



ESSENTIAL AMERICAN HISTORY

THE PERSONAL MEMOIRS OF



P. GUTTENBERG,

PHOTOGR.

ULYSSES S. GRANT

Personal Memoirs Of General U. S. Grant

Ulysses S. Grant



Preface.

"Man Proposes And God Disposes." There Are But Few Important Events In The Affairs Of Men Brought About By Their Own Choice.

Although Frequently Urged By Friends To Write My Memoirs I Had Determined Never To Do So, Nor To Write Anything For Publication. At The Age Of Nearly Sixty-Two I Received An Injury From A Fall, Which Confined Me Closely To The House While It Did Not Apparently Affect My General Health. This Made Study A Pleasant Pastime. Shortly After, The Rascality Of A Business Partner Developed Itself By The Announcement Of A Failure. This Was Followed Soon After By Universal Depression Of All Securities, Which Seemed To Threaten The Extinction Of A Good Part Of The Income Still Retained, And For Which I Am Indebted To The Kindly Act Of Friends. At This Juncture The Editor Of The Century Magazine Asked Me To Write A Few Articles For Him. I Consented For The Money It Gave Me; For At That Moment I Was Living Upon Borrowed Money. The Work I Found Congenial, And I Determined To Continue It. The Event Is An Important One For Me, For Good Or Evil; I Hope For The Former.

In Preparing These Volumes For The Public, I Have Entered Upon The Task With The Sincere Desire To Avoid Doing Injustice To Any One, Whether On The National Or Confederate Side, Other Than The Unavoidable Injustice Of Not Making Mention Often Where Special Mention Is Due. There Must Be Many Errors Of Omission In This Work, Because The Subject Is Too Large To Be Treated Of In Two Volumes In Such Way As To Do Justice To All The Officers And Men Engaged. There Were Thousands Of Instances, During The Rebellion, Of Individual, Company, Regimental And Brigade Deeds Of Heroism Which Deserve Special

Mention And Are Not Here Alluded To. The Troops Engaged In Them Will Have To Look To The Detailed Reports Of Their Individual Commanders For The Full History Of Those Deeds.

The First Volume, As Well As A Portion Of The Second, Was Written Before I Had Reason To Suppose I Was In A Critical Condition Of Health. Later I Was Reduced Almost To The Point Of Death, And It Became Impossible For Me To Attend To Anything For Weeks. I Have, However, Somewhat Regained My Strength, And Am Able, Often, To Devote As Many Hours A Day As A Person Should Devote To Such Work. I Would Have More Hope Of Satisfying The Expectation Of The Public If I Could Have Allowed Myself More Time. I Have Used My Best Efforts, With The Aid Of My Eldest Son, F. D. Grant, Assisted By His Brothers, To Verify From The Records Every Statement Of Fact Given. The Comments Are My Own, And Show How I Saw The Matters Treated Of Whether Others Saw Them In The Same Light Or Not.

With These Remarks I Present These Volumes To The Public, Asking No Favor But Hoping They Will Meet The Approval Of The Reader.

U. S. Grant.

Mount Macgregor, New York, July 1, 1885.

Contents

[Preface.](#)

[Chapter I. - Ancestry—Birth—Boyhood.](#)
[Chapter II. - West Point—Graduation.](#)
[Chapter III. - Army Life—Causes Of The Mexican War—Camp Salubrity.](#)
[Chapter IV. - Corpus Christi—Mexican Smuggling—Spanish Rule In Mexico—
Supplying Transportation.](#)
[Chapter V. - Trip To Austin—Promotion To Full Second Lieutenant—Army Of
Occupation.](#)
[Chapter VI. - Advance Of The Army—Crossing The Colorado—The Rio Grande.](#)
[Chapter VII. - The Mexican War—The Battle Of Palo Alto—The Battle Of Resaca
De La Palma—Army Of Invasion—General Taylor—Movement On Camargo.](#)
[Chapter VIII. - Advance On Monterey—The Black Fort—The Battle Of Monterey
—Surrender Of The City.](#)
[Chapter IX. - Political Intrigue—Buena Vista—Movement Against Vera Cruz—
Siege And Capture Of Vera Cruz.](#)
[Chapter X. - March To Jalapa—Battle Of Cerro Gordo—Perote—Puebla—Scott
And Taylor.](#)
[Chapter XI. - Advance On The City Of Mexico—Battle Of Contreras—Assault At
Churubusco—Negotiations For Peace—Battle Of Molino Del Rey—Storming Of
Chapultepec—San Cosme—Evacuation Of The City—Halls Of The Montezumas.](#)
[Chapter XII. - Promotion To First Lieutenant—Capture Of The City Of Mexico—
The Army—Mexican Soldiers—Peace Negotiations.](#)
[Chapter XIII. - Treaty Of Peace—Mexican Bull Fights—Regimental
Quartermaster—Trip To Popocatpetl—Trip To The Caves Of Mexico.](#)
[Chapter XIV. - Return Of The Army—Marriage—Ordered To The Pacific Coast—
Crossing The Isthmus—Arrival At San Francisco.](#)
[Chapter XV. - San Francisco—Early California Experiences—Life On The Pacific
Coast—Promoted Captain—Flush Times In California.](#)
[Chapter XVI. - Resignation—Private Life—Life At Galena—The Coming Crisis.](#)
[Chapter XVII. - Outbreak Of The Rebellion—Presiding At A Union Meeting—
Mustering Officer Of State Troops—Lyon At Camp Jackson—Services Tendered
To The Government.](#)
[Chapter XVIII. - Appointed Colonel Of The 21st Illinois—Personnel Of The
Regiment—General Logan—March To Missouri—Movement Against Harris At
Florida, Mo.—General Pope In Command—Stationed At Mexico, Mo.](#)
[Chapter XIX. - Commissioned Brigadier-General—Command At Ironton, Mo.—
Jefferson City—Cape Girardeau—General Prentiss—Seizure Of Paducah—
Headquarters At Cairo.](#)
[Chapter XX. - General Fremont In Command—Movement Against Belmont—
Battle Of Belmont—A Narrow Escape—After The Battle.](#)
[Chapter XXI. - General Halleck In Command—Commanding The District Of
Cairo—Movement On Fort Henry—Capture Of Fort Henry.](#)
[Chapter XXII. - Investment Of Fort Donelson—The Naval Operations—Attack Of
The Enemy—Assaulting The Works—Surrender Of The Fort.](#)
[Chapter XXIII. - Promoted Major-General Of Volunteers—Unoccupied Territory—
Advance Upon Nashville—Situation Of The Troops—Confederate Retreat—
Relieved Of The Command—Restored To The Command—General Smith.](#)
[Chapter XXIV. - The Army At Pittsburg Landing—Injured By A Fall—The
Confederate Attack At Shiloh—The First Day's Fight At Shiloh—General](#)

