

GRANT'S LIFE.

Extracts from the General's Personal Memoirs—The Interview with Lincoln.

His Peculiar Feelings Just Before the First Battle Humorously Described.

How Chattanooga Was Saved—The Wilderness Campaign—Various Other Anecdotes.

The crowning work of Gen. Grant's life—his personal memoirs, written by himself—is now practically complete, and is being published in two volumes, of 500 pages each. The first will contain the family genealogy and a history of the General's boyhood and youth. It will have for frontispiece an engraving of Lieut. U. S. Grant at the age of 21. The second volume deals mainly with the events of the war of the rebellion. The text will be freely illustrated by plans and maps showing the maneuvers of the armies on the various fields of battle. The volume contains the battle of Chattanooga, Hooker's fight above the clouds on Lookout Mountain, and all the subsequent operations up to the great battle of the Wilderness. The capture of Atlanta, Sherman's march to the sea, the operations in Georgia, North and South Carolina, as well as Sheridan's raid down the Shenandoah Valley and his victory at Five Forks, are described. The Appomattox campaign, culminating with the final scene of Lee's surrender at Appomattox, is graphically told. The apple-tree legend and the story of Lee's sword are authentically settled. The first volume contains little of interest. The story of Grant's early life is told in a conventional and quite devoid of exciting incident. But in the second volume, where the memoirs deal with the thrilling events of the war, the simple, lucid style in which the work is written is pleasing and interesting never flag.

From advance sheets of the work the following extracts are taken:

Writing of 1861, Gen. Grant says: "Going home for a day or two soon after a conversation with Gen. Pope, I wrote from Helena the following letter to the Adjutant General of the army:

"GALENA, Ill., May 24, 1861.
Washington, D. C.

"Sir—Having served for fifteen years in the regular army, including four years at West Point, and feeling it the duty of every one who has been educated at the Government expense to offer to the Government for the support of the Government, I have the honor very respectfully to tender my services until the close of the war, in such capacity as may be offered. I would say, in view of my present age and length of service, I feel myself competent to command a regiment if the President in his judgment should see fit to intrust me to me. Since the first call of the President I have been serving on the staff of the Governor of this State, rendering such aid as I could in the organization of our State militia, and am still engaged in that capacity. A letter addressed to me at Springfield, Ill., will reach me. I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant, U. S. GRANT."

Gen. Grant, describing his first battle in the civil war, says:

"As soon as the enemy saw us they decamped as fast as their horses would carry them. I kept my men in the ranks and forbade their entering any of the deserted lines or taking anything from them. We halted at night on a road and proceeded the next morning at an early hour. Harris had been encamped in a creek bottom for the sake of being near water. The hills on either side of the creek extend to a considerable height, possibly more than 100 feet. As we approached the brow of the hill, from which it was expected we could see Harris' camp and possibly find his men ready formed to meet us, I kept getting higher and higher, until it felt to me as though I was in my throat. I would have given anything then to have been back in Illinois, but I had not the moral courage to halt and consider what to do. I kept right on, until I reached a point from which the valley below was in full view. I halted. The place where Harris had been encamped a few days before was still there, and the marks of a recent encampment were plainly visible, but the troops were gone. My rear regiment followed me. It occurred to me that Harris had been as much afraid of me as I had been of him. This was a view of the question I had never taken before, but it was one I never forgot afterward. From that event to the close of the war I never experienced trepidation on confronting an enemy."

"At the battle of Belmont, fearing that the enemy we had seen crossing the river below might be doing us some mischief, I rode out in the field to our front—still alone—to observe whether the enemy was passing. The field was grown up with corn so tall and thick as to cut off the view of even a person on horseback, except directly along the rows. Even in that direction, owing to the overhanging blades of corn, the view was not extensive. I had not gone more than a few hundred yards when I saw a body of troops marching past in the distance. I looked at them for a moment, and then turned my horse toward the river, and started back, first in a walk, and when I thought myself concealed from the view of the enemy as fast as my horse could gallop. When I reached the river bank I still had to ride a few hundred yards to the point where the nearest transport lay. The corn-field in front of our transports terminated at the edge of a dense forest. He or they who were in the enemy's ranks entered this forest and had open fire upon the boats. Our men, with the exception of details that had gone to the front after the wounded, were now either aboard the transports or very near them. The boats were not on board soon after, and the boats pushed off. I was the only man of the national army between the rebels and our transports. The Captain of a boat that had just pushed out, but had not started, ordered me to get on board, and ordered the engineer not to start the engine. He then ordered the plank run out for me. My horse seemed to take in the situation. There was no path down the bank, and every one acquainted with the Mississippi knows that its banks in a natural state do not vary at any great angle from the perpendicular. My horse put his fore feet over the bank without hesitation or urging, and with his hind feet well under him slid down the bank and trotted aboard the boat, twelve or fifteen feet over a single grass plank. I dismounted and went at once to the upper deck."

