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Little Folks' Plays of American Heroes

Ulysses Simpson Grant

A STORY AND A PLAY

BY

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THE STORY

ULYSSES SIMPSON GRANT

Boyhood Days

NEARLY one hundred years ago a little cottage stood on the bank of a creek flowing into the Ohio river. Close by were thick woods from which the master of the house obtained the bark of many trees which he afterwards ground up into dust in his tannery. This man, Jesse Grant, had married a young girl by the name of Hannah Simpson, and set up housekeeping in this little cottage.

About a year afterwards, on the twenty-seventh of April, 1822, a baby boy was born to the young couple. Then how proud and happy they were! A very important question arose at once, however. What should their child be named? After puzzling over the matter for some time and discussing the different names that might be given to the baby, they decided to ride over to the "old folks" who lived ten miles away, and get them to help in deciding.

During this visit it was agreed upon by the little one's friends and relations that he should be called Hiram Ulysses,—Hiram out of respect to his grandfather, and Ulysses because it was such a noble name, borne by a great soldier centuries before.

The little boy grew fast, but before he was able to remember his first home his parents moved with him to Georgetown, twenty miles away. Here Mr. Grant had bought a large stretch of woodland, near which he set up a still larger tannery than his first one, and here Ulysses spent a happy boyhood.

His father owned a number of horses, and the little son never seemed so happy as when he was allowed to care for these animals or to drive them about. On the other hand, the horses seemed to understand that he was their friend. They loved the child and obeyed him readily. When he was only seven or eight years old he could manage a team of horses, and he hauled from the woods all the wood used in the house and the tannery.

When he was eleven he was strong enough to handle a plough, and for the next six years did all the ploughing on the farm, the furrowing of the corn and potatoes, the harvesting of the crops, and

the hauling of the wood, besides taking care of the cows and horses.

With all this work Ulysses went to the country school, which was some distance from the little village where he lived. It was a busy life, and yet the boy was very happy. His parents never scolded him, but gave him every possible chance for pleasure. He went swimming and fishing in summer, and skating in the winter, but there was nothing he enjoyed better than riding over the country roads to visit relatives miles away.

There was one thing which he did not like to do,—that was to help his father in the tannery. Every part of this work was unpleasant to Ulysses, and he shirked it if possible. His father, seeing this, and finding that his son was always ready to work on the farm, let him have his way and asked less and less of his help in the tannery.

Now, as you already know, Ulysses loved horses dearly, and he liked to do "stunts" with them. One day a circus came to town, and he went to it with the other village boys. Among the animals was a pony whose mane had been cut off and whose back was so round that it did not seem possible for anyone to sit on it.

"I will give five dollars to the boy who can

ride this pony without being thrown off," said the manager of the circus.

Of course, this offer was very attractive, and one boy after another tried to ride the pony. Each one in turn was thrown off, because the pony had been taught all sorts of tricks to make this happen. Ulysses stood by, watching carefully. He said to himself, "I am going to master that pony."

When he was given a chance to try, he sprang on the animal's back, fastened his arms around its neck with a grip of iron, and though the pony tried one trick after another to throw him off, he managed to hold on. It was this same spirit that afterwards made him one of the greatest men in this country.

When Ulysses was fifteen years old, he again showed that it was not in his nature to give up. Quite alone, he made a journey with a carriage and two horses to a place seventy miles from home. While he was there he saw a saddle horse whose looks he liked very much. He said to the owner of the horse, "I will trade one of my carriage horses for that saddle horse."

The man considered the matter. "I wonder if I ought to make a trade with such a young fellow as Ulysses Grant," he thought. Besides, the sad-

dle horse had never had a harness on his back. How could Ulysses get him home?

"He is quite gentle, so I am sure that I can manage him," Ulysses declared.

The trade was made, and hitching his new horse to the carriage, the lad set out. All went well till he met a vicious dog that ran out into the road, barking furiously, and snapping at the heels of the horses. The saddle horse was frightened. It kicked and reared and ran, though Ulysses did his best to control it. He did not succeed till he got to the edge of a steep bank twenty feet high. He had stopped just in time to save himself from a terrible accident.

He was still forty miles from home and the saddle horse was now so wild with fear that he kicked and reared at every turn. A happy thought came to Ulysses. Taking out his handkerchief, he blindfolded the horse, and although the animal was still nervous and somewhat unruly, his new master managed to reach home that night safe and sound. As usual, he accomplished what he set out to do.

Mr. Grant's parents had died when he was very young, so that he was obliged to earn his living after only a few months of schooling. "Ulysses shall not grow up without an education as I had

to do," he decided. So, after the boy had learned what he could at the district school, he was sent for a while to Maysville, to attend the academy there. A man who had been to college was at the head of the academy, and through him Ulysses learned somewhat of the outside world and the social ways of the people who live in cities.

Among other things he had to take part in debates. This was very unpleasant to him. To stand up and speak before an audience was very hard for this quiet, modest fellow. He could "do things" when it was necessary, but to show off was another matter.

Off to West Point

Ulysses was not much of a scholar; in his early days he did not care greatly for books. Neither did he take much interest in anything that had to do with warfare, though his grandfather and great-grandfather had been soldiers. And yet, during those quiet years of his boyhood on the farm, his father was possibly dreaming of a very different future for his son.

At any rate, he said to Ulysses one day, when the lad was about seventeen years old, "Ulysses, I

believe you are going to get that appointment."

"What appointment?" was the astonished answer.

"To West Point," said his father. "I have applied for it for you."

Ulysses, generally quiet and easy to manage, declared stoutly that he would not go to West Point, but his father had made up his mind in the matter, and there was no gainsaying it. It seems that a neighbor's son, who was looked upon as a very bright fellow, had received the appointment, but failed in his examinations. Then it was that Mr. Grant applied for his own son.

When Ulysses saw that his father was determined in the matter he set to work to prepare himself for the examinations. He went to an academy at Ripley, Ohio, and studied faithfully. He showed himself especially good in mathematics. At last he felt himself ready to pass the dreaded examinations. Even now, however, he was not eager to go to West Point. He loved the quiet farm life and the country rides, and his horses, and he felt that he would rather be a trader than anything else.

But go he must, so he decided to make the best of it, "At any rate," he thought, "I can have a

good time on the way. I shall see many new places; I shall visit the great city of Philadelphia; for the first time I shall ride long distances over the railroads."

The journey proved most delightful. Part of it was spent on a steamboat which carried the young man to Pittsburg, and as it made long stops at different places on the way, Ulysses had a good chance to see everything that was worth while. But when, for the first time in his life, he rode in a steamcar, his delight was unbounded. The rate at which the train moved would seem slow to us now, but to Ulysses it was wonderful.

The young man staid five days in Philadelphia, going to the theatre and seeing all the sights possible. At last the journey came to an end, and the young traveller found himself at West Point on the beautiful Hudson. Two weeks later he took the examinations, and much to his surprise he passed them quite easily.

It happened that through the mistake of the Congressman who got his appointment for him, the name of the young man had been given, not as Hiram Ulysses, but as Ulysses Simpson, Grant. In this way, therefore, the name was written in the records of the War Department.

"But that is not my name," said young Grant when he heard of the mistake, and he asked to have it changed.

"Impossible," was the answer, "unless you get the consent of the Secretary of War."

On hearing this Ulysses decided that it was not worth while to make a fuss about such a small matter, and thus the world came to know him as Ulysses Simpson Grant, or more commonly as U. S. Grant.

Before his studies began at West Point he went into encampment, and there he learned a little of the daily duties of a soldier. He had to sleep on the bare floor of his tent with two blankets in which to wrap himself. He had to drill in different positions for several hours a day, till every part of his body was aching. He was obliged to bear with good humor the tricks which fellows in the upper classes play on beginners. Altogether, his new life did not please him, and he must often have longed for his home and the free life of the country.

At the end of three months came the January examinations, and then study began in earnest. Every hour of the day was governed by some rule. From the call to get up in the morning till the call

to retire at night, Ulysses was made to feel that he was under strict law,—the law that makes soldiers learn to obey instantly and without question.

