

Article

No 6

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with duplicate M.S.S.
No 6 "B"

Subject:
Grant -
Washington & Grant - Compared

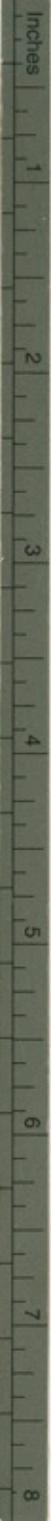
1871

John

No 6

No 6
with reference to
the letter of the 1st

Washington
Green
Washington



Grant.Washington and Grant compared.

The last quarter of the 18th century gave to our country her integrity, her independence; our original States became united and were cemented by a strong Constitution.

The central figure of that bright historic period is George Washington, whom ^{we} ^{still} unceasingly honor as the father of his country. He first carried off the triumphal banner of victory from the midst of contending hosts; and then he held for two terms, by the voluntary suffrages of a free people, the chief place of power in our land.

The third quarter of the next century opened for our Union ^{with} gloomy prospects. A gathering plague, which was under our fathers' but a dark spot, had spread till the eyes, ears and mouths of vast multitudes of our countrymen were involved; till the end of our country's life, constantly predicted by our wise men, seemed near at hand. A part of the

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people were affected by a singular overpowering weakness, and others entered into interminable janglings, full of fire and fury,- a kind of rage like unto madness,- that made them at times, ^{seemingly} bent upon indiscriminate destruction.

As a government, as a people, we had reached that pass described by Carlyle, in his French Revolution, when "verily if somebody did not do something soon, things would do themselves satisfactory to nobody!"

That period of agitation, turmoil and strife has now gone by. And as we look back we ask ourselves what has resulted? We answer: that plague was stayed. A fever, burning, raging, spreading, consuming like a conflagration, did follow the plague; but it was met by staunch courage and effective remedies: decays and putrefactions set in: but the sharp knife ^{of warfare} applied ^{at last} without hesitation, accomplished its work of removal. ^{So,} Peace and rest have ^{finally} come to reinvigorate and recuperate the system; ^{and} the last quarter of the 19th century ^{clings to} the hill-tops

Inches 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8

2.

Government

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unity, - yes, in the interests of mankind.

In retrospect, amid all the turbulence and madness of the plague-stricken and fevered millions, two figures among the remedial workers were ~~and the~~ most prominent, Lincoln and Grant. Multitudes at first, of course, saw them but dimly. Against one, tall and lifted up, they cried one thing; and against the other, modest, silent, but never idle, they shouted another thing; these outcries were full of hate and distrust; but what a change has come; all hearts are now filled with love, and all mouths with praise for these two workers. Lincoln kept the lead in life and sealed his title to nobility, in blood. ^{Now} With no disparagement ^{him,} to this noble Chieftain, Chief of Martyrs, we are ~~are~~ prepared to record of Grant, as of Washington, that, for the period of his life, he too, amid contending hosts, ~~was~~ carried off the triumphal banner of victory. He, too, ~~was~~ held for two terms, by the voluntary suffrages of a free people, the

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chief place of power in our land.

But few persons at the time knew of, or cared for Grant's humble birth, yet 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 to and fro the teeming millions, few ~~will~~ will pass without desecrating at Riverside, and naming the place where this ^uSavior _A of his country rests.

As it is of use to young mariners to study the charts of the sea, and note the labors of successful voyagers, so it is of first importance to enterprizing youth to examine well the map of human experience and carefully note the character and conduct of successful men. First, the skill beyond price must be sought out; that skill which makes the very heavens and earth contribute to safety, to fame, to success; and second, it is necessary to search the craggy banks, the rocks, and the shoals of such human souls, that ^{perilous features} ~~may~~ may be shunned. General Grant, whose work on earth is done, furnishes us an ample

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5.

Early life.

As men grow older they think more and more of
"blood."

"The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church."
The blood of the crucified giveth the highest cleans-
ing. The blood of the Scottish Grant-clan ran in
the veins of their descendants.

Noah Grant, an ancestor, commanded a company, form-
ed without regard to color, before the Revolution.
He and his brother Solomon, we read, were slain at
the battle of White Plains, Oct. 28, 1776.

The son of the next generation, General Grant's
grandfather, a Lieutenant in the Continental Army,
served ^{also} ~~long~~ during the Revolution, his service end-
ing with that war.

The father, Jesse, settled at Point Pleasant, a
small town on the north bank of the Ohio, in 1820.
There he married Miss Hannah Simpson. In a small
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first child was born. The trying and almost universal difficulty of giving a name to the first-born ~~was~~ arose. After family debate it was wisely settled by lot. The lot fell upon the classic name of "Ulysses." "Hiram" was subsequently added to please a grandsire. Thus furnished this babe set out on the journey of life as Hiram Ulysses.

It is said of Homer's hero, the Grecian Ulysses, "in prudence, ingenuity of resource, and finesse, he was foremost of the Hellenic chiefs, while in courage he was inferior to none." So to our American boy, the very name ~~was~~ was prophetic and premonitory. One propensity of childhood, not very rare but noticeable when the subsequent life emphasizes it, is to exhibit joy in storms, to delight in noisy drums and covet materials for explosions, from fire-crackers to the mimic cannons. Sensitive nerves often give a child trouble, but they soon train themselves to coolness. It is said that Ulysses Grant even in babyhood manifested this propensity.

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The sharp and unexpected crack of a pistol caused him to clap hands and cry, "more!" Surely this propensity, like the family blood, and the classic name, may now be treasured by conservative friends as premonitory of that power which in subsequent years enabled our Grant in the midst of the rattling of musketry and the roar of cannon to preserve his equanimity, and to subdue the natural excitement of other mortals who were smarting under the spur of nerves not so firmly constructed. Early in 1823, the family moved to Georgetown, Ohio, where for several years the father was engaged in tannery . Here, when still quite a small boy, Ulysses attended the village school, helped his father in vacations to haul wood ⁽²⁾ and ⁽¹⁾ bark, and ^{do} whatever else his business needed. He early betrayed a fondness for a horse, so that as soon as he had earned a little money by driving, taking people from the village to the country, he satisfied the desire of his heart. What is worth mentioning of any lad, he saved up his money and soon was able to purchase a nice pony; after



which, through life he was never without a good horse.

