

stored to health and strength, nothing that the nation could have done to secure that end would have been lacking, or been thought too costly; but now that he could never be more than a sufferer, prostrate and hopeless, there was no desire to retain him. Reverent sorrow and sympathy had long ascended from every quarter of the land towards the cottage on that mountain-top, but there were no prayers uttered for protracted days.

The final crisis was neither long nor painful. On the 21st of July the country was informed that he was failing again. For two days his symptoms indicated increasing depression and exhaustion, and on the 23d came

the end. There was no renewed struggle, no distinct consciousness on his part that his feet were wet with the waters of that river which we all must cross; he made no formal parting again with his family; he endured no pangs of dissolution, but passed away quietly without a groan or a shudder, with no one but his wife and children and his medical attendants by his side. He had done most of the great things of his life with calmness and composure, and in the same way he entered the long procession in which Alexander and Cæsar and Wellington and Napoleon had preceded him.

*Adam Badeau.*

*U. S. Grant*  
*Georgetown*  
*Ohio*

AUTOGRAPH OF GENERAL GRANT WRITTEN WHILE AT WEST POINT, IN THE ALBUM OF A CLASSMATE.

[General Grant was christened Hiram Ulysses, and is said to have reversed the initials to avoid the humorous conjunction of them. In his commission as cadet the name was by mistake written Ulysses S., and as it could not be changed officially, he afterward adopted it, taking Simpson, a family name, for the second initial.—EDITOR.]

## LINCOLN AND GRANT.

THE names of Lincoln and Grant will always be inseparably associated in connection with the events of the War of the Rebellion. At first thought they present two characters in American history entirely dissimilar. Their careers seem in striking contrast. One led the life of a civilian, and made his reputation as a statesman; the other was essentially a soldier, and is naturally classed amongst the great military captains of history. But upon a closer study of their lives, it will be found that the two men had many traits in common, and that there were many points of resemblance in their remarkable careers. Each was of humble origin, and had been compelled to struggle with adverse fortune, and learn the first lessons of life in the severe school of adversity. Each had risen from the people, possessed an abiding confidence in them, and always retained a deep hold upon their affection. Each remembered that though clothed in the robes of a master he was still the servant of the people. Both entered the public service from the same State, rose in life without the help of wealthy or influential friends, and owed every success to individual merit. Each might have said, to any who were inclined to sneer at his plain origin, what a marshal of France, who had risen from the ranks to a dukedom, said to the hereditary nobles who snubbed him in Vienna: "I am an ancestor; you are only descendants." Each was conspicuous for the possession of that most uncommon of all the virtues—common sense.

Both despised the arts of the demagogue, shrank from attitudinizing in public or posing before the world for effect, and looked upon the exercise of mawkish sentimentality and the indulgence in mock heroics with a righteous contempt. With them there was none of the puppyism which is bred by power, and none of that dogmatism which has been well described as puppyism grown to maturity. Each was endowed with talents especially bestowed upon him by Providence to meet the trying emergencies in which he was placed; each bore a patriot's part in securing the integrity of the Union; and each received from the people a second election to the highest office in their gift. Each had qualities which commanded the respect and admiration of the other, and where their characteristics were unlike, they only served to supplement each other, and to add to the strength which their combined powers exercised in the great cause in which they labored.

The acquaintance between the two men began by official correspondence, which afterwards became more personal in its tone, and when they finally met an intimacy sprang up between them which soon ripened into a genuine friendship. The writer of this article witnessed much of their intercourse; was often a listener to the estimates which each placed upon the other, and could not help being profoundly impressed with the extent to which these two historic characters became attached to each other.

They did not meet till March, 1864, and previous to that time had had but little personal correspondence. Most of the communications which the General received from the President had been in the form of executive orders sent through the War Department. Lincoln had early formed a high opinion of the Western general, in consequence of his victories at Donelson and Shiloh, and because he did not spend his time in calling for troops, but made the best use of those that were sent him. In other words, he was a man who asked for nothing, and gave the executive no trouble.

