

was absent; the rivalry which is born of selfishness had no place in their souls. They taught the world that it is time to abandon the path of ambition when it becomes so narrow that two cannot walk abreast. With them the safety of the nation was above all personal aims; and like the men in the Roman phalanx of old they stood shoulder to shoulder, and

linked their shields against a common foe. It was a priceless blessing to the Republic that the era of the Rebellion did not breed a Marius and a Sulla, a Cæsar and a Pompey, or a Charles the First and a Cromwell, but that the power to which its destinies were intrusted was wielded by a Lincoln and a Grant.

Horace Porter.

REMINISCENCES OF GENERAL GRANT.

I WAS with General Sherman the night before he began his march to the sea, in camp near Gaylesville, in the north-eastern corner of Alabama, to which point he had followed Hood from Atlanta in his counter movement towards Tennessee. I had recently arrived from the Valley of Virginia, whence I had been sent by General Grant to reorganize and command the Western cavalry. After disposing of the business of the day we spent the evening, indeed most of the night, in front of a comfortable camp-fire, chatting about the incidents of the recent campaigns and considering the details of those yet to come. One by one the staff-officers had withdrawn to their tents, for Sherman was "an owl" always ready to make a night of it, and they saw that he was well under way towards it upon that occasion. A dark and solemn forest surrounded us, and a dead silence had fallen upon the sleeping army; not a sound except that of the measured tread of the sentinel in front of the general's tent disturbed the quiet of the night. Twelve o'clock had come and gone, and one o'clock was at hand, when there came a pause in the conversation; then a moment of reflection on the part of Sherman, whose deeply lined face and brilliant, sleepless eyes I see now as plainly as I did then, turned towards and lighted up by the red glare of the blazing logs, and bright with intelligent and energetic life. Then came a quick, nervous upward glance at me, and then the following remark: "Wilson, I am a great deal smarter man than Grant; I see things more quickly than he does. I know more about law, and history, and war, and nearly everything else than he does; but I'll tell you where he beats me and where he beats the world. He don't care a d— for what he can't see the enemy doing, and it scares me like h—!" And this vigorous and graphic speech is the best description of the fundamental characteristics and differences of the two men I have ever heard. It shows not only a profound self-knowledge on the part of Sherman, but a profound, comprehensive, and discriminating esti-

mate of the personal peculiarities of General Grant; for it is true that the latter was never scared by what the enemy might be doing beyond his sight. He gave his best attention to learning the position, strength, and probable plans of his adversary, and then made his own plans as best he might to foil or overthrow him, modifying or changing them only after it became clearly necessary to do so, but never lying awake of nights trying to make plans for the enemy as well as for himself; never countermanding his orders, never countermarching his troops, and never annoying or harassing his subordinate commanders by orders evolved from his imagination. He never worried over what he could not help, but was always cool, level-headed, and reasonable, never in the least excitable or imaginative. He always had the nerve to play his game through calmly and without any external exhibition of uneasiness or anxiety; and this was constitutional with him, not the result of training nor altogether of reflection. It was his nature, and he could not help it. The sanguine and nervous elements were so happily modified, blended, and held in check by the lymphatic element of his temperament that he could do nothing in a hurry or a heat, and, above all, it was impossible for him to borrow trouble from what he did not know to be certain, or could not change. While this equable temper guided him smoothly through many dangers, it also kept him out of many difficulties of a personal as well as of an official nature. It made it easy for him to command an army of discordant elements, filled with jealousies, and led by generals mostly from civil life, quite ready to quarrel with each other, or with any one else, for that matter, excepting himself, while another commander less happily organized would have been constantly in hot water. The value of such a temperament in war can scarcely be estimated by one not acquainted with the troubles which come from a vivid and excitable imagination. It was this temperament, together with a modest reasonableness and capability, an openness to

good counsels, and a freedom from offensive obstinacy of opinion, in reference to what should be done in a campaign, which caused so many experienced and judicious officers to say, as they frequently did, that they would rather take their chances in a great war or in a desperate campaign with Grant, even in his old age, than with any of his great subordinates.