The description of the battle of Shiloh given by Col. William Preston Johnston is very graphic and well told. The reader will realize that he can see at each blow struck a demoralized and broken mob of Federal soldiers, each blow sending the enemy more demoralized than ever toward the Tennessee River, which was a little more than two miles away at the best of the onset. If the reader does not stop to inquire why, with such Confederate success for more than twelve hours of hard fighting, the national troops were not all killed, captured, or driven into the river, he will regard the picture as perfect. But I witnessed the fight from the national side from 8 o'clock in the morning until night closed the contest, and I see but little in the description that I can recognize. The Confederate troops fought well, and deserve commendation enough for their bravery and endurance on the 6th of April without detracting from their antagonists or claiming anything more than their due. In an article on the battle of Shiloh which I wrote for the Century Magazine I stated that Gen. A. M. McCook, who commanded a division of Buell's army, expressed some unwillingness to pursue the enemy on Monday, April 7, because of the condition of the troops. Gen. Badeau also, in his history, makes the same statement on my authority. In justice to Gen. McCook and his command, I must say that they left a point twenty-two miles east of Savannah on the morning of the 6th. From the heavy rains of a few days previous, and the passage of trains and artillery, the roads were necessarily deep in mud, which made marching slow. The division, however, did not march through this mud the day before, but it had been in the rain all night without rest. It was engaged in the battle of the second day, and did as good service as its position allowed. In fact, an opportunity occurred for it to perform a conspicuous act of gallantry which elicited the highest commendation from division commanders in the Army of the Tennessee. Gen. Sherman, in both his memoirs and report, makes mention of this fact. Gen. McCook himself belonged to a family which

furnished many volunteers to the army. I refer to these circumstances with minuteness because I did Gen. McCook injustice in my article in the Century, though not to the extent that would suppose from the public press that I was not willing to do any one an injustice, and if convinced that I have done one I am willing to make the fullest confession.

The campaign of Vicksburg was suggested and developed by circumstances. The elections of 1862 had gone against the prosecution of the war. Volunteer enlistments had nearly ceased and the draft had been resorted to. This was resisted, and a defeat or backward movement would have made its execution impossible. A forward movement to decisive victory was necessary. Accordingly, I resolved to get below Vicksburg, unite with Banks against Fort Hindman, and secure a base, and, with that base and Grand Gulf as a starting point, move our combined forces against Vicksburg. Upon reaching Grand Gulf, after running its batteries and fighting a battle, I received a letter from Banks informing me that he could not be at Port Hudson under ten days, and then with only fifteen thousand men. The time was worth more than the reinforcements. I therefore determined to push into the interior of the enemy's camp. With a large river behind us, held above and below by the enemy, rapid movements were essential to success. Jackson was captured the day after a new commander had arrived and when large reinforcements were daily expected. A rapid movement west was made, and the garrison of Vicksburg was met in five battles and badly defeated. The city was then successfully besieged.

Following is an account of Gen. Grant's appointment as Lieutenant General. My commission as Lieutenant General was given to me on the 9th of March, 1864. On the following day I visited Gen. Meade, commanding the Army of the Potomac, at his headquarters at Sandy Station, Virginia. He immediately informed me that he was going to the front, and that he had written an order assuming command of the Military Division of the Mississippi and telegraphed it to Gen. Rosecrans. I then telegraphed him the order from Washington assigning to Thomas the command of the Army of the Cumberland, and to Thomas that he must hold Chattanooga at all hazards.

Here is a funny story about Gen. Bragg. Gen. Grant tells in his characteristic simple way:

"I have heard a story in the old army very characteristic of Bragg. On one occasion, when stationed at a post of several companies, commanded by a field officer, he was himself commanding one of the companies, and the same day acting Post Quartermaster and Commissary. He was a First Lieutenant at the time, but his Captain was detached to other duty. As commander of the company, he made a requisition on the Quartermaster for a pair of trousers, and the Quartermaster declined to fill the requisition, and instead on the back of it his reason for so doing. As company commander he received the trousers, but his reason was called for nothing, but what he was entitled to, and that it was the duty of the Quartermaster to fill it. The Quartermaster still persisted that he was right. In this condition of affairs Bragg called on the Quartermaster to fill the requisition. The latter, when he saw the nature of the matter referred, exclaimed: 'My God, Mr. Bragg, you have quarreled with every officer in the army, and now you are quarreling with yourself!' Longstreet was an entirely different man."

