

# GEN. GRANT.

## HIS ARRIVAL IN NEW-YORK.

## A Day of Welcome.

## Receptions, Dinners, Rides and Speeches.

## THE MEETING AT COOPER INSTITUTE

## A POPULAR OVATION.

Grant, Logan, Blair and Wilson Present.

## ADDRESSES AND RESOLUTIONS.

## A MIDNIGHT SERENADE.

Speeches by Gens. Grant, Logan and Senator Chandler.

## Awaiting the General's Arrival at Jersey City.

An immense crowd gathered at the Jersey City depot on Wednesday morning at an early hour, awaiting the expected arrival of Lieut.-Gen. Grant from Washington. We had thought that the enthusiastic desire to see and hear Gen. Sherman was unprecedented, but it was entirely eclipsed by the ungovernable demonstration in regard to the present hero of the hour. The dense throngs at the depot comprised all nationalities and all colors—red and yellow, as well as white and black; for we saw three Indians and several Chinamen among them. There was hardly any formal reception—no troops, and few dignitaries. It was simply a patriotic outpouring of the people—a grand throb of the popular pulse, thrilled with the fame and modest heroism of their fellow-citizen, who, with the single exception of Abraham Lincoln, has probably won more human hearts than any other breathing individual.

### THE ARRIVAL.

At precisely 6 o'clock, the long expected train moved slowly in, amid the cheers of the assembled thousands. The passengers, as they descended from the cars, were eagerly scanned, and when the hero of Shiloh, Vicksburg, Chattanooga, the Wilderness and Richmond, modestly stepped from a car, assisting his wife down after him, accompanied by the friends and military gentlemen composing the party, the cheers of the multitude became positively deafening.

The following gentlemen accompanied the Lieutenant-General: Col. S. Bowers, Col. O. E. Babcock, Col. E. S. Parker, and Col. S. H. Beckwith.

The modesty of Gen. Grant has become proverbial; and upon this occasion, of course, he shunned all notice. To do this, however, when the eyes of thousands are fastened upon a man, is a matter of considerable difficulty. Although the hero quietly drew his wife's arm through his own, and moved rapidly toward the ferry-boat, like any other hasty passenger, and apparently unconcerned, the crowd would not be denied, but peppered him with cheers, flanked him with huzzas, and stormed him in front with extended hands, waving hats, and faces of smiling welcome. The General submitted to hand-shaking as long as the ferry-boat would wait, and then, accompanied by Mr. Draper, Mr. Wetmore, and other gentlemen, with much difficulty made his way to the river.

### CROSSING NORTH RIVER.

We never saw even a ferry-boat so thronged, jammed and stuffed with human beings, as was the handsome vessel which bore the Lieutenant-General from New-Jersey to Manhattan Island. Decks, guards and wheel-houses were black with human beings. Here again the General tried to escape observation, by retiring into the dark carriageway of the boat, but he soon concluded that concealment was impossible, and came out upon the open deck among the crowd. Here he lit his cigar, smiled good humoredly, or conversed a little when addressed, and appeared to enjoy the early morning hour and the glorious vistas which opened up the rushing stream as the fog lifted.

### AN INCIDENT.

During the passage a long-haired, Southern-looking gentleman, who from the blueness of his nasal appendage probably hailed from Acadia, excited the anger of a brawny Irishman by asserting in a very offensive manner that Gen. Grant was smaller in mind than in person, and that Gen. Lee had invariably whipped him.

"You lie!" said the Irishman, coolly.

"Sir, sir!" exclaimed the chivalrous gentleman, fumbling in his breast, where he pretended to have a concealed weapon.

"Are you a Southerner?" asked the Irishman.

"I am," replied the other with composure.

"Are you a Rebel?"

"I am proud to say that I have been, and am now on my way to the friendly shores of England."

"Well," continued his interlocutor, "please carry this to the old country for me, with the compliments of a Fenian," and with that he hit the Southerner a crushing blow on the snout, which brought the ruby, and made the traducer of Gen. Grant most happy to sneak away and avoid further notice.

### Arrival at New-York.

Another great crowd awaited the party at the New-York landing, but three Astor House coaches were in waiting, and in these they made their way, and were soon moving rapidly to their destination, followed by the cheers of the crowd.

