PART TWO. THE SUNDAY JOURNAL. PAGES 9 TO 16

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GRANT'S LIFE IN MISSOURI

His Assignment to Jefferson Barracks, and His Marriage with Miss Dent.

The Humble Way in Which the Young Couple Passed the Early Years of Their Wedded Life on a Little Farm Near St. Louis.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

ST. LOUIS, MO., July 20.—On the 23d of July, 1885, eight years ago, at Mount MacGregor, the spirit of Gen. U. S. Grant peacefully took its flight. It is doubtful whether, in all the eventful history of his life, filled with so many triumphs of what men call fortune, there was any period which he would have characterized as marked by such good fortune personal to himself as that which he spent when in the neighborhood of St. Louis, years before his name was known to the world, for it was here that he first met and here that he married the partner of his life. Here, too, he was first assigned to duty after graduating at West Point; here he lived for six years in the very prime of his life; here he built his first home; here several of his children were born; here came to him his first apprehension of the "irrepressible conflict" in which he was to be so great a figure. Having graduated at West Point in June, 1843, at the age of twenty-one, he reported at Jefferson barracks, ten miles south of this city, for duty with the Fourth United States Infantry in September following. One of his classmates at West Point and, during his senior year, his room-mate, was Frederick T. Dent. Dent's parents lived on a large farm in St. Louis county, about five miles west of Jefferson barracks, and, naturally, as the men at the post were allowed considerable liberty, Grant frequently visited the Dent farm. In this way he became acquainted with Miss Julia Dent, then a girl of seventeen years, who had just graduated at a St. Louis boarding school. The General alludes to these circumstances in his "Memoirs." He says:

After that I do not know but my visits became more frequent; they certainly became more enjoyable. We would often take walks or go on horseback to visit the neighbors, until I became quite well acquainted in that vicinity. If the Fourth Infantry had remained at Jefferson barracks it is possible, even probable, that this life might have continued for some years without my finding out that there was anything serious the matter with me.

But in May following Grant's regiment was ordered to Louisiana. This order brought to his consciousness the fact that he was in love. He started for the Dent farm on horseback. On the way he had to cross Gravois creek, in which there was usually very little water, and over which at that time there were no bridges. Unfortunately, there had just been a freshet and the creek had become little less than a torrent. But Grant urged his horse into the water and started to ford it. The horse was soon off his feet and swimming with his rider down stream in the current. Grant guided the animal toward the other shore, however, and finally reached it, drenched up to the waist. In this condition he rode on to Dent's, where he procured a dry suit from his future brother-in-law, a man nearly twice the size of Grant. Before he left the farm Miss Dent had surrendered. Grant had won his first victory.

RETIREMENT FROM THE ARMY.

The removal of the Fourth Infantry to Louisana was, without doubt, in anticipation of the coming trouble with Mexico. Whether so or not, the Mexican war followed and it was not until the summer of 1848, after peace had been proclaimed, that Grant was able to return to St. Louis. His regiment was sent to Pascagoula and he then obtained a four-months leave of absence and came here to see his bride. On the 22d of August of that year he was married. At the end of his leave of absence he was sent with his regiment to Sackett's Harbor, N. Y., where he remained till April, 1849, when he was ordered to Detroit. He remained at Detroit two years and then was again sent to Sackett's Harbor. The following spring, 1852, the regiment was ordered to the Pacific coast. Mrs. Grant had been with her husband at Detroit and Sackett's Harbor, but it was decided she should remain with her parents after the regiment started for the Pacific coast until he should be able to send for her. The opportunity never came. Grant found his salary too small to enable him to take her to California and support her there, and he resigned his commission and returned to St. Louis in the summer of 1854. In his "Memoirs" he alludes to this event and the events of the following six years as follows:

In the late summer of 1854 I rejoined my family to find in it a son whom I had never seen, born while I was on the Isthmus of Panama. I was now to commence, at the age of thirty-two, a new struggle for our support. My wife had a farm near St. Louis to which we went, but I had no means to stock it. A house had to be built also. I worked very hard, never losing a day because of bad weather, and accomplished the object in a moderate way. If nothing else could be done I would load a cord of wood on a wagon and take it to the city for sale. I managed to keep along very well until 1858, when I was attacked by fever and ague. I had suffered very severely, and for a long time with this disease while a boy in Ohio. It lasted now over a year, and, while it did not keep me in the house, it did interfere greatly with the amount of labor I was able to perform. In the fall of 1858 I sold out my stock, crops and farming utensils at auction and gave up farming. In the winter I established a partnership with Harry Boggs, a cousin of Mrs. Grant, in the real-estate business. I spent the winter in St. Louis myself, but did not take my family into town until spring. Our business might have become prosperous if I had been able to wait for it to grow. As it was there was no more than one person could attend to, and not enough to support two families. I withdrew from the copartnership with Boggs, and, in May, 1860, removed to Galena, Ill., and took a clerkship in my father's store.

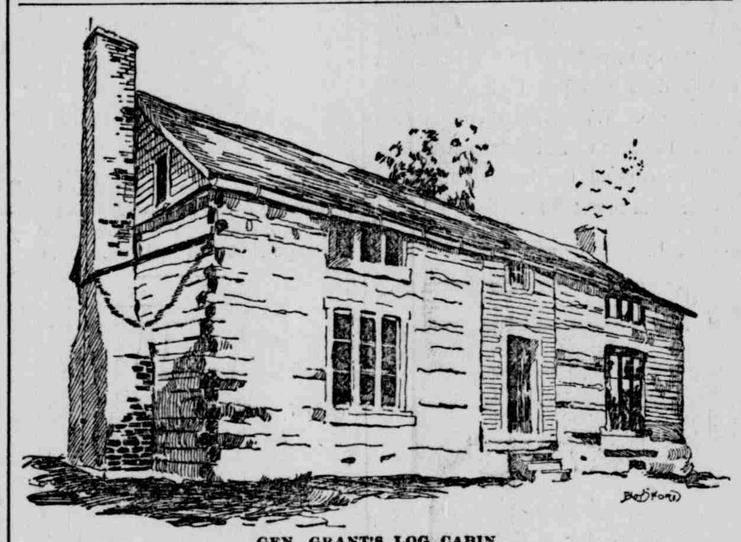
THE GRANT CABIN.

There are still a number of persons living in the neigborhood of the old Dent farm who lived there when Grant did, and who knew him well. The house which he built, and to which he alludes in the foregoing passage from his book, is still there, an object of pride, not to say veneration, among the residents. The writer of this visited the locality yesterday, took a snapshot at the old house and talked with several of the aforementioned old residents. The house is simply an old-fashioned log cabin. An enterprising real-estate dealer has moved it up to the railroad at Old Orchard, a station eight miles from St. Louis, on the St. Louis & San Francisco railroad, where he resides. Two years ago negotiations were opened, having in view its removal to Chicago, to be exhibited there during the world's fair. An Eastern insurance company has sent out in some of its advertising matter a statement that the log cabin is actually at the fair. This, Mr. Joy, the present owner of the cabin, looks upon as a libel on his enterprise that is actionable at law.

The logs for the cabin were cut and hewed by Grant with his own hands during the summer of 1854. In the fall, when he had succeeded in getting the timber in readiness, a day was set for the "house-raising." The undertaking was conducted in true pioneer style, the neighbors, who had already begun to take an interest in the young man, flocking to his assistance. This event, although little significance was attached to it at the time beyond the usual interest in the exhibitions of physical strength on such occasions, is now regarded by those who participated in it with no little pride.

At these log-house raisings the men who had the greatest mechanical skill were stationed at the corners. These positions were, therefore, considered posts of honor. Two of the men who held these positions at the raising of the Grant cabin are still living in this vicinity. One of them, John Parke, is now eighty-one years old; the other, Asa Tesson, is sixty-eight. Both are unstinted in their praises of Captain Grant's personal character, and are full of interesting reminiscences of his life in St. Louis county. The corner shown in the picture of the cabin is the one which was carried up by Grant himself. It has been considerably hacked up by relic hunters.