Two years went by in this manner,—a lifetime it seemed to Ulysses,—and then came a delightful vacation of three months, which the young man spent with his family in Ohio. How happy and free life seemed now and how he enjoyed riding around the country on the fine horse that his delighted father had given him. But alas! The vacation came to an end all too soon, and Ulysses went back to West Point for two more long and tiresome years.

He had one great comfort in his life there. There was a good library containing many books and novels, and he spent most happy hours reading these books. His studies "came easy" as we sometimes say, and he generally got his lessons by reading them through once. For this reason, probably, he seldom got high marks, though he managed to pass his examinations.

At this time he was looked upon among his fellows as a quiet and good-humored young man, but was not noticed particularly as he did nothing remarkable. He was a favorite with his riding master, and this was not strange, for he still loved

horses dearly and excelled in all horseback exercises. At one time, indeed, he made his horse leap with him over a bar five feet, six and a half inches high. Never since that day has this feat been equalled, so that young Grant's fame is still spoken of at West Point, to this day.

Though he had not been a good student, there were none but good words said of Ulysses Grant when the day of graduation came. He was known for his love of truth and honesty; he never swore; he was kindly to all. "Everything can be expected of him," said one of his classmates, little dreaming at the time how great his friend was to become afterwards, nor how much he was to do for his country.

Training for War

After young Grant's graduation from West Point, he was appointed to the Fourth Regiment of the United States Infantry, but given a three months' vacation, or furlough as soldiers call it, which he spent at his home in Bethel, Ohio. During this time there was a country muster when the people from all the country round about gathered to watch the soldiers go through their drills.

Young Grant, having but lately come from West Point, was asked to drill the militia, and he succeeded so well that he was praised very highly.

When the three months' furlough was over, he was ordered to join his regiment at Jefferson Barracks, an army post on the Mississippi river, where there were sixteen companies of infantry. The young man, being so fond of riding, would have liked much better to have been in the cavalry. There was no opening there, however, so he started in life as a soldier by being a lieutenant of infantry.

His duties at Jefferson Barracks were light, so he often had time to visit at the home of one of his old West Point friends, only a few miles away. There he met a sister of this friend, a lovely young girl of seventeen. To this girl, Julia Dent, he soon became engaged. At this time young Grant was planning to become a teacher of mathematics. He had no idea of remaining in the army.

"Perhaps," thought he, "I can get the position of assistant professor at West Point."

With this in mind he kept up his studies, together with his military drill. Then something happened which put all ideas of teaching out of his mind. The United States determined to make

war on Mexico, and in order to be ready for the coming fight, Lieutenant Grant was ordered to go with his regiment to the Mexican borderland.

In Mexico

The war soon opened. When the young man found himself for the first time face to face with the guns of the enemy, he was sorry that he had enlisted, and his heart beat with fear. Yet this did not last long, for when the battle had once begun he fought nobly, doing good work in driving back the Mexicans, and bringing victory to the American flag.

The very next day there was another battle, and a sharp one. Here, again, Grant acted with the bravery of an old soldier, and when night came he felt ready to meet any danger. After this there was never any question but what the young lieutenant had fighting blood in him. Ever ready to do more than was his share, he took part in whatever was at hand, whether in storming a fort, chasing the enemy, or fighting in an open battle.

During much of this time, having been made quartermaster and adjutant of his regiment, young Grant not only had charge of the supplies for his

men, but he had to be in constant readiness to give help to his colonel. Thus it was not strange, that doing his duty so faithfully in all ways, his name was mentioned with honor in the reports sent back to the United States.

After two years of hard fighting came the siege and conquest of the city of Mexico. In this Grant took such an active part that he met with a well-earned reward. He was made a first lieutenant. There was little more fighting after the City of Mexico had been taken, but the American army remained in the country until a treaty had been made between Mexico and the United States.

Lieutenant Grant was still busy during this time, for he had charge of the supplies for all the men in his regiment. Their uniforms were ragged after two years of fighting, and the young quartermaster had to buy cloth and have Mexican tailors make it up into new uniforms. Besides this, as money was so scarce that there was not enough to pay the regiment band, Grant set to work to earn what was needed. He set up a bread bakery, selling the bread to the army and thereby getting the necessary money.

With all his duties the young lieutenant found time to see many of the interesting sights of Mex-

ico. He climbed the volcano Popocatapetl, he visited many tombs and wonderful ruins, and he also saw a bull fight. That one satisfied him, and he said that he never wished to see another. To look on while animals were being goaded to kill each other made him ill.

Back From the War

The time came at last when young Grant received orders to go marching home, and happy indeed he was. What do you think was now the first thought in his mind? It was none other than to ask for a furlough, so that he might seek the lovely young girl whom he loved so dearly, and ask for a speedy marriage.

Ulysses Grant and Julia Dent were married at the young girl's home on the twenty-second of August, 1848. A happy day it was for both these young people,—the greatest one in their lives. After the wedding was over, they went to visit the family and friends of Ulysses, enjoying together the same free, country life which Lieutenant Grant had loved so much in his boyhood.

At the end of four months the furlough came to an end. But now the young couple could not

set up housekeeping in some quiet little place as they might have wished because, Ulysses being a soldier, he must still obey orders from the government. As his regiment had been ordered to Sackett's Harbor on Lake Ontario, he too, must go there. Accordingly, he took his young wife to Sackett's Harbor, where they lived in barracks, as soldiers' quarters are called, for the next four months.

Then came an order for the regiment to move to Detroit, on Lake Michigan. There the Grants lived for nearly two years and then came another change, for the regiment was now ordered back to Sackett's Harbor. They had scarcely got settled there when the news came that the regiment must go to California. In those days there were no trains to carry people with lightning-like speed across the continent. It was a hard and dangerous journey, and Lieutenant Grant decided at once that it would not be well for his wife to undertake it at present. He would go first; then, if it seemed best for her to come out to the wild western country, he would send for her.

It must have been a hard parting, but such as a soldier's wife had to expect. However, the young couple hoped they would not have to be separated

very long. During the next two years Mrs. Grant lived in the old home with her parents, while her husband, after a long and dangerous journey, spent months of homesickness in the wild west. Far to the east were the young wife and the two little children whom he longed to see.

At last he said to himself, "I do not have enough pay to support my family here, so it is of no use for me to send for them. I will resign from the army and go home."

Accordingly, Captain Grant, for such was now the title of the young man, made his way back to the East.

The Young Farmer

How happy Ulysses Grant was when he was once more with his dear ones! But now he had to think of a way to make a living for them. He must begin at the beginning as far as business went, because he had had only the training of a soldier.

Mrs. Grant, as it happened, had a small farm near St. Louis, but there was no house there; neither were there any cattle. Nevertheless, her husband went bravely to work. First of all, he built a small house. Then, day after day, in stormy

weather as well as fair, he labored at whatever came to hand, whether planting and harvesting, or cutting and drawing wood. The life was a hard one, but things went fairly well for several years. Then a sad visitor came to the little home. It was fever and ague, from which Captain Grant suffered for more than a year. At last he was obliged to leave the farm, and go away to enter into the real estate business. But this grew so slowly that after a time he found it best to give it up. He now went to Galena in Illinois, to become a clerk in his father's store, in the leather business.

Black clouds of war had been sweeping over the country for some time, and were constantly growing heavier. The next month after Abraham Lincoln was made President, April 11, 1861, Fort Sumter was fired upon. The President at once called for seventy-five thousand men to enlist for ninety days.

The Call to Arms

As soon as the news reached the little town of Galena there was great excitement. The stores were closed and the people decided to have a meet-

ing in the court house that very evening, to talk over the coming war. The leading men at once turned to Grant because he had already taken part in a war. They asked him to take charge of the meeting, and he did so, but it was very hard for him to speak before a large gathering.

Even now that he was a grown man and had been in the thick of many battles he was as shy as when, a boy at the Academy, he had hated to "speak pieces" or take part in debates. From the night of that meeting there was no more leather business for Ulysses Grant. It fell to him to drill the company that was at once formed to take part in the war. He was also called upon to advise the women who were busy buying cloth and making uniforms for the soldiers.

The men of the company asked Grant to be their captain, but he refused. He felt, that after the experience he had had already, he could fill a more important place. He followed the company to Springfield, however, and there Governor Yates asked the young man to help in the office of the adjutant general. He took the position, because having been quartermaster in the war with Mexico, he knew that he could be useful.