### ARRIVAL AT THE ASTOR HOUSE.

Another great crowd awaited the arrival of the General at the Astor House.

Here also he shunned all notice, and immediately passed up to the rooms which had been engaged for him—rooms Nos. 38, 40 and 42, on the second floor.

### THE RECEPTION AT THE ASTOR HOUSE.

By 10 o'clock a. m. the hotel was thronged with visitors anxious to be introduced to the illustrious guest. They were allowed to enter in single file, and the amount of hand-shaking which the General submitted to was marvelous, but he did it with great rapidity, at

the same time bestowing a kind reply upon whoever addressed him. There were many incidents worthy of note during the reception. During a lull in the press, Mr. Oliver of the Reception Committee, remarked to the General:

"I suppose, General, when you had fought the Rebels down to the south side of the James River, you thought you had a pretty sure thing on them."

"Yes," replied Gen. Grant modestly, "when I had got that far I considered that the offensive was whipped out of the enemy, and that they were henceforth solely on the defensive."

### GEN. GRANT'S OPINION OF STRATEGY.

During a little chat with the Lieutenant-General, a personal friend remarked to him:

"General, I wonder if you can be aware what a hero you are considered here—how great is the admiration of the matchless strategy by which you finished the Rebellion."

"Between you and me, I don't believe much in strategy," replied Gen. Grant. "I have generally used strategy merely to get close to the enemy, and then my motto is just 'Up, guards, and at them!' as Wellington is reported to have said, though he probably never said anything of the kind."

### WHY GRANT IS NOT A PUBLIC SPEAKER.

In the course of a brief chat with the General a gentleman remarked:

"General, why is it that we can never get you to speak in public?"

"The fact is," was the reply, "I have never been accustomed to anything of the kind, and I am now too old to learn."

"At least, you know how to shake hands," said another gentleman; "I wonder, however, that you do not now change hands, as your right must be tired."

"I think I will continue my duties with the same hand," said the General, "as I wish to keep one in good condition."

Some of the visitors were considerate enough to pass the wearied chieftain without shaking hands, contenting themselves with a mere bow; and the General recognized their courtesy with apparent gratitude in his mild, soft eyes. This was more noticeable from the fact that some persons in the throng, utter strangers to the General, were inconsiderate enough to stop the tide by pausing and chatting meaninglessly upon trifling subjects.

### THE LADIES

At about 12 o'clock a number of ladies entered the room and requested to be presented to Gen. Grant. The General was very affable and agreeable in his intercourse with them, and the reception, taking into consideration the informality of the occasion, was of the most agreeable nature. One young lady in being presented to the General made a very pretty speech:

### SPEECH OF A LADY.

"Well, General, at last you have given us peace for which we have prayed so long. It is not in the power of language to thank you sufficiently, for what we all feel you have done for your country, and you can rest assured that you have won the hearts of the ladies of this city as well as those of the soldiers that have followed you, and of your fellow citizens whom you see around."

Gen. Grant did not blush, for he is not of the blushing kind, though his modesty is beyond question.

### GEN. GRANT'S REPLY.

Said he: "I also cannot find words to express the gratitude which I feel for the reception accorded me in this city. Your smiling face and the assurance which comes from you that I have won the esteem, in some measure, of the ladies of this great city, cannot fail to touch me very deeply. I only wish, since there seems such a desire to see me, that I could stay here longer, and devote myself to the gratification of the curiosity of you all."

### HAND-SHAKING INCIDENTS.

Other ladies passed on and shook the General's hand, with a few complimentary remarks.

One gentleman, on shaking the hand of the General said, "General, I greet you as our next President," to which no reply was made, and no perceptible change appeared in the features of the gallant officer.

Among the throng of visitors was a war-worn veteran in the blue uniform of the United States. The poor battle-stained and mutilated hero limped along on crutches, and Gen. Grant noticed him with kind consideration. The soldier said: "General, I am as you see badly wounded, and through the red tapeism of Washington can obtain neither a furlough nor a discharge. Will you be kind enough to help me a little in this matter?"

Gen. Grant invited him to a seat beside him, chatted with him familiarly for a few moments, and then called an aid and said:

"Please make this man out a furlough for 60 days, or for whatever time he desires."