Grant's successes brought with them the usual number of jealousies and rivalries. Political generals had their advocates in Washington to plead their cause, while Grant stood without friends at court. His detractors gathered at times a great deal of strength in their efforts to supplant him with a general of their own choosing, and Lincoln was beset by many a delegation who insisted that nothing would harmonize matters in the West but Grant's removal. This nagging continued even after his great triumph at Vicksburg.

Lincoln always enjoyed telling the General, after the two had become personally intimate, how the cross-roads wiseacres had criticised his campaigns. One day, after dwelling for some time on this subject, he said to Grant: "After Vicksburg I thought it was about time to shut down on this sort of thing. So one day, when a delegation came to see me and had spent half an hour in trying to show me the fatal mistake you had made in paroling Pemberton's army, and insisting that the rebels would violate their paroles and in less than a month confront you again in the ranks, and have to be whipped all over again, I thought I should get rid of them best by telling them a story about Sykes's dog. 'Have you ever heard about Sykes's yellow dog?' said I to the spokesman of the delegation. He said he hadn't. 'Well, I must tell you about him,' said I. 'Sykes had a yellow dog he set great store by, but there were a lot of small boys around the village, and that's always a bad thing for dogs, you know. These boys didn't share Sykes's views, and they were not disposed to let the dog have a fair show. Even Sykes had to admit that the dog was getting unpopular; in fact it was soon seen that a prejudice was growing up against that dog that threatened to wreck all his future prospects in life. The boys, after meditating how they could get the best of him, finally fixed up a cartridge with a long fuse, put the cartridge in a piece of meat, dropped the meat in the road in front of Sykes's door, and then perched themselves on a

fence a good distance off with the end of the fuse in their hands. Then they whistled for the dog. When he came out he scented the bait, and bolted the meat, cartridge and all. The boys touched off the fuse with a cigar and in about a second a report came from that dog that sounded like a small clap of thunder. Sykes came bouncing out of the house, and yelled:

"'What's up! Anything busted?'"

"There was no reply except a snicker from the small boys roosting on the fence, but as Sykes looked up he saw the whole air filled with pieces of yellow dog. He picked up the biggest piece he could find, a portion of the back with a part of the tail still hanging to it, and after turning it around and looking it all over he said, 'Well, I guess he'll never be much account again—as a dog.'" And I guess Pemberton's forces will never be much account again—as an army."

"The delegation began looking around for their hats before I had quite got to the end of the story, and I was never bothered any more after that about superseding the commander of the Army of the Tennessee."

About nine days after Vicksburg had fallen the President sent the following letter to General Grant, who was deeply touched by its frank and manly character, and the sincerity of its tone:

EXECUTIVE MANSION,

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 13, 1863.

MY DEAR GENERAL: I do not remember that you and I ever met personally. I write this now as a grateful acknowledgment for the almost inestimable service you have done the country. I wish to say a word further. When you first reached the vicinity of Vicksburg, I thought you should do what you finally did—march the troops across the neck, run the batteries with the transports, and thus go below; and I never had any faith, except a general hope that you knew better than I, that the Yazoo Pass expedition and the like could succeed. When you got below and took Port Gibson, Grand Gulf, and vicinity, I thought you should go down the river and join General Banks; and when you turned northward, east of the Big Black, I feared it was a mistake. I now wish to make a personal acknowledgment that you were right and I was wrong.

A. LINCOLN.

The first time the two men saw each other was about one o'clock on the 9th of March, 1864, when General Grant called upon the President at the White House to receive the commission constituting him lieutenant-general of the armies. The General had arrived in Washington from the West the day before, and was on his way to establish his headquarters in Virginia. The interview took place in the Cabinet room. There were present, besides the members of the Cabinet, General Halleck, a member of Congress, two of General Grant's staff-officers, his eldest son,

Frederick D. Grant, and the President's private secretary. Lincoln, in handing the General his commission, read with much feeling a few words which he had written for the occasion, ending with the remark, "As the country herein trusts you, so, under God, it will sustain you. I scarcely need add that, with what I here speak for the nation, goes my own hearty personal concurrence." The General took the commission very much as a graduate steps up and takes his diploma from the president of his college. He had written a brief reply on a sheet of paper, which he drew from his pocket and read. It closed as follows: "I feel the full weight of the responsibilities now devolving on me; and I know that if they are met it will be due to those armies, and above all to the favor of that Providence which leads both nations and men."

