GENERAL GRANT'S LAST DAYS

BY

GEORGE F. SHRADY, M.D.
ONE OF HIS CONSULTING SURGEONS

WITH A SHORT BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF DR. SHRADY

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LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

George F. Shraday, M.D. .................................................. Frontispiece

John Hancock Douglas, M.D. ........................................ 9

Henry H. Sands, M.D. .................................................... 13

Fordyce Barker, M.D. ................................................... 17

The parents of General Ulysses S. Grant ......................... 20

Ulysses S. Grant, grandson of General U. S. Grant ........... 23

Lieutenant Ulysses S. Grant, U. S. A. (grandson of General Grant), when a cadet at West Point ........................................ 29

Facsimile of General Grant's letter, asking the appointment of his grandson to West Point, with the endorsements of General Sherman and President McKinley ................................. 32

General Grant writing his "Memoirs" at Mount McGregor ........ 35

Facsimiles of conversational notes from General Grant to Dr. Shraday . 38, 39, 41

General Grant and family on the piazza of the Drexel cottage at Mount McGregor ...................................................... 45

A group on the piazza of the Drexel cottage at Mount McGregor ... 51
LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

Exterior of the Drexel cottage, Mount McGregor, New York . . . . . . . 55
The sick-room in the Drexel cottage, Mount McGregor . . . . . . . 58
The room in which General Grant died . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . 59
The funeral procession up Fifth Avenue . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . 62
The temporary tomb on Riverside Drive in which the body of General Grant was placed until it was transferred to the mausoleum . . . . . . 65
Scene at the dedication of the Grant mausoleum, April 27, 1897 . . . . 69
Autograph written for Dr. Shraday . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . 72
Endorsement on the back of a check drawn by The Century Co. to the order of General Grant . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . 72
DR. GEORGE FREDERICK SHRADY died November 30, 1907, at his residence, 512 Fifth Avenue, New York city.

Born in New York January 14, 1837, Dr. Shrady had rounded out his threescore and ten years. He was the son of John and Margaret (Beinhauer) Shrady, and was one of five children, all of whom were born at the old homestead at No. 138 Rivington Street. His paternal grandfather emigrated from Baden-Baden, Germany, and settled in New York city in 1735. Both of his grandfathers were soldiers in the Revolutionary War, and his father served in the War of 1812.

His early education was received in the public and private schools of New York city, and subsequently he pursued an academic course at the Free Academy, now the College of the City of New York. From this institution he entered the College of Physicians and Surgeons in this city, from which he was graduated with the degree of Doctor of Medicine in 1858. His proficiency in anatomy brought him the same year at Bellevue Hospital the Wood intercollegiate prize. During 1857 and 1858 he was resident surgeon in the New York Hospital, and was graduated from the surgical division of that institution in 1859. He then entered practice in this city.

In the capacity of assistant surgeon in the United States Army, Dr. Shrady was assigned to duty during the Civil War at the Central Park Hospital, New York, but later was detailed to field duty on the operating corps. At the close of the war he returned to private practice and quickly acquired a prominent place in the surgical profession. It was through his attendance on General Grant during the latter's last illness that Dr. Shrady first sprang into national fame. While Grant, the public idol, lay ill, an entire nation hung on the words of Dr. Shrady. His skill went far toward alleviating Grant's sufferings at
the close of his illness. Afterward, when Emperor Frederick was
seized with an ailment similar to that of which General Grant had
died, Sir Morrell McKenzie, the famous English specialist in throat
diseases, who was attending the Emperor, kept in communication by
cable with Dr. Shready for purposes of consultation, and imparted to
the latter each change of symptom as it occurred.

After President Garfield had been shot, Dr. Shready was called into
consultation by Dr. Bliss as a surgical pathologist, and later made a
report to the profession and the public, in behalf of the staff, touching
the results of the autopsy. He took part in the autopsy on the body of
the assassin Guiteau, and aided materially in settling several points
that had been raised as to the sanity of Guiteau when he shot President
Garfield. In 1890, when Kemmler was electrocuted, the first murderer
to receive capital punishment by this method, Dr. Shready was one of
the medical experts appointed to witness the execution. His observa-
tions led him to condemn electrocution unqualifiedly.

