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GRANT IN HIS SON'S EYES.

A TALK WITH COL. FRED GRANT ABOUT HIS FATHER.

Some Interesting Light on the Character of the General and Incidents of the War—A Few Popular Errors Corrected.

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NEW YORK, April 2.—Any one who has laid his tribute of worship at the feet of General Grant without ever having seen the man experiences a surprise, and almost a shock, when he meets the master of the house at No. 245 West Seventy-fourth street, in the city of New York. The man whom he really meets, and whom he knows he meets, is Col. Frederick D. Grant. But the man whom he sees—and the illusion will grow on him all through a long morning's talk—is as exactly Gen. Ulysses S. Grant as if the painting on the western wall of the parlor of that house, or the crayon on the eastern wall of the library, had taken life, and, doffing its four-starred General's uniform for mufti, had stepped from its frame and sat down at the library desk to write an order to Burnside beleagured in Knoxville.

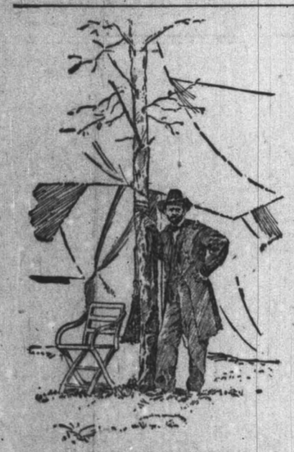
Colonel Grant is perhaps a larger man than his father, but proportionately their cranial measurements would probably tally almost exactly. The square, short head, indicative of the General's perfect equability of temperament, is reproduced in the Colonel. The features are the same. Particularly is the resemblance close in the nose of unobtrusive strength. The Grant nose is a Cæsarian organ with constitutional limitations, British and American. It must have been the nose of a potential dictator once, but ceturies of civil and religious liberty in Old and New England, have depressed the arch and set the member snug and law-abidingly in the face. There is the same penetrating and meditative eye, the eye that thinks but does not brood. There are the same squared, even shoulders. There is the same set but not protrusive jaw. There is the same brown beard, now slightly tinged with gray, for Colonel Grant has reached the age of forty-four, at which his father, his battles all over, had created for himself the rank of General.

When Colonel Grant begins to talk, and especially when, to illustrate points in his talk, he reads from his father's manuscript order-books, the similarity of mental process as well as of outward appearance is shown. The General never made phrases intentionally. He never left things to intuition. But he made things so clear, at enormous pains to himself, that he absolutely stopped all loopholes of misunderstanding. So with Colonel Grant, the attribute that strikes you most is the impossibility of getting an incorrect idea from him.

This mental similarity is not to be wondered at. The son lived in the father's shadow, slept in his tent, ate at his mess, rode by his side—a volunteer aid-de-camp, without pay, at thirteen—through the time when his mind was most plastic, and when his father's mind was strenuously solving great war problems.

ALWAYS DID HIS BEST.

"Did you notice any change," I asked, "in your father's manner or demeanor after he came East and took command of all the armies? Was there anything to show that he thought 'Here is the great task of my life'?"



GRANT IN THE WILDERNESS.

Colonel Grant shook his head, thoughtfully. "No," he said; "that was impossible. My father was always the same. He was always grave. He was always thoughtful. He was always gentle. He was always extraordinarily considerate of the feelings of others. I have never known a man who had such nice ways about him in that respect as my father. But, more than that, he always did his best. He did as much his best when he was a farmer as when he was lieutenant-general, and he never saw that doing your best in one position in life was any different from doing it in another. For instance, he never would look upon one particular achievement and say, 'That was my most brilliant deed.' He never looked at things that way. He used to say that he had done all he could, taken all the pains he could about everything, and if one thing turned out better than another it was because he had more or better information to act upon. No, he never felt one responsibility more than another. He felt it his duty to do his best under all circumstances, and after that he did not care. So he never thought that he did one thing better than another. It was the duty idea that ruled him. And I may say that in the history of my father's family that same idea of doing your best in the place you find yourself has been a ruling and an upholding one.