In a subsequent conference the President talked very freely to General Grant about the conduct of the armies in the field. He said he did not pretend to know anything about the art of war, and it was with the greatest reluctance that he ever interfered with the movements of army commanders, but he did know that celerity was absolutely necessary, that while armies were sitting down, waiting for opportunities which might perhaps be more favorable from a military point of view, the Government was spending millions of dollars every day, that there was a limit to the sinews of war, and there would come a time when the spirits and the resources of the people would become exhausted. He had always contended that these considerations must be taken into account, as well as the purely military questions, and he adopted the plan of issuing his executive orders, principally for the purpose of hurrying the movements of commanding generals. He said nothing pleased him more than the fact that the grade of lieutenant-general had been revived by Congress, and that a general-in-chief of the armies had been put at their head, who he felt would appreciate the value of minutes. He told the General he was not going to interfere in any way with his movements, and all he had to do was to call on him for whatever he required, and it would be supplied if the resources of the nation could furnish it.

General Grant soon after entered upon the Wilderness campaign. Cheering messages were frequently sent him by the President, and a number of suggestions were made, but no orders were given for the movement of troops. Many characteristic telegrams were received from the President while the armies were in front of Richmond and Petersburg. One of them afforded Grant great amusement. It closed with the words, "Hold on with a

bull-dog grip and chew and choke as much as possible. A. LINCOLN."

Each tried to anticipate the desires of the other even in matters somewhat out of his particular sphere of action. At the first meeting they had in the field after actual operations had commenced in Virginia, Lincoln said to the General that there was a man who had got a permit at Washington to visit the armies and had abused his privilege by going around using seditious language and trying to stir up trouble among the loyal Virginians in that section of country. He asked the General whether he had heard of the fellow, saying he would have arrested him if he had known just where to catch him. The General replied that he had not heard of him; that if he had he should have arrested him and sent him to Fort Monroe without troubling the President with the matter or letting him know anything about it.

"I see," said the President, "you would have served me like the Irishman wanted the doctor to serve him. The doctor told him he would have to take a quinine tonic. The Irishman asked whether he would let him put some whisky in it, and the doctor said, not a drop; if he expected to be cured he must give up the use of whisky entirely. The Irishman thought a minute, and then remarked to the doctor in a sort of confidential way, 'I say, docthor, when ye git yer medicine all ready couldn't ye jist put in a little whesky unbeknownce to me?' So when you got your man all ready I suppose you would have put him into Fort Monroe 'unbeknownce' to me."

The nearest Mr. Lincoln ever came to giving General Grant an order for the movement of troops was during Early's raid upon Washington. On July 10, 1864, the President telegraphed a long dispatch from Washington, which contained the following language: "What I think is that you should provide to retain your hold where you are certainly, and bring the rest with you personally, and make a vigorous effort to defeat the enemy's force in this vicinity. I think there is really a fair chance to do this, if the movement is prompt. This is what I think—upon your suggestion, and is not an order." Grant replied that on reflection he thought it would have a bad effect for him to leave City Point, then his headquarters, in front of Richmond and Petersburg, and the President was satisfied with the dispositions which the General made for the repulse of Early without taking command against him in person.

