Nellie Grant photo courtesy of James S. Brust, M.D.
Virginia Paine Grant Corbin.

Born at Georgetown, Ohio on Feb. 20, 1832. Julia Grant describes Jenny as being Ulysses favorite sister, with golden hair and dove like eyes. Jenny was 37 years old and unmarried by the time her brother became president. When Grant was elected President Jenny was in great demand at dinner parties in New York where her brother was her house-guest. Sixty one year old Abel Rathbone Corbin discovered her there and married her. They had a daughter Jennie G. Corbin who only lived one month. The date of Virginia Corbin's death is uncertain. She is buried in New Jersey.

*Photo courtesy Cincinnati Historical Society*
UPCOMING EVENTS

Grant's Cottage, Mt. McGregor, NY

July 11: Victorian Day for Kids
1:00 p.m. Kids ages 6-12 will enjoy a special kid's tour, Victorian games and crafts, and a Victorian tea. Reservations requested.

July 19: Grant Remembrance Day
Linda Russell, folksinger, will present a program of music and narration that tells stories of Ulysses and Julia Grant. Local reenactors will portray the Grant family and scenes of family life.

August 23: Victorian Picnic
The Victorian mood is created by a varied program of exhibits, demonstrations, games, and music scheduled throughout the day. There are also special games and toys for children. Victorian dress is encouraged but optional. Bring your own picnic, and blankets or chairs for sitting on the lawn.

September 26: Nature Day for Kids
Children ages 6-12 will see the evidence of glaciers, observe trees, plants and wildlife, participate in a Victorian scavenger hunt, and make a Victorian nature craft to take home.

October 11: Open House
Our last day of the season is celebrated with an open house and refreshments. The Eastern Outlook provides a fine view of fall foliage.

FAMILY REUNION

The Ulysses S. Grant National Historic Site was host to a Grant/ Dent family reunion on June 6th and 7th. The event coincided with the Special Saturday presentation by Grant descendant Ulysses S. Grant Dietz.
I have just read with great pleasure in your January number the vivid picture of General Grant’s life at West Point. It will undoubtedly recall his own experience to every graduate, especially those who were there previous to the last few years, before the coddling system was introduced.

General Grant’s horsemanship was widely known. I recall an incident that came under my own view and brought this knowledge very forcibly to some young Italian officers. In the spring of 1878 I happened to be in the city of Milan. Returning to the hotel one afternoon, I saw an immense crowd gathered and a group of Italian officers mounted, their horses grandly caparisoned, themselves decorated with the most brilliant of uniforms. In front of the doorway, held by three uniformed grooms, was a beautiful blood-bay horse, equipped with a new English pigskin saddle. It kept the three busy to restrain his plunges; every moment it seemed as if he would leap on top of the holders and break away.

Going into the hotel, I asked what was the matter, and was told that General Grant was going to review the flower of Italy’s army, the pride of all, the flying Bersaglieri. Taking my stand in the corridor in full view, I waited to see our famous general appear.

In a few minutes I saw the general coming down the stairs dressed in a plain black frock coat and trousers and high silk hat. He walked by unnoticed, unannounced in his plain, unpretentious manner, towards the door. At this time one of the group of officers who had dismounted and were standing in the hall to receive and escort him to the restless steed without, remarked loud enough for me to overhear, “Why does not General Grant come”? I said, “There he goes now”, pointing proudly to the simply dressed figure. They looked at me with a doubting laugh, saying, “No, that cannot be he”.

I replied, “I am a United States officer and know him well”.

Meanwhile General Grant had come to a halt, having undoubtedly heard the remarks, as a good-natured smile lurked on his face. Finally, one of the officers, being sufficiently convinced, approached and asked if he was General Grant. Receiving an affirmative reply, a look of utter astonishment overspread their faces; they hastened to make amends for their apparent rudeness, accompanying him to the waiting horse, who was making frantic efforts to shake himself free from the three stalwart grooms.