"It's been a rather remarkable family in that way, I think. His father did the best that was to be done in the little town of Georgetown, O., where he lived, and that was to be mayor, and draw the resolutions and platforms for the local political conventions. And his father did his best, and that was to fill a lieutenancy in the Revolutionary war; and that father's father was thanked by the Connecticut Assembly for his services in French and Indian warfare. There was another Grant, who became town clerk, back there in Connecticut. And so I think of each generation, since the family came here in 1630—it was of the clan Grant in Scotland originally—it may be said that there was some man doing his best, though until my father's time in a comparatively small way. Then my father's mother added greatly to the family stock of strict sense of duty. She was a woman who thought that nothing you could do would entitle you to praise; that you ought to praise the Lord for giving you an opportunity to do it. My father held himself to almost as strict an accountability, though he didn't extend it to others. He was always ready to praise his subordinates, and toward his children he was especially indulgent and lenient."

Grant's reticence to talk "shop" is one of the most marked but most exasperating instances of good taste in history. When the subject was mentioned to his son, he smiled a smile of amused remembrance.

"The only way I could ever draw my father out upon the art of war," he said, "was to engage in conversation with some one else and then to make purposely a misstatement. He would correct me, and then be very apt to give his opinion on the subject, whatever it was. He never studied strategy between the time of his leaving West Point and the breaking out of the rebellion. He had a few books, Jomini for one, and his memory retained all that he had learned at the academy. But, as a matter of fact, no European writer and no European commander could have given him much help in his campaigns."

THE SURRENDER OF VICKSBURG.

The talk fell upon Vicksburg, and Col. Grant, looking at it from the military standpoint, corrected my idea that it corresponded to the campaign of Ulm, and said that its true resemblance was to the Italian campaign of 1796-97. Then I suggested: "Colonel, there are a good many million boys in this country who would like to know what a thirteen-year-old aide-de-camp saw on the day of surrender."

The Colonel laughed and said: "Well, I don't know exactly where to begin. I remember that father had had it given out that we were to assault Vicksburg on July 4, when the attack was ordered for the 6th, and that brought the flag of truce; and then Pemberton and his staff rode out to meet my father and his staff. He and Pemberton went to one side and talked together, and then my father called Rawlins, and Pemberton called Bowen into consultation.

GENERAL GRANT.

In the meantime the two staffs mingled and talked about all sorts of things, and I listened. When we got back to the tent," and here the Colonel grew more interested and more exact in statement, "I remember how I wanted to lie down. Dysentery had pulled me down from one hundred and ten to sixty-eight pounds, and I had a toothache as well. The first thing I did after the surrender was to have that tooth pulled. My father sat at his little desk. That was all that was in the tent, except his cot and my cot; and the bottom of his was broken, and he had to stretch his legs apart when he slept in it to keep from falling through."

The Colonel stopped to laugh a moment at the recollection, and went on. "He began to write very hard, and with great interest of what he was writing. I lay on the cot, with my face in my hands. We were alone, and it was toward evening. At last there came an orderly with a dispatch. I remember seeing my father open it. He got up and said: 'W-e-e-e-ll, I'm glad Vicksburg will surrender to-morrow.'"

"Then you were the first to know," I said, "that Vicksburg had fallen."

"No, not exactly," said the Colonel. "I was the first one whom my father told, or rather he didn't so much tell me as speak aloud to himself."

WAS NOT A GREAT SMOKER.

The question had been put to Colonel Grant while he was describing the scene in the tent whether his father was smoking at the time, and whether he really smoked as much as he was said to have. "I'll tell you about that afterward," Colonel Grant then said: "I'll tell you how he came to smoke." So, after the Vicksburg incident had been disposed of, there came this first authentic history of Grant as a smoker.

"My father," said Colonel Grant, "tried to smoke while at West Point, but only because it was against the regulations, and then he didn't succeed very well at it. He really got the habit from smoking light cigars and cigarettes during the Mexican war, but it wasn't a fixed habit. When he left the army and lived in the country he smoked a pipe—not incessantly. I don't think that he was very fond of tobacco then, and really there was always a popular misconception of the amount of his smoking. But he went on as a light smoker, a casual smoker, until the day of the fall of Ft. Donelson. Then the gunboats, having been worsted somewhat, and Admiral Foote having been wounded, he sent ashore for my father to come and see him. Father went aboard, and the admiral, as is customary, had his cigars passed. My father took one, and was smoking it when he went ashore. There he was met by a staff officer, who told him that there was a sortie and the right wing had been struck and smashed in. Then my father started for the scene of operations. He let his cigar go out, naturally, but held it between his fingers. He rode hither and yon, giving orders and directions, still with the cigar stump in his hand. The result of his exertions was that Ft. Donelson fell after he sent his message of 'Unconditional surrender,' and 'I propose to move immediately upon your works.' With the message was sent all over the country the news that Grant was smoking throughout the battle, when he only had carried this stump from Foote's flag-ship. But the cigars began to come in from all over the Union. He had eleven thousand cigars on hand in a very short time. He gave away all he could, but he was so surrounded with cigars that he got to smoking them regularly. But he never smoked as much as he seemed to smoke. He would light a cigar after breakfast and let it go out, and then light it again, and then again let it go out and light it; so that the one cigar would last until lunch time."