~~People of casual acquaintance, even then, spoke of him as stolid.~~

General Brisbin, who claims the account from his mother, says: "One day" (while at the school at Georgetown) "He was puzzling his brains over a sum in arithmetic, and seeing his perplexed look, his *teacher* said to him kindly, "well Ulysses, can't you master it?" "Can't! what does cant mean?" The class had been studying definitions. He took up the dictionary and said humorously, "I don't find it; no such word in my book." The teacher commended his facetious answer and encouraged him to so act in future that he could always use that phrase, "no such word as can't in my book." Also; when Ulysses was about 13 years of age he drove a carriage filled with young ladies from Augusta, Kentucky, to Georgetown. In crossing a creek, the young ladies noticed the depth of the stream, and seeing as they went on, how the wagon sank deeper and deeper, and the horses

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swimming, they were terrified; then they screamed; but the boy, unaffected, quietly and safely, guided his horses across, calling out to his passengers, "keep still, girls, I'll take you ⁽²⁾ ⁽¹⁾ safe through!"

From the same creditable source I gather another incident. The lad had proceeded to the woods to haul out some heavy logs. He found no man to help him; so he hitched a horse to the end of each log in succession and slid them one by one up a half fallen tree; then he backed under ^{the tree} and easily rolled the logs into his wagon. This sort of ingenuity was characteristic and always at hand, ^{for every emergency} ~~never to fail him in any~~ strait.

At the Military Academy.

By 17 he had obtained a fair knowledge for a working man's son. At this age, finding Ulysses desirous of a cadetship, his father made written application to the Hon. E. L. Hamer, Member of Congress from his District. Fortunately there was a vacancy and Mr. Hamer at once nominated the young man to fill it.

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The historian Captain Copée says: that he remembers him [^] "as a *when a Cadet* plain straight-forward, common-sense youth, rather of the old-head on young-shoulders order; shunning notoriety; quite contented while others were grumbling; " " " respected by all, and very popular with his friends. His sobriquet of "Uncle Sam", where every good fellow has a nickname, came from these very qualities; indeed he was a very Uncle Sam sort of youth. He was then and always, an excellent horseman " " " " ,

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He exhibited little enthusiasm in anything. His best standing was in the mathematical branches and their application to tactics and military engineering."

Quiet and retiring as he appeared to be, yet, he did not ~~brook~~ ^{brook} imposition or insult. Once when ^{he was} a cadet-private in the ranks, a cadet-officer pushed his brief authority too far and worried Grant with an irritating and nagging style of command and correction. At last ~~Grant~~ Grant could bear it no longer; he made bold to leave ranks, take off his coat and demand reparation of the offender on the spot: "You have run it on me enough, now give me a chance!" The spirited youngster immediately granted his petition. After a successful fight, Grant then turned to the company and defied to combat any others who desired to take up the glove of insult. The challenge was not taken, and his timely pluck saved him from report. Resolute courage gave him then as ever, the peace which he fought for.

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Relates

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Graduation and Courtship.

Graduating 21st in a class of 39 members, he left West Point in June 1843. As a Brevet second Lieut. in the 4th U. S. Infantry, he joined his regiment at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri. It took him two full years to get that brevet off and become a full second Lieutenant. In that period an event occurred which had much to do with shaping his career. His classmate, Lieutenant Dent, introduced him to his father's family at St. Louis, and here he found the tender-hearted, womanly woman who was to become the companion, the stimulus, the safeguard, and the solace of his chequered life. It was Julia Dent whom he loved and trusted, and who believed in him from the first acquaintance when he had few friends, and who had always a word of cheer and of praise for him in the darkest days, and whom even prosperity could not divert from her sincere love and simple taste. Before their marriage, according to the fortune of a soldier, Grant's regiment was sent to the frontiers of Texas, and so the contemplated marriage had to be

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of Texas, and so the contemplated marriage had to be

postponed, not occurring till after the Mexican War.

Mexican War. - First Honors.

The War with Mexico soon followed the march of Lieutenant Grant's regiment to the frontier. Throughout that struggle the Lieutenant performed his part with ardor and success. He was twice rewarded by an honorary rank which, unlike his former brevet commission, he greatly desired to put on and not off. A single instance related by different historians will give a glimpse of the dilligent and patriotic officer and foreshadow his genius for war. His division, when drawing near the gates of Mexico, was with that of General Worth. Worth had been instructed to seize a road leading to the city from the West. As he proceeded thither Lieutenant Grant was with his foremost men. Suddenly at a turn of the road, from a well defended parapet, they encountered a brisk musketry fire. This made our men run to cover; but Grant, fearless of danger, worked his way around and across the field of fire till he had found a

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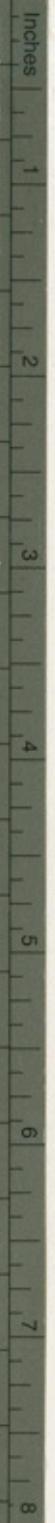
place in the defences that he deemed vulnerable. He then quickly came back and called out to his men that he could turn the parapet. Several, true as steel, sprang up and followed him, creeping for cover from the shot, behind a wall; where, unexpectedly, they came upon a full company of friends under Capt. Horace Brooks. Grant instantly cried: "Captain! I have found a way to flank the enemy." The brave Brooks answered, "Well, you know the way. Go on; we'll follow you." And so it was done. With Grant leading, the end of that parapet was carried by a prompt and eager assault, and the whole defending force of Mexicans fled in dismay.

Shortly after this encounter, while our troops were pressing forward and the turrets of the city were already plainly in sight, Worth's division ran upon another outwork which added cannon to its musketry. The happy Lieutenant was again with the advance, and the second parapet was quickly taken. Now Captain Brooks, seeing himself under a more dan-

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gerous fire from the guns of the city, sent Grant to Worth for help. While away, Brooks' men were assailed by a large force and driven back, thus losing the important ground. But soon the young man returned with reinforcements. Quickly taking in the situation, Grant discovered an old church in the suburbs with a high steeple and belfry-opening, from which he could reach the parapet and the city. He hurried some artillery to its neighborhood, and with the men dragging a mountain howitzer by hand, he made his way to the church, over ditches and broken ground. A reluctant priest was constrained to give up the keys; and the gun was quickly lifted to the top of the belfrey, and Lieutenant Grant himself so sighted it as, first to drive the Mexicans from their recovered parapet; and then he threw his shots squarely into the city itself. General Worth finding what the Lieutenant was doing, called him, complimented him, and then put a whole company under his command with additional cannon. That night the

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western gate of Mexico, the strongest in the beleaguered city, surrendered to our forces. For this remarkable exploit, Lieut. Grant was more than once mentioned in the public despatches; and beside this praise, he obtained his second brevet for his brave and skilful conduct.