Dr. Shready's activities were great and varied. He was visiting
surgeon to St. Francis Hospital for twenty years, and was consulting
surgeon there for over six years past. He served in a similar consult-
ing capacity at the New York Cancer Hospital, the Hospital for the
Ruptured and Crippled, the Columbus Hospital, the Fordham (N. Y.)
Home for Incurables, the General Memorial Hospital, the Red Cross
Hospital, and the Vassar Hospital at Poughkeepsie, and as family sur-
geon to the Presbyterian Hospital in New York city. Also he was
physician-in-chief to the hospitals of the New York Health Depart-
ment and one of the managers of the Hudson River Hospital for the
Insane. From 1861 to 1879 Dr. Shready was secretary of the New
York Pathological Society, and president of that organization in 1883–
84. He was president of the Practitioners' Society of New York and
of the American Medical Editors' Association. Other positions held
by him were the trusteeship of the Hudson State Hospital for the In-
sane at Poughkeepsie, fellow of the American and New York Acad-
emies of Medicine, member of the New York State Medical Society
and various other scientific and professional organizations.

While enjoying high distinction as an authority on subjects relating
to general surgery, and having a large practice, Dr. Shready took
special pride in his editorial work. This work he began early in his
GENERAL GRANT'S LAST DAYS

professional career, editing the "American Medical Times" from 1860 to 1864. Two years later he founded the "Medical Record" and remained its editor-in-chief for thirty-nine years. He was the author of "Pine Ridge Papers," a series of satirical and witty treatises on charlatanism among medical practitioners. His contributions on surgery to magazines of both popular and medical character constitute a valuable addition to the literature of the profession. For many years he was a member of the editorial staff of the "New York Herald," directing his attention especially to the treatment of those subjects that fell within the sphere of his profession. He was the foremost advocate in his writings of the freedom of consultation between members of different legally recognized schools of medicine, and was largely instrumental in reconciling merely doctrinal differences in medical practice.

He was also an earnest advocate of the extension of clinical instruction, the establishment of state examinations for the license to practise medicine, the advancement of the standard of professional education by increase of curriculum, and many other measures, all of which had for object the elevation of the profession and the benefit of mankind. In recognition of his distinguished accomplishments and services the degree of master of arts was conferred on him by Yale in 1869.

On December 19, 1860, Dr. Shrady married Mary Lewis of New York, who died in 1883. By this marriage there were four children—George F., Jr., Henry Merwyn, Charles Douglas, and a daughter, now Mrs. John F. Ambrose.

December 19, 1888, Dr. Shrady married for his second wife, who survives him, Mrs. Hester Ellen Cantine of New York, a widow with one daughter, now Mrs. Edwin Gould.

Few men are so sincerely mourned or by such a wide circle of friends, personal and professional, as is Dr. Shrady.

For nearly half a century he was a conspicuous figure in his chosen profession, and during his whole career he was ever active to help the unfortunate, to advise and assist the young practitioner, and in all efforts to raise the standard of medical education and ethics.

Simple, unaffected, courteous, and with a heart brimming over with kindness, he won the warm affection of all with whom he came in contact. Among the sincerest mourners at his bier are the poor, to whom he gave his best services without hope of fee or reward.
HEN General Grant was seized with his fatal illness in the autumn of 1884, he appeared before the world in an entirely new character. From being viewed as the stern, uncompromising, and conquering military commander, the revelation of his simple resignation in the face of great suffering claimed for him new fame as a hero in another sense. His last battle with the great conqueror destined him for grander laurels than were gained on any of his many triumphant fields. It was the purely human side of his nature that then appealed to the general sympathy of mankind. Thus his last and only surrender was his greatest victory.

If it had been otherwise, history would have cheated itself of an example of Christian fortitude the like of which has been seldom recorded. It was the contemplation of this phase of him that gives interest to every detail of his long and painful illness. He was no longer the man of arms to be dreaded, or the President to be calumniated, but the brave and helpless sufferer to be pitied and admired.