It will be seen that the President did not call for assistance to protect Washington, but for troops and a competent leader to go after Early and defeat him. The President was

undoubtedly possessed of more courage than any of his advisers. There is not an instance in which he seemed to take counsel of his fears. He was always more anxious to have the troops around Washington sent to the field than kept in the fortifications about the capital. He sent a remarkable dispatch to the General on August 4, 1862, which shows his eagerness to have the troops in his vicinity placed "south of the enemy" instead of being kept between the enemy and Washington. It referred to an order which General Grant had sent to General Halleck, chief of staff at Washington, and was as follows :

"I have seen your dispatch in which you say, 'I want Sheridan put in command of all the troops in the field, with instructions to put himself south of the enemy, and follow him to the death; wherever the enemy goes, let our troops go also.' This, I think, is exactly right as to how our forces should move; but please look over the dispatches you may have received from here since you made that order, and discover, if you can, that there is any idea in the head of any one here of 'putting our army south of the enemy,' or of 'following him to the death' in any direction. I repeat to you it will neither be done nor attempted, unless you watch it every day and hour and force it.

"A. LINCOLN."

This is the language of a man of courage, who felt a consciousness that he was bolder than those who counseled him at Washington, and wanted a man of Grant's aggressiveness to force the fighting, and send the troops about the capital after Early to get south of him, and follow him to the death, even if the capital had to go without defense.

On the 23d of November, when matters looked a little quiet along the lines, Grant visited the President in Washington, and spent most of the day with him and the Secretary of War conferring upon the military situation and the carrying out of some recommendations which the General had made regarding the armies in the field. His principal demand was to have eight useless major-generals and thirty brigadiers mustered out of the service to make room for the promotion of men who had won their spurs in the field. The President pointed to a number of names on the list and remarked that they were the General's own personal friends; but Grant urged the matter still more strenuously, saying that the emergency was too great to stop to consider personal feelings, and that those whose services could not be made available must give way to the rising men at the front. He succeeded in securing many vacancies in the list of generals, and the promotions which followed for meritorious services in the field did much for the *morale* of the armies.

On March 20, 1864, the General invited the President to visit him at City Point. The

invitation was accepted the next day, and the President arrived at the headquarters of the armies on the 22d, accompanied by Mrs. Lincoln and their youngest son "Tad." They had come down the Potomac and the Chesapeake Bay and up the James River on the *River Queen*, a comfortable little side-wheel steam-boat, which was convoyed by the United States gun-boat *Bat*, acting as an escort. This vessel had been a blockade-runner and had been captured by the navy and fitted up as a gun-boat. It was commanded by Captain J. S. Barnes, U. S. N. Upon the arrival of the steam-boat at the wharf at City Point General Grant and several members of his staff went aboard to welcome the presidential party. The President gave each one a hearty greeting, and in his frank and cordial way said many complimentary things about the hard work that had been done during the long winter's siege, and how fully the country appreciated it. When asked how he was he said,

"I am not feeling very well. I got pretty badly shaken up on the bay coming down, and am not altogether over it yet."

"Let me send for a bottle of champagne for you, Mr. President," said a staff-officer; "that is the best remedy I know of for seasickness."

"No, no, my young friend," replied the President, "I've seen many a man in my time sea-sick ashore from drinking that very article."

That was the last time any one screwed up sufficient courage to offer him wine.

The party had gathered in the after-cabin of the steam-boat, and in the course of the conversation the President said: "This cabin is the one in which I met the peace commissioners from Richmond,—Stephens, Campbell, and Hunter,—when they came down to Hampton Roads." The meeting referred to had occurred the month before. Alexander H. Stephens was the Vice-President of the Southern Confederacy. He will be remembered as being a mite of a man in stature and having a complexion as yellow as an ear of ripe corn. Mr. Lincoln went on to say: "Stephens sat where I am sitting now, Hunter sat over there, and Campbell lolled on the sofa to the right. Stephens had on an overcoat about three sizes too big for him, with an old-fashioned high collar. The cabin soon began to get pretty warm and after a while he stood up and pulled off his big coat. He slipped it off just about as you would husk an ear of corn. I couldn't help thinking as I looked first at the overcoat and then at the man, 'Well, that's the biggest shuck and the smallest nubbin I ever laid eyes on.'"

