Article

No. 4.

Subject
Grant at Chattanooga

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HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE EAST,
GOVERNOR'S ISLAND, NEW YORK.

Address by Genl. O.O. Howard.

(Delivered before the Loyal Legion Commandery of New York, at Delmonico's, Dec. 4th, 1889. General Wager Swayne presiding.)

Comrades, Companions of the Loyal Legion, Gentlemen:

In taking the subject "Grant at Chattanooga", it is not intended to give a history of the battles fought there, but the object is to present one or two phases of the conflict.

Gen. Grant

~~Delivered before the Legal in Brooklyn on the 4th of July 1885 by Elihu P. Mc. Gen. Wm. Enright presiding.~~

The battle of Chickmauga had just been fought, closing on the 21st of September, 1863, by Rosecrans withdrawing his army from the battle field into that curious place, Chattanooga,- which became afterwards so familiar to our people,- a sheltered nook lying against the concave bend of the Tennessee, and hemmed in by Lookout Mountain below and by Missionary Ridge above. Here the confederate General Bragg, with his forces shattered and weakened by the terrific fighting near that river of death, the Chickamauga, undertook to besiege the Army of the Cumberland.

The first week of October, two divisions of the 11th and 12th Corps, all under Gen. Hooker, transferred from the Army of the Potomac, had reached the Tennessee river. Across the river, beyond Bridgeport, the

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Confederates had all the country in possession, for their scouting parties to roam over, for ~~eighteen~~ twenty eight miles along the railroad to Chattanooga. They had their sentinels and pickets so arranged as to interrupt the most direct wagon road on our side of the river by firing across at favorable points. It being more than forty miles from our station at Bridgeport to the army at the front, all our supplies for Chattanooga were hauled by way of a road farther back. Even this road had been raided upon by the Confederate cavalry, and a large supply train destroyed. Brave and determined as the Army of the Cumberland was, yet when Colonel Hodges, the Chief Quartermaster of the army, came to my tent at Bridgeport and described to me the situation, the starving

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[redacted] and dying condition of the overworked and underfed animals, the saucy conduct and positions of the enemy, and the pressing and increasing needs of Rosecran's gallant army, I confess that my sanguine expectancy cooled considerably, and I feared that disaster and defeat would soon come upon Chattanooga. General Rosecrans, having been relieved from his command, a little later, came down to Bridgeport and stayed with me over night on his way to Nashville. He was still [redacted] hopeful of a final victory, but General Thomas, the stalwart soldier who succeeded him, was both hopeful and determined. General Grant, who had just been assigned to our military division, telegraphed Thomas [redacted] (October 19, 1863) from Louisville, "Hold Chattanooga at all hazards. I will be there as soon as possible." Thomas He answered promptly, "I will hold the town till we starve!"

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Cumberland

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And it is to the very highest credit of his Cumberland army that there was no murmuring, even at this hard condition; a condition that must have seemed desperate to the hungry soldiers during the thousands of futile expeditions which had hitherto been tried in vain to give them, the besieged army substantial relief in the way of supplies.

-----GRANT AND HOOKER.----

The 21st of October I visited General Hooker at Stevenson, Ala. about ten miles back along the R.R. distant from my headquarters at Bridgeport, and during the interview he told me that the already famous General Grant, was on the train coming south from Nashville. Hooker had made preparations to receive the General and have him conducted to his own quarters. Grant was at that time very lame, and suffering from the injuries occasioned

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by the falling of his horse a short time before in the streets of New Orleans. Hooker sent a spring wagon and an officer of his staff to the depot, to meet him but for some reason he did not go himself.

As I must take the same train southward-bound, to get back to Bridgeport before dark, its arrival found me there at the station in waiting. I had presumed that General Grant would remain over night with General Hooker; but this presumption was not correct. Several acquaintances among the officers who were on the train met me as I stepped into the forward part of the car. General Grant, sitting near the rear of the car, was pointed out to me and I passed on at once, as was proper, to pay my respects to him.

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Dirt There

had been for some time before the public; the successful commander in important battles; the News papers had said much for him, and several virulent sheets much against him; and so, judging by the accounts, I had conceived him to be of very large size and rough appearance. The actual man was quite different; not larger than Mc Clellan; at the time rather thin in flesh and very pale in complexion, and noticeably self-contained and retiring.

