REMINISCENCES OF GRANT.

His Wife's Dream That He Would Be President—His Early Friend. 

[Special Correspondent].

St. Louis, Sept. 25.—Mrs. Mary Robinson, familiarly known to her friends as "Auntie," an intelligent old colored woman, who spent the greater portion of her life as the trusted slave of the Dede and Grant families, is now spending her declining days at 300 Caroline avenue, in this city. "I lived with the Dede family since my childhood," said she, "and I remember Gen. Grant's first visit to Whiskey- town. Mrs. Dede used to say to me: 'I think that young man will be a noble虫.'

"I never saw a man work harder than Gen. Grant did at Harpers Ferry—the farm he lived on near St. Louis. He pleased, spoke with the same old slave, and his wife threw it away whenever she found talking around. He read a great deal, but never said much. One day—I'll never forget it as long as I live—Mrs. Grant was sitting in a large room chair talking to some of her relatives about family affairs and the financial business of her husband. Suddenly she said, 'We will not be in this circle. Write until Dade (meaning Grant) becomes president.' I dreamed last night that he would be elected president."

Another remarkable thing occurred just after this. We had moved into the city and were living on Seventh and Lynch streets. Gen. Grant was a candidate for county surveyor. One day he came into the house, careless-like, while Mrs. Grant and I were putting down carpet, and said: "Villa, I believe I will go to Nee.—Is a famous person to talk who was in the city at that time and see what she says about my election." He went away, and came back in several hours and said: "Villa, I'm going to be beaten at the coming election. I will come within two votes of being elected, but I will be beaten. In a short time we will leave the city and I will engage for a time in mercantile business—then something will happen and I will begin to rise in the world." Mrs. Grant said: "Nonsense, Dade, they will be elected, everybody says you can't be beaten." The election came off, and how excited we were, and our disappointment was great when it was found that Gen. Grant was beaten only by a few votes."

Gen. John H. Lichtman, speaking of Grant's candidacy for county surveyor, said: "In 1873 he applied to the county court, over which I presided, for the position of county surveyor. I voted against him for that position, but afterward voted for him twice for the office. Col. Solomon was his successful rival for the county surveyorship, and when Grant was here after the war I introduced him to Col. Solomon as the only man who had ever beaten him."

Judge John P. Long knew Grant well, and taught the first school Mrs. Grant attended. He says: "There was more in Gen. Grant in those days than people gave him credit for. When he was living out in the country, I was county marshal, justice of the peace and postmaster at Fayetteville. I remember there was several of us at the postoffice talking one day. We had just heard that Squire Who's niece Mahan's horse had burned the night before and that she had lost everything. She was a widow, and we were talking about making up for her. Well, we were talking Grant came up. He was very poor, and sold the horse for 3$. He then said: 'This is all I got, but the woman is welcome to it.'"

Hundreds of similar anecdotes are told of Gen. Grant's experience in St. Louis, and St. Louis owns more to the memory of Grant than any of her sister cities.
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John Fay.

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