A more restless, wicked-looking horse I have seldom seen. I was in mortal fear that our general would be speedily thrown and crushed to death by the cruel hoofs. From the sly winks and nudges that passed between these dandyish young officers it looked to me very much as if they had assigned to the general of set purpose a young, untamable horse that had never been ridden. My fears for him were somewhat removed when I saw General Grant’s eyes lighten up with admiration as he gazed upon the horse. Whether it was that the general was not well or was merely assuming a sort of
helplessness, I have never been able fully to determine; but in mounting he accepted the assistance of two officers (the horse fully occupied the attention of the three grooms), and from an apparent stiffness had some difficulty in getting his right leg over the saddle. So soon as he touched the seat, however, he grasped the reins, his form straightened, and the change in his appearance immediately so impressed those around with his thorough horsemanship that spontaneously a shout of applause went up from the crowd. The horse, after a few futile plunges, discovered that he had his master, and started off in a gentle trot. From that time on horse and rider were as one being. The Bersaglieri are the brag foot-troops of Italy, and perform all their maneuvers at a run. For two hours, most of the time with his horse at a gallop, General Grant kept both mounted and foot troops on the move. On his return to the hotel I could hear murmurs of wonder and admiration from his escort. They themselves looked much fatigued, but the general appeared as calm and unruffled as if he had been seated in a rocking chair.


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**GRANT ARTIFACTS**

Deathbed of U.S. Grant at Mt. McGregor, New York, July 23, 1885

*Diane Meives Photo*
To the Editor of the Shoe and Leather Reporter:

Dear Sir- In my last I told you I was one and twenty, out of my apprenticeship, and had decided on the program of my future life. I now propose to tell you how I succeeded in carrying out my plans.

After working four or five months in as many different places, for the purpose of gaining a little further information about the different ways of managing the business, I left Maysville on the 1st day of October, 1815, for my old residence at Deerfield, Portage Co. The little tan yard I had first worked in was given to me. The people, in expectation of my coming, had saved a few cords of bark, and had also saved their hides, skins, etc. After paying my expenses, I had about one hundred dollars, including my horse, which cost me forty dollars, with which to meet the expenses that would necessarily accrue, so I was not able to buy my hides, but tanned altogether on shares, though I received about as many hides as I was able to manage. At the close of the year it was found that I had made more than three or four farmers could make. The next year I was able to buy a few hides, and to keep a journeyman a portion of the time. At the close of the second year, finding an opening at Ravenna, the county seat, fifteen miles distant, I sold out at Deerfield, and settled there. As I was disposed to do a sure rather than a large business, I avoided debt, preferring to run on the little capital I had to borrowing money.

I had been in Ravenna but a little over a year when I found myself twenty five years old. The time had then come when I promised myself a wife, and as I had been somewhat prosperous, and had a little tannery and a very good little frame cottage, I could see no good reason why I might not have some one to keep the house for me. I had been so engaged in getting prepared that I had not looked out for the better half, but I thought I knew almost every young lady in the country, and really I did now know one that I wanted. But the time set had arrived, and I had made the required preparation; I had learned, too, that if I ever got a mate I must hunt her, for she would not hunt me. As I had been accustomed to exercise promptness in business matter, I deemed it advisable to act thus in this matter, and after dinner on my 25th birthday, which was the 23rd of January, I took my horse and rode to the house of a friend, six miles distant. At a little party there that evening I was introduced to a young woman whom I had never before heard of, and whom I walked home with at the close of the party. It will only be necessary to say that the next June our acquaintance had ripened into an engagement, which was to have been consummated in October.

This is the item in my program which, as I told you in my last, was providentially defeated. In August I was taken down suddenly and severely with the fever and ague, which prevailed there at the time to a most alarming extent. My journeyman had gone home, about forty miles, to be absent about a month. A few packs in handlers, in that hot weather, were soon destroyed, and it was over a year before I was able to ride. My business gone, and myself almost broken up I then wound up my business and left the county for Maysville, where my relations lived. The engagement was necessarily postponed indefinitely, thought not intended to be broken off.

I left Ravenna, in the latter part of June, 1820, only able to ride a few miles at a time without stopping, and lying down for several hours,
but by the time I reached Maysville, (300 miles) my strength was so restored that I experienced no inconvenience in riding forty miles per day.