Without rising he extended his hand as I was presented, smiled pleasantly, and signified very briefly that it gave him pleasure to meet me. He then permitted me to continue the conversation.

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Grant's quick reply made with ~~quiet firmness~~ some emphasis, at the time, astonished me: He said, "If General Hooker wishes to see me he will find me on this train." I hardly need say that Hooker very soon presented himself and offered his courtesies in person to his new commander.

Hooker was of full build, ruddy, handsome; then in the very prime of his manhood. I wondered at the contrast between these two men, and pondered upon the manner of their meeting. Grant, knowing Hooker's aspirations, evidently took this first occasion to assert himself. He never left the necessity for gaining a proper ascendancy over subordinate Generals, where it was likely to be questioned, to a second interview. Yet he manifested only a quiet firmness.

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Declining Hooker's kind hospitality, Grant and staff went on with me the ten miles to Bridgeport, Ala. where, as my housekeeping was not the best in that cold, muddy, desolate, forsaken region to which we had but recently come, I was not a little anxious concerning my ability properly to entertain the distinguished guests.

General Grant and I shared a common wall-tent between us. He had on a humorous expression, which I noticed, as his eye fell upon a liquor flask hanging against my [redacted] tent wall within. "That flask is not mine;" I quickly said. "It was left here by an officer, to be returned to Chattanooga; I never drink." "Neither do I," was his prompt reply. And His answer was not in sport; he was at that time free from every appearance of drinking, and I was happy indeed to find in his clear eye

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and clear face an unmistakeable testimonial against the many prevalent falsehoods or exaggerations which envy and rivalry had set in motion, especially after the famous battle of Shiloh.

---Persistence under suffering. Chattanooga.

The next morning, after a sunrise breakfast, General Rawlins lifted his General then "lame and suffering" as if he had been but a child into the saddle. The direct route across the Tennessee was held, as we have seen, by Confederate Bragg; and the river road by way of Jasper on our side was exposed to sharpshooters from the other bank and to Confederate Wheeler's spasmodic raids. Yet almost without escort Grant risked the journey along the river; through Jasper; across swollen streams, through deep mud, and along roads that were already deemed too wretched

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and too dangerous for the wagons. This route was strewn with the wrecks of army vehicles and dead mules, and sundry other impedimenta which our indefatigable quartermasters had been forced to abandon. It would have been an awful journey for a well man, in those war-days a journey of more than forty miles. At times it was necessary to take the General from his horse. The soldiers carried him tenderly in their arms across the roughest places. Then General Grant yielding to no weariness or suffering, ~~he~~ pushed quickly through to Chattanooga, reaching General Thomas there the evening of the 23rd of October 1863.

It was this remarkable journey which put Grant en rapport with Thomas and Hooker; gave practicable shape to all good existing plans, and soon changed an army on the very verge of starvation into an active, health-

and too dangerous for the wagons. This route was strewn with the wrecks of army vehicles and dead mules, which our indefatigable quartermasters had been forced to leave behind. It must have been an awful journey for men and mules, a journey of more than forty miles. At times it was necessary to take the General from his horse. The soldiers carried him in their arms across the roughest places. Yielding to no weariness or suffering, he pushed through to Chattanooga, reaching General Thomas the evening of the 22nd, October 1863.

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ful, well supplied, conquering force.

To go back a little:

While with the General during ~~his~~ that first visit to my Bridgeport tent; we were speaking of officers of rank who were dissatisfied with the size of their commands. He declared that he had no sympathy with such grumblers, and as little with any who were selfishly ambitious. He said in answer to a remark of mine to the effect that it was hard for an officer to pass from a higher command to a lower: "I do not think so, Howard; a Major-General is entitled to an army-division and no more. Why! I believe I should be flying in the face of Providence to seek a command higher than that entrusted to me." Such was my first instructive lesson in the great leader. He begat in me on that occasion a confidence which years and experience have never lessened.

Grant, Sherman and Thomas. Plans.

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Grant, Sherman and Thomas. Pluns.

For an interview with Gen. Thomas, then commanding our Army of the Cumberland, I went, on the 14th of November, 1863, from our camp in Lookout Valley across the mountains to Chattanooga.