But Grant had another noticeable characteristic, in a measure flowing from his temperament, which was of immense value, and ultimately gave the greatest confidence to the armies commanded by him. I refer, of course, to his constancy or steadfastness,—that quality which was blood of his blood and bone of his bone, which came to him perhaps from generations of wild and warlike ancestry, and which caused him to fight all his campaigns and battles through to the end, whether it took three days, three weeks, “all summer,” or a whole year. It was that quality which made it natural and easy for him to say at Belmont, when his little army was surrounded, “We must fight our way out as we fought our way in”; which made him exclaim, on seeing the well-filled haversack of a dead rebel at Donelson, “They are trying to escape; if we attack first and vigorously we shall win”; which made him try every possible way of reaching a solid footing for his army in the Vicksburg campaign, and finally run the batteries with his transports, ferry his army across the Mississippi at Bruinsburg, cut loose from his line of communications, swing out into the Confederacy, beat and disperse the army confronting him, break up the railroads and sit down calmly and resolutely behind the fortifications of Vicksburg, resolved to take it by siege or starvation if not by assault. It was that quality which carried him through the perils and difficulties of Chattanooga and Missionary Ridge, and which finally brought him the rank of lieutenant-general, and gave him command of all the loyal armies. And finally it was that quality which caused him to fight his way, inch by inch, through the Wilderness and to continue the fighting day after day, from the morning of May 5th till the evening of the 12th, holding on to all the ground he gained, never halting, never yielding, but inexorably pressing forward, no matter what the discouragements nor what the difficulties to be overcome. Such persistency was never before shown by an American general. The Army of the Potomac had never before been compelled to fight more than two days consecutively. Its commanders had always hesitated even in the full tide of victory, as at Antietam or Gettysburg, or had fallen back as at Fredericksburg or Chancellorsville, after the second day’s fighting, and before any de-

cisive advantage had been gained by either side. It had never been compelled to fight its battles through before, but now all this was changed. And there is no sort of doubt that this change marked the final epoch of the war, inasmuch as it convinced both the officers and men of the Army of the Potomac, and indeed of all the Union armies, that there would be no more yielding, no more retreating, no more rest from fighting and marching till the national cause had everywhere triumphed over its enemies! Neither is there any sort of doubt that Lee and his valiant army also recognized the advent of Grant as the beginning of the end. They were from the first amazed at the unshakable steadiness and persistency with which he held his army to its work, and they saw at once the doom of the Confederacy and the end of all their hopes. This is plainly shown by the defensive attitude which they maintained thenceforth to the end of the war. The only *riposte* Lee ever made against Grant was on the evening of the second day’s fighting in the Wilderness, when the rebels by a happy stroke turned the right flank of the Sixth Corps and threw it into great confusion. There is reason for supposing, notwithstanding statements to the contrary, that Grant’s nerves were severely shaken by this unexpected and untoward reverse. He was in a strange army, surrounded almost entirely by strangers, and naturally enough for a short time amidst the darkness and confusion felt uncertain as to the purposes of the enemy, the extent of the disaster, and the capacity of his own army to recover from it. In all that host there were only three general officers who had served with him in the West,—Rawlins, his able and courageous chief-of-staff, Sheridan, and myself. Meade, whose headquarters were near by, and all the infantry corps and division commanders, were comparatively unknown to him, and what is worse, precedent, so far as there was any precedent, in that army, seemed to require them under such circumstances to retire, and not advance. I was with Sheridan and Forsyth, his chief-of-staff, that night, near Old Chancellorsville. Forsyth and I lay till dawn listening to what seemed to us to be the roar of distant musketry; orders had been received during the night by the cavalry “to cover the trains,” and from our position, and what we knew of the precedents, as well as of the temper of the army, we feared that the next day would find us on the way to the north side of the Rappahannock, instead of on the road to Richmond. Sheridan shared this apprehension. Before dawn he gave me orders to move as soon as I could see with my division towards Germanna Ford, and ascertain if the enemy, after

