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MODEL WIFE AND MOTHER

Life Story of a St. Louis Girl Who Became
Mistress of the White House.

STIRRING TIMES IN WAR AND PEACE

Mrs. Julia Dent Grant's Experiences in
the Civil War Campaigning with
the General—An Instructive
Life History.

Probably no woman living had the knowledge of war and the intimate acquaintance with its details that Mrs. Julia Dent Grant possessed, relates the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. She was born on the frontier for such was Missouri, even in the vicinity of St. Louis, in 1836. "Whitehaven," the country home of Colonel P. Dent, who was a typical southern plantation owner, was not far from St. Louis. There Julia Dent was born, and, as a child, she early became familiar with the Indians and the thrilling events incident to life amidst the scenes of those trying days. The proximity of her home to Jefferson barracks, which, in those days, was the principal army post in the west, brought Mrs. Dent into comparatively close contact with military life. Later, after her marriage with Lieutenant Grant, she followed him through the Mexican and civil wars, receiving a letter almost daily from her husband when absent from his side. Many times during the war of the rebellion Mrs. Grant was at the front with the general. Throughout his career General Grant's closest confidant was his wife, who was kept closely informed of everything that was being done and all in contemplation. She entered heartily into all the plans of the general and knew, many times before even the members of his staff, what movements were to be made.

Speaking of her army experience, Mrs. Grant, in an interview given some time ago, said: "I was never very far away from headquarters and always kept myself informed of the movements of the army. My husband wrote to me almost daily, and when I was with him would speak of his campaigns. I was, from my first acquaintance with Mr. Grant, surrounded by a military atmosphere. I had letters from Lieutenant Grant, to whom I was engaged, after all the battles of Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, Monterey, Buena Vista, Vera Cruz and Scott and Taylor's advance on the City of Mexico, with its battles of Contreras, Churubusco, Molino del Rey, the storming of Chapultepec and the surrender of Mexico. General Grant always spoke of Molino del Rey and Chapultepec with the deepest interest, notwithstanding the many other battles in which he took part. He was the first to get into Molino and at Chapultepec scaled the castle to the roof with a few men, where they captured a number of Mexican officers.

Campaigning Around Vicksburg.
"After the war Lieutenant Grant came to see me just as soon as he could get away. We were married in 1863, and my son Fred was born in 1864.
"During the Vicksburg campaign I remained at Cairo, but in the land movement of the previous autumn, 1862, I was at Jackson, Tenn., and Holly Springs, and then at Oxford, Miss. I also remained at the general's headquarters at City Point. "I had an experience in the campaign after Corinth. When the general's headquarters were transferred from Jackson to Holly Springs, Miss., I went to the latter place. I remained at Holly Springs while General Grant, with his army, had proceeded as far as Oxford, Miss. It was early in December, 1862. The confederate cavalry had been hovering about us for some time,

One morning I thought I would take my son Ulysses and run down to Oxford. There was a military railroad. Off I went. I arrived in the evening. The general was there expecting me. When he heard I was there he came out on the porch. He seemed to be very busy about something, and was much surprised to see me. I remember, after he kissed me, he said in a very strange voice: 'Julia, what brings you here? I am very busy just now. Make yourself comfortable!' Then he turned to my son, and, stroking him gently on the cheek, said: 'You little soldier, have you come down to help?'
"I observed," said Mrs. Grant, "an unusual stir: officers and orderlies galloping up, dismounting, receiving orders and then off again. I knew that there was something going on, so I kept out of the way, knowing that my husband would tell me all about it when the rush was over. After he had made the disposition of his troops he came out on the porch and seated himself by my side. No one would have supposed that the enemy had cut his line of communication. He took little Ulysses on his foot and bounced him up and down as if he were completely free from anxiety. No one would have imagined that at his command fully 60,000 troops were then shifting positions, and new lines of campaign were being formed, which ended six months later in the capture of Vicksburg.