There I found myself, after an absence of five years, (and that clearly lost time) no better off than when I left, and the accomplishment of the first great item in my program providentially defeated. But I was not entirely discouraged, and began to look about for another situation. I had no idea of journeyman work. I went to Cincinnati, Indiana, Lower Kentucky, and other parts, but all to no purpose. There were then but two modes of traveling- on horseback and on foot- so, like paddy, I held my course, on foot, because I had no horse. Steamboats, railroads, stages or carriages, had not then come into fashion.

At last, with my last dollar only left, I stopped at a village tavern at Point Pleasant, to stay over night. The landlord soon came in, having been absent all day attending the annual State election. He was quite inquisitive- wanted to know who I was, what I was, where I had been, where I was going, and all about my business, etc. etc.

I was a good deal fatigued with my long walk, and a good deal depressed with the ill-success of my enterprise, and felt but little disposition to enter into a conversation on any subject. So, to cut the matter short, I adopted Dr. Franklin’s course by saying- “I am a tanner by trade; I was compelled to close my business a year and a half ago by sickness, and I am looking for a suitable place to start again.” “You have found the very place,” said he; “I have a fine site for a tannery, have three thousand dollars in bank at Philadelphia that I want to invest in such business, and two sons I want to learn the trade.” I began to feel a little better, and we finally agreed that he was to go to Cincinnati, and see if he could sell his exchange, and if so, he was to let me know. In a few days I received a message from him, saying that he had sold his exchange at 5 percent, all in silver, and wished me to come right on. I went immediately, and made a contract. I took a third interest, paid him 6 per cent on one third of the capital employed, and was to have $20 and my board per month for my services. I went right to work, and before spring (it was then November) we had a tannery of about twenty vats ready for business.

And now, finding myself fairly established again, I began to think about the “girl I left behind me.” It is not necessary to enter into particulars. In every effort we made, providence interposed obstacles, but whether these had anything to do with whipping Bragg’s army at Chattanooga will be seen in the sequel. It is certain, however, that the young woman to whom I had been engaged afterward married and raised a family, but there was no General among them. I married the next June, and our first child made a General, or at least, Father Abraham made a General of him, and he led the army that whipped Bragg’s army at Chattanooga.

This letter brings me to my twenty eighth year, and again establishes me in business. My next will give some account of my business for the next seventeen or eighteen years, and will refer to another circumstance that had something to do with the final breaking down of the rebellion.

Yours, etc. J. R. Grant Covington, Ky., 1868
Shortly after he was chosen as McKinley's running mate, Theodore Roosevelt traveled the countryside making political speeches and arousing such enthusiasm that some people actually mistook him for the presidential candidate.

In 1900 (following the American victory in the Spanish-American War) the annexation of the Philippines was a key issue, and Roosevelt campaigned vigorously against the anti-imperialist Democrats who if elected would have caused the Philippines to be handed over to the Filipinos. In an eloquent speech delivered at Galena, Illinois on April 27, 1900, Roosevelt drew lessons and inspiration from Ulysses S. Grant to promote the policy of imperialism.

The following are excerpts from that speech. (Roosevelt, Theodore. The Strenuous Life: Essays and Addresses. New York, The Century Co. 1900.)

In the long run every great nation instinctively recognizes the men who peculiarly and preeminently represent its own type of greatness. Mightiest among the mighty dead loom the three great figures of Washington, Lincoln, and Grant. Washington fought in the earlier struggle, and it was his good fortune to win the highest renown alike as soldier and statesman. In the second and even greater struggle the deeds of Lincoln the statesman were made good by those of Grant. Our three leaders were men who, while they did not shrink from war, were nevertheless heartily men of peace. On each occasion the net result of the war was greatly for the benefit of mankind. But on each occasion this net result was of benefit only because after the war came peace, came justice and order and liberty. If the four iron years [of the Civil War] had not been followed by peace, they would not have been justified. If the great silent soldier, the Hammer of the North, had struck the shackles off the slave only, as so many conquerors in civil strife before him had done, to rivet them around the wrists of freemen, then the war would have been fought in vain, and worse than in vain. If the Union, which so many men shed their blood to restore, were not now a union in fact, then the precious blood would have been wasted. But it was not wasted; for the work of peace has made good the work of war, and North and South, East and West, we are now one people in fact as well as in name; one in purpose, in fellow-feeling, and in high resolve, as we stand to greet the new century, and, high of heart, to face the mighty tasks which the coming years will surely bring.

