I hope you will soon be well.' If I live a thousand years, I will never forget the expression on General

Lee's face. Here he was defeated, retiring from a field that cost him and his cause almost their last hope, and yet he stopped to say words like those to a wounded soldier of the opposition, who had taunted him as he passed by. As soon as the general had left me, I cried myself to sleep there upon the bloody ground."

There have been few Americans who have had as much reason as General Lee to indulge a spirit of pride. Possessed of an ancestry illustrious for their achievements in both peace and war; able to look back upon a career of his own unsurpassed, perhaps unequaled, in the military history of the English-speaking race; connected by descent and marriage with the family of the New World's greatest hero; distinguished throughout life by his manly beauty, imposing presence, and courtly manners; and enjoying the worldly advantages of the highest social position, popular respect and admiration, as well as a sufficiency of personal estate even after the loss of his beautiful home — would it have been surprising had this man, endowed with all these things to stimulate his egotism, shown in one form or another, some conspicuous evidence of self-esteem? Simple, modest, and humble-minded he began; simple, modest, and humble-minded be ended, an unbroken record of the most perfect consistency.

Though decisive in character, and of passions far from weak, it was rare indeed, that he lost control of

himself, and then, as a rule, only when provoked by some glaring instance of moral delinquency. Such an instance occurred in the course of his first invasion of the North. A stringent proclamation prohibiting pillage had been issued. Coming suddenly upon a half-starved soldier, who was sneaking off with a squealing pig under his arm, Lee became greatly incensed at so palpable a proof of disobedience to his commands, and having directed the arrest of the man upon the spot, had him sent under guard to Jackson's corps, to which he belonged, with an order for his immediate execution. Jackson, thinking that the Confederate army was already small enough, placed the unlucky culprit in the front rank at Sharpsburg, where he bore himself with such gallantry that he was afterward pardoned.

Lee was remarkable for an unblemished purity in his conversation as well as in his conduct. One associated with him continuously from boyhood to old age has recorded that, throughout that long intercourse, filled as it was with the most intimate and unguarded moments, he had never heard one word issue from Lee's lips which might not have been spoken in the presence of the most modest and refined woman. "His correctness of demeanor and language," says Joseph E. Johnston, a man, who, from his own elevated character, was fully capable of judging his great contemporary, "and attention to all duties, personal and official, and a dignity as much a

part of himself as the elegance of his person, gave him a superiority which everybody acknowledged in his heart."

"I saw strong evidence of the sympathy of General Lee's heart after the first engagement of our troops in the Valley of Mexico," remarks the same distinguished commander. "I had lost a cherished young relative in that action known to him only as my relative. Meeting me, he suddenly saw in my face the effect of that loss, burst into tears, and expressed his deep sympathy as tenderly in words as his lovely wife would have done." Nor did this power of entering into the feelings of others stop at men. From youth upward, he had been particularly fond of horses and dogs. Many of the most interesting anecdotes of his early life relate to the self-sacrificing pains which he took to promote the welfare of his children's numerous pets. His celebrated horse, Traveler, which bore him through so many of his campaigns, was always treated by him with as much care and affection as if he were a member of the family. "Traveler is my only companion, I may also say, pleasure," he wrote to his daughter from Lexington, during a vacation when he happened to be alone. "He and I, whenever practicable, wander out in the mountains and enjoy sweet confidence."

All suffering animals that came under his notice never failed to appeal to his acute sense of compassion. This feeling on his part was beautifully

illustrated in a scene which occurred in the lines below Richmond during the siege of Peters-burg. "He was visiting a battery," says a member of his staff, who has related the anecdote, "and the soldiers, inspired by their affection for him, gathered near him in a group that attracted the enemy's fire. Turning toward them, he said, in his quiet manner: 'Men, you had better go farther to the rear; they are firing up here, and you are exposing yourselves to unnecessary danger.' The men drew back, but General Lee, as if unconscious of danger to himself, walking forward, picked ap some small object on the ground, and placed it on the limb of a tree above his head. It was afterward perceived that the object for which he had thus risked his life was an unfledged sparrow that had fallen from its nest. It was a marked instance of that love for the lower animals and deep feeling for the helpless which he always displayed."

It was but natural that a man whose heart was such a well-spring of kindness, tenderness and sympathy, should have won, to an extraordinary degree, the respectful love of his social inferiors, whether his own servants or not, who were frequently in his presence. It is related that, in early life, he accompanied one of his mother's slaves to the far South in the hope that the change to a warmer and dryer climate would cure or alleviate the pulmonary disease from which he was suffering. During the darkest hours of the Reconstruction era, when the

animosities between the whites and blacks were so much inflamed, the negroes, of their own spontaneous accord, were always eager, on every occasion, to manifest their profound reverence for his person. "When he approached, either walking or mounted," we are told, "they would stop, bow politely, and stand until be had passed. He never failed to acknowledge their salutes with kind and dignified courtesy."

Of his devotion and thoughtful consideration for the members of his family, the beautiful record recently given to the world by his youngest son furnishes innumerable examples. "To my mother, who was a great invalid from rheumatism for more than ten years," writes Captain Lee, "he was the most faithful attendant and tender nurse. Every want of hers that he could supply, he anticipated, and whenever he was in the room, the privilege of pushing her wheeled chair into the dining room or out on the verandas, or elsewhere about the house, was yielded to him. He sat with her daily, entertaining her with accounts of what was doing in the college, and the news of the village, and would often read to her in the evening. For her, his love and care never ceased, his gentleness and patience never ended." And what was true of his relations with his wife was equally true of his relations with his children. His family life was rich in all that the heart affords, full of tender yet discriminating indulgence, and marked by an unceasing enjoyment of the pure and simple round of

domestic pleasures and amusements. In his own home, he was the embodiment of hospitality, his manner always charmingly affable, his conversation often quietly humorous, and at all times interesting and unaffected. No one would have recognized in the man as he appeared under his own roof, the cold and austere leader who had so recently directed the movements in great battles.

In intercourse with strangers, General Lee's natural dignity was such that he could repel or attract as seemed to him proper. To them, he often appeared reserved and silent, but no one who approached him without presumption could justly impute to him a want of kindness and consideration. "I shall never forget his sweet winning smile," says Lord Wolseley, who was introduced to him in camp only a short time after the battle of Sharpsburg, "nor his clear honest eyes that seemed to look into your heart whilst they searched your brain. I have met many of the great men of my time, but Lee alone impressed me with the feeling that I was in the presence of a man who was cast in a grander mould and made of different and finer metal than all other men. He is stamped upon my memory as a being apart and superior to all others in every way — a man with whom none I ever knew and very few of whom I have read was worthy to be classed. I have met but two men who realized my ideas of what a true hero should be — my friend, Charles Gordon, was one; General Lee, the other."

"Forty years have come and gone since our meeting," the same distinguished soldier remarks in his recently published autobiography, "yet the majesty of his manly bearing, the genial, winning grace, the sweetness of his smiles, and the impressive dignity of his old-fashioned style of address come back to me amongst the most cherished of my recollections. His greatness made me humble, and I never felt my own individual insignificance more keenly than I did in his presence."

No impartial mind can dwell upon General Lee's character without recalling Washington's; nor is the similarity to be wondered at, for being natives of the same county and state, the dispositions of both men had been shaped by the influences of the same physical surroundings, the same social life, and the same general ancestry. Each was the consummate flower of all that was most elevated in slave institutions. Earnest, sedate, and studious even in boyhood, both had assumed the duties of manhood when others of their own age were still in a state of dependence. A commanding presence, and an equally commanding personal dignity, were common to both almost from their youth down to their last hours. Both were remarkable for a combination of moral and intellectual qualities so evenly balanced and so exquisitely proportioned that no one quality over-shadowed or dwarfed another. Equally characteristic of both were their perfect integrity and probity in every relation

and in every situation of their lives. Both were endowed with that supreme gift of mind and soul, which raises up one man among ten millions to be a historical leader of men. Lee possessed the greater military genius, but it was Lee, not Washington, who was ultimately unsuccessful; strangely alike in their characters and in their careers, they were strangely unlike in their final destinies.

