wrote to General Grant asking for an inter-
view, which he accorded by a most courteous response. In which he offered his services to me if there was any manner in which he could aid me.

The President, however, kept the waiting going long after the hour he had appointed for the time. Grant arrived at the door of his office, and I was unable to arrive at his kindliness, but he left his aide to explain that after waiting me an hour or more engagement had unavoidably postponed our meeting, but that he would gladly serve me in any way in his power.

Subsequently, by the help of old friends in the house my purpose was accomplished, and I left so hurriedly that I did not again apply for Gen. Grant's aid, but heard that he used his influence in Mr. Davis' interest in several directions. This is all I personally know of Gen. Grant, but many things I have heard of him have impressed me most favorably.

Grant's Courtesy to Gen. Lee at Appomattox:

The loving memory in which he is held by his wife and by all those dependent on him, his courtesy to Gen. Lee. At the surrender of our army, have convinced me of his kind heart and willingness to lighten needless pain.

Indeed, the character of a great man cannot be fairly portrayed by a contemporary. The exigencies of environment and contact are too firm for an unbiased judgment. That the sons of his own day can rely upon their testimony, as a surveyor makes his little chart of the stream he has crossed, which will preserve serve with many others from different initial points for the groundwork of the comprehensive, intellectual, geography of the world, where the mountain ranges and the inland seas show only the results of nature's upheavals.

Confederate women who himself said a life or death stake in his success of our struggle have told Gen. Grant, and as the Northern general who threw with relentless force and never-faltering energy the masses of his armed horde against our half-starved, worn-out little army, to whose depleted ranks we had not a man to add. Our great captain, Lee, whose self-sacrifice and military genius were equal to any emergency where they could avail anything, must yield eventually to the influence of overwhelming numbers guided by military training and an invincible purpose.

"I. T. them Their Horses."

"The Terms of Surrender:"

This was all we prevailed, desperate but unsuccessful knew of Gen. Grant then. When, however, our little army had fought, as Gen. Grant picturesquely said, 'to a standstill,' and Lee and his generals knew that mortal men could do no more, and that surrender, though worse than death, had become a necessity, then Gen. Grant's humanity and propriety manifested themselves. When our army laid down its arms he surrendered his personal bonds, and the South felt to the core of its great abiding heart the care it bestowed on our captured, impoverished people.

The heart of the man was with his discarded formen when he said of the paroled Confederates: "Let them keep their horses; they will need them to cultivate their farms." His respectful conduct to Gen. Lee when his sympathy for him was so wounded as to touch all those present elicited the admiration of both sections.

A soldier might well have forgotten all lest the desire to possess the sword of Lee, that precious symbol of the

Anecdote from Mrs. Grant About Her Husband:

Perhaps it is hardly desirable for me to repeat an anecdote told me by Mrs. Grant, yet it speaks such volumes for him as a tender husband that I yield to the temptation and give it with an

Fifty years have passed away since the first gun was fired in the war between the States. In those generations the armies hunted each other for four tragic years, but during these years will be only a proof through ghostly memory, cherished by both sections as a splendid testimonial to the valor of American arms. They will turn to the soldier of the South and North with a just pride in their achievements, and mourn our unqualified praise when we despaired, but this day has not yet dawned upon us. I fear.

The rank and file of our people have adhered to their construction of our rights under the constitutional oath. They do not forget their wrongs, but I thank God they have laid down on the altar of our common country's good the bitter passions engendered by our sectional struggle. Our rights are in abeyance because we are not strong enough to maintain them, and it only remains for us to do the best for our country under the conditions which the Rule of the world in His wisdom allowed to prevail.

Nevertheless, bitter prejudices and resentments have been made modified by intercourse, the intermarriage and inter-education of the people of the two sections. This is what one hopes and believes those rare in the fate of her own beloved people, the men whom her husband told with prophetic certainty that there was a future cast into "no word as fall" shows an astonishing change of sentiment in both sections.

I hope there are people both North and South who are already looking above and through the smoke of battle to take the true measure of the states and conditions who may have left their friends unloved by adultery or committed upon the beholders who fell into their power, and in this galaxy I think Gen. Grant is the only hero consistently by his former antagonists.