During his stay the President spent much of his time riding about with Grant among the

troops during the day, and sitting around the camp-fire at headquarters in the evening. The fire always had a fresh pile of dry rails thrown upon it, in his honor, and as he sat in a camp-chair with his long legs doubled up in grotesque attitudes, and the smoke of the fire curling around him, he looked the picture of comfort and good-nature. He always seemed to feel how much happier were the men who had only to meet Lee's troops in Virginia, and were never compelled to encounter that more formidable army of office-seekers in Washington. The stories he told on these occasions will never be forgotten, and the kindly face of the Chief Magistrate, with its varying expressions of mirth and sadness, will never be effaced from the memory of the men who watched it in those trying times. In the way of story-telling, those City Point nights gave promise of becoming as famous as the Arabian Nights.

Lincoln's stories were not mere anecdotes, they were illustrations. No one ever heard him relate anything simply for the amusement afforded by the story; it was always to illustrate the subject under discussion, or to give point to his statement. Whether he had treasured up in his memory an inexhaustible supply of stories to draw from, or whether he invented them as he went along, to illustrate his views, no one could tell. Perhaps both methods were employed. However this may be, there was hardly a remark made or an object shown to him which did not call to mind some story so pertinent to the subject that the dullest never failed to see the point of it. Nothing appeared to escape his recollection. A soldier once struck the idea when he said of him: "He's got a mighty fine memory, but an awful poor forgetery."

One evening the writer showed him a specimen of the new powder made for the fifteen-inch gun. The piece was about the size of an English walnut.

"What is this?" he asked.

"A grain of mammoth powder, the kind they are using in the fifteen-inch gun at Fort Monroe," was the reply.

"Well," said he, turning it over in his hand, "it is rather larger than the powder we used to buy in my shooting days. This reminds me of what once occurred in a country meeting-house in Sangamon County. You see, there were very few newspapers then, and the country store-keepers had to resort to some other means of advertising their wares. If, for instance, the preacher happened to be late in coming to a prayer-meeting of an evening, the shop-keepers would often put in the time while the people were waiting by notifying

them of any new arrival of an attractive line of goods.

"One evening a man rose up in the meeting and said:

"'Brethren, let me take occasion to say while we're a-waitin' that I have just received a new inv'ice of sportin' powder. The grains are so small you kin sca'cely see 'em with the nakid eye, and polished up so fine you kin stand up and comb yer ha'r in front of one o' them grains jes like it was a lookin'-glass. Hope you'll come down to my store at the cross-roads, and examine that powder for yourselves.'

"When he had got about this far a rival powder merchant in the meeting, who had been boiling over with indignation at the amount of advertising the opposition powder was getting, rose up and said:

"'Brethren, I hope you'll not believe a single word brother Jones has been sayin' about that powder. I've been down thar and seen it for myself, and I pledge you my word, brethren, that the grains is bigger than the lumps in a coal-pile, and any one of you, brethren, in your future state could put a bar'l o' that powder on your shoulder and march squar' through the sulphurious flames of the world below without the least danger of an explosion.'"

We thought that grain of powder had served a better purpose in drawing out this story than it could ever serve in being fired from a fifteen-inch gun.

On the 27th Sherman arrived at City Point, fresh from his triumphant march to the sea. Admiral Porter, who commanded the fleet, and had contributed so largely to the success of the operations by his brilliant services at Fort Fisher, was sent for, and he, with Grant and Sherman, went to pay their respects to the President on board his steamer. The meeting presented a historical scene which is one of the most memorable of the whole war. It was not a council of war, or even a formal military conference. It was an interchange of views between the four great representative men who at that moment seemed to hold the destinies of the republic in their hands. All were eager to hear more details of his march from the man who had cut so broad a swath through the heart of the Confederacy. Sherman's recital of the event was told with all his vividness of style and crispness of expression. The subject was a grand one and the narrative was a whole epic in itself. The President made no particular suggestions as to the campaign, but at the breaking up of the conference said good-bye to the distinguished company, with buoyant hopes of the future and renewed confidence in his commanders. He was always

willing that they should reap all the glory of the victories in the field. He was like the workmen employed upon the Gobelin tapestries who stand behind the cloth, and are content to work there, knowing they are contributing their full share to the beauties of the front.

