

REMINISCENCES OF GRANT.

Gen. Horace Porter's Recollections.

[Mount MacGregor special.]

Gen. Porter said he felt keenly for Mrs. Grant, for he knew how very strong was the bond of affection between her and her late husband. They were always together, except when the General was in the field, and there always existed between them the utmost harmony.

Speaking of Gen. Grant's disposition, Gen. Porter said: "It was one of the happiest dispositions I ever knew. I was with him for nine consecutive years, never leaving his side but for a few hours at a time, and I never knew him to be angry. The nearest approach to it was once when he saw a teamster unmercifully beating a poor horse. The General dashed up to him and said: 'You scoundrel! you ought to be ashamed of yourself.' The teamster made some impudent reply, and the General ordered him tied up by the hands. Gen. Grant never in his life uttered an oath. I never heard him even utter the mildest form of an imprecation, which is a most unusual thing in the free-and-easy atmosphere of army life. This same happy disposition was one of the reasons why all those who were immediately about him, from the humblest dependent up, were so devotedly attached to him. An instance of this is shown in the case of Albert Hawkins, the coal-black coachman, who has asked permission to drive the hearse at the General's funeral. I don't know where the General got Albert, but it was before he was made President the first time. Gen. Grant was pre-eminently a man of the people. His heart warmed to them, and he liked to mingle in throngs. In his journeys by rail he loved to leave his private car and go out into the smoker and sit down in the seat with somebody and chat. Yet he could very effectually crush undue familiarity. I remember once coming up with him from Long Branch. We were in the smoking-car, and a rough-looking fellow who sat in the seat in front of us glanced around and recognized the General. Tipping a wink to those about him, he turned around to the General, and said: 'Say, Cap, give us a light, will ye?' Gen. Grant looked calmly over him with that imperceptible face of his, and then, taking out his match-box, he handed the man two matches. There was that about this simple little action which definitely checked any further advances, and the man who had tried it, from that time on, was very much interested in the passing landscape."

"I never in my life saw but one man so cool under fire as was Gen. Grant," continued Gen. Porter, "and that was a bugler in the Fourth Cavalry. Both the General and this man could look right in the face of the heaviest fire without even so much as winking. Not one man out of thousands can be found who will not involuntarily move when bullets whistle by his ear, but Gen. Grant never moved a muscle. He was also a wonderfully ready man. I remember that second day's fight at the Wilderness, when in the evening word came in that Shaler had been captured, that Seymour had been captured, and Sedgwick's command driven back. Gen. Grant coolly and swiftly gave his orders, moving thousands of men here and thousands there. It was as though he had known the situation for days instead of a few minutes, and was basing his movements on carefully matured plans. He was also equally quick in expressing his opinions when suddenly called upon to do so, and when people requested his views on certain points, and asked him to write them down when he had thought them over, he would say: 'I can write them down now for you.' Then he would take pen and paper, and quickly write page after page so clearly and concisely that not an interlineation would be required. He wrote his message vetoing the inflation of the currency in just this way. He sat down at a little round table in his bed-room and wrote rapidly on until he had finished, and the message contained one of the most exhaustive analyses of our currency system that have ever been published.

"In the field the General usually wore a common blue army blouse and a slouch hat. He had two horses, one called Jeff Davis and the other Cincinnati. Jeff Davis was captured down on Davis' plantation, I believe. It was a brown pony, and a very easy-riding animal. Gen. Grant rode this horse when I accompanied him to the front at the time the mine was exploded in front of Petersburg. There was some bungling about the work, and the General pushed on to the front. The men did not recognize him as he hurried through their ranks. Dismounting from his horse, he leaped over the works, crawled through the abatis, and pushed on to the extreme front. Gen. Grant was one of the best horsemen I ever saw. He could ride easily on any horse, no matter how awkward his gait was, and he had the knack of getting out of his horse all there was in him, too. I remember once when Mr. Bonner asked him if he did not want to drive one of his horses. The General replied that he did, and drove the horse over the course, getting out of him the second fastest time he had ever made. He had a strong, friendly way of handling a horse that at once won his confidence, just as a little child feels confidence in the nurse who holds him gently and securely."