Return from Mexico and Marriage.

At the close of the Mexican War, Grant's regiment returned to the North.

In 1848 the happy marriage, so long deferred by the war, took place. The first year was spent near Detroit, where the little family, in government quarters, began the chequered experience of army married life.

When in 1852, the 4th Infantry was ordered to the pacific, it was not possible for Grant to take his family with him. So the young wife with one child went back to her father's house, while he, with the troops, by sea, by the isthmus, and by the Pacific, made his way to California.

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After a brief sojourn near San Francisco, the company to which Grant belonged went on still farther to Oregon. At Fort Vancouver and at Fort Humboldt of Upper California, then near a lonely wilderness possessed by Indians, some two hundred miles north-east of San Francisco, Lieutenant, and later Captain, Grant spent two weary years.

His resignation and Civilian life.

In 1854, longing to get back to his wife and child, worn out with ^{the} hope deferred of his company's return to the East, chagrined by some difficulties which arose between him and his Post Commander, he submitted his resignation to the War Department. On its acceptance he made his way back to St. Louis, and rejoined those whom he loved.

The history of U. S. Grant in private life will, probably, never be fully known. It was, however, written in his heart, and its fruitage, was seen in his subsequent life. He entered at once upon a new calling, a farmer. With limited means, a few miles

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from St. Louis, the young man established his family in a small log house which he himself had built, and went resolutely to work. Plowing, hauling cord-wood, planting, sowing and reaping, working early and late, in season and out; still there were but poor returns for his labor. After a fair effort, with great discouragement he ^{next} tried the commission business. But this proved no better than farming. He gave that up also and moved to Galena, Ill., there he worked again with his father; with a family now grown to six souls, making hardly a fair living. Here he was, apparently ~~un~~unambitious, a quiet citizen, when the war found him.

The seven hard years of civil life, were years of discipline. They taught him the struggle of the poor; how to work; how to bear responsibility; how to sympathize with others not favored by fortune; how to resort to expedients in emergencies. They indeed made him one with the great majority of our Anglo-Saxon sons, who by toil have secured a compe-

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The War of the Rebellion.

The Nation's crisis came, as in human affairs it always does come. The war-cloud, which had long been impending, broke. Grant tried for a staff appointment with McClellan and, luckily for him and the cause of our country, in this he failed. He was soon on his way to Springfield, his State Capital. ^{there} He identified himself with the volunteers, aided the Governor with his ready military knowledge, and, ere long, in June 1861, had the command of the 21st Ill. Regiment. Next we find him, with his men, reporting to General Pope, in Missouri. His Governor and his Members of Congress observed his quickness, energy and patriotism. In a brief time by their unasked help, the 7th of August, he was made Brigadier-General of Volunteers. His station, then under Fremont,

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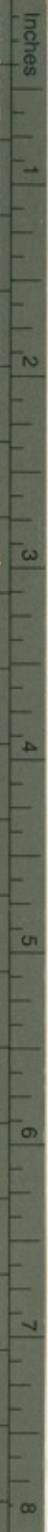
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was at Cairo. At just the right moment, he corresponded with the Kentucky Legislature, and thus blew into liveliness the dimming coals of its loyalty; sprang upon Paducah and kept it from the Confederates eager grasp; and soon after, on the 7th of November, ⁶¹ he was fighting the sample battle of Belmont. He fought his way in and he fought his way out, and taught irregulars how to become better than regulars. He put zeal into them, and hope into the hearts of waiting millions behind him. Next, Donelson and Fort Henry fell before his persistent arms and unconditional surrender.

~~His cogent sayings preceded his~~ ^{corresponded to} ~~cogent act~~
~~ions.~~ Of course ^{now} envy that loves the shining mark, began her shots: "He is stolid, he is reckless, he is brutal!" ^{yet} no General was farther from stolidity, recklessness, or brutality. It was solidity, boldness and earnestness; Grant was clear sighted, quickly convinced by facts, and struck his enemy, either front or flank, with resistless energy.

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Cry out to him at any juncture of the battle, "My men are worn, weary and hungry!" his brief answer instantly followed, "so is the enemy!"

At Shiloh he was nearly matched. Albert Sidney Johnson, the early hope of the Confederacy, inspired the assailants with something of the spirit of the followers of Stonewall Jackson. They hurried on to conquer; but though victory for a while trembled in the balance, the end was the same, their leader fell in the conflict; and the second day Grant, helped by Buell, swept the field.

But now traduction set in with redoubled violence. The disasters of the first day, the fleeing of panic-stricken men, and the awful carnage on the well-contested portions of the ground, were all imputed, by hostile spirits, and numerous journals, to the drunkenness and incompetency of the leader. "Grant was drunk!" rang out in embittered tones all over the land. For a time the traduced General seemed to be enveloped in a cloud. General Halleck put him nom-

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inally second in command; and depressed with sorrow, he followed the march of columns without exercising authority; but the truth soon began to dawn upon President and people, the storm of scandal subsided; true, the backbiters continued to chatter, but they chattered in obscure places and were no longer heeded. Halleck was soon taken to a tighter embrace at the Capital, and Grant was set free. ^{Certainly} ~~He~~, he had been fearfully discouraged and might have left the front, but he had Sherman, a royal friend; such men always have royal friends. Sherman said, "Grant, don't go; keep in the line of active work, your time will come." And his time did come; behold the plan of Vicksburg, defiant of precedents, original, unique, complete! And it was fearlessly executed. The surrender of Pemberton's entire army, the 4th of July, 1863, not only crippled the Confederacy but crushed Grant's principal traducer; yes, marred his ^{official} visage, ~~for he had a real visage, almost~~ beyond recognition.