In the evening several officers were sitting together in an upper room when General Sherman, having left his marching column back 28 miles at Bridgeport, arrived upon the scene. He came bounding in after his usual buoyant manner. Gen. Grant, whose bearing toward Sherman differed from that with other officers; being free, affectionate and good humored, rose and greeted him most cordially. Immediately after the, "How are you Sherman?" and the reply, "Thank you as well as can be expected!", he extended to him the ever welcome cigar. This Sherman proceeded to light but without stopping his ready flow of hearty words,

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Grant arrested his attention by some apt remark, and then said: "Take the chair of honor, Sherman," indicating a rocker with high back. "The chair of honor, Oh no, that belongs to you, General." Grant, not a whit abashed by this compliment, said: But "I don't forget, Sherman, to give proper respect to age." "Well, then, said Sherman, if you put it on that ground, I must accept." Laughing too now

That night I had the opportunity of hearing the proposed campaigns discussed as never before. Sherman spoke quickly but evinced much previous knowledge and thought. Grant said that Sherman was accustomed on horseback to "bone" i.e., study hard, his campaigns from morning till night.

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of the surrounding mountainous regions of East Tennessee and Northern Georgia. Gen. Grant appeared to listen with pleasant interest and now and then made a pointed remark. Thomas was like the solid judge confident and fixed in his knowledge of law, Sherman like the brilliant advocate, and Grant, rendering his verdicts, like an intelligent jury.

After the general plan of battle had been canvassed settled on, Sherman returned to his troops 28 miles back, near Bridgeport, and marched them to us.

Battle of Chattanooga; Reconnoissance.

On the 7th of November General Grant had given orders to General Thomas to attack Bragg. He was to use the private horses of officers, and take also such team horses as could be made available, for the purpose of moving the ar-

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front, as alert and active as children at play. The Fourteenth Corps supported the right, and the Eleventh massed in close order, was ready, in full view, to follow up the left. "Only a reconnoissance!" Nothing of that solid, slow, thoughtful, solemn entrance into battle of Sumner's troops at Antietam; or Frenches' division, without a straggler or break in his line, on the second day at Chancellorsville, but seemingly a brisk, hearty almost gay parade! The Confederates stood on their breastworks to look at our supposed review and drill, when to their astonishment our lines went forward with rapidity toward the Orchard Knob. No straggling; no falling out from suspicious exhaustion; no hiding behind stumps and trees at this time. Soon the enemy's pickets were driven back or taken, soon all those outward defenses for a mile ahead near the Orchard Knob were

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Swing to the right

in line of battle

Only a reconnoitre!

Advance skirmishers

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in our hands; but not without bloodshed. Wood's division alone lost over a hundred, killed and wounded. The fourth corps had done gallantly what was required; and the other troops were ready and anxious to execute any movement. General Grant, at Fort Wood, kept looking steadily toward the troops just engaged, and beyond. He was slowly smoking a cigar. General Thomas, using his glass attentively, made no remark. I could see both Generals from my point of observation. I was curious to observe them in the approaching action, now sure to come.

Rawlins (who was afterwards Secretary of War) seemed to be unusually urgent in pressing his reasons into the general's seemingly inattentive ear. He was heard to say, "It will have a bad effect to let them come back and try it over again." When General Grant

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spoke at last, without turning to look at any body, he said, "Intrench them and send up support." In a moment aids and orderlies were in motion. General Thomas sent messengers to Granger of the fourth, to Palmer of the fourteenth, and to me commanding the eleventh. Within a few minutes a new line of intrenchments was in process of construction, facing and parallel [redacted] Missionary Ridge, with Orchard Knob as a point of support. The batteries were soon covered against sharp-shooters and stray shots of the enemy. I know I felt freer to breath when I placed my feet on ~~this~~ little advanced hill, than I had done since entering the beleaguered Chattanooga.

In this brief combat, I [redacted] observe the perfect self-possession and imperturbability

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In this brief combat, I observe the perfect self-possession and imperturbability

of our leader. Grant's equanimity was not marred by danger or by the contagious excitement of battle.

