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crowds on the street below, or welcoming some of the many friends who came to sympathize with him. Occasionally a parading regiment would halt opposite the house and present arms, whereupon he would appear at his window and modestly and sadly acknowledge the salute.

On his last Easter Sunday there was more than the usual gathering on the street and opposite sidewalk. The General was much impressed by this evidence of good feeling toward himself. For a while he stood silent at the window, and after walking back and forth through the room, sat by the fire, absorbed in deep thought. Only the Wednesday previous he had fallen almost into a state of collapse, and had reason to realize how near he had come to death. Although he had fully rallied, he was still in that state of mind in which he was keenly alive to every evidence of sympathy. Also, only the day before, he had received a very friendly and condolatory letter from Jefferson Davis, which gratified and touched him deeply. After a while, feeling tired, he slept in his chair. During that time there was a slight shower, and the numerous gatherings of people scattered in different directions. When he awoke, the rain had ceased, and the street became more crowded than ever, the police being kept busy in clearing the roadway for passing vehicles and for the carriages of visitors to the house.

When he awoke, I told him what had occurred, and referred to the interest that was manifested by all classes of citizens. He walked to the window, looked upon the crowd below, and sadly remarked: "Yes, I am very grateful for their sympathy." Then taking his seat by the fire, he was quiet again. As I was preparing to write the usual afternoon bulletin, I suggested that the opportunity would be a good one for him to express his gratitude to the people of the country, especially on Easter Sunday, when all the churches had been offering prayers on his account. I urged that the bulletin be dictated in the first person, and signed by General Grant, as in such form it would appear as coming more directly from him. To this suggestion, however, he objected, saying that it would be better coming from him indirectly. In order to comply with such a wish, and give the document somewhat the character of a message from the sick-room, I began by saying that General Grant had just awakened from a short nap and had expressed himself as feeling comfortable. He then dictated the following: "He wishes it stated that he is very much touched by, and very grateful for, the sympathy and interest manifested for him by his friends."—here he
hesitated for a while and continued,—"and by those who have not been regarded as such."

Impressed with the great significance of the message, I still urged that he should say something in the first person. "Well," remarked he, "you might say for me, I desire the good-will of all, whether heretofore friends or not." In a moment he added, "I suppose that will
do," and I accordingly signed the bulletin, giving the hour as 5:15 P. M. The despatch was immediately sent to the press-bureau on Madison Avenue, and quickly put upon the wires. As this bulletin really came from the General himself, and was duly approved by him, no family or staff consultation on its contents was deemed necessary. It happened, however, that a different course would have avoided a subsequent complication which gave the Associated Press some trouble to overcome. A few minutes after the bulletin had been sent, Mrs. Grant
came into the room, and she was told what had been done, and the
message was read to her. She then very much deplored the omission
of any reference to the numerous prayers that had been offered for the
General on that day, and insisted that the bulletin be recalled, in order
that the necessary correction might be made. This, for the time being,
seriously complicated the situation. The message was already in the
hands of the telegraph and cable operators, and was being rapidly
transmitted to the numerous bulletin stations. To reconstruct it, and
retain its full meaning, would have altered its original purpose. Be-
sides, any attempt in such a direction would not be understood by the
public, and would give a false impression of the original intention of
the sender. It was then a question of altering the bulletin as little as
possible, and thus avoiding unnecessary complications. Mrs. Grant
was very insistent, however, in regard to the propriety of her pro-
position. At this juncture I suggested that the difficulty might be over-
come by inserting the word "prayerful" before sympathy. This being
agreed to, I, at the General's suggestion, communicated at once with
the press-bureau on Madison Avenue, and the required word was
added to the various despatches that had already been transmitted.

Meanwhile, the press-agents had been much exercised regard-
ing the reason for recalling a bulletin that contained so much of "news
interest." Mr. Frank W. Mack, who had charge of the Associated
Press agency, was greatly alarmed, supposing that some extraordi-
nary calamity had occurred. He hurried to the house, thinking that the
General had died suddenly after the message had been dictated.
"What can be done?" said he. "The bulletin is now in San Francisco
—in fact, all over the country and in Europe!" When I told him of
the mere addition of an extra word to the context, he was much re-
lieved, and hastened to comply with the request of the General.

