The Intelligencer.

WHEELING, W. VA., AUGUST 10, 1885.

From the Intelligencer's Grant Memorial Extra of Saturday.

The Man and the Hour.

His countrymen lay in its silent tomb to-day all that is mortal of the great soldier of his time, of the patriot who tried to do his duty to his country, and did it to the admiration of all the people of the earth; of the statesman, who, with no previous knowledge of statecraft, won a new fame by the prudence, the moderation, the sagacity, the honesty and the humaneness of his measures.

The eulogy of his life is heard in every hamlet in the land, and in the great Abbey beyond the sea. The public prints, by the pen of the writer and the pencil of the artist, exhibit to the view the patriot dead in every heroic posture. The pose is perfect. The mantle of every grace adorns him. A serene smile of conscious power plays over his face. He is all wisdom, all light. And the more we have of this the more we miss the lesson and the inspiration of a great life worthy to be lived again by every countryman of his, each in his own line of duty—monument more lasting than brass or bronze.

We are not burying a god. All the better for us, for the priceless value of his patriotic example, he was a man. He was not a perfect man, though a great and honest one. He had weaknesses. He lived to be forty years of age without getting his stakes down strong and deep anywhere. Turn which way he would Fortune conquered him. He seemed unable to make his way, and he had no rich or powerful friends to help him. Likely enough he preferred not to get along very well without help rather than accept aid.

But he was always trying, always doing as well as he could the thing which seemed to be the work of the hour. There is no higher conception of duty; and there is no higher type of man than he who follows the path of duty, more concerned to keep religiously within it than to foresee where it shall lead him.

This being the life motive of the man, we can understand why he rushed to his country's aid at the first alarm, why he fought with desperate bravery at Donelson, why he lay before Vicksburg and waited, why he started for Richmond by his own route, determined to "fight it out on this line if it takes all summer;" why he accepted the Presidency when it was offered; why he took up the pen to provide for his family in the dark hour of need—why he held death off with one hand while with the other he gathered in the sheaves for his loved ones. We can understand also, if we have come at last to a just appreciation of the man, why he made no response to defamation at a time when the people were little acquainted with him and when his own career might have been blasted with a breath.

It was as a man that Grant was useful to his country. As a man his example is of value incomparable to his countrymen, who have followed him to the tomb as few of the great of the earth have been followed in the hour of parting.

The Treasury Policy.

At such a time as this, when the industries of the country languish and business generally is in a very unsatisfactory state, the people have a right to ask that the Government shall at least do nothing to make bad worse. But the Administration has marked out a Treasury policy of its own, and the people must pay for it. The *Financial Chronicle*, which is without partisan bias, has this to say in its issue of the 8th inst:

The Government monthly statemtnt of revenue, disbursements, public debt and cash holdings have been published this week, and they show a decided gain of strength, so far as net gold holdings are concerned, as a result of the July Treasury operations. That is to say, notwithstanding the very large disbursements for interest, the net gold in the Treasury has increased since July 1st about six million dollars, and is now twenty-six million dollars over and above the one hundred million legal tender reserve. All this on its face is very satisfactory. It is easy, too, to accept it as proof of the independent strength of the Treasury, until one analyzes the month's operations.

But taking a closer view of the figures this latter impression is changed to some extent, for it is found that the gold increase has been secured (1) by exchanging with the banks six millions of subsidiary silver for six millions of gold, and (2) by retaining in the Treasury the month's surplus revenue. In other words, if the Government had received no aid from the banks, and if it had used its surpuls revenue in redeeming bonds instead of leaving it idle in the Treasury and thus adding that amount to its already large accumulations (a process which would be very disturbing to commerce if business were active, and evidently has a limit), the Treasury exhibits would have shewn a net loss of two and a half million dollars instead of a gain of six millions. Thus we see these figures not only afford no justification for the opinon formed from hasty examination, but actually disprove the assertion of those bank officers and others who have been claiming that the Government could have kept up its gold reserve without outside assistance.

Further illustration of the same truth, if one desires it, is found in a retrospect of these special features in the Treasury operations for the last three months. Without encumbering our columns with the details, it is sufficient to say that since May 1 the Treasury holdings of tenders have decreased four and a half million of dollars (which is the same as the loss of the same amount of gold), the surplus revenue has been about twenty millions and the net gold holdings (after deducting the six millions received from the banks) have increased only about two million dollars. If, therefore, the surplus revenue had been used instead of accumulated and the legal tenders had been kept the same as they were May 1, and no aid had come from the banks, the net gold held by the Government would have been reduced almost five millions below the 100 legal tender reserve. It is scarcely necessary to add anything more on that point.

When another political party was responsible for the administration of the Government, the opposition now in control was very desirous of seeing the Treasury books. The books were always open, but for campaign purposes they were supposed to be hidden away out of sight. The books have been turned over, and there is not on a[illegible] anything quite so remarkable as Secretary Manning's way of husbanding the Nation's resources.

We used to hear a great deal about the enormous surplus in the Treasury (Mr. Hendrick's patent duplex elliptic joke) and about money being wrung from the people to be piled up in the Treasury on the first good opportunity to be stolen by Republicans. Now the Treasury has been got into such a condition that the administration is forced to stop paying off the debt and go on carrying the interest charge that it may add to its reserve and prevent a still more embarrassing state of things.

In one way and another this administration is vindicating the wisdom of the people in keeping another party in power for twenty-four years.

Milwaukee's Observance.

MILWAUKEE, WIS., August 8.—The Grant memorial exercises in the city were interfered with by a drenching rain which set in while the procession was in progress, driving several divisions from the ranks and people to their homes. The exercises at the exposition building were attended by several thousand people.

GRANT IN THE FIELD.

A WAR CORRESPONDENT'S VIEWS.

Interesting Personal Traits—His Calmness, His Perseverance, His Kindness to Subordinates—A Valuable Contribution to the Biography of the Great Man.

Harper's Weekly.

When I first met General Grant, I was a Lieutenant of Volunteer Cavalry. The laurels of Forts Henry and Donelson were yet fresh upon his brow, for it was not yet a month after those two victories had inspirited the North, and made the name of Grant for the first time well known to his countrymen, although it had been casually mentioned some weeks before, with no great favor, in connection with the affair at Belmont. After Donelson, it will be remembered that the army made its rendezvous on the Tennessee river at a point which had no distinctive name, but was directly opposite, across a short stretch of country, from the earth fort that had so suddenly sprung into fame. At the time the troops were gathering here, the Tennessee was over its banks, with the usual spring freshet, and with troops, horses, wagons, rations, forage, ammuni-

Departure From His Sweetheart.

tion, camp equipage, and everything else piled in some confusion upon a fleet of the nondescript sort of steamboats known on the Western rivers as stern wheelers, and with these steamers made fast to the tops of trees projecting above the flood, the army of General Grant might be said to be amphibious. The only way of communication between these steamers was by yawls, which had also to be used to visit the Quartermaster and Commissary boats, and these officers had small steamers to carry supplies to the troops on the different boats.

MEETING GRANT.

When our battalion of 400 men and a like number of horses arrived at the rendezvous, just before daylight on a chilly March morning, both men and horses had been some hours without food, owing to somebody having blundered in not stopping us at the month of the Tennessee for rations and forage. As soon as morning broke, armed with the necessary requisitions I took the yawl with two men and I boarded the boat of the Chief Quartermaster. I had no difficulty in getting my requisitions filled and having my supplies piled up on the forecastle of the boat. But then came delay. There was no boat to carry the forage over to the boats where it was so much needed by the hungry horses. Having waited an hour I hunted up the Chief Quartermaster and stated the case to him. Oh yes, he would let me have a steamboat directly. An hour passed, and no boat. I went to the Quartermaster again, and this time he expressed

General Grant.

the opinion that I was in too much of a hurry, and that he would give me a boat when he got ready. I left him, and then did something which no one but a tyro would have ventured upon. I went on board the Headquarters boat, and ascended the steps, entered the long main cabin and half-way down met a person whom I took to be an officer of some inferior rank, as the only evidence he had of any rank was the fact that he wore a dark blue overcoat, and the privates wore light blue. Of this person, who might be a lieutenant or possibly a captain, I inquired rather abruptly whether General Grant was on board. The answer was "Yes"—that monosyllable, and nothing more. "Can I see him?" "Yes." "When?" "Now." "Where?" "Here; I am General Grant. What is the matter?" I had never seen General Grant nor any photograph of him, except the one so current in the early days of the war, which represented somebody with a long, flowing beard, and may have been the counterfeit presentment of somebody in the world, but certainly was not of the officer who stood before me, and who, as I did not on the instant reply, asked again, "Well, what is it?" Then, giving the necessary salute, I explained my dilemma as briefly as I could. He took his cigar from his lips and listened attentively. When I had concluded he said: "That won't do; neither men nor horses should be hungry within a hundred yards of plenty. Come with me." He turned and walked toward the stern. Pushing aside a dividing curtain,

Lying in State at Albany.

he entered what in peace day would be known as the ladies' cabin, but it was the office of the Major General commanding. Speaking to one of the several officers who were writing at a large table, he said, "Give the Lieutenant an order for a steamboat," and *having said it walked* away without another word. In three minutes I had the order signed, "By order of Major General U. S. Grant," by an aide-de-camp, and in three minutes the Chief Quartermaster was staring at it with undisguised astonishment, and audibly wondering how I got it. I did not enlighten him, and the final result was that the steamboat was forthwith furnished, and the horses in my charge had a rather late dinner instead of the breakfast they would have had if it had not been my misfortune to meet a cranky Quartermaster.

AT SHILOH.

When I next saw General Grant one of the bloodiest battles in modern times had been raging for nearly two hours. It was at Crump's Landing I saw General Grant that eventful morning, and the battle was in progress on the field that has gone into history as Shiloh. It is not my purpose to enter into any of the controversies which have in recent years arisen in regard to that celebrated conflict. I design only to give what I saw of General Grant during the battle, with *what little* explanations of the situation may be necessary, and to draw no deductions from the facts. Whether or not the army of General Grant was where it should have been that morning, whether, being where it was, it was surprised, are questions which have been hotly discussed, and never yet been decided to the satisfaction of the disputants. To a proper understanding of the situation it is, however, necessary to say that the army of the Tennessee, under General Grant, was encamped on the south bank of the Tennessee, awaiting the arrival and co-operation of the Army of the Ohio, under General Don Carlos Buell, which was marching overland from the north to reach the Tennessee river at a small town called Savannah, eight miles below Shiloh, and on the opposite bank of the river. Grant's was itself divided into four divisions, three being at Shiloh, or Pittsburgh Landing, and the other, that of General Lew Wallace, being at Crump's Landing, four miles below. General Grant himself was at Savannah the night before and when the battle began. The Confederate army was known to be gathering at Corinth, and those who were directing the movements of the Union forces acted on the assumption that General Albert Sidney Johnston, who was a most capable and enterprising officer, would stay at Corinth and await the attack of the combined forces of Grant and Buell. Unhappily he did nothing of the kind, but determined to attack and destroy the army of Grant before that of Buell could reach it.

REFUTING A SLANDER.

Rarely has a more beautiful morning come upon this earth than than that of Sunday, April 6, 1862, as it came to Shiloh and the surrounding country. The trees had just put on the verdure of spring, innumerable birds were filling the air with melody, and there was something in nature that morning that seemed to command "peace on earth, good-will among men." At sunrise I was riding from outposts on the Purdy Road to Crump's Landing, when suddenly the roar of artillery and the rattle of musketry were heard above. The merest novice in war knew at once what it meant. The battle was on once more, and as the sound of war plainly, and as it seemed every moment, was nearing the river, it was evident our troops were being driven back. I put spurs to my horse, and the remainder of the distance to the river was done in very quick time. General Lew Wallace was already ashore from his boat, nervously pacing the bank, and knowing not what to do in the absence of orders. The sound of battle grew fiercer and louder. When the roar of conflict had been deepening for something over an hour, the smoke of a steamer was seen ascending the river. It made slow progress against the current of swollen Tennessee, but at last it headed inshore, and was alongside the boat of General Wallace. General Grant was standing on the forecastle of the arriving boat, and as the two vessels touched sides General Grant stepped upon the forecastle of the boat of Wallace, which was moored to the bank. There was a brief conference between the two officers, after which Grant stepped upon his boat, and hurried on up the river to take command of his army which was engaged in such a desperate struggle with the enemy. This was all I saw of General Grant during or immediately after the battle of Shiloh. That he was absent from the field when the conflict began has not, I believe, been disputed. The cruel slander was circulated soon after the battle that he was drunk the night before and on the morning the battle began. If I ever saw a sober man in the complete possession of all his faculties, and fully impressed, so far as his demeanor could show it, with the fact that a great crisis had come to his life, and that a most onerous responsibility rested upon him, it was General Grant that morning.

THE BLOODY FIELD.

On that Sunday night the Confederates rested in comfort in the tents of the Federals, while the latter shivered in the rain close to the banks of the river. It had been a day, so far as the great mass of the army could see it, of irretrievable disaster, for they did not know that the army of Buell was at hand to take part in the struggle of the morrow; that the division of General Nelson, commonly known as "Bull" Nelson, had crossed the river just at dark, and had been placed at the front to take the place of the beaten and tired troops of the day before. During the night the remainder of Buell's army was ferried over, and when the battle was renewed with the first blush of dawn, the *advantage was wholly with the Federals*, who pressed them heavily until the enemy had been driven back to Shiloh Church, a primitive edifice, which was nothing more than a log cabin, which stood at the top of a slight elevation, whence the road led down to and across Shiloh Creek, a diminutive rivulet that a small boy might have jumped across. It was at or near Shiloh Church that the battle had begun on Sunday morning; it was there it ended late on Monday afternoon. From Shiloh Church backward to the Tennessee the field which had so suddenly became famous presented a striking and terrible spectacle. All the way across the intervening space from the church to the Tennessee, a distance of about two and a half miles, was here a swath of Union dead, next one of Confederates, separated only by a few hundred feet, thus giving ghastly evidence of the almost hand-to-hand conflict that raged over the ground, which was alternately pine forests and fields cleared for tillage. These swaths of dead and dying presented the most striking illustration, perhaps, of the horrors of war that the whole civil war furnished. It was a scene which even a momentary glimpse would cause to live in the memory through all the years of earth. It is now, after the lapse of twenty-three years, lacking a few days, as palpably before my eyes as the paper on which I am writing.

HALLECK IN COMMAND.

Soon after the historic and perplexing battle, General Halleck arrived from St. Louis and took command. General Grant was named in general orders as second in command, but the great soldier had nothing more to do than to chew the end of bitter disappointment with such contentment as he could. It seemed as though the sun which had risen with such splendor at Donelson, less than three months before, had already set. Immediately upon his arrival General Halleck set about crushing the rebellion in his own peculiar way. About the time General Halleck began digging his way from Pittsburgh Landing to Corinth, the Confederate authorities had transferred the remnants of their beaten army in Tennessee to Virginia, to assist in pounding General McClellan, who was getting uncomfortably near their government at Richmond.

THE WAR CORRESPONDENT.

Immediately after the occupation of Corinth, my connection with the army ceased, owing to the discovery by General Halleck that I, in common with one lieutenant in every battalion of cavalry, mustered into service from the Western States, held a commission not authorized by law, and we were all honorably mustered out of service at Corinth about the middle of July.

It was at Vicksburg, and with the free range of a newspaper correspondent, that I next had the opportunity of observing General Grant in the field. It was the correspondents only who really knew all that was going on along the lines, or if any one of them did not know much more of what was going on than even the commanding General, it was his fault. It was his business to go everywhere, to see everything, to squeeze information out of everybody, from the General commanding down to the teamster who was piloting over its rocky or miry way—and it was always one or the other—the last wagon in the Quartermaster's train. From first to last during the war there were many scores of bright, capable young men, tireless in mind and body, serving the newspapers of the United States with the armies in the field. They rode horseback many miles every day that they might keep the thread of events fully in hand. They even made their way to the enemy's picket lines at times, and with the persuasive power of a bottle of whisky, reenforced by a copy of a newspaper of week before last, established confidential relations with the pickets. They soon became more familiar with the roads and byways in the country where the army was operating than the engineer officers. No non-combatant resident of the country through which the army passed escaped their adroit and exhausive cross-examination, and in this way, as in many others, they were often of essential service to the commander. And it must be said of them, in conclusion, that there was no one among them who was fit for his position—and there were very few who were not—who was not frequently in possession of information which he dared not transmit even for the private information of his editor. That General Grant fully realized their importance was amply testified by the passes he gave them and the treatment he accorded them whenever and wherever he was in independent command. An example can be given in the passes he issued to correspondents in the Vicksburg campaign. One of these, which I had in my possession for many years after the war, gave me permission as a correspondent to pass at all times within and without the lines of the army, and directed all conductors of railroads and masters of steamboats in Government service to give me free transportation. And the pass I held was precisely like that held by every other correspondent who came to him with proper credentials. It is gratifying to say that no one of the correspondents to whom these very comprehensive passes were issued ever abused the confidence which his possession of it implied.

Although out of its order of time and the sequence of events, I will relate here an incident which occurred in Virginia in 1864. The correspondents in the field never had any difficulty in obtaining accommodations for themselves; they could always become members of an officers' mess, their only trouble being to force the acceptance of their share of the expenses. It was different as to their horses; there was no forage in the country in which the armies operated except that belonging to the government, and no more being issued to anyone than was barely sufficient for his animal or animals, it was always difficult, often impossible, to get our horses forage. I often gave a teamster or an officer's servant a dollar, and sometimes two dollars, for a couple of quarts of oats, which I was certain he had stolen to sell me; but I was compelled to do it, or let my horse starve.

GRANT TO THE RESCUE.

One evening in May, just after the battle of Spottsylvania, a dozen correspondents happening to get together, this forage perplexity came up. It was suggested that a committee representing the whole body should wait upon General Grant, and placing our difficulty before him, ask him to issue an order requiring Quartermasters to sell us oats and furnish transportation. We hunted up the General that evening

and put the case before him in this wise: "General, there are so many newspaper correspondents here with the Army of the Potomac. Every one of them has a horse, and these horses, as a rule, get over more miles per day, and are subjected to harder service, than any others in the army. You know there is no forage down here except what belongs to the government, but you can see from the condition of our horses here, which are fair samples of all of them, that somehow they do get forage. What we have been deputed by all the correspondents to ask of you is that you will issue an order to all the Quartermasters in the army to sell us forage and furnish us transportation for it. We can nearly every evening get back to our source of supply, [illegible] or two can not, and take rations for a [illegible] strapped behind the saddle." General Grant during the delivery of this speech had stood leaning against his tent pole, with that far-away look which in those days he so often wore, seemingly not having heard a word which had been said to him. But he had, for as soon as we had concluded, he said, in his quiet, sententious way, "Gentlemen, I will issue the order to-night." And he did. From that time to the close of the war our horses fared sumptuously every day, and at less cost than would have been incurred in any stable in the North, for the order required the forage to be sold to us at the cost to the government. I should not like to have been one of a committee of correspondents to go to any other General who ever commanded a Union army, with the *exception of McClellan and Burnside*, on such a mission. The deputies would have been fortunate if they had escaped expulsion from the lines of the army.

Going back to the Vicksburg campaign, I am tempted to relate an incident with which General Grant had no connection, but which is so strongly illustrative of those war times that I can not resist the temptation to narrate it. The extreme right of General McPherson's line—he had the centre before Vicksburg—was held by a fort occupied by a Chicago battery. Directly opposite was a Confederate fort, the guns of which were supposed to have all been dismounted, as they had not spoken for many days. Four of us were having a quiet game of cards behind the earth-works, near the close of a warm afternoon toward the end of June, when the roar of a cannon was heard, and a shell, whistling over our heads, fell into a gully some distance behind the earth-work, and exploded without injuring any one. The captain jumped to his feet, highly indignant at this interruption. "Confound his impudence! splittering away in that fashion when I thought he was dead." He sprang to one of his guns and carefully brought it to bear on the offending piece of ordnance, the muzzle of which could be seen protruding saucily from a port-hole. The Captain fired, and when the smoke had cleared away we could see the gun was not there, nor was it ever there afterward. As soon as he had seen the result of his shot, the Captain stretched himself again on the ground—a rubber blanket spread between us was our card table—and remarked, "Come, gentlemen, let's finish the game; that fellow won't interrupt us any more." This was the prettiest bit of artillery firing I saw during the war.

Another incident I must relate needs to be prefaced with the statement that our lines before Vicksburg were overcrowded with fugitive negroes from all parts of Mississippi. The men acted as teamsters or servants to officers, and the women improvised laundries where, with the rudest of appliances, they did washing for the officers. I was riding on hot day behind a range of dwarf hills behind our left centre, and stopped near one of these improvised laundries to get a drink of deliciously cool water from a bubbling spring with which I had the pleasure of an intimate acquaintance for many days. I hardly noticed the woman at her work, nor her little child playing on the opposite hill-side. Suddenly a shell whizzed over our heads, and burying itself in the ground just above the child, knocked it down and almost buried it under the dirt it threw up. The woman shrieked out, "Oh right down here, chile, dis minit, I tif one of dem things should hit yer it mout hurt yer." The idea that if a ten-inch shell should hit that foot-high pickaninny it might hurt him seemed to me so funny that I laughed, although a laugh was a rare event with me then.

For the first time, but unhappily not the last, I was attacked with the ague about the middle of June. One day which I imagine was my well one I managed to get on my horse, and rode over to Army Headquarters to get my letters. Just as I reached there, a chill came on, and going into the tent of the mail messenger, I lay down on his bunk to let the chill run its course, which, with the fever following, as I only had a slight attack, would not require over an hour. As I lay there I soon became aware that Grant and his mess were at dinner in the tent immediately behind me, for I could hear the conversation as well as if I had been at the table with them. Then I first learned that in his privacy Grant could talk as glibly and with as much force as any one.

THE SURRENDER OF VICKSBURG.

On the morning of the 3d of July, 1863, the signal of submission appeared on the frowning ramparts in our front. Two officers appeared upon the Confederate works, and, descending them, proceeded to our picket line, where they were received by the officer on duty and conducted to the quarters of General A. J. Smith, in whose front they had entered our lines. General Grant was sent for, and speedily came. After a short talk with the two officers, one of whom was Colonel Montgomery, General Pemberton's Chief of Staff—I have forgotten who the other was—a meeting was arranged for the afternoon between Grant and Pemberton. They met under the scanty shade of a

Funeral Procession on Broadway.

tree half way between the lines, which had miraculously escaped the shot and shell in whose pathway it had stood for many days. Each commander was accompanied by two staff officers, but these stood apart from their leaders, in the sun, and got well blistered, for that was almost the hottest day I ever experienced in any latitude. The terms of surrender being finally agreed upon, the two generals parted, and with their officers returned within their respective lines.

