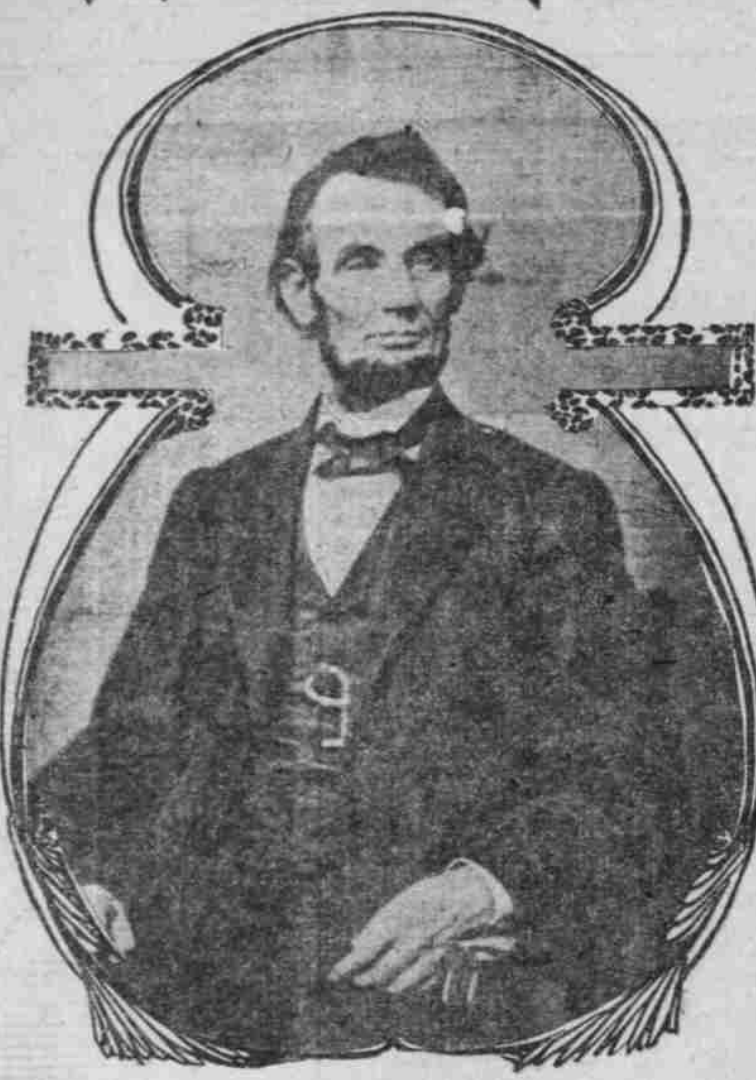
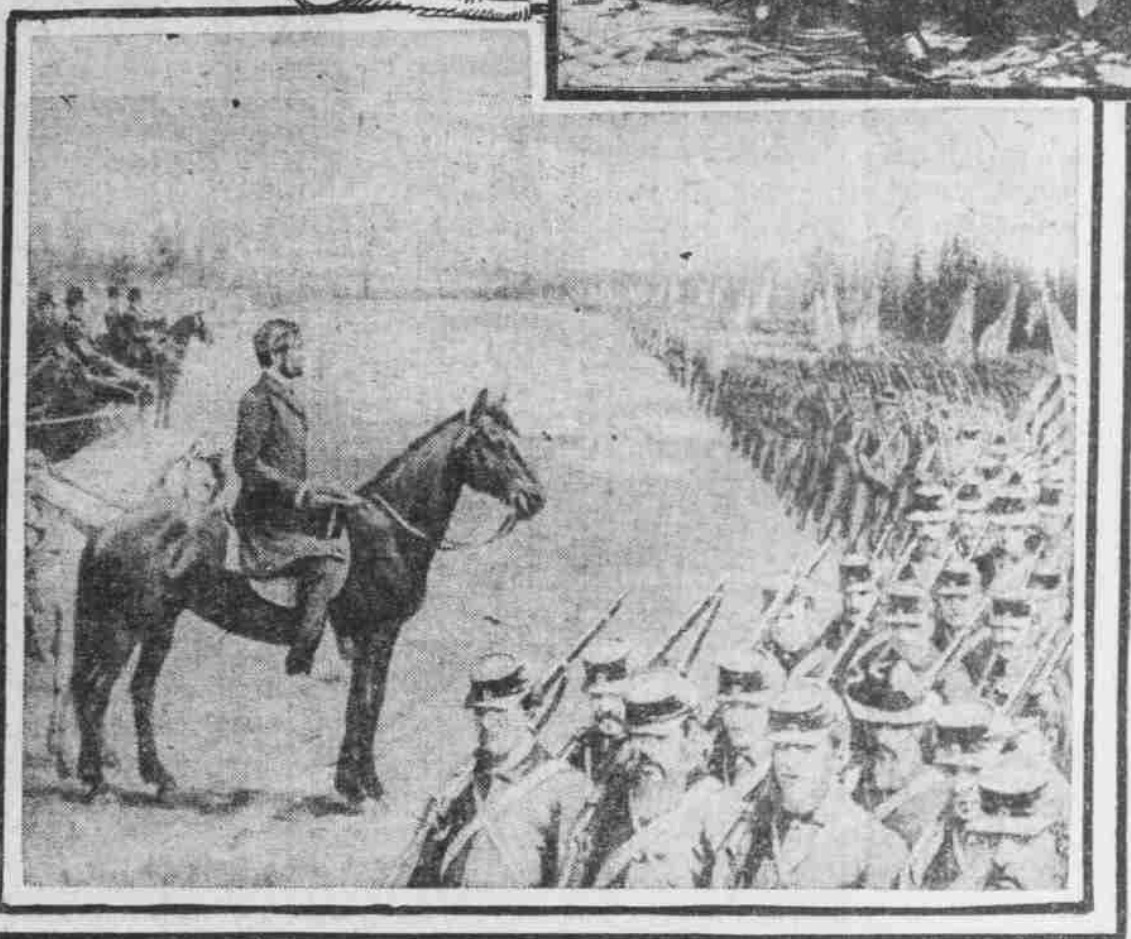