Grant at Vicksburg—His Kindness to Those About Him.

[Dr. E. A. Duncan, in Louisville Courier-Journal.]

"How did General Grant appear before Vicksburg?"

"As plain as an old stove. It was hard to make the new troops believe that it was him as he rode over the field. He wore a common soldier's blouse frizzled out at the bottom, and cavalry pants stuffed in his boots. He wore a low-crowned, black hat, without so much as a gold cord. The simplest Major General's straps were the only thing about his dress that told his rank. He always rode a splendid horse, however, and the trappings of the steed were always in full uniform. But that was due to his orderly more than anything else. He delighted in good horse. He usually kept six of them on hand—two or three in the field at the same time. His favorite war horse was of the noted Lexington of Kentucky stock, and I think he called him Lexington."

"Was the General a luxurious liver?"

"By no means. He enjoyed a good meal as much as any one, but never complained of what was set before him. He would have been satisfied with hard-tack and sow-belly. He did not drink a drop of liquor during the siege of Vicksburg. He had promised General Rawlins, afterward his Chief of Staff and Secretary of War, at Shiloh, to abstain. He never broke over

but once from that day to the close of the war, and that was accidental. A banquet was given to him and General Banks after the fall of Vicksburg, at New Orleans, and in the conviviality of the hour he took a few glasses of wine."

"How did the General treat those about him?"

"With the greatest kindness and respect. He had less egotism than any great man I ever saw. He was eager to give every man a full measure of praise and appreciation for what he did. He would even hunt out what each man merited. One element of his greatness was his desire to pull up his friends with him. It never occurred to him to claim the glory of any campaign. He always spoke of his victories as due to this, that, and the other General. He was the best balanced man I ever saw. I never once saw him exalted by the most glowing success nor depressed by failure. He took things as they came. He had more of the qualities that inspire hero worship than any one I ever came in contact with. Such a man does not appear but once in an age. He rarely ever used a profane word. When angry, which was rare, he was the opposite of other men. He would then knit his brows, compress his lips, and speak slowly."

"What day did he enter Vicksburg?"

"The 4th of July. Gen. Pemberton wanted him to enter the day before, but he replied: 'No, I have been waiting to celebrate the 4th.' The first thing he did was to issue abundant rations and parole the prisoners. That was a master stroke to parole them, for had he sent them North they would have been a tremendous expense to the Government, and as soon as exchanged they would have returned to the rebel ranks. As it was they were glad to go home and remain on their parole."

"You say Gen. Sherman was in full sympathy with Gen. Grant?"

"Assuredly. I remember to have heard Gen. Sherman use a remarkable sentence in speaking of his chief. Said he: 'The thing that makes Gen. Grant so great is that it is impossible to incumber him with men or responsibilities. He could command a million men if you could get a field big enough.' Gen. Grant commanded the longest line of battle ever fought in the history of the world—that is Mission Ridge, seven miles. Fighting was going on that entire length at once. The General sat quietly by a little telegraph instrument and ordered commander after commander to develop what was in front of him. He always knew what he was doing. He once ordered a certain general, whose name I will not give, to make an assault. The general, who did not want him to succeed, replied: 'I fully comprehend your order, but to carry it out is the destruction of my army.' Gen. Grant instantly sat down and wrote: 'I am glad you comprehend my order; obey it.' Victory was the result."

"Gen. Grant was the first one to discover the brilliant fighting and commanding qualities of John A. Logan. It is a mistake that any of Gen. Logan's preference came from political centers—he won it all on the field with his sword under Gen. Grant's eye. They had absolute faith in each other, and were as affectionate as brothers. There was no man north of Mason and Dixon's line that so quickly forgot the bitterness engendered by the war. No one had a higher appreciation of the valor and brilliancy of the Southern soldiers. He said Lee's Army of Northern Virginia had never been excelled on earth."

"Where did you first see Gen. Grant?"