But in spite of his failure to establish their nationality with his sword, and in spite, also, of their own reconciliation with the new order, the memory of Lee remains second only to Washington's in the affection, honor, and veneration of the Southern people. This is not merely because he sacrificed home, estate, and the prospect of the most dazzling honors to come to their assistance in their most critical hour; nor because he is forever associated with their proudest recollections of the most heroic period in their history; nor because in character and conduct he was a model of all that was lofty, upright, and manly. They love and revere his memory also because the whole spirit of his public and private life (which appears only the more admirable the more carefully it is scrutinized), routes the indiscriminate aspersions cast upon their social system during the existence of slavery, and vindicates them from the charge that, in the struggle for what they deemed their right of local self-government, they were animated merely by a desire to perpetuate an institution

repugnant to the growing humanity of the age.

General Lee's part in the war was such as to endear his memory to the Southern people alone, but the advice which he gave and the personal example which he set after Appomattox should confine property in his fame to no one division of the Union. The moderation, foresight, and wisdom displayed by him after the close of hostilities swells his figure to the proportions of a hero common to North and South alike. It was Mr. Lincoln's lamentable fate to be cut off by the assassin before he could fully develop this character; nor is it by any means certain whether, with all his tact, sagacity and patriotism, he could have offered any successful resistance to the policy of that sinister group of men who were responsible for the passage of the Acts of Reconstruction. It was General Lee's happier lot, on the other hand, to perform a work in reconciling the Southern people to the new conditions confronting them, which, as time goes on, is seen to have had indirectly as deep a significance and influence from a national as from a local point of view. Harmony, repression of rancor, recognition of a common destiny, in short, nationality, was the burden of his counsels even when the South was passing through the exasperating period of Reconstruction. He looked beyond the dismal present to the contented and prosperous future, and was the prophet as well as the leader of his people.

During the time that General Lee was playing this

great role of reconciler, there was not another man of the first order of distinction, either in the North or the South, who had risen to the same level of patriotism. He anticipated by many years the spirit which has at last produced national peace, concert and unity. His words urging conciliation, forbearance, and oblivion of the surviving hatreds of the past, and his example of a life quietly devoted to the duties of the present hour, were as a guiding light set upon a hill for all men to see and follow. And that light will continue to burn against the background of our national history, because, if for no other reason, it will never cease to lift up and strengthen the minds and hearts of the Southern people, who, under the Providence of God, are destined, with the growth of their states in wealth and population, to be restored to that commanding position in the Union of their fathers which they occupied before the great war.

Selections from

Recollections and Letters of General Robert E. Lee

Captain Robert E. Lee
(His Son)

Selections

My father was the most punctual man I ever knew. He was always ready for family prayers, for meals, and met every engagement, social or business, at the moment. He expected all of us to be the same, and taught us the use and necessity of forming such habits for the convenience of all concerned. I never knew him late for Sunday service at the Post Chapel. He used to appear some minutes before the rest of us, in uniform, jokingly rallying my mother for being late, and for forgetting something at the last moment. When he could wait no longer for her, he would say that he was off and would march along to church by himself, or with any of the children who were ready.

* * *

…[A]bove all I remember my father, his gentle, loving care of me, his bright talk, his stories, his maxims and teachings…

…I have endeavoured to show how fond my father was of his children, and as the best picture I can offer of his loving, tender devotion to us all, I give here a letter from him written to one of his daughters who was staying with our grand-mother,

Mrs. Custis, at Arlington:

WEST POINT, February 25, 1853.

My Precious Annie: … my limited time does not diminish my affection for you, Annie, nor prevent my thinking of you and wishing for you. I long to see you through the dilatory nights. At dawn when I rise, and all day, my thoughts revert to you in expressions that you cannot hear or I repeat. I hope you will always appear to me as you are now painted on my heart, and that you will endeavour to improve and so conduct yourself as to make you happy and me joyful all our lives. Diligent and earnest attention to all your duties can only accomplish this. I am told you are growing very tall, and I hope very straight. I do not know what the Cadets will say if the Superintendent's children do not practice what he demands of them. They will naturally say he had better attend to his own before he corrects other people's children, and as he permits his to stoop it is hard he will not allow them. You and Agnes must not, therefore, bring me into discredit with my young friends, or give them reason to think that I require more of them than of my own. I presume your mother has told all about us,

> our neighbours and our affairs. And indeed she may have done that and not said much either, so far as I know. But we are all well and have much to be grateful for. Tomorrow we anticipate the pleasure of your brother's company, which is always a source of pleasure to us. It is the only time we see him, except when the Corps come under my view at some of their exercises, when my eye is sure to distinguish him among his comrades and follow him over the plain. Give much love to your dear grandmother, grandfather, Agnes, Miss Sue, Lucretia, and all friends, including the servants. Write sometimes, and think always of your
>
> Affectionate father,
> R.E. Lee

In a letter to my mother written many years previous to this time, he says: "I pray God to watch over and direct our efforts in guarding our dear little son…. Oh, what pleasure I lose in being separated from my children! Nothing can compensate me for that…."

In another letter of about the same time:

> You do not know how much I have missed you and the children, my dear Mary. To be alone in a crowd is very solitary. In the

> woods, I feel sympathy with the trees and birds, in whose company I take delight, but experience no pleasure in a strange crowd. I hope you are all well and will continue so, and, therefore, must again urge you to be very prudent and careful of those dear children. If I could only get a squeeze at that little fellow, turning up his sweet mouth to 'keese baba!' You must not let him run wild in my absence, and will have to exercise firm authority over all of them. This will not require severity or even strictness, but constant attention and an unwavering course. Mildness and forbearance will strengthen their affection for you, while it will maintain your control over them.

As Superintendent of the Military Academy at West Point my father had to entertain a good deal, and I remember well how handsome and grand he looked in uniform, how genial and bright, how considerate of everybody's comfort of mind and body. He was always a great favourite with the ladies, especially the young ones. His fine presence, his gentle, courteous manners and kindly smile put them at once at ease with him.

* * *

My father never could bear to have his picture

taken, and there are no likenesses of him that really give his sweet expression. Sitting for a picture was such a serious business with him that he never could "look pleasant."

* * *

He often said that he longed for the time when he could have a farm of his own, where he could end his days in quiet and peace, interested in the care and improvement of his own land. This idea was always with him.

"I should have preferred a small farm, where I could have earned my daily bread."

In February, 1861, after the secession of Texas, my father was ordered to report to General Scott, the Commander-in-Chief of the United States Army. He immediately relinquished the command of his regiment, and departed from Fort Mason, Texas, for Washington. He reached Arlington March 1st. April 17th, Virginia seceded. On the 18th Colonel Lee had a long interview with General Scott. On April 20th he tendered his resignation of his commission in the United States Army.

To show further his great feeling in thus having to leave the army with which he had been associated so long, I give [a] letter, to his sister, Mrs. Anne Marshall:

> "Now we are in a state of war which will yield to nothing. The whole South is

in a state of revolution, into which Virginia, after a long struggle, has been drawn; and though I recognize no necessity for this state of things, and would have forborne and pleaded to the end for redress of grievances, real or supposed, yet in my own person I had to meet the question whether I should take part against my native State.

"With all my devotion to the Union and the feeling of loyalty and duty of an American citizen, I have not been able to make up my mind to raise my hand against my relatives, my children, my home. I have therefore resigned my commission in the Army, and save in defense of my native State, with the sincere hope that my poor services may never be needed, I hope I may never be called on to draw my sword. I know you will blame me; but you must think as kindly of me as you can, and believe that I have endeavoured to do what I thought right.

"R.E. Lee"

My father reached Richmond April 22, 1861. The next day he was introduced to the Virginia Convention, and offered by them the command of the military forces of his State.