[Sherman—Condition Of The Army—Close Of The First Day's Fight—The Second Day's Fight—Retreat And Defeat Of The Confederates.](#)

[Chapter Xxv. - Struck By A Bullet—Precipitate Retreat Of The Confederates—Intrenchments At Shiloh—General Buell—General Johnston—Remarks On Shiloh.](#)

[Chapter Xxvi. - Halleck Assumes Command In The Field—The Advance Upon Corinth—Occupation Of Corinth—The Army Separated.](#)

[Chapter Xxvii. - Headquarters Moved To Memphis—On The Road To Memphis—Escaping Jackson—Complaints And Requests—Halleck Appointed Commander-In-Chief—Return To Corinth—Movements Of Bragg—Surrender Of Clarksville—The Advance Upon Chattanooga—Sheridan Colonel Of A Michigan Regiment.](#)

[Chapter Xxviii. - Advance Of Van Dorn And Price—Price Enters Iuka—Battle Of Iuka.](#)

[Chapter Xxix. - Van Dorn's Movements—Battle Of Corinth—Command Of The Department Of The Tennessee.](#)

[Chapter Xxx. - The Campaign Against Vicksburg—Employing The Freedmen—Occupation Of Holly Springs—Sherman Ordered To Memphis—Sherman's Movements Down The Mississippi—Van Dorn Captures Holly Springs—Collecting Forage And Food.](#)

[Chapter Xxxi. - Headquarters Moved To Holly Springs—General M'clernand In Command—Assuming Command At Young's Point—Operations Above Vicksburg—Fortifications About Vicksburg—The Canal—Lake Providence—Operations At Yazoo Pass.](#)

[Chapter Xxxii. - The Bayous West Of The Mississippi—Criticisms Of The Northern Press—Running The Batteries—Loss Of The Indianola—Disposition Of The Troops.](#)

[Chapter Xxxiii. - Attack On Grand Gulf—Operations Below Vicksburg.](#)

[Chapter Xxxiv. - Capture Of Port Gibson—Grierson's Raid—Occupation Of Grand Gulf—Movement Up The Big Black—Battle Of Raymond.](#)

[Chapter Xxxv. - Movement Against Jackson—Fall Of Jackson—Intercepting The Enemy—Battle Of Champion's Hill.](#)

[Chapter Xxxvi. - Battle Of Black River Bridge—Crossing The Big Black—Investment Of Vicksburg—Assaulting The Works.](#)

[Chapter Xxxvii. - Siege Of Vicksburg.](#)

[Chapter Xxxviii. - Johnston's Movements—Fortifications At Haines' Bluff—Explosion Of The Mine—Explosion Of The Second Mine—Preparing For The Assault—The Flag Of Truce—Meeting With Pemberton—Negotiations For Surrender—Accepting The Terms—Surrender Of Vicksburg.](#)

[Chapter Xxxix. - Retrospect Of The Campaign—Sherman's Movements—Proposed Movement Upon Mobile—A Painful Accident—Ordered To Report At Cairo.](#)

[Chapter Xl. - First Meeting With Secretary Stanton—General Rosecrans—Commanding Military Division Of Mississippi— Andrew Johnson's Address—Arrival At Chattanooga.](#)

[Chapter Xli. - Assuming The Command At Chattanooga—Opening A Line Of Supplies—Battle Of Wauhatchie—On The Picket Line.](#)

[Chapter Xlii. - Condition Of The Army—Rebuilding The Railroad—General Burnside's Situation—Orders For Battle—Plans For The Attack—Hooker's](#)

[Position—Sherman's Movements.](#)

[Chapter Xliii. - Preparations For Battle—Thomas Carries The First Line Of The Enemy—Sherman Carries Missionary Ridge—Battle Of Lookout Mountain—General Hooker's Fight.](#)

[Chapter Xliv. - Battle Of Chattanooga—A Gallant Charge—Complete Rout Of The Enemy—Pursuit Of The Confederates—General Bragg—Remarks On Chattanooga.](#)

[Chapter Xlv. - The Relief Of Knoxville—Headquarters Moved To Nashville — Visiting Knoxville—Cipher Cipher Dispatches—Withholding Orders.](#)

[Chapter Xlvi. - Operations In Mississippi—Longstreet In East Tennessee—Commissioned Lieutenant-General—Commanding The Armies Of The United States—First Interview With President Lincoln.](#)

[Chapter Xlvii. - The Military Situation—Plans For The Campaign—Sheridan Assigned To Command Of The Cavalry—Flank Movements—Forrest At Fort Pillow—General Banks's Expedition—Colonel Mosby—An Incident Of The Wilderness Campaign.](#)