POPULAR MISTAKE ABOUT THE WAR.

Here at Donelson the "March to the Sea" would have begun in the spring of 1862, instead of the summer of 1864, had General Grant had his way. Then the march was to have ended at Mobile. And after General Grant had taken command of all the armies, his objective point was still Mobile.

"His idea was to cut another slice out of the rebellion, from the West," said Col. Grant, leaving it to be supposed that the first slice was the fall of New Orleans, following the fall of Donelson. "But after Farragut had taken the forts in Mobile bay that slice was cut and Savannah was the next in order. Popular sentiment bestows rewards queerly," continued the Colonel. "The 'March to the Sea' gives Sherman his highest place in the estimation of the people. But Sherman's greatest feat was when he marched north after taking Savannah and prevented Johnston from joining Lee. That was a master stroke, and of his own making. Next to that was his execution of his orders in reaching Atlanta. Between them lay the 'March to the Sea,' which was a procession. The credit due him is for what he did before and after it."

There has been more "popular sentiment" about the Chattanooga campaign than any other of the war. Colonel Grant smiled as we came to talk about it, and walked across the room to some book-shelves. From the long rows of leather-bound books he chose out a volume of smoothly copied orders, saying, as he turned the leaves: "Lookout Mountain is called the 'Battle Above the Clouds,' I believe. The army lost nine men there, and at the other mountain, Missionary Ridge, it lost six thousand or seven thousand. Then there is another story that the troops carried Missionary Ridge, without orders, in an access of heroism. Well, let's see." He read from the volume of orders and commented. In all the multifarious detail of instruction, which took painful cognizance of the depth of mud on every crossroad and the comparative condition of the baggage cattle of each division, there was the fixed and iterated and reiterated exposition of the fact that Missionary Ridge, the point that was carried "without orders" by the Army of the Cumberland, was the point where the hammer of Thor was to strike when all this complex machinery should have raised it for its fall that was to re-echo through all the years of the Republic.

Chronologically the talk had come to Grant's journey east to assume general command and his first meeting with Lincoln. "Did he give you his impression of Lincoln when he returned from that interview?" I asked.

"Not exactly," answered Colonel Grant. "You see, I was with him at the time."

"Is it true that Lincoln quoted a story about Capt. Bob Shorty and the Mackerel Brigade from the Orpheus C. Kerr's paper to your father at that meeting?" I asked.

"Very likely, though I don't remember. The story that I do remember hearing him tell my father that day was about Jocko. Jocko was the commander of an army of monkeys in a monkey war, and he was always sure that if his tail was a little longer he could end the monkey war. So he kept asking the authorities of the monkey republic for more of a tail. They got other monkey tails and spliced them on his. His spliced tail got too long to drag after him, and they wound it around his body. Still he wanted more; and they wound his spliced tail about his shoulders. Finally it got so heavy that it broke his back. Mr. Lincoln applied the story to the cases of generals who were always calling for more men and never did anything with them. They talked about the campaign, but in a desultory way. I remember Mr. Lincoln saying: 'I don't give many military orders. Some of those I do give I know are wrong. Sometimes I think that all of them are wrong.'"

After this the boy aid-de-camp was sent to school, at the Grant family's new Eastern

FATHER AND MOTHER OF GRANT.

home, Burlington, N. J., preparatory for West Point, and he only had occasional glimpses of the war.

GRANT AS A SOUND MONEY MAN.

There are points in his father's career, Colonel Grant says, that even yet have never been made as clear as they should be made—for one, his position as a sound money man.

"Surely, the inflation veto made that clear," said I.

"Yes, then," he answered. "But have you ever considered how much his first inaugural message, recommending a return to specie payments, had to do with settling the finances of the country? Have you ever considered that all the legislation for resumption was accomplished during his administration?"

"Of those whom he met in civil life Conkling became the nearest to him, did he not?" said I, as our talk concluded.

In a rather pensive and low tone, Colonel Grant answered: "Conkling and my father loved each other. They were devoted; and Conkling's devotion was quite unselfish. There was a large element of hero-worship in it. He had three historical ideals—Mary Stuart, Napoleon and my father."