On April 26th, from Richmond, he wrote to his

wife:

> "…I am very anxious about you. You have to move and make arrangements to go to some point of safety, which you must select. The Mount Vernon plate and pictures ought to be secured. Keep quiet while you remain and in your preparation. War is inevitable, and there is no telling when it will burst around you. Virginia, yesterday, I understand, joined the Confederate States. What policy they may adopt I cannot conjecture. May God bless and preserve you, and have mercy upon all our people, is the constant prayer of your affectionate husband,
>
> "R.E. Lee"

* * *

From another letter to my mother, dated May 8th:

> "…I grieve at the necessity that drives you from your home. I can appreciate your feelings on the occasion, and pray that you may receive comfort and strength in the difficulties that surround you. When I reflect upon the calamity impending over the country, my own sorrows sink into insignificance…. Be content and resigned to God's will. I shall be able to write seldom.

> Write to me, as your letters will be my greatest comfort. I send a check for $500; it is all I have in bank. Pay the children's school expenses…."

* * *

He sympathized with her in having to leave her home, which she never saw again.

> "Richmond, May 25, 1861.
>
> "I have been trying, dearest Mary, ever since the receipt of your letter by Custis, to write to you. I sympathize deeply in your feelings at leaving your dear home. I have experienced them myself, and they are constantly revived. I fear we have not been grateful enough for the happiness there within our reach, and our heavenly Father has found it necessary to deprive us of what He has given us. I acknowledge my ingratitude, my transgressions, and my unworthiness, and submit with resignation to what he thinks proper to inflict upon me. We must trust all then to him, and I do not think it prudent or right for you to return there, while the United States troops occupy that country."

* * *

On July 21st occurred the battle of Manassas. In

a letter to my mother written on the 27th, my father says:

> "…That indeed was a glorious victory and has lightened the pressure upon our front amazingly. Do not grieve for the brave dead. Sorrow for those they left behind — friends, relatives, and families. The former are at rest. The latter must suffer. The battle will be repeated there in greater force. I hope God will again smile on us and strengthen our hearts and arms….
>
> "My whole time is occupied, and all my thoughts and strength are given to the cause to which my life, be it long or short, will be devoted. Tell her (a second cousin) not to mind the reports she sees in the papers. They are made to injure and occasion distrust. Those that know me will not believe them. Those that do not will not care for them. I laugh at them. Give love to all, and for yourself accept the constant prayers and love of truly yours,
>
> "R.E. Lee"

* * *

"VALLEY MOUNT, September 17, 1861.

"I received, dear Mary, your letter of the 5th by Beverly Turner, who is a nice

young soldier. I am pained to see fine young men like him, of education and standing, from all the old and respectable families in the State, serving in the ranks. I hope in time they will receive their reward. I met him as I was returning from an expedition to the enemy's works, which I had hoped to have surprised on the morning of the 12th, both at Cheat Mountain and on Valley River. All the attacking parties with great labour had reached their destination, over mountains considered impassable to bodies of troops, notwithstanding a heavy storm that set in the day before and raged all night, in which they had to stand up till daylight. Their arms were then unserviceable, and they in poor condition for a fierce assault against artillery and superior numbers. After waiting till 10 o'clock for the assault on Cheat Mountain, which did not take place, and which was to have been the signal for the rest, they were withdrawn, and, after waiting three days in front of the enemy, hoping he would come out of his trenches, we returned to our position at this place. I can not tell you my regret and mortification at the untoward events that caused the failure of the plan. I had taken every pre-

caution to ensure success and counted on it. But the Ruler of the Universe willed otherwise and sent a storm to disconcert a well-laid plan, and to destroy my hopes. We are no worse off now than before, except the disclosure of our plan, against which they will guard. We met with one heavy loss which grieves me deeply: Colonel Washington accompanied Fitzhugh on a reconnoitering expedition, and I fear they were carried away by their zeal and approached within the enemy's pickets. The first they knew was a volley from a concealed party within a few yards of them. Their balls passed through the Colonel's body, then struck Fitzhugh's horse, and the horse of one of the men was killed. Fitzhugh mounted the Colonel's horse and brought him off. I am much grieved. He was always anxious to go on these expeditions. This was the first day I assented. Since I had been thrown into such intimate relations with him, I had learned to appreciate him very highly. Morning and evening have I seen him on his knees praying to his Maker.

"'The righteous perisheth and no man layeth it to heart, and merciful men are taken away, none considering that the

righteous is taken away from the evil to come. 'May God have mercy on us all!'

"Truly yours,

"R.E. Lee."

* * *

On the same day he wrote to the Governor of Virginia:

"My Dear Governor:

…I had considered the subject well. With great effort the troops intended for the surprise had reached their destination, having traversed twenty miles of steep, rugged mountain paths; and the last day through a terrible storm, which lasted all night, and in which they had to stand drenched to the skin in cold rain. Still, their spirits were good. When morning broke, I could see the enemy's tents on Valley River, at the point on the Huttonsville road just below me. It was a tempting sight. We waited for the attack on Cheat Mountain, which was to be the signal. Till 10 a.m. the men were cleaning their unserviceable arms. But the signal did not come. All chance for a surprise was gone. The provisions of the men had been destroyed the preceding day by the storm. They had nothing to eat that morning,

> could not hold out another day, and were obliged to be withdrawn. The party sent to Cheat Mountain to take that in rear had also to be withdrawn. The attack to come off from the east side failed from the difficulties in the way; the opportunity was lost, and our plan discovered. It is a grievous disappointment to me, I assure you. But for the rainstorm, I have no doubt it would have succeeded. This, Governor, is for your own eye. Please do not speak of it; we must try again…. With sincere thanks for your good wishes,
>
> "I am very truly yours,
>
> "R.E. Lee"

* * *

Professor William P. Trent, in his "Robert E. Lee," after describing briefly the movements of the contending armies, writes:

> "There was, then, nothing to do but to acknowledge the campaign a failure. The Confederate Government withdrew its troops and sent them elsewhere. Lee, whom the press abused and even former friends began to regard as overrated, was assigned to command the Department of South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida; and her western counties were lost to the Old

> Dominion forever. It must have been a crushing blow to Lee at the time, but he bore it uncomplainingly…. And when all is said, no commander, however great, can succeed against bad roads, bad weather, sickness of troops, lack of judgment and harmony among subordinates, and a strong, alert enemy. Yet this is what Lee was expected to do."

* * *

Mr. Davis, in an address before a memorial meeting at Richmond in 1870, speaking of General Lee in this campaign, said:

> "He came back, carrying the heavy weight of defeat, and unappreciated by the people whom he served, for they could not know, as I knew, that, if his plans and orders had been carried out, the result would have been victory rather than retreat. You did not know it; for I should not have known it had he not breathed it in my ear only at my earnest request, and begging that nothing be said about it. The clamour which then arose followed him when he went to South Carolina, so that it became necessary on his departure to write a letter to the Governor of that State, telling him what manner of man he was. Yet, through

all this, with a magnanimity rarely equalled, he stood in silence, without defending himself or allowing others to defend him, for he was unwilling to offend any one who was wearing a sword and striking blows for the Confederacy."

* * *

While in Savannah, he writes to my mother:

"Savannah, February 8, 1862.

"I wrote to you, dear Mary, the day I left Coosawhatchie for this place. I have been here ever since, endeavouring to push forward the work for the defense of the city, which has lagged terribly and which ought to have been finished. But it is difficult to arouse ourselves from ease and comfort to labour and self-denial.

"Guns are scarce, as well as ammunition, and I shall have to break up batteries on the coast to provide, I fear, for this city. Our enemies are endeavouring to work their way through the creeks that traverse the impassable and soft marshes stretching along the interior of the coast and communicating with the sounds and sea, through which the Savannah flows, and thus avoid the entrance of the river commanded by Fort Pulaski. Their boats

require only seven feet of water to float them, and the tide rises seven feet, so that at high water they can work their way and rest on the mud at low. They are also provided with dredges and appliances for removing obstructions through the creeks in question, which cannot be guarded by batteries. I hope, however, we shall be able to stop them, and I daily pray to the Giver of all victories to enable us to do so…. I trust you are all well and doing well, and wish I could do anything to promote either. I have more here than I can do, and more, I fear, than I can well accomplish. It is so very hard to get anything done, and while all wish well and mean well, it is so different to get them to act energetically and promptly…. The news from Kentucky and Tennessee is not favourable, but we must make up our minds to meet with reverses and overcome them. I hope God will at last crown our efforts with success. But the contest must be long and severe, and the whole country has to go through much suffering. It is necessary we should be humbled and taught to be less boastful, less selfish, and more devoted to right and justice to all the world….