The cabin is in a remarkably good state of preservation. It is not very different from the ordinary pioneer habitation, except that it is a little better and a little larger, being forty-eight feet in length and eighteen feet in width. It contains four rooms, two below and two above stairs, each room being eighteen by twenty feet in dimensions. Through the middle of the house from side to side is a hall eight feet in with and containing the stairway. The two lower rooms each have a large fireplace at the end opposite the hall, and each is lighted by two large windows reaching from within one foot of the ceiling nearly to the floor.



GEN. GRANT'S LOG CABIN.

GRANT AND HIS FATHER-IN-LAW.

Grant was never a favorite with his father-in-law, and during the war came to be heartily disliked by him, for old Major Dent was a radical Southerner. Mr. Charles Connon, who now lives at Webster Groves, one mile from Old Orchard, was one of Grant's most intimate friends from 1857 to 1860. He said yesterday that he met Major Dent in St. Louis one day after Grant had begun to win fame in the war, and asked him what he thought of "the Captain" now.

"He's a worthless wretch," said the Major, "but," he added after a moment's pause, "if he was only on the right side he'd be the best officer in the war."

The land on which Grant built his cabin comprised eighty acres, which adjoined Dent's estate of about one thousand acres and was Major Dent's wedding present to his daughter. Having given his daughter this property he left her and her husband to make a home on it as best they could. Willis Wells, now nearly eighty years old, who was found working at the carpenter's trade yesterday, said Major Dent used to give Grant work on his farm along with the negroes and treated him very much as he did the negroes when he rode out among them on his pony. It is evident, however, that Wells has never yet become a great admirer of the hero of Appomattox. "Why," said he, "Grant couldn't talk at all. He belonged to a little debatin' club down here, and all he could ever do was to get up and excuse himself. His wife's brothers, though, could debate with any of 'em. They were enough sight smarter than he ever was. Grant was an overrated man. General Buell was a smarter man than Grant. Buell used to own forty acres right over here, just across one forty from Grant's. I knew 'em both."

While living in their log cabin the Grant family were really pinched for the necessities of life, though their pride and the kind consideration of friends concealed the worst. Mrs. Grant, it must be remembered, was the daughter of a wealthy man. She had been well educated in a fashionable city boarding school, and had moved to some extent in the best of St. Louis society, being related to the family of Col. John O'Fallon. It could not have been otherwise than that her life in the log house was galling to her. There is no evidence, however, that she ever let this be known. On the other hand, she seems to have maintained a very cheerful disposition.

TESTIMONY OF NEIGHBORS.

An old neighbor, who was a schoolmate of Julia Dent, and who has been a resident of the vicinity for seventy years, says he spent many an evening in the cabin in Grant's time, and danced many a set with Mrs. Grant on the oak floor of the room at the left of the front door, which was used as a parlor and sitting room. "Grant," he said, "was not fond of dancing, but preferred a quiet game of cards, at which he usually spent the evening on such occasions." "Captain" Grant, as the old neighbors still call him, was fond of hunting when he lived here, and often went out after wildcats and coons. "He was always ready," said one old man, "to get up and come out if we called for him in the night to go coon hunting with us."

Mr. Charles Connon was among those who attended the auction sale to which General Grant alludes in one of the passages quoted from his "Memoirs," and it was he who bought the wagon with which Grant drew wood to St. Louis. The old wagon had so far gone to ruin a few years ago that Mr. Connon abandoned it, and has preserved only one hub, which he now keeps in his house as a sacred relic. He also has the note which he gave for the wagon on the day of the auction, and which was canceled as paid by Grant and returned to him six months later. Mr. Reavis has in his possession still an old-fashioned "bull-tongue" plow which he received from Grant in part payment for work cutting cord wood.

In recalling those pioneer days with Grant, Mr. Asa Tesson said: "I knew Grant well, and there never was a better neighbor or a more industrious man. While he lived here he was very poor, but he was a hard worker and was respected by the neighbors. He could swing an ax with any of the boys, and he was the first farmer in this section that ever hauled a cord and a half of wood to St. Louis with two horses."