turning the right flank of the Sixth Corps, had interposed between the army and the river or penetrated towards the rear. By sunrise I had covered the whole region in the direction indicated, and having ascertained that the noise of the night before was the rumbling of the trains on the Fredericksburg turnpike, and that the enemy had withdrawn without discovering the magnitude of his advantage, I rode rapidly to General Grant's headquarters, for the twofold purpose of reporting the result of my reconnoissance and of ascertaining how the General had stood the alarm and trials of the night and day before. I felt that the Army of the Potomac had not been beaten and that it would be fatal for it to withdraw at that stage of the campaign, and yet I feared that the pressure upon General Grant might be so great as to induce him to yield to it. I found him at his camp on a knoll covered with scrub pine, where he had spent the day and night, just ready to mount and move out. I dismounted at the foot of the knoll, and throwing my bridle to my orderly, started rapidly towards the General, who not only saw me coming, but saw also the look of anxious inquiry in my face, and, without waiting to receive my report or to question or be questioned, called out in cheerful and reassuring tones: "It's all right, Wilson; the army is already on the move for Richmond! It is not going back, but forward, until we beat Lee or he beats us." I saw at a glance that, however severely tried, Grant had recovered his equilibrium, and that his courage was steadfast and unshaken. My anxieties were relieved, and after expressing my gratification at the orders he had given, and saying what I could in support of the policy announced, I remounted my horse and galloped back to my division. I imparted the result of my reconnoissance and of my interview with General Grant promptly to Forsyth and Sheridan, both of whom received it with unmistakable delight and satisfaction. It is not too much to say that a great load was lifted from our minds. We saw that the gravest crisis of Grant's life was safely past, and we felt that our success was now solely a question of pluck and persistency on the part of the army. We knew that the commanding general would do his duty to the bitter end, and we could not doubt what the end would be.

Grant has been severely criticised for the rude and disjointed battles fought by the Army of the Potomac during this memorable campaign, and much of this criticism is well founded, though not so well directed. If Grant had been a great tactician, which he was not, or had more closely supervised the car-

rying out of his own orders, instead of depending upon Meade and his corps and division commanders for all the details and their execution, it is probable that many valuable lives would have been spared; but it must not be forgotten, after all, that whenever everything else fails and the resources of strategy and tactics are exhausted, the fundamental fact remains that that army or that nation generally prevails, or has the greatest capacity for war, which stands killing best. In the words of the rebel General Forrest, "War means fight, and fight means kill." Lee and his army of veterans had to be taught that there was nothing left for them but to fight it out; that no matter how many Union soldiers they killed, their places would be promptly filled; that no matter how many assaults they might repulse, new assaults would follow, until finally there would be no safety left for their steadily decreasing numbers except in flight or surrender. And this was the result which followed! Even the unsuccessful and unnecessary assaults at Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor, and Petersburg contributed to this result, for they taught the rebels to beware of meeting in the open field soldiers who could make such assaults and withstand such bloody repulses without being disgraced or seriously discouraged thereby.

But General Grant's temperament gave him other good qualities besides the one so graphically described by Sherman. It made him modest, patient and slow to anger, and these virtues contributed to his earlier successes almost as much as the rapid and sturdy blows which he dealt the enemy confronting him. They kept him from putting on airs, assuming superiority, or otherwise offending the sensibilities and self-respect of either the officers or men who constituted the rank and file of the army, and while these were negative virtues, they were unfortunately not possessed by all the regular army officers who found themselves in command of volunteers at the outbreak of the rebellion. Notwithstanding Grant's extraordinary success at Donelson and his excellent behavior at Shiloh, there was a great outcry against him not only in the army, but throughout the North-west. He was charged with leaving his command without authority, neglect of duty, and incompetence, and there is no doubt that the Administration not only lent ear to these charges, but authorized Halleck to supersede Grant in the field, and assured General McClelland that he should have command of an expedition for the purpose of opening the Mississippi River.

I joined the staff of General Grant as an officer of engineers, in October, 1862, and found him just starting on the Tallahatchee or Gren-