The soldier retired evidently well pleased with his visit.

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#### GREAT CROWDS.

The rooms of the General were perfectly thronged. During the course of the day probably upward of 15,000 ladies and gentlemen passed through in line, all shaking hands with the Lieutenant-General.

#### COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

The arrangements for the reception were greatly facilitated by the efforts of the committee who had been appointed to make the necessary dispositions as to time and place.

The sub-committee was composed of Messrs. Guy R. Pelton, Rufus F. Andrews, M. B. Brown, and George E. Bradford.

Excellent order prevailed throughout the entire reception, by Mr. Devoy, official detective of the Astor House, as well as agent of the Howard-st. Soldiers' Home.

#### GEN. GRANT TAKES A DRIVE.

At 1 o'clock the General escaped from the press, entered an open carriage waiting for him, and, with a few officers, drove off, amid the plaudits and cheers of an enthusiastic crowd, who were waiting around the doors of the building.

#### AT THE ASTOR HOUSE AGAIN.

Gen. Grant, in the course of his brief drive, visited a few places of importance, but only alighted two or three times, as his arduous experience at the Astor House had taught him to shun any place of extraordinary publicity. The coach in which he rode, however, was an open one, and wherever he was recognized he was greeted with enthusiastic cheering. He returned to the Astor House at about 2½ o'clock, where an excellent dinner was in preparation for him, such as Mr. Stetson can alone procure.

#### THE DINNER.

Among the illustrious and famed present at the entertainment were Mr. Simeon Draper, Horace Greeley, Moses H. Grinnell, Gen. Hall, Mr. Thatcher, Mr. Andrews, Mr. Pelton, and the remainder of the Committee of Reception, Gen. John A. Dix, Gen. Van Vliet, Gen. Peck, and many other distinguished military officers, while of course the Lieut.-General, with his staff, was the hero of the hour. Mr. Greeley presided at one end of the table, and Mr. Grinnell at the other, with Gen. Grant on his right hand and Gen. Dix on his left.

There was considerable misunderstanding between the reporters and the Committee and hotel officials. The latter at one time said that the thing was strictly private, and that no reporters would be admitted, while, at the same time, partiality was shown to a reporter, representing himself as from the *New-York World*, who was permitted to take his seat inside the dining-room. The other reporters were gracefully kicked out of the hall by a couple of insolent policemen. Mr. Stetson, however, soon after became aware that injustice had been done, and allowed the rest of the reporters to enter the room.

The repast was a magnificent affair, and appeared to be heartily enjoyed.

Mr. Grinnell arose and spoke as follows:

I regret very much to say that the arrangements which have been made are such that our engagements are very much hurried. The man whom we delight to honor [applause], who has stood by us on every battle-field, we heartily welcome among us. The nation to-day rises to thank him who has led our warriors and victors of the battle-field to the consummation of the day of peace, combined with victory over our enemies. Gentlemen, I give you "THE HEALTH OF LIEUT.-GEN. GRANT—MAY GOD BLESS HIM, AND MAY HE ALWAYS LEAD OUR ARMIES TO VICTORY."

Three cheers, and then, on the proposition of Mr. Baneroff, three more were given.

Gen. Grant rose and spoke as follows:

I hope you will excuse me from attempting to reply to the very flattering remarks which have been made.

Mr. GREELEY being called upon, said that there were two elements of strength in our country, both of which have been developed in the war just closed. One is the Army of the United States, and the other the People of the United States. The people had done their part in cooperation with the army, which had done theirs so nobly. He rejoiced in the fact that while the leader of our army, who is here to-day [great applause], was educated as a soldier, that his occupation is that of a citizen. He rejoiced that the men who had acted as soldiers would return to private life as useful citizens once more. One great truth has been impressed upon us during the war which was, that the real strength of our land should be in our militia, and not in a standing army. He therefore wished to propose the sentiment: "THE CITIZEN SOLDIERY OF THE UNITED STATES," which was drunk with great enthusiasm.

Gen. Hall responded in a few brief remarks, and the party then broke up.

Gen. Grant took a carriage, and with a single staff officer, drove out to enjoy a drive in the suburbs of the city.