[Chapter Xlviii. - Commencement Of The Grand Campaign—General Butler's Position—Sheridan's First Raid.](#)

[Chapter Xlix. - Sherman's Campaign In Georgia—Siege Of Atlanta—Death Of General Mcpherson—Attempt To Capture Andersonville—Capture Of Atlanta.](#)

[Chapter L. - Grand Movement Of The Army Of The Potomac—Crossing The Rapidan—Entering The Wilderness—Battle Of The Wilderness.](#)

[Chapter Li. - After The Battle—Telegraph And Signal Service—Movement By The Left Flank.](#)

[Chapter Lii. - Battle Of Spottsylvania—Hancock's Position—Assault Of Warren's And Wright's Corps—Upton Promoted On The Field—Good News From Butler And Sheridan.](#)

[Chapter Liii. - Hancock's Assault—Losses Of The Confederates—Promotions Recommended—Discomfiture Of The Enemy—Ewell's Attack—Reducing The Artillery.](#)

[Chapter Liv. - Movement By The Left Flank—Battle Of North Anna—An Incident Of The March—Moving On Richmond—South Of The Pamunkey—Position Of The National Army.](#)

[Chapter Lv. - Advance On Cold Harbor—An Anecdote Of The War—Battle Of Cold Harbor—Correspondence With Lee—Retrospective.](#)

[Chapter Lvi. - Left Flank Movement Across The Chickahominy And James—General Lee—Visit To Butler—The Movement On Petersburg—The Investment Of Petersburg.](#)

[Chapter Lvii. - Raid On The Virginia Central Railroad—Raid On The Weldon Railroad—Early's Movement Upon Washington—Mining The Works Before Petersburg—Explosion Of The Mine Before Petersburg—Campaign In The Shenandoah Valley—Capture Of The Weldon Railroad.](#)

[Chapter Lviii. - Sheridan's Advance—Visit To Sheridan—Sheridan's Victory In The Shenandoah—Sheridan's Ride To Winchester—Close Of The Campaign For The Winter.](#)

[Chapter Lix. - The Campaign In Georgia—Sherman's March To The Sea—War Anecdotes—The March On Savannah—Investment Of Savannah—Capture Of Savannah.](#)

[Chapter Lx. - The Battle Of Franklin—The Battle Of Nashville.](#)
[Chapter Lxi. - Expedition Against Fort Fisher—Attack On The Fort—Failure Of The Expedition—Second Expedition Against The Fort—Capture Of Fort Fisher.](#)
[Chapter Lxii. - Sherman's March North—Sheridan Ordered To Lynchburg—Canby Ordered To Move Against Mobile—Movements Of Schofield And Thomas—Capture Of Columbia, South Carolina—Sherman In The Carolinas.](#)
[Chapter Lxiii. - Arrival Of The Peace Commissioners—Lincoln And The Peace Commissioners—An Anecdote Of Lincoln—The Winter Before Petersburg—Sheridan Destroys The Railroad—Gordon Carries The Picket Line—Parke Recaptures The Line—The Line Of Battle Of White Oak Road.](#)
[Chapter Lxiv. - Interview With Sheridan—Grand Movement Of The Army Of The Potomac—Sheridan's Advance On Five Forks—Battle Of Five Forks—Parke And Wright Storm The Enemy's Line—Battles Before Petersburg.](#)
[Chapter Lxv. - The Capture Of Petersburg—Meeting President Lincoln In Petersburg—The Capture Of Richmond—Pursuing The Enemy—Visit To Sheridan And Meade.](#)
[Chapter Lxvi. - Battle Of Sailor's Creek—Engagement At Farmville—Correspondence With General Lee—Sheridan Intercepts The Enemy.>](#)
[Chapter Lxvii. - Negotiations At Appomattox—Interview With Lee At Mclean's House—The Terms Of Surrender—Lee's Surrender—Interview With Lee After The Surrender.](#)
[Chapter Lxviii. - Morale Of The Two Armies—Relative Conditions Of The North And South—President Lincoln Visits Richmond—Arrival At Washington—President Lincoln's Assassination—President Johnson's Policy.](#)
[Chapter Lxix. - Sherman And Johnston—Johnston's Surrender To Sherman—Capture Of Mobile—Wilson's Expedition—Capture Of Jefferson Davis—General Thomas's Qualities—Estimate Of General Canby.](#)
[Chapter Lxx. - The End Of The War—The March To Washington—One Of Lincoln's Anecdotes—Grand Review At Washington—Characteristics Of Lincoln And Stanton—Estimate Of The Different Corps Commanders.](#)
[Conclusion.](#)
[Appendix](#)

Personal Memoirs, Ulysses S. Grant
Jazzybee Verlag Jürgen Beck
86450 Altenmünster, Germany

ISBN: 9783849620059

www.jazzybee-verlag.de
admin@jazzybee-verlag.de

CHAPTER I. - ANCESTRY—BIRTH—BOYHOOD.

My family is American, and has been for generations, in all its branches, direct and collateral.

Mathew Grant, the founder of the branch in America, of which I am a descendant, reached Dorchester, Massachusetts, in May, 1630. In 1635 he moved to what is now Windsor, Connecticut, and was the surveyor for that colony for more than forty years. He was also, for many years of the time, town clerk. He was a married man when he arrived at Dorchester, but his children were all born in this country. His eldest son, Samuel, took lands on the east side of the Connecticut River, opposite Windsor, which have been held and occupied by descendants of his to this day.

I am of the eighth generation from Mathew Grant, and seventh from Samuel. Mathew Grant's first wife died a few years after their settlement in Windsor, and he soon after married the widow Rockwell, who, with her first husband, had been fellow-passengers with him and his first wife, on the ship Mary and John, from Dorchester, England, in 1630. Mrs. Rockwell had several children by her first marriage, and others by her second. By intermarriage, two or three generations later, I am descended from both the wives of Mathew Grant.