"At Galena, Ill., before the war. He was sitting in front of his father's tannery whittling and smoking a small pipe. He cared nothing for business. He had no idea of its details. He would not have known a piece of bank paper from a Chinese wash bill. Capt. Grant, as he was then called, looked about as old then as he did four years ago, when I saw him last."

"Did you live in Illinois?"

"Yes; I practiced medicine within twenty miles of the General."

A Generous Offer.

[Washington special.]

"Gen. Grant has received the most delicate and heartfelt sympathy in his illness and misfortunes from some of the Confederate officers and soldiers who had known him in the old army," said an intimate friend of his the other day. "And apropos of this is an incident which occurred last year. When the news of his complete pecuniary collapse became public there was a very general expression of regret all over the country, and many offers of assistance were tendered, none of which, however, he accepted. I was sitting with him at his residence in New York one morning while he was going over his daily mail, when he looked up with a curious expression, and said: 'I want you to listen to this, and then he proceeded to read. It was a letter from an old officer in the United States army whom Grant had known in Mexico, who left the service about the same time Grant did, and subsequently became a distinguished Confederate General. The letter, as well as I can remember, ran this way:

"MY DEAR GRANT: You and I have known each other for many years, and because of that long, and, in its early days, intimate acquaintance and friendship, I venture to ask you to do me a favor. I have read in the papers that, by reason of circumstances beyond your control, you have lost the means you relied upon as a maintenance during the balance of your life. The favor I wish to ask is that you will allow me to send you \$10,000, to be considered as a loan and repaid at your own convenience. I know you will receive this request in the spirit I make it, and the only condition I couple with it is that the matter shall be kept a secret between us. Upon a notice of your acceptance I will send the amount to you in the shape of my personal check on the Bank of New York. Be assured, my dear Grant, that you will confer a personal favor on me by permitting me to be of this slight service to you."

"Do you know who it was?" was asked of the speaker.

"Yes," he replied, "but I cannot give his name. He is a man of large fortune and could easily have done it, but respecting his friend's wish, Grant desired that his name should not be made public. I have never seen Gen. Grant show so much emotion and appreciation as he did in this instance. Shortly after that Congress passed the bill empowering the President to retire a former General officer of the army on full pay, and Grant was at once nominated and confirmed, and thus was put beyond the need of availing himself of the generous liberality of his friends."

There is reason to believe that the person who wrote Gen. Grant the letter mentioned was Gen. S. B. Buckner, of Kentucky.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

Miss Rose E. Cleveland.

Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland, sister of President Cleveland, and mistress of the White House, is, by virtue of that relationship and position, the first lady of the land. She has, however, a celebrity entirely independent of these accidents, one due to a circumstance never before occurring to any man in the world. Her book, "George Eliot's Essays and Other Studies," went to the sixth edition before it was published—an honor hitherto unknown in the history of literature. The seventh edition was issued within a week after the first publication.



Miss Cleveland is the youngest of nine children. She was born in Fayetteville, N. Y. She was carefully educated, graduating at Houghton Seminary. Then she became a teacher in that institution; then Principal of Lafayette Collegiate Institution, Indiana, and then taught a private school in Pennsylvania, after which she commenced lecturing before classes. After her mother's death, which occurred in 1882, she resided at the old homestead at Holland Patent, which she purchased out of the earnings of her own labor, and continued the work of lecturing until called upon by her brother to assume the duties of mistress of the White House.

Hon. A. E. Stevenson.

Hon. Adlai E. Stevenson, the newly appointed First Assistant Postmaster General, was born in Kentucky in 1835, and removed to Bloomington, Ill., when sixteen years of age, where he studied law. He held various State judicial offices, and was a candidate for Presidential Elector on the McClellan ticket in 1864. In 1874 he was elected to



Congress, serving one term. He is a man of stately health, under fifty years of age, with business habits, and is a thorough-going Democrat. He is a great personal friend of Postmaster General Vilas. He is an eloquent orator, a fine lawyer, and an accomplished gentleman. He is a worthy descendant of the best Kentucky stock, possessing frank and cheery manners which ever win and make friends. Persons coming before him on department business will always feel easy in his presence.