On the 25th of November, near the end of the battle when Hooker, chafed and hindered by streams impassable except by bridging, had at last advanced well on towards the crest of Missionary Ridge, far south of Bragg's actual left flank, and the enemy's attention was divided between the dogged attacks of Sherman's men on the north and the sure approach of Hooker from the south; General Grant took this time in the afternoon, (it might be four o'clock) to order near his own position the firing of six cannon shot, as a signal for the long waiting but never impatient Thomas to push forward his divisions and seize the rifle-pits at the base of the Ridge. As in all the other great battles, the artillery, from its various

available points, almost simultaneously opened its booming discharges upon the enemy's troops, as if to clear the way and make paths for a safer advance (a doubtful measure with old troops as it merely says, "Enemy, get ready; we are coming.") The divisions of Baird, T. J. Wood, Sheridan and Johnson (probably thirty thousand effectives in all) sprang forward at command in line over the rough ground, through the underbrush, now appearing, now disappearing, to come again in sight, flags flying, bayonets glistening, musketry rattling, cannon roaring, all reminding us of Pickett's gallant advance at Gettysburg against the terrible Cemetery Ridge. Such was the handsome and rapid movement straight up to the enemy's lower line of rifle-pits. But they did not half there as ordered!

General Grant speaks about it in his report like a dilligent and friendly observer under some

excitement: He says, "These troops moved forward, drove the enemy from the rifle-pits at the base of the ridge like bees from a hive, stopped but a moment until the whole were in line, and commenced the ascent of the mountain from right to left, almost simultaneously, following closely the retreating enemy without further orders. They encountered a fearful volley of grape and canister from ~~near~~ some thirty pieces of artillery, and musketry from still well-filled rifle-pits on the summit of ~~the~~ missionary ridge. Not a waver, however, was seen in all that long line of brave men." It was a sight that few men are permitted to see!

It was the 25th of November, late in the season, so that night came on soon after Thomas's men had reached the crest and had gotten into respectable order. Sherman's

exactness: "These troops moved forward, drove the enemy from the rifle-pits at the base of the ridge like bees from a hive, stopped but a moment until the whole were in line, and commenced the ascent of the mountain from right to left, almost simultaneously, following closely the retreating enemy without further orders. They encountered a fearful volley of grape and canister from some twenty pieces of artillery, and musketry from still well-filled rifle-pits on the summit of the ridge. Not a waver, however, was seen in all that long line of brave men."

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troops far to the left saw nothing of this grand work until it was nearly over, and then they pushed in as far as the Chickamauga. From this it will be seen why a quick, close, and continuous pursuit was not made. Sheridan, always on hand and ardent, did go on into the dark as far as Mission Mills. Guns were captured, prisoners and small arms and flags were gathered up from all quarters, but very soon the night shut down upon the joyful and victorious troops.

After the cheerings, after the exciting recitals around the camp-fires, while the soldiers are quiet and sleeping beneath the silent stars, the slow-moving ambulances with their escorts of drummers and fifers and musicians (no music now) go sorrowfully over the field (it is a rough one and exten-

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sive,) to gather up the wounded and bring them to the field hospital. Then the indefatigable surgeons and assistant-stewards keep up their benevolent though sad and bloody work for the entire night. Friend and foe are here treated alike. To delicate nerves all this,- the pain, the blood, the bandages, the poorly-suppressed groan, and the ever-recurring struggles of the dying,-- all this is simply terrible, horrible, yet the weary soldiers who are unhurt are oblivious to it all; the ground is covered with them, sleeping and dreaming of triumphs won and home scenes now nearer.

But the officer of rank, whose brain must be busy with plans for the morrow, the watchful aids and orderlies who go and come with instructions and messages, and those who are

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But the officer of rank, whose brain must be busy with plans for the morrow, the watchful aids and orderlies who go and come with instructions and messages, and those who are

connected with the medical corps, are obliged to hear these cries of pain, and witness these torchlight scenes that take hold on eternity, and make impressions too deep for human language to utter. ~~against the arbitrament of war~~.

After the last charge, four stout men carried a sergeant to the rear. They stopped to rest. E. P Smith, then of the Christian Commission, drew near the stretcher, and speaking kindly, asked, "Where are yor hurt, sergeant?" He answers, "Almost up, sir." "I mean in what part are you injured?" He fixes his eye on the speaker, and answers again, "Almost up to the top." Just then Mr. Smith uncovers his arm, and sees the frightful shattering wound of the shell that struck him. "Yes," he says, turning his eye thither, "that's what did it. I was almost

connected with the medical corps, are obliged to hear these cries of pain, and witness these torchlight scenes that take hold on eternity, and make impressions too deep for human language against the enemies of war.