In the fifth descending generation my great grandfather, Noah Grant, and his younger brother, Solomon, held commissions in the English army, in 1756, in the war against the French and Indians. Both were killed that year.

My grandfather, also named Noah, was then but nine years old. At the breaking out of the war of the Revolution, after the battles of Concord and Lexington, he went with a Connecticut company to join the Continental army, and was present at the battle of Bunker Hill. He served until the fall of Yorktown, or through the entire Revolutionary war. He must, however, have been on furlough part of the time—as I believe most of the soldiers of that period were—for he married in Connecticut during the war, had two children, and was a widower at the close. Soon after this he emigrated to Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania, and settled near the town of Greensburg in that county. He took with him the younger of his two children, Peter Grant. The elder, Solomon, remained with his relatives in Connecticut until old enough to do for himself, when he emigrated to the British West Indies.

Not long after his settlement in Pennsylvania, my grandfather, Captain Noah Grant, married a Miss Kelly, and in 1799 he emigrated again, this time to Ohio, and settled where the town of Deerfield now stands. He had now five children, including Peter, a son by his first marriage. My father, Jesse R. Grant, was the second child—oldest son, by the second marriage.

Peter Grant went early to Maysville, Kentucky, where he was very prosperous, married, had a family of nine children, and was drowned at the mouth of the Kanawha River, Virginia, in 1825, being at the time one of the wealthy men of the West.

My grandmother Grant died in 1805, leaving seven children. This broke up the family. Captain Noah Grant was not thrifty in the way of "laying up stores on earth," and, after the death of his second wife, he went, with the two youngest children, to live with his son Peter, in Maysville.

The rest of the family found homes in the neighborhood of Deerfield, my father in the family of judge Tod, the father of the late Governor Tod, of Ohio. His industry and independence of character were such, that I imagine his labor compensated fully for the expense of his maintenance.

There must have been a cordiality in his welcome into the Tod family, for to the day of his death he looked upon judge Tod and his wife, with all the reverence he could have felt if they had been parents instead of benefactors. I have often heard him speak of Mrs. Tod as the most admirable woman he had ever known. He remained with the Tod family only a few years, until old enough to learn a trade. He went first, I believe, with his half-brother, Peter Grant, who, though not a tanner himself, owned a tannery in Maysville, Kentucky. Here he learned his trade, and in a few years returned to Deerfield and worked for, and lived in the family of a Mr. Brown, the father of John Brown—"whose body lies mouldering in the grave, while his soul goes marching on." I have often heard my father speak of John Brown, particularly since the events at Harper's Ferry. Brown was a boy when they lived in the same house, but he knew him afterwards, and regarded him as a man of great purity of character, of high moral and physical courage, but a fanatic and extremist in whatever he advocated. It was certainly the act of an insane man to attempt the invasion of the South, and the overthrow of slavery, with less than twenty men.

My father set up for himself in business, establishing a tannery at Ravenna, the county seat of Portage County. In a few years he removed from Ravenna, and set up the same business at Point Pleasant, Clermont County, Ohio.



During the minority of my father, the West afforded but poor facilities for the most opulent of the youth to acquire an education, and the majority were dependent, almost exclusively, upon their own exertions for whatever learning they obtained. I have often heard him say that his time at school was limited to six months, when he was very young, too young, indeed, to learn much, or to appreciate the advantages of an education, and to a "quarter's schooling" afterwards, probably while living with judge Tod. But his thirst for education was intense. He learned rapidly, and

was a constant reader up to the day of his death in his eightieth year. Books were scarce in the Western Reserve during his youth, but he read every book he could borrow in the neighborhood where he lived. This scarcity gave him the early habit of studying everything he read, so that when he got through with a book, he knew everything in it. The habit continued through life. Even after reading the daily papers—which he never neglected—he could give all the important information they contained. He made himself an excellent English scholar, and before he was twenty years of age was a constant contributor to Western newspapers, and was also, from that time until he was fifty years old, an able debater in the societies for this purpose, which were common in the West at that time. He always took an active part in politics, but was never a candidate for office, except, I believe, that he was the first Mayor of Georgetown. He supported Jackson for the Presidency; but he was a Whig, a great admirer of Henry Clay, and never voted for any other democrat for high office after Jackson.

My mother's family lived in Montgomery County, Pennsylvania, for several generations. I have little information about her ancestors. Her family took no interest in genealogy, so that my grandfather, who died when I was sixteen years old, knew only back to his grandfather. On the other side, my father took a great interest in the subject, and in his researches, he found that there was an entailed estate in Windsor, Connecticut, belonging to the family, to which his nephew, Lawson Grant—still living—was the heir. He was so much interested in the subject that he got his nephew to empower him to act in the matter, and in 1832 or 1833, when I was a boy ten or eleven years old, he went to Windsor, proved the title beyond dispute, and perfected the claim of the owners for a consideration—three thousand dollars, I think. I remember the circumstance well, and remember, too, hearing him say

on his return that he found some widows living on the property, who had little or nothing beyond their homes. From these he refused to receive any recompense.

My mother's father, John Simpson, moved from Montgomery County, Pennsylvania, to Clermont County, Ohio, about the year 1819, taking with him his four children, three daughters and one son. My mother, Hannah Simpson, was the third of these children, and was then over twenty years of age. Her oldest sister was at that time married, and had several children. She still lives in Clermont County at this writing, October 5th, 1884, and is over ninety ears of age. Until her memory failed her, a few years ago, she thought the country ruined beyond recovery when the Democratic party lost control in 1860. Her family, which was large, inherited her views, with the exception of one son who settled in Kentucky before the war. He was the only one of the children who entered the volunteer service to suppress the rebellion.