As was anticipated, the bulletin attracted more than ordinary at-
tention. The Southern papers particularly had many kind comments
on the motives actuating the message, and more than ever sympathized
with the stricken man, who could so feelingly voice the sentiments of
a kind and noble heart. Repeated references were made by them to
the General's magnanimous proposals when accepting Lee's surrender
at Appomattox, and to other actions of his in keeping with the senti-
ments of a high-minded and generous victor. With him war had a
different definition from mere enmity. It meant fidelity to a principle,
not mere death, destruction, and humiliation for the opponent. The
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hand that had so valiantly held the sword was then open to all, "whether heretofore friends or not." The dying man had said, "Let us have peace," and posterity was destined to cherish the sentiment as the best of all inscriptions for the tomb at Riverside.

With the approach of warm weather there were many suggestions concerning the advisability of benefiting the patient by change of air and a temporary sojourn in a more salubrious climate. Then came offers from various country-hotel proprietors to care for the General and his family free of expense. Most of these were actuated by sincere motives, but not a few were made for advertising purposes. It was finally decided to accept the invitation of Mr. Drexel to occupy his cottage on Mount McGregor, a few miles north of Saratoga. The patient expressed no particular preference in the matter, and as usual acceded to the wishes of his medical staff. Accordingly, on June 17th, a special car was placed at his service, and he left his city home, never again to enter it. He was resigned to the situation, and gave no indication of any misgiving as to the ultimate outcome of the venture. Only once did he seem to realize that he was leaving his home forever, when, after being seated in the carriage, he gave a sad look at the house, while he waved a solemn adieu to a few bystanders on the sidewalk.

On his arrival at Mount McGregor, he was much pleased with his quarters, and was confident that the change would, in a measure at least, restore his wasting strength. Only shortly before, he had so nearly lost his voice that it was painful for him to converse. This new phase of the disease was a great discouragement to him, and his main hope was that the balsamic air of the mountains might possibly have a soothing and healing effect upon his throat. Such, however, did not prove to be the case; on the contrary, the difficulty of articulation progressed to such an extent that he was forced to answer questions in writing. In fact, most of the conversations I had with him on my visits to Mount McGregor were carried on by means of the pencil and pad that he always carried with him. These written accounts of his feelings during his last days have been carefully preserved by me, and are of inestimable value as showing the manner in which he realized and faced his end.

His life at Mount McGregor was necessarily very monotonous. When he was not engaged on his "Memoirs" in his little office adjoining his bedroom, he would sit for hours on the porch, reading the
newspapers or watching the crowds of sight-seers who were constantly about the cottage. By an unwritten law of instinctive courtesy it was understood by the visitors that they should not approach too near or in other ways manifest any unseemly curiosity. The General became very appreciative of this display of good feeling and respect for him, and often regretted that he could not make a suitable return. Many as they passed the porch would lift their hats in salutation, whereupon the General would quietly and feelingly acknowledge the attention. These salutations, however, became so frequent that it was impossible to respond to them, it being generally understood that to do so would tire him unnecessarily. On one occasion a lady removed her bonnet and waved it in a most deferential manner. This action so appealed to the natural gallantry of the General that he duly acknowledged the courtesy by rising from his chair and lifting his own hat by way of graceful recognition.

When out-of-doors, he always wore a high "stove-pipe" hat, being particular in this way to prevent neuralgic attacks, to which he seemed at the time to be specially liable. For the same reason, also, a light silk scarf was wrapped around his neck, and sometimes, when in a draft, he would tuck one corner of the covering under the rim of his hat, in order to protect himself more effectually. His steadily increasing weakness did not allow him to walk much. He ventured only short
distances, and then always with an attendant. One time in strolling to
a summer-house on the edge of the mountain to enjoy the fine view,
he became so much exhausted that fears were entertained of a serious
collapse. This experience had a very depressing effect upon his spirits,
and necessitated the use of a so-called Bath-chair, in which afterward
he was wheeled about the grounds. On one occasion while his colored
servant Harrison was propelling him, he humorously remarked that
often before he had had a much faster horse, but probably no safer
one, as he was certain that the animal could not run away uphill.

When I visited the General for the first time at Mount McGregor,
it was quite evident that he had grown weaker and that he had lost
considerably in weight. This was in part due to his difficulty in swal-
lowing even the liquid food which, for obvious reasons, was his only
form of nourishment.