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up; but for that I should have reached the top." The sergeant was bearing the flag when he was hit. He died with the fainter and fainter utterance of "Almost up," "Almost up" while his companions on the heights he almost reached were echoing the cheers of the triumph that he would so much have enjoyed. It is comforting to hope that his faithful spirit reached the crest of higher battlements than those which the living victors that day attained.

What results from this sturdy work of twenty-five days since the first advance on Orchard Knob, the 23d of November!

The poor, suffering besieged, reënforced from east and west, had beaten the besiegers, gained Lookout Mountain and Mission Ridge, and driven Bragg's army beyond Taylor's

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Ridge, with a loss to him of at least 10,000 men, our men gaining in morale far more than in numbers. The victorious army, capturing between 6000 and 7000 prisoners, 40 pieces of artillery, 69 artillery carriages, and 7000 stand of small arms, breaking up connection between Bragg and Longstreet, had forced the one southward and the other northward, compelling ~~the latter~~ Longstreet to cease harassing Burnside, and had really made a large breach in the enemy's grand strategic line of armies, and splendidly prepared the way for Sherman's even more brilliant ensuing spring campaign.

It was Grant's purpose to concentrate superior numbers. It was always the true way against an enemy so much like us in skill, courage, and warlike appliances, such as the splitting of a common country would

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It was Grant's purpose to concentrate superior numbers. It was always the true way against an enemy so much like us in skill, courage, and warlike appliances, such as the splitting of a common country would

certainly produce. Grant was obliged to attack positions of great natural strength and the best kind of artificial protection, in the way of intrenchments and breastworks. This he did here as ever with skill, steadiness and vigor, yes, with persistent, resistless energy! This was Grant in 1863.

The last sickness.

On Wednesday, the 25th of March, 1885, being at the house of a friend in Brooklyn, I received a kindly note from Colonel F. D. Grant saying that his father in Ny. City would be glad to see me at any time when he could see any one. "About the middle of the day is generally his best time, between 12 and 2 P. M." The next day, Thursday, at half past one, my brother and myself appeared at the General's house on 66th St. A servant showed us into a little reception room to the right

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The next day, Thursday, at half past one, my brother and myself appeared at the General's house on 66th St. A servant showed us into a little reception room to the right

of the main hall. I was afraid of too much company when I saw the numerous coats and hats lodged in the corners and on chairs, but in a moment Colonel Grant appeared and gave to us a warm welcome. My brother thought it not best for him to see the General; and Colonel Grant led the way for me. At the foot of the stairs he said: "Father wished me to apprize you of his inability to talk; so, owing to his trouble, you must do the talking."

The Colonel left me at the door of his father's room. It was in front on the south side. The General was alone; though through the open doors I could see members of the family and friends on the same floor and within call.

He reclined on his favorite chair opposite

of the main hall. I was afraid of such company when I saw the numerous contraband boxes lodged in the corners and on chairs, but in a moment Colonel Grant appeared and gave us a warm welcome. My brother thought it not best for him to see the General; and Colonel Grant led the way for me. At the foot of the stairs he said: "Rather failed me to surprise you of hospitability, to talk; so, owing to his trouble, you must do the talking."

The Colonel left me at the door of his father's room. It was in front on the south side. The General was alone; though through the open doors I could see many of the family and friends on the same floor and within call.

He received me with a cordial greeting

the hall door. The chair seemed like the ordinary sea-chair covered. His feet rested upon the extension and his head leaned against the high part.

"How do you do, General," he said, as he turned his face toward me and extended his right hand. I took his hand and heeding Colonel Grant's warning began to talk. I tried to express my thanks for the interview and my deep sympathy for him in his affliction.

His face was natural except for the large swollen appearance of the left side, the swelling extending from his lip down toward his neck. This swelling seemed as large as a hen's egg, only flattened and more extended. His face was whitish but not emaciated. He turned toward the south window and asked me to

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pass around and take a seat on that side. This was evidently easier for him and a chair had been placed there near his feet.

The General's own voice could hardly be recognized. It was the sound of a voice muffled, or half stiffled by something in the mouth. Yet notwithstanding the difficulty and my effort not to let him do so, the General kept talking to me but with an indistinct utterance.

I spoke of the action of Congress restoring him to the Army, and of the different legislatures, of the thousands of his old soldiers gathered into the Grand Army organizations.

"You will not be forgotten by them at this time General Grant, and never will be!"

He expressed his gladness at this, but desired me to return to the subject of prayer

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and its fruits, of which we had spoken.