ada (Mississippi) campaign. Before leaving Washington I became satisfied that the chief honors of his command would be given to McClelland, if the President and Secretary of War could manage it without a public scandal; and I lost no time, after returning from a short tour of duty with McPherson, then commanding the left wing of Grant's army, in making known to Major Rawlins the information upon which I had reached my conclusion. Grant had gone to Memphis, but Rawlins and I followed him shortly, and when fitting opportunity presented itself the former laid my information before the General, and considered it with him. At that time Vicksburg had come to be regarded as the great strategic point in the Western theater of war, and consequently its capture was looked upon as of the first importance to the Union cause. It also became abundantly evident that McClelland had not only been promised the command of the expedition for that purpose, but there was reason for believing that he and his friends were using all the means in their power to foster and spread the discontent with Grant, and if possible to relegate him to a subordinate position. Grant's conduct at this juncture was cautious and prudent. Rawlins and others urged him to make short work of it, and relieve McClelland, or at least to assert his own authority, and rebuke the pretensions of his lieutenant in a manner which could not be misunderstood, but he declined, contenting himself with modestly asking General Halleck if there was any reason why he should not himself go in chief command of that part of the army to be employed in the movement against Vicksburg. Later on, when McClelland showed his resentment and bad temper, and indirectly claimed independence of Grant's control, Rawlins again urged a decided rebuke of his insubordination, but Grant still declined, saying, quietly but firmly: "I can't afford to quarrel with a man whom I have to command." McClelland, it will be remembered, was a politician of influence and distinction, had been a leading and influential member of Congress, was a townsman of Mr. Lincoln, a war Democrat of pronounced and ardent loyalty to the Government, and above all he had shown himself to be a brave, energetic, and fairly skillful division commander, and, notwithstanding his extraordinary vanity and captiousness, was of entirely too much consideration to admit of being relieved for any light or trivial or uncertain cause; and so Grant bore with him modestly and patiently till, in his estimation, forbearance was no longer possible. In this I encouraged him whenever occasion offered, and appreciating my motives, it was his custom to intrust me

with nearly all of the orders and instructions for McClelland's corps. At the battle near Port Gibson, where the enemy was first met after our passage of the Mississippi, McClelland behaved with his accustomed gallantry and sound judgment, and as I had been near him throughout the action, I thought I saw an opportunity in it for bringing about a better understanding between him and General Grant. Accordingly, when the latter arrived upon the field I explained the situation to him, and suggested that he should congratulate and thank McClelland in person for his good management and success. But much to my surprise he declined to do this, merely remarking that McClelland had done no more than his duty, and that it would be time enough to thank and congratulate him when the action was over and good conduct and subordination had become habitual with him. From that day forward the breach between them widened, notwithstanding the bravery of McClelland's corps at the battle of Champion's Hill, and of Lawler's brigade of the same corps at Big Black. McClelland's temper seemed to grow worse and worse. He alienated the only friends he had at headquarters by violent language and threatened insubordination. Finally, "for falsely reporting the capture of the enemy's works in his front," for the publication of a bombastic order of congratulation to his corps, and for failing to send a copy of the same to army headquarters, Grant relieved him from command, while in the trenches before Vicksburg, and ordered him to proceed to such point in Illinois as he might select, reporting thence to the War Department for orders. I mention this circumstance with no intention of passing censure upon McClelland, nor even of judging between him and his commanding general, but merely for the purpose of illustrating Grant's patience and forbearance, and calling attention to the fact that when he was ready to act, his action was vigorous and effective; and that notwithstanding his patience he was inexorable and unrelenting towards one who he thought had intended to do him official and personal injury. In this he was not unlike the most of mankind so far as the feeling of resentment was concerned, but it will be observed that he acted even in this case with caution and prudence, inasmuch as he took no action and raised no questions to be settled by the President or Secretary of War till substantial success had so strengthened him in the popular mind that his position was unassailable. And so it was throughout his military career. He never quarreled with those he had to command, but bore with their shortcomings long and patiently. Such as

proved themselves incompetent or inefficient from any cause were quietly but surely eliminated, while those who were so imprudent as to criticise him or his generalship in such a way as to attract his notice were more summarily and promptly disposed of as his power increased and as his own supremacy became assured. In reference to all official matters he was a man of but few words, either in speech or writing, hence whatever he did in this direction was done decently and in order, and apparently upon the theory that "He who offends by silence offends wisely; by speech rashly." While it is certainly true, as a general rule, that Grant was impatient of even friendly criticism from subordinates, and did not like unfriendly criticism from any quarter, it would give an entirely erroneous impression of him and his peculiarities, if the foregoing statement were not qualified by a brief explanation of his relations with Rawlins, Sherman, and McPherson.