Her brother, next of age and now past eighty-eight, is also still living in Clermont County, within a few miles of the old homestead, and is as active in mind as ever. He was a supporter of the Government during the war, and remains a firm believer, that national success by the Democratic party means irretrievable ruin.

In June, 1821, my father, Jesse R. Grant, married Hannah Simpson. I was born on the 27th of April, 1822, at Point Pleasant, Clermont County, Ohio. In the fall of 1823 we moved to Georgetown, the county seat of Brown, the adjoining county east. This place remained my home, until at the age of seventeen, in 1839, I went to West Point.

The schools, at the time of which I write, were very indifferent. There were no free schools, and none in which

the scholars were classified. They were all supported by subscription, and a single teacher—who was often a man or a woman incapable of teaching much, even if they imparted all they knew—would have thirty or forty scholars, male and female, from the infant learning the A B C's up to the young lady of eighteen and the boy of twenty, studying the highest branches taught—the three R's, "Reading, 'Riting, 'Rithmetic." I never saw an algebra, or other mathematical work higher than the arithmetic, in Georgetown, until after I was appointed to West Point. I then bought a work on algebra in Cincinnati; but having no teacher it was Greek to me.

My life in Georgetown was uneventful. From the age of five or six until seventeen, I attended the subscription schools of the village, except during the winters of 1836-7 and 1838-9. The former period was spent in Maysville, Kentucky, attending the school of Richardson and Rand; the latter in Ripley, Ohio, at a private school. I was not studious in habit, and probably did not make progress enough to compensate for the outlay for board and tuition. At all events both winters were spent in going over the same old arithmetic which I knew every word of before, and repeating: "A noun is the name of a thing," which I had also heard my Georgetown teachers repeat, until I had come to believe it—but I cast no reflections upon my old teacher, Richardson. He turned out bright scholars from his school, many of whom have filled conspicuous places in the service of their States. Two of my contemporaries there—who, I believe, never attended any other institution of learning—have held seats in Congress, and one, if not both, other high offices; these are Wadsworth and Brewster.

My father was, from my earliest recollection, in comfortable circumstances, considering the times, his place of residence, and the community in which he lived. Mindful

of his own lack of facilities for acquiring an education, his greatest desire in maturer years was for the education of his children. Consequently, as stated before, I never missed a quarter from school from the time I was old enough to attend till the time of leaving home. This did not exempt me from labor. In my early days, every one labored more or less, in the region where my youth was spent, and more in proportion to their private means. It was only the very poor who were exempt. While my father carried on the manufacture of leather and worked at the trade himself, he owned and tilled considerable land. I detested the trade, preferring almost any other labor; but I was fond of agriculture, and of all employment in which horses were used. We had, among other lands, fifty acres of forest within a mile of the village. In the fall of the year choppers were employed to cut enough wood to last a twelve-month. When I was seven or eight years of age, I began hauling all the wood used in the house and shops. I could not load it on the wagons, of course, at that time, but I could drive, and the choppers would load, and some one at the house unload. When about eleven years old, I was strong enough to hold a plough. From that age until seventeen I did all the work done with horses, such as breaking up the land, furrowing, ploughing corn and potatoes, bringing in the crops when harvested, hauling all the wood, besides tending two or three horses, a cow or two, and sawing wood for stoves, etc., while still attending school. For this I was compensated by the fact that there was never any scolding or punishing by my parents; no objection to rational enjoyments, such as fishing, going to the creek a mile away to swim in summer, taking a horse and visiting my grandparents in the adjoining county, fifteen miles off, skating on the ice in winter, or taking a horse and sleigh when there was snow on the ground.

While still quite young I had visited Cincinnati, forty-five miles away, several times, alone; also Maysville, Kentucky, often, and once Louisville. The journey to Louisville was a big one for a boy of that day. I had also gone once with a two-horse carriage to Chilicothe, about seventy miles, with a neighbor's family, who were removing to Toledo, Ohio, and returned alone; and had gone once, in like manner, to Flat Rock, Kentucky, about seventy miles away. On this latter occasion I was fifteen years of age. While at Flat Rock, at the house of a Mr. Payne, whom I was visiting with his brother, a neighbor of ours in Georgetown, I saw a very fine saddle horse, which I rather coveted, and proposed to Mr. Payne, the owner, to trade him for one of the two I was driving. Payne hesitated to trade with a boy, but asking his brother about it, the latter told him that it would be all right, that I was allowed to do as I pleased with the horses. I was seventy miles from home, with a carriage to take back, and Mr. Payne said he did not know that his horse had ever had a collar on. I asked to have him hitched to a farm wagon and we would soon see whether he would work. It was soon evident that the horse had never worn harness before; but he showed no viciousness, and I expressed a confidence that I could manage him. A trade was at once struck, I receiving ten dollars difference.

The next day Mr. Payne, of Georgetown, and I started on our return. We got along very well for a few miles, when we encountered a ferocious dog that frightened the horses and made them run. The new animal kicked at every jump he made. I got the horses stopped, however, before any damage was done, and without running into anything. After giving them a little rest, to quiet their fears, we started again. That instant the new horse kicked, and started to run once more. The road we were on, struck the turnpike within half a mile of the point where the second runaway commenced, and there there was an embankment twenty

or more feet deep on the opposite side of the pike. I got the horses stopped on the very brink of the precipice. My new horse was terribly frightened and trembled like an aspen; but he was not half so badly frightened as my companion, Mr. Payne, who deserted me after this last experience, and took passage on a freight wagon for Maysville. Every time I attempted to start, my new horse would commence to kick. I was in quite a dilemma for a time. Once in Maysville I could borrow a horse from an uncle who lived there; but I was more than a day's travel from that point. Finally I took out my bandanna—the style of handkerchief in universal use then—and with this blindfolded my horse. In this way I reached Maysville safely the next day, no doubt much to the surprise of my friend. Here I borrowed a horse from my uncle, and the following day we proceeded on our journey.