"Always yours, R.E. Lee"

* * *

To my mother:

"Savannah, February 23, 1862.

"I have been wishing, dear Mary, to write to you for more than a week, but every day and every hour seem so taken up that I have found it impossible…. [D]isasters seem to be thickening around us. It calls for renewed energies and redoubled strength on our part, and, I hope, will produce it. I fear our soldiers have not realized the necessity for the endurance and labour they are called upon to undergo, and that it is better to sacrifice themselves than our cause. God, I hope, will shield us and give us success…. May God bless and keep you always is the constant prayer of your husband,

"R.E. Lee"

* * *

To his daughter Annie:

"Savannah, March 2, 1862.

"*My Precious Annie*: It has been a long time since I have written to you, but you have been constantly in my thoughts. I think of you all, separately and collectively, in the busy hours of the day and the

silent hours of the night, and the recollection of each and every one whiles away the long night, in which my anxious thoughts drive away sleep…. I hope you are all well, and as happy as you can be in these perilous times to our country. They look dark at present, and it is plain we have not suffered enough, laboured enough, repented enough, to deserve success. But they will brighten after awhile, and I trust that a merciful God will arouse us to a sense of our danger, bless our honest efforts, and drive back our enemies to their homes. Our people have not been earnest enough, have thought too much of themselves and their ease, and instead of turning out to a man, have been content to nurse themselves and their dimes, and leave the protection of themselves and families to others. To satisfy their consciences, they have been clamorous in criticising what others have done, and endeavoured to prove that they ought to do nothing. This is not the way to accomplish our independence…. Goodbye, my dear child. May God bless you and your poor country.

"Your devoted father,

"R.E. Lee"

* * *

The Honourable Alexander H. Stephens, Vice-President of the Confederate States, says of General Lee:

> "What I had seen General Lee to be at first — childlike in simplicity and unselfish in his character — he remained, unspoiled by praise and by success."

* * *

After the army recrossed the Potomac into Virginia, we were camped for some time in the vicinity of Winchester. One beautiful afternoon in October, a courier from headquarters rode up to our camp, found me out, and handed me a note from my father. It told me of the death of my sister Annie. As I have lost this letter to me, I quote from one to my mother about the same time. It was dated October 26, 1862:

> "…I cannot express the anguish I feel at the death of our sweet Annie. To know that I shall never see her again on earth, that her place in our circle, which I always hoped one day to enjoy, is forever vacant, is agonizing in the extreme. But God in this, as in all things, has mingled mercy with the blow, in selecting that one best prepared to leave us. May you be able to join me in saying 'His will be done!' … I

> know how much you will grieve and how much she will be mourned. I wish I could give you any comfort, but beyond our hope in the great mercy of God, and the belief that He takes her at the time and place when it is best for her to go, there is none. May that same mercy be extended to us all, and may we be prepared for His summons."

In a letter to my sister Mary, one month later, from "Camp near Fredericksburg":

> "…The death of my dear Annie was, indeed, to me a bitter pang, but 'the Lord gave and the Lord has taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord.' In the quiet hours of the night, when there is nothing to lighten the full weight of my grief, I feel as if I should be overwhelmed. I have always counted, if God should spare me a few days after this Civil War was ended, that I should have her with me, but year after year my hopes go out, and I must be re-signed…."

To this daughter whose loss grieved him so he was specially devoted. She died in North Carolina, at the Warren White Sulphur Springs.

In the beautiful and quiet graveyard near the Springs, a plain shaft of native granite marks the

grave of this beloved daughter. On one side are the lines selected by her father,

"Perfect and true are all His ways
Whom heaven adores and earth obeys."

* * *

"Camp Fredericksburg, December 26, 1862.

"*My Precious Little Agnes*: I have not heard of you for a long time. I wish you were with me, for, always solitary, I am sometimes weary, and long for the reunion of my family once again. But I will not speak of myself, but of you…. I have seen the ladies in this vicinity only when flying from the enemy, and it caused me acute grief to witness their exposure and suffering. But a more noble spirit was never displayed anywhere. The faces of old and young were wreathed with smiles, and glowed with happiness at their sacrifices for the good of their country. Many have lost everything. What the fire and shells of the enemy spared, their pillagers destroyed. But God will shelter them, I know. So much heroism will not be unregarded….

"Your devoted father,

"R.E. Lee"

* * *

I give another letter he wrote on Christmas Day …to his daughter Mildred:

> "…I will commence this holy day by writing you. My heart is filled with gratitude to Almighty God for His unspeakable mercies with which He has blessed us in this day, for those He has granted us from the beginning of life, and particularly for those He has vouchsafed us during the past year. What should have become of us without His crowning help and protection? Oh, if our people would only recognize it and cease from vain self-boasting and adulation, how strong would be my belief in final success and happiness to our country! But what a cruel thing is war; to separate and destroy families and friends, and mar the purest joys and happiness God has granted us in this world; to fill our hearts with hatred instead of love for our neighbours, and to devastate the fair face of this beautiful world! I pray that, on this day when only peace and good-will are preached to mankind, better thoughts may fill the hearts of our enemies and turn them to peace…. My heart bleeds at the death of every one of our gallant men."

* * *

During this winter, which was a very severe one, the sufferings of General Lee's soldiers on account of insufficient shelter and clothing, the scant rations for man and beast, the increasing destitution throughout the country, and his inability to better these conditions, bore heavily upon him. But he was bright and cheerful to those around him, never complaining of any one nor about anything, and often indulging in his quaint humour, especially with the younger officers, as when he remarked to one of them, who complained of the tough biscuit at breakfast: " You ought not to mind that; they will stick by you the longer!"

Jackson said of Lee, when it was intimated by some, at the time he first took command, that he was slow:

"He is cautious. He ought to be. But he is not slow. Lee is a phenomenon. He is the only man whom I would follow blindfold."

* * *

> "The country here looks very green and pretty, notwithstanding the ravages of war. What a beautiful work God, in His loving kindness to His creatures, has given us! What a shame that men endowed with reason and knowledge of right should mar His gifts…."

* * *

June 9th, a large force of the enemy's calvary. Supported by infantry, crossed the Rappahannock and attacked General Stuart. The conflict lasted until dark…. During the engagement, about 3 p.m., my brother, General W.H.F. (Fitzhugh) Lee, my commanding officer, was severely wounded…. It was decided, the next day, to send my brother to "Hickory Hill… and I was put in charge of him to take him there and to be with him until his wound should heal…. My brother reached "Hickory Hill" quite comfortably and his wound commenced to heal finely…. About two weeks after our arrival…I saw my brother…driven away, a soldier on the box and a mounted guard surrounding him…. [A] party had been sent out especially to capture him, and he was held as a hostage…for nine long, weary months.

In a letter dated Culpepper, July 26th, to my brother's wife, my father thus urges resignation:

> "I received, last night, my darling daughter, your letter of the 18th from 'Hickory Hill.' … You must not be sick while Fitzhugh is away, or he will be more restless under his separation. Get strong and hearty by his return, that he may the more rejoice at the sight of you…. I can appreciate your distress at Fitzhugh's situation. I deeply sympathise with it, and in the lone hours of the night I groan in sorrow at his captivity and separation from

> you. But we must bear it, exercise all our patience, and do nothing to aggravate the evil. This, besides injuring ourselves, would rejoice our enemies and be sinful in the eyes of God. In His own good time He will relieve us and make all things work together for our good, if we give Him our love and place in Him our trust. I can see no harm that can result from Fitzhugh's capture, except his detention. I feel assured that he will be well attended to. He will be in the hands of old army officers and surgeons, most of whom are men of principle and humanity. His wound, I understand, has not been injured by his removal, but is doing well. Nothing would do him more harm than for him to learn that you were sick and sad. How could he get well? So cheer up and prove your fortitude and patriotism…. You may think of Fitzhugh and love him as much as you please, but do not grieve over him or grow sad."