This is written with the view of presenting an intimate picture of General Grant as he appeared to one who was in close and friendly contact with him during the last months of his life. If apparently trivial matters are noticed, they may in a way help to finish the picture in proportion and detail. Moreover, what would be uninteresting in ordinary persons may have no little importance in the portraiture of noted characters. There should be no sparing of squints or wrinkles or other apparent deformities. If the true character does not speak in the like-
ness, the picture can never serve its purpose. Properly to interpret motives, and intelligently to appreciate consequences, one must have everything within reach—pose, clothing, atmosphere, perspective, coloring, accessories, foreground, background, high light, and shadow. Then each spectator can study the result from his own point of view and profit accordingly by his conclusions. It is not the mere size of the man so much as his actions under those ordinary circumstances which make up human experience. How would you have done? is the constant question that suggests itself.

My personal acquaintance with General Grant covered the period of his last illness, during which I was in his confidence as one of his consulting surgeons. In such close association there were exceptional opportunities for obtaining an insight into his general character that would otherwise have been impossible. There is no place in which human nature shows itself so plainly as in the sick-room. The patient is then off his guard against all conventional formalities, and appears as his plain and simple self. Thus he was found, and thus will the attempt be made to portray him.

In general appearance General Grant would be considered the type of a simple, dignified, quiet, and self-contained gentleman. Of medium height, he was rather stockily built, with short neck and high, square, and slightly stooping shoulders. When I first visited him, he was somewhat reduced in flesh and had a decidedly sick and dejected look, which told of his mental and physical suffering. He was seated in a leather arm-chair in one corner of his library in his house at No. 3 East Sixty-sixth Street, New York, and he wore a loose, woolen morning gown and an ordinary smoking-cap of the same material.

It would hardly have been possible to recognize him from any striking resemblance to his well-known portraits. It was not until he bared his head and showed his broad, square forehead and the characteristic double-curved brow-lock that his actual presence could be realized. The difference in this respect between the lower and the upper part of his face was to me most striking and distinctive. There was the broad and square lower jaw, the close-cropped full beard, the down-curved corners of the firmly closed mouth, the small, straight nose with the gradual droop at its tip, the heavily browed and penetrating, deep-blue eyes, and withal the head itself, which crowned the actual Grant with real dignity and force. His profile more than maintained the classic facial line, so that his chin might be said to be relatively protuberant.
GENERAL GRANT'S LAST DAYS

His ears were large and plainly stood out at an angle from his head. The circumference of his skull was above the average for a man of his size, and was very broad and square in front, while rounded and full behind.

His manner was so modest, and there was such a complete absence of assertiveness, that it was difficult to imagine in him the great man in whom the entire civilized world was at the time deeply interested. He seemed anxious concerning the result of the consultation and was plainly apprehensive.

Those present were Dr. Fordyce Barker, his family physician and long-trusted friend; Dr. John Hancock Douglas, the well-known
throat specialist; and Dr. Henry B. Sands, the famous surgeon who had consulted previously on his case. Each in turn made a very formal and careful examination of the throat of the patient, using for the purpose the ordinary circular reflecting-mirror fastened to the forehead by a band around the observer’s head.

In accordance with the usual professional courtesy, I, as the new consultant in the case, was asked to precede the others, but as I desired to be initiated into the particular method of examination to which the General had been accustomed rather than to subject him to unnecessary pain by want of such knowledge, the others took the lead.

Very few words were exchanged by the little group. There seemed to be a strain about the procedure which plainly affected the patient. Dr. Sands, as well as the others present, duly appreciated this, and was evidently desirous of diverting the patient’s mind from the real object of the visit. Accordingly, when he handed me the mirror, he remarked in his quiet, off-hand manner, that whenever I followed him in such an examination, it was necessary to enlarge the head loop to give an extra accommodation for thickness of hair.