V. JEFFERSON DAVIS
Gen. Grant in Anecdote:

URING the battle of the Big Black River Gen. Grant was sitting motionless on his horse. His attitude was expressive of that thoughtful fulness for which he was noted. A messenger dashed up to him, the General with every evidence of excitement and solicitude.

"They have opened a battery on our left!" he cried.

Grant lifted his eyes from the ground, and turning half-way toward the soldier, without the smallest observable concern on his face, in a way that seemed to say that this affair was a merely trivial interruption to his train of thought, then, in the most urbane and matter-of-fact way possible, replied.

"Send a brigade and take it!"

In the battle of the Wilderness the General was apprised of the news that Hancock was falling back. He glanced up at the sky and at once made this simple and marvellous response.

"I guess not; the guns don’t sound that way."

Hugh Hastings went down to Long Branch at one time to visit the Grants. He was told that the General was sitting on the bluff overlooking the sea, and he presently found him there gazing out in apparent abstraction over the waters. Hastings rode softly up and put his hand on Grant’s arm, saying: "Now, guess who it is?"

But Hastings drew his hand back almost immediately; they were wet with tears. Grant was weeping. Hastings was too surprised to say anything, but Grant broke up and said kindly:

"Hello, Hughy. You are crying, General. What has happened? What is the matter?"

"I am very sorry, General, that I have heard any news of this kind."

"You are crying, General. What has happened? What is the matter?"

Grant came quite near breaking down, but by a heroic effort he pulled himself together. "We get bad news from Europe," he said. "There’s a battle going on there and I can’t help thinking about it—isn’t it the same?"

"The greatest trouble of my life."

The most famous saying of Gen. Grant ever made was: "I’ll fight it out on this line if it takes all summer, and ‘Let us have peace.’"

He was a man of few words. At one time he rode up to Gen. McPherson, who was in command of a division, and, pointing to a hill where the Confederates were entrenched, asked:

"Will you guys go up that hill?"

"They will go up hell, if necessary," was the prompt reply.

"Right. They will have a chance to do it after a while," said Grant quietly.

Shortly after the order was given to storm the hill, and four-fifths of McPherson’s division were killed or wounded. But it was a move that cost the Confederates twice the day.

The day the outer lines of Petersburg were captured and the troops were closing up on the inner lines Gen. Grant halted near a house on a piece of elevated ground which overlooked the city.

The position was under fire and the enemy’s bulletiss seemed to pass particular blanks to the spot where Grant and his staff were. It was suggested that he move to a less exposed position, but he paid no attention to the advice.

After he had finished his despatches and taken another view of the enemy’s works, he quietly mounted his horse and rode slowly to another part of the field, addressing to the officers about him, with a decided twinkle in his eye: "Well, they do not seem to have the range on me."

Grant was always singularly free from petulancy, and he disposed of gravity. Once one occasion a young officer joined a group about the General and laughingly asked:

"I’ve just heard a capital war story I must tell you. No ladies about, do you suppose?"

"No sir," said Gen. Grant shortly, "but there are some gentleman here."

The story remained untold.

Among Gen. Grant’s most marked personal traits were five attributes which were conspicuous and pronounced in a degree. They were truth, courage, modesty, generosity and loyalty. He was an absolutely truthful man. One day while sitting in his bedroom in the White House, while he held a raw message in the body, a hand was brought in by a servant. An officer on duty at the time, seeing that the President did not wish to be disturbed, said to the servant: "Say that the President is not in.

Gen. Grant overheard the remark, turned around suddenly in his chair and cried out to the servant:

"Tell him so much. I don’t like myself, and I don’t want any one to lie for me.

So careful was Grant to tell only the exact truth, even to the most trifling detail, that it was said of him once that he was "soothing truthful."

After the surrender at Appomattox, the Federal troops began to fall sick. Gen. Grant sent orders at once to have them stopped, using the following words: "The war is over, the rebels are our compatriots again, and the best sign of victory the victory will be to abolish all demonstrations on the part of the Federal Government and to appoint a corresponding officer of the volunteer corps.