When I reported at his headquarters at Grand Junction, I found Major (afterwards Major-General) John A. Rawlins in charge as assistant adjutant-general. He received me warmly and cordially, explained frankly but impressively the character of General Grant, including its defects as well as its strong array of virtues, described the staff by whom he was surrounded, and gave me a brief account of the army and its subordinate commanders, concluding the conversation by proposing that we should form an "alliance offensive and defensive" in the performance of our duties towards General Grant and the cause in which we were all engaged. We soon became fast friends, with no reserve or concealments of any kind between us. Shortly afterwards the forces serving in that region were organized into "the Army of the Tennessee," and divided into corps; whereupon Rawlins was designated as adjutant-general and I as inspector-general of the army, each with the rank of lieutenant-colonel. The duties of these positions brought us still more closely together, and if possible established our relations on a still firmer footing with each other and with General Grant. I mention this fact merely to show that I was in a position to know all that took place at headquarters, and especially to learn the characteristics and influence of the men by whom Grant was surrounded and with whom I was thrown in daily contact.

Rawlins was a man of extraordinary ability and force of character, entirely self-made and self-educated. When he was twenty-three years of age he was burning charcoal for a living. By the meager gains from this humble calling he had paid his way through the Academy, where he had acquired most of his edu-

cation. He had studied and practiced law, rising rapidly in his profession and acquiring a solid reputation for ability as a pleader and as a public speaker. He had come to be a leader of the Douglas wing of the Democratic party, and was a candidate for the Electoral College on that ticket in 1860, before he had reached his thirtieth year. Immediately after the rebels fired upon Sumter, he made an impassioned and eloquent speech at Galena, in which he declared for the doctrine of coercion, and closed with the following stirring peroration: "I have been a Democrat all my life; but this is no longer a question of politics. It is simply union or disunion, country or no country. I have favored every honorable compromise, but the day for compromise is past. Only one course is left for us. We will stand by the flag of our country and appeal to the God of Battles!" Amongst the audience was Ulysses S. Grant, late captain Fourth United States Infantry, but then a clerk in his father's Galena leather store. He was not a politician, still less a partisan, but he had hitherto called himself a Democrat, and had cast his only presidential vote four years before for James Buchanan. He had listened attentively to Rawlins's speech, and had been deeply impressed by it and by the manly bearing of the orator, with whom he had already formed an acquaintance, and that night on his way home he declared himself in favor of the doctrine of coercion, telling a friend that he should at once offer his services to the Government through the adjutant-general of the army. The story of his fruitless efforts to secure recognition at first, and of his final success in getting into the volunteer army through Governor Yates, who appointed him colonel of the Twenty-first Illinois Infantry, and also of his appointment to the rank of brigadier-general of volunteers through the recommendation of the Hon. E. B. Washburne and his colleagues of the Illinois delegation in Congress, is well known, and needs no repetition here; but it is not so well known that the very first day after Grant's assignment by seniority to the command of a brigade, he wrote to Mr. Rawlins and offered him the place of aide-de-camp on his staff, or that with equal promptitude after receiving notice, only a few days later, of his appointment as brigadier-general, he wrote again to Rawlins, offering him the position of assistant adjutant-general, with the rank of captain. When it is remembered that Rawlins was at that time not only entirely ignorant of everything pertaining to military affairs, but had never even seen a company of artillery, cavalry, or infantry, it will be admitted at once that he must have had other very marked qualities to commend

him so strongly to a professional soldier, and this was indeed the case. Having been a politician himself, he knew many of the leading public men from Illinois and the northwest; being a lawyer, he had carefully studied the relations between the States and the General Government, and had arrived at clear and decided notions in reference to the duties of the citizen towards both. He was a man of the most ardent patriotism, with prodigious energy of both mind and body, of severe, upright conduct, rigid morals, and most correct principles. He was not long in learning either the duties of his own station or the general principles of army organizations; and what is still more important, he also learned, with the promptitude of one having a true genius for war, the essential rules of the military art, so that he became from the start an important factor in all matters concerning his chief, whether personal or official, and was recognized as such by Grant, as well as by all the leading officers in the army with which he was connected. He did not hesitate when occasion seemed to call for it to express his opinion upon all questions concerning Grant, the army he was commanding, or the public welfare; and this he did in language so forcible and with arguments so sound that he never failed to command attention and respect, and rarely ever failed in the end to see his views adopted. It cannot be said that Grant was accustomed to taking formal counsel with Rawlins, but owing to circumstances of a personal nature, and to the fearless and independent character of the latter, this made but little difference to him. Grant himself was a stickler neither for etiquette nor ceremony, while Rawlins never permitted either to stand between him and the performance of what he conceived to be a duty. Grant was always willing to listen, and even if he had not been he could not well have failed to hear the stentorian tones in which Rawlins occasionally thought it necessary to impart his views to a staff or general officer, so that all within ear-shot might profit thereby. I never knew Grant to resent the liberties taken by Rawlins, and they were many, but to the contrary their personal intimacy, although strained at times and perhaps finally in some degree irksome to Grant, remained unbroken to the end of the war, and indeed up to the date of Rawlins's death, in 1869. When the history of the Great Rebellion shall have been fully written, it will appear that this friendship was alike creditable to both and beneficial to the country, and that Rawlins was, as stated by Grant himself, "more nearly indispensable to him than any other man in the army." Indeed nothing is more

