

GRANT'S QUIET YEARS AT NORTHERN POSTS.

BY HAMLIN GARLAND,

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SURVIVING RECOLLECTIONS OF GRANT AT SACKETT'S HARBOR AND DETROIT.

—NOTED AS A DRIVER AND A CHECKER-PLAYER.—MODEST LIFE AND GREAT RESERVE.—CONDUCTS A CHOLERA-STRICKEN REGIMENT ACROSS THE ISTHMUS.—BARRACKS LIFE ON THE PACIFIC.—UNFORTUNATE BUSINESS VENTURES.—RESIGNATION FROM THE ARMY.



AT the close of the Mexican War, Grant's regiment, the Fourth Infantry, returned to the beautiful barracks of New Orleans for a short stay, and then took ship for New York; but Grant, procuring a leave of absence, took steamer up the Mississippi River on the most important business of his life—which was to marry Miss Julia Dent. "The small lieutenant with the big epaulettes" was returning a bronzed veteran of many battles and with merited promotions. He was now brevet captain, and felt in position to marry.

An excessively modest marriage notice appeared in the newspapers of St. Louis on the 2d of July, 1848, and that was the only public recognition of this mighty event. Privately tales circulated, describing the shy young soldier who found his sword in his way, and who trembled more than at Molino del Rey or Monterey. If these tales are true, then we have two things which Ulysses Grant could not handsomely and coolly do: make a speech or get married. However, he did not think at the time to be ever again called upon to do either.

Immediately after the marriage the young people went to visit the Grants at Bethel, Ohio, and old friends of the young lieutenant at Georgetown. Old residents in these towns recall the very fair-skinned, petite, and vivacious little lady who accompanied "Ulyss," as they still continued to call the rising soldier, on this visit. After a few care-free weeks spent thus, Grant took his bride and went to join his regiment, which, from New York, had moved to Detroit, arriving there November 17, 1848. Four days later (November 21) Grant himself was ordered to Sackett's Harbor. "I well

remember," remarks one who was his fellow-officer at this time, "the day Grant came to Detroit with his young bride and his sister. He was regimental quartermaster, and, after his hard campaigns in Mexico, entitled to rest; but a fellow-officer who, I believe, did it for purely selfish reasons, got Grant ordered to the bleak and undesirable post of Sackett's Harbor. Although Grant's proper place as quartermaster was at Detroit with the regimental headquarters, he uncomplainingly obeyed the orders. He laid his grievance before brevet Colonel Francis Lee, commander of the regiment, and it was forwarded to General Scott. Scott decided in Grant's favor, and as soon as navigation on the lakes was open Grant returned to Detroit."

GRANT'S MANNER OF LIFE AT SACKETT'S HARBOR AND DETROIT.

There are not many people living in Sackett's Harbor who remember Lieutenant Grant, but it happens that one or two credible witnesses remain* to supply a pleasant and lifelike glimpse of the young man, and also to give the lie to several absurd and foolish stories. Grant settled to his work in his quiet way, and made friends at once by his modest demeanor and gentle habit of command. Major Elderkin, drum-major of Grant's regiment, remembers him also with especial clearness at this and a rather earlier time, for Grant did him many favors.† "My first acquaintance with Lieutenant Grant," says Major Elderkin, "was at Corpus Christi, at the beginning of the Mexican War.

* One of these, Mr. Walter Camp, is president of the Jefferson County Historical Society, and a man of repute with his fellow-townsmen.

† Major Elderkin still lives in Detroit, a hale and hearty old soldier, tall and straight and buoyant of bearing.

He was a very mild-spoken man—spoke like a lady almost. He always asked his men to do their duty; he never ordered them in an offensive way. He was about as nice a man as I ever saw. He was wonderfully cool and quick in battle. Nothing ever 'rattled' him. He took an active part in every battle, and was quartermaster besides. I saw a great deal of him all through the Mexican War, and then at Detroit and Sackett's Harbor after the war. He was very sociable, always talked to a man freely and without putting on the airs of a superior officer.

"I remember him very well at Detroit. I also remember his wife very well; she was very fair and a charming woman. I used to carry the mail, sometimes twice a day, to their house on Fort Street. I think Lieutenant Grant at that time wore his hair rather long, but had shaved off his beard. He used to ride and drive a great deal. At Sackett's Harbor I remember he used to practice with clubs. Some said he punched a sand-bag. I never saw him do that, but he was a strong little man, and could take care of himself if necessary. He and Mrs. Grant used to go to little dancing parties, but I don't think he ever danced.

"He lived very modestly—he couldn't afford to do anything else on his pay. His only dissipation was in owning a fast horse; he always liked to have a fine nag, and he paid high prices to get one."

Major Elderkin's recollections are borne out and supplemented by those of Mr. Walter Camp of Sackett's Harbor. "Lieutenant Grant and his wife came here," says Mr. Camp, "in the fall of 1848. Few knew him, for he lived very quietly with his young bride. He came again in 1851. He was an earnest advocate of temperance while here the second time. He organized the Sons of Temperance at the barracks, and gave hearty encouragement to the order in the village by his presence. He marched once in the procession, wearing the regalia of the lodge. I heard him refuse to join in a drinking bout once. It pleased me, and I spoke to him about it next day. He explained his action by saying: 'I heard John B. Gough lecture in Detroit the other night, and I have become convinced that there is no safety from ruin by drink except from abstaining from liquor altogether.'

