

## PERSONAL

**When Grant Was a Colonel.**—In the early days of the Civil War, when U. S. Grant was but an inexperienced colonel guarding railroad supplies along Salt River in northeast Missouri, he came in close contact with a community full of Southern sympathizers. The presence of several companies of bluecoats in the neighborhood was the signal for a general exodus of the Southerners for the woods. Colonel Grant's tact and gentleness in dealing with the situation are characteristic of the great soldier's later methods. To quote from the *Paris, Mo., Mercury*:

Many families left for fear of trouble or insult from the soldiery. Colonel Grant issued a proclamation to all of them to return and get acquainted with him. Some thought it but a subtle means to make prisoners of them, such was their dread of the enemy. John V. Cox was among those who had fled to Florida, the town in Monroe County where Mark Twain was born. Mr. Cox, tho a strong Southerner, decided to risk Colonel Grant's profier of friendship and put his head in the lion's mouth. So he loaded his family and a few neighbors into a lumber wagon and drove out to the camp. Not long afterward the quiet man, whom the people here knew and respected as a plain, fair-fighting soldier, was in command of all the armies of the United States, while two less considerate nearby commanders, both of higher rank than Grant, were forgotten save by the friends and relatives of those who had suffered by their action.

Colonel Grant made Mr. Cox and his friends come into his tent and treated all guests with finest courtesy, inviting them to dine with him. In fact, he treated these people of hostile views just the same as he would in time of peace, had they been guests at his home.

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The soldiers were roasting beef on sticks over the fire and great black pots were steaming with coffee. When the people about Salt River found out that the Yankees were not going to eat them they became very friendly and often visited the camp. On all occasions they found Grant the same quiet, hospitable host. He talked politely in a calm, dispassionate way, and never with heat or anger. Some of those who visited his camp in those days quote him as saying that if he had considered the war merely to free slaves he would have taken his command and joined the South. This made them all the more his friends and they became warmly attached to the quiet soldier, whose only mission seemed to be to restore order and good-will.

It was while campaigning in those parts that the great soldier learned a war lesson that he said stood him well in hand during his subsequent military career. There was quite a respectable-sized force of Confederates under Col. Tom Harris roaming around through the country south of the railroad, and Grant put his command in motion for battle. Harris and his musketeers were reported close at hand and Grant confessed that he began to feel some of the symptoms of stage fright. Harris had a terrible reputation for swift riding, hard fighting, and all that, and Grant and his men climbed over hill, expecting the blood to flow in rivulets when they reached the other side. But when they could see over the country they found that Harris and company had skedaddled. It was then, Colonel Grant said, that he learned that the enemy might be as badly scared of him as he was of the enemy.

An old resident of Shelbyville, in telling of a visit to Grant at the Salt-River camp, said

"Do you know, if I had asked him, Colonel Grant would have come home with me to supper lots of times, and then I could have pointed out the chair he sat in, the dishes he used, and the pipe he smoked after eating. But how the mischief was I to know what was going to happen to him? He never gave it away while he was among us."