That night was a joyous one within our camps. "There was a sound of revelry by night," but there was nothing boisterous and no drunkenness, chiefly, I suppose, because no cup that would inebriate could be found anywhere within the lines. But the whole Union army "felt good." The night air was burdened with songs—songs of home, of wives, of children, of country, arose along the whole line, from the Mississippi at the mouth of the Yazoo to where it touched the Mississippi again before Vicksburg. There was no sleep that night, and when morning came everyone was busily engaged in giving himself the nearest possible appearance of being in holiday attire. The officers got out their dress uniforms, epaulets and all. I never saw the lamented General McPherson look so well as he did that morning. Even General Sherman, careless as he is and was of appearances, honored the occasion by coming out in full-dress uniform, and this was the only time I ever saw him in such apparel. The only man who, as the after-events of the morning proved, was not moved to go and do likewise was General Grant.

GRANT'S MODESTY.

The surrender was arranged to take place on a large level plateau in General McPherson's front, and that officer had been deputed to receive it. Promptly at 10 o'clock the Confederate regiments began filing out, and, having stacked their arms, marched back within their fortification. Meanwhile the general officers were assembling at a large stone house some distance inside the Confederate lines, all resplendent, both Federal and Confederate, in full uniform. Some time *after they had all gathered, General Grant* made his appearance without having made any change in his attire. He had no epaulets, but a pair of dingy shoulder-straps with two dingier stars on each. With this scene my observations of General Grant ended for a time, and were not to be renewed until after the glory of Missionary Ridge had been added to his laurel wreath.

Having been outside with the besiegers at Vicksburg, it was my lot to be inside with the besieged at Knoxville when that city was invested by General Longstreet in the beginning of November, 1863. After the siege was raised by the bloody repulse of the Confederates on the morning of the 30, I desired to go North. The horseback ride over the Cumberland Mountains to Crab Orchard, Kentucky, the nearest point where railroad communication with the North could be had, although practicable, was decidedly uncomfortable. Another correspondent and myself, therefore, determined to take the water route down the Tennessee to Chattanooga. We purchased a skiff and freighted it with bread, fried chickens, and other edibles sufficient to last four men ten days rather than two men three days, which was all that was required. Having heard in some way of our purpose, the General who had succeeded General Burnside in command at Knoxville sent for me, and handing me a small package, requested me to give it to General Grant immediately on my arrival at Chattanooga, which I engaged to do. The next morning we pushed out from the shore near the railroad bridge. It was a chilly December morning, but we soon got warm by vigorous rowing. At noon we landed near a substantial looking house, and had no difficulty in exchanging a small part of our stock for having our coffee made. After dinner we pulled out with great vigor, and before night fall had reached Kingston, where we had the good fortune to meet a small steamboat which had just come up from Chattanooga, and was going back immediately. We boarded her, skiff and all, and the next morning at daylight were moored at the wharf of the straggling hundred houses which has become famous in war annals as Chattanooga. Having found the steamer that was going down the river that afternoon to make the connection with the railroad north of Stevenson, Alabama, we paid our fare, and having transferred our remaining stock of rations to the pilot house, we made our skiff fast alongside the steamer, with the intention of selling it to somebody. We started out, and coming upon a restaurant, had, all things considered, a remarkably good breakfast. My comrade then returned to the boat, where he found a couple of boatmen *in the act of appropriating* our skiff, which they accomplished despite his protest.

GRANT DROPS IN FOR SUPPER.

I went off in search of General Grant, and, having found him, delivered my dispatches. I found him the same taciturn, self-possessed soldier I had always known. He asked many incisive questions concerning East Tennessee, in which portion of the country he had never been. I answered these as best I could, and being familiar with localities, men, and events up there, took away with me the comfortable reflection that I had been able to give him some information that he thought worth having. Having returned to the boat, we took possession of the pilot house as the only habitable place on board. As darkness approached, we opened our hamper, spread our table-cloth on the bench (we had that adjunct of civilization), got out our chickens and other edibles, and having heated our coffee redhot at the furnaces fires down below, were just beginning to do justice to our feast, when, to our great dismay, General Grant entered with an officer of his staff. Instantly we began to hurry our feast into the hamper, when the General said, "Go on, gentlemen, with your supper; don't let me interrupt you." We invited the General and his companion to join us, which they did, and unless appearances were very deceptive, it was evident neither of them had tasted chicken or had a cup of genuine coffee for some time. The supper over, General Grant settled himself back on the bench, and in the darkness I could not tell whether he was asleep or not, but I do know that he never spoke or gave any sign of life during the three hours the little steamer was employed in going down the rapid river, alternately poking her nose into the bank on one side or the other, and bumping her hull against rocks on the bottom of the shallow stream. Long before daylight we were at Stevenson, and there being no train, no hotel, no house of any sort open, and as the boat immediately started up-stream again, there was nothing for us but to gather about a bonfire on the wharf and while away the time as best we could. General Grant and his officer went off somewhere; I presume to the quarters of some army officer. Early in the morning the train was ready to start for Nashville, and there we met General Grant again.

