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GENERAL GRANT AS A LOVER AND HUSBAND.

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I RECEIVED A note from Mrs. General Grant this week asking me to correct some of the many ridiculous stories which are now being printed concerning General Grant. Some of these stories are published by the very best magazines and newspapers. They are given out by parties who pretend to have had a close association with the general and Mrs. Grant, but who, on the contrary, hardly knew them, or, if so, only in the most distant way. I called on Mrs. Grant at her home on Massachusetts avenue he other afternoon, and had a long chat with her, in which she spoke of such matters, and told a number of new and striking things about General Grant's character.

"Here," said Mrs. Grant, as she handed me a paper, "is a story about General Grant and a sick baby which, I am sure, has no foundation whatever. The story describes how the general during one of his earlier campaigns called upon a Union doctor, a Mr. Goodier, in one of the southern towns. According to this story, while the doctor's wife was engaged in frying the chicken, and the general was talking to the husband, the baby of the family, a three months-old infant, began to squall with the colic, whereupon General Grant went to the crib, and, taking the baby in his arms, walked up and down the room with him, singing and whistling till the little fellow quite forgot his pain and, in words of the narrator, 'fell fast asleep in the arms of the man who was to become America's greatest military leader.'

"Now," said Mrs. Grant, "this is all very nice, but any one who knew General Grant would not have made such a statement. In the first place, he was not fond of babies. He was, in fact, a little afraid of children until they got to be at least as high as his waist, and the idea, that he would voluntarily take up a colicky baby and nurse it is preposterous. One of his greatest trials while he was in the White House was the children brought in by young mothers and offered to him to kiss. He would perhaps see them before they got near him and would turn around in a helpless way, so that you could see he was uneasy. When the doting mothers at last reached him and held up their children for him to salute, he sometimes blushed to the roots of his hair before he kissed them, and did it in such an awkward way that you could see he was not enjoying the operation.

"And then, this man says that Grant took the baby and walked up and down the room, singing and whistling until he soothed it to sleep. Now, it is a well-known fact that General Grant could neither sing nor whistle. The truth is, he could not learn a tune, and he had no great appreciation of music.

"During our trip abroad," continued Mrs. Grant, "we sailed through the Mediterranean on the United States man-of-war Vandalia, visiting Italy, Egypt and the Holy Land. While on this voyage we passed the island which is so celebrated in Homer as being the place upon which the beautiful sirens lived and where Ulysses landed and was brought to grief by their singing. As we neared this island a number of the naval officers came to me and warned me to put cotton wool into the general's ears lest he be affected by the sirens of the past I told them that there was no danger of General Grant being influenced by music, as he did not know one note from another, and that the singing of a thousand sirens could not charm him. The officers then said that the danger was not altogether in the voices, but also in the faces of the sirens. They were so beautiful that if the general heard them he would be drawn to the shores and lost, and they again urged me to use the cotton wool. I told them that the Ulysses of Homer had been deluded because he was alone and had left Penelope, his wife, at home. I said I learned a lesson from old Penelope and had accompanied my Ulysses, and with me I did not think he was in danger.

"And there is another thing about which I would like to say a word," continued Mrs Grant. "That is as to the part of this article which purports to give the general's conversation with some young ladies who were visiting his camp. The doctor who owned the baby introduced the young ladies' to General Grant and asked him if he did not think he ought to arrest them. To this, according to the story, the general replied: 'I am very fond of ladies' society, and I miss their refining influence in the camp. Don't you think, girls, I ought to make you my prisoners?'

"Now, the truth is, that the general was never familiar with ladies. I don't think he would have addressed those young women as 'girls,' and I am sure he would not have talked as he is here reported as doing. He was most courteous and respectful to my sex, but he was never familiar. The general was, you know, rather dignified and reserved than effusive. He was not what you call a hail-fellow-well-met kind of a man. He was fond of his friends, but he did not make much fuss over any one.

"Besides," continued Mrs. Grant, "from the way this article is worded, you might think the general was rather slangy in his talk. He was not. He never used anything but the purest and choicest of language. I have seen stories, in which he has been reported as profane. I never heard him use a word of slang or profanity during all the years that I knew him. For instance, I never heard him use the word 'damn.' He did not use the milder expletives, such as 'confound it,' or 'the devil,' which you know are often used by people who do not swear. It was the same with his thoughts. General Grant had the highest ideas of purity and virtue. He never referred to women except in terms of the highest respect, and he did not gossip nor tell stories about them. On the other hand, he liked to hear a good story, and he sometimes repeate innocent ones he had heard, to us at home."

"He was very domestic in his tastes, was he not?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Grant, "he spent all of his leisure at home. He always cared more for his home than for society."

I here referred to a story which I had heard concerning the general's courtship. It described how Mr. Grant, who was then a young lieutenant, had met Miss Julia Dent at a wedding, and, according to a custom which the writer said was prevalent in Missouri, had taken her home on his horse behind him, she holding on as best she could. During the journey the two had to cross a stream, and while in the water and fighting their way through the waves, as the writer stated, Lieutenant Grant proposed and was accepted. The couple then went on to the Dent farm, where Lieutenant Grant found Miss Dent's father, a rough-looking old farmer, sitting on a wood pile and whittling a stick. He was asked to sanction the match, and in rustic language consented. I knew this story could not be true, for I was always aware that Colonel Dent was one of the wealthiest planters of Missouri, and that Mrs. Grant had been as well educated, perhaps, as any girl in the United States at the time Grant proposed to her. When I asked her as to the truth of it, however, Mrs. Grant replied:

"Of course the story is not true. I was very indignant when I first heard it, and especially so as it put my father in