About half my school-days in Georgetown were spent at the school of John D. White, a North Carolinian, and the father of Chilton White who represented the district in Congress for one term during the rebellion. Mr. White was always a Democrat in politics, and Chilton followed his father. He had two older brothers—all three being school-mates of mine at their father's school—who did not go the same way. The second brother died before the rebellion began; he was a Whig, and afterwards a Republican. His oldest brother was a Republican and brave soldier during the rebellion. Chilton is reported as having told of an earlier horse-trade of mine. As he told the story, there was a Mr. Ralston living within a few miles of the village, who owned a colt which I very much wanted. My father had offered twenty dollars for it, but Ralston wanted twenty-five. I was so anxious to have the colt, that after the owner left, I begged to be allowed to take him at the price demanded. My father yielded, but said twenty dollars was all the horse was worth, and told me to offer that price; if it was not accepted I was to offer twenty-two and a half, and if that would not get him, to give the

twenty-five. I at once mounted a horse and went for the colt. When I got to Mr. Ralston's house, I said to him: "Papa says I may offer you twenty dollars for the colt, but if you won't take that, I am to offer twenty-two and a half, and if you won't take that, to give you twenty-five." It would not require a Connecticut man to guess the price finally agreed upon. This story is nearly true. I certainly showed very plainly that I had come for the colt and meant to have him. I could not have been over eight years old at the time. This transaction caused me great heart-burning. The story got out among the boys of the village, and it was a long time before I heard the last of it. Boys enjoy the misery of their companions, at least village boys in that day did, and in later life I have found that all adults are not free from the peculiarity. I kept the horse until he was four years old, when he went blind, and I sold him for twenty dollars. When I went to Maysville to school, in 1836, at the age of fourteen, I recognized my colt as one of the blind horses working on the tread-wheel of the ferry-boat.

I have describes enough of my early life to give an impression of the whole. I did not like to work; but I did as much of it, while young, as grown men can be hired to do in these days, and attended school at the same time. I had as many privileges as any boy in the village, and probably more than most of them. I have no recollection of ever having been punished at home, either by scolding or by the rod. But at school the case was different. The rod was freely used there, and I was not exempt from its influence. I can see John D. White—the school teacher—now, with his long beech switch always in his hand. It was not always the same one, either. Switches were brought in bundles, from a beech wood near the school house, by the boys for whose benefit they were intended. Often a whole bundle would be used up in a single day. I never had any hard feelings against my teacher, either while attending the school, or in

later years when reflecting upon my experience. Mr. White was a kindhearted man, and was much respected by the community in which he lived. He only followed the universal custom of the period, and that under which he had received his own education.

CHAPTER II. - WEST POINT—GRADUATION.

In the winter of 1838-9 I was attending school at Ripley, only ten miles distant from Georgetown, but spent the Christmas holidays at home. During this vacation my father received a letter from the Honorable Thomas Morris, then United States Senator from Ohio. When he read it he said to me, "Ulysses, I believe you are going to receive the appointment." "What appointment?" I inquired. "To West Point; I have applied for it." "But I won't go," I said. He said he thought I would, AND I THOUGHT SO TOO, IF HE DID. I really had no objection to going to West Point, except that I had a very exalted idea of the acquirements necessary to get through. I did not believe I possessed them, and could not bear the idea of failing. There had been four boys from our village, or its immediate neighborhood, who had been graduated from West Point, and never a failure of any one appointed from Georgetown, except in the case of the one whose place I was to take. He was the son of Dr. Bailey, our nearest and most intimate neighbor. Young Bailey had been appointed in 1837. Finding before the January examination following, that he could not pass, he resigned and went to a private school, and remained there until the following year, when he was reappointed. Before the next examination he was dismissed. Dr. Bailey was a proud and sensitive man, and felt the failure of his son so keenly that he forbade his return home. There were no telegraphs in those days to disseminate news rapidly, no railroads west of the Alleghanies, and but few east; and above all, there were no

reporters prying into other people's private affairs. Consequently it did not become generally known that there was a vacancy at West Point from our district until I was appointed. I presume Mrs. Bailey confided to my mother the fact that Bartlett had been dismissed, and that the doctor had forbidden his son's return home.

The Honorable Thomas L. Hamer, one of the ablest men Ohio ever produced, was our member of Congress at the time, and had the right of nomination. He and my father had been members of the same debating society (where they were generally pitted on opposite sides), and intimate personal friends from their early manhood up to a few years before. In politics they differed. Hamer was a life-long Democrat, while my father was a Whig. They had a warm discussion, which finally became angry—over some act of President Jackson, the removal of the deposit of public moneys, I think—after which they never spoke until after my appointment. I know both of them felt badly over this estrangement, and would have been glad at any time to come to a reconciliation; but neither would make the advance. Under these circumstances my father would not write to Hamer for the appointment, but he wrote to Thomas Morris, United States Senator from Ohio, informing him that there was a vacancy at West Point from our district, and that he would be glad if I could be appointed to fill it. This letter, I presume, was turned over to Mr. Hamer, and, as there was no other applicant, he cheerfully appointed me. This healed the breach between the two, never after reopened.

Besides the argument used by my father in favor of my going to West Point—that "he thought I would go"—there was another very strong inducement. I had always a great desire to travel. I was already the best travelled boy in Georgetown, except the sons of one man, John Walker, who

had emigrated to Texas with his family, and immigrated back as soon as he could get the means to do so. In his short stay in Texas he acquired a very different opinion of the country from what one would form going there now.

