

amined him carefully, gave a prescription, and asked the General who his family physician was. General Grant said Fordyce Barker, and he was advised to see him at once. I could see that the General was suffering a good deal, though uncomplaining, and during the Summer several times he asked me if I had seen Da Costa, and seemed to want to know exactly what was the matter with him. General Grant, after he got worse, said to me, "I want to come over and see you, and have a talk with Da Costa." He was not afraid of the disease after he knew all about it, and the last time I saw him, just before he went to Mt. McGregor, he said, "Now, Mr. Childs, I have been twice within a half a minute of death. I realize it fully, and my life was only preserved by the skill and attention of my physicians. I have told them the next time to let me go."

A GREAT WILL-POWER.

The General had great will-power, and the determination to finish his book kept him up. He quickly made up his mind that it was a fatal disease, but he was resolute to live till his work was done. He said,—“If I had been an ordinary man, I would have been dead long ago,” and he seemed to appreciate very warmly the kindness and attention of his physicians.

In good health, General Grant would smoke a dozen very large, strong segars a day; but he could stop smoking at any time. He told me that toward the latter part of last summer, he got smoking fewer and milder segars, perhaps two or three a day. In February of this last year he expected to pay me a visit. He wrote, saying,—“The doctor will not allow me to leave until the weather gets warmer. I am now quite well in every way, except a swelling of the tongue above the root, and the same thing in the tonsils just over it. It is very difficult for me to swallow enough to maintain my strength, and nothing gives me so much pain as to swallow water.” I asked him about that, and he said,—“If you could imagine what molten lead would be going down your throat, that is what I feel when I am swallowing.” In that letter he further said,—“I have not smoked a segar since about the 20th of November; for a day or two I felt as though I would like to smoke, but after that I never thought of it.”

MEMORY OF PERSONS.

I remember a year ago this month, a number of the scientists wrote that they would meet in Montreal from all parts of the world. Sir William Thompson and others asked whether I would present them to General Grant. Some of them had met him. Of course, I was very glad to present them. I said to him in the morning: