

GENERAL GRANT.

I HAVE elsewhere related the principal events in General Grant's military career, and have but little new to offer on this theme.* All that I shall now attempt is a presentation or portrait of the man, endeavoring especially to show how personal and individual traits have been manifested in the public character. I have, indeed, known General Grant so closely that his image is far more vivid to me in this aspect than as a General or a President; and although many of his notable qualities were displayed when I was near enough to watch their development, I was always able to penetrate through the soldier or the statesman to the individual. The outside garment of public deeds took form and shape to me from the underlying personality.

The family of Grant is of Scotch descent, and the clan Grant claimed him in 1877 when he passed through their territory. I was once on a visit at Castle Grant, the seat of their chief, Lord Seafield, who was greatly interested in his American clansman. He took me to Craig Ellachie, a rocky eminence near by, where in Gaelic days a beacon was lighted to rouse the Grants for war. The device of the clan is still a burning mountain, and their war-cry has always been, "Stand fast, Craig Ellachie." A Grant is to stand as firm as the rocks themselves.

About the same time I went to a gathering of the clans at Braemar, in the heart of the Highlands. The son of the Earl of Fife was there at the head of the Duffs; the chief of the Farquharsons was present with his clan; the Duke of Athole had marched his men across the Grampians, the Duchess, a woman of glorious beauty, riding by his side; the Marquis of Huntley, the Earl of Airlie, and the Lord Kilmarnock were all there, kilted Highlanders; and I found the Duffs and the Gordons and the Stewart-Murrays as ready as the Grants to claim kinship with an American President. They drank his health with Highland honors, and declared that the shrewd sagacity, the pertinacious resolve, the sustained energy which they had heard he possessed, were all due to his Caledonian origin.

General Grant's father was a native of Pennsylvania, but early emigrated to the West, and finally settled in Ohio. He was noted for intelligence as well as energy, and in all his dealings with men he bore an un-

blemished name. At the time when Ulysses was born he dealt largely in leather, and owned several tanneries. His mother also was a Pennsylvanian. The modest virtues of a Christian woman are not fit themes for public portraiture, but it is not difficult to imagine in them the source of that purity and simplicity of character which the strifes and temptations of a public career have been unable to destroy.

Ulysses was born on the 27th of April, 1822, at Point Pleasant, an obscure town on the north bank of the Ohio. The modest cottage where he first saw the light still overlooks the Kentucky shore, and his earliest hours were spent almost in sight of that great theater of war where he was destined to play so prominent a part. In 1823 his parents removed to Georgetown, Ohio, and there the boyhood of young Grant was passed. His father was now a well-to-do man, furnished with as large a supply of this world's goods as any of his neighbors, and both able and willing to afford the son whatever advantages of education were then attainable at so great a distance from the Atlantic coast.

Like Washington, Cromwell, Wellington, and others who became famous in their prime, Grant was in childhood in no way conspicuous above his fellows. It is true that by the reflex light of subsequent performance we can now discern in the traits of the boy the germs of what afterward became distinguished in the man, but the germs were latent till the light and sun of circumstance developed them. None of his early companions saw any indications of his future destiny.

At seventeen he was offered an appointment to the Military Academy at West Point. The youth who had been sent the year before from his congressional district had failed to keep up with his class, and was dismissed in consequence. Had that young predecessor been more successful, Grant might never have received a military education, and possibly not have risen to distinction in arms.

He spent four years at the Academy, but made no brilliant mark there. He had no fondness for his profession, and manifested no special aptness for study, although he mastered the mathematics easily. Riding was his chief accomplishment and amusement. He was careless of the military etiquette imposed on the cadets, and, though far from in-

* See "Military History of Ulysses S. Grant from April, 1861, to April, 1865," by Adam Badeau (N. Y. : D. Appleton & Co., 1881), upon which the author has here drawn.—Ed.

subordinate, and never guilty of more serious offense, was constantly subjected to petty punishments for leaving a shoe untied or being late at parade. The same distaste for trivial forms followed him through his military career. No officer of the army was less scrupulous in matters of costume, or exacted fewer ceremonies from those whom he commanded.

In 1843 he was graduated, twenty-first in a class of thirty-nine. The army was full at the time, and its future commander could only be admitted as a supernumerary officer. He was commissioned brevet second lieutenant, and attached to the Fourth Infantry.

When the Mexican war broke out, Grant was ordered with his regiment to Texas to join the army of General Taylor. At Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma he took his first lessons in actual war—battles which, compared with many of those of the Rebellion, were insignificant skirmishes. Grant often afterward assigned to a brigade more men than there composed the American army. He remained under Taylor until the capture of Monterey, participating in that achievement. His regiment was then transferred to Scott's command.

Grant was now made quartermaster of the regiment—a position which exempted him from the necessity of going under fire; but he was present at every battle of the campaign from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico. After Molino del Rey he was brevetted for "distinguished gallantry," and at the capture of the capital displayed several of the traits that became notable in his later history.

As the army was approaching the city, Worth's division was ordered to seize a road on the western side. Grant was with Worth's advance. An abrupt turn in the road was defended by a parapet, and, as the division advanced, a raking fire of musketry made it necessary to seek every chance for cover. Grant, however, made his way alone across the space exposed to fire, and discovered an opportunity to flank the parapet. Hastening back to his men, some twenty or thirty in number, he cried out that he had found a chance to turn the enemy, and called for volunteers. Ten or a dozen soldiers jumped up at once and were soon crawling with him behind a wall, when they came upon an entire company under Captain—now General—Horace Brooks, making their way cautiously in the bottom of a ditch. Grant at once cried out: "Captain! I've found a way to flank the enemy"; and Brooks replied: "Well, you know the way. Go on; we'll follow you." So the lieutenant led, and the whole party, now fifty in number, assaulted the end of the

parapet, carried it by storm, and took the enemy in rear. The Mexicans fled at once from the position, no longer tenable, and the work was carried.

The party was now on the direct road to the Garita San Cosme, one of the strongest entrances to the City of Mexico, whose spires and turrets were distinctly visible. They soon struck another parapet, this one defended by a cannon. Grant again advanced at the head of his little column, by this time a hundred and fifty strong, and the second parapet was carried. But they were now directly under the guns of the city, and Brooks, who had assumed command by virtue of seniority, declared he could not hold the position unless he was reënforced. Grant was therefore sent back to Worth to ask for troops, and had hardly left when the command was driven pell-mell from the parapet. He soon, however, found the division-general, and fresh troops were at once sent forward.

A little to the right of the parapet was a rickety village church with a steeple a hundred feet high. Toward this Grant led a section of artillery, dragging a mountain howitzer by hand across the ditches, of which the country is full. He found the priest and demanded the keys, which the father at first was unwilling to yield; but Grant soon convinced him of the necessity of surrender. The howitzer was quickly taken to pieces, and four or five men carried it to the belfry, while Grant disposed the remainder of his force so as to secure the church from easy capture. Then he mounted the steeple, and served and pointed the gun himself, and before long the enemy was driven a second time from the parapet. The gun was now directed upon the city, and the confusion of the Mexicans could be plainly seen, as they huddled in fright behind their walls.

Worth soon perceived the shells issuing from this novel position, and the effect they were producing on the enemy. He sent for Grant, congratulated him, and placed an entire company with a captain under his command. Thus reënforced, the lieutenant returned to his steeple with another howitzer, and reopened fire. That night the Garita San Cosme surrendered, and in the morning the City of Mexico was in the hands of Americans. For this exploit, undertaken without orders, by a lieutenant with no legitimate command, and obliged therefore to gather up men and weapons on the field, Grant was mentioned in all the dispatches, and received a second brevet within five days after the first.

At the close of the war he returned to the United States, and in 1848 he was married. In 1852 he was ordered to Oregon, by way of California. Life was rough then on the

Pacific coast, and his wife was left behind. The route was by sea to the Isthmus of Panama, and during the passage of the Isthmus the cholera broke out. Grant was again acting quartermaster. The Panama railroad at this time extended only thirty miles from the Atlantic, after which boats were taken up the Chagres River to the head of navigation. From this point the troops were to march to the Pacific, about thirty miles farther; but the steamship company had contracted to furnish mules or horses for the sick, and for the wives and children of the soldiers. There were, however, several hundred passengers besides the soldiers, and when the cholera appeared a panic followed. The passengers offered higher prices to the natives than the company had agreed to pay, and thus secured all the animals, leaving absolutely none for the soldiers and their families. The troops marched on, but Grant was left behind with the sick and the women and children, who were unable to walk under the July sun of the tropics. He remained a week in entire command, caring for the sick and the dying, burying the dead, controlling the half-hostile Indians, and struggling to procure transportation. During all this while he never took off his clothes, and only snatched rare intervals of sleep, stretched on a bench or under a shed, exposed to the miasma of the rank forest and the swamp. Finally, as the agents of the steamship company failed entirely in their duty, Grant took upon himself the responsibility of making a new contract in their name. He hired mules and litters at prices double those that the company had agreed to pay, he engaged Indians to bury the dead, and after seven days took up his march for the Pacific. A hundred and fifty souls had been left with him in the interior of the Isthmus, half of whom perished in that week of cholera. His life, however, was preserved. Neither Mexican bullets nor tropical pestilence had been permitted to harm him.

In 1854, having served in the army eleven years, he resigned his commission and occupied a farm, a few miles out of St. Louis, where his wife's family resided. His means were limited, and he worked at the plow himself, or, in winter, cut and corded wood, driving the cart to market in St. Louis. He built a log-house on his farm, and lived a simple life, never so happy as with his wife and children. He had now three sons and a daughter.

Despite his poverty, however, he saw and mingled with the important people of St. Louis. His wife's family belonged to what is called good company, and Grant himself was always welcomed by its most distinguished members. His old army rank was itself a social

introduction, and his old army friends kept up their intimacy.

But with all his industry farming did not succeed. He tried collecting money, but for this he had no talent, and at times his circumstances were narrow indeed. In 1860 he removed to Galena, where his father and brothers were engaged in the leather trade. They gave him occupation, and here he lived for nearly a year, unimportant and unknown. He seemed to have forgotten his military pursuits. The title of captain, which he still retained, hardly recalled the storming of Chapultepec, or the guns he had mounted on the crazy steeple under the walls of Mexico. No restless ambition disturbed his spirits. No craving for fame made him dissatisfied with obscurity. Those nearest him never suspected that he possessed extraordinary ability. He himself never dreamed that he was destined for great place or power.

Yet his vicissitudes as soldier, farmer, and trader, his frontier career among the Indians, his life at West Point, and in Ohio, in Oregon, and Mexico, had given him a wide and practical experience, and made him, unknown to himself, a representative American. In war he had served under the two greatest captains the country had produced in the century, had shared their most important battles, and witnessed their marches and sieges and assaults; in peace he had mingled with all classes of his countrymen, had learned much of life, and laid many of its lessons well to heart.

He had learned patience when hope was long deferred, and endurance under heavy and repeated difficulties; he had displayed audacity in emergencies, as well as persistency of resolve and fertility of resource. If one means failed, he tried another; he was not discouraged by ill fortune, nor discontented with little things. Above all, he never quailed and never despaired. The leather merchant of Galena was not without preparation even for that great future which awaited him, all unknown.

On the 11th of April, 1861, Fort Sumter was attacked by Americans. On the 15th the news reached Galena that Lincoln had called for volunteers. On the 19th Grant was drilling a company, and in a week he led his men to Springfield, the capital of Illinois. He was no politician, and had never voted for a President but once; he had been a slaveholder, but he had no doubt of his duty or his principles. He had been educated by the country, and the country had a right to whatever of skill or experience he had acquired.

The ignorance of all military matters which then prevailed was almost universal. Half a century of peace had hardly been disturbed

by the distant Mexican campaign, and a generation had grown up unused to war. Grant's knowledge of organization and routine now stood him well in hand. He served five weeks without a commission, mustering in new troops under the direction of the Governor of Illinois. Meanwhile he offered his services to the Secretary of War in any capacity that might be desired, but the letter was not deemed of sufficient importance to warrant a reply. He then proceeded to Cincinnati, in the hope that McClellan might offer him a position on his staff. He went twice to headquarters, but did not gain admission to McClellan's presence, and returned to Illinois without mentioning his aspirations to any one.

In June the Governor offered him a regiment of infantry. He said he felt competent to command a regiment, and was ordered at once to Missouri. In August he was commissioned brigadier-general of volunteers. The member of Congress from his district had noticed his diligence and energy in a subordinate position, and when the President was nominating brigadiers from Illinois, Washburne suggested Grant, the whole delegation recommending him. The new general knew nothing of his rank until he saw the announcement in the newspapers. No promotion that he ever received was suggested or procured by any application from himself.

He proceeded at once to Cairo, at the mouth of the Ohio. Colonel (afterwards General) Oglesby was in command of the post, but had never met his new superior. Grant was in citizen's clothes, for he had not found time to purchase a uniform, and walked into headquarters without being recognized. Asking for pen and paper, he wrote out an order assuming command, and handed it to Oglesby. The immature colonel was greatly amazed at the procedure, with which he was unfamiliar; and when Grant inquired if his predecessor had not also assumed command in orders, Oglesby replied: "I guess he didn't know how."

The population of Kentucky was at this time divided in feeling in regard to the war, and the Governor had set up a claim of neutrality. But two days after Grant's arrival at Cairo, the enemy invaded the State and threatened Paducah, at the mouth of the Tennessee. As this was a place of great importance, commanding both the Ohio and the Tennessee, Grant at once notified the State Legislature, which was loyal, and sent word to Fremont, his immediate superior. Later on the same day he telegraphed to Fremont: "Am getting ready to go to Paducah. Will start at six and a half o'clock." Receiving no reply, he

set out the same night on transports with a couple of regiments and a battery. He arrived at Paducah in the morning, and seized the town without firing a gun, a force of the enemy hurrying out by train while he was landing. At noon he returned to Cairo, where he found General Fremont's permission to take Paducah, "if he felt strong enough." Kentucky by this stroke was secured to the Union. No more was heard of neutrality. But Grant was rebuked for corresponding with the Legislature.

This event was the key-note to his entire military career. The keenness with which he perceived both the strategical importance of Paducah and the necessity for immediate action, the indifference with which he brushed away the sophistical pleas of the politicians, the promptness with which he decided to act,—for many can see to the core of things, and yet are not gifted with the power to determine in accordance with what they perceive,—and above all the celerity in putting resolve into execution—these are traits which were displayed a hundred times afterward, and which brought in the end the same result to the general-in-chief as at Paducah they insured to the district commander.

For eight weeks he was now employed teaching his men the very rudiments of war. There was not a professional soldier in his command. The troops and officers were alike from civil life, and Grant was adjutant and quartermaster again, though on a larger scale. Every detail of his past experience became of importance now. He wrote out his own orders, drilled his troops and instructed his colonels, and never worked harder than while preparing his recruits to take the field.

In November he was ordered to make a demonstration on Belmont. The story has been often told—the movement down the Mississippi River, the elation of the raw troops at last led out of camp, and the determination of Grant, who perceived that their blood was up, to convert the demonstration into a real attack. Three thousand men were landed on the west bank, immediately under the guns of Columbus, an important work of the enemy on the opposite shore; they surprised and destroyed the hostile camp; but then, intoxicated with their triumph, they became at once uncontrollable; they shouted and ran around like school-boys, while their colonels made stump speeches for the Union. The enemy, seeing this, recovered from their panic, and reinforcements were sent from the eastern bank. Not a man in Grant's command had ever been in battle before, and it was impossible to restore order, until at last he directed an officer to set fire to the camps.

This, as he had expected, drew the attention of the gunners at Columbus, who opened on his little force; and the troops, perceiving their danger, at length returned to the ranks. But by this time the enemy had also reformed, and were ready to resist his march to the transports. His own men were at first greatly dismayed, and one of his officers came up with the news: "We are surrounded." "Well," said Grant, "if that is so, we must cut our way out as we cut our way in. We have whipped them once, and I think we can do it again." His own confidence quickly inspired his command. The troops took heart; they did "cut their way out as they cut their way in"; they "whipped 'em again," and succeeded in all that had been planned or desired.

This, Grant's earliest absolute battle, although on so small a scale, illustrates, like Paducah, many of the traits which were afterward conspicuous in his military character. His sympathy with the troops at the start, his steadiness under apparent disaster, his promptness in an emergency, the grim device of setting the camps on fire to draw the attention of the enemy, and his ability to restore confidence to the flustered recruits, were all auguries of soldiership not afterward belied.

After this, every one of his great battles brought out some peculiar personal quality to which he was indebted for success. In a war where the prowess of the soldiers was equal, where the Southern enthusiasm was matched by the Northern determination, where the men were of the same race, and on each side thought they were fighting for country and right, the individual qualities of the leaders naturally told.

At Donelson, beyond all doubt, it was the personal traits of Grant that secured the victory; both in the movements preceding the attack and in the battle itself, the influence of the individual man is unmistakable. Numerous soldiers, it is said, had early recognized the importance of capturing the place. McClellan, Buell, Halleck, Cullum, all may, perhaps, lay claim to a perception of the advantages to follow from its fall. But, while they were considering and discussing these advantages, Grant proceeded and accomplished the task. He proposed it to Halleck, his immediate commander, who was probably at that moment contemplating the enterprise, and, not a little chagrined, rebuffed his intrusive subordinate. Grant, however, kept in ignorance of what his superior may have been planning, renewed the suggestion, and Halleck finally gave the orders. Grant started the next day, and four days after-

ward Fort Henry fell. On the 6th of February he announced the fact to Halleck: "Fort Henry is ours. I shall take and destroy Fort Donelson on the 8th, and return to Fort Henry." Halleck, however, preferred more cautious proceedings, and telegraphed: "Hold on to Fort Henry at all hazards. Shovels and picks will be sent to strengthen Fort Henry. The guns should be arranged so as to resist an attack." Grant thought the surest way to defend Fort Henry was to attack Fort Donelson, and while Halleck was ordering picks and shovels for the Tennessee, he was asking for heavy ordnance on the Cumberland. This continued till the fall of the place, and the day of the surrender Halleck's chief of staff, who had not heard the news, telegraphed to Grant "not to be too rash."

It was, however, in the thick of the battle of Fort Donelson that his first great feat of generalship was achieved. He was off the field, consulting with the naval commander, when the enemy, encompassed and disheartened, determined to break through the national lines. They came out before daybreak, throwing themselves in force against Grant's right. The struggle was severe, but the national troops were pushed back more than a mile. At this juncture Grant arrived on the field. He found his own men not yet recovered from the shock of battle, but doggedly retiring, while the enemy, though successful up to a certain point, had not absolutely broken through the lines. There was no pursuit, and the battle had evidently lulled, not ended. The new troops, however, were flustered, and reported that the enemy had come out with their haversacks filled, as if they meant to stay out and fight for several days. Grant at once perceived the significance of the circumstance. "Are the haversacks filled?" he inquired. "Then they mean to fight their way out. They have no idea of staying here to fight us." The whole intent of the enemy was apparent to him in an instant. They were despairing. This was the moment, when both sides were hard pressed, to convert resistance into victory. "Which ever party first attacks now," he said, "will win, and the Rebels will have to be very quick if they beat me." He ordered an instant attack on the left, where the troops had not been engaged, and before night the fate of Fort Donelson was determined.

General Grant has often told me that there comes a time in every hard-fought battle when both armies are nearly or quite exhausted and it seems impossible for either to do more. This he believes to be the turning-point; whichever afterward first renews the fight

is sure to win. He acted upon this belief, not only at Donelson, but at Shiloh, and time after time again. In the Vicksburg campaign, in the Wilderness—always when odds and obstacles were even, or perhaps against him, when both his own men and the enemy were exhausted—then to proceed or to hold out unreasonably brought victory. The general or the man who does what can neither be expected nor required is the one who succeeds.

At Shiloh the same quality was manifest. At a certain moment in this battle the national troops were thrust back nearly to the river. The reinforcements had not arrived; a part of the command was broken; thousands had been taken prisoner, and thousands had fled to the rear. At this juncture General Buell came upon the field, in advance of his troops, still miles away. It was the darkest moment of the day. He rode up to Grant near the river, and, seeing the crowd of cravens there, supposed that all was lost. "What preparations have you made for retreating, General?" he inquired. Grant replied, "I haven't despaired of whipping them yet." "But if you should be whipped," said the other, "how will you get your men across the river? These transports will not take ten thousand men." "If I have to cross the river," said Grant, "ten thousand will be all I shall need transports for." His army was thirty thousand strong.

On this day, also, General Sherman tells that at four o'clock Grant was at his front, and, despite the terrible fighting and the reverses he had sustained, gave orders to assume the offensive in the morning. And this was before Buell's advance had crossed the Tennessee.

If Donelson, Belmont, and Shiloh illustrated the aggressive audacity and stubborn determination, as well as the quickness of perception and the celerity and certainty both of decision and action, which distinguished Grant in absolute battle, Vicksburg and Chattanooga brought out the characteristics of his strategy and the more purely military peculiarities of his genius.

The long series of attempts on the north and west of Vicksburg exhibited indeed the persistency of resolve and fertility of resource of the commander. The amphibious campaign in the bayous and marshes and canals, the ditches that were dug, the levees that were cut, the troops that were carried on narrow tugs through devious channels or marched at night by lighted candles through the cane-brake, the transports that were run by the Vicksburg batteries—all these make an epic worthy of Homer in incident and interest; but all these endeavors Grant never really

hoped would succeed. He was waiting during all these months for the waters to subside, so that he could throw his army south of Vicksburg. Then he undertook the campaign which at once placed him in the front rank of generals. The audacity which led him to penetrate the enemy's country, cutting loose from his base with thirty thousand men, carrying only three days' rations, and leaving an army larger than his own between himself and his supplies, has only been equaled once, if ever, in recent history; while the strategy which separated his antagonists, driving one eastward to strike him alone, and then turning west to destroy the other,—surprising, deceiving, misleading, outmanœuvring the enemy, first dividing and then combining his own command, and finally accomplishing the greatest surrender of men and material that had then been known in modern war,—has no parallel except in the exploits of Moltke or Napoleon.

Chattanooga came next. This was the most elaborate of all Grant's battles, the most like a game between skillful players. Few battles in any war have ever been fought so strictly according to the plan. The manœuvring was in the presence and in sight of the enemy. Grant fought with portions of three armies. One had been brought from the Mississippi and one from the Potomac, and they came upon the field as if they had been timed; they crossed a river and scaled a mountain according to order and under fire, while even the enemy performed his part as Grant had expected and desired. This battle more closely resembled those of European commanders and European fields than any other great engagement of the American war. It was the only one on such a scale where the movements of each army were visible, the only one in which the commanding general could watch the operations in person, could perceive the movements he directed, and trust to his own observations to continue or vary his designs. And, while undoubtedly the contingencies that were unforeseen contributed to the result,—for Grant always knew how to avail himself of unexpected emergencies,—it still remains that this battle was fought as nearly according to the plan laid down in advance as any recorded in the schools.

In the last year of the war, after Grant became general-in-chief, there was need for a combination of his best traits—for the determination which carried him through the Wilderness, which refused to be recalled from Richmond when Early threatened Washington, which kept him immovable in front of Petersburg when the country was impatient

at his apparent lack of success; for the daring which sanctioned Sherman's march against the opinion and wish of the Executive; for the decision that told when the moment had come to assault the works that had detained him so long. But in addition to all this—as general-in-chief—Grant had to command armies separated by thousands of miles, to plan campaigns that extended over a year, to match one command against another, to balance the different forces, to weave a tangled skein into a single web, to play a game as intricate as ever taxed the subtlest or profoundest intellect; against an antagonist wary, untiring, determined, and astute; with stakes of the most tremendous character, of reputation to himself and existence to his cause; and he won. Courage and means and moral support, all were necessary; an army to follow, subordinates to carry out his plans, the country to back him; but none nor all of these would have sufficed without the highest sagacity as a soldier. A weak man would have succumbed under such a responsibility; a man with less ability would have been unable to wield the power or the weapons intrusted to Grant. He was equal to all his opportunities.

At the close of the war, the man who had led the victorious armies was not forty-three years of age. He had not changed in any essential qualities from the captain in Mexico or the merchant in Galena. The daring and resource that he showed at Donelson and Vicksburg had been foreshadowed at Panama and Garita San Cosme; the persistency before Richmond was the development of the same trait which led him to seek subsistence in various occupations, and follow fortune long deferred through many unsuccessful years. Developed by experience, taught by circumstance, learning from all he saw and even more from what he did, as few have ever been developed or taught, or have learned, he, nevertheless, maintained the self-same personality through it all. The characteristics of the man were exactly those he manifested as a soldier—directness and steadiness of purpose, clearness and certainty of judgment, self-reliance and immutable determination.

Grant's genius too, was always ready; it was always brightest in an emergency. All his faculties were sharpened in battle; the man who to some seemed dull, or even slow, was then prompt and decided. When the circumstances were once presented to him, he was never long in determining. He seemed to have a faculty of penetrating at once to the heart of things. He saw what was the point to strike, or the thing to do, and he never wavered in his judgment afterward, unless, of course, under new contingencies. Then he

had no false pride of opinion, no hesitation in undoing what he had ordered; but if the circumstances remained the same, he never doubted his own judgment. I asked him once how he could be so calm in terrible emergencies, after giving an order for a corps to go into battle, or directing some intricate manœuvre. He replied that he had done his best and could do no better; others might have ordered more wisely or decided more fortunately, but he was conscious that he had done what he could, and he gave himself no anxiety about the judgment or the decision. Of course he was anxious about the accomplishment of his plans, but never as to whether he ought to have attempted them. So, on the night of the battle of the Wilderness, when the right of his army had been broken and turned, after he had given his orders for new dispositions, he went to his tent and slept calmly till morning.

This confidence, which was not arrogance, for he often spoke of Sherman as the greatest soldier living, and afterward of Sheridan in equal strains—this confidence engendered composure, and left all his faculties at his own disposal. This was the secret of his courage, and of the steadiness which held him to his purpose, not only in a single battle like Shiloh, but through the tremendous losses and encounters of the Wilderness campaign. All through those terrible forty days and nights he never wavered; he never once thought of retiring; he never once quailed. After the fiercest fighting, and the most awful destruction of life, he still knew and felt that only by fresh effort of the same sort could he conquer, and gave the orders grimly, but unshaken still.

Not that he was indifferent to human life or human suffering. I have been with him when he left a hurdle race, unwilling to see men risk their necks needlessly; and he came away from one of Blondin's exhibitions at Niagara, angry and nervous at the sight of one poor wretch in gaudy clothes crossing the whirlpool on a wire. But he could subordinate such sensations when necessity required it. He risked his life, and was ready to sacrifice it, for his country; and he was ready, if need came, to sacrifice his countrymen, for he knew that they too made the offering.

It was undoubtedly as a fighter rather than a manœuvrer that Grant distinguished himself. He was ready with resource and prompt in decision at Belmont and Donelson, but it was the invincible determination at both these places as well as at Shiloh that won. As with men, so with armies and generals: skill and strength are tremendous advantages, but courage outweighs them all. I said something



V. H. Grant

(ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1864, OWNED BY THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB, NEW YORK CITY.)

like this to him once in discussing a battle, and asked if he concurred. "That is your opinion," he replied; "let it pass." There are friends of Grant who always urge me not to present this view of his character too strongly. They say: "The world already is inclined to think him a 'hammerer.' You should not press this idea of force—even of moral force." But I cannot forbear; it was the moral force of the man, the courage always, under adverse or favorable fortune, the audacity at Vicksburg, the indomitable defiance at Shiloh, the persistent determination in the Wilderness, that always brought victory in the end.

And for my part I cannot see that this trait is less admirable than technical skill or strategical astuteness. A quality that dominates events as well as men, that compels circumstances and accomplishes the grandest results, seems to me equal to that more ingenious, but not necessarily more intellectual, even if more brilliant and fascinating, attribute which attains its purposes by circuitous roads or evasive means. And in the War of the Rebellion no mere manoeuvring would have succeeded. The enemy was not only too adroit, but, above all, too determined, to be foiled by stratagems alone. No skill would have tired out Lee. No capture of places or outflanking of armies would have annihilated the Confederacy. It had to be stamped out; its armies and its resources had to be destroyed, its territory and its people conquered; its soldiers killed. Its own magnificent bravery, the spirit of its armies, the heroism of its population, rendered just such a course as Grant pursued indispensable. His greatness lay in the fact that he perceived the situation, and adapted his means to the end. His good fortune was that his nature was fitted for just such emergencies.

The world is right; it was by energy and tenacity that he won, and that the nation was saved. It was because he held up the Government and persisted with his army that the country remained firm and the enemy finally lost heart. Those opposed to him felt that it was hopeless to struggle against a man with the determination of fate itself; and the suffering, anxious crowds at home, amid their tears, felt that the cup could not pass from them. Only through blood and suffering are nations saved.

Nevertheless, it was not mere brute force that availed. The man who devised the various attempts to penetrate the marshes around Vicksburg was not destitute of invention, and he who conceived and executed the subsequent campaign can never be said to have accomplished his most brilliant successes by

butchery or hammering; while, above all, he who was capable of the combinations that stretched across a continent, who could direct the operations of a twelvemonth so that every movement was part of the plan, and finally concentrate all his forces toward a single point and consummate exactly what he set out to do a year before, with a completeness unexampled then, and unsurpassed since in war, may laugh at the critics who pronounce him inapt or blundering.

In battle, as in strategical movements, Grant always meant to take the initiative; he always advanced, was always the aggressor, always sought to force his plans upon the enemy; and if by any chance or circumstance the enemy attacked, his method of defense was an attack elsewhere. At Donelson, as we have seen, when his troops were pushed back on the right he assaulted on the left; and this was only one instance out of a hundred. This, too, not only because he was the invader, or because his forces were numerically stronger, but because it was his nature in war to assail. In the Vicksburg campaign his army was smaller than Pemberton's; yet he was the aggressor. In the operations about Iuka his position was a defensive one, but he attacked the enemy all the same. It was his idea of war to attack incessantly and advance invariably, and thus to make the operations of the enemy a part and parcel of his own.

Nevertheless, no one was quicker than he to perceive the new possibilities that battle is constantly offering. He always left his plans open to change; and some of his greatest successes were suggested and achieved in consequence of the mistakes of the enemy. The final assault at Donelson was provoked by the Rebel attack on the right; the battle of Champion's Hill in the Vicksburg campaign was unplanned until invited by Pemberton's blunders; the reinforcements with which Sheridan conquered at Five Forks were not sent until Lee had attempted to overwhelm him.

Like most great soldiers, Grant was indifferent to fatigue in the field. He could out-ride the youngest and hardiest of his officers, and endured the lack of food or the loss of sleep longer than any of his staff. Yet he slept late whenever it was possible, and never put himself to needless trouble. So, too, he never braved danger unnecessarily; he was not excited by it, but was simply indifferent to it, was calm when others were aroused. I have often seen him sit erect in his saddle when every one else instinctively shrank as a shell burst in the neighborhood. Once he sat on the ground writing a dispatch in a fort just captured from the enemy, but still commanded by another near. A shell burst im-

mediately over him, but his hand never shook, he did not look up, and continued the dispatch as calmly as if he had been in camp.

This calmness was the same in the greatest moral emergencies. At the surrender of Lee he was as impassive as on the most ordinary occasion; and until some of us congratulated him, he seemed scarcely to have realized that he had accomplished one of the greatest achievements in modern history. It did not occur to him to enter Richmond as a conqueror when that city fell; nor to cross inside the Rebel lines at Appomattox until his officers requested it. Then he consented, but meeting Lee at the outposts, he stopped to talk with him for a couple of hours, until the time was past. He returned that day to Washington, and never saw the inside of the lines that had resisted him for a year.

His relations with the troops were peculiar. He never made speeches to the soldiers, and of course never led them himself into battle after he assumed his high commands. But in every battle they saw him certainly once or twice far to the front, as exposed as they; for there always seemed to come a time in each engagement when he was unwilling to use the eyes or ears of another, but must observe for himself in order to determine. The soldiers saw all this; they knew, too, that when he rode around in camp it meant action, and the sight of his blue overcoat, exactly like their own, was a signal to prepare for battle. They found out his character and respected his qualities. They felt that he meant well, although when the time came he spared them not, for the cause. Thus, though so undemonstrative, he awoke a genuine enthusiasm. After the battle of the Wilderness he rode at night along the road where Hancock's veterans lay, and when the men discovered it was Grant, and that his face was turned toward Richmond, they knew in a moment they were not to retire across the Rapidan as so often before; and they rose in the darkness and cheered until the enemy thought it was a night attack and came out and opened fire. When the works were carried at Petersburg, their enthusiasm was of course unbounded; and whenever they caught a glimpse of him in the Appomattox campaign, the cheers were vociferous. After the surrender of Lee they began without orders to salute him with cannon, but he directed the firing to cease, lest it should wound the feelings of the prisoners, who, he said, were once again our countrymen.

This sentiment he retained. Soon after the close of the war I was present when a committee of Congress, headed by Charles Sumner, waited on him to propose that a picture

should be painted of the surrender of Lee, to be placed in the rotunda of the Capitol. But he told them he should never consent, so far as he was concerned, to any picture being placed in the Capitol to commemorate a victory in which our own countrymen were the losers.

His friendship for Sherman all the world knows. It had, however, two great exemplifications which should not be omitted from the portraiture. When Sherman had finished his March to the Sea, and had come out successful at Savannah, the country of course rang with plaudits. Grant had been sitting quietly before Richmond for months and apparently had accomplished nothing, while his great subordinate had not only captured Atlanta, but had absolutely marched through the Confederacy. It was at once proposed to raise Sherman to the same rank with Grant, and make him capable of supreme command. Sherman heard of this, and promptly wrote to Grant: "I have written to John Sherman to stop it. I would rather have you in command than any one else. . . . I should emphatically decline any commission calculated to bring us into rivalry." To this Grant replied: "No one would be more pleased at your advancement than I, and if you should be placed in my position and I put subordinate, it would not change our relations in the least. I would make the same exertions to support you that you have done to support me, and I would do all in my power to make our cause win." These were not mere professions on either side. They were pledges in the view of possible contingencies. And they would have been fulfilled.

There were many during the war and afterward who declared and believed that Sherman thought himself the superior of Grant, and that he should have come out foremost; who represented many of his actions as prompted by rivalry or jealousy; but it was impossible to shake Grant's confidence in his friend. I never saw him so angry as when I showed him Stanton's denunciation of the terms of peace that Sherman had granted Johnston. He declared it was "infamous" to impute any but patriotic motives to a man who had served the country as Sherman had. And although he was empowered, and in fact ordered, to proceed to Sherman's army and "direct in person the operations against the enemy," he scrupulously refrained from assuming personal command. He might, under his orders, have received the surrender of Johnston as well as of Lee, snatching the laurels that his friend had fairly earned; but the enemy did not know of his arrival until after the terms were signed, and Grant went

back to Washington without having seen the Rebel army, and without his presence having been generally known even to Sherman's command.

This friendship did not end with the war. Shortly before his first inauguration as President, while he was still general-in-chief, Mr. Blaine, then Speaker of the House of Representatives, proposed to Grant that a resolution should be introduced in both Houses of Congress giving him a leave of absence for four years, so that he could resume his position in the army at the close of his Presidency. The rank of general, it was said, had been created for him, and he should not be called on to relinquish the place and emoluments bestowed for a lifetime, because in order to serve the country he had accepted even a higher position, which could only last four years. The offer was made in the name of a large majority of both Houses; but Grant declined it peremptorily. He said he could not sleep at night if he felt that he had deprived Sherman and others of the promotion they had earned as fairly as he could be said to have deserved his own. His refusal was final, and the resolution was not proposed.

He formed a similar friendship for Sheridan, but this began later in the war, and has gone on ripening since. His admiration for the present general-in-chief is equally outspoken and generous, and he thinks and says to-day that Sheridan is the peer of any soldier living.

McPherson also was a dear friend; to Rawlins he was warmly attached; and with all his immediate subordinates he lived on terms of comparative intimacy, and with some of personal friendship. He had the faculty in a large degree, which nearly or quite all great commanders possess, of attaching those brought closely about him. His personal staff were, without exception, devoted to him; any one of them would have risked his life for his chief had he known he must share the fate of Desaix when he sacrificed himself for Napoleon. In the last year of the war they organized a system at City Point by which one sat up on guard of him every night to watch against plots of the enemy; for there had been devices of dynamitic character, and attempts not only to capture, but to assassinate prominent national officers.

That camp life at City Point can never be forgotten by those who shared it, living in summer in a group of tents, in winter in rude huts, of which the commander-in-chief's was larger, but in no other respect better than that of the humblest captain on the staff. He shared his table with all his aides-de-camp, and at night he always joined the circle around the camp-fire, and told his stories or

conversed about old comrades, and discussed the chances of Sherman on his march or of Sheridan in the Valley, of Thomas at Nashville or of Butler at Fort Fisher. But with all this familiarity he preserved exactly the degree of reticence that he intended. He never betrayed what he meant should be secret, and though willing to listen to suggestions as to movements or plans, he made no remark in reply. In the middle of a conversation he would leave the circle, enter his tent, write out a telegram without consulting any one, and returning say, "I have ordered Thomas to fight to-morrow," or, "I have sent another division to Sheridan." Thus he gave his orders for the last assault on Petersburg; thus, too, in spite of urgent endeavors on the part of Rawlins and others to change the plan, he wrote the final permission to Sherman to start for the sea.

For all his great determinations were his own, he was never averse to availing himself of the ideas of others, and, as I must always repeat, no man ever learned the lesson of experience quicker, or applied it more absolutely. But the suggestions of others were presented simply, and either accepted or rejected as his judgment dictated; he was never persuaded. And if he took up an idea that he found, it was so developed by his own mind that it became as original in reality as if he had conceived the germ. Every one who might be called an associate felt this. Sherman resented the ascription to himself of the origin of the Vicksburg campaign, and has often told the story of his objection to the movement with loyal and splendid magnanimity.

There are many traits in Grant resembling those displayed by Moltke. All great soldiers indeed have much in common, but perhaps the parallel between these two is closer than any other in recent history. Both lived simply and almost unknown to their countrymen for many years. Moltke, it is true, remained in his profession and was more fortunate as the world goes; but until the great opportunity came he also was comparatively obscure. Both are plain in behavior, modest under unexampled success, undemonstrative in manner, simple in habits and tastes, unassuming and retiring though thrust into the highest positions. Neither ever sought advancement, but each earned it by his deeds. Both are admirable in the family, and attach friends warmly despite their reserved and dispassionate demeanor.

Both have displayed in their public career the tremendous determination, the sustained energy, the persistency of purpose which the world has recognized. Both have exhibited the power to hurl men in successive masses

to certain danger or even destruction in order to gain the victory which they deemed essential to their country, as well as the ability to control different armies simultaneously on the widest theaters, moving them in apparently opposite directions only to concentrate them at last for a single aim. The manœuvres in the early days of the Franco-German war have a similarity in their suddenness and celerity and success to the rapid strokes of the Vicksburg campaign; while the great combinations that spread over all France, and finally resulted in Sedan and Metz and the fall of Paris, are not unlike those by which Grant controlled Sherman and Thomas and Sheridan, and brought about the surrenders of Lee and Johnston, and the capture of Richmond. One general struck down an empire and accomplished the capitulation of a sovereign; the other overthrew a rebellion greater than the world had ever seen before, and stamped out every vestige of resistance on a continent.

When the war was over, Grant's popularity naturally knew no bounds. No American ever received during his lifetime such a unanimity of praise. But he remained unchanged, as simple when the foremost man in all the country as when earning his daily bread in a little inland town. I accompanied him when he returned to Galena, and after the first burst of enthusiasm among those who had been his fellow-citizens had subsided, he resumed much of his life of former years, visited and received his earlier friends without any assumption of superiority, took tea in the little houses of Galena, and chatted with his neighbors about their crops and gains, as if he had never commanded generals nor manœuvred a million of men across a continent.