I had been east to Wheeling, Virginia, and north to the Western Reserve, in Ohio, west to Louisville, and south to Bourbon County, Kentucky, besides having driven or ridden pretty much over the whole country within fifty miles of home. Going to West Point would give me the opportunity of visiting the two great cities of the continent, Philadelphia and New York. This was enough. When these places were visited I would have been glad to have had a steamboat or railroad collision, or any other accident happen, by which I might have received a temporary injury sufficient to make me ineligible, for a time, to enter the Academy. Nothing of the kind occurred, and I had to face the music.

Georgetown has a remarkable record for a western village. It is, and has been from its earliest existence, a democratic town. There was probably no time during the rebellion when, if the opportunity could have been afforded, it would not have voted for Jefferson Davis for President of the United States, over Mr. Lincoln, or any other representative of his party; unless it was immediately after some of John Morgan's men, in his celebrated raid through Ohio, spent a few hours in the village. The rebels helped themselves to whatever they could find, horses, boots and shoes, especially horses, and many ordered meals to be prepared for them by the families. This was no doubt a far pleasanter duty for some families than it would have been to render a like service for Union soldiers. The line between the Rebel and Union element in Georgetown was so marked that it led to divisions even in the churches. There were churches in that part of Ohio where treason was preached regularly, and where, to secure membership, hostility to the

government, to the war and to the liberation of the slaves, was far more essential than a belief in the authenticity or credibility of the Bible. There were men in Georgetown who filled all the requirements for membership in these churches.

Yet this far-off western village, with a population, including old and young, male and female, of about one thousand—about enough for the organization of a single regiment if all had been men capable of bearing arms—furnished the Union army four general officers and one colonel, West Point graduates, and nine generals and field officers of Volunteers, that I can think of. Of the graduates from West Point, all had citizenship elsewhere at the breaking out of the rebellion, except possibly General A. V. Kautz, who had remained in the army from his graduation. Two of the colonels also entered the service from other localities. The other seven, General McGroarty, Colonels White, Fyffe, Loudon and Marshall, Majors King and Bailey, were all residents of Georgetown when the war broke out, and all of them, who were alive at the close, returned there. Major Bailey was the cadet who had preceded me at West Point. He was killed in West Virginia, in his first engagement. As far as I know, every boy who has entered West Point from that village since my time has been graduated.

I took passage on a steamer at Ripley, Ohio, for Pittsburg, about the middle of May, 1839. Western boats at that day did not make regular trips at stated times, but would stop anywhere, and for any length of time, for passengers or freight. I have myself been detained two or three days at a place after steam was up, the gang planks, all but one, drawn in, and after the time advertised for starting had expired. On this occasion we had no vexatious delays, and in about three days Pittsburg was reached. From Pittsburg I chose passage by the canal to Harrisburg, rather than by

the more expeditious stage. This gave a better opportunity of enjoying the fine scenery of Western Pennsylvania, and I had rather a dread of reaching my destination at all. At that time the canal was much patronized by travellers, and, with the comfortable packets of the period, no mode of conveyance could be more pleasant, when time was not an object. From Harrisburg to Philadelphia there was a railroad, the first I had ever seen, except the one on which I had just crossed the summit of the Alleghany Mountains, and over which canal boats were transported. In travelling by the road from Harrisburg, I thought the perfection of rapid transit had been reached. We travelled at least eighteen miles an hour, when at full speed, and made the whole distance averaging probably as much as twelve miles an hour. This seemed like annihilating space. I stopped five days in Philadelphia, saw about every street in the city, attended the theatre, visited Girard College (which was then in course of construction), and got reprimanded from home afterwards, for dallying by the way so long. My sojourn in New York was shorter, but long enough to enable me to see the city very well. I reported at West Point on the 30th or 31st of May, and about two weeks later passed my examination for admission, without difficulty, very much to my surprise.

A military life had no charms for me, and I had not the faintest idea of staying in the army even if I should be graduated, which I did not expect. The encampment which preceded the commencement of academic studies was very wearisome and uninteresting. When the 28th of August came—the date for breaking up camp and going into barracks—I felt as though I had been at West Point always, and that if I staid to graduation, I would have to remain always. I did not take hold of my studies with avidity, in fact I rarely ever read over a lesson the second time during my entire cadetship. I could not sit in my room doing nothing.

There is a fine library connected with the Academy from which cadets can get books to read in their quarters. I devoted more time to these, than to books relating to the course of studies. Much of the time, I am sorry to say, was devoted to novels, but not those of a trashy sort. I read all of Bulwer's then published, Cooper's, Marryat's, Scott's, Washington Irving's works, Lever's, and many others that I do not now remember. Mathematics was very easy to me, so that when January came, I passed the examination, taking a good standing in that branch. In French, the only other study at that time in the first year's course, my standing was very low. In fact, if the class had been turned the other end foremost I should have been near head. I never succeeded in getting squarely at either end of my class, in any one study, during the four years. I came near it in French, artillery, infantry and cavalry tactics, and conduct.

Early in the session of the Congress which met in December, 1839, a bill was discussed abolishing the Military Academy. I saw in this an honorable way to obtain a discharge, and read the debates with much interest, but with impatience at the delay in taking action, for I was selfish enough to favor the bill. It never passed, and a year later, although the time hung drearily with me, I would have been sorry to have seen it succeed. My idea then was to get through the course, secure a detail for a few years as assistant professor of mathematics at the Academy, and afterwards obtain a permanent position as professor in some respectable college; but circumstances always did shape my course different from my plans.