James B. Kimball.

James B. Kimball, the newly appointed Director of the Mint, was born in Salem, Mass., in 1836. He graduated at Harvard University and at the Mining School of Freiburg, Saxony, and in 1857 graduated with the degree of Doctor of Philosophy at the famous University of Gottingen.



During the war he served as Assistant Adjutant General on the staffs of Generals Patrick, McClellan, Burnside, Hooker, and Meade, respectively. His reputation as a mining engineer and metallurgist is established. At one time Dr. Kimball was Vice President of the American Institute of Mining Engineers. When he received his present appointment he was Professor of Economic Geology at Lehigh University, Bethlehem, Pa. He is President of the Everitt Iron Company, Pennsylvania.

The Great Crime.

If it is the unpardonable sin to have a sectional issue—why, the greatest crime in history was that of the military suppression of the Southern rebellion.

—*Commercial Gazette.*

The military suppression of the rebellion was all right. The "greatest crime" came afterward. It was the attempt of the Republican party to force the principles of that party upon an unwilling people. To this end State lines were rubbed out and military despotism established. Under the devilish system the people of the South were plundered, and an army of partisans, carpet-baggers and desperadoes were turned loose with the sort of commissions that Jack Sheppard and Captain Kyd had in their pockets when they roamed and plundered at their own sweet will. Moses, ex-Governor of South Carolina, now in a Massachusetts prison for swindling, was a legitimate outgrowth of the system. He was only a type, however, of a large and powerful class. The Republican party is responsible for the entire system and its hellish products. Is it any wonder that there is a "solid South"? It is solid, however, only against the Republican party, and it ought to be. That party is essentially a sectional organization. It was conceived, born, and bred with that idea, and it can never be anything else. Sectionalism is in its warp and woof. To be a healthy, patriotic, national party, it must die and be made all over again. It should have died in 1876; but gathering life anew from a series of well-planned villainies and rascallities, it managed to stagger along until last fall, when, we trust, it received its death wound. It is an unhealthy, unpatriotic, sectional organization, and it must die. The founders of the republic never contemplated such a monstrosity.—*Indianapolis Sentinel.*

An "Irreconcilable" Silenced.

The wail of the New York Tribune over the breaking up by President Cleveland of "the best Consular service the country has ever had" is thus effectually silenced by the New York Evening Post:

Investigation shows that in the short period between Garfield's inauguration and his assassination Mr. Blaine made no less than thirty-seven changes in the Consulates, discharging a full fifth of the men whom he found in office, and doing it in almost every case to pay off personal and political debts. President Arthur made few changes in Consular appointments," continues the Tribune. The record shows that ninety-seven of the consuls whom Mr. Cleveland found in office were appointed to their posts by President Arthur, and that a large proportion of these appointments were those of new men, replacing incumbents who had been removed solely to make room for personal and political friends of the administration. Mr. Cleveland "has turned out consuls by the score," goes on the Tribune. The truth is that the whole number of new consuls appointed to date is only forty, as against thirty-seven during a similar period in 1881. The whole number of consuls is now considerably larger than it was four years ago, so that Mr. Cleveland has actually made a smaller number of changes proportionately than Mr. Garfield when Blaine was "premier."

Senator Beck's Sentiments.

Senator Beck is a sound philosopher. In speaking of the administration to-day to your correspondent, he said: "I am not going to quarrel with the President or the administration simply because my special friends or favorites are not appointed to office. That would be childish and absurd. I have stood by my party in defeat and battled for its principles for twenty-four years, and I am certainly not going to oppose the first Democratic administration we have had in all that time, simply because the men I recommend for office are not appointed. When I split or oppose the administration it will be on a question where some important principle is involved, and not on a question of patronage. I have not had any patronage to bestow since I have been in Congress—nearly sixteen years—and as I have stood it that long I guess I can stand it the balance of my time in official life, if it is necessary. If, in the judgment of the President, other Kentucky Democrats are more fit and deserving to hold office than those I indorse, I have not a word to say. I believe he is an honest and conscientious man, and tries his best to fill the offices solely for the public good. I know he has a hard time enough to do this, and I shall be the last man to throw any obstacle in his way, even if I do not get a friend appointed during his entire administration.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