As an opportunity was thus afforded to start a conversation of some sort between us, I ventured to suggest that hair did not always make the difference, nor the mere size of the skull, as sometimes the best brains were very closely packed in very small quarters. At this the General gave a faint smile, and for the first time during the meeting showed that he was inclined to be interested in something that might ease the gravity of the occasion. I was thus prompted to illustrate to Dr. Sands the truth of what was said by relating to him an anecdote told of Oliver Wendell Holmes, at the same time hoping to gain the attention of the patient as a casual listener.

A traveling phrenologist was on a certain occasion giving a practical exhibition of his skill in one of the public halls of Boston, and had asked for subjects from the audience. By some chance or design, the distinguished author was indicated as a choice specimen for demonstration. When he stepped on the stage there was becoming applause, but, as he was unknown to the lecturer, the latter looked with great surprise at the small man with a small head. Imagining that an attempt was being made to challenge his ability for discrimination, he became indignant. Passing his hand perfunctorily over the brow of the smiling and impassive victim, he rebuked the instigators of the supposed plot by declaring that his business was to examine the heads
of men with brains, not those of idiots! Nor was his discomfiture appeased by the overwhelming outburst that followed this remark.

The excuse for mentioning this apparently commonplace occurrence was that it might open the way for a closer personal contact with Grant. At least he was temporarily amused, and appeared to relish the diversion. More than this, he told the story afterward to Bishop Newman and others, and at my next visit asked that it be repeated. On that occasion he remarked that his own bumps had been examined when he was a lad, and the phrenologist had made the usual prognostication, applicable to all boys, that he also one day might be President of the United States.

Notwithstanding this show of consideration on the part of the General, there was a purpose to keep constantly in mind that he was known as a stolid and reticent man, and this disposition was to be carefully humored by a studied avoidance of all undue familiarity on the part of a new acquaintance. Thus it was a becoming policy that he should always take the initiative, and others merely act as willing listeners. Besides, it was eminently proper that he should not be fatigued with unnecessary conversation or be tired by the exercise of strained courtesy. Although I am not a hero-worshiper in the usual sense of the term, it was edifying to be even in casual association with him and to note his different moods and acts.

When it was learned that he was writing his personal memoirs, never was a promised work more widely heralded or more anxiously awaited. What specially appealed to the sympathy of the public was the well-known motive for the task—his desire to lift his family above the financial distress resulting from the failure of Grant and Ward.

Although his countless well-wishers were unable to help him, it was a comfort to him to know that they felt for him in every phase of his trial, and hailed each temporary respite from suffering with deep and tender solicitude. During it all he was bravely working against time by making the most of the life so soon to end. He was getting away from himself by a forced interest in work, although it was a race against reason, strength, and hope.

During the last months of his illness the General was confined to his bed-chamber and an adjoining apartment, which he used as his work-room while writing on his memoirs. The monotony was only occasionally interrupted by a short drive in Central Park on pleasant days; but these excursions were eventually discontinued on account of
the fatigue they caused. He was of the opinion also that prolonged exposure to cool air gave rise to neuralgic headaches, with which, from other causes, he was constantly afflicted. It was mainly for this reason that he wore his skull cap even when indoors. He accommodated himself, however, to his new conditions with remarkable ease, and showed a disposition to meet each requirement with becoming submission. He greatly felt the need of something to occupy his thoughts, and the preparation of his memoirs was in this respect a welcome relief. For hours he would sit at an extemporized table oblivious to his surroundings. At other times he took pleasure in receiving some of his more intimate friends, occasionally indulging in reminiscent references.

As his room was a thoroughfare for members of his family, he was seldom alone; but when abstracted or engaged in anything that took his attention, no one ventured to interrupt him.

That he was not disturbed by the presence of others was often proved by a polite motion to sit down, while he would unconcernedly go on with his work. His long experience in camp-life, with his military family constantly about him, evidently made him feel perfectly at ease even in silent company.