"It took courage in those days to wear the white apron of the Sons of Temperance, but Lieutenant Grant was prepared

to show his character. He attended church while here, and lived a quiet, uneventful life. He was a great checker-player, and he generally worsted his opponent. There is a story that he rode over to Watertown once to meet a champion player. It was ten miles over there, and he rode it in forty-five minutes; he couldn't abide a slow horse. He met the champion, a shoemaker, and they settled upon a series of games and the wager. They agreed that if the result was a draw they would decide the supremacy by a foot-race. The result was a draw, and the players got out into the street and laid out the course. Grant was small, but lively on foot. He wore a linen duster, and he made it snap in the wind as he scurried up the hill and back. He won the race.

"He was a modest, quiet, sociable young fellow, of whom we knew little at the time. Mrs. Grant attended the Methodist Church, but Grant had a pew in the Episcopal Church, just to show his 'friendliness,' he said. This may have been a sentiment leading back to his life at West Point. There was a strong military feeling here during those days. Old army forms were rigidly maintained; but Grant was always simple and kindly in his manner."*

Grant had been in Sackett's Harbor but a few months when he received orders to return to Detroit. He was very glad to do this, for Sackett's Harbor at that time was far separated from the outside world even in summer. In fact, it was a cold, bleak, and inhospitable port at the edge of a vast, wind-swept lake of ice and snow. Youth and love had made it a habitable spot; but, nevertheless, the world courts for something even in the honeymoon, and as soon as the lakes were open to navigation, Lieutenant Grant and his wife returned to his rightful post.

They set to work at once to find a home of their own outside of the barracks, which were hardly habitable for a woman. The modest little frame cottage in which they made their home is still standing, and is about such as a well-to-do carpenter would occupy. At that time it stood on the outskirts of the town, and had some trees growing about it, and some vines were in the yard. There was nothing distinctive in it. It was indeed small, but it was all that the pay of a lieutenant at that time warranted. The neighbors were ordinary citizens of the workingman's condition. The officers who were unmarried

*From an interview held especially for McClure's Magazine.

lived at the hotel in the town, and walked to and fro for their meals, passing near Grant's house.

GRANT'S FAMOUS "CICOTTE MARE."

Grant settled quietly into place as quartermaster of the regiment, and it was not long before he had another horse, and "a clipper to go." A French-Canadian of the town, named David Cicotte, owned a small and speedy mare which Grant's keen eyes had observed and coveted, and which he bought as soon as his means allowed. This "Cicotte mare," as she is called by Grant's old neighbors, became so swift of foot under Grant's driving that he could show the back of his cutter to almost any turn-out on the river, which was the racing place in midwinter. His swift driving caused him to be observed and remembered far beyond any other deed or characteristic. Everybody knew Lieutenant Grant and his "Cicotte mare" at least by sight. One day he overtook a certain Mr. Trowbridge, so the story runs, and invited him to get in. "I'll drive you home," he said.

Mr. Trowbridge doubtfully climbed in, and Grant chirruped to the mare, and away they went, whizzing. An hour or two later, when Mr. Trowbridge returned home, his brother asked, "Well, how do you like riding with Grant?"

"Grant's all right," replied he, "but that beast of a horse only hit the ground three times in going up the avenue. I thought I was going to lose all my whiskers. But Grant kept saying: 'It's all right; she isn't feeling well to-day; wait till the weather gets a little cooler, and I'll give you a ride that is a ride.'"

Mr. Trowbridge was never known to try it again.

"Lieutenant Grant lived inconspicuously here," says an old Detroiter, General Palmer, then a clerk in the District Quartermaster Department. "I saw him almost daily in the course of our business. He was a little, inoffensive-looking fellow. I remember saying that it was very queer their putting quartermaster's work into his hands, and one of his fellow-officers said, 'He may be no good with papers, but he's great with a regiment.'"

"He was boyish, said little, and always kept in the background. If it had not been for his fine horsemanship most people would not have noticed him. He loved horses, no doubt of that. He used to race Saturdays way out on Fort Avenue,

which was then a first-rate racing ground for the citizens. On bright midwinter days the whole town would be there. Every man who had a horse took part, and Grant was always there with his little pony which he bought of Dave Cicotte.

"Grant was social, but he showed it in the way of being where people were, rather than by entertaining people. Mrs. Grant was a lively little woman, and loved company. She went out to parties and dances a good deal. Grant never danced, but he used to bring his wife and then stand around looking on. He was very inconspicuous by reason of his retiring ways.

"I knew him as well as any one here at that time, probably. I met him socially, and also officially in the daily routine of business. He was a gentleman in his habits and instincts; quiet, unobtrusive. The stories which circulated at one time about his social habits here are untrue. He wasn't that kind of a man. He took his glass of liquor with the rest of us, but he was noticeable for his domestic habits. He was considered one of the best officers in his regiment."

Grant took a pew in the Methodist Church in Detroit also, and often attended the services. While stationed at Detroit he had a rather amusing set-to with Zachariah Chandler, afterwards the well-known representative of Michigan in the United States Senate. At this time Chandler was a young merchant in Detroit, and the army officers were obliged to pass his premises on their way to and from the barracks. They often found the snow and ice lying there deep across the path. They grumbled a good deal, but Chandler was a big, burly fellow, rather proud of his strength, and no one was eager to make complaint against him. At last Grant, who knew no fear, volunteered to "bell the cat." He filed a legal complaint against Chandler.