A Narrow Escape.
"My husband asked me many questions, and then told me that I had made a very narrow escape; that Van Dorn had attacked Holly Springs; that Colonel Murphy of the Eighth Wisconsin had surrendered with 1,500 men without a fight, and that all of our supplies had been destroyed. He censured the officer in command, but not the troops.
"Van Dorn captured all my baggage, horses, carriage, and left me without anything but what I had with me. I think they expected to capture me, too, for I had noticed some very suspicious movements about the house where I was quartered. I afterward heard that, after the surrender, my quarters were the first searched by the confederate cavalry. We were out off from the north for a whole week, and it was two weeks before we received supplies. My husband said it only demonstrated the weakness of a long line of communication. The land route of attack was at once abandoned and the Mississippi route adopted. In eighteen days after crossing the Mississippi and fighting five or six battles General Grant had his whole army in the rear of Vicksburg, and, after a siege of forty-seven days, the city, with 33,000 troops and hundreds of guns, surrendered."

Julia Dent first met Grant in 1843, when the coming commander of the union armies was a brevet second lieutenant of the Fourth infantry, then stationed at Jefferson barracks, south of St. Louis. At West Point Grant had for a classmate and roommate F. T. Dent, a brother of Julia. The cadets became great friends, and, after graduation, Dent visited Ulysses Grant at his home at Bethel, O., exacting the promise of a return visit to "Whitehaven." Thus it was that Lieutenant Grant and Julia Dent came to know each other. At that time there were rumors of war with Mexico, and the drilling and preparations in anticipation of the conflict made Jefferson barracks a busy place. It was between drills that the young soldier was wont to make his visits, riding to and fro between Jefferson barracks and "Whitehaven" on horseback. Julia Dent was then a girl of 17, the eldest of three sisters. She was at the time of Grant's first visit at school in St. Louis.

The Old Homestead.
"Whitehaven," the Dent home, was an unpretentious two-story farmhouse, with the wide galleries that southern dwellings

were noted for. Its surroundings were beautiful. Miss Julia's father, Colonel P. Dent, did not at first take kindly to the young officer, who seemed to him quite commonplace. While the father's dislike increased as it became evident that Julia was not averse to Ulysses' attentions, Mrs. Dent was cordially itself. She showed her liking for the rather reticent young man in a motherly way and seemed to read his true character.
Whitehaven, which was ten miles or more St. Louis, was the scene of numerous gatherings of young people, the families near by, among them the Sappingtons and Longs, participating with officers from the barracks. Hops at the barracks took the young people there, and between the two places Ulysses and Julia had many opportunities of meeting and forming the friendship that later developed into love and resulted in a happy marriage. But this is anticipating. Lieutenant Grant had secured a twenty-day furlough and was on his way to visit his parents in Ohio when his regiment was ordered to move to Fort Jessup, La.

Recalled to his command, Lieutenant Grant decided to bring the courtship to an end and declare his intentions. On his return to St. Louis the young officer immediately went to Whitehaven, where he found the Dent family on their way to a country wedding, to which Lieutenant Grant accompanied them. He rode in a buggy with Julia Dent, and it was while crossing the swollen Gravois river over a rickety bridge that he had an opportunity to put the vital question. The young lady asked her escort if he thought the bridge safe. On being assured that it was, she is reported to have said, "Well, Ulysses, I shall cling to you if you go down."

The Proposal.
This she did, notwithstanding they crossed in safety, and then Grant made use of the incident by saying: "Julia, you spoke just now of clinging to me, no matter what happened. I wonder if you would cling to me through life?" The answer was satisfactory, but the young folks did not make known the engagement until just before the breaking out of the war with

Mexico, when Lieutenant Grant came back from Louisiana on leave, and secured the consent of Colonel Dent. This, it was stated, was reluctantly given by the old gentleman. Lieutenant Grant went back to his command and Miss Dent did not see him until after the Mexican war, but she did hear from him. The lieutenant was an interesting correspondent, relating everything that came within his range of observation. From his letters Miss Dent learned of his camp life and the campaigns, messages of love being interspersed with descriptions of the country, the people and even with discussions of a political nature. In after years, when Mrs. Grant was separated from the general, his letters that came with much regularity were a great comfort and pleasure.