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Grant and Hooker. Ascendancy.

The first time I met General Grant was the 21st of October, 1863. The 11th Corps was then at Bridgeport, Ala., a place on the Tennessee where the Nashville Railway crosses the river, and my headquarters were in tents near the bridge. Early that morning taking a supply train I went up to Stevenson, some ten miles distant, to pay an official visit to Gen. Hooker. While there Hooker said that our new Military Commander, General Grant, was enroute from Nashville; that he was expected on the incoming train.

Hooker had made preparations to receive him and have him conducted to his own quarters. Grant was very lame at the time and suffering from the injuries occasioned by the falling of his horse in New Orleans. Hooker sent a spring wagon and an officer of his staff to the Stevenson depot, but for some reason

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did ~~not~~ go himself.

As I must take the same south-bound train to get back to Bridgeport beofre dark, its arrival found me ~~there~~ at the station in waiting. Grant would probably remain over night with Hooker. 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 part of the car, was pointed out to me and I passed on at once, as was proper, to pay my respects to him.

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

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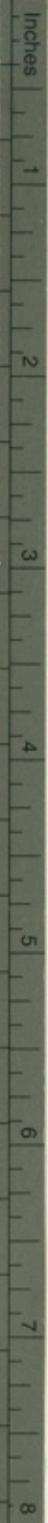
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Without rising he extended his hand as I was presented, and smiled pleasantly, and signified very briefly that it gave him pleasure to meet me. He then permitted me to continue the conversation.

Hooker's staff officer came with the tender of the conveyance and the offer of hospitality.

The quick reply made with quiet firmness, at the time, astonished me: "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.

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



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Howard's Tent.

Declining Hooker's kind hospitality Grant and staff went on with me to Bridgeport, where, as my house-keeping 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 a humorous expression which I noticed as his eye fell upon a liquor flask hanging against the tent 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. His answer was not ^{altogether} in sport, and he was ~~at that time~~ free from every appearance of drinking.

Persistence under suffering. Chattanooga.

The next morning, after a sunrise breakfast, his Chief of staff, General Rawlins, who in subsequent years became Secretary of War, lifted into the sad-

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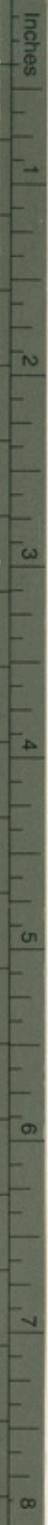
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Patience under suffering. Chattanooga.

The next morning, after a sunrise breakfast, his
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 years became Secretary of War, lifted into the sad-

dle his General then "lame and suffering" as if he had been but a child. The direct route across the Tennessee was held by Brag^g, and the river road by way of Jasper on our side was much exposed to sharpshooters from the other bank and to 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 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 abandon. It would have been an awful journey for a well man, 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. Yet yielding to no weariness or suffering he pushed through to Chattanooga, reaching General Thomas the evening of the 23rd of Oct.

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While with the General during his visit to my Bridgeport tent, we were speaking of officers of rank who were dissatisfied with the size of their commands. He ^{declared he} had no sympathy with such grumblers, and as little with ^{any of} the 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 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. His trust in Providence begat in me a confidence ^{in him} which years and experience never lessened.

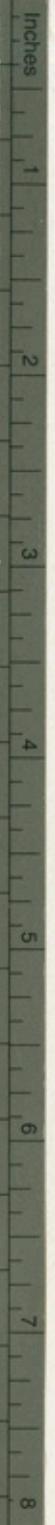
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ing our Army of the Cumberland, I went, on the 14th of November, 1863, from Lookout Valley to Chattanooga.

In the evening several officers were sitting together in an upper room when General Sherman arrived, having left his marching column back at Bridgeport. He came bounding in after his usual bouyant manner. General Grant, whose bearing toward Sherman differed from that with other officers, being free, affectionate and good humored, greeted him cordially. He, immediately after the "How are you, Sherman?" and the reply "Thank you, as well as can be expected!" extended to him the ever welcome cigar. This Sherman proceeded to light, but without stopping his ready flow of hearty words, and not even pausing to sit down. He seemed like an animated boy just in from exciting out-door games.

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,

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"Well," said Sherman, "if you put it on that ground, I must accept."

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

General Thomas furnished them the ammunition of knowledge, positive and abundant, of the surrounding mountainous regions of East Tennessee and Northern Georgia. General Grant listened 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.

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Battles of Lookout and Mission Ridge.

The 23rd of November a reconnaissance had been ordered. General Gordon Granger deployed one division of the 4th Corps into line in front of Fort Wood, and supported it by his other two divisions. The 14th Corps, under Palmer, supported the right, and the 11th, under Howard, the left. Grant and Thomas stood by the parapet within the fort, and their staff officers and orderlies were near at hand. I could see both Generals from my point of observation. I was curious to observe them in the approaching action. At first the movement afforded a bright array of arms. The flags waved, and the bayonets, or the barrels of the guns, flashed in the sunlight. Skirmishers sprang to their places with gladsome alacrity, and soon the whole front was covered with them, and the buglers sounded the advance, all as if on parade. The Confederates, in front, doubtless thinking it Grant's review of troops, stood on their embankments to behold the fine display. The men flew

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self-possession of our leaders. Grant's equanimity was not disturbed by danger or by the contagious excitement of battle.

The Visit to Raleigh.

Just after Lee's surrender, General Grant visited General Sherman, at Raleigh, N. C. Our tents were, many of them, in the ample front yard of the Female Seminary, so that the General had quite an assembly of observers, when one morning he paid a visit to the Seminary; for the officers and soldiers camping there ^{even more than the citizens} were very desirous of seeing him. As he emerged from the Seminary-hall, he descended the steps and then took the straight path toward the street gate-way. A new set of observers suddenly appeared at many windows of the large building. They were the Misses ^{the} ~~and~~ young ladies of the institution, who appeared eager to catch a glimpse of their stalwart enemy. Many of them we could see were making wry faces at him as he went down the walk. Of a sudden, as if he had eyes in the back of his head, or in-

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stinctively apprehended the situation, he whirled on his heel like a cadet-adjutant at parade and faced the beauteous hostiles. The fun loving girls were caught, and, with slight screams, their heads popped in and disappeared in a trice. With an amused and kindly smile, General Grant turned again and walked away.

