

GEN. GRANT BEFORE THE WAR

A Story of How He Dined at the First Table.

From The Chicago Times-Herald.

For several years there was much said about a railroad from Galena to Janesville, the idea being, when once there, to arrange with the then Milwaukee and Mississippi, now the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, to run a line to Janesville from Milton Junction, and thus secure a Milwaukee connection. The line was built from Milton to Janesville, but from Galena to Janesville the road is still an air castle.

A number of moneyed men of Galena had been induced to interest themselves in the project. In 1860 several of these gentlemen, including the banker Henry Corwith, who loaned vast sums of money to Wisconsin lumbermen from thirty to forty years ago, being of the number, drove overland to Janesville for a double purpose—to see the character of the country through which the proposed road was to run, and to consult with A. Hyatt Smith and other Janesville men concerning the contemplated enterprise. Mr. Corwith and his party were met by Mr. Smith and several others. There was a carriage ride in the afternoon. One of the Galena party had not been provided with a seat. He stood in front of the hotel watching the delegations preparing for the trip of pleasure and business.

"Mr. Corwith, that gentleman is of your party, is he not?" asked Hyatt Smith.

"Yes; he came over with us."

"Well, well! I'll sit with the driver and he can take my place."

"Never mind him, Mr. Smith. Presume he does not care to go. He is our driver."

It was not exactly a banquet they had that evening, after the Janesville people had shown their visitors the town and told them as much in its favor as it would bear, but it was a spread something beyond the average for the little town of two or three thousand inhabitants.

"Have you registered?" asked the landlord of a man he saw sitting near the stove soon after the visitors and their entertainers had been located in the dining room.

"No, Sir."

"Going to stay with us to-night?"

"I guess so."

"Are you of the Galena party?"

"Yes; I am the teamster."

The landlord stepped into the dining room and said: "Mr. Corwith, your driver is in the barroom. Shall he come to supper now or wait?"

Some one suggested that he wait.

"No; let him come in. Yes, landlord, tell the Captain to come in."

So it happened that Capt. Grant did not have to wait and eat with the servants, even if he was the teamster.

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