The train was made up exclusively of empty freight cars being sent back to Nashville for further supplies for the army, and as the day was very cold, our journey was by no means pleasant. The time occupied in the journey was, too, greatly lengthened by our train going on sidings every few miles to let the numerous trains carrying supplies to the army at Chattanooga pass, for these, by the order of General Grant, were in every case given the right of way. It was long after night-fall when we reached Nashville, and there parting with General Grant, I did not see him again until the opening of the campaign in Virginia in the spring of 1864, or rather a few days before that event.

THE WILDERNESS.

In March, 1864, I went to Washington, and immediately secured an engagement to go with the Army of the Potomac, provided a pass could in any way be got to go down to the army, which seemed highly improbable, as Secretary Stanton had some days before announced his determination not to issue any more. Hearing, late at night, that General Grant was in the city, at Willard's, I determined to get one from him if could. From my knowledge of the man, I had reason to believe, after having been informed at the office of the hotel that he had retired, that he would start for the front at an early hour, and therefore, going over to the newspaper office, which commanded a view of the Willard entrance, I determined to keep watch for him. But toward morning nature asserted itself, and I fell asleep. A wakening with a start, I rushed over to Willard's, but although it was barely daylight, he was already gone. One of those decrepit hacks known in all American cities as night-hawks being before the door, I jumped in, and the promise of extra fare induced the negro driver to urge those horses to better speed than any one would have thought in them. When I got to Maryland Avenue, the car attached to a locomotive was still standing on the track in the street. Entering the car without ceremony, I approached Gen. Grant, who was entirely alone, and handing him the Vicksburg pass, asked him if he would be kind enough to endorse it so I could go to the Army of the Potomac. The name recalled to him the fact that he had known my mother before I did. This fact was admitted, but I ventured to remind him that the train was liable to start at any moment. With that he began to fumble in his pockets for a pencil. I helped him out by handing him mine, when he wrote at the bottom: "Good to pass to the Army of the Potomac. U. S. Grant, Lieutenant-General." Just then the whistle blew, and the train was in motion when I jumped from it. The next morning I went to the front, and two days subsequently, at daylight, the Army of the Potomac left its winter cantonments around Culpepper Court-House. The next morning the terrible battle of the wilderness began. Never, perhaps, was a great army swung into line of battle from marching columns with such marvelous celerity. At 9 o'clock in the morning it was marching along the roads over a spur of hills, and had disappeared into the woods in line of battle. It is not my purpose so picture the battle of the Wilderness, for it has been done many times, and well done. I only pause to note that General Grant in that great battle in one respect made a new departure. For the first time he made an attempt to appear in full uniform, always minus the epaulets, for I do not believe any one ever saw a pair of those ridiculous appendages upon his shoulders. But his attempt was not entirely successful, for the day being warm, he had left his coat unbuttoned, and had his sword buckled on underneath it.

SOMETHING HAPPENED.

Everybody knows by heart the story of that terrible campaign of 1864 in Virginia; how Grant clung steadily to his purpose. It was at Spottsylvania, on the 12th of May, he gave his country a companion utterance to his famous message to the Confederate commander, "I propose to move upon your works immediately." From Spottsylvania he dispatched to President Lincoln: "I intend to fight out on this line if it takes all summer." The man in all his self-reliance and dogged tenacity was to be seen in both these terse sayings.

It was my fortune to see much of General Grant during all of that fighting summer, as during the most of it I was with General Sheridan and his predecessor in the Shenandoah Valley. My last distinct recollection of him was a day or two before the battle of Five Forks, in the latter part of March, 1865, when the Confederacy was tottering to its fall. Hearing rumors that General Sheridan was making a movement of some kind on the extreme left beyond Hatcher's Run, I started out to learn what was going on, *despite the fact that it was raining heavily.* I had got a little beyond Hatcher's Run, and beyond what had until then been the extreme left of our line, when I met General Grant in what was a cow-path rather than a road through the pine forest. He was attended only by a single orderly, and as we approached each other from opposite directions he reined up his horse, and seeing this, I did the same. But all he wanted was a match, and having lit his half-consumed cigar, he asked me where I was going. I replied to see what was being done on the extreme left. Then he gave me more information concerning army movements than he had ever done before, for he said: "Nothing in such weather as this; but you had better keep your eyes and ears open for the next few days. I rather think something will happen." He rode on, and I never saw him again in the field.