Trust begets Trust.

In Washington City, after the War, when President Johnson changed his front and unexpectedly became lenient in his policy toward the Southern white people, and Mr. Stanton, his Secretary of War, came to Congress, there were for a time great fears of conspiracy and revolution. One night in the War Department, several of us officers were assembled, and the air was filled with rumors of coming dangers*. The Capital was said to be full of traitors; that parties were conspiring at the principal hotels; some alleged that hostiles were approaching from Virginia; and Baltimore was believed as dangerous as it had been

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Esponage was rife and every body exhibited a lively apprehension. General Grant joined us in the Secretary's office. A guard was ordered for the War Department. Speaking of one who was to command the troops, some one said, "Why you cannot trust that officer, he is coppery!" General Grant turned to the speaker and said severely: "Sir, you must trust him; if you do not have confidence, soon you can trust nobody. Trust him, Sir, and he will be true." This time Grant's confidence was reposed in the officer referred to and it was not betrayed.

Grant's reproof.

During 1865, I often had occasion to visit General Grant at his Headquarters, situated on 17th street opposite the old Navy Department. On one occasion I found an officeⁿ of rank with him, who was much given to making bitter complaints because he had suffered in the war of the rebellion and had been, as he thought, very poorly rewarded.

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Grant's report.

During 1865, I often had occasion to visit General Grant at his Headquarters, situated on 14th street opposite the old Navy Department. On one occasion I found an office of rank with him, who was much given to making bitter complaints because he had suffered in the war of the rebellion and had been, as he thought, very poorly rewarded.

General Dan. E. Sickles had just left General Grant's room when the complainant immediately spoke ill of him and unfavorably contrasted him with himself. Grant had been silently listening. At last without any apparent change of countenance, except a humorous twinkle of the eye, he said: "Oh, yes, Sickles may have his defects, but there is one thing in his favor, he never worries you to death pressing his own claims."

The grumbler saw the point and reddening with vexation immediately took himself away.

Mere policy rejected.

Before General Grant's first term for the Presidency; one day a story against him was published in a New York paper, accusing him of habitual intemperance. The Hon. W. E. Dodge came to see me about it. He wanted General Grant to be elected and he feared much the effect of such reports. He suggested that it would be well if the General could be induced to join the National Temperance Association of

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More poetry rejected.

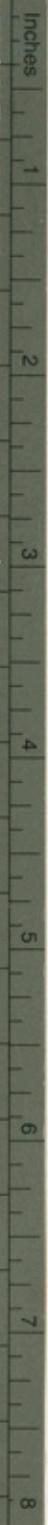
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which he, Mr. Dodge, was President. He begged me to visit General Grant, and see if he would be willing to take this step and thus put to silence all opposing lips.

I visited the General. He was at that time Acting Secretary of War, and was sitting in the North-east room of the old War Department. Grant heard me quietly. Then he said: "If they do not say these things, Howard, and accuse me of intemperance, they will accuse me of something else. Oh, no, General, I have never done aught just for policy's sake and am unwilling to begin." He thanked us for our interest in him but declined to unite with any association simply to secure influence and favor. Our notion, of course, went beyond a transient policy, but, though disappointed, we admired his clear-sighted principle and firmness of action.

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somehow moves in the events of life, I give a brief conversation that I had with General Grant after the death of Colonel Bowers, who had long been his favorite Adjutant. I said, "Is it really true, General, that Bowers is dead?" "Yes," he answered, "by a terrible accident on the Hudson River railroad." He then described to me more in detail the painful circumstances.

"It was strange that he of all others should have been thoughtless or careless," I remarked.

"He was not, Howard, It could not have been helped.

It was to be."

Benevolence.

I once entered the registering-room of the War Department, and caught sight of a group of gentlemen and General Grant with them. A strange looking woman had stopped him. I had often seen her about the offices of the hotels, and the hallways of Congress, on one pretence or another, pleading for money. I believe she had really at one time extended some

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kindness to our prisoners in Charleston. General Grant said not a word while the woman talked but turned to a desk and wrote something. I saw as he handed it to her that it was a check for a considerable amount. As soon as I could with propriety do so, I told the General that I feared that the woman was an imposter. "Never you mind, General," he said, "She has the money. If she was kind to our poor prisoners, it is enough." And indeed I agreed with him. The generous soul often makes mistakes in giving. And certainly God will forgive such lapses of judgment.

Grant's humor.

One day while he was President, I was seriously urging the appointment of a worthy man to some office under the Government. I said of the man among other qualifications that he was middle-aged. General Grant stopped me: "Pray tell me, General, what you

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"Oh," he said laughing, "I used to put it at 40, now
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His fun usually took that quiet, rallying form; ~~he~~
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Sense of responsibility.

Soon after Grant had been elected to his second term
of the Presidency, I met him just as he was coming
out for a walk.

After the usual greeting I said: "General, permit
me to express my hearty congratulations that you are
re-elected."

He looked at my face, but his thoughts seemed far
away. Then as if arousing himself from a reverie, he
replied, "Well, General, it is a hard office to fill!
The responsibilities ^{of the office} and not the joy of the distinct-
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Visit to Vancouver.

Inches 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8

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Visit to Vancouver.

In the fall of 1879, General Grant was completing his journey around the world. He decided to go from San Francisco to Oregon and Washington Territory. ^{in the N.W.} I was then at Vancouver, commanding the Department of the Columbia. The steamer "St. Paul" having on board Grant, and Miller, Sargent, and other gentlemen, with Mrs. Grant and several ladies, arrived in the Columbia the 12th of October.

The 13th, all ascended the great river one hundred miles. Our special escorting steamer ^{guided} ~~preceded~~ ^{at evening} ~~the~~ "St. Paul" to Vancouver, where the troops and the citizens of the town were ready to receive the visitors. With torch-light processions, firing of cannon and abundant music they were conducted to my house. He enjoyed everything. We passed the "Ingalls House." He explained how he had lived there when a Lieutenant; shewed his wife where he made his "first speculation." It was an open field, toward which he pointed, not distinctly discernible in the night. "We raised potatoes there." "Did you make anything?" Mrs.