Chandler brought the matter to trial with voluble ferocity. He accused the officers of being drunken and disorderly. Grant held to his cause, however, and Chandler was fined for obstructing the walk. Everybody expected him to make a personal assault on Grant, but he did not. Possibly something in the lines of the quiet little man's lips informed him that he could not safely do so.

At a dinner given to Colonel Grayson while he was in Detroit, Grant was called on for a toast. In noticeable tremor he rose and said, "I can face the music, but I can't make a speech." However, he gave this succinct sentiment—"The Gray-



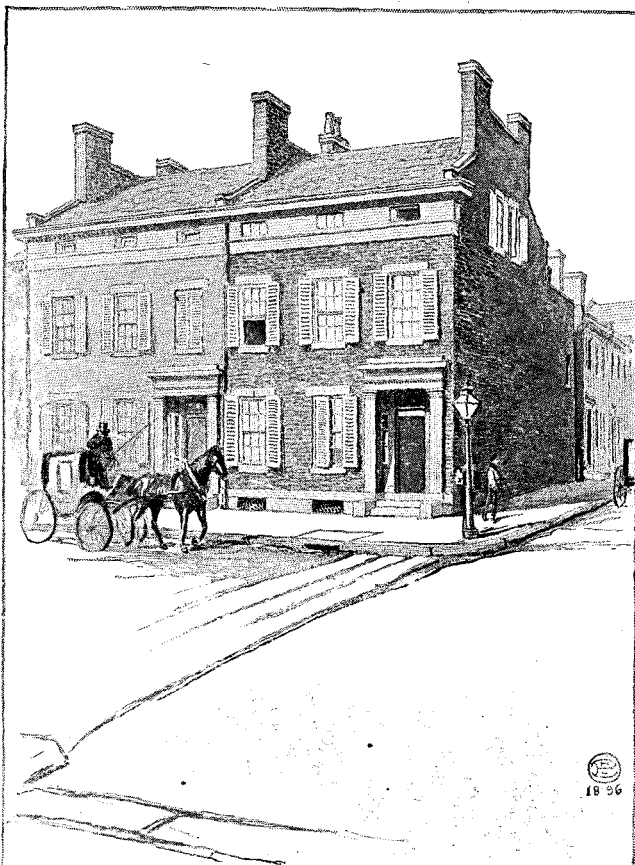
LIEUTENANT U. S. GRANT AND LIEUTENANT ALEXANDER HAYS IN 1845, WHEN THEY WERE STARTING FOR THE MEXICAN WAR.

A photographic copy of the Grant portrait in this picture was redrawn for McClure's Magazine and published in the January number. Since then the original daguerreotype has been kindly placed at our disposal by its present owner, Mrs. Agnes M. Hays Gormly, the daughter of Alexander Hays, and the present reproduction is from that original. The original picture was taken at Camp Salubrity, Louisiana, in 1845. Beside Grant (the figure in the background) is his racing pony "Dandy," and beside Lieutenant Hays is his pony "Sunshine." The two men had been fellow-cadets at West Point, and served in the same regiment in the Mexican War. Afterwards Hays, like Grant, retired from the army, to re-enter it at the breaking out of the Civil War as a colonel of volunteers. He became a brigadier-general, and was killed in the battle of the Wilderness. Grant, on learning of his death, said: "I am not surprised that he met his death at the head of his troops; it was just like him. He was a man who would never follow, but would always lead, in battle."

son Guards. Should their services be required, may they be rendered in proportion to the confidence placed in them and their worthy commander."

In the Detroit "Advertiser" of June 11, 1851, appears the following: "Captain Grant and Lieutenant McConnell, United States Army, left the city yesterday to form the command at Sackett's Harbor, accompanied by the band of the Fourth Infantry." This fixes the date of Grant's return to Sackett's Harbor.

It was a dull life there on the edge of Ontario after the little round of possible gayeties had been traversed a dozen times. Grant transacted his duties promptly and well each day, and formed a reticent member of all meetings of the officers. He was considered a good fellow, but a little slow as a companion. He talked a good deal of the Mexican War, however, and at such times grew very earnest and interested, and impressed others with his power to present in orderly way his conception of



HOUSE IN WHICH GENERAL GRANT WAS MARRIED, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

From a recent photograph taken expressly for McClure's Magazine.

the campaigns. Rufus Ingalls, Grant's old room-mate at West Point, afterwards said: "There was one thing which should have impressed me with the man's power, and it did in some degree; he gave the clearest account of the Mexican War I ever heard."

While Grant did not dance, he played cards occasionally, and checkers also. He read whatever he could find to read, and read aloud to Mrs. Grant; and in this quiet way, a tender though undemonstrative husband and a good citizen, he lived during the autumn of 1851 and the spring of 1852. He was living safely, comfortably, happily; but he became aware of a certain futility in all this. He was getting nowhere. It was merely dozing in a snug corner. Beneath his quiet exterior his companions—the more discerning of them—saw in him a "restless, energetic man."

TRANSFERRED TO THE PACIFIC COAST.

But a change came into his quiet life. An order arrived transferring him to the

Pacific coast, which was almost equivalent to a removal to-day to Africa. He faced here the question of a soldier's life in a new fashion. He had developed no special love for the army, though he had ceased apparently to plan to get out of it. This order brought up again the problem of resigning and going into something else. He had those moments of profound thought which marked him at West Point, and in his face the care of a man and father had begun to write its lines. It is said he meditated seriously resigning at this time.