Something did happen. On the 2d of April the Confederacy fell in a mass of shapeless ruins before my eyes. But I did not see Grant that day, nor ever afterward in the war. Hence my story has reached its end. E. C.

SOME REMINISCENCES

Of an Old Army Mule—Characteristic Stories.

Gen. O. O. Howard.

While with the General during his first visit to my Bridgeport tent, we were speaking of officers of rank who were dissatisfied with the size of their commands. He had no sympathy with such grumblers, and as little with 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 command to a lower. "I do not think so, Howard. A Major General is entitled to an army division and no more. Why, I think I should be

Entrance to City Hall, New York.

flying in the face of Providence to seek a command higher than that entrusted to me." Such was my first instructive lesson in the great leader. He begat in me a confidence which years and experience never lessened.

For an interview with General Thomas, then commanding our Army of the Cumberland, I went, 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 buoyant manner. General Grant, whose bearing toward Sherman differed from that with other officers, being free, affectionate and good-humored, greeted him most 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 an exciting outdoor game.

Grant arrested his attention by some apt remark, and then said: "Take the chair of honor, Sherman," indicating a rocker with a high back.

"The chair of honor? Oh, no; that belongs to you, General."

Grant, not a whit abashed by this compliment, said: "I don't forget, Sherman, to give proper respect to age."

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

Quarter Lying in State.

In Washington, after the war, when President Johnson unexpectedly became enlent in his policy toward the Southern white people, and Mr. Stanton, his Secretary of War, clave to Congress, there were, for a time, great fears of conspiracy and revolution. One night, at the War Department, several officers were assembled, and the air was filled with rumors of coming dangers. The capital was said to be full of traitors, parties were conspiring at the principal hotels, some hostiles were approaching from Virginia, and Baltimore was believed as dangerous as early in 1861. Espionage was rife, and everybody exhibited a useless apprehension. General Grant joined with the Secretary's office. A guard was ordered for the War Department. Speaking o' an officer commanding troops, some one said; "Why, you can not trust that officer; he is 'copper.'" 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 the confidence was reposed in the officer referred to. It was not betrayed.

A Novel Grant Memoiral Window.

Albany Express.

The Grant memorial window in B Quinn's news emporium, on Broadway, is unquestionably the most original and striking in its design of any in the city. The interior of any army tent is exposed to view. On a camp stool rests a slouch military hat, together with a belt, sword and coat, their careless arrangement seeming to indicate that the wearer has but

Interior of Temporary Vault.

just cast them aside. A flickering candle on a table near by sheds a weird light on the picture, and realistically heightens its effectiveness. Pen, ink and paper, bearing the eagle's crest, lie scattered about the table, which is littered with odds and ends of a soldier's outfit, a field-glass, a tin cup, a pair of riding gloves, a half open manual of United States Army and infantry tactics and a well worn map of Mexico. On one corner a half burnt cigar, its ashes undisturbed, tell an eloquent story.

Close at hand is an official order, the red seal of which appears among a mass of letters and documents tossed thoughtlessly aside. On the rung of the table underneath hangs a copy of the Army and Navy Journal, while just beyond is a crumpled newspaper. At the back of the tent is pinned a map of Virginia and West Virginia, above which drops a small flag. In the foreground on either side are stacks of muskets with swords, haversack, a drum, canteen, knapsack, cannon balls and equipments carelessly scattered about. Fastened to the fly of the tent is the bulletin: "Died, U. S. Grant, July 23, 1885."

DIED.

WIDDEL—On Sunday afternoon, August 9, 1885, at 4 o'clock, ALEXANDER C. WIDDEL, in his 27th year.

Funeral from the residence of his father, 2122 Main street, Tuesday, August 11, at 2 o'clock P. M. *Interment at Mount Wood Cemetery. Friends of* the family are invited

FITS—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa. Cancer Institute, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa. Go to it. [illegible]

New Advertisements.

WANTED—QUICK, GOOD MEN TO take territory for Grant's Memoirs. Address R. S. ALDUS & CO., Odd Fellows' Building, Wheeling, W. Va. aug10

LOST—ON FRIDAY, AUGUST 7, BETWEEN Swebacher's and Friedel's Stores, a small Lea Porte-book, containing a sum of money, a key, and card bearing a lady's name. A liberal reward will be given for return of same to H. B. TAYLOR'S STORE. aug10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

All persons having claims against the estate of E. G. Everatt, a lunatic, are hereby notified to present and prove the same before the undersigned at his office, No. 1142 on Chapline street, in the City of Wheeling, West Virginia, on or before the 23d day of August, A. D. 1885.

W. H. CAL