And now it was becoming clear that the war

was likely to be a long one. President Lincoln made another call; this time it was for three hundred thousand men for three years. Grant could not stand back, and when Governor Yates asked him to be colonel of the Twenty-first Regiment of Illinois, he accepted the position.

The Twenty-first Regiment had a rather hard name. The men were known to be disorderly. They stole chickens from the farmers, and even got into a riot because they were not satisfied with their food. The colonel who had been in command had been a weak man and had not succeeded in keeping order. The question now was: will Grant do any better?

There were those who feared that he would not. Congressman Logan was one of these. He even said to the young man, "Do you believe that you can manage such an unruly regiment?"

To this Grant answered in his usual quiet way: "I think so."

That was all; and when the time came for him to be introduced to his men, instead of the long, fine speech which they expected, he simply said, "Men, go to your quarters."

They were taken by surprise. Moreover, there was something in the clear, decided voice that

made them feel they must obey. There could be no question about it. From that day there was a change in the regiment. In a short time it was brought into good order, while the men were fast learning to love and trust their leader, as well as to carry out his orders.

Not long after Grant had taken command of the regiment, an order came for him to march against the enemy. On his way to possible battle, the same kind of feeling came over him as on that day, years ago, in Mexico, when he faced the fire of the enemy for the first time,—he was afraid.

This time, however, it was not for himself,—but rather, because of the thought that he was in command of a whole regiment. He was fearful, now, lest he might not do his duty. He said afterwards: "My heart kept getting higher and higher until it felt to me as though it was in my throat."

But when he reached the summit of a hill from which he expected to get sight of the enemy below, and discovered that they had fled, he was once more himself. He thought: "The enemy are as much afraid of me as I am of them." It was a good thing to remember, and from that day till the end of the Civil War, he never knew fear

again.

Soon after this, Grant was surprised one day by a telegram from Washington. It told him that he had been made a brigadier-general. How his men cheered when they learned the good news! From that time on Grant was in one battle after another, always inspiring his men to follow him with courage into the very thickest of the danger. He held one thought steadily before them: that was, we must conquer. Once, as it happened, they lost heart. The enemy had made their way in between them and the river where the transports and gunboats were.

"We are surrounded; we've got to surrender," was the cry of the soldiers.

But Grant's answer, cool and calm, was, "I think not. We've cut our way in, and I guess we can cut our way out."

The words acted like magic. The lines were quickly brought into order, and by a sudden charge, the enemy was put to flight. It was not long before such a leader was noticed. People were beginning to say: "That quiet, little brigadier-general has the right stuff in him. He shows strength and courage."

Fresh Victories

In the year 1862 Grant saw that Forts Henry and Donelson ought to be taken. They were held by the enemy at important places on the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers, in the midst of a country which furnished rich supplies.

Grant said to himself: "If I can take those two forts, the enemy will be cut off from supplies."

He proposed to his superior officers that he should try to take the forts. At first they said: "No, it is too dangerous."

But at last they said he might attack Fort Henry, as that was not very strongly guarded. He started out at once with seventeen thousand men, and seven gunboats to give help from the river. The fort was taken after a quick sharp attack, and now Grant made his way towards Fort Donelson. A big undertaking was before him now, but he was so sure of success that he sent word to his superior officer that in a few days it would be in his hands.

He had only fifteen thousand men to meet a much larger number of the enemy at Fort Donelson, but he trusted to the gunboats on the river to give help. At first these worked nobly, but they

were soon disabled and their commander was wounded. Then they had to move down the stream out of range of the guns at the fort. Grant was now left alone with a small army, already worn out from a long march, hungry, and stiff with the cold. The enemy, knowing this, were so sure of success that they sent off a telegram saying: victory is ours.

In the meantime fresh troops came to Grant's aid, but the outlook was still dark. Calm, brave, hopeful as usual, however, he pressed on with steady purpose,—victory. It was this very steadiness that brought success when to everyone but Grant the condition seemed hopeless. His men fought with such spirit that two of the commanders in the fort became fearful and stole away in the night with three thousand men. The next morning the general who had been left in command of the fort sent word to Grant asking on what terms he might surrender.

What do you suppose was the answer? It was exactly what was to be looked for from such a man. "No terms, except unconditional and immediate surrender can be expected. I propose to move immediately on your works."

This reply had its effect, for in those few words

the same strong will showed itself as on that day when Grant took command of his regiment and said: "Men, go to your quarters." The commander of the fort felt at once that Grant meant exactly what he said, and that he was a most strong and determined man. That day Fort Donelson surrendered with seventeen thousand men.

When the news spread throughout the North there was great joy, and from that time the little general, U. S. Grant, was known as, *Unconditional Surrender Grant.* The two forts had been taken in February. The next April Grant took part in the terrible battle of Shiloh. Here, again, the outlook was almost hopeless. A little before sunset, General Buell came to Grant and said: "What have you done to prepare for retreat?"

The answer, cool and hopeful as possible, was: "Why, I haven't given up the idea of whipping them yet."

The night set in, dark and stormy. The whole army had no hope for the morrow. Only one man, Ulysses Grant, still thought: "With another day victory will be ours."

The victory in which he had faith came after a terrible and bloody battle, and it was won through the grim, "bull-dog" persistence of the

general who could not *think* defeat. Grant was now a major-general, which title he had won with the capture of Fort Donelson. After the victory of Shiloh, he pushed on from place to place, leading his men in battle, or making plans for the future.

Sometimes he was misjudged. Even President Lincoln could not always understand why Grant did certain things, though he believed in giving him a chance to prove himself. There came a time when he knew without doubt that Grant was a wise and great general, and the whole country rang with his praises.

This was after the siege of Vicksburg. Step by step, taking great risks, Grant had advanced towards this great stronghold. His enemies awoke to their danger after their two armies had been separated; but this was too late. Grant was already before Vicksburg, where he planted his troops with the grim purpose of staying there till it should be his.

One day during the siege, he stopped at a house to get some water. The woman who lived in the house, and who was in sympathy with the enemy asked with scorn: "Do you ever expect to get into Vicksburg?"

"Certainly," was the answer.

"When?" she now asked.

"I cannot tell exactly *when* I shall take the town; but I mean to stay here till I do, if it takes me thirty years," was the prompt reply.

The siege went on for several weeks but at last, on the third of July, the general in command of the enemy, met Grant under an old oak-tree and agreed to give up. The surrender must be unconditional, Grant declared, as was to be expected of him.

The next day, July 4, Vicksburg was in his hands, and over thirty-one thousand soldiers were at his mercy. But when they passed out, not a cheer was given, not an unkind remark was made by one of Grant's soldiers. He would not have allowed it. There was rejoicing in the North over the good news. President Lincoln at once wrote to Grant thanking him for the great work that he had done. Congress passed a vote of thanks, and a day was set apart for general thanksgiving.

The victory at Vicksburg was followed by another at Chattanooga, one of the most remarkable in history. Again Grant's praises were sounded by a grateful people. Soon afterwards he was called to Washington. There, before the Presi-

dent and his cabinet, he was made a lieutenant-general. Only one other officer since Washington had ever borne this title.

From now on the tanner's son was to be the commander of all the Union soldiers,—over seven hundred thousand men. Only a few years before he had been a poor farmer, struggling to get a living for his wife and children!

Losing no time, General Grant set to work to plan how to bring the war to an end as soon as possible. Sherman should move his army against Atlanta; he himself would march against Richmond. His plan was carried out most nobly. While Sherman was making his famous "March to the Sea" Grant was doing the work he had laid out for himself. Driving his enemies before him, the day was fast coming when they must give up all hope of success in the war.

It was on April 9, 1865, that General Grant and General Lee, the commander of the enemy, met together to arrange for lasting peace. Though Grant had won a great victory, he felt only sorrow for the brave and noble man whom he had conquered. Afterwards, when his troops started to fire a salute in honor of the success that had been won, he ordered it stopped at once. He had

too great a heart to rejoice in the downfall of an enemy.