It was out of the question to think of taking his wife with him on the long and dangerous trip across the Isthmus; and so with great reluctance and in marked depression he left Sackett's Harbor for the Pacific coast, while Mrs. Grant returned to the home of Jesse Grant in Bethel, where her second child was born. The oldest child, named Frederick Dent Grant, was now nearly two years old.

The Fourth Infantry assembled at Governor's Island, New York Bay, and thence took ship for the Isthmus. The steamer "Ohio" was in command of Admiral Schenck, and from him we get a picture of Grant's manner and habits during the voyage.*

"In July, 1852, I took a regiment on my ship from New York to the Isthmus. Major Bonneville† was in command, and Grant was quartermaster. For the first week I did not have much to say to him. He was then a quiet, undemonstrative man, and took matters just as they came, without comment, though when called upon he never seemed to be at a loss for an opinion and a good reason to back it. Bonneville was hasty and uncertain in his action, and gave cause for disagreements, and it was a customary practice to refer these disputes to Grant as arbitrator. His

* In an interview first published in the New York "Herald."

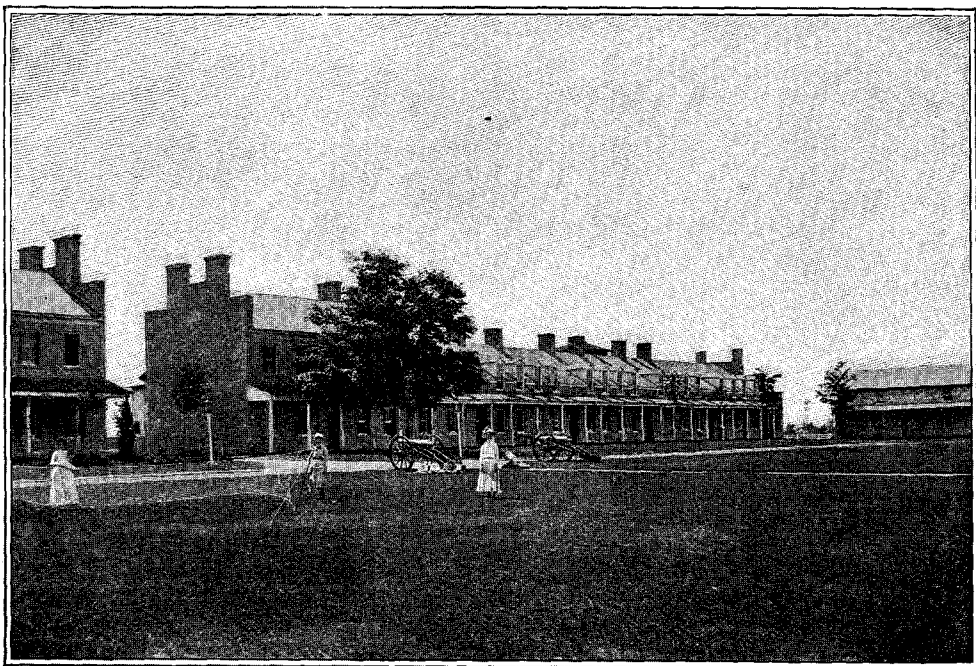
† This was the Bonneville whose journal had been edited and amplified by Washington Irving, and published (1837) under the title "Adventures of Capt. Bonneville, U. S. A., in the Rocky Mountains of the Far West."

rulings were distinguished by particular good sense.

"He was accustomed to walk the deck late at night, and so at last we came to walk up and down the deck, discussing such matters as came up from time to time. He seemed to me to be a man of an uncommon order of intelligence. He had a good education, and what his mind took hold of it grasped strongly and thoroughly digested."

Nothing which the young soldier had ever done surpassed in energy, resource, coolness, and daring the crossing of the

was prepared for the worst. The "Ohio" delivered her freight at Aspinwall, letting loose a swarm of gold-seekers as well as soldiery. The heat was of course terrific, and Quartermaster Grant was sleeplessly active to get his charges out of the low-lying town at once. All was confusion. The town of Aspinwall had sprung up since the beginning of the gold excitement, and had scarcely any law and certainly no order. The railway was completed only to the Chagres River, eighteen miles away. The steamship company had contracted with the government to take



OFFICERS' BARRACKS, SACKETT'S HARBOR, NEW YORK.

From a photograph owned by Colonel Walter B. Camp.

Isthmus. It was equal to a campaign against a foreign foe. It was a fight against fever, cholera, poisonous plants, bad water, inefficient labor, and insubordinate soldiery. As quartermaster, Grant was forced to take the brunt of all shortcomings in transportation and all complaints concerning supplies.

GRANT'S CARE OF A PLAGUE-STRICKEN REGIMENT AT PANAMA.

It was a perilous time of year to attempt such a passage, but that made little difference to the authorities in Washington. Quartermaster Grant, luckily, was experienced in the tropical summer, and

the troops across the Isthmus; but when they arrived at Chagres, Quartermaster Grant found everything lacking. No mules had been provided by the agent of the company, and in the rush it seemed really impossible to secure any. The agent was supine and lifeless in the matter, and Grant was forced to take charge of affairs.

The regiment marched directly toward Panama, while the regimental band and the officers' wives, accompanied by Quartermaster Grant, went down the river toward Cruces. In his report at the time Grant said: "Upon arriving at Cruces I found the agent of the contracting parties had entered into a contract with Mr. Duckworth for the transportation of baggage,

etc., from there to Panama. After waiting three days for Mr. Duckworth to furnish transportation, I found that at the terms he had agreed upon he was entirely unable to comply with his engagement."

