

GENERAL U. S. GRANT

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until he went to West Point, at the age of seventeen, he performed all the farm work which could be done with the assistance of horses, such as breaking the land, furrowing, plowing, hauling the crops and fire wood, tending three horses and a couple of cows, and a number of other chores. "For all this," he writes, "I was compensated by the fact that there was no punishment by my parents, not even a scolding. There was no objection to rational enjoyment, such as fishing, going to the creek to swim, taking a horse, skating or sleighing when there was snow on the ground."

Senator Morris wrote to Grant's father at Christmas time in 1838. Grant was attending school at Riply, ten miles away. "Father read the letter to me," writes the General, "and after reading it said, 'Ulysses, I believe you are going to receive the appointment.' 'What appointment?' I inquired. 'To West Point,' was the reply. 'But I won't go,' I said. His reply was was, 'I think you will go!' and after a moment's reflection I thought so, too."

Grant passed the examination, but he was not keen for a soldier's life. After two years he was made a sergeant, but lost this office after a few weeks on account of indifferent work. He graduated in 1843 as a private and was assigned to Jefferson Barracks, St. Louis, Missouri, as a second lieutenant. In 1845 he went with his regiment to New Orleans. The yellow fever was then raging there. He tells us: "The streets of the city had the appearance of a continuous well observed Sunday. One morning about daylight I happened to be awake, and hearing the discharge of a rifle not far off, I looked out to ascertain where the sound came from. I observed several small crowds of men nearby, and learned afterwards that it was nothing but a couple of gentlemen deciding a difference of opinion with rifles at twenty paces."

The army that was used in the war with Mexico was being assembled at Corpus Christi and we next see Grant there with General Zachery Taylor in command. Grant writes: "A more efficient army for its numbers and armament I do not believe ever fought a battle than the one now commanded by General Taylor." General Grant did not think the Mexican War a just one on the part of the United States. Of this war he said: "We were sent to provoke a fight, but it was essential that Mexico should commence it. It was very doubtful whether Congress would declare war, but if Mexico should attack our troops then the President could take matters into his own hands by declaring that a State of War existed through the act of Mexico, and that is exactly what happened, and Congress was forced to take action."

Grant's regiment was sent to Vera Cruz for duty with Scott who was to take Mexico City. Grant took part in all the events leading to the surrender of the City.

In 1848 Grant returned to the United States and was stationed in Mississippi. In the same year he journeyed to St. Louis, "On Leave," and married Miss Julia Dent of that city. When his "Leave" expired Grant and his bride went to New York where he served less than a year when he was ordered to Detroit, Michigan. Here he served two years.

In 1852 he was ordered to the Pacific Coast. Grant was now a First Lieutenant. He traveled to California via Panama. One of the experiences of the trip was an epidemic of cholera. Late in 1852 we find him in Vancouver. There were no Indian wars but "during my years on the Columbia River the smallpox exterminated one small remnant of a band of Indians entirely, and reduced others materially."

Grant was then thirty years of age. The excitement in California was high. Nearly all food products were shipped there. Army officers maintained themselves with difficulty on their salaries. Grant had left his wife with relatives and in order to make some extra money so that he could send for her, he decided to raise a crop of potatoes. Of the experiment he writes: "I, with three other officers, concluded that we would raise a crop of potatoes for ourselves, and by selling the surplus realize something handsome. I bought a pair of horses that had crossed the plains that summer and were very poor. They recuperated rapidly, however, and proved a good team to break up the ground with. I performed all the labor of breaking up the ground while the other officers planted the potatoes. Our crop was enormous. Luckily for us, the Columbia River rose to a great height from the melting of the snow in the mountains in June, and overflowed and killed most of the crop. This saved digging it up, for everybody on the Pacific coast seemed to have come to the same conclusion at the same time that agriculture would be profitable. In 1853 more than three-quarters of the potatoes raised were permitted to rot in the ground, or had to be thrown away. The only potatoes we sold were to our own mess."

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It is our sad Mission report the death of Jack Ratzburg about a week ago at Mill City, Oregon, of appendicitis. Jack was a young man, 18 years old, and was a favorite with every one. For a long time he clerked in the store of Mr. and Mrs. Henderson, his uncle and aunt. He was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Ratzburg, Mr. Ratzburg being an employe at Chemawa. Our sympathy is extended to the bereaved relatives.