

THE CAMPAIGNS OF GRANT.

Excerpts from the General's Memoirs, Treating of the Battle of Shiloh and Apologizing to Gen. McCook.

Gen. Grant's Relations with President Lincoln and Secretary Stanton Told, with Lee's Surrender.

Gen. Grant's Autobiography.

He begins by saying he is of American stock on both sides for many generations. Matthew Grant, from whom he is descended in the eighth generation, reached Dorchester, Mass., in 1630, from Dorchester, Eng. His great-grandfather, Noah Grant, held a commission in the British navy and his good father, also named Noah, served in the war of the Revolution. He gives anecdotes of his boyhood and of his appointment to West Point through Hon. Morris, congressman from Ohio, tells the circumstances under which he first saw Gen. Scott and President Van Buren; contrasts the personal characteristics of Generals Scott, and Taylor; gives a copy of his letter to Adjutant General Thomas, dated at Galbra, Ill., May 28, 1861, offering his services to the United States and suggesting that he considered himself competent to take command. This letter was never answered, and was for a long time lost among the papers of the war office. Speaking of his first battle in the civil war, he says:

As we approached the brow of the hill from which it was expected we would see Harris' camp and possibly find his men ready to meet us, my heart kept setting higher and higher, until it felt to me as though it were in my throat. I would have given anything to have been back in Illinois, but I had not the moral courage to halt, and consider what to do. I kept right on. When we reached a point from which the valley below was in full view, we halted. The place where Harris had been encamped for a few days before was still there, and the marks of a recent encampment were plainly visible, but the troops were gone. My horse resumed its place. This was a view of the question that I had never taken before. From that event to the close of the war I never experienced trepidation upon confronting an enemy.

He speaks of the battle of Fort Donelson at some length.

THE SHILOH FIGHT.

Speaking of the battle of Shiloh, he says he considered the situation as one in which the federal forces were on the offensive, but asserts that no caution for defense was neglected. On this subject he continues:

Gen. Beauregard was next in rank to Johnston and succeeded to the command, which he retained to the close of the battle and during the subsequent retreat. At Corinth, as well as at the siege of Corinth, his tactics have been severely criticized by Confederate writers, but I do not believe his fallen chief could have done any better under the circumstances. Some of those critics claim that Shiloh was won when Johnston fell, and that if he had not fallen the army under me would have been annihilated or captured. There is little doubt that we should have been disastrously beaten if all the shells and bullets fired by us had passed harmlessly over the enemy, and if all of theirs had taken effect. Commanding generals are liable to be killed during an engaging battle, and the fact that when he was shot Johnston was leading a brigade to induce it to make a charge which had been repeatedly ordered in evidence that there was neither the universal demoralization on our side nor the unbounded confidence on theirs which has been claimed. There was, in fact, no hour during the day when I doubted the eventual defeat of the enemy, although I was disappointed that the reinforcements so near at hand did not arrive at an earlier hour.

In this connection he refers to his article in the Century and his remarks in it in regard to Gen. A. D. McCook which caused so much public comment. He tells of the long march of the day before, over muddy roads, by Gen. McCook's division, and of its conspicuous acts of gallantry on the day of battle, and concludes:

I refer to the circumstance with minuteness because I did Gen. McCook an injustice in the Century, though not to the extent one would suppose from the public press. I am not willing to do any one an injustice, and I am convinced that I have done one I am always willing to make the fullest admission. Then follow accounts of siege and capture of Vicksburg; of his appointment of Lieutenant General.

GRANT AND LINCOLN.

In my first interview with Mr. Lincoln alone he stated to me that he had never professed to be a military man, or to know how campaigns should be conducted and never wanted to interfere in them, but that procrastination on the part of commanders, and the pressure of the people at the North and of Congress which, like the poor, he had to deal with, had forced him to interfere. He did not know but they were all wrong. All he wanted, or had ever wanted, was that some one would take the responsibility and act and call on him for all the assistance needed.