METHODIST EPISCOPAL VISITATION.

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WILLIAM M. HARRIS, Secretary.

"I found Gen. Lee had been brought into our lines and conducted to a house belonging to a Mr. McLean, and was there with one of his staff officers waiting my arrival. The head of his column was in the rear of the house, and was an apple orchard, across the little valley from the Court House. Sheridan's forces were drawn up in line of battle on the crest of the hill, on the south side of the same valley. Before starting toward the house, I gave a final look at myself. I will give all there is of the narrative of Gen. Lee and the famous apple tree. Wars produce many stories of fiction, some of which are told until they are believed. The story of the war of the rebellion is no exception. The story of the apple tree is one of those fictions, with a slight foundation of fact."

"As I have said, there was an apple orchard on the side of the hill occupied by the Confederate forces. Running diagonally down the hill was a wagon road, which at one point ran very near one of the trees, so that the wheels on that side had cut off the roots of the tree, which made a little embankment. Gen. Jackson reported to me that when he met Gen. Lee he was sitting upon the embankment, with his feet on the road, and leaning against the tree. It was then that Lee was conducted into the house, where I first met him. I had known Gen. Lee in the old army, and had seen him in the Mexican war, but did not suppose, owing to the differences in our ages and rank, that he would probably remember me, while I would remember him more distinctly because he was the chief engineer of the staff of General Scott in the Mexican war. When I left camp that morning I had not expected the result so soon that was then taking place, and, consequently, was in rough garb, and without a horse. I was wearing a soldier's horseback on the field, wearing a soldier's house for a coat, with shoulder-straps of my rank to indicate who I was to the army. When I went into the house I found Gen. Lee. We greeted each other, and after shaking hands took our seats. What his feelings were I do not know. Being a man of much dignity, and with an impenetrable face, it was impossible to say whether he felt inwardly glad the end had finally come, or whether he was really over the result and was too manly to show it. Whatever his feelings, they were entirely concealed from observation; but my own feelings, which had been quite apparent on the morning of the 1st, were now depressed. I felt like anything rather than joining at the downfall of a foe that had fought so long and gallantly, and had suffered so much for a cause which I believed to be one of the worst for which a people ever fought, and for which there was not the least pretext. I do not question, however, the sincerity of the great mass of those who were opposed to us. Gen. Lee was dressed in full uniform, entirely new, and wearing a sword of considerable value;

very likely the sword that had been presented by the State of Virginia. At all events, it was an entirely different sword from the one that would ordinarily be worn in the field. In my rough soldier's uniform, which was the uniform of a private with the straps of a General, I must have contrasted very strangely with a man so handsomely dressed, six feet high, and of faultless form. But this was not a matter that I thought of until afterward. Gen. Lee and I soon fell into a conversation about old army times. He remarked that he remembered me very well in the old army, and I told him, as a matter of course, I remembered him perfectly, but owing to the difference in years—there being about sixteen years difference in our ages—and our rank, I thought it very likely I had not attracted his attention sufficiently to be remembered after such a long period. Our conversation grew so pleasant that I almost forgot the object of our meeting. Gen. Lee at that time was accompanied by one of his staff officers, a Col. Marball. I had all of my staff with me, and the floor rapidly in about the garb Mr. Jefferson Davis was wearing subsequently when he was captured—a dressing gown, but without the shawl and sun-bonnet. He showed the dispatch, saying that he had just received it, and immediately wrote an order assuming command of the Military Division of the Mississippi and telegraphed it to Gen. Rosecrans. I then telegraphed him the order from Washington assigning to Thomas the command of the Army of the Cumberland, and to Thomas that he must hold Chattanooga at all hazards."

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WILLIAM M. HARRIS, Secretary.

A MOMENT WITH A METEOR.

Colored People in Texas Thought the Day of Judgment was at Hand.

(Sherman (Texas) special.)