An incident related by old John Parke illustrates the generosity of Grant. One day late in the fall of 1854, while Grant, assisted by Parke and a few others, was finishing his house, a poor woman, whose house had been burned, came up and asked for assistance. Grant ran his hand into his pocket and pulled out a five-dollar gold piece, which was all he had, and gave it to her.

Grant cast his first vote in 1856, while living in the log house, and it is worthy of note that the reason he gives in his "Memoirs" for voting for Buchanan is that he thought that if Buchanan were elected there would be no secession for at least four years, and if the catastrophe were not averted altogether, the people would be better prepared to receive and resist the shock. The spirit which afterward prompted the historic phrase, "Let us have peace," even then possessed this man, whose education had been wholly in the direction of war.

ENGLISH JUSTICE TO OUR GIRLS.

Sir Edwin Arnold Tells Englishmen Their Ideas of American Women Are Absurd.

London Daily Telegraph.

In England men of letters and humorous artists are accustomed to treat the American girls from two widely differing, but in either case unjust, points of view. "Mr. Punch's" artists confess graphically that the American girl is often sumptuously beautiful, but they rarely present her to public admiration without putting in her mouth utterances which are either grotesquely "outres" or downright vulgar. If she is asked to partake of refreshments she declines on the score that she is "pretty well crowded already;" and, if the Chicago exhibition is alluded to in her presence, she incidentally remarks that the world's fair is "too big a chunk to be chewed" without difficulty. As for the English novelist, the American girls they depict are, in most instances, handsome and more or less unscrupulous young persons, who complete their education by the intense study of Burke and Debrett, and who embark on board the ocean steamship which is to bring them to Europe with a firm resolution to marry very high up indeed in the English peerage.

We shall never have a thoroughly artistic series of studies of the American girl from English pens and pencils until our countrymen recognize the fact that American girls differ physically and characteristically among themselves quite as widely, if not even more widely, than English girls do. In the Union multitudes of girls may be met with who are almost Germans or almost Irish in blood. Half Swedish, half Spanish South Americans, half Italian types of femininity are also continually met with; and, indeed, there are skillful students of American character who declare that the genuine American girl is only to be met with in New England—that is to say, in the States of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut. In those States the original English blood has, with scarcely any foreign strain in it, descended from the time of the immigration of the Pilgrim Fathers to our own days. They are the true "Yankees," and yet unobservant writers are ready to typify the New York, or the Philadelphian, or the Baltimore, or the Virginian young lady as a "Yankee" girl.

New York city is perhaps one of the most cosmopolitan cities in the world, and the French, the German and the Irish types have been freely mingled with the Anglo-Saxon ones, while some account must be taken of the Knickerbocker aristocracy—that is to say, of the descendants of the old Dutch settlers. The expert in character will at once be able to distinguish between a young lady from Manhattan and one who hails from Pennsylvania or Maryland. While journeying further west another type of American girlhood makes herself manifest in Ohio and Michigan, and so soon as the Rocky mountains are crossed and the descent of the Pacific slope is begun yet another wholly independent type of the feminine American makes its appearance. Nor, finally, would the study of the American daughter of Eve be complete by even the minutest observation of the girls of the Eastern, the Middle and the Western States. There remains the Southern girl to be dealt with; and when we approach that charming type of feminine humanity it will be found that the girls of Kentucky, those of the Carolinas, and the belles of Louisiana, Alabama and Georgia differ among themselves quite as widely as does a Parisienne from a Provencale.

On the whole, if the American girl is to be thoroughly studied, the European student should live long in the States or make many recurring visits thereto. The existing and most current types of the American female are either stupidly conventional or widely exaggerated, and in most cases are altogether misunderstood.

LOUIS XIV.

His Relations with Madame De Maintenon—Joy Over His Death.

Edinburgh Review.

It was at Fontainebleau that Louis XIV was first smitten with love for Louise de la Valliere. Here, in 1661, the year of his son's birth, the twenty-four "violons du roi" struck up the overture to the first representation of one of Moliere's comedies, in which the author himself played a part. Here, in 1690, James II, of England, found a refuge in the palace which had sheltered his mother. Here, from time to time, were celebrated the brilliant festivities which marked the early portion of the King's reign, and here, in gloom and darkness, the sun of France slowly set.