Describing his command of the division of the Mississippi, he tells how he met Secretary Stanton at Indianapolis, how they went to Louisville, and adds:

Soon after we started the secretary handed me two orders, saying that I would take my choice of them. The two were identical, but in one particular. Those credited to the military division of the Mississippi giving me the command composed of the departments of the Ohio, the Tennessee and the Tennessee, and all the territory from the Alleghenies to the Mississippi river north of Banks, command in the Southwest. One order left the department commanders as they were, while the other relieved Rosecrans and assigned Thomas to his place. I accepted the latter.

He says Secretary Stanton caught a cold on that trip from which he never recovered. He gives a graphic description of how Chattanooga was saved; and how he was sent for in great haste at night by Secretary Stanton, whom he found "pacing the floor rapidly in about the guard Mr. Jefferson Davis was wearing subsequently when he was captured—a dressing gown—but without the shawl and sunbonnet." Gen. Grant adds:

He showed me the dispatch, saying that the retreat must be prevented. I immediately wrote an order assuming command of the military division of the Mississippi, and telegraphed it to Gen. Rosecrans. I then telegraphed to the order from Washington assigning to Thomas the command of the army of the Cumberland, and to Thomas that he must hold Chattanooga at all hazards.

THE WILDERNESS AND APPOMATTOX.

He describes the Wilderness campaign, estimates Lee's strength at 80,000 men, and says that he was operating in a country with which his army was thoroughly familiar, while to the federal forces it was entirely unknown. He tells of Gen. Lee's surrender, and takes occasion to expound the famous story of the surrender under the apple tree. He says that there was an apple orchard across the little valley from the court-house, one tree of which was close to the road; that Gen. Babcock reported to him (Grant) that he had found Gen. Lee sitting under this tree, and had brought him within the federal lines to the house of a man named McLean, where the confederate general and one of his staff were awaiting Gen. Grant. Of their interview he says:

When I went into the house I found Gen. Lee. We greeted each other, and after shaking hands, took our seats. What his feelings were,

I do not know; being a man of much dignity and with an impenetrable face it was impossible to say whether he inwardly grieved that the end had finally come or whether he felt sadly over the result, and was too manly to show it. Whatever his feelings were they were entirely concealed from observation; but my own feelings, which had been quite apparent on the receipt of the letter were of a different nature. I felt like anything rather than rejoicing at the downfall of a foe that had fought so long and gallantly, and had suffered so much for a cause which I believed to be one of the worst for which a people ever fought, and for which there was not the least prospect. I do not question, however, the sincerity of the great mass of those who were opposed to us. Gen. Lee was dressed in full uniform, entirely new, and wearing a sword of considerable value, very likely the sword that had been presented to him by the state of Virginia. At all events it was an entirely different sword from one that would ordinarily be worn in the field. In my rough traveling suit, which was the uniform of a private with the straps of a general, I must have contrasted very strangely with a man so handsomely dressed, six feet high and of faultless form. But this was not a matter that I thought of until afterward. Gen. Lee and I soon fell into a conversation about old army times. He remarked that he remembered me very well in the old army and I told him as a matter of courtesy I remembered him perfectly, but owing to the difference in years—about sixteen years difference—and our rank I thought it likely I had not attracted his attention sufficiently to be remembered after such a long period. Our conversation grew so pleasant that I almost forgot the object of our meeting.

A London cable reports the betrothal of Mile Nevada to Dr. Palmer.

At Kansas City Gen. Bowman was buried with military honors.

The president appointed John W. Nelson of Georgia United States marshal for the Northern district.

Mrs. Grace Robinson of New Haven confessed just before her death that her approaching dissolution was caused by malpractice by a city physician, whom she employed unbeknownst to her husband.

Cadet Whittaker is practicing law at Columbia, S. C.

Prof. Dodge, of the agricultural bureau, says there is not far from 100,000,000 bushels of wheat in the country now.

Judge Harlan, in the United States court, has decided that tobacco is a subject of interstate commerce, and not taxable while in transit.