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Grant asked. "Oh, no. ² Out of pocket for the seed!"
he said with his humorous smile.

We rode through the town of Vancouver. As we passed the Brewery he said: "Things hav'nt changed much, Julia, since I was here." Noticing the Brewery, he pleasantly remarked: "That's new. It didn't exist in my day. It must have been put up on your account, Howard."

At my house, ~~the~~ Governor of Washington Territory, the Mayor of the city, the commander of the garrison, citizens and officers of the army paid their respects. To addresses of welcome General Grant made a brief and beautiful rejoinder, in which he complimented the Pacific coast and its thriving people and pointed out to them the prosperity in store for their extensive country and their indomitable energy.

Governor Ferry said to me, with surprise, as he saw the effect of the General's speech: "Why, I thought Grant could not talk."

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During the evening General Grant took great interest in his friends and expressed himself with modesty, gentleness and sympathy. His tenderness toward "Julia", his wife, was never intermitted.

In the morning ^{the next day} after the reception, ~~General Grant~~ ^{he} visited the "Ingalls House" with Major Sawtelle who then lived in it. The house had, before the time of Pacific Railroads, been prepared on the Atlantic coast, and put into complete order for erection and then transported around Cape Horn to Fort Vancouver. Here it was erected about 40 yards from the Columbia in the midst of the plain.

By care and frequent repair the building had been well preserved. Grant and Ingalls and many other well remembered friends had been quartered within its walls. The General entered with Sawtelle and

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Visit to Portland, Oregon. Popularity.

The next day the steamer took all to Portland.

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 The Snow Mountains, Hood, St. Helens, Adams and Tacoma were all in sight ^{we} when near the confluence of the Columbia and the Willamet. The broad expanse of water dotted with islands, the high banks still covered with fir forests, and the straggling settlements here and there, afforded peculiar and attractive landscapes. It seemed as though General Grant was never happier than there, beholding and calling up his varied associations now a quarter of a century old.

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upon the natural terraces, higher and higher as they recede, and fringed with the dark green trees, the beauty and glory of the scene culminated. All Oregon and part of Washington had congregated. Streets and docks were crowded; windows, roofs, and balconies were loaded with people, bright with waving handkerchiefs and flags. Bands struck up their loud acclaim and salutes were fired. I was standing just back of General Grant's party. Mrs. Grant stood beside her husband near the gunwale looking interestedly upon the immense crowd.

"Why, Julia," he said suddenly, "all this must be for you. There were not more than six people on the dock when I came here before."

The Columbia. Statesmanship.

The next day the finest of the Oregon ^{Steam}boats, a palace in itself, took the distinguished guests up the Columbia to the Cascades. It was a memorable journey.

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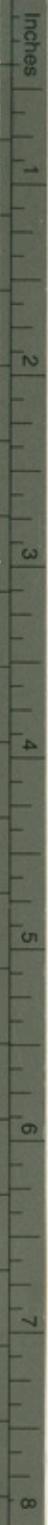
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every direction, views of the river-scenes, the rough
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In one city a delegation of grandees visited him,
and said substantially: "General Grant, we have heard
much of your country and your free Government. We
would also like a constitutional government, but we ^{do}
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Then he told us how he gave them the details of

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lative, performed its separate and independent functions.

He dwelt upon the division of powers, the checks and balances which, like sails upon triple masts, distribute the strain and have thus far enabled the State to weather every gale. Then he told them to try the system. "But, General," they responded, "If we ^{were to} give all the people a vote they would upset us and we should have anarchy."

"Oh, be not in such haste, gentlemen. Begin gradually and work toward the desired consumation. Let them vote first for school boards and unimportant offices, and little by little, voting will teach voting, and you must then enlarge their privileges. As wise rulers you can lead the people step by step in their advancement, but if you neglect to do this, sooner or later you will lose your power, for the people will lead you."

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education and experience were calculated to so furnish him: But I was struck with his familiarity with the genius and philosophy of free government and with the conservatism of the methods which he proposed to ambitious princes, whose personal interests seemed to lie only in despotic systems.

The Japanese grandees thanked him heartily for his sound advice, and he prophesied, truly, that Japan would, as she has done, continue in her progress so well inaugurated, in her forward movements for outside commerce, and in her ^{promising} ~~grand~~ organization of schools.

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 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 bro-

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ther and myself appeared at the General's house on 66th Street. A servant showed us into a little reception room to the right of the main hall. We were afraid of too much company when we saw the numerous coats and hats lodged in the corners and on chairs, but in a moment Colonel Grant appeared and gave us a warm welcome. He led the way. At the foot of the stairs he said: "Father wished me to apprise 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 the hall door. The chair seemed like the ordinary sea-chair, covered. His feet ^{were} resting upon the extension and his head leaned against the high part. "How do you do, General," he said, as he turned his face toward

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 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 expressed my thanks for the interview and my deep sympathy for him in his affliction.

His face was natural except the large swollen appearance of the left side, extending from his lip down toward his neck. The 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 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, stifled by something in the mouth. Yet, notwithstanding the difficulty and my effort not to let him do so, the General kept talking to me with an indistinct utterance.

"Who came with you below, General?" "My brother,
We thought he had not better come up, - you see so

30.

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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 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.

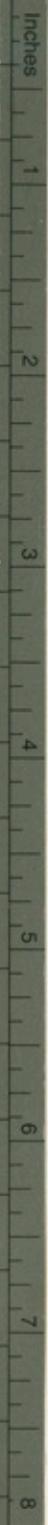
The General's own voice could hardly be recognized.
It was the sound of a voice muffled, stifled by some-
thing in the mouth. Yet, notwithstanding the diffi-
culty and my effort not to let him do so, the Gener-
al kept talking to me with an indistinct utterance.
"Who came with you below, General?" "My brother,
We thought he had not better come up, - you see so

many." "Well, yes, but I do like to see my friends.

" " " Everybody is very thoughtful and kind."

"Yes, General Grant, you have hosts of real friends all over the land, and in every part of the world. They are filled with tender interest, and constant sympathy for you."