His voice at this time, although not entirely gone, was guttural, of
harsh tone, and very indistinct, except when he used it in a deliberate
and studied whisper. Even then he could not always make himself
understood. He became much worried over this affliction, and was
constantly hoping that it would grow less under the influence of the
changed climate. In order to give every opportunity for improvement
in such direction, he carefully avoided speaking as much as possible,
and would often write on his pad in answering questions rather than
otherwise run risk of a set-back. This practice made his remarks
necessarily short, but always to the point. This was particularly evi-
dent in his replies to my questions, and showed his anxiety on many
points and his desire to obtain all the necessary information regarding
his physical condition at the time. His written answers, however, giv-
ing as they do his exact expressions, now add a pathos to the situation
which no recollection of conversations could make possible. In no
better way can this be illustrated than by the reproduction of my notes
taken when fresh in mind and by the transcription of his own com-
ments from his still-preserved handwriting:

“How have you been doing, General?”

“I am having a pretty tough time, Doctor, although I do not suffer
so much actual pain.”

“What is the special difficulty?”

“My trouble is in getting my breath.”

“How do you sleep?”

“Pretty well, although rarely more than an hour at a time.”
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In order to give him some encouragement, I remarked that he looked stronger, notwithstanding his suffering.

To this he made answer: "I am growing lighter every day, although I have increased the amount of food. I have gained a little in strength since I came here."

"The air is doing you good, then?"

"I cannot at this moment get a breath through my nostrils."

"By and by I hope you will improve in that respect. What you need is restful sleep in this quiet place."

"For a few nights past, indeed ever since we have been here, the Doctor [Douglas] has given me five minims [meaning a small dose of a solution of morphine] on retiring, and as much more an hour or two later. Last night, however, he reduced the second dose to three, and I slept well."

Then, to turn the subject somewhat, I asked him how he was progressing with his book.

"I have dictated only twenty pages since we have been here, and written out with my own hand about as much more. I have no connected account now to write. Occasionally I see something that suggests a few remarks."

Thus learning that he had been tempted to use his voice beyond its strength, I protested accordingly, assuring him that absolute rest gave him a chance in the future.

To this he significantly and pathetically replied: "I do not suppose I will ever have my voice back again at all strong." Alas! this sad prediction was more than verified as he progressed toward the end.

The following day, June 24th, although he had passed a weary and restless night in his chair, he appeared for a time at least more cheerful, and was even inclined to be playfully humorous during the examination and treatment of his throat. Finding some difficulty with the insufficient light in his room, and desiring a larger spatula for depressing his tongue, I asked if such an instrument was at hand. He then took his pad, after vainly attempting to speak, and with a faint smile wrote the following:

"I said if you want anything larger in the way of a spatula,—is that what you call it?—I saw a man behind the house here a few days ago filling a ditch with a hoe, and I think it can be borrowed."

The long, sleepless nights were his special dread. There remained only one way to secure rest, and that was by morphine. He fully
appreciated the danger of becoming addicted to the use of the drug, and fought manfully against any apparent necessity for increasing the dose. At one time, on assuring him that there was no special danger in that direction, he wrote: "I have such a horror of becoming addicted to it that I suppose that serves as a protection." He was certainly consistent in his determination, and never suggested the use of the drug on his own behalf. In fact, he very willingly at times submitted to a decreased dose when he felt more than ordinarily comfortable on retiring. He could usually anticipate a bad night, and seldom failed to prove that he had been right in so doing.

At one time he wrote: "I feel that I shall have a restless, sleepless night. I suffer no great amount of pain, but I do not feel satisfied in any one position. I do not think I have closed my eyes in sleep since about eight." It was then midnight. Still, he was at that time willing to brave the discomfort rather than take an anodyne when not compelled to do so by actual pain.

On another occasion, after having a sleepless night without morphone, he became much exhausted, and during my call on him in the morning he thus expressed himself: "I have thirteen fearful hours before me before I can expect relief. I have had nearly two hours with scarcely animation enough to draw my breath."

His mental and physical suffering at such times could scarcely be imagined, and his fortitude in enduring the infliction could hardly be over-estimated. The difficulty was due partly to general weakness, but mostly to the mechanical impediment of the persistent accumulation of mucus secretion in his obstructed throat, and his inability to relieve himself by unaided efforts.

During the mornings, he preferred to rest in his room and recover from his sleepless nights. Often, to make up for lost hours during the night, he would remain dozing in his chair until near lunchtime. The afternoon, however, would be spent in his wicker chair on the porch. His chief occupation at such times was the perusal of the papers that had arrived by the afternoon express, and so absorbed did he become in this occupation that he would scarcely raise his eyes for an hour at a time.