This threw upon the young quartermaster the entire responsibility of moving the people in his charge and the regimental baggage safely on to Panama, and tested his energy and his practical experience as severely as any campaign in which he had ever been engaged. To make the situation worse, cholera had broken out in Cruces. At last he got his heterogeneous cavalcade in motion, the ladies riding astride mules, the men on foot laden with bundles, and in the midst some sisters of charity borne in hammocks by the natives. Drum-Major Elderkin, already referred to, had his bride with him, and Quartermaster Grant did all in his power to protect her from discomfort and danger. He gave the drum-major a twenty-dollar gold piece, and said: "Get a mule, if you can, to carry your wife over; but if you can't, use the money as you wish. You had better start at once. Your wife can't go safely in skirts, however; she had better dress in man's clothing."

The major, in recalling this incident recently, said: "So I dressed my wife in a pair of my white trousers and a white shirt. I had everything but a coat. I told Grant how I stood, and he said, 'I've got one that will just fit her,' and he went to his trunk and took out a jacket, which she put on. It fit very well. Then she buckled on my sword-belt. We all laughed, for she looked like a handsome boy. Then Grant said, 'Now don't drink any water while you are on the way. Get some wine, and use it sparingly.'

"When we got near Panama the natives noticed my wife and said, 'This is a handsome boy.' But some of them saw her ear-rings and said, 'This is not a boy, it is a lovely señorita.' When we got near the city the consul came out on a horse and met us, and said: 'The cholera is in Panama. When you get in, go immediately out to the ship "The Golden Gate"; don't stay in the town.' Grant stayed behind to attend to the stores. He took care of the health of the soldiers and everybody else. He had to look after the stores and pay all the bills. His position was very hard, and at one time everything seemed to depend upon him."

Cholera broke out in the ship which they took at Panama. More than one hundred and fifty men died of it, thirty-seven in

one day, among the rest Major J. H. Gore, with whom Grant had been most intimately associated in Mexico and Detroit. The passengers were panic-stricken, and the men, appalled at their new foe, muttered with fear and wrath. In the midst of all the confusion and dread, which amounted to frenzy, Quartermaster Grant remained cool, resolute, watchful, and sympathetic. Nothing could flurry him or anger him or make him afraid.

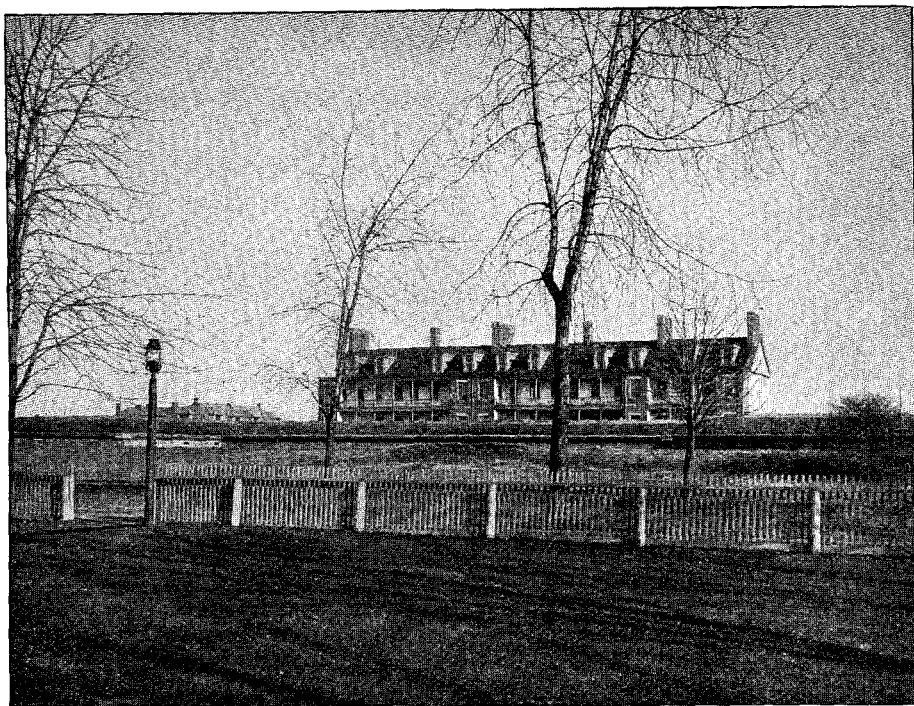
"Captain Grant had a tremendous responsibility on his hands," says Mrs. Elderkin, who as the bride wife of the drum-major was the object at this time of Grant's special care. "He had hospital facilities, medicinal supplies, and the disposal of the dead to look after; but he did the work with as much system as though he had been quartered at Detroit. There we were, with from fifty to sixty dangerously sick people on our hands all the time, with twelve or fifteen of them dying daily, and with only a ship's deck to take care of them on. Grant seemed to be a man of iron, so far as endurance went, seldom sleeping, and then only two or three hours at a time, while at the same time his medicinal supplies were always ample and at hand. He seemed to take a personal interest in each case, and when one considers the matter, the hospital accommodations he provided were simply wonderful. He was like a ministering angel to us all."

The captain of "The Golden Gate" was a man of decision and character also, and an officer of wide experience in the treatment of Asiatic cholera. He refused to sail until all the passengers had been landed and all clothing fumigated and the ship thoroughly overhauled. These vigorous measures put an end to the plague, and "The Golden Gate" passed on her way to San Francisco without further mishap.