General Grant now confided to the President his determination to move against Lee as soon as the roads were dry enough, and to make what he intended should be the final campaign. The President resolved to remain at headquarters until the army moved, and seemed glad of the opportunity of continuing some days longer the pleasant intercourse with the General-in-chief. Sitting by the campfire one evening he spoke very feelingly of the hopes and fears he had experienced at different times during the rebellion. The patriotism of the people, the devotion of the loyal North, the courage and superb fighting qualities of the troops on the one hand; on the other, the financial difficulties, the terrible losses in men, the disloyal element in the rear, and the threatening attitude of England and France. When asked if he ever doubted the final success of the cause, he said, "Never for a moment." Mr. Seward, he told us, had often said that there was always just enough virtue in this republic to save it; sometimes none to spare, but still enough to meet the emergency, and he agreed with Mr. Seward in this view. He said the capture of Mason and Slidell on board the English vessel, and the complications with Great Britain, which resulted at so critical a period of the war, had given him great uneasiness. When asked whether it was not a great trial to surrender them he said:

"Yes, that was a pretty bitter pill to swallow, but I contented myself with believing that England's triumph in the matter would be short-lived, and that after ending our war successfully we should be so powerful that we could call England to account for all the embarrassments she had inflicted upon us. I felt a good deal like the sick man in Illinois who was told he probably hadn't many days longer to live and he ought to make peace with any enemies he might have. He said the man he hated worst of all was a fellow named Brown, in the next village, and he guessed he had better commence on him first. So Brown was sent for, and when he came the sick man began to say, in a voice as meek as Moses', that he wanted to die at peace with all his fellow-creatures, and hoped he and Brown could now shake hands and bury all their enmity. The scene was becoming altogether too pathetic for Brown, who had to get out his handkerchief and wipe the gathering tears from his eyes. It wasn't long before he melted

and gave his hand to his neighbor, and they had a regular love-feast. After a parting that would have softened the heart of a grindstone, Brown had about reached the room door, when the sick man rose up on his elbow and said, 'But see here, Brown, if I *should* happen to get well, mind that old grudge stands!' So I thought that if this nation should happen to get well we might want that old grudge against England to stand."

As Mr. Lincoln abstained from interfering in purely military matters, so General Grant refrained from taking any action in political affairs. On the 2d of March, 1865, Lee wrote a very significant letter to Grant. From some remarks made in an interview which had occurred between General Longstreet and General Ord under a flag of truce, Lee conceived the idea that a military convention might be made the means of a satisfactory adjustment of the existing difficulties. He wrote General Grant a note in which the following language occurs:

"Sincerely desiring to leave nothing untried which may put an end to the calamities of war, I propose to meet you at such convenient time and place as you may designate, with the hope that upon an interchange of views it may be found practicable to submit the subjects of controversy between the belligerents to a convention of the kind mentioned."

General Grant looked upon this as referring to a subject entirely outside of his province, and forwarded it to the President. After some correspondence with him regarding it the General replied to Lee as follows:

"In regard to meeting you on the 6th inst. I would state that I have no authority to accede to your proposition for a conference on the subject proposed. Such authority is vested in the President of the United States alone. General Ord could only have meant that I would not refuse an interview on any subject on which I have a right to act, which, of course, would be such as is purely of a military character, and on the subject of exchanges, which has been intrusted to me."

So the interview never took place. General Grant's spirit of subordination was such that nothing ever led him into an act which might be construed as transcending his powers as a purely military officer. If the General had not had implicit confidence in the wisdom and patriotism of the President he might not have restrained himself so easily from endeavoring to impress his views upon the Government in questions of general policy, but he had an abiding faith in the prudence and sagacity of the executive.

