

The Daily Astorian

VOL. XXIII, NO. 81.

ASTORIA, OREGON, SATURDAY APRIL 4, 1885.

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Window curtains made to order.
My patent Trimmer to cut Wall Paper will be found convenient to my patrons.

GRANT'S EARLY MARRIED LIFE.
The Places that Knew Him Intimately
When Fame Did Not.

The house in which General Grant, then a lieutenant, was married to Miss Julia Dent on August 24, 1848, in St. Louis, is still standing on Cerre street, St. Louis. It has been turned into a boarding house, and there is very little now in the grimy and dilapidated appearance to suggest the elegance which characterized it in the days when it was the residence of the Dents. The bride couple did not make this house their home, but after a wedding trip they returned to St. Louis and lived for some time with Mrs. Grant's parents at their farm. It was there, at the residence known as Wish-ton-Wish, that their daughter Nellie (now Mrs. Sartoris) was born, as were one or two of the boys. After a prolonged furlough, Lieutenant Grant resumed his army duties, spending part of his time at Jefferson barracks, where he was located at the time of his marriage, and part of the time elsewhere. In 1852 he was assigned to a post in Oregon territory, whither he took his wife and children. It was a lonesome place, however, and the distance from her home and friends was so great that the young wife became an almost constant sufferer from homesickness. She bore it as long as she could, but finally induced her husband to send her home.

He either came with her or soon followed her, having resigned his army commission. This was in 1854. He located with his family out on the Dent farm, Mr. Dent having married his daughter a present of eighty acres and four slaves. They lived there very nicely but Grant did not find the life congenial. Everybody liked him because he was sociable, kindly, and adapted himself to all sorts of company. But nobody pointed him out as a model farmer, and he knew it. The chief farming he did was to haul cordwood to town and sell it, on which occasion the very familiar costume which clad his gaunt form was a jeans pants, gray woollen shirt, one or two "gaiters," a pair of rawhide boots, a starch hat and an untrimmed beard. A blacksnake whip made him complete. Somehow or other he didn't get along very well and he complained because he could find nothing to do by which he could earn a living. He was in no desperate strait, because his father-in-law was quite well to do, but his pride stood in the way of accepting any more assistance than was absolutely necessary. Finally he learned that the county court was about to appoint a new county surveyor, and being quite an expert civil engineer, he wrote an application for the position. Another aspirant was Col. E. C. Salomon, and as Grant was not a professional surveyor, he was not considered. Such women—such women! And all the juvenile rag-tag. The lower steamboat landing, well covered with sugar, rice and molasses, was being rifled. The men smashed; the women scooped up the smashings. The river was overflowing the top of the levee. A rain storm began to threaten. "Are the Yankee ships in sight?" I asked of an idler. He pointed out the tops of their naked masts as they showed up across the huge bend of the river. They were engaging the batteries at Camp Chalmette—the old field of Jackson's renown. Presently that was over. Ah, me! I see them now as they come slowly around Slaughter house point into full view, silent, so grim and terrible black with men, heavy with the deadly portent; the long-banished Stars and Stripes flying against the frowning sky. Oh, for the Mississippi! the Mississippi! Just then she came down upon them. But how! Drifting helplessly a mass of flames.

"The crowds on the levee howled and screamed with rage. The swarming decks answered never a word; but one old tar on the Hartford, standing with a lanyard in hand beside a great pivot-gun, so plain to view that you could see him smile, silently patted its big black breech and blandly grinned.

"And now the rain came down in sheets. About 1 or 2 o'clock in the afternoon (as I remember), I being again in the store with but one door ajar, came a roar of shottings and imprecations and crowding feet down Common street. 'Hurrah for Jeff Davis! Shoot them! Kill them! Hang them!' I locked the door on the outside and ran to the front of the mob, bawling with the rest, 'Hurrah for Jeff Davis!' About every third man there had a weapon out. Two officers of the United States navy were walking abreast, unguarded and alone, looking not to right or left, never frowning, never flinching, while the mob screamed in their faces, shook cocked pistols in their faces, cursed and gaped and gaped upon them. So through the gates of death those two men walked to the city hall to demand the town's surrender. It was one of the bravest deeds I ever saw done."

Richard Bell, engineer, Jeffersonville, Ind., states: "I contracted mercurial rheumatism from the vapors of amalgamating pans. All my teeth becoming loose, it finally settled in my ankles and joints, and for nearly twenty years I have been troubled with it. I used St. Jacobs Oil, and it has entirely cured me."

Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy—a positive cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria and Canker Mouth. Sold by W. E. Dement.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

There is in existence a photograph of General Grant which is of pathetic interest at this moment. It was taken during the last winter of the war, while the headquarters of the army of the Potomac were at City Point. The photograph may have been instantaneous, for there is no appearance of posing for it. Grant appears in the door of his tent, with one arm raised grasping the tent pole. He is in the simplest field uniform, the coat is unbuttoned, and he wears the soft hat with the twisted cord of the service. The face is thin and weary, the eyes are sunken, the figure denotes self-forgetfulness, if not dejection. The utter absence of parade, the entire simplicity of the attitude, the rudeness of the surroundings, would advise no spectator that this was the iron commander of great armies, the man upon whom the hopes of the nation centered at that moment. Upon his skill, coolness, tenacity, unshakable faith, millions reposed implicit trust. It was weary waiting; wealth was wasted in streams, doubt was accumulating, foreign powers were threatening, treason was brewing, precious life was poured out like water, and the land was full of mourning. This general, silent, inflexible, stands there at his tent door, apparently unconscious of observation, not so much looking abroad as communing with himself, bearing in every line of face and figure the impress of the heaviest responsibility and vicarious suffering. No note of complaint, no sign of relenting, no consciousness of the show of power, but just that moment a patient endurance in his own wasted person of the woes of an anxious nation. Upon him at that instant, rested greater responsibility than upon any other living man; upon him centered hopes, entreaties, prayers, curses, bitter criticism, brutal disparagement. He is in the attitude of bearing it all with the capacity of suffering and of carrying the burdens of others without complaint, which is a mark of greatness. Perhaps if he had failed, perhaps if he had lost his cause and disappointed the hopes set upon him, this picture to-day might have been more pathetic than it is, but remembering what the man had endured, and was still to suffer before the final triumph of the people through him, this simple figure is not wanting in any of the heroic elements that touch the hearts of men.

THE CAPTURE OF NEW ORLEANS.

From the Century war papers we quote the following from the paper by George Cable, in "New Orleans Before the Capture," in the April number: "What a gathering! The rifflers of the wharves, the town, heavy with the wharves—such women! And all the juvenile rag-tag. The lower steamboat landing, well covered with sugar, rice and molasses, was being rifled. The men smashed; the women scooped up the smashings. The river was overflowing the top of the levee. A rain storm began to threaten. 'Are the Yankee ships in sight?' I asked of an idler. He pointed out the tops of their naked masts as they showed up across the huge bend of the river. They were engaging the batteries at Camp Chalmette—the old field of Jackson's renown. Presently that was over. Ah, me! I see them now as they come slowly around Slaughter house point into full view, silent, so grim and terrible black with men, heavy with the deadly portent; the long-banished Stars and Stripes flying against the frowning sky. Oh, for the Mississippi! the Mississippi! Just then she came down upon them. But how! Drifting helplessly a mass of flames.

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