He was as popular at the South as at the North. The men whom he had conquered never forgot his magnanimity. A few months after Appomattox he made a tour through the Southern States, and then entered Richmond for the first time. Had he been the savior instead of the captor of the town, he could hardly have been more cordially received. The Southerners felt indeed that he had been a savior to them. He had saved them from the rancor and revengeful spirit of many at the North. The terms he had granted them at Appomattox were unexampled for clemency; and when Andrew Johnson attempted to violate those terms, Grant declared he would resign his position in the army unless they were respected. At Richmond, Raleigh, Charleston, Savannah, the most important Southerners, civilians and soldiers, made it their duty to call upon him, to welcome him, to show him their gratitude.

At Raleigh the State Legislature was in session, and he was invited to be present, and the body rose as he entered the capitol which his armies had captured not six months before. Important Southerners soon addressed him, requesting him to become a candidate for the Presidency, assuring him of the unanimous desire of the South to see him at the head of the Government. General Richard Taylor came to me on this errand, and urged that Grant should allow himself to become the candidate of the Democrats.

But Grant was then averse to entering politics. I have rarely seen him more indignant than when individuals with little or no acquaintance persisted in declaring that he must be the next President. For years his nearest friends never heard him express a willingness to accept a nomination. To my certain knowledge both political parties made overtures to him both during and after the war; but it was not until the breach between the Executive and Congress, and the impeachment of Johnson, that he thought it his duty to allow his name to be used. He regretted extremely the original harshness of Mr. Johnson, and frequently interposed to modify his views or to palliate the past offenses of Southerners; he obtained numerous pardons in the days when clemency was not the rule, and only the weight of his great services could have prevailed; but when Mr. Johnson swung to the other extreme, contended with Congress, and was anxious to set up his own policy in opposition to that of the mass of the people who had won, Grant thought he had no choice and threw in his lot with those with whom he had fought.

He never, however, lost his hold on the Southerners. In 1880, on his return from Europe, his reception at the South was as enthusiastic as at the North, and thousands of Southern Democrats assured his political friends that had he been nominated at Chicago the mass of the Southern vote would have been thrown in his favor. Whether they were right or wrong, no one now can tell; but that a large number of prominent Southerners were of this opinion shows the feeling that must have existed at the South for him who fought them to the end.

The man of war, indeed, always preferred peace. He never liked his profession. In England, when the Duke of Cambridge offered him a review, the courtesy was declined; and Grant declared to his intimates that a review was the last thing he desired to see. He had seen soldiers enough, he said, to last him a lifetime.

The great measure of his Presidency was the treaty with England, which submitted the

differences between the two countries to arbitration instead of war; and this, although no one felt more keenly than he the conduct of England during the Rebellion, and, as a soldier, no one could see more plainly the immense advantages we might have retained had the Treaty of Washington never been signed. But he always regarded the negotiation of that treaty as the great achievement of his administration, and he was in some sort rewarded by the extraordinary reception he met with in England.

I had been living in that country officially for some years when General Grant visited England. I supposed that he would be received by the important people in a manner becoming their own station and his illustrious position and fame; but the popular enthusiasm that his arrival evoked was a marvel. It equaled anything in the ovations at home immediately after the war. Streets were illuminated, triumphal arches built, holidays were proclaimed because he entered a town; the whole population crowded to see him, and were as eager to shake his hand as those whom he had helped to save. Every great city welcomed him officially; he was the guest of the Queen and the Prince of Wales. Lord Wharncliffe, the bitterest enemy the Union had in the whole nobility, toasted him at public dinners, and declared: "Had General Grant been an Englishman, I should not now be responding for the House of Lords, for he would have been a duke." And always in England this enthusiasm was avowedly based on the fact that, although a great soldier, he had, as President, referred a grave international dispute to a peaceful tribunal instead of the arbitration of war.

The same simplicity which he had manifested at Galena was retained at the table of kings. Some one in England inclined to cavil criticised his lack of loquacity and comparative plainness of behavior; but one who could sympathize with him in both respects, the present Earl of Derby, declared there could be no question about General Grant. The man who had achieved what all knew he had performed, and could retain his simplicity and

modesty, must be a very great man. This was the universal verdict.

As all the world knows, his triumphal procession continued for years. He passed through every country of Europe and the most important of Africa and Asia, enjoying an experience that had never before fallen to man. No great personage of ancient or modern times ever made such a journey. He was received everywhere as the equal of the potentates of the earth. The sovereigns of Europe, the Sultan of Turkey, the Czar of Russia, the Pope, the Khedive, the Emperors of Germany and China and Japan, all met him on a level. The Czar took him by the hand and led him to a sofa, talked statecraft with him and compared experiences, asked how he did when his ministers were troublesome and what was his practice in popular emergencies, while Gortschakoff stood behind and helped his master to a word or a phrase when his English halted. Something of the same sort happened with the Emperor of Germany; while the Mikado of Japan and the King of Siam were anxious to learn politics of him. Then came the statesmen themselves—Bismarck and Gortschakoff and Beaconsfield and Gambetta, who could approach him as they would not or could not a sovereign, and were equally anxious to compare notes with the American President; and so with others of high degree. Last of all, Grant, being a genuine democrat, went among the people themselves, talked with them, studied them, understood them as no sovereign or aristocrat would be able to do; so that he went through three tiers of experience—with the monarchs, the statesmen, the people; and being, as I say, a thorough democrat and republican, believing in the people and being of the people, he preserved not only his simplicity of habit and taste amid the pomp of courts and the adulation of the world, but his firm confidence in the superiority of republican institutions and of the American character. He saw the highest and best of modern civilization, and he returned, if possible, a better democrat than when he started.

Adam Badeau.

BIRD-VOICES.

THE robin and sparrow a-wing, in silver-throated accord;
The low soft breath of a flute, and the deep short pick of a chord,
A golden chord and a flute, where the throat of the oriole swells
Fieldward, and out of the blue the passing of bobolink bells.

A. Lampman.