On June 30 Grant's army marched into Washington and was disbanded. The long and terrible war was at an end, and its commander was free for a time to take comfort and pleasure with his family. The country did not lose sight of what he had done, however, for the next year Congress made for him the title of general. Seven years before he was a poor and almost unknown man except for the work he had done in the war with Mexico.

And now this quiet, modest gentleman stood before the whole world as one of the greatest heroes of all time.

The Call to Be President

General Grant was not left long to his quiet life, for in 1868 the country was in need of a strong, wise president. Lincoln had been cruelly killed by a mad actor and Johnson, who had taken his place, was a weak man. The people saw that someone was needed to "settle things." "No one is better fitted than U. S. Grant," many of them declared.

When the General was asked if he would be willing to try for that highest position in the land, he simply said, "If the country wishes me to be president, it will make me so." He refused to work in any way to influence the people to choose him.

Nevertheless the vote was very large, and on March 4, 1869, Grant began his life as the head of this nation. A great crowd had gathered in front of the east side of the capitol, and were eagerly waiting for the new president to appear on the platform.

And now, as they watched, the dignified judges of the Supreme Court appeared in their long robes. Then a quiet-looking man stepped forward, dressed in a simple, black suit, calm in his manner, with kind, blue eyes, but with a mouth and chin that showed great firmness. The hero of many battles, "Unconditional Surrender" Grant, was about to take the oath of office.

As he uttered the last words of the oath, cannons began to boom, bells rang throughout the city, and the cheers of thousands of people filled the air. Then, as quiet settled down once more, the new president made a short speech. Very simple, it was, full of plain common sense, and show-

ing that his heart was full of longing that his people throughout the whole country should be happy and united, and that the blessing of God should be upon them.

While President Grant was speaking, his young daughter, who had been seated on the platform with her mother and brothers, came forward and took his hand. She seemed to have no concern for the crowd watching from the streets below. Perhaps it was because her heart was filled with love and admiration for her dear father that she had no thought except of him.

That evening, after the ceremony was over, and the Grant family had settled themselves for their first night's rest in the White House, the President was disturbed by the marching of soldiers outside. He hurried downstairs to ask what it meant.

"It is the night guard," he was told. "It is here for the purpose of protecting you from harm."

"I can take care of myself," declared Grant, and he ordered the officer to take away his men.

Then, going to his room, he locked his door and went to bed. It was impossible for him to cherish fear of any kind.

Around the World

President Grant was the wise head of this country for eight years. Then at last came a chance for a needed rest, and as he had the same love of travel and of seeing new places as in his boyhood, he decided to make a long journey to other lands. His family and some of his friends went with him on a vessel which the government offered for his use.

Before the party started out there were many receptions and dinners in honor of the hero-president. Then the voyage began, and from beginning to end was filled with pleasure. The journey did not end till the party had travelled around the world. At every point where Grant stopped he was treated with the greatest honor. At some places the freedom of the city was given him, and the streets were decorated as though for the procession of a great ruler. Kings and nobles entertained him as a guest at great dinners and made him many rich presents. Was not his head turned at last, you may wonder? Not at all. After visiting many countries, and looking upon the wonders of the earth, showered though he was with honors, he was the same plain, quiet gentleman as

ever. And at last, homesick for his own dear land, he returned to the United States.

A grand reception awaited him here; houses in different cities were presented to him, and large sums of money were given him by different friends. The home in New York, where he intended to spend most of his time, was filled with the beautiful gifts he had received during his travels.

He now entered into the banking business in which one of his sons was engaged. He put all of his own money and that of his wife into the business, but did no active work himself. He had faith in his son's judgment and that of his partner. The business was for a time very successful, and Grant came to look upon himself as a millionaire. He was able to give his wife and children everything that heart could desire.

Then, one day, came a terrible crash, and when night came the hero of many battles found himself a poor man. The business had failed.

At the time of this great trouble Grant was not well, having been weakened by a fall on the ice some time before. Nevertheless, he set to work to make money in a new way. He wrote the story of some of the great battles in which he had fought for one of the leading magazines of the

country. He was at work on this when he was attacked by a disease in his throat which caused him terrible suffering.

"There is no hope," said the physicians, who could do little even towards making him comfortable. But even now "Unconditional Surrender" Grant did not give up. He must do something in his last days by which his dear ones should not be left penniless. He would give the story of his life to the world, telling of the battles he had fought and won.

And so, though the suffering grew worse and worse, this man of iron will worked many hours each day, every moment fighting for strength to finish the story he had begun. Those last months of his life were the most wonderful of all, and the work which the sufferer accomplished before death came to the worn, pain-racked body, is to-day the noblest monument of one of America's greatest heroes.

The sale of the books was so great that in a short time they had brought Mrs. Grant a small fortune. But the brave man who was more than all the fortunes in the world to her had already gone to his rest. It was on the twenty-third of July, 1885, and but a few days after the work was

finished, that this hero of many battles quietly breathed his last.

The funeral services were very grand. The greatest as well as the humblest people, those who had fought with Grant, and those who had fought against him, followed the body of the dead hero to its last resting place in New York City, at Riverside Park on the Hudson.

To-day a marble monument marks the spot where the greatest of all American soldiers lies buried.

THE PLAY

ULYSSES SIMPSON GRANT

A PLAY

Act One

Place,—Living room in a village house in Ohio.
Time,—May, 1822.

Grandparents and two Aunts of Ulysses Grant.

Grandmother,—Dear! Dear! how I would like to see that blessed boy. I hear that he is growing fast.

Grandfather,—The young folks will be getting over here with him pretty soon, you may just believe.

First Aunt,—They have a right to be proud, he's such a lusty, healthy little youngster.

Second Aunt,—He is, certainly. You know he weighed ten pounds and a half when he was born,—a pretty good weight to begin with.

Grandmother,—If he takes after his mother he will be handsome, by-and-by, if he isn't now. The best thing about Hannah is that she isn't vain about her looks. Everyone likes Hannah, if I

do say it. One woman in a thousand! Good natured, and yet no willy-nilly about her.

GRANDFATHER,—Strong and steady, that's what Hannah is.

FIRST AUNT,—Listen! I hear wheels. (*She goes to the window and looks out.*) I do believe that's Jesse's horse, and his wagon. I'm sure I can see two people in the wagon, a man and a woman.

SECOND AUNT,—(*Who has followed her sister to the window*),—And the woman is holding a baby. It *is* Jesse and Hannah, for sure. (*The two younger women begin to bustle about the room and put things in order.*)

GRANDMOTHER,—How good it will be to see them! (*She opens the door to be in readiness to receive the young couple, while her husband goes out on the stoop.*)

JESSE GRANT,—(*Drawing up in front of the house.*) Whoa! Whoa there! Hannah, don't be in such a hurry to get out. Wait a minute. *He springs out, takes the baby and places it tenderly in its grandfather's arms; then helps his wife*).

HANNAH (*Excitedly, as all enter the house*),—Father! Mother! what do you think of our little darling?

GRANDMOTHER (*looking tenderly at the baby*), —He's a wonderful child.

GRANDFATHER,—He is indeed. Hannah, you have a right to be proud of him.

JESSE (*laughing*),—She isn't the only one. I reckon I have a little pride myself.

FIRST AUNT,—I wish he'd wake up. I want to see his eyes.

JESSE,—They are bright ones. Seems as if he knew his mother already.

HANNAH,—There, the lids are quivering. It's time he woke up, anyway. He slept all the way over and it's a good ten miles, you know.

SECOND AUNT,—Oh-h! the darling! See him look around. Mother, please let me hold him.

(*Baby cries a little.*)

HANNAH,—Give him to me, mother. (*Taking him.*) There, there, baby dear.

GRANDMOTHER,—What are you going to call the boy?

JESSE,—That's just what we came over here for. We've talked and talked, and the more we talked, the farther off we were from settling the question. We want you folks to help us.

GRANDFATHER,—I know what I would like.

GRANDMOTHER,—Yes, I know, too. It's per-

fectly natural, you'd like him to be Hiram after you. But I reckon all wouldn't agree to it.

FIRST AUNT,—Since you were so good as to come over here for our help, we ought to settle it now. Let's talk it over.

SECOND AUNT,—But if everyone has a different choice, talking won't help it. I'll tell you. Let's cast a ballot.