Here, under the rule of Mme. de Maintenon, piety became the fashion: here, in her pavilion, she shivered with the cold, while she consulted Mouthier on new dishes to tickle the jaded palate of Louis. And it was at Fontainebleau that two of the most momentous events of the King's reign took place. Within the walls of the palace he signed the revocation of the edict of Nantes in 1685, and in 1700 decided to accept the will of Charles II, which left the throne of Spain to his grandson, the Duke of Anjou, afterward Philip V.

The council at which this last important step was taken was held in the room of Mme. de Maintenon. In all his doubts and difficulties the King had long been accustomed to consult the woman whom he nicknamed "La Solidite," or "La Raison." Such deference to the judgment of a woman, even if she had been, as was supposed, the legal wife of the sovereign, was extraordinary. "It was not without surprise," says St. Simon, "that France saw her assume a public part in the deliberation of affairs, and the astonishment was extreme when two councils met in her apartments to discuss the greatest and most important question which had ever been raised throughout the whole length of the reign." It was on the instigation of Mme. De Maintenon that Louis took the momentous step which upset the balance of power and plunged Europe into war.

In September, 1715, Louis lay dying. For months past his health had been impaired, though he resented the suggestion of Mme. de Maintenon that he should eat more sparingly of strawberries and peas and abstain from highly seasoned dishes. His death was received by a depressed, despairing people with every demonstration of delight. He left behind him a kingdom drained of its resources, an empty treasury, a heavy burden of debt, a commerce and manufactures, which were once flourishing, almost extinguished. And among the enervated aristocracy who thronged to an idle, vicious, hypocritical court, there was not a single statesman who was capable of taking the helm of government. In the crowd that gathered in the faubourg to curse the conqueror as his coffin was carried by, by paths and unfrequented roads, to St. Denis, might be seen the progenitors of that maddened mob who, eighty years later, violated his tomb and scattered his ashes to the wind.

He Stole a Pig's Foot.

Chicago Mail.

For picking a pig's foot, worth a cent and a half, off the floor of the packinghouse in which he worked, and eating it, Martin Manski spent a month in jail, and when released by the grand jury went home to find his wife crazy and his family broken up.

"I was hungry," said Manski, "and ate the pig's foot without thinking." But for doing it the millionaire packing company accused him of larceny and one Hennessey, a justice of the peace for the town of Lake, bound him over to the grand jury. Being poor and friendless Manski went to jail in default of bail.

It is probably unfair to hold the head of the packing company responsible for so heartless a prosecution, as it was doubtless started by some inconsequential foreman. But how a justice of the peace could so far forget all considerations of law, justice, mercy and common sense as to do what this man Hennessey did, is past the comprehension of a being calling himself human. Chicago in its time has had bad magistrates, but this creature of the stock yards company is distinctively the worst of all.

CUPID'S BEST LIEUTENANT

Aged Baptist Minister Who Has United 760 Couples in Marriage.

Elder Mathias Vancleave Believed to Hold the Matrimonial Championship of the World—His Cozy Library.

It has long been conceded by the Indiana clergy that the chief dispenser of matrimonial joys exists in the person of Mathias M. Vancleave, the pastor of the Primitive Baptist Church at Crawfordsville. The "elder," as he is commonly known to his friends and neighbors, is a Hoosier product, of whom the accompanying cut is an accurate likeness. Born and reared in Brown township, Montgomery county, Elder Vancleave has spent nearly eighty-three years in expounding the good old "hard shell" doctrine and officiating at the marriage altar. That the Elder can with conscious pride lay claim to the matrimonial medal will not be disputed when it is known that one day last week he united in marriage his seven hundred and sixtieth couple.

Elder Vancleave entered the Baptist ministry at an early age and when just turned eighteen he perfomed his first marriage ceremony, uniting in marriage Thomas Doyle and Miss Mary Sarvies, prominent young people of Brown's Valley, Ind. With the launching of these young hearts on the untried sea, the Elder begun a run on the matrimonial market that has since made him a famous man. In the little library of his home he jealously guards a voluminous set of records which contain the names and correct dates of each couple whom he has bound with the silken cord. Not unfrequently he is now called upon to unite the children and occasionally the grandchildren of those he made happy in the younger days of his ministerial career and, strange to say, the major portion of the Elder's hymeneal knots have been tied in the cozy library of his own home. It is a rare occurrence when he is called away from home to officiate in his line.