On one occasion when a larger crowd than usual had assembled, he appeared quite responsive to their sympathy, and taking his ever-ready pad he wrote: "The people are very considerate. But to pass my time pleasantly, I should like to be able to talk to them."
While handing the slip to me, his attention was directed to a little three-year-old girl who was standing in front of the crowd, and quite near the porch. The child smiled and waved her hand toward the General, whereupon he beckoned her to come to him. When lifted on the platform of the porch, she appeared to be bewildered, but soon recovered her smile when the General very tenderly shook her hand and lovingly smoothed her curly head.

In marked contrast to many evidences of a kind interest toward him, was the forced visit of an entire stranger, who insisted upon making a public exhibition of his rudeness. The intruder appeared to dodge from the file of people near the porch, and hastily running up the steps, seized the General's hand as it was resting on the arm of his chair, and shaking it violently, prepared to enter into conversation, as
if he were an old friend. The General was more than surprised at this uninvited familiarity, and gazing at him with marked sternness, wrote: "My physicians positively forbid me to converse." Such a rebuke, however, had no effect upon the stranger, who smilingly said that he would do all the talking himself, and the General could merely be the listener. Thereupon the General quietly withdrew within-doors, leaving his discomfited visitor to bear the brunt of a well-deserved snub. It was an extreme case, treated in a direct and severe manner. The intrusion was certainly keenly felt by the victim, else such a measure would not have been adopted: for the General was always careful to treat kindly, courteously, and considerately all with whom he came in contact.

When his personal friends visited him, he always received them with marked cordiality, and then more than ever regretted the loss of his voice. When deputations arrived to pay him respect and to express their condolence, he willingly received them, though under other circumstances his physical disability would have been an argument against any over-exertion. This was the case when a party of Mexicans called to assure him of their kind wishes and their hope of his ultimate recovery. Although much in need of rest at the time, he insisted upon receiving them, and wrote an elaborate response to their address.

Some of his callers were odd-looking personages. One of these wore very long hair, and in other respects was somewhat eccentric in his appearance. In response to a question, the General wrote:

"Mr. N. is a Texan, but before he went to Texas, in 1844, he was a great admirer of Mr. Clay. In the contest of '44 between Clay and Polk, he took a vow never to cut his hair until Mr. Clay was elected President. He made up his mind long ago never to cut his hair again."

In one of my conversations, while sitting beside him on the porch, I suggested that music might afford him some diversion; but, to my surprise, he shook his head, and wrote:

"I do not know one tune from another. One time in traveling, when there were brass bands everywhere, and all playing the same tune, 'Hail to the Chief.' I remarked at last, with greatest innocence, that I thought I had heard that tune before."

This frank admission did not imply a personal dislike of music, but rather a lack of appreciation of its beauties; for on a previous occasion
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I recollect his saying that the playing of spirited and patriotic airs had a very marked effect upon men both before and after a battle.

Apparently, also, he had no special liking for flowers, as he never cared to have them in his room, especially objecting to their odor.

Notwithstanding his show of almost cheerfulness at times, he seemingly never lost sight of the final outcome of his disease. It was merely a question of time. In spite of every encouragement to the contrary, the idea was too firmly fixed to be shaken. After one of the many references to the subject, he significantly wrote his own sad comment:

“It is postponing the final event. A great number of my acquaintances, who were well when the papers commenced announcing that I was dying, are now in their graves. They were neither old nor infirm people either. I am ready now to go at any time. I know there is nothing but suffering for me while I do live.”

“But,” remarked I, “the newspapers should not be the highest authorities for such a prognostication.” To this he wrote:

“The —— has been killing me off for a year and a half. If it does not change, it will get right in time. The bulletins do not pretend to discuss the point. The —— does it; it is the work of the correspondent with The ——.”

This paper, however, was not the only one to blame in this regard, as on the slightest provocation all of the dailies vied with one another in predicting his condition as most alarming; while not a few would repeatedly announce that he was dying when there was no possible occasion for such reports. He referred to the particular paper in question as it was the one he always read, and was published at the time by one of his personal friends.

As my visits to Mount McGregor were limited to such occasions when consultations with Dr. Douglas appeared necessary, I made the most of such opportunities by being with the patient as much as possible and by giving him all the comfort in my power. There was every evidence that he appreciated such a motive, and would look forward to my coming with evident pleasure. Just before I took the train on July 18th, he seemed quite anxious to know when I would come again, expressing the desire that I should certainly be with him “at the last,” as he expressed it. I assured him as unconcernedly as I could that I would surely be within call, little thinking at the time that the final summons would come so soon afterward.
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On shaking his hand as he sat in his usual position in his room, he pleasantly asked me in writing if he could do anything for me. I at once bethought myself to obtain his autograph. On his attempting to write with a pencil on his pad, I suggested that it be done with pen and ink, and brought an inkstand, pen, and blank visiting-card to his chair.

