

started to leave, when the admiral turned to me and asked me if I did not want to remain with him during the next engagement. He said one of his best gunners had just been killed, and that I could have his place. I looked upon the wounded and dead about me and replied, trembling lest my father might contradict my statement, that I did not believe my papa would leave me there, even if I wanted to stay.

"I should think you would have been much frightened," said I.

"I was," replied Colonel Grant. "I was always frightened when I got under fire, but the excitement and interest was such that I could not keep out. I remember I slept that night on the gunboat Price, and when I awoke the next morning I found my father had gone. I knew there was a battle on the shore, for I could hear the firing, and I asked General Lorenzo Thomas, who commanded the Price, to let me go to see the fight. He told me that my father had given orders that I was not to leave the boat. Shortly after this while we were landing some troops a rabbit jumped up and the soldiers tried to catch it. I asked General Thomas if I could not help them. He said yes, but when I reached the soldiers the rabbit had disappeared. I concluded not to go back to the boat, but to run off to the battlefield. I ran in the direction of the firing. I got a lift upon one of the ammunition wagons, and soon came to ground where wounded men were lying about, and where there were dead men scattered here and there. I saw a battery of artillery dashing off at a fork in the road, and I left the mule team and followed. I soon got to a place where I could see the fight. While I was looking I saw father coming. I was afraid he would send me back to the boat, so I got behind a tree and hid there until he had passed. As I watched I heard a great shout. Our lines moved forward. I could see the enemy running, and a little later I was told that the battle was over, and that we had gained the day."

"What did you do then?" I asked.

"The first thing I did," replied Colonel Grant, "was to try and find my father. It was already growing dark, and I was tired and hungry. I walked about trying to find some one who could tell me where my father was, and everywhere I went I saw dead and wounded men. The ground was everywhere bloody and the air was filled with the moans of the wounded and the dying. There were surgeons here and there amputating limbs, while the poor fellows upon whom they were operating were shrieking with pain. It was all so terrible that I began to feel faint. I remember I lay down beside a tree and rested, feeling very sick. As I was lying there one of my father's orderlies came up. He recognized me, and I told him all about my runaway trip from the boat. He took his blanket from his horse and spread it out on the ground, and gave me his saddle for a pillow. I went to sleep almost as soon as my head touched the saddle, and slept for several hours. Then the orderly waked me and told me that my father had come. I raised myself up, and about fifty yards away, about a fire, I saw a group of officers, among whom was General Grant. He was sitting upon a campstool drinking from a tin cup filled with coffee, which the soldiers had just brought him. As

I came up he seemed greatly surprised and said:

"Why, Fred, I thought I left you safe on the boat?"

"Yes, sir, you did," I answered.

"Well, then, how did you manage to get here?"

"I told my story, and as I finished my father smiled and said:

"Very well, you cannot get back now, I suppose," and he thereupon went on with his conversation with the officers about him. A little later we went to an abandoned house about a half a mile away and there General Grant stayed for the night. I remember I laid down on the floor among the men and slept soundly until morning."

"I suppose your father sent you back to the boat the next day?"

"No, he did not," replied Colonel Grant. "From that time on until the end of the siege I remained with the soldiers. Much of the time I was with father and much of the time with General Logan. Often I was alone. I was in a number of skirmishes and battles and I saw war as it really is."

"It is a wonder to me you were not wounded, colonel, during so much fighting."

"I have been shot twice," replied Colonel Grant. "My first wound I received during this Vicksburg campaign in a skirmish near the Black river. The confederates had retreated to the river and I, with a number of others, was running after them. I was on horseback, and when I got to the bank of the river I saw many of the rebels swimming for the opposite shore. I stopped my horse and was watching these fellows when some one on the opposite bank fired at me, hitting me on the thigh. My leg is now paralyzed at that point."

"How did it feel when the ball struck you?" I asked.

"The first sensation was that of a great blow, followed with a smarting pain, almost like that of a bee sting. I thought I was killed and must have grown very pale, for Colonel Lagow, who came dashing up at that time, asked me what was the matter. I told him I was killed, a statement which evidently surprised him, for he asked me where I was shot."

"I replied 'in the leg,' and he thereupon asked me to see if I could move my toes. I tried it and found that I could. Colonel Lagow then told me that I was not badly hurt. I afterward found that he was right. It was only a flesh wound, though it has caused me a great deal of trouble since then. As it was I wrapped a cloth about my leg and kept it in the saddle until the battle was over."

"But did not your father pay some attention to you at such times?"

"Not much," replied Colonel Grant. "He could not. You see, he had his hands full of other things."

"How about your mother? I should think she would have been terribly alarmed."

"No, she was not," was the reply. "She never knew of my dangers until they were over, and she did not bother herself about things that were past."

"How did General Grant appear in battle?" I asked.

"Just the same as in peace," was the reply. "He did not grow excited, and he seemed quiet and self-possessed when others were troubled. I could usually tell how he felt by looking at his face.

His blue eyes would often flash and his expression become determined. On the battlefield he would ride with his head erect to the points where the heaviest firing was going on. He seemed to see everything, and he took into account the smallest and seemingly least important details. I was by his side at the battle of Champion Hill, when he gave General Logan orders to storm the enemy's line, which move resulted in the capture of 3,000 prisoners and of all the confederate artillery. After giving that order he turned, and almost in the same breath told one of his escort to dismount and give a drink of water to a poor wounded soldier near by. During the siege of Vicksburg he seemed to work day and night. He was the first to get up in the morning and the last to go to sleep. He was on horseback all day, and a large part of the nights were spent in writing out his orders, which were very long and full of the minutest details."

"Did he talk much of his battles?"

"No, not unless something came up which called for it. He was a very modest man. He was always careful of the feelings of others, and the request of a private soldier received as much attention from him as that of an officer. Personally he was loved by his soldiers, and I know it used to make me happy as a boy when I heard the cheers and hurrahs of enthusiasm go up from the soldiers as father passed along the lines."

I here asked Colonel Grant to give me some idea of General Grant as a man. He replied:

"My father's character is almost a part of my religion. I revere it so much that I can hardly discuss it. He has ever been my ideal of all that is true and good. I have a boy who is everything to me, and whom I want to bring up properly. I tell him that the most I can hope for him is that he may be as good a man as his grandfather was. My father's character was what I believe a good Christian leader would consider the ideal one. He was pure in thought and deed. He was careful of the feelings of others—so much so, in fact, that when he had to do something to hurt them I believe he felt more pained than the people whom he hurt."

"I have heard stories in which General Grant has been reported as using profane language. Are such stories true?"

"No," replied Colonel Grant. "My father has told me himself that he had never uttered an oath in his life. He did not use even the ordinary expletives, such as are common among men. When he was a young man I heard him two or three times say 'thunder,' and once I remember hearing him say 'thunder and lightning.' But during the latter part of his life he did not use even such expressions. He never said anything that approached coarseness. He never told a vulgar story, nor would he listen to one if he could possibly help it. I remember that one time some gentlemen were chatting together, among whom was my father. One of the men said: 'I know an excellent story, which, however, it would hardly be proper to tell before ladies.' Here my father stopped him and said: 'Well, if that is so, let us then say that it should not be told before gentlemen.' My father would always leave a crowd rather than listen to such stories."

"You are your father's literary execu-