A. E. WATROUS.

Gerrymander In Ireland.

Galway, Kilkenny and Newry, with 5,169 electors, send three members to Parliament, while Belfast, with 35,000 electors, only sends four members. Kerry, with 21,792 voters, and Antrim, with 36,712, send four each; Longford, with 10,000 voters, has two members, while Londonderry, with 20,845 voters, has also two. Donegal has 28,149 voters, and sends four members, while Down, with 38,982, only sends four.

Good Is Best.

Good is best when soonest wrought;
Lingering labors come to nought.
—[Southwell.

WRAPS AND PARASOLS.

SHOWN IN A VARIETY OF NEW AND BEAUTIFUL STYLES.

Dressing Becomingly For Rainy Days—Sleeves Will Remain Full, But Will Not Stand Up So High On the Shoulders.

Parasols are not often carried until June has fairly set in, but sun umbrellas and coaching parasols are an absolute necessity before April is over. There was a happy time when parasol and umbrella could be used for one and the same thing, made medium size and in silk, it could be carried alike for sun and rain. But one of the absolute requirements of a woman's wardrobe in these times is a number of parasols, and one or more rain umbrellas. The umbrellas shown this spring are of plain colors or shaded silks. I saw one the other day of a shaded green which exactly matched the shaded green costume with which it was to be carried. The costume was of cheviot and the only difference between the umbrella and the cloth was it was covered with silk and the different material of course was not precisely the same color. Some of the shops undertake to cover an umbrella for a dollar, but the material in such a case is of very thin silk or silk and cotton mixed and is not satisfactory for anything but protection from the rain.

A year ago an epidemic of blue umbrellas with blue handles resembling lapis lazuli swept over the country. Never had so many umbrellas of precisely the same appearance been seen and a great deal of hard feeling has been displayed in public conveyances by women carrying umbrellas so identical in every particular that the maker could not have distinguished between them. These same blue umbrellas have worn remarkably well and are still carried by many, but the new ones are so much prettier it will not be long before they disappear. The newest ones are bright red with natural wood handle or with silver top at the end of the handle on which the monogram is engraved. It has taken women a long time to realize the advisability of dressing in a becoming way on rainy days, but they have awakened to the fact of the importance of so doing and these red umbrellas cast a very becoming shade over any complexion and are really enlivening among the hosts of black, brown and dull colored ones.

DAINTY WHITE ONES.

The parasols are marvels of beauty and taste. Expensive? yes, but there are all kinds and descriptions and even the cheap ones are dainty and pretty enough for anyone to carry. The novelty parasols are of course the most expensive and the handsomest. A white moire parasol trimmed with point DeGene or Chantilly lace and with white enameled handle and stick is a desirable thing to possess, but a white parasol of gros grain or even surah silk can be trimmed with platrae or any kind of cheap lace and is handsome enough to go with almost any costume for summer wear.

SOME SPRING PARASOLS.

Colored crepon is a beautiful material for parasols. In daffodil yellow and sea green, light blue and gray they look indescribably soft and artistic in coloring and when opened are also extremely pretty. The glace silks also make up to look well and glace silk comes in every color of the rainbow this season. It looks harsh when untrimmed and chantilly lace, black, is very much used to soften and tone down the crude effects. Black, which has been so much worn all winter, will still remain a favorite color this spring. In anticipation of this fact, the shop-keepers have provided themselves with a beautiful assortment of black parasols. All the different laces, crepons, surahs, moires, mousseline de soie, crepes and even grosgrain silks are used to cover the new shapes, which are invariably made with ebony handles.

Some of the parasols are made to begin with, of silk, and are covered with ruffles of graduated width to the very stick itself, where they finish off with a full ruche and a bow of ribbon; in and out of the flounces are put little knots of narrow baby ribbon and the whole effect is light and fluffy. In the case of white parasols this use of ruffles is a great advantage because with only the silk itself, the sunlight is dazzling and unbecoming. Lining made of thin rose pink silk is sometimes used by women who want to have their complexions look fresh and young.

OF BLACK SATIN, WHITE LACE AND MOIRE.

Parasols of the fancy colored silks striped or figured are the cheapest and they are really within the reach of every one. They wear well and can be had in a great variety of patterns. The natural wood handles or even the Dresden handles are prettiest with this style of parasol. The old-time parasol with the carved ivory handles made of fine black lace over white silk or with the coral handle which were in vogue in the time of the Empress Eugenie will, it is said, be once more in fashion this summer, with those who are always not only up to date, but a little ahead. Ivory and coral are certainly the fashion and there has never been any handle so pretty as ivory or coral when artistically carved, but celluloid imitations will doubtless soon flood the shops, and then good-bye to the original fashion.