On July 12th, from near Hagerstown, he writes again about him:

> "The consequences of war are horrid enough at best, surrounded by all the ameliorations of civilization and Christianity…. But we cannot help it, and must

endure it. You will, however, learn before this reaches you that our success at Gettysburg was not so great as reported — in fact, that we failed to drive the enemy from his position, and that our army withdrew to the Potomac. Had the river not unexpectedly risen, all would have been well with us; but God, in His all-wise providence, willed otherwise, and our communications have been interrupted and almost cut off. The waters have subsided to about four feet, and, if they continue, by tomorrow, I hope, our communications will be open. I trust that a merciful God, our only hope and refuge, will not desert us in this hour of need, and will deliver us by His almighty hand, that the whole world may recognize His power and all hearts be lifted up in adoration and praise of His unbounded loving kindness. We must, however, submit to His almighty will, whatever that may be. May God guide and protect us all is my constant prayer."

* * *

General: "The want of shoes and blankets in this army continues to cause much suffering and to impair its efficiency. In one regiment I am informed that there are only fifty men with serviceable shoes, and a brigade that recently went on picket was com-

pelled to leave several hundred men in camp, who were unable to bear the exposure of duty, being destitute of shoes and blankets…."

* * *

There was at this time a great revival of religion in the army. My father became much interested in it, and did what he could to promote in his camps all sacred exercises. Reverend J. W. Jones, in his "Personal Reminiscences of General R. E. Lee," says:

"General Lee's orders and reports always gratefully recognized 'The Lord of Hosts' as the 'Giver of Victory,' and expressed an humble dependence upon and trust in Him."

All his correspondence shows the same devout feeling. On August 13, 1863, he issued the following order:

> "Headquarters, Army Northern Virginia,
> "August 13, 1863.
>
> "The President of the Confederate States has, in the name of the people, appointed August 21st as a day of fasting, humiliation, and prayer. A strict observance of the day is enjoined upon the officers and soldiers of this army. All military duties, except such as are absolutely necessary, will be suspended. The commanding officers of brigades and regiments are requested to cause divine services,

> suitable to the occasion, to be performed in their respective commands. Soldiers! we have sinned against Almighty God. We have forgotten His signal mercies, and have cultivated a revengeful, haughty, and boastful spirit. We have not remembered that the defenders of a just cause should be pure in His eyes; that 'our times are in His hands,' and we have relied too much on our own arms for the achievement of our independence. God is our only refuge and our strength. Let us humble ourselves before Him. Let us confess our many sins, and beseech Him to give us a higher courage, a purer patriotism, and more determined will; that He will convert the hearts of our enemies; that He will hasten the time when war, with its sorrows and sufferings, shall cease, and that He will give us a name and place among the nations of the earth."

* * *

My brother was still in prison, and his detention gave my father great concern. In a letter to my mother, written November 21st, he says:

> "…I see by the papers that our son has been sent to Fort Lafayette. Any place would be better than Fort Monroe, with

> Butler in command. His long confinement is very grievous to me, yet it may all turn out for the best…."

To his daughter-in-law my father was devotedly attached. His love for her was like that for his own children, and when her husband was captured and thrown, wounded, into prison, his great tenderness for her was shown on all occasions. Her death about this time, though expected, was a great blow to him. When news came to Gen. W. H. P. Lee, at Fortress Monroe, that his wife Charlotte was dying in Richmond, he made application to General Butler, commanding that post, that he be allowed to go to her for 48 hours, his brother Custis Lee, of equal rank with himself, having formally volunteered in writing to take his place, as a hostage, until he should return to his captivity. This request was curtly and peremptorily refused.

* * *

In his letter to my mother, of December 27th, my father says:

> "…Custis's dispatch which I received last night demolished all the hopes, in which I had been indulging during the day, of dear Charlotte's recovery. It has pleased God to take from us one exceedingly dear to us, and we must be resigned to His holy will. She, I trust, will enjoy

> peace and happiness forever, while we must patiently struggle on under all the ills that may be in store for us. What a glorious thought it is that she has joined her little cherubs and our angel Annie in Heaven. Thus is link by link the strong chain broken that binds us to earth, and our passage soothed to another world. Oh, that we may be at last united in that heaven of rest, where trouble and sorrow never enter, to join in an everlasting chorus of praise and glory to our Lord and Saviour! I grieve for our lost darling as a father only can grieve for a daughter, and my sorrow is heightened by the thought of the anguish her death will cause our dear son and the poignancy it will give to the bars of his prison. May God in His mercy enable him to bear the blow He has so suddenly dealt, and sanctify it to his everlasting happiness!"

* * *

Lee was the idol of his men. Colonel Charles Marshall, who was his A. D. C. and military secretary, illustrates this well in the following incident:

> "While the Army was on the Rapidan, in the winter of 1863-4, it became necessary, as was often the case, to put the men

on very short rations. Their duty was hard, not only on the outposts during the winter, but in the construction of roads, to facilitate communication between the different parts of the army. One day General Lee received a letter from a private soldier, whose name I do not now remember, informing him of the work that he had to do, and stating that his rations were not sufficient to enable him to undergo the fatigue. He said, however, that if it was absolutely necessary to put him upon such short allowance, he would make the best of it, but that he and his comrades wanted to know if General Lee was aware that his men were getting so little to eat, because if he was aware of it he was sure there must be some necessity for it. General Lee did not reply directly to the letter, but issued a general order in which he informed the soldiers of his efforts in their behalf, and that their privation was beyond his means of present relief, but assured them that he was making every effort to procure sufficient supplies. After that there was not a murmur in the army, and the hungry men went cheerfully to their hard work."

* * *

In this winter and spring of 1864, every exertion

possible was made by my father to increase the strength of his army and to improve its efficiency. He knew full well that the enemy was getting together an enormous force, and that his vast resources would be put forth to crush us in the spring. His letters at this time to President Davis and the Secretary of War show how well he understood the difficulties of his position.

"In none of them," General Long says, "does he show a symptom of despair or breathe a thought of giving up the contest. To the last, he remained full of resources, energetic and defiant, and ready to bear upon his shoulders the whole burden of the conduct of the war."

* * *

In a letter written to our cousin, Margaret Stuart, dated March 29th, he says:

"…The indications at present are that we shall have a hard struggle."

Again, April 28th, he writes to this same young cousin:

> "…I dislike to send letters within reach of the enemy, as they might serve, if captured, to bring distress on others. But you must sometimes cast your thoughts on the Army of Northern Virginia, and never forget it in your prayers. It is preparing for a great struggle, but I pray and trust that the

> great God, mighty to deliver, will spread over it His almighty arms, and drive its enemies before it…."

One perceives from these letters how clearly my father foresaw the storm that was so soon to burst upon him. He used every means within his power to increase and strengthen his army to meet it, and he continually urged the authorities at Richmond to make preparations in the way of supplies of ammunitions, rations and clothing….

I saw my father only once or twice, to speak to him, during the thirty odd days from the Wilderness to Petersburg, but, in common with all his soldiers, I felt that he was ever near, that he could be entirely trusted with the care of us, that he would not fail us, that it would all end well. The feeling of trust that we had in him was simply sublime. When I say "we," I mean the men of my age and standing, officers and privates alike. Older heads may have begun to see the "beginning of the end" when they saw that slaughter and defeat did not deter our enemy, but made him the more determined in his "hammering" process; but it never occurred to me, and to thousands and thousands like me, that there was any occasion for uneasiness. We firmly believed that "Marse Robert," as his soldiers lovingly called him, would bring us out of this trouble all right.