JESSE (*enthusiastically*),—Cast a ballot,—that's the idea. Hurrah!

GRANDMOTHER,—I'll get some pencils and slips of paper. (*She goes to a table and opens a drawer.*)

JESSE,—Folks, get ready. We mustn't let each other see what we write. Now, then, here's my hat. I'll put it on the table and we can drop our slips inside. (*All are silent as they sit thinking, and then write the name each likes best. Then, one by one, they drop their slips of paper into the hat.*)

GRANDFATHER,—Who shall be the one to draw?

JESSE (*turning to one of the aunts*),—You may have the important task.

FIRST AUNT,—All right. And it *is* important. (*She laughs as she goes to the hat, shuts her eyes*

and draws out a slip.)

SECOND AUNT (*looking over her shoulder, and reading*),—Ulysses!

GRANDFATHER (*a little disappointed*),—It's a good name and that of a great soldier, but,—

GRANDMOTHER (*laughing*),—*But,* you wish the baby to be named for you. I know well enough that you wrote Hiram on your slip.

GRANDFATHER,—Yes-s-s, I did.

HANNAH,—I like Ulysses ever so much. But father must not be disappointed. I'll tell you, Jesse, what we might do,—give the baby both names, Hiram and Ulysses.

JESSE,—A good idea! the youngster shall be Hiram Ulysses Grant from this day.

CHORUS,—Hiram Ulysses Grant.

GRANDFATHER,—And may the dear child grow up into a brave and honest man, so that we shall all be proud of the choice made this day.

ACT TWO

Place,—Ulysses Grant's home in Georgetown, Ohio.

Time,—About 1830.

The father of Ulysses; Ulysses, about eight

years old; Mr. Ralston, who has a colt for sale.

MR. RALSTON,—That's as fine a colt as you will see in many a long day. By and by he will be a beauty. And strong! he shows it already in his build and the way he uses his legs.

MR. GRANT,—I will give you twenty dollars for the colt, as Ulysses has taken a fancy to him.

MR. RALSTON, (*shaking his head*),—Can't do it, Mr. Grant. The critter is too valuable to go for any such sum. Think a minute, and see if ye can't do better than that. I can't let that colt go for less'n twenty-five dollars. That's little enough of anybody's money.

ULYSSES (*whose face is full of eagerness, comes to his father's side and whispers*),—Father, please. He's such a fine colt.

MR. GRANT (*firmly*),—No, Mr. Ralston, twenty dollars is my offer. Take it or leave it.

MR. RALSTON,—If that's the best ye can do, I reckon I'll be going. Sorry, Mr. Grant, but I can't accept twenty dollars. I see Lyss there feels bad about it.

MR. GRANT,—Small boys have to feel bad now and then. (*He smiles kindly at his son, whose face is full of disappointment*).

MR. RALSTON,—Well, then, good day. Bet-

ter think it over, Mr. Grant.

MR. GRANT,—Good day, Mr. Ralston.

(*The man goes out.*)

ULYSSES (*sighing*),—Oh, father! I'm so sorry. Mr. Ralston's colt is the best one I ever saw.

MR. GRANT (*thinking aloud*),—Maybe we can yet get that colt for twenty dollars. (*Turning to his son*). See here, my boy. I'm sorry you feel bad. You are so faithful in tending the horses and cattle, I would like to make you happy. (*His face grows bright.*) I'll tell you what you can do. Get one of the horses and ride over at once to Mr. Ralston's. You can tell him that I said twenty dollars is all the horse is worth, and perhaps he will let you have it for that sum, after all.

ULYSSES,—But father, suppose he won't?

MR. GRANT,—Then you can offer twenty-two dollars and a half. That's half way between what he demanded and what I offered.

ULYSSES (*jumping up excitedly*),—Good! I'll go right off. (*Then, hesitating*). But perhaps he won't be satisfied to give it to me for twenty-two and a half. (*The boy's face grows long.*)

MR. GRANT,—Well, well, my son, if it is necessary, you can give Mr. Ralston the twenty-five. Your heart is so set on the colt that I can't bear

to see you disappointed.

ULYSSES,—Thank you, thank you, father. (*He goes out.*)

MR. GRANT (*talking to himself*),—Never a better boy lived than Ulysses. Small as he is, he works hard at every task I give him. I'll never make a tanner of him, though. He seems to hate everything about the business. But when there's a chance to use a horse, there's Ulysses, smart and strong beyond his years. (*He takes the weekly newspaper from the table and reads. An hour passes.*) (*Mrs. Grant enters the room.*)

MRS. GRANT,—Where's Lyss, husband?

MR. GRANT,—He's gone to make a trade for that colt he's taken such a fancy to. I hope he gets it for twenty dollars. But I told him he could pay twenty-five.

MRS. GRANT,—A pretty small boy to drive a bargain! But do you know, I'm proud of Lyss, if he is my own child. Straightforward as the day is long! Everybody speaks of it. More open, honest eyes it would be hard to find if you hunted the world over.

MR. GRANT,—Hark! I think I hear Lyss coming now. (*He goes to the door and looks out.*)

Yes, here's the boy and he's got the colt with him too.

(*Ulysses enters the house.*)

ULYSSES (*joyfully*),—Didn't I come fast though! Mr. Ralston seemed real glad to let me have the colt.

MR. GRANT,—Did you tell him what I said?

ULYSSES,—The very words. I said: "Mr. Ralston, papa says I may offer you twenty dollars for the colt, but if you won't take that I am to offer you twenty-two and a half dollars; and if you won't take that I am to offer twenty-five." Then he said right off, "Take the colt."

MR. GRANT (*looks at his wife and smiles*),—You did, did you? Said it just like that? My dear little boy, of course you got the colt. You meant all right and thought you were following my directions. But you didn't exactly succeed. I shan't scold you, however. (*He laughs.*)

ULYSSES (*looking first at his mother and then at his father*),—I don't understand. (*Rubs his forehead.*) Yes, I see, but I meant all right.

MRS. GRANT,—Indeed you did, my son, and I love you all the better for it. But it wasn't exactly business. (*She smiles tenderly at Ulysses.*)

Act Three

Place,—Yard in front of the Grant home at Bethel, twelve miles from Georgetown, to which the family have lately moved.

Time,—1841.

Ulysses, about nineteen years old, just home for a vacation from West Point. Two young men friends.

Ulysses (*taking a long breath*),—You fellows can't dream how good it seems to be home again. Two long years since I went away,—the longest I ever lived.

First friend (*admiringly*),—But you've seen the world, Lyss. I wish I had had your chance of getting away from this tiresome country.

Ulysses,—The country isn't tiresome to me. I'll never be any happier than I used to be riding horseback, or driving all day long for the sake of visiting some friends or relations.

Second friend,—The boys over in Georgetown haven't forgotten that colt you bought when you were eight years old. Ha! Ha! Ha!

Ulysses,—And I never will forget the way they bullied me about my trade. It hurt, I tell you,—but I learned some wisdom from it. Too

bad, though, the poor animal went blind. But after that happened I sold it for twenty dollars, so I didn't lose much by my foolishness, after all.

FIRST FRIEND,—We're very glad to see you, Lyss, and we want to hear about what you've been doing at West Point.

SECOND FRIEND (*thoughtfully*),—Folks think you haven't changed much in looks, Lyss. I reckon West Point won't make a tall man of you.

ULYSSES,—Maybe not,—so far it hasn't filled me with a love of the soldier's life, either. How I hated to go, except for the fun of travelling and sight-seeing.

FIRST FRIEND,—Your father made you go, didn't he?

ULYSSES,—Yes, his heart was set on my going. Though always before he had let me have pretty much my own way, he wouldn't give in. I tried my hardest to beg off, too. He said it was a great chance, and was pleased enough when I passed the examinations. Then there was no turning back.

SECOND FRIEND,—Poor fellow! but the journey, and going part of the way in trains,—what fun it must have been! The nearest I've been to a railroad is the picture of one. Didn't it make you

feel a little queer to travel so fast?

ULYSSES,—You just bet it did! Why, in one part of the country, after I left Harrisburg, we went at the rate of eighteen miles an hour! Think of it! The whole distance from Harrisburg to Philadelphia was covered on an average of twelve miles an hour.