The postmaster general has sent a circular letter to those applicants for positions as post-office inspectors, who, by reason of proved fitness, were selected by the commission appointed for that purpose. He notifies them to appear for examination in Washington, June 17; that probably not more than one will be chosen from each state, and advises them not to come for examination unless they feel confident of their ability to pass.

Richard D. Harlan, son of Justice Harlan, has been received under care of the Washington presbytery as a candidate for the ministry.

There is a lively contest over the collector of customs of South Carolina, in which all the political forces of the state are engaged, and which may result in personal encounters.

The Sunday Capital says the losses of the government from the dishonest operations of the postmaster at Lewiston, Idaho, will not be large; that the postoffice department has got track of and intercepted fourteen of the thirty letters, each of which contains \$900 worth of money orders which were sent by Hibbs, the defuncting postmaster, to banks in the West for collection, and the Columbia postoffice department has stopped the mail intended for Hibbs at Victoria.

Dr. Charles M. Freeman of New Jersey has been appointed medical examiner in the pension office, and Dr. Philip H. Barton of Illinois has been appointed assistant medical referee in the same office, vice N. C. Graham, removed.

The discovered thefts of Aufdemorte, the absconding clerk of the subtreasury at New Orleans, already aggregates \$90,000, with fair prospects for an increase.

A fatal shooting affair is just reported at Kootenai mines, Washington Territory. R. E. Sproule, superintendent of Kootenai Mining company, quarreled with, shot and instantly killed Thomas Hummill, superintendent of the Ainsworth Mining company.

Rev. Dr. Warren, pastor of Christ Episcopal church, in Pottstown, Pa., it is stated, has presented his resignation at the request of the vestry of the church because of the interference of politics into a sermon recently delivered by him.

Rev. Jacob Hood and wife of Lyndfield, Mass., have just celebrated the sixty-fifth anniversary of their marriage, at which the fourth generation of descendants were present.

John Curry, bookkeeper for Hengston, Smith & Co., Winnipeg, has fled to the States, after having embezzled several thousand dollars. He is believed to be in St. Paul.

The heavy rains of the past week have made sad havoc on the Yellowstone division of the Northern Pacific railway between Glendive and Billings, especially at Barr's Bluff and Liver-side. The slides have been heavy, rocks as large as box cars falling on the track.

Lily Gray, a London actress, claims to be the only legal Mrs. Edwin Solomon, and doesn't see how Lillian Russell can occupy that position.

A mass meeting, attended by 4,000 persons, was held in London to denounce the action of Mr. Childers, chancellor of the exchequer, in increasing the duties on beer and spirits.

Grand Duke Vladimir has started on a tour of inspection of the military districts of Russia. A scheme for the navigation of the Aral sea and river Oxus has been completed. The government gives a company the whole Aral flotilla, and the company undertakes to provide transportation for 6,000 passengers and 700,000 pounds of cargo monthly.

Bricks are now chiefly used in the construction of great buildings in New York. The popularity of marble, granite and iron has very much decreased. Iron fronts are dangerous when there is a fire near them, and the heat cracks granite. Some of the newly erected brick dwelling houses have a very English appearance. They have green doors, highly polished, with brass plates, hinges, knobs and knockers.

The cost of the last Lord Mayor's pageant was \$19,200; \$8,570 on dinners, \$5,125 on the procession, \$2,180 on decorations, \$300 on music, \$1,325 on printing and \$1,675 on general expenses. Of this sum the new Lord Mayor contributed \$10,000 and each of the sheriffs, \$5,000.

TO PLEASE THEMSELVES.

"To-morrow?"

"To-morrow, Nonie. They've telegraphed me from home, and there's no help for it. I must go to-morrow morning."

He sighs as he says it, and pulls gloomily at his moustache, watching the girl before him. Is she turning pale, or is it the moonlight on her dark, uncovered hair which touches her young face so tenderly, and makes her look quite white?

"You might say a word or two, you know," he says at last, rather impatiently; "you might even say you were a little sorry to see me go."

Then the young girl lifts her head a trifle proudly, and looks straight into his moody eyes.