A little rumor was whispered about some few weeks ago to the effect that big sleeves were doomed and many a woman took fresh heart again and fondly and deludedly thought she would be able to have two new gowns instead of one, as so much less material would be needed for the sleeves. The latest fashions would seem to prove that the rumor was an idle one. While the sleeves do not stand up to such a hight, they are as full and take up every whit as much room in the coats. It is impossible to wear any coat over dressy spring costumes with comfort. A cape is the only thing possible, and capes are in consequence seen everywhere. In light weight velvets, in silk bengaline, moire and lace, the wraps are made. They all stand out almost straight from the neck like cherubs' wings, and give every one a bunched-up appearance. Some are trimmed with lace, and some with insertion; some few are ruffled all the way up or down as the case may be, and the prettiest and most dangerous to health are merely deep collars either pointed or round. In tan cloth or gray crepon, wraps are often made trimmed with white lace or black and with a full ruche of crepe about the throat inside the collar, which is of course flaring.

WRAP OF BROWN VELVET, LIGHT SILK AND CREAM LACE.

EVENING WRAPS.

The evening wraps are more beautiful this spring than for many years past and can be made of inexpensive materials to look almost as well as the superb brocades and other heavy fabrics. Several young ladies have this spring ivory-colored, long, full cloaks for covering which are exceedingly handsome. They are made on what might be called the improved circular shape, and are long and full. They have stiff round shoulder capes of ivory mirror velvet covered all over with tiny gilt spangles and bordered with a band of beaver fur. Inside the full, high collars are full ruches of light heliotrope, which give an odd and becoming finish.

Another wears over her evening gowns a picturesque garment of pale gray satin brocade. It is made with enormous sleeves and a full Watteau pleat in the back, with full straight fronts and is finished around the neck and down the front with light gray ostrich feather tips. Such a garment needs careful cutting and fitting to avoid a bulky and unbecoming appearance, but this has been cut and fitted perfectly and is most becoming to a slender, stylish figure. This style of wrap really looks much like a tea gown but nevertheless is a sensible pattern. It can be made in a dark material or in any light cloth or cashmere. There really does not seem to be any absolute model to follow in wraps for afternoon and evening wear provided they stick out straight over the sleeves and are becoming, two facts which would seem to be in direct contradiction but with care, taste and ingenuity and a little study as to one's good points, the odd fashions of the present day can always be modified to look well. Individual taste has never had such an opportunity to show itself as now.

ANHELM.

JOLLY JINGLES.

The busy bee is on the wing—
Hail, gentle Spring!
The birds amid the branches sing—
Hail, gentle Spring!
New life is in the ambient air;
New growths are sprouting everywhere,
Except on my bald head no hair
Doth sprout, O Spring!
—[Kansas City Journal.

The tramp he tramps the country round,
For spring is in the air;
Or else a bench he holdeth down
Within the city square.
—[Philadelphia Record.

Go to the ant, thou sluggard,
For the days are coming nigh
When the ant is sure to find
The picnic custard pie.
—[Chicago Inter Ocean.

She was a very little girl,
Yet strong men fled in fright,
Because, you see, that little girl
Was going to recite.
—[Exchange.

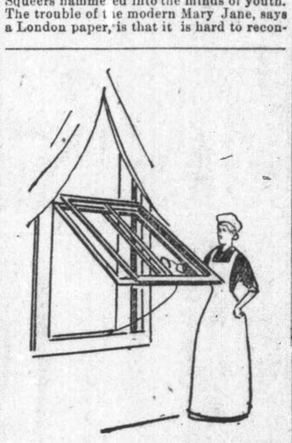
Equipped with basket, bait and rod,
He to the trout brook hies.
You'll hear him little later on
Rehearsing last year's lies.
—[Boston Transcript.

Wherever man essays to go
He meets the question, "Yes or No?"
Will he do it?
Does he say it?
Does he owe it?
Will he pay it?
Life is thus from day to day,
A brief response of yea or nay.
—[Galveston News.

THE NEWEST IN WINDOWS.