FIRST FRIEND,—Gee! *that* was speed!

ULYSSES,—And after that came the sights in the city of Philadelphia. I stayed there five days and saw everything. I went to the theatre, too.

SECOND FRIEND,—You were a lucky dog.

ULYSSES (*sighing*),—Yes, till I reached West Point. Tiresome enough then, I tell you, for there were nearly three months of camp life before the studies began. I didn't enjoy one any more than the other. I wasn't cut out for a soldier.

FIRST FRIEND,—One never can tell, though. When a fellow gets into the thick of war, it often brings out something he didn't know was in him. Now, I kinder think I'd like to be a soldier.

ULYSSES,—I'd gladly give you my training.

SECOND FRIEND,—Do you have to study hard?

ULYSSES,—There are plenty of fellows that spend hours and hours at their books, but I am not

among them. I read through a lesson once and it has to go. The easiest study is military tactics. I always come out well in that,—perhaps, because I've always loved horses so much. But French! if the class were turned about I might be near the head. Now, however, (*He laughs*) I am not very proud of my standing in that branch of learning.

FIRST FRIEND,—How about mathematics? I've heard that one can't get along in military school if he is poor in that.

ULYSSES,—That's about right. As it happens, mathematics always came easy to me, so I ride along through it almost as easily as I gallop over the fields on horseback. When I get through at West Point I should like to teach mathematics.

SECOND FRIEND,—And not be a soldier!

ULYSSES (*shaking his head positively*),—And not be a soldier.

FIRST FRIEND (*beginning to laugh*),—Your father told me the other day that you have had your name changed since you left home. How was that?

ULYSSES,—Just this way. When I applied to enter West Point, a member of Congress had to fill out the paper. He got my name mixed up with my brother Simpson, so he wrote it as *Ulysses*

Simpson Grant instead of *Hiram Ulysses.*

SECOND FRIEND,—What of that? You didn't have to abide by his mistake, did you?

ULYSSES (*smiling*),—Since it was written in the government record as Ulysses Simpson, it will remain Ulysses Simpson to the end of the chapter. The mistake could have been straightened out, but it would have made a lot of fuss. So, though I didn't like it, I gave in after a while, and I am now Ulysses Simpson Grant, at your service.

ACT FOUR

Place,—The Grant home at Bethel, Ohio.

Time,—1848, after the close of the Mexican war.

Ulysses and his young wife. His parents and three friends who have come to make a call.

FATHER OF ULYSSES (*speaking to his visitors*), —I'm right glad to see you over here this afternoon. Ulysses and Julia will be glad to see you, too. Just now they are out for a drive, but I expect them back shortly.

MOTHER,—They are having such a good time riding all over the country. But, just as my husband says, they'll be very glad to see you when

they get back.

FIRST FRIEND,—Ulysses didn't waste any time when the war was over, did he? He'd waited as long as he could for his bride.

FATHER,—Well, so long as Julia was willing, it was a good thing to have the wedding over as soon as possible. And now! they are just about the happiest pair to be found on this earth.

SECOND FRIEND,—I've heard that Ulysses being hurried off to the war quickened up the engagement.

FATHER,—Very likely. But now, after the years of hard fighting, I'm glad he has his reward in the love of that dear little woman. Julia is one among many.

THIRD FRIEND (*earnestly*),—Mr. Grant, you must be proud of your son. He has brought honor to you and the country.

FATHER,—Indeed, I'm proud; I have a right to be. From first to last Ulysses has shown himself persistent and brave as few young men could have done. That's why he mounted step by step till he became first a lieutenant and then a brevet captain.

MRS. GRANT,—Tut, tut, husband! We should leave the praise of our children to others.

SECOND FRIEND,—Mrs. Grant, your husband is justified in saying what he did. (*Turning to Mr. Grant*). I haven't heard yet just how the promotions came. Won't you tell us?

MR. GRANT,—Certainly. First, as you know, when the trouble began with Mexico, Ulysses went down as a second lieutenant. That was the title he received when he joined the regiment after graduating from West Point.

THIRD FRIEND,—Yes! Yes! And well do we remember the day he left home to follow "Old Rough and Ready" into Mexico. It must have been hard on you, Mrs. Grant.

MRS. GRANT,—And quite as hard on our dear Julia. Just engaged and obliged to bid her lover good-by, with the thought that it might be forever! But, thank God, he came back to us safe and sound, after going through terrible dangers.

FIRST FRIEND,—I judge from what I have heard that he was kept pretty busy during the war.

FATHER,—Yes, and in different ways, too. The first battle in which he fought was followed by another the very next day, and a sharp one, too. There, as I've been told, (not by Ulysses, mind you) he was put on his mettle and showed

the stuff he was made of. At one time his captain was called off, and he was left to lead a hot charge. Not long after that he was made quartermaster and adjutant of his regiment. Of course that gave him charge of the food and clothing for the men, and he did his duty well. It didn't keep him from getting into the fight, either.

SECOND FRIEND,—I thought a quartermaster did not need to go into the fighting.

FATHER,—Right you are. But Ulysses is the kind of man who is always ready to do more than is expected of him. When the fight was raging in Monterey, and he volunteered to undertake that dangerous ride back to headquarters for ammunition, he showed his mettle.

SECOND FRIEND,—Do tell us about it.

FATHER (*excitedly*),—All along the way he was exposed to the firing of the enemy,—they were stationed on the housetops, as well as at the corners of the streets through which he had to pass. So, what did he do? With one foot in the stirrup and one hand holding on to his horse's mane, protecting himself as well as he could by pressing against the animal's side, he drove the horse on at full speed till he had passed the city's gates. At one place he drove the horse over a four-foot wall for

the sake of making a short cut. And would you believe it! in the midst of the danger he stopped on the way to give help to some wounded men. What do you think of that?

THIRD FRIEND,—You must have been far-sighted when you sent Ulysses to West Point.

FIRST FRIEND,—Indeed, yes. The way he conducted himself through the whole war showed him a born soldier.

FATHER,—And his superior officers saw it. Again and again his name was mentioned with honor in the reports that went to Washington. At last, after the city of Mexico was taken, you know how he was rewarded; he was made first lieutenant of his regiment. The Battle of the Belfry led up to it.

SECOND FRIEND,—There he comes up the walk now, and Julia with him.

(*A moment later Ulysses and his young wife enter the room.*)

ULYSSES (*going from one to another of the guests and shaking hands*),—I'm very glad to see you. (*Turning to his wife.*) Julia, my dear, you, too, will be glad to meet old friends of mine.

JULIA (*blushing with shyness*),—Indeed I am.

ULYSSES,—We have just been out for a ride

through this dear old country. Its quiet is delightful.

FIRST FRIEND,—It must be a big change from your experiences in Mexico.

ULYSSES,—A happy change, I assure you. Nothing suits me better than this quiet country life.

SECOND FRIEND,—It seems queer to hear you say that, when, from all I hear, you entered heart and soul into battle.

ULYSSES (*quietly*),—It was my duty to do so. For the same reason I went to the war, though it seemed an unjust one. But,—I was under orders, —and all a soldier has to think of is obeying orders.

FIRST FRIEND,—We all wish to congratulate you, Ulysses, first for your happiness with this dear little wife; secondly, for your noble conduct throughout the war. But now tell us,—how did you feel when you met the fire of the enemy for the first time? It seems a curious question, perhaps, but I've heard that every soldier, at the beginning, has the same experience. He's afraid.

ULYSSES (*smiling*),—Then I was like all the others, for I wished with all my heart that I had not enlisted.

SECOND FRIEND,—And yet I've heard that in that very engagement you bore yourself nobly and took an active part in driving the Mexicans before you.

ULYSSES (*modestly*),—I only did what I was called upon to do.

FIRST FRIEND,—As you came up the walk your father spoke of the Battle in the Belfry. I wish you would tell us about it.

ULYSSES,—There is not much to say, but it was this way: during the siege of the city of Mexico, I was on my way with one division of the army to attack the north gateway of the city. Of course, I was on the lookout for chances to get the better of the enemy; pretty soon I thought I saw a way to do it. A little back from the road and close to the walls of the city stood a small church. I looked up at the belfry and a plan came into my head at once. If a cannon could be got up into that belfry, shot could be sent down upon the soldiers defending the gate.