He was as simple in his tastes as he was mild in his manner. Those who knew him only as the stern man of Vicksburg, the warrior whose ultimatum was "Unconditional surrender," found it difficult to reconcile such an estimate of his character with that of the plain, modest person, with soft, kindly voice and cordial manner, who could place himself on the natural level with any ordinary, every-day visitor. His modesty, which sometimes amounted to positive shyness, was so unaffected and natural that no one could doubt its genuineness, which made it all the more difficult to match the man with his former deeds. The chastisement of his illness doubtless had much to do with the accentuation of this part of his character, and thus displayed his purely human side to the high light of more thorough analysis.

His mental qualities were those of strength and reserve in balancing proportions. It could easily be seen that he was accustomed to examine all important questions mostly from the purely subjective side of the argument. Always ready to listen to the suggestions of others, he nevertheless reserved the right to draw his individual conclusion. This was his plan in fighting his battles, and proved his extraordinary resources. Once convinced of the course to be pursued, his only aim was victory at any cost. The actual result was everything to him.
GENERAL GRANT'S LAST DAYS

He once said that before every battle he always calculated the dreadful cost in killed and wounded. It was the price before the bargain could be closed. He was so much misunderstood in the adoption of wise expedients in this regard that many had called him the relentless "butcher," and yet he more than once informed me that the carnage in some of his engagements was a positive horror to him, and could be excused to his conscience only on the score of the awful necessity of the situation. "It was always the idea to do it with the least suffering," said he, "on the same principle as the performance of a severe and necessary surgical operation." He also remarked that the only way he could make amends to the wounded ones was to give them all the prompt and tender care in his power. It was the proportion of the killed and wounded that was the main thing to take into account, but, nevertheless, a severe and decisive engagement prevented much subsequent and useless slaughter.

When asked if his military responsibilities had not at times rested heavily upon him, he significantly answered that, having carefully studied his plan, it then became a bounden duty to the Government to
GENERAL GRANT'S LAST DAYS

carry it out as best he could. If he then failed, he had no after regret
that this or that might have been done to alter the result. It was
facing destiny with a full front.

Paradoxical as it may appear, he had an almost abnormally sensi-
tive abhorrence to the infliction of pain or injury to others. His symp-
athy for animals was so great that he would not hunt. John Russell
Young in his charming book "Men and Memories," in referring to this
trait, has truthfully said: "Not even the Maharajah of Jeypore with
his many elephants and his multitude of hunters could persuade him to
chase the tiger. He had lost no tigers, and was not seeking them."
This instinct of gentleness was so strong a part of his nature that he
often regretted that he had not in his early days chosen the profession
of medicine. In fact, that had been his first ambition. But it was
otherwise to be, and he was to become an operator and a healer in a
larger sense.

General Grant's home-life was simple and natural in the extreme.
This accorded with his disposition and habits. Even when President
of the United States his unostentatious manner of living was a subject
for remark, and many were willing to say that it did not accord with
the true dignity of his high office. This criticism, however, had no
effect on him at the time or afterward. So much did he desire the
peace and quiet found in his family that the gratification of it was his
greatest pleasure. In his active life, with its forced interruptions of
routine and its constant irregularity of calculation, there was always
the natural yearning for the rational comforts that so easily satisfy
the plain man.

Although he was not a very early riser, his breakfast was usually
ready at eight o'clock. He was fond of his coffee, chop, and egg, but
was a comparatively light eater. The meal finished, his first occupa-
tion was the perusal of the daily papers. These he skimmed rather
than read. When any subject specially interested him, he would give
it careful attention, as if determined to understand it in all its bear-
ings. He seldom missed a head-line, and always knew in advance
what was necessary for him to read. In this respect he was essen-
tially a man of affairs, as under other circumstances it would have
been impossible for him to be even ordinarily informed on current
events.

The Grant luncheon was a bountiful meal, but intended more for
casual guests than for members of the family; and the same may be
said of the dinner, which was seldom a strictly family affair. The 
General always presided at the head of the table, with Mrs. Grant 
sitting opposite, while the other members of the family were ranged 
alongside. The guest soon felt himself at home in a general at-
mosphere of sincerity of purpose and cordiality of manner. It was 
more in the nature of a neighborly call than a stiff and formal social 
function. The visitor never left without a favorable impression of 
the charming home-life of his host. It is not too much to say that such 
solid and simple domesticity formed the proper setting for the sound 
and wholesome methods which dominated his placid and earnest char-
acter.