WHEN LINCOLN FIRST MET GRANT



A FAMOUS PORTRAIT OF LINCOLN. TAKEN IN 1864, A SHORT TIME AFTER LINCOLN AND GRANT MET.

"THANK GOD, IVE GOT A GENERAL AT LAST," WERE THE GREAT PRESIDENT'S WORDS



GRAND REVIEW OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC AT WASHINGTON, VA., APRIL, 1863, AFTER GEN. JOSEPH HOOKER, WHO HAD BEEN IN COMMAND SINCE JANUARY, HAD BROUGHT THE ARMY INTO "SPLENDID FORM."



GEN. GRANT IN 1863, WHEN LINCOLN, BECAUSE OF GRANT'S BRILLIANT VICTORIES IN THE WEST, BEGAN TO THINK OF HIM AS THE CHIEF FIELD COMMANDER OF THE UNION ARMY.

The following account of the first meeting of Lincoln and Grant—a meeting which marked the beginning of the downfall of the Confederacy—is based on the testimony of eye-witnesses. Grant's own account, Congressional reports and other original documents. In vivid narrative, Mr. Garland tells the story of the first meeting of the two greatest figures of the Civil War—the two men who, understanding and having full confidence in each other, saved the Nation. It is a story that illustrates the figures of both historic characters—and it brings out distinctly Lincoln's wonderful gift of selecting the right man for the right place at the right time.

BY HAMLIN GARLAND.

JUST as Grant's success at Vicksburg had brought him to the command of the armies in the West, so his superb campaign at Chattanooga led to the thought that he was the one man in America to command in the East. Rightly or wrongly, the feeling grew that the leaders of movement in the East were insufficient. Grant was the man. Make him commander-in-chief in place of Halleck.

Halleck professed entire willingness to be deposed in Grant's favor. He said: "I took it against my will and shall be most happy to leave it as soon as another is designated to fill it. . . . We have no time to quibble and contend for pride of personal opinion. On this subject there appears to be a better feeling among the officers of the West than here."

In general the demand was that Grant should lead the Army of the Potomac against Lee. But a larger scheme was on foot. Washington introduced into Congress a bill reviving the grade of lieutenant-general, which had died with Washington, though General Scott had borne it up bravely. To the illustrious patriots of the lower House nothing was now too good for General Grant, and the bill was received with applause. There was no opposition of their wishes. They recommended Grant by name for the honor.

Washington took much pride in his "early advocacy of Grant, and called on his colleagues to witness whether his protegee had not more than fulfilled all prophecies. "He has fought more battles and won more victories than any man living. He has captured more prisoners and taken more guns than any general of modern times." The bill passed the lower House by a vote of 84 to 15, and the Senate with but six dissenting votes. In the Senate, however, the recommendation of Grant was stricken out, although it was suggested that the President might appoint some

one else to the new rank instead of Grant.

But the President was impatient to put Grant into the high place. He had himself had to plan battles and adjudge between rival commanders in addition to his Presidential duties, until he was worn out. With a profound sigh of relief he signed the bill and nominated General Grant to be the Lieutenant-General of the Armies of the United States.

Grant Modest in His Hour of Fame.