"We established a camp at Benicia," Major Elderkin relates, "which was a short distance out of San Francisco, where we stayed several weeks till we got a steamer to take us to Oregon."

GRANT'S BARRACKS LIFE ON THE PACIFIC.

Columbia Barracks, as it was then called, was a post on the Columbia River not far from the site of the present city of Portland, which was at that time a small settlement of woodsmen. The buildings of the post were erected by Grant's friend and room-mate, Rufus Ingalls. It consisted of a number of rudely and hastily con-



WEST FRONT OF FORTIFICATION AND BARRACKS, FORT WAYNE, DETROIT.

From a photograph loaned by Captain E. D. Smith of the Fifteenth Infantry. The building shown was erected in 1848, the year Grant first went to Detroit, and is the only one now standing at Fort Wayne that could have been in existence when Grant was stationed there.

structed log-houses. "Like all frontier posts of the period, it is best described by the word improvised," writes Colonel Thomas Anderson.* "Nearly everything was improvised. The houses, furniture, and fixtures were all made out of green wood with that *vade mecum* of the pioneer, the axe. Two companies of artillery had cleared a few acres of ground and put up a few buildings in the spring of 1849. In the fall of that year the Mounted Rifles came across the plains, and stopping at Vancouver began to carry on the work begun by the artillery. But early in the spring of 1850 about half of the regiment deserted to go to the California gold 'diggings.' Those that remained became so unruly that it was decided to send them to another department.

"It was under these discouraging conditions that Grant began to perform the duties of quartermaster here. The surrounding country was a wilderness, peopled,

where it was settled at all, by savage Indians or whites of the rough-and-ready frontier type. The few manufactured articles in use were brought around the Horn in sailing vessels or across the plains and mountains in wagons. The records of the post show that Grant performed all his duties as quartermaster faithfully and well; that he built houses, repaired wagons, and fitted out expeditions. Under this last head I find that in July, 1853, he supplied Captain George B. McClellan with transportation and all things needful for the first survey of the Northern Pacific railway.

"Grant served just one year at Fort Vancouver. During this time he lived and messed with his lifelong friend and West Point classmate, Rufus Ingalls, who was stationed there as depot quartermaster. He has given me many interesting incidents in his friend's early career. It seems that they kept a pair of horses on the south bank of the Columbia, opposite the post, and when they wished a little social diversion would cross the river and ride on horseback to Oregon City, twenty miles up the Willamette. Portland was then too unimportant to attract their attention."

* From an account written specially for McClure's Magazine. Colonel Thomas Anderson is the present commandant of the fort. In a subsequent letter he adds: "General Ingalls, Grant's most devoted friend, passed the later years of his life here, and I saw him nearly every day. He always claimed that Grant while here was always dignified and a gentleman; but he had few intimates. He was very quiet and reserved, but not unsocial."

It was a dull and dreary year to the young soldier. The routine of an army post is the same everywhere, no matter how the social conditions may differ. Oregon at that time was a wilderness, and a gloomy wilderness in winter time. West of the Cascade range the vegetation is gigantic and oppressive. For six months of the year it is a land of rain, of dank moss, of dripping trees. The mists rise from the warm sea, float inward, break against the Cascade range of mountains, and fall in unending torrents over the steaming earth. There are weeks when the sun is scarcely felt, the glorious mountains are hidden, and the world is of the color of gray—green leaves and falling rain. But when the rains cease, then the dazzling crests of great mountains loom into the sky, the sun falls warm upon the earth, and vegetation leaps to maturity.

Grant did his duties and carried himself with his usual quiet dignity, but he was unusually silent and grave. He had not the careless nature which makes light of such a situation, although he was never a man to complain. He afterward spoke in warm praise of the land and the people he met there. How deeply he felt the separation from his wife and his two little sons will never be known, but the memory of an old artillery sergeant holds one revealing incident.

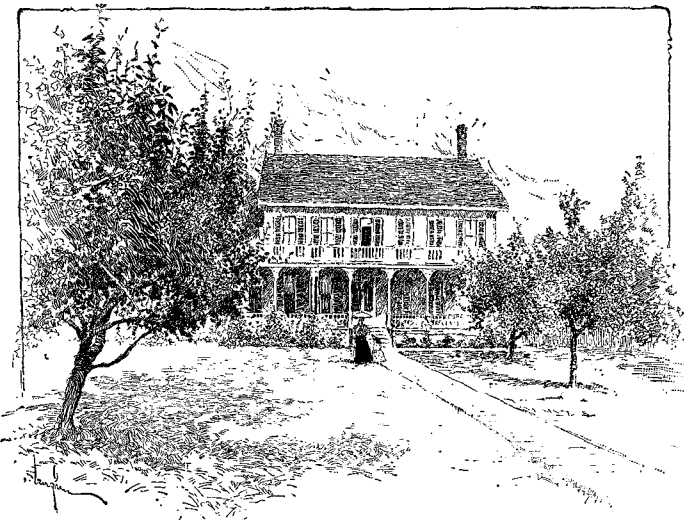
Captain Grant had procured for the sergeant a position as agent of the United States Ordnance Department, and on the morning after the arrival of the mail which

brought the commission, the captain dropped into the sergeant's little cottage to witness and enjoy his delight. "When about to leave," the sergeant himself relates, "he said: 'Oh, I, too, had a letter last night,' and drawing one from his pocket he opened it out. He did not read it to us, but showed us the last page, where his wife had laid baby Fred's hand on the paper and traced with a pencil to show the size of it. He folded the letter and left without speaking a word; but his form shook and his eyes grew moist."*