"Should I?" she asks, slowly. "You are going, and you have not said it. Why should I, whom you are leaving here—whom you will forget in a fortnight?"

"I'll never forget you," he says, a shade more gloomily than before; and then he suddenly puts out his hands and takes both of hers, drawing her towards him impetuously. "I'll never forget you," he says again. "How can I when I love you so? I will come back, Nonie, just as soon as I can. Will you be true to me? will you think of me while I am away? will you—will you marry me when I return?"

The girl does not shrink from him; she lets him hold her hands, and smiles a little as he speaks.

"But you can't marry me, you know," she says, slowly. "You're to wed Miss Leonora Leestone."

"I wish you wouldn't say such things," he says, irritated. "I have never even seen Miss Leestone. I wouldn't marry her—to save my life! I'll come back in a month. Will you marry me then, Nonie? If you really love me, you will say yes."

"But I am poor and obscure. I can bring you only my love, Harry; Miss Leestone—"

"Oh, bother Miss Leestone!" the young man exclaims, drawing his companion toward him. "That's all my mother's affairs, not mine. I'm not going to sacrifice my happiness to please my mother and the mother of Miss Leestone, am I? If they want to make bargains, let them make them for themselves. So you'll marry me, my pet?"

She looks up at him earnestly, affectionately, then slips her hand in his.

"I'll promise to answer that question when you ask it of me—if you do—in a month from this," she says, slowly. "If you love me truly, her voice falters a little—"you do love me Harry?"

"My darling!" is all he answers, and he holds her to him closely, and lays his lips on her forehead.

"Then obey me in this," she says, softly, lifting an arm and laying it about his neck. "Go to your mother and say nothing to her of me. She expects a visit from this girl, whom she intends you to marry. Wait till you see her before you say you will not—before you bind yourself to me."

"If that's the way you are going to talk—" he commences.

But she lays her hand lightly on his lips.

"See her, at least," she says, earnestly. "She may be a fair, sweet girl, who will win your love from me. You may find her more worthy than you think. If you love her, Harry—"

"I'll not. How can I? I love you!" "I know—now! But you may not when you see her. Then, let me say this, dear. If you love her best, and wish to forget me, I will not blame you, Harry. I will not have a single reproach for you, if you never come again to me here."

"If I don't come, you can pray for me, knowing that I have died," he says, solemnly; "for you will see me in a month, if I am living."

So they talked for another hour, there in the moonlight garden, hard by the old farm-house in which this youth—Harry Bland—had spent his summer, where he had found the old couple and their beautiful, graceful, dainty niece, with whom he had fallen desperately, passionately in love.

But for her presence, he would have turned his back on the solitude in a week—solitude he had sought because the young girl who, although he had never seen her since her childhood, was a perfect horror to him—his mother's choice of a wife for him—the heiress, Miss Leonora Leestone.

Well, it is arranged at last, and in the moonlight, there is a close embrace, a kiss or two, a quiver on the girl's red lips, a pallor on the young man's fine face, and the good-by is said.

He goes early in the morning, and she is not down to see him off, but waves a trembling hand to him from her window, as he springs into the light buggy beside the farm-hand, who is to drive him to the station for the early train.

The guest of Mrs. Bland has arrived, and been ushered to her room.

Harry has not yet seen her, and is most unwilling to see her, despite the fact that her mother and his mother have arranged that he shall marry her.

He is very much annoyed when a servant brings him a tiny note from her requesting him to be in the library ten minutes after the first dressing bell has rung.

"The coolest thing!" he tells himself,

after he has read the pretty little note a second time. "To make an appointment without even having seen me! I wonder what her object may be? Will she—will she ask me to marry her?"

At this thought he starts, and looks decidedly uncomfortable, but he hurries his dressing for all that, and descends to the library precisely after the first dressing-bell has ceased to ring.

He finds the lights low, and turns them into a full blaze. Then he goes to a table and begins looking over the volumes in a very restless manner.

It is not until a soft rustle of silken drapery sounds beside him that he knows he is not alone. Then, with a flushing, uncomfortable feeling upon him he turns around.