A great deal has been said of Grant's excessive use of tobacco. He 
was undoubtedly a great smoker. During his battles and while in 
camp, on horseback, on foot, or at his desk, he was seldom without his 
cigar. It had not always been so, at least not to such a degree. He 
had smoked from the time he was a young man, but never to excess 
until he became a General in the Union Army and a special object of 
interest on that account.

His first reputation as a champion of the weed dated from the 
capture of Fort Donelson, when at that time he was described with the 
"inevitable cigar" in his mouth. The various newspapers discussed 
from many points of view this new phase in his character, and quanti-
ties of different brands of tobacco were sent to him from every quarter. 
In relating the circumstance, he frankly admitted that this charac-
teristic being as much of a discovery to him as to the public, he was 
rather temptingly forced to develop it to its full extent by industriously 
sampling the different brands in turn. The main stimulus in such 
directions was from various manufacturers in Cuba who sent him 
choice selections from their plantations in the vain hope that he would 
aid the more extensive sale of their wares by his personal use and in-
dorsement of them. He was always led to acknowledge, however, that 
up to that time his taste for fine tobacco had never been fully de-
veloped.

Often when pressed with heavy responsibilities, his rapidly smoked 
cigar became his main reliance. While planning or executing a battle, 
it was his constant companion; and, as he freely admitted, he was 
ever better fitted for calm deliberation than when enveloped in its 
grateful and soothing fumes.

As might have been expected, the habit grew until only the strong-
est flavored tobacco could meet his fully developed requirements. This habit, so inveterate in his later years, was destined to contribute in a measure, at least, to his death. Although it was not the direct agent in inducing the fatal throat disease, the irritating fumes of the weed tended in no small degree to aggravate the difficulty by increasing the irritation in the already diseased parts. When told that it was necessary to throw away his cigar and smoke no more, he resignedly did so, but often averred afterward that the deprivation was grievous in the extreme.

As an offset to what he considered a martyrdom, he would enjoy the smoke of others, and often invited his friends to smoke in his room. On one of these occasions he remarked that if not permitted to be a little wicked himself, he had a melancholy comfort in pitying the weakness of other sinners. This in a way showed that the temptation to revert to his besetting sin was almost constantly present.

During one of the few times when he felt a little happy over his relief from pain and worry, and wished "to celebrate the occasion," he surprised me with the question, "Doctor, do you think it would really harm me if I took a puff or two from a mild cigar?"

There was something so pitiful in the request, and so little harm in the chance venture, that consent was easily obtained. With an eagerness that was veritable happiness to him he hesitatingly took a cigar from the mantel, reached for a match, and was soon making the most of his privilege. Only a few puffs were taken before he voluntarily stopped his smoke. "Well, I have had at least that much," he exclaimed. Continuing, he playfully remarked that it would not do to have the performance get to the public as it might be said he was not obeying orders. This expectation, however, was not realized, owing to an inadvertence on the part of his only witness, who had neglected to pull down the window-shades at the opportune time. A day or two afterward there appeared in a newspaper a head-line, "General Grant smokes again." Mrs. Grant, who knew nothing of the incident, indignantly denied the truth of the report, and the ill-credited story was prudently allowed to take care of itself. The General himself was evidently satisfied to let the matter rest without further discussion, as he never afterward referred to the circumstance.

Such occurrences made but little impression upon him, as the comments of the press on trivial matters were viewed with amusement rather than with serious concern. He had been criticized on so many
more weighty matters that he had become seemingly callous to such as did not affect his general integrity of character.