Grant was at Nashville when an order came from the Secretary of War directing him to report in person to the War Department. His first thought was that he had been promoted to the rank of lieutenant-general. On March 4, 1864, in a private letter, he wrote:

Dear Sherman—The bill reviving the grade of lieutenant-general in the Army has become a law, and my name has been sent to the Senate for the place. I now receive orders to report to Washington in the morning to comply with the order; but I shall say very distinctly on my arrival there, that I accept no appointment which will require me to make that city my headquarters. However, it is not what I started to write about.

Whilst I have been eminently successful in this war in at least gaining the confidence of the public, no one feels more than I how much this success is due to the skill and energy, and the harmonious putting forth of that energy and skill, of those whom it has been my good fortune to have occupying a subordinate position under me.

There are many officers to whom these remarks are applicable to a greater or less degree, proportionate to their ability as soldiers; but what I want to express my thanks to you and McPherson as the men to whom above all others, I feel indebted for whatever I have had of success. How far your advice and suggestions have been of service you know. How far your execution of whatever has been given you to do, in the field, is to be seen. I feel all the gratitude this letter can express, giving to the most satisfactory conclusion.

The word "grant" I use in the plural, instead of "grants," as I should, should write him, and will some day; but starting in the morning, I do not know that I will.

To this modest, manly and deeply grateful letter Sherman replied in kind. The friendship between these three men was of the most noble and unselfish character, difficult to parallel. Sherman said (closing):

Now as to the future. Don't stay in Washington. Get better acquainted with you to stand the buffet of intrigue and policy. Come to the States to your Mississippi Valley. . . . Here lies the seat of coming empire, and from the West, the great future of the Nation will make short work of Charleston and Richmond and the improved coast of the Atlantic.

With some such feeling in his own heart General Grant went to Washington to report to the War Department and to see Lincoln, whom up to this time he had never met. Of intrigue and jealousy he was aware the Western Army had enough, but he knew they were weak and mild compared to the division and bitterness at the East. He had no fear of Lee—he was eager to meet him—but he feared the politicians, the schemer, the influence of the capital. He went with the intention

of returning to Chattanooga at once and making it his headquarters.

He arrived in Washington late in the afternoon, and went at once to a hotel. As he modestly asked for a room the clerk loftily said: "I have nothing but a room on the top floor."

"Very well, that will do," said Grant, registering his name.

The clerk gave one glance at the name, and nearly leaped over the desk in his eagerness to place the best rooms in the house at Grant's disposal.

As Grant entered the dining-room, some one said: "Who is that Major-General?" His shoulder-strap had betrayed him. The inquiry spread till some one recognized him. "Why, that is Lieutenant-General Grant!"

A cry arose. "Grant! Grant! Grant!" The guests sprang to their feet, with excitement. "Where is he?" "Which is he?"

Some one proposed three cheers for Grant, and when they were given Grant was forced to rise and bow, and then the crowd began to surge toward him. He was unable to finish his dinner, and fled.

Lincoln and Grant Meet.

Accompanied by Senator Cameron, of Pennsylvania, he went to the White House to report to the President. Doubtless he would not have gone had he known that the President was holding a reception for him in his every-day uniform, which was considerably worn and faded. The word had passed swiftly that Grant was in town and that he would call upon the President; therefore the crowd was denser than usual. They did not recognize him at first; but as the news spread, a curious murmur arose, and those who stood beside the President heard it and turned toward the door. As Grant entered, a hush fell over the room. The crowd moved back, and left the two chief men of all the Nation facing each other.

Lincoln took Grant's small hand heartily in his big grasp, and said, "I'm glad to see you, General."

It was an impressive meeting. There stood the Supreme Executive of the Na-

tion and the chief of its armies—the one tall, gaunt, almost formless, with wrinkled, warty face, and deep, sorrowful eyes; the other compact of good size, but looking small beside the tall President, his demeanor modest, almost timid, but in the broad, square head and in the close-clipped lips showing decision, resolution and unconquerable bravery. In some fatal way these two men, both born in humble condition far from the esthetic, the superfluous, the scholarly, now stood together—the rail-splitter and the prop-hauler. In their hands was more power for good than any kings on earth possessed. They came of the West, but they stood for the whole Nation and for the Union and for the rights of man. The striking together of their hands in a compact to put down rebellion and free the blacks was perceived to be one of the supremest moments of our history.

For only an instant they stood there. Grant passed on into the East Room, where the crowd flung itself upon him. He was cheered wildly, and the room was jammed with people, crazy to touch his hands. He was forced to stand on a sofa and show himself. He blushed like a girl. The handclapping brought streams of perspiration from his forehead and over his face. The hot room and the crowd and the excitement swelled every vein in his brow till he looked more like a soldier fighting for his life than a hero in a drawing-room. There was something delightfully diffident and fresh and unspoiled about him, and words of surprise gave way to phrases of affection. He was seen to be the plain man his friends claimed him to be; homespun, unaffected, sincere, and resolute.