The uncomfortable feeling gives place to one of unbounded astonishment, delighted rapture, intensest joy.

Ah, well! who can wonder? The girl before him, who has passed under the full light, is fair enough to turn even a better-balanced head than his.

She is smiling, too—a heavenly smile—and her dark head is drooping a very little, her dusky eyes alight, and she is holding out to him a beautiful, slender hand, sparkling with jewels, and white as a snow-flake.

He grasps it, holding it to his bosom, while she still smiles on him.

"Nonie," he says, wonderingly, "how in the world did you come here?"

She laughs, a low little laugh, that is like exquisite music.

"Your mother invited me," she says easily. "You were not expecting me, Harry?"

"I was expecting"—he hesitated a little—"I was expecting Miss Leestone, who desired me to await her here."

"Oh, Harry! and I thought you would be true to me." This quite reproachfully.

He begins to feel guilty.

"I hadn't the least desire to see her—on my honor I hadn't!" he says, eagerly. "But she sent me a note, and what could I do?"

"Is—she nice?" the girl asks, slowly.

I haven't seen her, because she only came to-day, and isn't yet visible," he says. "But I know she isn't nice—I feel sure of it."

Nonie laughs again, softly and sweetly.

"Do you recognize the rustic?" she asks, stepping back.

He surveys her closely, from the flower in her dark hair to the hem of her white-satin dress. Surely she is a fair and gracious vision, with that light in her eyes and that smile on her lips.

"I wish you'd tell me how it all comes about," he says. "I'm all at sea. When did you leave the farm? and where did you meet my mother? I am awfully confused, Nonie, but—Won't you kiss me, dear? I am so glad to see you!"

"Suppose Miss Leestone should come in?—she would be surprised."

"Not when I introduced you to her as my future wife."

"But you may not care for me when you have seen her."

"I'll care for you while I live, Nonie." And then she allows him to put his arms about her and kiss her, as he does very tenderly.

"I scarcely know you in this finery," he says, touching the jewels on her arm and the folds of her white dress. "You are quiet changed, my darling!"

"For the better?" she asks, archly, touching his cheek lightly with her white fingers.

"I don't know," he says softly. "I loved you as an humble farmer's niece, and I cannot love you more dearly as you are now."

"An heiress," she says sweetly. "Yes, my love, I have been masquerading. I am Leonora Leestone, not Nonie Lee, although my intimates call me Nonie. Your mother told me of your projected trip to Valley Farm, and I remembered that it belonged to an old servant of my mother's; so I went there for the summer, too—just to see what sort of person they had chosen for my future husband. I wasn't going to fulfill the contract, mind," she says, with a laugh. "I disliked the idea as much as I found you did; so I thought I'd meet you as a stranger and have a little amusement. The Lees adopted me willingly, and you were told I was their niece; and you—you told me you loved me, Harry!" faltering a little.

"And you said you loved me, Nonie," Harry says, slowly. "Was that part of your amusement, or did you really learn to care for me a little?"

"Oh, Harry, a little! when I learned to love you with my whole heart! when I think there is nobody in the world like you! and when you don't—don't love me a bit, or you'd not speak to me like that!"

And in the eyes uplifted to his, Harry sees two big tears dimming.

So, because he loves her too well to let them fall, he takes her in his arms and kisses them away.

"Don't love you!" he says, softly. "I would give my life for you! And what do I care who you are, or what plans others have made, so long as we love each other? You will be my wife, my dearest?"

"Yes," very softly.

"And our mothers have arranged things entirely to our satisfaction," he laughs, presently. "How obedient we are—eh, Nonie? We will marry each other, just to please them."

"I am very much afraid it will be to please ourselves," says Nonie, with a low, happy laugh.

And then they go out to join the family at dinner, where they explain the situation, and astonish everybody; but they are very happy, nevertheless.

THE SCUDBERRY CASE.

How a San Francisco Doctor and His Wife Fell Out.

San Francisco Post.