A meteor of remarkable size was seen near midnight last night, moving in a southerly direction. The sky was brilliantly illuminated by it for several seconds. A moment after the meteor had disappeared a loud explosion, similar to the discharge of heavy artillery, was heard, accompanied by a perceptible shock. This phenomenon was followed by a rumbling like distant thunder. The meteor appeared to be about the size of a flour barrel. It was also observed at McKinney, thirty-five miles distant, where a hissing sound was heard, greatly alarming some colored people who were returning from a prayer meeting and causing them to take to flight, shouting that the day of judgment had come.

MURDERED BY APACHES.

Five More Victims Added to the Bloody List.

(Tombstone (Arizona) dispatch.)

C. T. Nightingale, just arrived from Macasori and Sonora, Mexico, says: Three American miners—Fred Huntington, Peter McCurtion, and Peter Palmer—were killed by Apaches at a mine May 27. The bodies of McCurtion and Palmer were found in a dump box, shot through the head. Huntington's body was found at the bottom of a shaft. Two other men, whose names are unknown, were killed by the Apaches on the Opoto trail about a week previous.

GATH WRITES OF INDIANA.

The Influences Which Determined the Growth of the Hoosier State.

Indianapolis in Many Respects a Peculiar City—The Old Town of Vincennes

—The State's Public Men.

[Letter in Cincinnati Enquirer.]

It was the custom thirty years ago to allude to the State of Indiana as if it were something between Arkansas and North Carolina. The pride of Virginians and Kentuckians of Ohioans and Illinoisans found consolation in reflecting upon these former three States as without the social basis of their own—the poor white commonwealth of Union.

As late as 1855 a history of Kentucky went outside of its scope and purpose to show that "a land company imported, in the seventeenth century, to the waters of Fincico and Albemarle, and conveyed to the worst, population of any brought to America, from whom have come the sand-hillers, crackers, dirt-eaters, red-necks, etc., of the South. The western march of this unhappy mongrel people," says the author, "passed through Kentucky, and they then crossed the country from the Carolina coast to Central Arkansas and Southern Missouri."

Persons who have noted the social and political improvement of what were called the poor white States since the rebellion have also observed how necessary it has been for more pretentious States which have fallen back in the race to keep alive these ancient and vague illusions. The history of Indiana illustrates this. "Honor and shame from no condition free," "No State in the Union has come out stronger in biography, in the contrasts of type and character and in real monuments of towns, architecture and civilization, than Indiana since the beginning of the civil war. Within her borders were large ingredients from the slave States, and Southern Indiana for many years continued to import and export slaves. Into Indiana went a large Virginia and Kentucky element, but probably larger Carolina element, with occasional notable arrivals from Tennessee. There was also in Indiana a small but well-marked French element, not only at Vincennes and Newburgh, but in the north-east toward Canada and Detroit.

Pennsylvania gave the first important Northern element to this State, and afterward Ohio began to send forward her second growth of citizens, and the past twenty years there has been curious evidence of immigration to Indiana from the States to the west of her. Andia was long prevalent that much or most of the land of Indiana was inferior, and therefore the larger of emigration, taking the water routes by the lakes and the Ohio, went past Indiana. They or their descendants have but recently discovered that in many cases they obtained worse land by going the further. Indiana, therefore, grown beyond the expectations of her grandfathers. The census of 1880 portrayed her with about two millions of inhabitants. This was an increase of about one-third in twenty years, and of nearly a million of inhabitants in thirty years. Indiana is the sixth State in the American Union, next below Missouri, and next above Massachusetts.

This State had no general or spiritual incentive, like Ohio, Kansas, and some other Western States. Being closed to slavery by the organic law creating the Northwest Territory, it did not attract wealthy people from the South, and as it had navigation inferior to other Western States, with their longer line of lake and more general river system, it furnished no particular nucleus, such as Chicago, or Cleveland, or St. Louis for a great settlement. It was not colonized by Revolutionary soldiers, co-operating with their enterprising officers, as was the case with Ohio, in which it was originally contained. The growth was slow, and secondary, and the large towns beyond its exterior furnished the newspapers which were read by the people of the country, and, therefore, it had but few advertising advantages, the habit being to content upon it as if it were some offensive Egypt.

The politics of Indiana was influenced by the rise and succession of the school of Gen. Jackson, whose warlike nature and humble beginning gradually rose to the plain people there. The State had its own hero, Harrison, who came forward some years afterward and triumphed over Gen. Jackson's successor; but the President dying the sealer again departed from the State, and the State heard but little of Indiana until the outbreak of the civil war. Two men then appeared of nearly equal force of character and fierce convictions—Jesse D. Bright and Oliver P. Morton.