A CRANK tariff paper, comparing the commercial policies of America and England, says: "An industrial people can learn the lessons of peace and industry from their ledgers under a high tariff grist as effectually as under free trade." And so they can. But what lessons are to be drawn from the ledgers of the protected manufacturers of every variety who, for the past three years, have been passing through a season of lockouts, strikes, depression, and bankruptcy?—*Chicago Times.*

THE Republican papers appear to have suddenly suspended their abuse of the rebel brigadiers. This is probably due to consideration for the feelings of that distinguished Confederate Brigadier, Mr. Wise, whom the Republicans have just nominated for Governor of Virginia at the dictation of the late "Gen. Lee's right-hand man," Gen. Mahone.

INDIANA STATE NEWS.

James H. Kintner, the oldest Mason in Northern Indiana, died at Logansport.

—The Methodist Episcopal Church was established in Richmond fifty-two years ago.

—Rev. Father Genhen, late of Logansport, is now pastor of St. Michael's Church, Madison.

—There are four counties in the State untouched by railroads—Brown, Ohio, Perry, and Switzerland.

—Two new yachts, one steam and the other sail, have recently been launched on Turkey Lake by the Cedar Beach Association.

—The body of Nicholas Mueller, of Evansville, who had been on a spree for several days, has been found in Pigeon Creek, near that city.

—Towler, the albino who, while traveling with a circus a few years ago, married Miss Porter, of Carroll County, the Indiana giantess, died very suddenly at home, in Camden, that county.

—Henry Mosler, the distinguished artist, who, twenty years ago, was a student at Richmond, and has for the past ten years been in Paris, writes that he will revisit his old home in September.

—A lad named Joseph Dalton, only thirteen years of age, committed suicide at Greencastle. He hanged himself while the members of the family for whom he worked were absent at a circus.

—The Liberty Herald is agitating the question of erecting a soldiers' memorial building at that place, holding that a mere monument, artistic and beautiful as it would appear, would be only so much capital locked up for all time to come.

—Frank Kelley has died of consumption at the prison at Jeffersonville. Kelley, murdered a fisherman on a boat at Rockport, after which he robbed the boat. He was tried at Rockport and sentenced for life and served out his sentence without commutation. His age was nineteen years at the time of his death. He was buried in the prison graveyard.

—"Is this hot enough for you?" he said. I made no say, and no more would you, But I tumbled my pistol some instead, And gave him a shot or two. He fell in a heap as the balls went through, But he murmured still, for he was not dead: "Is this hot enough for you?" I stabbed him twice and bruised his head, And fired some more, for my arm was true, Then I turned to the admiring crowd and said: "Is this shot enough for you?"—*Indianapolis Journal.*

—It is not likely there is much in the cave recently discovered near De Pauw station. The cave has been explored a great distance, but a gentleman who went through it about three miles says it is very muddy, very rough, devoid of fine scenery or fossils, and one has to crawl on his hands and knees long distances. Another cave about one and a quarter miles from De Pauw station is large and fine, but yet difficult to explore on account of the many narrow openings. A cave near Milltown is said to be finer than either of the caves at De Pauw station when Blaine was "premier."

—A few nights ago some fishermen, who had their lines set at a point in White River, below Medora, had occasion to build a fire, using as a "back-log" what they considered to be a part of an elm tree, which was lying near by on the bank. As the fire grew hotter one of the men noticed that the "back-log" kept cracking, and finally burst open, or rather transversely across. Investigation revealed the fact that the "back-log" was bone—a huge femur of something they knew not what. The bone was carefully put away for the night, and the morning's examination showed it to be five feet in length, and of the dimensions of a man's body. They also found a portion of what proved to be the jaw-bone of equal proportions to the femur. Upon raising it up a tooth, weighing four pounds, fell