Autograph written for Dr. Shraidy

He then wrote his name and handed me the card. This was probably his last signature [see above], as thereafter he evidently became too ill to make any attempt in that direction.

The day after I left Mount McGregor was a cooler and more refreshing one for the patient than many of the preceding ones, and he was consequently in relatively better condition. He took his favorite

Indorsement on the back of a check drawn by The Century Co. to the order of General Grant

The check was dated July 12, 1882, ten days before General Grant's death. General Frederick D. Grant remembers that this was the last signature his father wrote with ink. Obviously it is not so firm as the autograph (above) written for Dr. Shraidy.
position on the porch, and read the morning papers as usual. In the
latter part of the afternoon he expressed a desire to be wheeled in his
Bath-chair to the eastern lookout, which commanded a sweeping view
of the valley from Saratoga Lake far northward between the Adiron-
dacks and the Green Mountains. He was drawn thither by Harrison,
his faithful colored valet, and was accompanied by Dr. Douglas, his
son “Fred,” and the “old guard” Willetts. The trip was an enjoyable
one at first, but the patient had evidently miscalculated his strength.

It must be recalled that although stimulated in spirit by the fresh
air and the inspiring surroundings, he was in reality in a very weak
condition. The nourishment, such as it was, had been insufficient to
minister to his wants. From being a man who before his illness
weighed nearly 200 pounds, he was eventually reduced to almost half
that weight. Still, on this occasion the General enjoyed the scene to his
heart’s content. It was his favorite site for observation. There was a
sweep to the scene that gave due appreciation of his love for the broad
view in this as well as in other matters. It was noticed that on the
return trip his general feebleness became strikingly manifest. He was
anxious to get home as soon as possible. From being animated, he
became suddenly limp and listless. The return was a short cut by
another path, involving the necessity of the General’s alighting and
mounting four or five steps, up which the chair was lifted after him.
When he arrived at the cottage, he took to his sleeping-chair for the
night, and had his usual restless endeavor to compose himself. At
10 P.M. he fell into a sleep of exhaustion, and fortunately remained at
rest for fully eight hours. Although this rest would have been amply
recuperative for a person in health who might have been ever so much
fatigued, it failed to produce such effect upon the General. On awak-
kening in the morning, he appeared weaker than ever, and exhausted.
Nature lapsed into listless dozing for most of the day.

The weather also was very uncomfortable. During the day the
atmosphere was sultry, inert, and depressing, the thermometer rang-
ing as high as 85° F. Although the condition of the patient was the
occasion of grave anxiety to the family, the General himself was
apparently unaware of it. He at one time insisted on tremblingly
walking from one room to the other during the readjustment of the
pillows on his chair, and even minutely directed that all his manuscripts
and literary effects should be duly cared for and safely packed, as all
his work was finished in such directions. Alas! all work was soon to
be done forever! If he realized this, at least no one must know it. He
was the silent man even under the gaze of death.

As dusk gave way to darkness, a sinking spell appeared as the
result of increasing weakness. A temporary unconsciousness showed
itself, and then a troubled, fretful sleep. During one of his wakeful
spells, Mrs. Grant asked the Rev. Dr. Newman to offer a prayer. The
General looked appreciatively at the preacher, and apparently in his
mute way understood the solemn significance of the ceremony. It was
the last prayer to fall on the ears of the one for whom the earnest sup-
plication was being made. The clergyman knelt beside the sick chair,
and the family stood around it with bowed heads. When it was over,
the General looked with a kindly smile to his friend and feebly and
feelingly returned the gentle hand-grasp.

The remainder of the night was one of grave anxiety. Dr. Douglas,
always hopeful before, was at last convinced that the inevitable end
was near. Accordingly, telegrams were hastily sent for the con-
sultants to come at once to Mount McGregor by the first morning
train.

It was thus, with Professor Sands, I was next to meet our patient.
We arrived by special train on the afternoon of July 22d [1885]. At
that time the General was still conscious, and was seated in the
cushioned chair he had occupied continuously, night and day, for
months. However, at his own request he was soon removed to his bed,
and the following morning he quietly passed away. The peace that he
had so often wished for others came to him at last in the truer and
more enduring sense.

It was the calm death he had hoped for, a gentle and gradual fall-
ing to sleep. The weary, anxious night had passed, the rays of the
morning sun stole quietly into the death-chamber; but at last there was
another morning for him, another light, glorious, infinite, immortal.