During our conversation General Grant was cheerful and patient, but now and then, he changed the place of his head quickly as if in pain, and this motion warned me. I rose and said that I must not stay too long, for I would not weary him, or add to his sufferings.

I declared at parting: "Oh, General, how much I wish I could do something to help you! But you can always command me; if it should occur to you that I could do anything."

Then I asked, doubtless with some show of emotion, as I held his hand: "Is there anything, General?"

He answered slowly and very kindly: "Nothing more, General Howard, nothing besides what you have been doing."

"Good bye, General Grant, May God bless you".

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"Good bye, General Grant, May God bless you

"Thank you,- good bye!"

The General had the same complete self-possession as always, was cheerful without a lisp of impatience or complaint under his affliction. It was the submission of a great heart, in its own unstudied way to the Heavenly Father, the Eternal Friend.

He had confidence in himself, it is true, but it was because he knew of a power beyond self, because he was helped and strengthened by that real power beyond self. You may call it spirit, providence or God. The name is not material. It is all the same. When in the outset, in 1861, seeking Mc Clellan in order to get on his staff, but turning back in self-distrust, when afterward trying his memory over forgotten military knowledge, he hesitated to take his first

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assignment; when set aside by Halleck without any men to command he followed humbly in the march and was just about to leave the front in despair, as Sherman in pure friendship urged him to stay yet longer; at these times there was no self-confidence. Oh no, they came,- the confidence, the strength, the sturdiness, the self-abnegation, the imperturbable face behind which surged all the strong emotions of a strong man, with all the qualities of mind and heart and character to make him a successful leader of the host,- they came from the same source whence Washington obtained his nobility, Jefferson his wisdom, Andrew Jackson his indomitable patriotism, and Lincoln his great-hearted loving kindness. It was from Him who is in all things, over all things, from

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Him who cares for the unicorn but forgets not the sparrow~~s~~,- from our Almighty Father and Friend, whose great spirit dwells in the hearts and souls of the children of men.

Plans like that of Viksburg, which rival in conception and execution any of Napoleon's and those which terminated in the final victory over Robert Lee at Appamattox, which victory exceeds in every way the Waterloo of Wellington,- these were not attributable to lucky ventures! No, they came from a solid brain, warmed and brightened by a strong, true heart, all of which were helped to enlargement by the truest adjuster of human events, the King of Kings. So I have long believed, and so General Grant himself believed.

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The plaudits of a world have followed him to his honored tomb, where, on the banks of the Hudson, whose bosom will for ages bear the teeming millions of freemen to and fro, few of the passers will go by, without descrying at Riverside and naming the place where the saviour of his country rests. And ~~may~~ now the day ~~soon come~~ is near when a suitable monument shall so mark the spot that all who pass that way shall behold the consecrated granite and think of what it means. As it is of use to mariners to study the charts of the sea, and note the labors of successful voygers, so it is of first importance to examine well the map of human life and carefully note the character, work and conduct of successful men. First, the skill beyond price must be sought out, that skill which makes the very heavens and earth contribute

The plaudits of a world have followed him to his honored tomb, where, on the banks of the Hudson, whose bosom will for ages bear the teeming millions of freemen to and fro, few of the passers will go by, without descending at Riverside and marking the place where the saviour of his country rests.

And may the day soon come when a suitable monument shall so mark the spot that all who come shall behold the consecrated granite and think of what it means. As it is of use to mariners to study the charts of the sea, and note the labors of successful voyagers, so it is of first importance to examine well the map of human life and carefully note the character, work and conduct of successful men. First, the skill beyond price must be sought out, that skill which makes the very heavens and earth contribute

[redacted] to safety, to fame, to greatness, to success; and second, the craggy banks, the rocks and the shoals of human souls should be known in order to be shunned. General Grant, whose work on earth is done, furnishes such a map of life. Certainly, tried by any standard, measured by any plumb-line, human or divine, his was a remarkable, nay a marvellous career. And it had its fitting close. Amid great bodily suffering he made a last supreme effort; By that effort he earned and gave to his family a handsome fortune; and then said: "If it is within God's Providence that I should go now, I am ready to obey his call without a murmur." His faith was as simple as that of a child. He was like his mother. Mother and child are to-day in the arms of the Beloved. In the large universe there are many mansions, prepared by the expan-

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