There was no time perhaps in his whole career when he became more sensitive to the public interpretation of his motives than when his character for honesty was questioned by some in connection with the failure of Grant and Ward. There was no doubt that the shock of the announcement greatly added to his already weakened condition and aggravated the local trouble in his throat. His mental suffering was most intense and was mainly dependent upon the reflection on his honor and business integrity which had been so cruelly and so unjustly made by those who had been directly and guiltily responsible for the scandal. He was then forced to realize that there was no sacrifice too great to save that good name he had thus far successfully labored to deserve.

In his home-life General Grant delighted in simplicity. He felt perfectly at ease himself, and desired all his intimate friends to accommodate themselves to a like condition. With a pure motive of respect and familiarity he would generally call his old comrades by their surnames, omitting all their conventional titles; but he never addressed them by their christened names, evidently believing that such a course was lacking in ordinary propriety. Under other circumstances, and with casual acquaintances, he was always more than courteously dignified and respectfully formal. First names were always used, however, in his immediate family.

The intercourse between its members was unrestrained and oftentimes playful. Fred (then Colonel) Grant, who had the privilege of being most constantly with his father during the latter's illness, was always eager for an opportunity to minister to his most trivial needs. No greater show of filial love could have been possible. He could scarcely pass his father's chair without reaching over to smooth and pat his brow, and the General appeared to be always expecting this tribute of affection. Father and son thus came very close to each other. Next to Mrs. Grant, "Col. Fred" was the General's most trusted counselor. The son felt this responsibility, and was always on the alert to second any wish of his stricken parent. He well knew that the time for such sacred duties was short, and he was seemingly more than anxious to improve the fast-passing opportunities. What made the solicitude greater was the fact that the General, so far from being exacting in his demands, seldom complained and seemed determined to
give as little trouble as possible under an almost constant stress of suffering.

Nothing delighted the family more than to learn that the patient was comfortable and inclined to be cheerful. Sometimes extraordinary efforts were necessary to make him forget for a time his pain and be himself again. On one such occasion, when the General had passed a restless night and was much depressed in consequence, I used a rather bold expedient to rouse him from a settling despondency. Mrs. Grant and Mrs. Sartoris, while waiting outside his room during one of my morning visits, had asked as usual how he had slept and what was his condition on waking. I explained to them his very depressed condition, and asked them if they would help me create a diversion for the patient. The plan was duly accepted and the following dialogue ensued:

"General, two ladies have called, and have asked if they can see
you. They are very anxious to know how you are, but have promised not to disturb you by useless questions."

"But why can you not tell them?" said he.

"They insist upon seeing you themselves, if it is possible," was the answer.

"What did you say to them?"

"That they might see you if they promised to allow me to speak for you."

"Well," said he resignedly, "you may invite them in."

When Mrs. Grant and "Nelly" entered, I introduced them with mock formality and stated the object of their visit, at the same time promising the General that both ladies had made a solemn promise not to engage him in any conversation.

The General took in the situation at once; there was a new glint in his eye, and with a suppressed smile he very deliberately said, "Ladies, the doctor will tell you all that you wish to know." Then, as if they had been strangers to him, I simply replied that as the General did not wish to be troubled with useless questions, he desired to say that he was feeling reasonably comfortable, that he fully appreciated the honor of their visit, and was correspondingly grateful for their sympathy. By this time his despondency had disappeared, and after Mrs. Grant and her daughter had bowed and left the room, he called to them and ended the episode by an enjoyable chat.

With a similar object in view at another time a diversion was made in another direction, with an equally beneficial result. One night when the patient was much depressed and unable to sleep, he expressed a wish, in the temporary absence of Dr. Douglas, to see me. Under ordinary circumstances an anodyne would have been indicated to procure for him a good night's rest; but such a remedy had on previous occasions proved disappointing, and it was agreed that milder and more natural methods should be tried. Accordingly it was determined to accomplish the results on new lines. He was fearful of a sleepless night, and felt that he must rest at any cost. Being determined that he should not yield to such an impression, I persuaded him that an altered position in bed might effect the desired object.

"What shall I do?" he asked, with that gentleness and willingness to obey orders which always characterized him.

"Allow me to arrange your pillow and turn it on its cooler side, while you imagine yourself a boy again." Continuing, I ventured to