"Oh, yes indeed, I know it. And they are remembering me now, the churches are, in their prayers; all the denominations, - all that I have knowledge of, - and one Society in the East, that does not belong to any denomination. They hope for some faith-cure, as I understand, or some help. They wrote me to begin with the first of the month (March) but I did not see the letter till the third. Somebody about ^{me} made answer." The General indicated his willingness to co-operate with any sincere effort for his good. His last remark on that subject was: "I trust I have not put any hinderance in their way." I spoke of the action of Congress, and of the different legislatures, of the thousands of his old soldiers gathered into



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action of Congress, 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 and its fruits. I then said: "At our house, General, you are always thought of at the hour of prayer. Mrs. Howard takes the deepest interest in all that concerns you, and the children do not forget you. And you remember, as I once told you, how an old minister (a German Lutheran) and I stood at the corner of a street in Washington, took hold of hands and promised each other to pray for you."

"Yes I know, I remember."

"The old minister has since died and gone to his reward, but I have tried ever since sincerely to keep my part of the cove~~x~~nant. We did it before you were President; we then believed that you were to be our leader."

"Yes, I remember that; it was right: Dr.

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leader."

"Yes, I remember that; it was right; Dr.

Newman has often been here and has talked with me faithfully about such matters."

"Yes, I saw by the papers that he had come from California to visit you."

"He has come. He comes up often to see me, ever since his arrival in New York. He talks on that part, on religious and spiritual subjects."

"He is, I know, your faithful friend, and I hope he is well."

"Yes, he appears to be well. I enjoy his visits."

"It is good that he comes: (I ventured the remark) while your best friends all feel deeply that you suffer so much, yet, the physical relief is not the most important, it is your spiritual unison with God."

To this the General, and it comforts us to recall it, gave an unmistakable and thoughtful assent.

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

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stay too long, for I would not weary him or add to his suffering.

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."

"Thank you, - good-bye." Such was the interview!

The General had the same complete self-possession as always, was cheerful without a lisp of impatience or complaint under his affliction. Was it not the submission of a great heart, in its own unstudied way to the Heavenly Father, the Eternal Friend.

Character reviewed.

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Character reviewed.

One who knew General Grant intimately for many



years says:- "He was always the same in manner. Never elated by victory, he was also never cast down by defeat. He met all sorts of fortune stolidly. His confidence in himself never failed."

Possibly this is a true analysis of the character of General Grant; but I think not. It may be the seeming. The outward look of a reservoir which supplies the city with water is always the same. Yet, to-day the water rises high within its lofty walls, while to-morrow the water may sink to the lowest level. Once, during a very exciting period of Grant's Washington life, I heard his wife say: "people think that Mr. Grant" - she ever spoke of him as Mr. Grant- "can bear any amount of strain, but it is not so. His system is sensitive and he suffers much with dreadful headaches." Who but this sympathising friend would have made such a discovery? Notice the same characteristics in that last dread sickness in its utmost detail of suffering; no complaint; no murmur; "he was always the same in manner."

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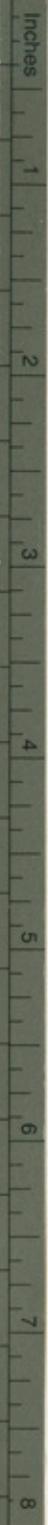
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(Certain People affirm)

56.

"He met, apparently, all sorts of fortune stolidly."

"His confidence in himself never failed." How strong then he must have been at Shiloh, if he had a human heart, an active brain, and ordinary nerves, to maintain such perfect governance over them, as not to flush or tremble or otherwise show excitement when on the first day his troops were giving back. Or when, in the blind wilderness of Virginia, hundreds of comrades were falling and perishing around him, or when after the Petersburg mine disaster, the mangled forms of the dead and dying bestrewed the ground. Ah, it was not want of feeling, not want of sympathy, nor stolidity or indifference which enabled Grant to preserve that cheerful, hopeful, unchanging demeanor!

The ancient stoic urged that "contentment and apathy were not to permit grief even for the loss of friends, - that we ought to treat the afflictions and the death of others with the same frigid indifference as our own." Was it stoicism like ^{this} ~~the stoic's~~

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Western People Affair

28.

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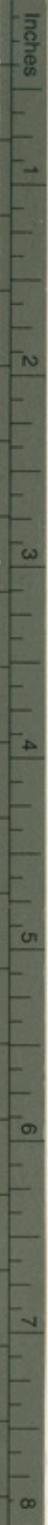
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the

which was fostered at Grant's home, taught at West-Point, and kept up experimentally in army life, which produced Grant's remarkable steadiness under trial? His family and friends will not accept such a theory. A degree of stoicism has, doubtless, been mixed with our Christianity; or, to state it better, mixed with the faith and practice of the friends of Jehovah; from the days of Moses and Joshua down to the sufferings of Christ; from the days of the martyred Apostles through all subsequent changing persecutions of Godly men till to-day. But it was not stoicism which nerved David before the prince of giants, and kept Daniel calm and fearless before the lions, which brightened the features of Stephen in the face of a furious mob; and enabled Paul and Silas to sing praises when fast in the prison stocks.

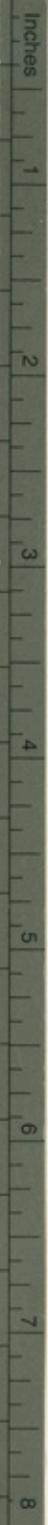
Grant
~~He~~ had confidence in himself, it is true, but it was because he knew of a power beyond self, because he was helped and strengthened by that real Power beyond self. You may call it Spirit, Providence, or



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 57.