FIRST FRIEND,—But how could you get a cannon up into a belfry?

ULYSSES (*smiling*),—Easily enough, if it were taken apart. As soon as I saw this, I got together some men to handle the cannon. Then, carrying

the parts between us, and keeping a sharp lookout for any enemy along our way, we took a short cut for the church. There we were met by the priest.

"I can't let you American soldiers in here," he said.

To which I answered: "But we are going in."

And we did go in. Each one carrying a part of the cannon, we made our way up into the belfry; then, working as fast as possible, we put it together again, loaded it, and sent the balls flying down among the soldiers inside the city gate. You may be sure they were taken by surprise. At first, they couldn't imagine where the shot came from. When they found out, they made haste to get out of the way, instead of sending a troop out to capture us. It happened that what we did was a big help to our army. There was a funny side to the affair, however. When I was called to General Worth to tell about what had happened, he was so pleased that he ordered another gun to be carried up into the belfry.

SECOND FRIEND (*interrupting*),—And did you do it?

ULYSSES (*slowly*),—Well, no,—for there wasn't room up in the belfry for two cannons. But I couldn't say that to my superior officer, you

know. That would have been against military politeness.

FATHER,—The Battle of the Belfry was an important step towards the taking of the city and, consequently, the ending of the war. But you won't get Ulysses to say so. He's too modest.

ULYSSES,—Come, come! I've done enough talking about myself. Let's go out and sit down under the trees. There, if you like, I'll tell you about the wonderful caves in Mexico, and the bull fight I saw. But let's have done with war for today.

(*Ulysses, taking his wife's arm, leads the party out-of-doors.*)

ACT FIVE

Place,—Army Camp in Illinois.

Time,—June, 1861.

Congressman Logan, Ulysses Grant, a group of soldiers of the Twenty-first regiment of Illinois.

FIRST SOLDIER,—It looks like a big fight for the Union.

SECOND SOLDIER,—And a long one. It was easy enough to enlist for ninety days, but now we're asked to sign for three years, it's another matter.

Shall you do it?

FIRST SOLDIER,—No backing out now. That isn't in me.

THIRD SOLDIER,—Well, I don't know. We havn't got down to business yet,—nothing but drilling, and cutting up on the side. But to meet the fire of the enemy is another matter.

FOURTH SOLDIER,—So far, we haven't had much preparation. For my part, I'm glad we're to have a new colonel. Who could respect the old one, I'd like to know. Plenty of fun now; but when it comes to fighting, I can't say I'd like to trust my life to him.

FIRST SOLDIER,—The chickens in these parts couldn't at any rate. We've been left pretty free to rob the hen roosts. Ha! Ha! Ha!

SECOND SOLDIER,—That isn't the worst that can be said. One night when I stood on guard duty, the colonel called me off with some other fellows to make a night of it at the tavern. Of course we had a jolly time, but the colonel didn't know his business. That, first of all, is to command.

THIRD SOLDIER,—Right you are. And it doesn't do us any good to spend our time in riots and drunkenness. But this man Grant,—I wonder if

he has enough grit in him to straighten us out. He isn't much on the looks.

FIRST SOLDIER,—Not a big man, to be sure. I've heard that his mouth has a way of shutting together like a rat trap. That means something, anyway.

FOURTH SOLDIER,—Hark! There's the call. It's the order to meet the new colonel. Come on.

(*The four soldiers follow the rest of the regiment and gather with them before a stand where Congressman Logan is waiting.*)

LOGAN,—Men of the Twenty-first Illinois, we are facing a terrible danger. Our country is to be lost or saved according to the bravery of her men. It is upon your shoulders to preserve this nation in her time of peril. I call upon you, one and all, to live, to think, to do with one purpose, the bringing of the people of this United States together in a lasting bond of brotherhood.

(*Cheers from the regiment.*)

LOGAN,—And now, let me present to you your new colonel, U. S. Grant.

(*Grant comes quietly forward from a place where he has been sitting unseen by the regiment. As he does so the soldiers whisper together.*)

FIRST SOLDIER (*disappointed*),—What! Is that

little fellow the new colonel?

SECOND SOLDIER,—He doesn't look as though he amounted to much.

THIRD SOLDIER,—Dried-up like, and seedy as an undertaker. Yet they do say that he was a hustler down in Mexico.

FOURTH SOLDIER,—Listen! Logan is calling for cheers.

(*Men of the regiment together,—Three cheers for U. S. Grant!*)

SOLDIER IN THE AUDIENCE,—A speech! A speech! give us a speech!

REGIMENT TOGETHER,—Grant! Grant! speech! speech!

GRANT (*coming forward and speaking in a short, clear voice*),—Men, go to your quarters!

(*Soldiers, startled, look from one to another in amazement; then turn about, and with wonderful quietness, obey their new colonel's command.*)

FIRST SOLDIER (*as they move along*),—Grant's all right. He knows what's what. There will be order now, and not many words about it.

SECOND SOLDIER,—I'll trust my life to him, and not question.

Act Six

Place,—President's study in the White House at Washington.

Time,—March 6, 1864.

President Lincoln, two members of his cabinet and Ulysses Grant.

(*President Lincoln and the two cabinet officers seated together, talking.*)

President Lincoln (*looking at his watch*),—I am expecting Grant every moment now. Though we have never met, it seems as though we were old friends.

First Cabinet Officer,—We have followed him so closely through the terrible years that have passed, I feel much the same way myself.

Lincoln,—There have been times when I feared his judgment. More than once I thought him in the wrong; but that was because I was far away from the field of battle and ignorant of all the conditions. But again and again I found that Grant had been acting not only bravely, but with great wisdom. Our hearts are now in such close touch, that as I have already said, it seems as though we must have met.

Second Cabinet Officer,—What a wonder-

ful record his has been from the day he took command of that lawless Illinois regiment, and brought them to order. His successes have been amazing. Seventeen victorious battles to the credit of that small, quiet man! It's wonderful!

FIRST CABINET OFFICER,—And one hundred thousand men taken prisoners. No one in the history of our country save Washington can be called his equal.

LINCOLN,—Unspoiled by praise and never once seeking the promotions he has received. I am looking forward with the greatest pleasure to conferring upon him the highest honor ever given to an officer in the American army.

FIRST CABINET OFFICER,—On the way here I heard a good story about Grant. It seems that when he arrived at the hotel, he asked for a room, as any other citizen would do. The clerk didn't recognize him and said he had nothing to offer except an upper story room. "That will do," Grant answered, and turned to sign the hotel register.

LINCOLN (*smiling*),—And then what happened?

FIRST CABINET OFFICER,—When the head clerk saw the name you may well believe there was

a lively time. The man simply couldn't do enough to make up for the lack of attention at first. By the time supper was served the news had spread that Grant was in the house. There was more excitement still when he was spied out by his shoulder straps and the three stars, sitting quietly at one of the tables. One of the guests jumped up in his chair, and waving his napkin, cried, "Three cheers for Lieutenant-General Grant!" Then Grant! Grant! Grant! sounded through the room. At last he got up and bowed, but he couldn't stand so much attention, and slipped out of the room without finishing his supper.

LINCOLN,—Just like all I have heard of him. Since the bill was passed by Congress to revive the rank of Lieutenant-General, Grant must have understood the reason, as well as why he is now called to Washington. In fact, everybody understands.

FIRST OFFICER,—Since his success at Chattanooga, Grant has merited the highest possible honor. That battle completely changed our outlook and gave us new hope and courage.

SECOND OFFICER,—Some called it magic. But it really came through the most careful planning, as well as the perfect faith Grant's men had in

him.

(*Grant is now ushered into the room. Lincoln steps forward to meet his visitor. He takes the general's small hand in his own large one and shakes it heartily.*)

LINCOLN (*earnestly*),—I am glad to see you, General Grant.

(*The two men look silently and affectionately into each other's faces. After a moment Lincoln speaks.*)

LINCOLN,—Do you hear all the hubbub outside in the halls? The crowd is getting larger every minute, for everyone wishes to meet our hero. Come, let us go to the East Room where your friends may have a chance to shake hands with you.