* * *

I cannot refrain from further quoting…this beautiful description of the mutual love, respect, and esteem existing be-tween my father and his soldiers:

> "No commander was ever more careful, and never had care for the comfort of an army given rise to greater devotion. He was constantly calling the attention of the authorities to the wants of his soldiers, making every effort to provide them with food and clothing. The feeling for him was one of love, not of awe or dread. They could approach him with the assurance that they would be received with kindness and consideration, and that any just complaint would receive proper attention. There was no condescension in his manner, but he was ever simple, kind, and sympathetic, and his men, while having unbounded faith in him as a leader, almost worshipped him as a man. These relations of affection and mutual confidence between the army and its commander had much to do with the undaunted bravery displayed by the men, and bore a due share in the many victories they gained."

* * *

…[M]y mother, fearing for his health under the great amount of exposure and work he had to do,

wrote to him and begged him to take better care of himself. In reply, he says:

> "…But what care can a man give to himself in the time of war? It is from no desire for exposure or hazard that I live in a tent, but from necessity. I must be where I can, speedily, at all times, attend to the duties of my position, and be near or accessible to the officers with whom I have to act. I have been offered rooms in the houses of our citizens, but I could not turn the dwellings of my kind hosts into a barrack where officers, couriers, distressed women, etc., would be entering day and night…."

* * *

General Fitz Lee, in his life of my father, says of him at this time: "Self-possessed and calm, Lee struggled to solve the huge military problem, and make the sum of smaller numbers equal to that of greater numbers…. His thoughts ever turned upon the soldiers of his army, the ragged gallant fellows around him — whose pinched cheeks told hunger was their portion, and whose shivering forms denoted the absence of proper clothing."

* * *

The year 1865 had now commenced. The

strength of that thin gray line, drawn out to less than one thousand men to the mile, which had repulsed every attempt of the enemy to break through it, was daily becoming less. The capture of Fort Fisher, our last open port, January 15th, cut off all supplies and munitions from the outside world. Sherman had reached Savannah in December, from which point he was ready to unite with Grant at any time. From General Lee's letters, official and private, one gets a clear view of the desperateness of his position. He had been made commander-in-chief of all the military forces in the Confederate States on February 6th. In his order issued on accepting this command he says:

> "…Deeply impressed with the difficulties and responsibilities of the position, and humbly invoking the guidance of Almighty God, I rely for success upon the courage and fortitude of the army, sustained by the patriotism and firmness of the people, confident that their united efforts under the blessing of Heaven will secure peace and independence…."

* * *

On April 1st the Battle of Five Forks was fought, where about fifty thousand infantry and cavalry — more men than were in our entire army — attacked our extreme right and turned it, so that, to save our

communications, we had to abandon our lines at Petersburg, giving up that city and Richmond. From that time to April 9th the Army of Northern Virginia struggled to get back to some position where it could concentrate its forces and make a stand; but the whole world knows of that six-days' retreat.

Colonel Archer Anderson, in his address at the unveiling of the Lee monument in Richmond, Virginia, May 29, 1890, speaking of the siege of Petersburg and of the surrender, utters these noble words:

> ". . . Of the siege of Petersburg, I have only time to say that in it for nine months the Confederate commander displayed every art by which genius and courage can make good the lack of numbers and resources. But the increasing misfortunes of the Confederate arms on other theatres of the war gradually cut off the supply of men and means. The Army of Northern Virginia ceased to be recruited, it ceased to be adequately fed. It lived for months on less than one-third rations. It was demoralized, not by the enemy in its front, but by the enemy in Georgia and the Carolinas. It dwindled to 35,000 men, holding a front of thirty-five miles; but over the enemy it still cast the shadow of its great name. Again and again, by a bold offensive, it arrested the Federal movement to fasten on

its communications. At last, an irresistible concentration of forces broke through its long thin line of battle. Petersburg had to be abandoned. Richmond was evacuated. Trains bearing supplies were intercepted, and a starving army, harassed for seven days by incessant attacks on rear and flank, found itself completely hemmed in by overwhelming masses. Nothing remained to it but its stainless honour, its unbroken courage. In those last solemn scenes, when strong men, losing all self-control, broke down and sobbed like children, Lee stood forth as great as in the days of victory and triumph. No disaster crushed his spirit, no extremity of danger ruffled his bearing. In the agony of dissolution now invading that proud army, which for four years had wrested victory from every peril, in that blackness of utter darkness, he preserved the serene lucidity of his mind. He looked the stubborn facts calmly in the face, and when no military resource remained, when he recognized the impossibility of making another march or fighting another battle, he bowed his head in submission to that Power which makes and unmakes nations. The surrender of the fragments of the Army of

> Northern Virginia closed the imperishable record of his military life…."

* * *

No one can tell what he suffered. He did in all things what he considered right. Self he absolutely abandoned. As he said, so he believed, that "human virtue should equal human calamity." A day or two before the surrender, he said to General Pendleton:

> "…I have never believed we could, against the gigantic combination for our subjugation, make good in the long run our independence unless foreign powers should, directly or indirectly, assist us…. But such considerations really made with me no difference. We had, I was satisfied, sacred principles to maintain and rights to defend, for which we were in duty bound to do our best, even if we perished in the endeavour."

* * *

After his last attempt was made with Gordon and Fitz Lee to break through the lines of the enemy in the early morning of the 9th, and Colonel Venable informed him that it was not possible, he said: "Then there is nothing left me but to go and see General Grant." When some one near him, hearing this, said: "Oh, General, what will history say of the surrender

of the army in the field?" he replied: "Yes, I know they will say hard things of us; they will not understand how we were overwhelmed by numbers; but that is not the question, Colonel; the question is, is it right to surrender this army? If it is right, then I will take all the responsibility."

* * *

General Long graphically pictures the last scenes:

> "It is impossible to describe the anguish of the troops when it was known that the surrender of the army was inevitable. Of all their trials, this was the greatest and hardest to endure. There was no consciousness of shame; each heart could boast with honest pride that its duty had been done to the end, and that still unsullied remained its honour. When, after his interview with General Grant, General Lee again appeared, a shout of welcome instinctively went up from the army. But instantly recollecting the sad occasion that brought him before them, their shouts sank into silence, every hat was raised, and the bronzed faces of thousands of grim warriors were bathed in tears. As he rode slowly along the lines, hundreds of his devoted veterans pressed around the noble chief, trying to take his hand, touch

> his person, or even lay their hands upon his horse, thus exhibiting for him their great affection. The General then with head bare, and tears flowing freely down his manly cheeks, bade adieu to the army."

In a few words: "Men, we have fought through the war together; I have done my best for you; my heart is too full to say more," he bade them good-bye and told them to return to their homes and become good citizens. The next day he issued his farewell address, the last order published to the army:

> "Headquarters, Army of Northern Virginia, April 10, 1865.
>
> "After four years' of arduous service, marked by unsurpassed courage and fortitude, the Army of Northern Virginia has been compelled to yield to overwhelming numbers and resources. I need not tell the survivors of so many hard-fought battles, who have remained steadfast to the last, that I have consented to this result from no distrust of them; but, feeling that valour and devotion could accomplish nothing that could compensate for the loss that would have attended the continuation of the contest, I have determined to avoid the useless sacrifice of those whose past services have endeared them to their

> countrymen. By the terms of the agreement, officers and men can return to their homes and remain there until exchanged. You will take with you the satisfaction that proceeds from the consciousness of duty faithfully performed; and I earnestly pray that a merciful God will extend to you His blessing and protection. With an increasing admiration of your constancy and devotion to your country, and a grateful remembrance of your kind and generous consideration of myself, I bid you an affectionate farewell.
>
> "R. E. Lee, General"

* * *

General Long says that General Meade called on General Lee on the 10th, and in the course of conversation remarked:

> "Now that the war may be considered over, I hope you will not deem it improper for me to ask, for my personal information, the strength of your army during the operations about Richmond and Petersburg."

General Lee replied:

> "At no time did my force exceed 35,000 men; often it was less."

With a look of surprise, Meade answered:

> "General, you amaze me; we always estimated your force at about seventy thousand men."

General de Chanal, a French officer, who was present, states that General Lee, who had been an associate of Meade's in the engineers in the "old army," said to him pleasantly:

> "Meade, years are telling on you; your hair is getting quite gray."

"Ah, General Lee," was Meade's prompt reply, "it is not the work of years; you are responsible for my gray hairs!"