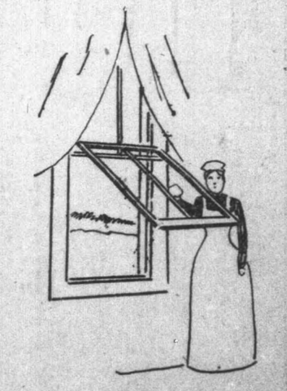
An Invention That May Lessen the Number of Cleaning Accidents.

"C-l-e-a-n, clean; w-i-n-d-e-r, winder" was one of the moral precepts which Mr. Squeers hamme ed into the minds of youth. The trouble of the modern Mary Jane, says a London paper, is that it is hard to recon-



CLEANING THE UPPER SASH.

cile the constant practice of the window-cleaning virtue with continued existence in one piece. Just when the upper window has after much rubbing attained a high degree of polish that makes it a pleasure to look at it, poor Mary Jane loses her balance



CLEANING THE LOWER SASH.

and drops into the area. As a matter of fact it is a terrible price that is paid in human life for the clean windows that are the housewife's joy. Mr. George Settles, of Forrest Gate, a gentleman who has paid a good deal of attention to the subject, says the number is something like a hundred and fifty a year of accidents that are immediately fatal; while accidents that are attended with subsequent fatal consequences, and accidents that result in serious but non-fatal injuries, are enormous in number.

In this connection London Queen makes note of an appliance which, if adopted, may tend to lessen the number of window-cleaning accidents. This appliance, it is said, absolutely obviates any sitting outside the window at all; the top and bottom sashes being, by an ingenious arrangement of bolts and hinges, brought right into the room itself, whether for cleaning, painting, glazing or any other necessary repair. The invention has been applied to several public buildings and to many new blocks of houses now in course of erection in London.

The Citizen's Duty.

In the last volume of Herbert Spencer's "Synthetic Philosophy" he discusses, under the head of "Political Beneficence," the duty of every citizen to take a share in political life. He says:

"In days of exclusive militancy, when slavish submission was conducive to efficiency in war, individuality of thought and action was out of place. But, under a political regime like that into which we have grown, taking a share in political life is the duty of every citizen, and not to do so is at once shortsighted, ungrateful and mean—shortsighted because abstention, if general, must bring decay of any good institutions which exist; ungrateful, because to leave uncared for these good institutions which patriotic ancestors established is to ignore our indebtedness to them; mean, because to benefit by such institutions and devolve the maintenance and improvement of them entirely upon others implies readiness to receive an advantage and give nothing in return. For a free political organization to remain alive and healthy, all its units must play their parts. If numbers of them remain passive, the organization, in so far as they are concerned, is dead; and, in proportion as such numbers increase, must corrupt."

Kossuth's Oratory.

[London Spectator.]

Soldier, administrator and financier, Kossuth was before all things orator, and may even claim to have been the greatest orator that ever lived. Certainly no other man ever made such speeches in another tongue as he made in English, speeches which great English judges pronounced matchless, and which can not be read even now without a surging of the blood. He had learned English from Shakespeare and the Bible, as a distraction in prison, but so to use it he must have had a gift, like that of the greatest musicians, who can interpret thought or any instrument, however little they may have used it. If Kossuth could have pardoned, he would have been one of the loftiest figures in history, but with the virtues of his race he had their foible, an unforgiving pride, that when aroused takes no heed of consequences even to their own cause.

The English Language.

[Detroit Free Press.]

She talked to him in the heat of passion,
Talked to him in a roasting fashion;
The more she talked the hotter she got,
And she froze him right there on the spot.

Does a Driving Business.

The cabman.

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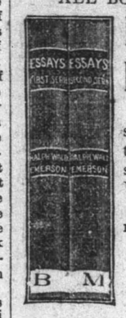

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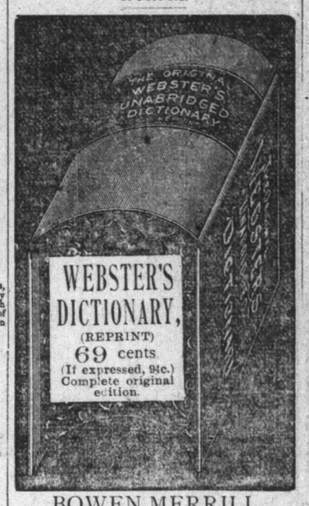

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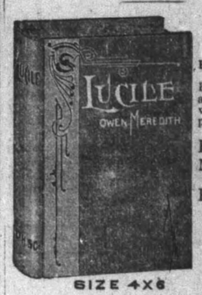

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