Indiana was also favored by the State banking system of Indiana in Hugh McCulloch; a quick and capable Speaker of Congress and subsequent Vice President was Schuyler Colfax, a graceful, skillful and experienced advocate calmly and wisely guided the State. Indiana rose to be one of the most interesting cities in the West, although it had been created by an act of legislative will, and was without any particular advantages, except its position. This city was said to be the largest city in the world, wholly remote from natural lines of communication; it is upon no river that pertains to commerce, and it has grown to be larger than Washington was at the close of the civil war, and has probably a stable population of nearly 100,000. Other legislative centers in the West, like Columbus, St. Paul, and Denver, have taken root and flourished, but Indianapolis, above all other capital, is probably the undisputed mistress of the State in communications, commerce, and social influence.

Indianapolis is the social capital of the more modern history of this State; further back we must seek in cities and towns now partly forgotten for the Northwest of the State. Among these towns are Madison, New Harmony, Vincennes, Connersville, Brookville, Richmond, and other places upon the Ohio, the White and the Wabash Rivers. An atlas of Indiana, published in 1825, shows next to nothing in the three quarters of the whole State; there were only two counties in middle Indiana, north of a point thirty miles from the Ohio River, and from that point the settlements ran along the eastern border of the State, and the State the appearance of a stocking hung up at Christmas, with all the "goodies" along the sole and instep, and nothing in the leg.

Indianapolis stood at the highest forks of the White River, with a long name and a long history. Vincennes, with an origin anterior to the American possession, had propagated a few wild counties, but most of the counties and villages of consideration were close to the Ohio River and Ohio land. The city of Cincinnati had an effective influence upon peopling Indiana, through her communications, which were early established, and by reason of the rich limestone valleys and plains about the Miami River, which constituted the boundary point between Indiana and Ohio.

Louisville, which became a place of wealth and consideration later than Cincinnati, also had an influence in the settling of this State, and the influence of all three cities and places was the railroad extension through Indiana only a few weeks previous to the great rebellion. Until steam highways were put down in a State whose rivers ran the wrong way, or whose rivers, ruling against the State, there was no general understanding or settlement of the Indian commonwealth. It was called Indiana because it was the great Indian land. The population in 1820 was less than 150,000 people, and the State, which had had Indianapolis for its center, and comprised, probably, one-eighth of the whole State, had hardly 3,500 people.

The Wabash River is to Indiana like a sash tied round a man's body from left to right, and though it is 250 miles long, its part in the settlement of the State has been greater as a drain and fountain than as a highway.

Indiana had no such comprehensive railroad as the Illinois Central to act as a great forked tree in the State, and it took long years and twice of population. The National Road, which the Government built far into Ohio, was taken up and carried along subsequently, but not in time to be of much benefit to a new community with the road and spirit coming so swiftly onward in the rear.

In 1826 the Governor said in his message: "We must strike at the internal improvement of the State, or form our minds to remain poor and unacquainted with each other."

No road was begun from Lake Michigan through Indiana; it is to Madison on the Ohio until 1830. Two years later a canal was opened from the Wabash to Lake Erie. The panic of 1837 came, and the State just launched a comprehensive system of canals.

Until about thirteen years before the great civil war the State was unable to pay the interest on her internal improvement debt. The

first railroad in the State was from Madison to Indianapolis, and it was opened in 1812. The road was meant to be the chief inlet to the State from the region of Cincinnati and the Ohio River. In 1835 a railroad was opened from Indianapolis to Louisville. The Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad started in 1840, and while, and was not opened through Chicago until 1858. The Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, passing through Southern Indiana, was not opened until the brink of the rebellion; by 1857 it was running to Vincennes, but was not ready for traffic to St. Louis until 1860. The Northern Indiana Railroad, connecting the Lake Shore with Chicago, was only opened in 1872. Indiana has in 1880 more than 4,300 miles of railroad, and since that time her mileage has increased. The concentration has been the springing up of new lines in every portion of the State, and, perhaps, more than any State in the Union, Indiana has been created and peopled by its railroads.

Indianapolis itself was only laid out in 1812, and the public offices were not established there until 1825, and the State House, not yet completed, was not opened until 1834, when it cost \$80,000. The present Indiana Capitol, at Indianapolis, cost \$1,000,000, rises a high cone from the ground, is three stories high, and is 275 feet long, and its tower is 200 feet high. The great Union Depot in that city, which is about to be built upon a site corresponding to its continental uses, will be one of the chief human centers in the West.