He was relieved at last by the approach of a messenger to call him to Mrs. Lincoln's side. With her he made a tour of the room, followed by the President with a lady on his arm. Lincoln's rugged face beaming with amused interest in his new general-in-chief. This ended Grant's sufferings for the moment. The President, upon reaching comparatively privacy, said:

"I am formally present you with your commission tomorrow morning at ten o'clock. I know, General, your dread of speaking, so I shall read what I have to say. It will only be four or five sentences. I would like you to say something in reply which will soften the feeling of jealousy among the officers and encourage the nation."

At last the general escaped from the close air of the room, and as he felt the cool wind on his face outside the White House, he wiped the sweat from his brow, drew a long breath of relief, and said: "I hope that ends the show business."

There were solemnity and a marked formality in the presentation of the commission. In the presence of his cabinet, the President rose and stood facing General Grant, beside whom was his little son and the members of his staff. From a slip of paper the President read these words:

"General Grant: The nation's appreciation of what you have done, and the place upon you for what remains to be done, in the existing great struggle, are now presented with this commission conferring upon you the grade of lieutenant-general in the Army of the United States. With this high honor devolves upon you also a corresponding responsibility. As the country here trusts you, so, under God, it will sustain you. I earnestly need to add, that with what I here speak goes my own hearty concurrence."

General Grant's reply was equally simple, but his hands shook, and he found some difficulty in controlling his voice.

"Mr. President: I accept the commission with gratitude for the high honor conferred. With the aid of the noble armies that have fought in so many fields for our common country, it will be my earnest endeavor not to disappoint your expectations. I feel the full weight of the responsibilities now devolving upon me; and I know that if they are met it will be due to three armies and, above all, to the favor of that Providence which leads both nations and men."

Lincoln Pleased with Grant.

The two men again shook hands. Lincoln seemed to be profoundly pleased with Grant. He found in him one of his own people, suited to his own conception of an American citizen; a man of "the plain people," whom, he said, God must have loved. He made so many of them. He liked Grant's modesty, and was too shrewd to call it weakness. He had tried handsome and dashing generals, and big and learned generals, and cautious and strategic generals, and generals who filed a uniform without a wrinkle, and who flattered and flattered on the parade and had voices like golden bugles, and who could walk the polished floor of a ball-room with the grace of a dancer, and generals boarded and dis-

MEN WHO WILL SOON BE IN CHARGE OF THE STATE DEPARTMENT



WASHINGTON, Jan. 16.—(Special.)—Benjamin Winthrop, who will be Assistant Secretary of State when Robert Bacon takes Root's portfolio, is a member of the famous "tennis cabinet" of the Roosevelt administration. Mr. Winthrop has greater claims on distinction, however. He is at present Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. He began life shortly after graduation as the secretary to Mr. Taft. He remained in the Philippines until May, 1894, serving part of the time as executive secretary of the Commission and Judge of the Court of First Instance. He was then made Governor of Porto Rico, and Mr. Taft wanted him appointed Governor of Cuba at the time Magoon was appointed. Mr. Winthrop is a great friend of Mr. Taft, and he will be heard from in the next administration.

GEN. GRANT IN THE FIELD; AT HIS HEADQUARTERS AT COLD HARBOR, 1864.

McPherson, Sherman's "Wing" began moved into McPherson's command. These men Grant felt that he could trust absolutely, and though disappointed rivals complained severely, it made no difference. Promptly at the end of his nine days he was back in Washington.

"Thank God, I've Got a General at Last."

On the day of his return he held his first interview with Lincoln alone. Lincoln said, in his half-humorous fashion: "I have never professed to be a military man, nor to know how campaigns should be conducted, and never wanted to interfere in them. But procrastination on the part of Generals, and the pressure of the people at the North and of Congress, which is always with eye, have forced me into issuing a series of military orders. I don't know but they were all wrong, and I am pretty certain some of them were. All I wanted, or ever wanted, is some one to take the responsibility and act—and call on me for all assistance needed. I pledge myself to use all the power of Government in rendering such assistance."

That was the substance of the interview, Grant replying simply: "I will do the best I can, Mr. President, with the means at hand." He went straight to headquarters at Culpepper, and the newspapers delightedly quoted him as saying on his arrival: "There will be no grand review and no show business."

Lincoln said later, in reply to a question: "I don't know General Grant's plans, and I don't want to know them. Thank God, I've got a General at last!"

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In Succeeding in Life.

Atholston Globe.

If you succeed in life, you must do it in spite of the efforts of others to pull you down. There is nothing in the idea that people are willing to help those who are willing to help themselves. People are willing to help a man who can't help himself, but as soon as a man is able to help himself, and does it, they join in "talking" about him, and making his life as uncomfortable as possible.