Rev. Mathias M. Vancleave.

It would seem that there is some strangely sacred influence which attracts the young swain to the door of Elder Vancleave's study when the arrow of cupid has accomplished its work. To the blushing bride there is no scene half so pretty as the good old-fashioned ceremony by Elder Vancleave, with no witness present save the kindly face of the minister's wife. It has been said of the Elder that his "Bless you my children" is laden with a mysterious incense which augurs a lifelong happiness. With him his record of marriages is a tender point, and it would be a bold fellow indeed who would dare insinute that the Elder has been "marking 'em up."

As to charges for his office the Elder makes none. He is happily content with the price, no matter how meagre, tendered him by the groom, and he has a choice fund of stories of the many curious ways in which he has been remunerated by newly-made husbands of limited purse. Does a young couple desire to begin housekeeping on small means they invariably take the first step by joining fortunes in the presence of Elder Vancleave, and to the matrimonially-inclined sweethearts who are in haste to become one the domicile of the Elder is a Mecca. The good man delays not, but puts into swift execution the power with which he is vested. To the newspapers of his town Elder Vancleave is ever welcome, and no sooner has he applied the soothing remedy to a pair of restless, loving hearts than he hies himself to the office of his county paper, where he is usually greeted with the query: "How many now, Elder?" The withered face of the old man breaks into a smile of appreciation as he proudly announces the last number of his wonderful list.

When he heralded the fact last week that his books registered 760 marriages, the statement was at once accepted by those who knew the old man's true and devout principles. His record as an officiating priest at the marriage altar is truly startling and challenges the world. Elder Vancleave is the father of several grown sons and daughters, one of the latter being the wife of the Hon. James McCabe, recently elected to the Supreme Bench.

IGNORANCE ABOUT THE TROLLEY.

A Prominent Divine Thought that All the Power Was in the Little Wheel.

Brooklyn Eagle.

"It is not the least bit surprising to me that there is so much objection to the trolley system, for the reason that it is so little understood," said a prominent citizen to the reporter. "When people do not understand or appreciate a thing it has always been my experience that they are much more likely and ready to criticise it harshly. Now, only a few days ago I heard a minister talking about the trolley cars. He is an able divine, and one whom I frequently hear. His sermons are masterpieces of theological reasoning and research.

"He said: 'Is it not marvelous, this power of electricity? How it travels through that wire overhead and is communicated to that little wheel. It scarcely seems possible, and yet we have the evidence of our own eyes for it that the power put into that little wheel is sufficient to push the heavily laden cars as rapidly as they go up and down hill and along the level stretches. One would naturally think that the wire overhead would not be sufficiently strong to sustain the pushing necessary to propel the cars, and it probably would not be were it not for that wonderful, mysterious electric fluid which seems to give to it the necessary strength.'

"I was too much astonished," said Mr. Church, "to make any comment calculated to set the reverend gentleman straight on his idea about the trolley, but I could not help thinking that if a man of intelligence and learning did not know any better what kind of an idea about the trolley cars must the ignorant classes have."

Careful of Her Furniture.

Kate Field's Paper.

There is a woman in Washington society whose eccentricities in certain lines are so well known as to pass without comment. Her position as a matron of literary proclivities is the motive for sundry gatherings at her house during the season. On one occasion the guests bidden to the literary feast were informed, upon arrival, that they must enter by a side door, as, the morning being rainy, they would otherwise track mud over the hall carpet. That the hostess is not so much a respecter of persons as of things is further evidenced by her conduct at an afternoon reception. Those of her guests whose garments were ornamented with jet were asked during their stay to remain in the second parlor, where the furniture was of mahogany. This sorting-out process was explained by the frank announcement that if people would wear sharp ornaments on their clothes she must protect her own property by excluding them from the sacred precints of the first parlor, so that the rosewood furniture could not be scratched.