In 1848, when the war ended and Captain Grant was 26 years old, he was at liberty to return and marry the faithful little girl who had waited his coming so long. He had by reason of his bravery in several engagements been breveted captain. After a quiet wedding at Whitehaven on July 2, 1848, the young couple went for a visit to

the Grants at Bethel and friends in Georgetown, O.
Those who saw the bride at that time describe her as a fair-skinned and vivacious little woman. For some time Grant was stationed at either Detroit or Sacketts harbor, where he kept a very quiet establishment. In Detroit Grant rented a modest little cottage near the outskirts of town, as the accommodations at Fort Wayne were not suitable for a lady. His tastes were very domestic and he and Mrs. Grant found great pleasure in their little home, where the captain spent much of his time reading aloud to her.
In 1851 Captain Grant was ordered to Sacketts harbor and in the following year his regiment, the Fourth infantry, was transferred to the Pacific coast, via Panama. At this time Mrs. Grant could not make the hazardous trip and she departed for Bethel, the home of Jesse Grant, her husband's father. It was while living there that their second son, Ulysses, Jr., was born. Frederick D., the first son, was then nearly 2 years old. During Captain Grant's stay at Vancouver barracks, for several months at a time, his wife did not hear from him nor be from her. This became unbearable after a time and Captain Grant resigned July 31, 1854, and returned to his wife and family. In the meantime Jesse Grant and his family had moved to Covington, Ky., whither Mrs. U. S. Grant and her children accompanied them. There Captain Grant found them.

After a short stay in Kentucky Grant moved his family to St. Louis and took up farming on an eighty-acre farm given them by Colonel Dent. That was in 1855. The log farmhouse erected that year by the former army officer and occupied by his family still stands in the suburbs of St. Louis. They lived there several years, the future general cultivating the land and teaming, making a somewhat precarious living. Mrs. Grant was accompanied by her husband to many of the quiltings and other of the neighborhood social affairs. Although she never took part in the dances, he invariably escorted his wife there. Once, it is related, the couple went to a quilting bee on horseback, with a child perched behind each. Withal their life on the little farm is said to have been very pleasant. After the death of Mrs. Dent the colonel moved to St. Louis to live and the Grants took charge of the farm at Whitehaven, staying for a time in the house where Julia Dent was born.

Success did not attend Grant's farming and he went into the real estate business in St. Louis with Harry Boggs. Despite this want of success, Mrs. Grant had all faith in her husband, over whom she had a great influence, and she predicted a brilliant future for him. After a year's stay in St. Louis, during which his earnings were small, Grant decided to make another change. The growing bitterness of those northern probably had something to do with the move to Galena, Ill., where Jesse Grant was then engaged in the leather business with his two other sons. Mrs. Grant, whose desire to stay near her family, had kept them in Missouri thus far, consented to accompany her husband north when he told her of the necessity for his going.
Then followed the opening of the civil war, when Grant had a hard time to secure service with the government. His rapid rise, when once appointed, bore out the predictions of his loyal wife, who, during the four years of the war, was by his side whenever the opportunity offered. Mrs. Grant's belief in her husband was amply rewarded in her life. Her devotion to him, in success and disaster, in health and sickness and in life and death has endeared her to the hearts of the American people.
The Family Home.
Mrs. Grant, whose illness recently caused so much apprehension throughout the

country, lived in Washington, D. C., where she had a beautiful home on Massachusetts avenue, beyond Dupont Circle. In addition to being one of the handsomest residences in Washington, it is the best known in that city of magnificent homes. It is built of pressed brick, trimmed with brown stone. While it contains much of interest in the life of General Grant, the presents given him on his journey around the world are not to be found there. In 1855 the Grant relics were presented to the United States and are to be seen in the national museum, where they are viewed by thousands every year.