General Grant used to say of Lincoln, "I regard him as one of the greatest of men. He is unquestionably the greatest man I have ever encountered. The more I see of him

and exchange views with him, the more he impresses me. I admire his courage, and respect the firmness he always displays. Many think from the gentleness of his character that he has a yielding nature; but while he has the courage to change his mind when convinced that he is wrong, he has all the tenacity of purpose which could be desired in a great statesman. His quickness of perception often astonishes me. Long before the statement of a complicated question is finished his mind will grasp the main points, and he will seem to comprehend the whole subject better than the person who is stating it. He will take rank in history alongside of Washington."

Lincoln made many visits with Grant to the lines around Richmond and Petersburg. On such occasions he usually rode one of the General's fine bay horses, called "Cincinnati." He was a good horseman, and made his way through swamps and over corduroy roads as well as the best trooper in the command. The soldiers invariably recognized him and greeted him, wherever he appeared amongst them, with cheers that were no lip service, but came from the depth of their hearts. He always had a pleasant salute or a friendly word for the men in the ranks. His son, Robert T. Lincoln, had joined the General's staff some time before, with the rank of captain and aide-de-camp, and was doing good service at headquarters, where he made an excellent record. The practical experience acquired at that time in the field was of important service to him in after years in administering the affairs of the War Department.

One evening, upon return to camp after a ride among the soldiers, Mr. Lincoln said:

"General, you don't seem to have your horse decked out in as gay trappings as some of our generals, or to give yourself any particular trouble about the elegance of your uniform."

"No," said the General; "I once learned a lesson on that subject when I was serving under General Taylor in Mexico. He used to wear about the same kind of clothes and shoes as those issued to the privates, and generally rode a horse that looked as if it had just come off a farm. On the march he often rested himself by sitting woman-fashion on his saddle with both feet on the same side, and no one in the army gave less thought to his style of dress. One day, while in camp near Corpus Christi, he received a very formal note from the commodore in command of the naval squadron in the Gulf, saying he would go ashore the next day for the purpose of paying his respects in person to the commander of the army. General Taylor had a conviction that naval officers were great sticklers for etiquette, and on occasions of ceremony always looked as fine

as if they had just come out of a band-box; and not willing to be outdone by his web-footed visitor, the general set his servant at work to overhaul his wardrobe and burnish up his full-dress uniform, which had probably not been out of his chest since the war began.

"The commodore, it appeared, was a man who had as great a contempt for fine dressing as Taylor, but he had an idea that the commanding general of the army would expect a commodore of the navy to display no end of style in paying a visit of ceremony, and he was determined to exhibit a proper degree of respect in this regard, no matter what it cost in the way of inconvenience; so he ransacked the bottom of his locker for his best toggery, and the next day appeared on shore resplendent in white gloves, blue cloth, and gold lace. There was a broiling Southern sun pouring down, and by the time the commodore had walked from the landing to the general's quarters he was reeking with perspiration and looking as red as a boiled lobster. He found the general sitting in his tent, buttoned up to the chin in a well-wrinkled uniform coat, mopping his head with a handkerchief and swinging a big palm-leaf fan to help catch a breath of air. After these distinguished representatives of the sister services had indulged in profound bows, shaken hands, and exchanged compliments in a very formal and dignified manner, they sat down on opposite sides of a table, looked at each other for some minutes, and then a smile began to steal over their faces, which soon widened into a broad grin, and showed that they were both beginning to take in the absurdity of the situation.

"'Oh! this is all nonsense!' said Taylor, pulling off his coat and throwing it to the other side of the tent.

"'Infernal nonsense!' cried the commodore, jerking off everything but his shirt and trousers. Then they lighted a couple of pipes and had a good sensible talk over the military situation."

Mr. Lincoln was as good at listening as he was at story-telling; and as he gradually took in the absurdity of the scene described he became so convulsed with laughter that his sides fairly shook.

The President remained at headquarters till the armies moved out on the Appomattox campaign. General Grant and staff started about nine o'clock on the morning of March 29, 1865. They went by the military railroad as far as its terminus south of Petersburg and there took their horses. As the party mounted the car the President went through a cordial hand-shaking with each one, speaking many words of cheer and good wishes. As the train was about to move the party collected on the rear platform of the car and respectfully raised

their hats. The President waved a farewell with his long right arm and said, in a voice broken with emotion, "Good-bye, gentlemen. God bless you all. Remember your success is my success."