Grant had absolutely no ear for music. He said himself that the only two tunes he knew were "Yankee Doodle" and "Old Hundred." In the spring of 1865, Gen. and Mrs. Grant were in Galena, and on April 4, Grant’s fifty-eight birthday, a band serenaded him and opened with "The Girl I Left Behind Me." One of the party, after the serenade, apologized for the quality of the band, and Grant said to him: "Oh, I didn’t notice anything wrong. You might as well have serenaded me with horns as far as I am concerned. For I know less about music than anything else. I know, of course, that your band played "Yankee Doodle" for your opening piece, but whether it played artlessly or not I am unable to judge."

Unconsciously our bad mistakes, "The Girl I Left Behind Me" for one of the only two tunes he thought he knew.

Frederick Dent Grant, in a letter to The World of Sept. 15, 1865, wrote that about a week before his father’s death the General wrote on a bit of paper to his son that he was unable to talk at the time.

"It is possible that my funeral may become one of public demonstration. In which event I have no particular choice of burial place, but there is one thing in which I wish you and the family to insist upon, and that is that, wherever my tomb may be, there shall be reserved for your mother at my side."

Gen. Grant’s Career:

BRAM ULTRAM GRANT—known to fame as Gen. Ulysses S. Grant—was born April 27, 1822, in Point Pleasant, Clermont County, O. His father, Gen. Grant, his father, was a young farmer. His mother was Hannah Simpson, a farmer’s daughter.

Almost from the time he could go alone his "ruling passion" was for horses. When only seven and a half years old he took advantage of his father’s absence from home one day to harness a three-year-old colt which had never had a collar on, and, hitching him to a sled, spent the day in building a brush. A year later he was a regular detective.

The first book he read, when he was seven or eight years old, was "Life of George Washington." At school he was a fair but not a remarkable scholar, devising a special interest only for mathematics. Among his schoolfellows he was considered a leader, although he rather sought the company of older persons.

On July 1, 1874, he went to West Point, passed the examination and entered upon his military career. Congressman Thomas L. Hamer, from Grant’s district, secured the appointment, and sent in the nomination, as Ulysses Simpson Grant by mistake. Grant dropped the "Hiram" and was known as U. S. Grant ever after.

He was graduated June 30, 1871, standing No. 3 in a class of thirty-eight, and became a brevet second lieutenant of cavalry July 1. He was ordered to Missouri for Indian service, and a few months later to Texas to join the army of Gen. Taylor.

He fought throughout the War with Mexico and was at the battle of Monterey and Vera Cruz, and was promoted for gallantry. He was made a captain in August, 1882. In July, 1874, he resigned his commission and went to New Orleans on a little farm.

He lived there until 1869, when he went to Galena, Ill., and entered into partnership with his father in the leather business.

When Port Hunt was freed upon Grant immediately offered his services to an expedition to help the Government and was appointed a recruiting officer of Illinois volunteers.

On June 1, 1861, he was made colonel of the Twenty-first Regiment of Illinois Volunteers. Aug. 21, 1861, he was appointed brigadier-general of volunteers and he was put in charge of the post at Cairo. His first campaign was to New Orleans.

From that time on he was most active, always at the front and always fighting. His first great battle victory was at Port Gibson, Feb. 11, 1863, and in 1864 he was promoted a major-general and the Commanding Officer of the Department of West Tennessee.

He was placed in command of four army corps Dec. 22, 1863, and Oct. 14, 1864, took command of the Division of the Mississippi. Then he made his notable campaign in Tennessee and Georgia.

March 1, 1864, he was appointed lieutenant-general of the army and was in supreme command. He entered upon the campaign which ended with the surrender of Lee and the downfall of the Confederacy.

Dec. 4, 1865, Grant was nominated for President of the United States by a very large and representative meeting in New York, and on May 25, 1866, he received the nomination of the National Republican Convention in Chicago. He was twice elected President, and retired to private life March 4, 1877.

He made a tour of the world the same year, arriving home Sept. 20. He took up his residence in New York, and engaged in business in Wall street as agent for the firm of Grant & Ward. By Ward’s suddenness the firm was wrecked and Grant was financially ruined. He wrote an autobiography and retired shortly before his death, July 23, 1885.