In addition to \$5,000 a year received from the government, Mrs. Grant had a large income from the royalties on her husband's memoirs. This has, it is stated, reached \$500,000. Mrs. Grant, before her death, was writing a book of recollections, which was nearly completed, and which will undoubtedly prove interesting. Vivian and Rosemary, the daughters of Nellie Grant Sartoris, and their mother lived with Mrs. Grant. Vivian was her grandmother's favorite and almost constant companion.
Mrs. Grant also had a summer home. It is located in Coburg, Canada, where several months during each year were spent. It is somewhat of a coincidence that the house of Mrs. Grant is located next to that of Mrs. Jefferson Davis, widow of the president of the confederacy. The widows of two of the leading characters of the civil war were the best of friends, and during the last summer spent considerable time in each other's company.

PRATTLE OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

Tommy (after he has been to church for the first time)—"What did you get out of the funny silver plate, mamma? I only got a dime."

"I always do as I please when papa and mamma are dressed up," said little Willie. "Why?" queried smaller Elmer.

"'Cause they can't punish me then for fear of massin' their clothes."

"Mamma," said little Bessie, "has governess any right to punish me for something I have not done?"

"Of course not, dear," replied the mother. "But why do you ask?"

"'Because," replied Bessie, "she punished me when I didn't do what she told me to."

Jack, who is 5 years old, came home one day last week crying that another boy had hit him.

"Why didn't you hit him back?" he was asked.

"I did," he answered. "I hit him back first."

It was the man who dilates on the principles of political economy and the like, heavy, ponderous subjects, that increase the size of the hat. But the speaker was his son, in knickerbockers, so he hastened to obey.

"Come here, pop," spoke the imperator. "Hold out your hand. I'm going to tell you fortune."

Pop held out his hand with a promptness that recognized higher authority.

"Now give a name to each finger."

"Now nod once to Mary."

The dealer in public opinion nodded with a vigor that could not have been surpassed had his life been dependent upon it.

"Now nod twice to Hannah."

Louise and four times to Carrie and five times to Christina. Then he looked down upon his progeny to hear the dictum of fate. And the answer came:

"The indications are that you have plenty of rubber in your neck."

For a Wet Holiday Drink Artist's Program for the Feast.

Originality in the choice and making of drinks is very rare. There are few habits, if any, in which people are so conventional. The invention, or rather the discovery, of a new and successful drink is an event. The number of new drinks which appear in the course of a year and live may be counted on the fingers.

Some persons will say that drinking is a lost art; in other words, that men nowadays drink carelessly, without proper regard for the artistic and the consistent in choosing drinks appropriate to the hour and occasion. To be an artistic drinker requires both a wide knowledge of the history of beverages and a cultivated taste, together with wide experience. Drinking is, therefore, likely to be merely the gratification of an appetite impossible of any delicacy of expression and with the danger that it be vulgarized by excess.

It is evidently a task requiring considerable experience to plan original drinks. There are many complex conditions to satisfy. The day is probably taken up with three regular meals, breakfast, luncheon and dinner. The problem, therefore, is how many drinks be so selected and proportioned that the appetite may be excited in turn for each of these meals and the senses all satisfied without at the same time in any way impairing the appetite for the dinner at the end.

There is the danger that the drinks may prove too robust and seriously impair the appetite for some of these meals, thus endangering the real business of the day, which is to thoroughly enjoy the dinner which crowns it. The fashionable holiday dinner nowadays is not served before 7 o'clock in the evening, or even later. It is therefore necessary to make the entire round of the clock with the bartender under a break. The whole problem is, of course, not to be either too late or ahead of time with one's appetite at any hour of the day.