certain than that he was altogether indispensable; and that he was a constant and most important factor in all that concerned Grant, either personally or officially, and contributed more to his success at every stage of his military career than any or all other officers or influences combined.

Both Sherman and McPherson were very intimate with Grant, and were held in the highest estimation by him; both were fully trusted, and both acted towards him with the most perfect loyalty; and yet neither of them, although both were men of extraordinary brilliancy, ever exerted a tithe of the influence that was exerted by Rawlins. Sherman was especially open and outspoken in giving his views, whether asked for or not; but having once freed his mind, verbally, or by letter, as in the case of the Vicksburg campaign in opposition to the turning movement as it was finally made, he dropped his contention there, and loyally and cheerfully, without hesitation or delay, and equally without grumbling or criticism, set vigorously about performing the duty assigned to him. It is but fair to add that Sherman always had decided views. He was then, as now, a man of great abilities and great attainments, not only in the art of war, but in nearly everything else. In short, to use his own words, he was "a great deal smarter man than Grant," and knew it, and perhaps Grant knew it also, and yet there was never any rivalry or jealousy between them. In view of all this, and especially in view of the marked differences and idiosyncrasies of the two men, it must be admitted that there is nothing in the life of either which reflects more honor upon him than his friendship for and confidence in the other.

McPherson, who was also serving with Grant when I joined him, and enjoyed his confidence and affectionate regard, was also an officer of rare merit. Like Sherman, he was a graduate of the Military Academy, and was justly noted for the brilliancy of his intellect and his high standing and attainments in the military profession. He was much younger than Sherman, but, unlike him, had never been in civil life since his original entry into the service at West Point. He was cheerful, modest and unassuming, but vigorous and active in the performance of every duty, and while he was justly regarded by all as a general of excellent judgment and great promise, and while it is also certain that he enjoyed Grant's confidence and esteem to the highest degree, it is equally certain that Grant rarely if ever consulted him on questions of policy, or even as to the details of the movements or dispositions of the army. It is still more certain that McPherson

did not, during the Vicksburg campaign nor at any time subsequent, volunteer his opinions. He neither furnished brains nor plans, as was at one time so commonly supposed in army circles to be the case, but confined himself strictly to the duty of commanding his corps, and doing cheerfully and ably whatever he was ordered to do by those in authority over him. He made no protests, wrote no letters of advice, and indulged in no criticisms whatever. He was an ideal subordinate, with a commanding figure and a lofty and patriotic character, and endeared himself, by his frank and open nature and his chivalric bearing and behavior, to his superiors and equals as well as to his subordinates. Grant loved him as a brother, and lost no opportunity to secure his promotion or to advance his fortunes, but never leant upon him for either advice or plans. He sent orders as occasion required, never doubting that they would be understood, and loyally and intelligently carried out according to the requirements of the case and the best interests of the service.