* * *

"Three days after the surrender," says Long, "the Army of Northern Virginia had dispersed in every direction, and three weeks later the veterans of a hundred battles had exchanged the musket and the sword for the implements of husbandry. It is worthy of remark that never before was there an army disbanded with less disorder. Thousands of soldiers were set adrift on the world without a penny in their pockets to enable them to reach their homes. Yet none of the scenes of riot that often follow the disbanding of armies marked their course."

* * *

A day or two after the surrender, General Lee

started for Richmond, riding Traveller, who had carried him so well all through the war. He was accompanied by some of his staff. On the way, he stopped at the house of his eldest brother, Charles Carter Lee, who lived on the Upper James in Powhatan County. He spent the evening in talking with his brother, but when bedtime came, though begged by his host to take the room and bed prepared for him, he insisted on going to his old tent, pitched by the roadside, and passed the night in the quarters that he was accustomed to. On April 15th he arrived in Richmond. The people there soon recognized him; men, women, and children crowded around him, cheering and waving hats and handkerchiefs. It was more like the welcome to a conqueror than to a defeated prisoner on parole. He raised his hat in response to their greetings, and rode quietly to his home on Franklin Street, where my mother and sisters were anxiously awaiting him. Thus he returned to that private family life for which he had always longed, and became what he always desired to be — a peaceful citizen in a peaceful land.

* * *

While at Greensboro I went to see President Davis, just before he proceeded on his way farther south. He was calm and dignified, and, in his conversation with several officers of rank who were there, seemed to think, and so expressed himself, that our cause was not lost, though sorely stricken, and that

we could rally our forces west of the Mississippi and make good our fight. While I was in the room, Mr. Davis received the first official communication from General Lee of his surrender. Colonel John Taylor Wood, his aide-de-camp, had taken me in to see the President, and he and I were standing by him when the despatch from General Lee was brought to him. After reading it, he handed it without comment to us; then, turning away, he silently wept bitter tears. He seemed quite broken at the moment by this tangible evidence of the loss of his army and the misfortune of its general. All of us, respecting his great grief, silently withdrew, leaving him with Colonel Wood. I never saw him again.

* * *

My father remained quietly in Richmond with my mother and sisters. He was now a private citizen for the first time in his life. As he had always been a good soldier, so now he became a good citizen. My father's advice to all his old officers and men was to submit to the authority of the land and to stay at home, now that their native States needed them more than ever. His advice and example had great influence with all.

* * *

Again, in a letter to Governor Letcher:

> "…The duty of its citizens, then, appears to me too plain to admit of doubt.

All should unite in honest efforts to obliterate the effects of the war and to restore the blessings of peace. They should remain, if possible, in the country; promote harmony and good feeling, qualify themselves to vote and elect to the State and general legislatures wise and patriotic men, who will devote their abilities to the interests of the country and the healing of all dissensions. I have invariably recommended this course since the cessation of hostilities, and have endeavoured to practice it myself…."

* * *

Colonel Charles Marshall says:

"…He (General Lee) set to work to use his great influence to reconcile the people of the South to the hard consequences of their defeat, to inspire them with hope, to lead them to accept, freely and frankly, the government that had been established by the result of the war, and thus relieve them from the military rule…. The advice and example of General Lee did more to incline the scale in favour of a frank and manly adoption of that course of conduct which tended to the restoration of peace and harmony than all the Federal

garrisons in all the military districts."

* * *

My father was at this time anxious to secure for himself and family a house somewhere in the country. He had always had a desire to be the owner of a small farm, where he could end his days in peace and quiet.

* * *

My father had been offered, since the surrender, houses, lands, and money, as well as positions as president of business associations and chartered corporations.

"An English nobleman," Long says, "desired him to accept a mansion and an estate commensurate with his individual merits and the greatness of an historic family."

He replied: "I am deeply grateful; I cannot desert my native State in the hour of her adversity. I must abide her fortunes, and share her fate."

Until his death, he was constantly in receipt of such offers, all of which he thought proper to decline. He wrote to General Long:

"I am looking for some little, quiet home in the woods, where I can procure shelter and my daily bread, if permitted by the victor. I wish to get Mrs. Lee out of the city as soon as practical."

* * *

[M]y father received from the Board of Trustees of Washington College a notification of his election to the presidency of that institution, at a meeting of the board held in Lexington, Virginia, on August 4, 1865.

This was a complete surprise to my father.

Washington College had started as an academy in 1749. It was the first classical school opened in the Valley of Virginia. After a struggle of many years, under a succession of principals and with several changes of site, it at length acquired such a reputation as to attract the attention of General Washington. He gave it a handsome endowment, and the institution changed its name from "Liberty Hall Academy" to Washington College. In the summer of 1865, the college, through the calamities of civil war, had reached the lowest point of depression it had ever known. Its buildings, library, and apparatus had suffered from the sack and plunder of hostile soldiery. Its invested funds, owing to the general impoverishment throughout the land, were for the time being rendered unproductive and their ultimate value was most uncertain. Four professors still remained on duty, and there were about forty students, mainly from the country around Lexington. It was not a State institution, nor confined to any one religious denomination, so two objections which might have been made by my father were removed. But the college in later years had only a local reputation. It

was very poor, indifferently equipped with buildings, and with no means in sight to improve its condition.

> "There was a general expectation that he would decline the position as not sufficiently lucrative, if his purpose was to repair the ruins of his private fortune resulting from the war; as not lifting him conspicuously enough in the public gaze, if he was ambitious of office or further distinction; or as involving too great labour and anxiety, if he coveted repose after the terrible contest from which he had just emerged."

He was very reluctant to accept this appointment, but for none of the above reasons, as the average man might have been. Why he was doubtful of undertaking the responsibilities of such a position his letter of acceptance clearly shows. He considered the matter carefully and then wrote the following letter to the committee:

> "Powhatan County, August 24, 1865.
>
> "Gentlemen: I have delayed for some days replying to your letter of the 5th inst., informing me of my election by the board of trustees to the presidency of Washington College, from a desire to give the subject due consideration. Fully impressed with the responsibilities of the office, I

have feared that I should be unable to discharge its duties to the satisfaction of the trustees or to the benefit of the country. The proper education of youth requires not only great ability, but I fear more strength than I now possess, for I do not feel able to undergo the labour of conducting classes in regular courses of instruction. I could not, therefore, undertake more than the general administration and supervision of the institution. There is another subject which has caused me serious reflection, and is, I think, worthy of the consideration of the board. Being excluded from the terms of amnesty in the proclamation of the President of the United States, of the 29th of May last, and an object of censure to a portion of the country, I have thought it probable that my occupation of the position of president might draw upon the college a feeling of hostility; and I should, therefore, cause injury to an institution which it would be my highest desire to advance. I think it the duty of every citizen, in the present condition of the country, to do all in his power to aid in the restoration of peace and harmony, and in no way to oppose the policy of the State or general government

> directed to that object. It is particularly incumbent on those charged with the instruction of the young to set them an example of submission to authority, and I could not consent to be the cause of animadversion upon the college. Should you, however, take a different view, and think that my services in the position tendered to me by the board will be advantageous to the college and country, I will yield to your judgment and accept it; otherwise, I must most respectfully decline the office. Begging you to express to the trustees of the college my heartfelt gratitude for the honour conferred upon me, and requesting you to accept my cordial thanks for the kind manner in which you have communicated their decision, I am, gentlemen, with great respect, your most obedient servant,
>
> "R.E. Lee"

* * *

To present a clearer view of some of the motives influencing my father in accepting this trust — for such he considered it — I give an extract from an address on the occasion of his death, by Bishop Wilmer, of Louisiana, delivered at the University of the South, at Sewanee, Tennessee:

"I was seated," says Bishop Wilmer, "at the close of the day, in my Virginia home, when I beheld, through the thickening shades of evening, a horseman entering the yard, whom I soon recognized as General Lee. The next morning he placed in my hands the correspondence with the authorities of Washington College at Lexington. He had been invited to become president of that institution. I confess to a momentary feeling of chagrin at the proposed change (shall I say revulsion?) in his history. The institution was one of local interest, and comparatively unknown to our people. I named others more conspicuous which would welcome him with ardour as their presiding head. I soon discovered that his mind towered above these earthly distinctions; that, in his judgment, the cause gave dignity to the institution, and not the wealth of its endowment or the renown of its scholars; that this door and not another was opened to him by Providence, and he only wished to be assured of his competency to fulfil his trust and thus to make his few remaining years a comfort and blessing to his suffering country. I had spoken to his human feelings; he had now revealed himself to

> me as one 'whose life was hid with Christ in God.' My speech was no longer restrained. I congratulated him that his heart was inclined to this great cause, and that he was spared to give to the world this August testimony to the importance of Christian education. How he listened to my feeble words; how he beckoned me to his side, as the fulness of heart found utterance; how his whole countenance glowed with animation as I spoke of the Holy Ghost as the great Teacher, whose presence was required to make education a blessing, which otherwise might be the curse of mankind; how feelingly he responded, how eloquently, as I never heard him speak before — can never be effaced from memory; and nothing more sacred mingles with my reminiscences of the dead."