Grant and his fellow-soldiers who fought through the war, and his fellow-statesmen who completed the work partly done by the soldiers, not only left us the heritage of a reunited country and of a land from which slavery had been banished, but left us what was quite as important, the great memory of their great deeds, to serve forever as an example and an inspiration, to spur us on so that we may not fall below the level reached by our fathers. The rough, strong poet of democracy has sung of Grant as "the man of mighty days, and equal to the days."
It is not my purpose in this address to sketch, in even the briefest manner, the life and deeds of Grant. I shall ask attention, not to Grant's life, but to the lessons taught by that life as we of to-day should learn them. Foremost of all is the lesson of tenacity, of stubborn fixity of purpose. In the Union armies there were generals as brilliant as Grant, but none with his iron determination. This quality he showed as President no less than as general. He was no more to be influenced by a hostile majority in Congress into abandoning his attitude in favor of a sound and stable currency than he was to be influenced by check or repulse into releasing his grip on beleaguered Richmond.

The people who wish to abandon the Philippines because we have had heavy skirmishing out there, or who think that our rule is a failure whenever they discover some sporadic upgrowth of evil, would do well to remember the two long years of disaster this nation suffered before the July morning when the news was flashed to the waiting millions that Vicksburg had fallen in the West and that in the East the splendid soldiery of Lee had recoiled at last from the low hills of Gettysburg.

Grant's supreme virtue as a soldier was his doggedness, the quality which found expression in his famous phrases of "unconditional surrender" and "fighting it out on this line if it takes all summer." He was a master of strategy and tactics, but he was also a master of hard hitting, of that "continuous hammering" which finally broke through even Lee's guard. While an armed foe was in the field, it never occurred to Grant that any question could be so important as his overthrow. He felt nothing but impatient contempt for the weak souls who wished to hold parley with the enemy while that enemy was still capable of resistance.

There is a fine lesson in this to the people who have been asking us to invite the certain destruction of our power in the Philippines, and therefore the certain destruction of the islands themselves, by putting any concession on our part ahead of the duty of reducing the islands to quiet at all costs and of stamping out the last embers of armed resistance. At the time of the Civil War the only way to secure peace was to fight for it, and it would have been a crime against humanity to have stopped fighting before peace was conquered. So in the far less important, but still very important, crisis which confronts us to-day, it would be a crime against humanity if, whether from weakness or from mistaken sentimentalism, we failed to perceive that in the Philippines the all-important duty is to restore order; because peace, and the gradually increasing measure of self-government for the islands which will follow peace, can only come when armed resistance has completely vanished.

Grant was no brawler, no lover of fighting for fighting's sake. He was a plain, quiet man, not seeking for glory; but a man who, when aroused, was always in deadly earnest, and who never shrank from duty. He was slow to strike, but he never struck softly. He was not in the least of the type which gets up mass-meetings, makes inflammatory speeches or passes inflammatory resolutions, and then permits over-forceful talk to be followed by over-feeble action. His promise squared with his performance. His deeds made good his words. He did not denounce an evil in strained and hyperbolic language; but when he did denounce it, he strove to make his denunciation effective by his action. He did not plunge lightly into war, but once in, he saw the war through, and when it was over, it was over entirely. Unsparing in battle, he was
very merciful in victory. There was no let-up in his grim attack, his grim pursuit, until the last body of armed foes surrendered. But that feat once accomplished, his first thought was for the valiant defeated; to let them take back their horses to their little homes because they would need them to work on their farms. Grant, the champion whose sword was sharpest in the great fight for liberty, was no less sternly insistent upon the need of order and of obedience to law. No stouter foe of anarchy in every form ever lived within our borders. The man who more than any other, save Lincoln, had changed us into a nation whose citizens were all freemen, realized entirely that these freemen would remain free only while they kept mastery over their own evil passions. He saw that lawlessness in all its forms was the handmaiden of tyranny. No nation ever yet retained its freedom for any length of time after losing its respect for the law, after losing the law-abiding spirit, the spirit that really makes orderly liberty.