(*He leads the way, smiling as he does so at Grant's shy manner and blushing face.*)

ACT SEVEN

Place,—In front of the east side of the Capitol at Washington, where a large platform has been set up.

Time,—March 4, 1868.

The streets below are filled with crowds of peo-

ple. At first, the platform is empty; afterwards it is occupied by General Grant, his family, and leading men of the country.

SOLDIER, WITH ONE ARM (*standing in the midst of the crowd with his wife and children*),—It is good to be alive to-day. The country may well be proud of its choice.

WIFE,—Never a nobler, more straightforward man has ever been chosen for President. What I like best about him is that he wouldn't work to get the office, but said, "If the people wish me for President, they will make me so."

SOLDIER (*admiringly*),—Unconditional Surrender Grant! I'm proud to have been in the fight that brought him that name. Well do I remember it. Many of us were shivering with terror, and it seemed hopeless to press on. In fact, nearly all had begun to give way, when the General, putting his cap on the point of his sword, cried, "No flinching! Come on, men, here's the way!" Then up the hill he rode in the thick of shot and shell, and took the fort by storm. It was a storm, too, and much too great for the enemy to withstand. The next morning, when we were getting ready for a fresh attack, the general in command offered to surrender, but he wanted to make terms. And

what was Grant's answer? "No terms, except immediate, unconditional surrender, can be accepted." He got it, but how? Through plain, dogged grit! That's what it was!

WIFE,—One of the shyest men that ever lived, they say.

SOLDIER,—Yes, when he's on his feet in a hall filled with people. But at the head of his army and on horseback, a very different man. Then he's Unconditional Surrender Grant, and without an equal.

SOLDIER'S SON,—The crowd is packing in fast. I'm glad it's almost time for the exercises to begin.

SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER,—O dear! I can hardly breathe. Look! Father! Mother! The platform is filling up. There's Mrs. Grant.

SOLDIER'S SON,—And the three sons just behind her. The one to the left is Colonel Fred Grant. He's a chip of the old block,—did good fighting too, didn't he?

SOLDIER,—Indeed he did. He deserves the place he won in the army.

DAUGHTER,—Mrs. Grant has a fine face, hasn't she? See how proudly she looks at her husband.

WIFE,—Her courage all through the war kept up the hearts of us women who sent our dearest

into the fight. They say she and her husband are just like lovers.

DAUGHTER,—But do see the one little daughter. Her name is Nellie. Isn't she sweet?

SOLDIER,—Sh! Grant is coming forward to take the oath of office. The Judges of the Supreme Court are behind him.

(*The crowd presses harder than ever, everyone trying to get near enough to hear the speakers on the platform.*)

WIFE (*whispering*),—I can scarcely catch the words.

GRANT (*in a calm voice*),—I do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will to the best of my ability, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States.

(*Guns boom and steam whistles blow in salute. The crowd cheers with all its might. Quiet comes at last and President Grant begins to read an address to the people.*)

DAUGHTER (*whispering*),—The crowd presses on us so, I can't hear a word.

SOLDIER,—Never mind, my dear. We can look at our President, at any rate, and to-morrow we can read the address in the newspaper.

WIFE,—Look! Look! See his dear little daughter. She has slipped up to her father's side and taken hold of his hand. Isn't it touching?

DAUGHTER,—She doesn't seem to notice the crowd watching her,—all she thinks of is her father. I just love her for it.

SOLDIER (*drawing a long breath*),—There! it is over.

(*He and his family join in the cheers of the crowd.*)

ACT EIGHT

Place,—Grant's tomb, at Riverside Park, on the Hudson.

Time,—Summer of 1914.

Old man, his wife and granchildren.

OLD MAN,—This place is a beautiful one to me. Whenever I stand here, fire stirs in my heart and I am young again. Such a wonderful man as Grant was,—so brave, so firm, so ready to sacrifice himself. It is no wonder that the whole world has rung with his praises.

WIFE (*sighing*),—His strong spirit gave such courage that thousands of women were able to send their husbands and sons and sweethearts into

battle, and to rejoice in doing it.

OLD MAN,—Grant's courage was of the noblest kind, because it was so quiet and steady. It was just as much alive when he took the Presidency as when he was leading his army.

GRANDDAUGHTER (*slowly*),—Why, grandfather, I don't see how. I should think any man would be gloriously happy to be made President.

OLD MAN,—My child, you don't realize what it means,—all the cares, the hard work, the worry, to say nothing of the troubles that come from the enemies a President cannot help making. It is impossible for him to please everyone,—impossible. But let us go back to Grant himself. When the war was over he was free to enjoy his home and his family, but only for a while. After Lincoln's assassination, a weak man had taken his place when a strong one was needed. Then, when the time came to elect a new President there was a big cry for Grant. The man who had led the army to victory, the man who had been so just in his dealings with those who had for a time been his enemies,—surely he was better fitted than anyone else to guide the country. Would he let himself run for office? When this question was asked he saw what the sacrifice meant,—that he must give

up rest and comfort, the noble title of General of the Army, and a salary for life of twenty-two thousand dollars a year, which had been voted for him. What was his answer? It was that of a soldier who had been trained to obey as well as command. "If the people of my country want me," said he, "I must accept the Presidency. But I will not myself work to gain the position."

GRANDSON,—My teacher told me that it wasn't much like the way Presidents get elected now-a-days. They wear themselves out beforehand travelling around the country making speeches to get the favor of the people.

GRANDDAUGHTER (eagerly),—But Grant got it in his own way!

OLD MAN,—And by the vote of a large majority.

WIFE,—Grant never could have been born in any other country! He's just *American.* A tanner's son in a little country town, rising from almost nothing to the two greatest places the greatest country on earth could give him! It didn't take many years to do it, either.

GRANDDAUGHTER (*turning to her grandfather*),—You told me once that when he was a young fellow at West Point, where he hated to go, and

where he didn't show much ability in anything except managing a horse, he had a queer feeling one day. Suddenly he seemed to be reviewing the cadets just as General Scott, the head of the army, sometimes did.

OLD MAN,—It was a dream of the future, and no mistake.

GRANDSON (*thoughtfully*),—And at the time Grant had no idea of ever entering the army after he should leave West Point. He expected to teach. Yes, that experience was queer.

WIFE,—I like, best of all, to think of Grant in his home. He was such a devoted husband and father. All the honors heaped upon him in his last years were of little value beside the happiness of being with his dear ones.

GRANDSON,—After his eight years of being President he must have had a grand trip around the world with his family.

GRANDDAUGHTER,—Um-m-m! Think of the banquets with the Queen of England, and the King of Belgium. And the fine presents given him by the greatest people in Europe!

GRANDSON,—I think the Arabian horses given by the Sultan of Turkey were the best of all. Grant loved horses so much, they must have pleased

him.

OLD MAN,—The United States wasn't behindhand, for when Grant returned from his trip, he was given two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, besides a beautiful home in New York City.

GRANDDAUGHTER,—Then he was a rich man!

OLD MAN (*shaking his head*),—Alas! he didn't keep the money long. He entered into the banking business, the bank failed, and he became a poor man.

WIFE,—He never did get on very well in business, in the different times in his life when he tried it. He wasn't fitted for it. He could succeed only when working for others. More honor to him!

OLD MAN (*turning to the children*),—Amen! The most glorious act of a glorious life was the work that Grant did for his family,—the last which was possible for him.

THE CHILDREN TOGETHER,—What was it, Grandpa?

OLD MAN,—He could not bear that he should leave his dear wife without comfort and plenty. He had received an offer from a leading magazine, to write for them the story of his life in the Civil War, and he set to work. Though he soon began to suffer from a terrible disease that was

to end his life, he kept on, bravely writing seven or eight hours a day, though the pain and weakness were growing greater all the time. Through his wonderful will he lived to finish that story which afterwards brought a fortune to Mrs. Grant. This monument by which we are now standing has been given by a loving people, but he made a monument for himself in the two volumes written in those last days of suffering.

WIFE (*turning to grandchildren*),—The whole country mourned his loss. At least a million people joined in the funeral ceremonies.

OLD MAN,—Of all the touching words said of our hero, none were more fitting than those of his pastor, Dr. Newman: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

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