* * *

My father had had nearly four years' experience in the charge of young men at West Point. The conditions at that place, to be sure, were very different from those at the one to which he was now going, but the work in the main was the same — to train, improve and elevate. I think he was influenced, in making up his mind to accept this position, by the great need of education in his State and in the South,

and by the opportunity that he saw at Washington College for starting almost from the beginning, and for helping, by his experience and example, the youth of his country to become good and useful citizens.

* * *

His duties as president of Washington College were far from light. His time was fully occupied, and his new position did not relieve him from responsibility, care and anxiety. He took pains to become acquainted with each student personally, to be really his guide and friend. Their success gratified and pleased him, and their failures, in any degree, pained and grieved him. He felt that he was responsible for their well-doing and progress, and he worked very hard to make them good students and useful men.

* * *

In all his life, wherever he happened to be, he immediately set to work to better his surroundings.

* * *

In a letter written at this time to the Reverend G. W. Leybum, he speaks very forcibly on the subject:

> "So greatly have those interests [educational] been disturbed at the South, and so much does its future condition depend upon the rising generation, that I consider the proper education of its youth one of

> the most important objects now to be attained, and one from which the greatest benefits may be expected. Nothing will compensate us for the depression of the standard of our moral and intellectual culture."

* * *

He was very fond of horseback journeys, enjoyed the quiet and rest, the freedom of mind and body, the close sympathy of his old warhorse, and the beauties of Nature which are to be seen at every turn in the mountains of Virginia. Ah, if we could only obtain some records of his thoughts as he rode all alone along the mountain roads, how much it would help us all in our trials and troubles! He was a man of few words, very loath to talk about himself, nor do I believe any one ever knew what that great heart suffered. His idea of life was to do his duty, at whatever cost, and to try to help others do theirs.

* * *

To my mother, who was a great invalid from rheumatism for more than ten years, he was the most faithful attendant and tender nurse. Every want of hers that he could supply he anticipated. His considerate forethought saved her from much pain and trouble. During the war he constantly wrote to her, even when on the march and amidst the most pressing duties. Every summer of their life in Lexington

he arranged that she should spend several months at one of the many medicinal springs in the neighbouring mountains, as much that she might be surrounded by new scenes and faces, as for the benefit of the waters. Whenever he was in the room, the privilege of pushing her wheeled chair into the dining-room and out on the verandas or elsewhere about the house was yielded to him. He sat with her daily, entertaining her with accounts of what was doing in the college, and the news of the village, and would often read to her in the evening. For her his love and care never ceased, his gentleness and patience never ended.

This tenderness for the sick and helpless was developed in him when he was a mere lad. His mother was an invalid, and he was her constant nurse. In her last illness he mixed every dose of medicine she took, and was with her night and day. If he left the room, she kept her eyes on the door till he returned. He never left her but for a short time. After her death the health of their faithful servant, Nat, became very bad. My father, then just graduated from West Point, took him to the South, had the best medical advice, a comfortable room, and everything that could be done to restore him, and attended to him himself.

* * *

After General Lee had accepted the presidency of Washington College, he determined to devote himself entirely to the interest and improvement of that

institution. From this resolution he never wavered. An offer that he should be at the head of a large house to represent southern commerce, that he should reside in New York, and have placed at his disposal an immense sum of money, he declined, saying:

> "I am grateful, but I have a self-imposed task which I must accomplish. I have led the young men of the South in battle; I have seen many of them die on the field; I shall devote my remaining energies to training young men to do their duty in life."

To a request from some of his old officers that he should associate himself with a business enterprise in the South, as its president, he replied with the following letter:

> "Lexington, Virginia, December 14, 1869.
> "General J. B. Gordon, President,
> "Southern Life Insurance Company,
> "Atlanta, Georgia.
> "*My Dear General:* I have received your letter of the 3d inst., and am duly sensible of the kind feelings which prompted your proposal. It would be a great pleasure to me to be associated with you, Hampton, B.H. Hill, and the other good men whose names I see on your list of directors, but I

> feel that I ought not to abandon the position I hold at Washington College at this time, or as long as I can be of service to it. Thanking you for your kind consideration, for which I know I am alone indebted for your proposition to become president of the Southern Life Insurance Company, and with kindest regards to Mrs. Gordon and my best wishes for yourself, I am,
>
> "Very truly yours,
>
> "R.E. Lee"

His correspondence shows that many like propositions were made to him.

* * *

One of his young cousins, in talking with him, wondered what fate was in store for "us poor Virginians." The General replied with an earnest, softened look:

> "You can work for Virginia, to build her up again, to make her great again. You can teach your children to love and cherish her."

* * *

His last letter was written on the morning of the day he was taken ill, September 28th. It was to Mr. Tagart, of Baltimore, at whose home he had stayed the previous summer. Its tone was cheerful and

hopeful, and he wrote that he was much better and stronger….

When my brother Fitzhugh and I reached Lexington, my father was no more. He died the morning of our arrival — October 12th. He had apparently improved after his first attack, and the summoning of my brother and myself had been put off from day to day. After we did start we were delayed by the floods, which at that time prevailed over the State. Of his last illness and death I have heard from my family.

A letter from my mother to a dear friend tells the…sad story:

> "…My husband came in. We had been waiting tea for him, and I remarked: 'You have kept us waiting a long time. Where have you been?' He did not reply, but stood up as if to say grace. Yet no word proceeded from his lips, and he sat down in his chair perfectly upright and with a sublime air of resignation on his countenance, and did not attempt to a reply to our inquiries. That look was never to be forgotten, and I have no doubt he felt that his hour had come; for though he submitted to the doctors, who were immediately summoned, and who had not even reached their homes from the same vestry-meeting, yet his whole demeanour during

> his illness showed one who had taken leave of earth. He never smiled, and rarely attempted to speak, except in his dreams, and then he wandered to those dreadful battlefields. Once, when Agnes urged him to take some medicine, which he always did with reluctance, he looked at her and said, 'It is no use.' But afterward he took it. When he became so much better the doctor said, 'You must soon get out and ride your favorite gray!' He shook his head most emphatically and looked upward. He slept a great deal, but knew us all, greeted us with a kindly pressure of the hand, and loved to have us around him. For the last forty-eight hours he seemed quite insensible of our presence. He breathed more heavily, and at last sank to rest with one deep-drawn sigh. And oh, what a glorious rest was in store for him!"

* * *

General Lee's closing hours were consonant with his noble and disciplined life. Never was more beautifully displayed how a long and severe education of mind and character enables the soul to pass with equal step through this supreme ordeal.

Robert E. Lee Quotes

"Both sides forget we are all Americans. I foresee that our country will pass through a terrible ordeal, a necessary expiation, perhaps, for our national sins."

* * *

"At present, I am not concerned with results. God's will ought to be our aim, and I am quite contented that His designs should be accomplished and not mine."

* * *

"We failed, but in the good providence of God, apparent failure often proves a blessing."

* * *

"Recollect that we form one country now. Abandon all these local animosities and make your sons Americans."

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