A few days after, when the lines around Petersburg had been carried and we were closing in about the city, the General telegraphed to City Point :

" . . . The whole captures since the army started out gunning will not amount to less than twelve thousand men and probably fifty pieces of artillery. . . All seems well with us and everything quiet just now. I think the President might come out and pay us a visit to-morrow."

Mr. Lincoln sent the following reply :

" Allow me to tender to you and all with you the nation's grateful thanks for the additional and magnificent success. At your kind suggestion I think I will meet you to-morrow."

The next day Petersburg had fallen, and about noon the President, accompanied by his son "Tad," joined General Grant in the city. They sat together for nearly two hours upon the porch of a comfortable little house with a small yard in front, and crowds of citizens soon gathered at the fence to gaze upon these remarkable men of whom they had heard so much. The President's heart was filled with joy, for he felt that this was "the beginning of the end." He revealed to the General many of his plans for the rehabilitation of the South, and it could easily be seen that a spirit of magnanimity was uppermost in his heart. They were anxiously awaiting dispatches from General Weitzel, in the hopes that he had already captured Richmond, but General Grant had to take up his march with the columns that had started in pursuit of Lee, before getting the much-coveted news. He had ridden only a short distance when he received a dispatch from Weitzel saying that Richmond had been taken several hours before.

Immediately after the surrender at Appomattox Court House General Grant hurried to Washington, not even stopping to visit Richmond. His first thought was to take prompt measures for disbanding the armies and saving expenses. He arrived at the capital on the morning of the 13th of April. During that day he spent much of his time with the President, and took a drive through the city with Mrs. Lincoln. The people were wild with enthusiasm, and wherever the General appeared he was greeted with cheers, the clapping of hands, waving of handkerchiefs, and every possible demonstration of delight. The next day Lincoln invited the General to accompany him to Ford's Theater in the evening, and take a seat in his box to see the play of "Our American Cousin." The General

begged to be excused, saying Mrs. Grant was anxious to have him go to Burlington, New Jersey, where their children were at school, and he wanted to start as soon as possible. The President was somewhat urgent, and said the people would expect to see the General at the theater, and would be so much delighted to get a sight of him. While they were talking a note came from Mrs. Grant giving reasons for wanting to start that afternoon, and this afforded the General an excuse for declining the invitation to the play. When he bade the President good-bye, he little thought it would be the last time that he would ever see him alive. At lunch at Willard's Hotel, the General noticed a man who sat near him at table, and was apparently trying to overhear his conversation. As he drove to the railway station in the afternoon a man on horseback followed the carriage, and seemed to be the same person who had attracted his attention at lunch. This man was unquestionably John Wilkes Booth. Some time afterwards the General received an anonymous letter from a person who said he had been selected to kill him, and had boarded the train and ridden as far as the Delaware River with the intention of carrying out his purpose, but the car-door was locked, so he could not get in. He expressed himself as very thankful he had failed. The General had a special car, and it is a fact that the conductor locked it, so that there was this much to corroborate the man's story. Besides, it was shown upon the trial of the assassins that General Grant was one of the men marked for assassination. At the Walnut street wharf in Philadelphia, just as he was about to go on board the ferry-boat, he was handed a telegram conveying the appalling announcement that the chief he so much honored, the friend for whom he had conceived so warm an affection, had fallen, the victim of an assassin's bullet. The General returned at once to Washington. He often said that this was the saddest day of his whole life.

Twenty years later when he too had reached the full measure of his greatness his own death plunged the country again into a profound grief, the nation was called upon to put on the mourning it had worn for Lincoln, and the people suffered another loss which was felt by every one in the land with a sense of personal bereavement. The ashes of these two great central figures of the war now lie entombed in the soil their efforts saved; their names have passed into history.

Their devoted loyalty, steadfast courage, pure patriotism, and manly personal virtues will forever command the admiration of all who make a study of their lives. Between them the jealousy which springs from narrow minds

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