God. The name is not material. ~~It is all the same.~~

When in the outset, in 1861, seeking McClellan in order to go on his staff, but turning back in self-distrust; when afterwards trying his memory over forgotten military knowledge, he hesitated to take his first 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. The confidence, the strength, the sturdiness, the self-abnegation, the imperturable 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 Him



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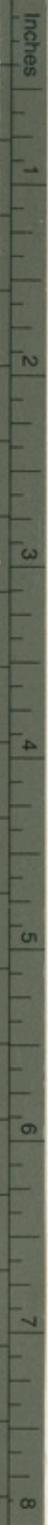
God. The name is not material. ~~It is not the name.~~

who cares for the unicorn, but forgets not the sparrow, - from Him our Almighty Father and Friend, whose great Spirit dwells in the hearts and souls of the children of men. You would not then admit the common philosophy of luck? No! No! One friend declares: "He had faith, great faith, in his star, his luck." No, not that. After he left the army in his early life where was his luck? Every venture seemed against him. He was poor and little known. Even General Scott, with whom he fought in Mexico, barely recalled his name. Later, after his grand career of General and President, where was his luck? It proved but a mirage. He found only the shame of the game at the hands of a sharper. It was not luck. Success from fields like Paducah, Belmont, Henry, Donelson, Vicksburg, Chattanooga, and last, Appamattox, - fields far apart, - presenting an unparalleled variety of circumstances and difficulties, such success could not have been so uniformly obtained by luck. His knowledge of men, amounting to insight,

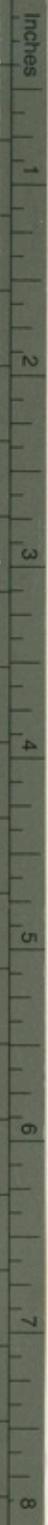
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by which he put aside the noisy, blustering shams, and put into command the right sort, - such as Sherman, McPherson, Sheridan, and others,- did not come from lucky hits. Plans like that of Vicksburg, which rival, in conception and execution, any of 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. ~~It~~ Fortunately it never substracts from a man's glory to give glory to God. The eloquence that sneers at good men and laughs at the Almighty is short-lived. It may garner fiendish joy, but that soon fades out into nothing in the presence of the endless hope and glory embosomed in immortal love. A note received just before the

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General's entombment from one of our Generals of the war, says: "I did hope that General Grant would have been more pronounced as a Christian, but I think that he has trusted all to the mercy of God." Another friend stops me on the street and asks: "Do you think that Grant was a Christian?" Let us answer: It is hard for us to run clear of the ruts of prejudice. I do not believe that my friend and I could agree precisely upon a definition of what constitutes a Christian. But there are things upon which we must agree; there are tests of living which all men apply. These tests enable us to form a judgment concerning men of old, Moses and Aaron, David and Jonathan, Samuel and Saul, Ahab and Elijah, Herod and John the Baptist, Judas and Peter, or James and John, the loving Apostles. No less do they reach men of history, like William of Orange and the cruel Phillip of Spain, Washington and Arnold, Adams and Aaron Burr. The tests we unconsciously bring upon these men are the commandments of God. Let us



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apply them to our hero.

First. Thou shalt reverence God and have no other. If he had a misgiving here no body ever heard of it, nobody has ever calumniously asserted such a thing.

Second. He has made no graven image, nor bowed down to wood or stone, if inclined at any time to prize too highly earthly treasures, he has immediately lost them, and his heart found in money and property no resting place.

Third. Though tolerant toward others speech, he himself was never profane, or blasphemous. A distinguished citizen told me that he had seen him perturbed in spirit, and deeply indignant at a ribald oath. It was said of him that his reverence was so great that he could not swear.

As to the Sabbath. How quickly he rebuked one who had offered him a Sunday railroad excursion. "I was obliged to travel during the war on the Sabbath, I do not see why I should do it now for mere pleasure."

Fifth. Honor thy father and thy mother. His pati-

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ent kindness toward his aged father during the in-
 creasing weakness of ~~later~~ ^{that father's} years, and the unfailing,
 gentle affection for his mother were proverbial.

Sixth. Thou shalt do no murder. Surely he, a sol-
 dier did not break that law. And how successfully
 he worked to settle our difficulties with England
 without bloodshed; how gloriously he led the nation
 into peace with the Indians. Perhaps no man in the
 Nation loved peace and the pursuits of peace more
 than he.

Seventh. Thou shalt not commit adultery.
 How beautiful his love for his wife and children.
 The family, is the touching picture of his adminis-
 tration. In this simple, pure life he has herein
 surpassed the brilliancy of Napoleon and the wisdom
 of Solomon. The pure in heart shall see God. The
 purity of living is a veritable test of the purity
 of the soul.

Eighth. Thou shalt not steal.
 How clearly honest in all things; even his enemies

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attest this. The treachery of Ahithopel gave no taint to King David. The avarice of Judas did not affect the purity of Christ; neither can the deceit and falsity of ^a Ferdinand Ward soil the white escutcheon of General Grant.

Ninth. Thou shalt not bear false witness.

Oh, how ready to right a wrong, and to correct a biassed judgment; he did that concerning that glorious manly man General Lew-Wallace. He never tried to swoop up and gather to himself what belonged to others in the way of reputation, or claimed credit for other's glorious achievements. No, more modest unselfish reports than his are on the Record-books of the Government.

Tenth. And now the last.

Did he covet what belonged to others. Emphatically no! His hands and his heart were always open to the cry of the needy. At times, as with all generous souls, his gifts exceeded the bounds of prudence, and the unworthy, at times, imposed upon his bounty.

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"But his partial friends are trying to make him out a saint!"

Well, my friends, can you and I stand the test of the plumb-line so well? Let us be wise and judge gently, that the cup of our own blessing may be full and sweet. Infirmities our heroic leader had, but he knew them, he met them, he fought them, he overcame them. I saw evidence^s of that victory often and am not mistaken. It would be utter folly for a young man to yield to dire temptation and excuse himself by the example of ^{any} great man. Oh, what a struggle Grant, at one period of his ^{career} ~~life~~ ^{with himself} had, stronger than that with Lee, Johnston and Pemberton, yet, thank God, he conquered. Few public men of to-day are more abstemious than he was the latter years of his life.

And at the close, what a fire of prolonged suffering he passed through.

Did he believe? *almost the cost* Notice the words of July 2nd, '85.

"If it is within God's providence that I should go

"But his partial friends are trying to make him out

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Did he believe? Notice the words of July 2nd, '87.

"If it is within God's providence that I should go

Oh, what a struggle Grant, at one period of his career had, stronger than that with Lee, Johnston and Pemberton, yet, thank God, he conquered.

about the last



now, I am ready to obey his call without a murmur."

His faith was as simple and as strong 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 expansive love of Christ. Let us go there to find our hero, our leader, our brother, friend.

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