At the end of two years the class received the usual furlough, extending from the close of the June examination to the 28th of August. This I enjoyed beyond any other period of my life. My father had sold out his business in

Georgetown—where my youth had been spent, and to which my day-dreams carried me back as my future home, if I should ever be able to retire on a competency. He had moved to Bethel, only twelve miles away, in the adjoining county of Clermont, and had bought a young horse that had never been in harness, for my special use under the saddle during my furlough. Most of my time was spent among my old school-mates—these ten weeks were shorter than one week at West Point.

Persons acquainted with the Academy know that the corps of cadets is divided into four companies for the purpose of military exercises. These companies are officered from the cadets, the superintendent and commandant selecting the officers for their military bearing and qualifications. The adjutant, quartermaster, four captains and twelve lieutenants are taken from the first, or Senior class; the sergeants from the second, or junior class; and the corporals from the third, or Sophomore class. I had not been "called out" as a corporal, but when I returned from furlough I found myself the last but one—about my standing in all the tactics—of eighteen sergeants. The promotion was too much for me. That year my standing in the class—as shown by the number of demerits of the year—was about the same as it was among the sergeants, and I was dropped, and served the fourth year as a private.

During my first year's encampment General Scott visited West Point, and reviewed the cadets. With his commanding figure, his quite colossal size and showy uniform, I thought him the finest specimen of manhood my eyes had ever beheld, and the most to be envied. I could never resemble him in appearance, but I believe I did have a presentiment for a moment that some day I should occupy his place on review—although I had no intention then of remaining in the army. My experience in a horse-trade ten years before,

and the ridicule it caused me, were too fresh in my mind for me to communicate this presentiment to even my most intimate chum. The next summer Martin Van Buren, then President of the United States, visited West Point and reviewed the cadets; he did not impress me with the awe which Scott had inspired. In fact I regarded General Scott and Captain C. F. Smith, the Commandant of Cadets, as the two men most to be envied in the nation. I retained a high regard for both up to the day of their death.

The last two years wore away more rapidly than the first two, but they still seemed about five times as long as Ohio years, to me. At last all the examinations were passed, and the members of the class were called upon to record their choice of arms of service and regiments. I was anxious to enter the cavalry, or dragoons as they were then called, but there was only one regiment of dragoons in the Army at that time, and attached to that, besides the full complement of officers, there were at least four brevet second lieutenants. I recorded therefore my first choice, dragoons; second, 4th infantry; and got the latter. Again there was a furlough—or, more properly speaking, leave of absence for the class were now commissioned officers—this time to the end of September. Again I went to Ohio to spend my vacation among my old school-mates; and again I found a fine saddle horse purchased for my special use, besides a horse and buggy that I could drive—but I was not in a physical condition to enjoy myself quite as well as on the former occasion. For six months before graduation I had had a desperate cough ("Tyler's grip" it was called), and I was very much reduced, weighing but one hundred and seventeen pounds, just my weight at entrance, though I had grown six inches in stature in the mean time. There was consumption in my father's family, two of his brothers having died of that disease, which made my symptoms more alarming. The brother and sister next younger than

myself died, during the rebellion, of the same disease, and I seemed the most promising subject for it of the three in 1843.

Having made alternate choice of two different arms of service with different uniforms, I could not get a uniform suit until notified of my assignment. I left my measurement with a tailor, with directions not to make the uniform until I notified him whether it was to be for infantry or dragoons. Notice did not reach me for several weeks, and then it took at least a week to get the letter of instructions to the tailor and two more to make the clothes and have them sent to me. This was a time of great suspense. I was impatient to get on my uniform and see how it looked, and probably wanted my old school-mates, particularly the girls, to see me in it.

The conceit was knocked out of me by two little circumstances that happened soon after the arrival of the clothes, which gave me a distaste for military uniform that I never recovered from. Soon after the arrival of the suit I donned it, and put off for Cincinnati on horseback. While I was riding along a street of that city, imagining that every one was looking at me, with a feeling akin to mine when I first saw General Scott, a little urchin, bareheaded, footed, with dirty and ragged pants held up by bare a single gallows—that's what suspenders were called then—and a shirt that had not seen a wash-tub for weeks, turned to me and cried: "Soldier! will you work? No, sir—ee; I'll sell my shirt first!!" The horse trade and its dire consequences were recalled to mind.

The other circumstance occurred at home. Opposite our house in Bethel stood the old stage tavern where "man and beast" found accommodation, The stable-man was rather dissipated, but possessed of some humor. On my return I

found him parading the streets, and attending in the stable, barefooted, but in a pair of sky-blue nankeen pantaloons—just the color of my uniform trousers—with a strip of white cotton sheeting sewed down the outside seams in imitation of mine. The joke was a huge one in the mind of many of the people, and was much enjoyed by them; but I did not appreciate it so highly.

During the remainder of my leave of absence, my time was spent in visiting friends in Georgetown and Cincinnati, and occasionally other towns in that part of the State.

CHAPTER III. - ARMY LIFE—CAUSES OF THE MEXICAN WAR—CAMP SALUBRITY.

On the 30th of September I reported for duty at Jefferson Barracks, St. Louis, with the 4th United States infantry. It was the largest military post in the country at that time, being garrisoned by sixteen companies of infantry, eight of the 3d regiment, the remainder of the 4th. Colonel Steven Kearney, one of the ablest officers of the day, commanded the post, and under him discipline was kept at a high standard, but without vexatious rules or regulations. Every drill and roll-call had to be attended, but in the intervals officers were permitted to enjoy themselves, leaving the garrison, and going where they pleased, without making written application to state where they were going for how long, etc., so that they were back for their next duty. It did seem to me, in my early army days, that too many of the older officers, when they came to command posts, made it a study to think what orders they could publish to annoy their subordinates and render them uncomfortable. I noticed, however, a few years later, when the Mexican war broke out, that most of this class of officers discovered they were possessed of disabilities which entirely incapacitated