As a rule these orders were general in their terms, and specially designed to leave McPherson free to regulate and arrange the details according to his own judgment. So perfectly in accord were Grant and McPherson, so well placed was Grant's confidence in his admirable lieutenant, that there was never a shade of disappointment or ill feeling on the part of either towards the other. It is almost needless to add that Grant and Rawlins were of one mind in reference to both Sherman and McPherson, and indeed in reference to nearly everybody else. They judged from the same standpoint and from the same facts, knowledge of which necessarily in many cases reached Rawlins first, producing a profound impression on his vigorous and alert mind, and with gathered force upon that of his chief. It is proper to add that I never knew an army which was so little affected by jealousies, ill feeling, and heart-burnings as was the Army of the Tennessee under Grant; and I cannot imagine an army headquarters or administration where prejudice had so little influence or where the public business was conducted on higher principles than at those of General Grant. Merit and success were the sole tests by which subordinate commanders were judged. I say merit and success, but I wish to emphasize the statement that merit even without success was sure to receive the recognition it deserved. In this respect Grant's conduct was a model which cannot be too highly commended. His patience and deliberation caused him to judge fairly of every action before meting out praise or blame. With the former he was lavish and generous; with the latter no one could be more

sparing. If the circumstances did not justify success, or if the orders given were misunderstood, or if contingencies were not properly provided for, he would always say: "It was my fault, not his; I ought to have known better," or "I should have foreseen the difficulty," or "I should have sent so and so," or "I should have given him a larger force." It is not to be wondered at that, with such consideration for his subordinate commanders, Grant should have become exceedingly popular with them, from the highest to the lowest. And yet it should not be forgotten that he was free from and above all clap-trap, and utterly despised the cheap arts of advertisement and popularity so easily mastered by the military charlatan. He was at that period of his life the embodiment of modesty and simplicity, and showed it not only in his relations with those above and below him, but in his retinue and equipage, whether in camp or on the march. This is well illustrated by the fact that he crossed the Mississippi at Bruinsburg, without a horse, and with no baggage whatever except a tooth-brush and a paper collar. He rode forward to the battle near Port Gibson on an orderly's horse, and knocked about the field and country like any private soldier till his own horse and camp equipage, which did not cross till after the main body of the army, had rejoined him. Throughout this wonderful campaign he shared every hardship and every peril, and what is more, never for a moment forgot the comfort or hardships of those about him.

Having been engaged the second night in rebuilding the bridges over the north fork of the Bayou Pierre, in order that the army might not be delayed in following up its advantages, after completing my task, and seeing the advanced division well started on the march, I went to the little log-cabin by the roadside where the General and staff had bivouacked. It was between two and three o'clock in the morning, and after reporting to the General, as he always desired should be done under such circumstances, that the bridge was completed and the column moving, I turned in for sleep and rest, and was soon unconscious of everything around me. Breakfast was ready and eaten before daylight, and Grant and the rest of the staff moved out as soon as they could see the road and the marching soldiers; but as it was my second night without sleep he would not permit me to be disturbed, but directed the cook to put up my breakfast, and left an orderly to keep it for me, and to show me the road he and the staff had taken. I rejoined him, after a rapid ride of fifteen miles, about noon that day, shortly after which, hearing that Grand Gulf had been abandoned and

was in Admiral Porter's possession, he started with Rawlins, myself, Mr. Dana, Assistant Secretary of War, and a few orderlies, to that place. Arriving after dark he went at once on board the admiral's flag-ship, where he kept us all busily engaged writing dispatches and orders till eleven o'clock. We then went ashore, remounted our horses, and rode rapidly through the dark by a strange and circuitous road to Hankinson's ferry, to which point the army had been directed. The distance covered that night was between twenty and twenty-five miles, and for the day between forty-five and fifty. We rejoined the army at a double log plantation house about a mile from the ferry, just as dawn began to appear. Hastily unsaddling our horses, we threw ourselves flat upon the porch, using our saddles for pillows and our horse-blankets for covering. General Grant did not even take time to select a soft plank, but lay down at the end of the porch so as to leave room for the rest of us as we came up. In an incredibly short space of time we were all asleep, and yet he and the rest were up and about their respective duties shortly after sunrise. The army was rapidly concentrated, provisions were brought forward, and in a few days operations were again renewed and the country was electrified by the series of brilliant victories which followed. Grant's conduct throughout the campaign was characterized by the same vigor, activity, and untiring and unsleeping energy that he displayed during the two days which I have just described. It is difficult, I should say impossible, to imagine wherein his personal or official conduct from the beginning of the turning movement by Bruinsburg, till the army had sat down behind Vicksburg, could have been more admirable or more worthy of praise. His combinations, movements, and battles were models which may well challenge comparison with those of Napoleon during his best days. Withal he was still modest, considerate, and approachable. Victory brought with it neither pride nor presumption. Fame, so dear to every honorable and patriotic soldier, had now come to him, and his praise resounded throughout the North. Cavil and complaint were silenced. His shortcomings ceased to be matters for public condemnation; and when Vicksburg and the army defending it also fell before his well-directed blows, no name in all the land brought so much pleasure to the minds of the loyal and patriotic people as did that of Ulysses S. Grant. President Lincoln hastened to write him a cordial and magnanimous letter, saying in regard to the forecast of the campaign, "I now wish to