He received few letters. There was a period of several months after leaving New York during which he was cut off from all news of his wife, and this at a time when his anxiety was peculiarly intense, and yet he uttered no complaint and was always mindful of others. He secured an appointment for Eckerson and helped Elderkin and his wife to make a home in the post. Beneath his impassive exterior he was known to be sympathetic to all need and suffering in others. Nobody ever went to him for help who did not get it readily and ungrudgingly. It seemed his greatest pleasure to aid others. Louis Sohns, a member of the Fourth Infantry band, says in a recent letter: "I saw Captain Grant almost daily while he was stationed here at Vancouver. He carried himself with dignity, and was highly respected by the garrison." And Drum-Major Elderkin adds of this same time: "I used to see Captain Grant almost every day. He used to ride up to our house almost every morning and

say 'Good morning,' and ride off into the woods. He took great interest in the theatre which the officers established. His habits were very regular. He drank considerably, but not to excess. I never saw him intoxicated in my life. He was one of the kindest and best men I ever knew, but he seemed to be always sad. He never seemed jovial and hearty, like most of the officers. I thought him a very active man and a thorough soldier."

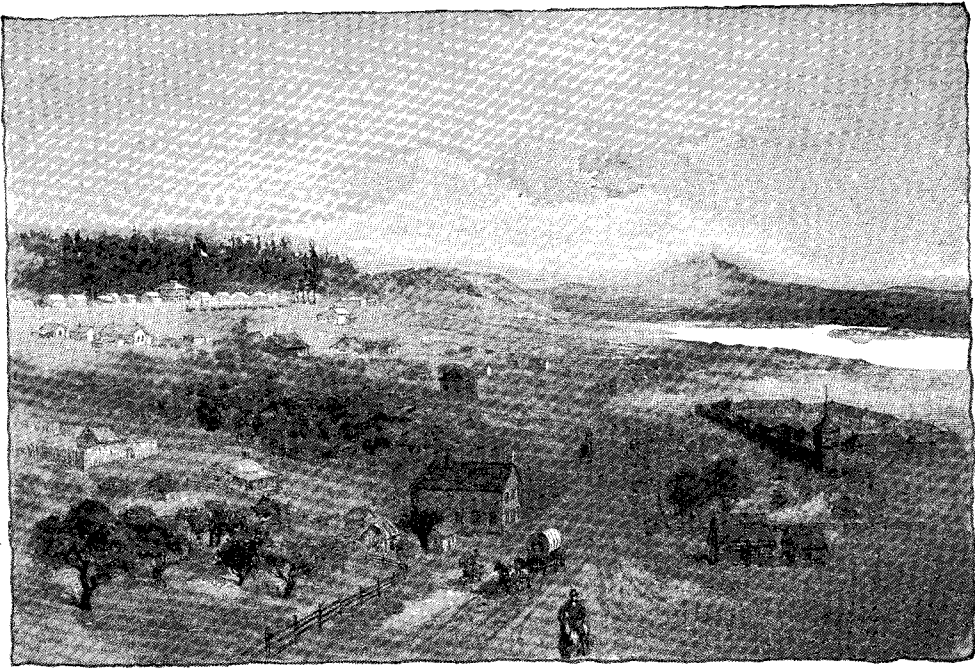
The winter dragged slowly on, and Grant began to plan diversion. He



THE HOUSE IN WHICH GRANT LIVED AT FORT VANCOUVER IN 1852 AND 1853.

Redrawn from a photograph loaned by Colonel Thomas M. Anderson, present commandant of Fort Vancouver.

* Recollections of Major Theo. Eckerson, written specially for McClure's Magazine.



FORT VANCOUVER.

Redrawn from a painting by Dr. Covington, now owned by Captain James A. Buchanan of the Eleventh Infantry.

felt the necessity of doing something outside his camp, not merely because he knew he would be the better for it physically and mentally, but also because he hoped to make money enough to enable him to send for his family. He looked about for something which he could engage in without interfering with his duties at the post. He naturally turned to the employment of his boyhood; he determined to farm. He purchased a team, rented a piece of land, and set to work valorously.

The account of this disastrous experiment is furnished by Lieutenant Wallen, who took a partnership in the enterprise. "When we got to Vancouver," says he, "we found that Irish potatoes were worth eight or nine dollars a bushel. So Grant and I agreed to go into a potato speculation. We rented a piece of ground from the Hudson Bay Company, and, as Grant had been a farmer, he was to plow it. I was to cut and drop the potatoes, and we were to tend them together. Our capital was joined to buy the seed, as neither of us had much money. We planted a large patch, and in the fall we reaped a large harvest; but everyone had raised potatoes, and they were worth nothing. We finally had to pay some of the farmers to haul the potatoes away out of the magazine that was borrowed from the commandant of the post and in which we stored them."

Grant himself says of the venture that the gray old Columbia swept over the field in June and killed part of the young plants. "However," he adds, "it saved us the trouble of digging them in the fall."