It seems that Dr. Scudberry, of the United States navy, was married about three years ago to a lovely young Oakland girl, to whom he had been engaged for a long time. Shortly after he was ordered to join the Asiatic squadron, and only returned to his bride a short time ago. During his absence his wife determined to employ her time in the study of medicine, which she hoped would prove a delightful surprise to her husband on his return. Unfortunately, she entered a homeopathic college, her worse half being of the allopathic persuasion. The doctor was on his way home from the train, upon his arrival, when he saw a crowd around a drug store and was informed that a man had just fallen down in an epileptic fit. Forgetting his eagerness at the call of humanity, the doctor rushed into the store, where he was astonished to behold his wife engaged in consulting the patient's pulse.

"What does this mean?" exclaimed the astonished surgeon.

"Why, I have a surprise for you, darling," said Mrs. Scudberry. "You see I am a regularly qualified homeopathic physician."

"Homeopathic?" sneered the astonished husband.

"Yes, pet," said Mrs. S., sweetly, as she got out her pills; "this dosing people with buckets full of slop is getting out of date, precious."

"And so you have been actually roped in by that gang of pellet-peddling ignoramuses, have you?"

"Don't be rude, my dear," said the female practitioner. "You can't expect to keep up with the march of science in Asia. Just stand back and let me save the patient."

"Save fiddlesticks!" snapped the allopath. "Woman, go home and cease trifling with human life—or perhaps you had better mix a mustard plaster while I resuscitate the patient."

"Why don't you two quit fighting and go to work?" asked the victim's wife, who had just decided that she wouldn't look well in black.

"When this female person is removed I shall proceed in the regular way," said Dr. S., stiffly.

"I will not be answerable for the consequences unless that old foggy withdraws!" rejoined Doctress S., haughtily.

"You're a quack!" roared the husband. "You're a butcher!" screamed his wife.

And in this style they went on until somebody announced that the patient had picked himself up and walked off, he being the only person who escaped, as the police arrested the whole crowd for creating a disturbance.

The divorce suit of Scudberry vs. Scudberry is set for the fall term.

Archibald Forbes Relates How he Was Granted a Russian Decoration.

From the English Illustrated Magazine.

The Schipka Pass had been in Russian possession for quite a month, but no plan of it had yet been made. The emperor said at once, "Ignatieff, go and fetch paper and pencil." Ignatieff went, and there remained the emperor and myself alone together, standing opposite to each other, with a little green baize table between us. The thought that drifted across my mind as we stood there looking into each other's faces was that, emperor of Russia as he was, no consideration that the world could offer would tempt me to change places with a man so oppressed by ill.

As we stood, he listening to me talking, there came into his face for a fleeting moment a strange, troubled expression, which seemed to reveal the sudden thought—"What a chance for this man to kill me!" The plan was soon completed, and as skeptically looking it over, the emperor said:

"Mr. Forbes," said he—he spoke in English—"you have been a soldier?"

"Yes, your majesty," was my reply. "In the artillery or engineers, doubtless?"

"No, sir," said I, "in the cavalry of the line."

The emperor said: "I had not known that your cavalry officers are for the most part conversant with military draughtsmanship?"

I replied that I had served the army not as an officer but as a private trooper; I know not whether thus conveying to his majesty the impression that the honest British dragoon is habitually skilled in plan making.

When at length I was permitted to take my leave, the emperor addressed to me some words which gave me a natural glow of great pleasure. As they had reference to certain conduct of my own, the reader will readily understand the delicacy and reluctance with which I allude to them; nor certainly would I cite them but that the expressions used by the emperor illustrates with what dignity and gracefulness he could acknowledge service that commended itself to the tender-heartedness he felt for his gallant soldiers. "Mr. Forbes," said the czar, "I have had reported to me the example which you showed when with our forces on the sad day before Plevna, in succoring wounded men under heavy fire. As the head of the state I desire to testify how Russia honors your conduct by offering you the Order of the Stanislaus with the 'crossed swords,' a decoration never conferred except for personal bravery."