Grant, in short, stood for the great elementary virtues, for justice, for freedom, for order, for unyielding resolution, for manliness in its broadest and highest sense. His greatness was not so much greatness of intellect as greatness of character, including in the word "character" all the strong, virile virtues.

Part of Grant's great strength lay in the fact that he faced facts as they were, and not as he wished they might be. He was not originally an abolitionist, and he probably could not originally have defined his views as to State sovereignty; but when the Civil War was on, he saw that the only thing to do was to fight it to a finish and establish by force of arms the constitutional right to put down rebellion. It is just the same thing nowadays with expansion. It has come, and it has come to stay, whether we wish it or not. Certain duties have fallen to us as a legacy of the war with Spain, and we cannot avoid performing them. All we can decide is whether we will perform them well or ill. We cannot leave the Philippines. We have got to stay there, establish order, and then give the inhabitants as much self-government as they show they can use to advantage.

Every man who does his duty as a soldier, as a statesman, or as a private citizen is paying to Grant's memory the kind of homage that is best worth paying. Great duties face us in the islands where the Stars and Stripes now float in place of the arrogant flag of Spain. As we perform those duties well or ill, so will we, in large part, determine our right to a place among the great nations of the earth. We have got to meet them in the very spirit of Grant.

Sources


A Year After the Centennial

Claire Ruestow Telecki, a great-great granddaughter of Ulysses S. Grant, wrote the following account of the National Park Service ceremony at Grant's Tomb on April 27, 1998.

Many members of the Grant Network joined us at the gala Rededication of Grant's Tomb on April 27, 1997, hosted by the National Park Service (NPS) to mark the centennial of the original dedication of the Tomb and the restoration of the Tomb completed in 1997. Some members may not know, however, that every year the NPS hosts a very stirring celebration at the Tomb on April 27th, General Grant's birthday. This ceremony has always included speeches by representatives from the NPS, Manhattan Sites and the regional level, the city of New York, Congress, and the Superintendent of West Point. The ceremony includes a military band, a military honor guard from West Point and the laying of wreaths, including one from the President of the United States. This year, as at the rededication, Ulysses Grant Dietz, great-great grandson of General Grant, spoke, and following the ceremony Winslow's Battery D, a Civil War Reenactment group from Staten Island, New York, demonstrated Civil War artillery.

This year's April 27th ceremony was particularly splendid owing to the magnificence of the recent restoration, and the presence of more than 2000 area students invited by the NPS. Manhattan Sites Superintendent Joseph Avery urged the students assembled to commit to their education, to learn from the example set for them by great leaders like Ulysses S. Grant and to learn better the lessons of history by visiting landmarks, such as Grant's Tomb. The other speakers spoke to these students in a similar vein, and I could not help but think that reaching out to our youth in this way would have pleased Ulysses and Julia Dent Grant very much. I applaud Manhattan Sites for this wonderful program, and I urge members of the Network to visit the newly restored Tomb, especially on April 27th.

Mr. Avery announced that visitation was up since the 1997 completion of the restoration and the rededication, and, in fact, it has more than doubled in 1997. Sitting on the dais this year at Mr. Avery's request was Frank Scaturro representing the Grant Monument Association. Manhattan Sites Chief of Interpretation & Public Affairs C. Stevens Laise explained to all gathered the role the original Grant Monument Association played in building and caring for the Tomb, as well as the significant role Frank Scaturro and the present Grant Monument Association played in helping to bring about the restoration of the Tomb. This was a wonderful day for the NPS, all of us associated with the Grant Monument Association and the memory of General and Mrs. Grant

LITTLE KNOWN FACTS

On casting his first vote for president in 1856, Grant, the future republican president, voted for James Buchanan, a democrat. His explanation being that "I didn't know him and voted against Fremont because I did know him."