Grant also went into a partnership with Rufus Ingalls to cut and ship ice to San Francisco. This, too, ended in disaster. Adverse winds held the brig back till some ships from Sitka unloaded their cargoes on the market and ice was of no great value. He then tried buying cattle and hogs and shipping them to San Francisco. "We continued this business," said his partner, "until both of us lost all the money we had. He was the perfect soul of honor and truth, and believed everyone as artless as himself. I never knew a stronger or better man."*

In August, 1853, Grant was promoted to a full captaincy and ordered to Fort Humboldt to fill a vacancy caused by the death of Captain Bliss, famous as General Taylor's adjutant in the Mexican War. He started for his new post in October. "The post," says Richardson, "was two hundred and forty miles north of San Francisco, and the buildings stood on a plateau affording a splendid view of Humboldt Bay. The only town in the vicinity was Eureka, which contained but a saw-mill and twenty houses. Communication with

* Quoted in Burr's "Life of General Grant."

San Francisco was solely by water, and mails were very irregular. The officers looked out anxiously every morning for a sail, and when one appeared galloped down to Eureka for their letters or a stray newspaper. The line captain's duties were less onerous than the quartermaster's had been, and the discipline was far more rigid and irksome."

Grant had little work to occupy his time, he was far separated—hopelessly separated from his family, and had an uncongenial commander in Colonel Buchanan. He took little interest in the dancing, hunting, fishing, and other diversions of the officers; and, above all, the futility of the whole life weighed upon him. He saw nothing ahead worth doing. He seemed to be indefinitely settled at a dull post. He was not a man of small things and dull routine. He had been at Fort Humboldt scarcely six months when he took a leave of absence and soon after resigned his commission. The immediate cause of his resignation has been the subject of much gossip and speculation. Grant's own explanation, in his "Personal Memoirs," is as follows: "My family, all this while, was at the East. It consisted now of a wife and two children. I saw no chance of supporting them on the Pacific coast out of my pay as an army officer. I concluded, therefore, to resign, and in March applied for a leave of absence until the end of the July following, tendering my resignation to take effect at the end of that time. I left the Pacific coast very much attached to it, and with the full expectation of making it my future home."

This is brief, but it is reasonable and sufficient. If there were other causes than the one assigned, they cannot now be certainly ascertained. None of the officers who served at Fort Humboldt with Grant are now living, and of his life there the positive information is very slight. The resignation took effect July 31, 1854. The change came when he was least prepared for it. Unlucky speculations had left him with little ready money, and he knew not which way to turn. To read his own account of this time one would think all his acts were commonplace, the time a gray day and nothing more. As a matter of fact it had all the elements of a tragedy to the gallant young soldier and to his ambitious father. Up to this moment there had been a faint hope of being transferred back to some Eastern post, where he might gather his family about him; but

now the future was a shoreless, gray sea. The prospect plunged him into the deepest despair. What could he do? He had no money; everything seemed to go against him. The sullen old Columbia swept away his crop. Adverse winds held his ship from port. A rascally debtor had defaulted. Everything had failed. And now he was a private citizen once more, under a ban, and penniless. In such condition he walked the streets of San Francisco, not knowing which way to set his face.

Robert Allen, chief quartermaster of the coast, heard some men talking of him and was made aware of his presence in San Francisco. He set forth to find him, for he loved him, as did everyone who knew him. "He found him at last in a miner's hotel called the 'What Cheer House.' Grant was up in a little garret room which contained only a small cot, a pine table, and one chair.

"Why, Grant, what are you doing here?" asked Allen.

"Nothing," he replied. "I've resigned from the army. I'm out of money, and I have no means of getting home."

"Well," said Allen, "I can arrange for your transportation without trouble, and I guess we can raise some money for you."

"He took hold of the matter vigorously, and through him Grant procured transportation to New York and money enough to meet his daily needs."

He reached New York still forlorn and practically penniless. He had enough to carry him to Sackett's Harbor, where one of his recreant debtors lived, from whom he expected to extract some money. He failed to do so, and returned to New York in worse condition than ever. There he applied to Simon B. Buckner, who was stationed as a recruiting officer in Brooklyn, and received fifty dollars, which enabled him to reach Covington, Kentucky, where his father now lived.

It was a sad blow to the proud old father. He turned away from his eldest son to his younger sons, Simpson and Orvil. They were to uphold the honor of the family. The mother, on the contrary, was glad that he was out of the service. She seemed to understand the dangers and temptations of a soldier's life in barracks, and was relieved to know he was returning to civil life and a home. Her serene, steadfast, and gentle spirit helped him to get his bearings once more.



DANIEL VIERGE, THE MASTER ILLUSTRATOR.

PERSONAL IMPRESSIONS OF THE MAN AND HIS ART.

BY AUGUST F. JACCACI.

WHEN one looks over a number of representative contemporary illustrations and compares them with those made during the early and middle part of the century, one cannot help being struck

by the fact that illustration, the most democratic of our modern arts, has undergone, within less than thirty years, a revolution, or rather an emancipating evolution. To no man but Daniel Vierge can this radical change be justly attributed. He was its

prime mover, and from the first stood, as he stands to-day, head and shoulders above the rest of his professional

brethren—once their recognized leader, now the honored master whose career continues to be their inspiration.

Passing from the older examples to the most recent ones is like jumping from the dull atmosphere of fatuous respect for obsolete traditions into a free, vivid expression of the modern life around us. The old illustrations everywhere in France, Germany, and Italy, with a few exceptions which emphasize the rule, seem to have been executed according to straight and hard formulas, so that no matter what the subject represented was, all were treated in the same artificial way; the same persons appeared again in hardly a different guise; the same monotony of technique pervaded them all; and the same lights, the same intense shadows were thrown over them. Under the influence of a man powerful enough to go straight to nature for his inspiration, modern illustration has struck out for itself into untrodden paths, where the observation of nature is the first consideration; where the artists, seeking to