make a personal acknowledgment that you were right and I wrong." It is worthy of remark that whatever were Lincoln's opinions during the campaign he kept them to himself, and, so far as General Grant then knew, did not in any way try to influence him or his movements. It is also worthy of remark that notwithstanding the heartiness and magnanimity of the letter just referred to, a new source of anxiety had arisen in Lincoln's mind in regard to General Grant, and the nature and extent of this anxiety will best appear from the following anecdote.

Amongst the most sagacious and prudent of General Grant's friends was J. Russel Jones, Esq., formerly of Galena, at that time United States Marshal for the northern district of Illinois, and also a warm and trusted friend of the President. Mr. Jones, feeling a deep interest in General Grant, and having many friends and neighbors under his command, had joined the army at Vicksburg and was there on the day of its final triumph. Lincoln, hearing this, and knowing his intimacy with Grant, sent for him, shortly after his return to Chicago, to come to Washington. Mr. Jones started immediately and traveled night and day. On his arrival at the railway station at Washington he was met by the President's servants and carriage, taken directly to the White House, and at once shown into the President's room. After a hurried but cordial greeting the President led the way to the library, closed the doors, and when he was sure that they were entirely alone addressed him as follows:

"I have sent for you, Mr. Jones, to know if that man Grant wants to be President."

Mr. Jones, although somewhat astonished at the question and the circumstances under which it was asked, replied at once:

"No, Mr. President."

"Are you sure?" queried the latter.

"Yes," said Mr. Jones, "perfectly sure; I have just come from Vicksburg; I have seen General Grant frequently and talked fully and freely with him, about that and every other question, and I know he has no political aspirations whatever, and certainly none for the Presidency. His only desire is to see you reëlected, and to do what he can under your orders to put down the rebellion and restore peace to the country."

"Ah, Mr. Jones," said Lincoln, "you have lifted a great weight off my mind, and done me an immense amount of good, for I tell you, my friend, no man knows how deeply that presidential grub gnaws till he has had it himself."

James Harrison Wilson.

"TAPS."*

August 8, 1885.

BRAVE heart, good-night! the evening shadows fall;
Silenced the tramping feet, the wailing dirge,
The cannons' roar; faint dies the bugle call,
"Lights out!"—the sentry's tread scarce wakes the hush,
Good-night.

Swift flows the river, murmuring as it flows,—
Soft slumber-giving airs invite to rest;
Pain's hours of anguish fled—tired eyelids close—
Love wishes thee, as oft and oft before,
Good-night.

The stars look down upon thy calm repose
As once on tented field, on battle eve;
No clash of arms, sad herald of woes,
Now rudely breaks the sleep God's peace enfolds,—
Good-night.

Thy silence speaks, and tells of honor, truth,
Of faithful service,—generous victory,—
A nation saved. For thee a nation weeps,—
Clasps hands again, through tears! Our Leader sleeps!
Good-night.

F. M. Newton.

THE DEAD COMRADE.*

COME, soldiers, arouse ye!
Another has gone;
Let us bury our comrade,
His battles are done.
His sun it is set;
He was true, he was brave,
He feared not the grave,—
There is nought to regret.

Bring music and banners
And wreaths for his bier;—
No fault of the fighter
That Death conquered here.
Bring him home ne'er to rove,
Bear him home to his rest,
And over his breast
Fold the flag of his love.

Great Captain of battles,
We leave him with Thee.
What was wrong, O forgive it;
His spirit make free.
Sound taps, and away!
Out lights, and to bed,—
Farewell, soldier dead!
Farewell—for a day!

R. W. G.

* The burial service at the funeral of General Grant closed impressively with the sound of "Taps"
(Lights out).