According to the very inviting program arranged by a drink inventor the day should be commenced with a concoction which he designates as a "salutatory." It is a short drink, served in a small wineglass. This first drink is not advised strongly, but only if the occasion seems to demand it. The "salutatory" may be prepared in several ways, although the general spirit and intention of all the several recipes suggested are the same. It may consist, for instance, of vermouth with three dashes of

orange bitters, or of some light wine with bitters, orange preferred.
Another drink suitable for the same hour, but with more body to it, may consist of vermouth, gin or whisky, with three dashes of orange bitters and one dash of absinthe. The drink should be taken if it must be before breakfast. It is claimed for it that it will be found appetizing, soothing and refreshing.

A light "conversation punch" is suggested for the hour following breakfast. As the name suggests, this beverage is meant to fill in the interval when the company gathers about the fireplace at the home or the club and in the interval before the real business of drinking for the day has commenced. It should be taken slowly, and several glasses may be drunk without inconsistency. To prepare it first fill a goblet with cracked ice and into this place the juice of half a lemon, add a little sugar and a dash of water. The ingredients should consist of one-fourth port, one-fourth whisky, one-fourth Burgundy and one-fourth light wine. This should be well shaken and then strained into a fancy glass.

After breakfast again the need is, of course, felt for a drink which will serve to prolong the appetite and insure its condition for luncheon. To meet this particular need the "life prolonger" is suggested. In mixing this first break an egg in a glass and add sugar to suit the taste. To this add two pieces of ice, next one-third port wine and one-third of some lighter wine; then shake unusually well and strain into a goblet. Nutmeg may be added if desired. It is especially recommended by its inventor that the drink be sipped slowly and not swallowed in bulk. By prolonging the pleasure the delicacy of the blend may be better appreciated.

Following the luncheon again a drink is suggested bearing the ambitious title of a "symphony of moist joy." It should be mixed in a fine wine glass filled with shaved ice and should consist of one-fourth maraschino, one-fourth Sauterne, one-fourth Chartreuse and one-fourth brandy. This should be covered with ice cream, vanilla for choice—and one strawberry placed on top. Still another drink of the same general nature may be substituted if desired. It consists of maraschino, creme de rose and brandy in equal parts. It is claimed for these drinks that they will induce a state of gladness and soft hilarity. The "anticipation," which should imme-

diately precede the dinner, is especially recommended. As an appetizer it is said to be unequalled, and even after the half dozen or more drinks which precede its magical effect upon the appetite is said to be unforgetting. It should be mixed in a goblet of fine ice, and consists of vermouth, sherry and absinthe in equal parts. The whole should be frapped under cover for two minutes and served in a cocktail glass.

The preceding program may be interspersed by several drinks of a lighter and simpler nature, such, for example, as Chablis, ale, a small whisky or even champagne.
The special creation of a five dollar mint julep is also intended for the afternoon. Only wines of rare vintages are used in it. The drink is served in a long glass, topped with flowers and surmounted with ice cream.

The choice of drinks for the dinner itself is also, of course, a matter of the first importance. Ignorance upon this subject is probably less general and dense than concerning the preliminary drinks, but it is a question on which any one may read up before the holiday with profit. The same authority previously quoted suggests there should be just eight drinks in this set, and the order suggested is, first, sherry and bitters. Moselle wine, Rhine wine claret, Burgundy, a heavy port, then champagne and after that a cord rouge.

The epicure who has thus far followed the drinks prescribed with even reasonable fidelity will, it is believed, crave just one more drink, and this is supplied in the great Christmas punch. The last beverage is intended to serve as a grand finale to the symphony of drinks which precedes it. It is called the "punch of the world at large." It is interesting to know that it costs to prepare it about \$150. The ingredients consist of two quarts Sauterne wine (1834), two quarts old port, three quarts Chateau Yquem (1874), four quarts Chateau Latite Bordeaux (1858) and two quarts fine brandy (1858). Since these liquors cost from \$10 to \$20 a bottle, the expense is, of course, unusual. Some call it the "Coast Defense" or "Harveyized Punch." To this base is added two glasses of maraschino, two of Chartreuse and five bottles of extra dry champagne. In this should be placed two sliced pineapples, one dozen oranges and six boxes of strawberries. The punch should be served in a china bowl surrounded with ice.