

An atmosphere of genuine naturalness seemed to pervade the whole city—differences in rank and position were for the moment forgotten, and the "boys" marched home through long miles of men, women and children, whose unaffected manifestations of delight were worth a long journey to see. This "touch of nature was the grandest feature of the whole reception, and we only wish that it might oftener be allowed to hold sway over the hearts of men. The world would be much better for it. Without doubt it was appreciated by the men as it deserved to be, for its truth and spontaneity were so fully apparent, that the coldest temperament melted into geniality and good feeling beneath its glow. The result was happy, and no one, we venture to say, who was present, either in the ranks or among the people who lined the way from the station at North Toronto to the Armoury, will soon forget the home coming of the Grenadiers and the Queen's Own.

LE SALUT D'ADIEU.

GENERAL GRANT IS DEAD. For many days the people of the United States had been in hourly expectation of this message, yet when at last it came its shock was most keenly felt throughout the land. At 8:08 a.m. on Thursday, July 23rd, the soul of the great Union soldier was released on its everlasting furlough, and as the words "General Grant is dead" were flashed from one end of the Union to the other, the Nation stood still in reverence as if to wave his freed spirit its last farewell. The little cottage at Mount McGregor has now become historical; second only in sacred interest to that other dwelling where the invincible Commander—Death. When General Grant was removed to Mount McGregor some six weeks before his death, it was hoped that the pure balsamic air and the high elevation of the locality might enable him to overcome the disease which was consuming him. For a time the change was productive of hope, which, however, was soon found to be delusive, the trouble being too deeply seated to be eradicated by any earthly agency—wherefore the best efforts of his friends and medical attendants were given to make his last days as peaceful and free from pain as possible. The long struggle in that quiet cottage against the last enemy was one which called into action all those heroic qualities which were characteristic of the man, and which were never more nobly displayed even in his most glorious fields, when he rode the commander of the Nation's armies.

As we look upon the picture of the dead hero, stretched in his everlasting rest, the years roll back with us like a flood, and we hear again the echoes of Donelson, of Vicksburg, of Chattanooga, as we heard them in those trying days of a quarter of a century ago. We see the humble tanner of Galena, who was described by his neighbors as a "dull, plodding man," awakened from his plodding by the guns of Sumpter. We mark his progress through many difficulties until in February, '62, eight months after he first accepted command of a regiment, we find him replying to Buckner's flag of truce at Fort Donelson, accompanied by a request for terms, "No terms but unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted." Here was a change indeed. The man whose life hitherto had been

obscure and unsuccessful had at last found his vocation—the nation had found its saviour. Thenceforward the wave which he had taken at the flood bore him on to ever-increasing fame; to Vicksburg, to Chattanooga, to Nashville, where on March 17th, 1864, he issued his first general order as Commander-in-Chief of the armies of the United States. We follow him on that terrible march through the Wilderness, where so many Union soldiers laid down their lives, to the grand climax at Appomattox, when the rebel General Lee surrendered; when the war was over and the Union was saved.

As a soldier General Grant has had many critics who refuse to see any personal merit in his victories, attributing his many successes more to the Good Fortune which seemed never wholly to desert him, rather than to his qualities as a commander of armies. They point to the errors and disasters which cost the army of the Potomac alone over 80,000 men in the battles of the Wilderness before Richmond was finally taken, and assert that the South was conquered solely by brute force and the inexhaustible resources, both in men and treasure, of her foe. We have not space to enter into an argument on the question, even were we so inclined. The result remains, and will remain through all time, that the greatest rebellion the world had ever seen was crushed out, and that Grant, the tanner of Galena, the hero of Fort Donelson, the victor of Gettysburg, stood out before the world as the man who, by his invincible courage and determination, his unconquerable will, had led the Union armies to their grand and final triumph. Before such a triumph the pen of the detractor is but dipped in the waters of the ocean, its diatribes written on the sand.

Had Grant been content to remain the saviour of his country his life would have been a happier one. He had reached the highest niche in the temple of fame, and a grateful nation would have enshrined him there forever. Unhappily he was led within the domain of politics, for which it is no discredit to his memory to say he was not fitted, and in that unclean arena the laurels he had gained in more congenial fields were smirched and tarnished by the noxious vapours with which its atmosphere abounded. During his double term of office as President, he was accused of many things which tended to detract from the lustre which should never have been dimmed by contact with unworthy surroundings. His administration was said to have been controlled by a ring of trading politicians, or "bosses," who in their turn controlled the patronage of the country, leading to unwise appointments and jarring complications in the executive machinery. He was accused of Caesarism, of nepotism; his Administration became at last to be called a "brother-in-law Administration," on account of his many appointments of relations and connections to lucrative positions in the gift of the Government. Some, even, did not scruple to affirm that the President was a party to some of the many acts of corruption of which those about him were assuredly guilty. Of this latter charge, however, as the *Tribune* remarks: "there was not only no proof but no reasonable ground for suspicion." All these things tended to diminish the regard of the people for their warrior President. From the high position of a successful soldier he had descended to the commonplace level of the politician, and the splendor of his achievements was to some extent forgotten or