

meeting my little daughter Nellie during her stay in Europe some years before, and I replied, that my daughter had been so much pleased with her kind reception that she had become one of her royal subjects by marriage. The queen said she was glad of this, and, with a few other platitudes, the conversation terminated."

"By the way, Mrs. Grant, what is the true story as to the presence of Jesse at that dinner? You have seen the stories which were published some time ago, which stated that he refused to remain to the dinner unless he could sit down at her majesty's table?"

"Yes, I have heard the stories," replied Mrs. Grant. "They were not true stories, and I was very sorry to see them published. The truth is that Jesse's conduct there, as it has always been elsewhere, was that of a gentleman. He was treated like a gentleman everywhere in England, and there was no intention by the English to slight him there or anywhere. The matter arose through a misunderstanding, to put it mildly, on the part of Mr. Badeau. Jesse did not want to go to the dinner at all. He had an invitation that evening to attend a big ball in London, where there were a lot of young people, and when the invitation came he told his father and myself that he did not want to go. We were very anxious, however, that he should have all the advantages of our tour, and we thought it would be a pleasant thing for him to remember in after life that he had had such an experience. My children were all very obedient, and when I told Jesse that I would like to have him go he at once said he would give up the ball and attend the dinner. Shortly after we had arrived at Windsor castle and while we were resting in our rooms there, Mr. Badeau came in very much excited. He said to the general that he had been told that himself and Jesse were not to dine with the queen's party, but with the household."

"But," said the general, "that's your good fortune; the household is composed of young ladies and gentlemen of the nobility of England, and would not this be pleasanter for both you young men than to be at the other table?"

"Mr. Badeau, however, contended that he and Jesse were not being treated properly, and complained that it was an insult. A moment later Jesse came in and said that Mr. Badeau had informed him that he was to dine with the household and not with the queen, and if this was so he wanted to go back to London and go to his ball. He said he had come out there to dine with the queen and if it was a mistake, he thought he ought to be permitted to go back to London. He wanted to know of General Grant as to whether he had not given the queen's son a dinner at the White House when he was at Washington, and was so earnest in his desire to return to London that the general finally said he would ascertain as to the truth of the report. He then sent out and asked the person in authority if it was true that Mr. Grant had not been invited to dine at the queen's table. The answer came back at once. It was to the effect that the queen most certainly expected Mr. Grant to be one of that party at her table, and the result was that Jesse stayed. I think, myself, that Mr. Badeau was much provoked at the thought that he was not to be one

of the party at the queen's table and that this was the cause of the trouble."

"How were you treated at Berlin, Mrs. Grant. Did you meet the old emperor, Kaiser Wilhelm, when you were there?"

"No," replied Mrs. Grant. "It was just after the emperor had been shot by a would-be assassin, and though his wound was not mortal, he could not receive visitors. His palace was shut off by iron chains and the streets and pavements about it were cushioned with hemlock bark. We were entertained, however, by the crown prince and crown princess and again by the Prince and Princess Otto von Bismarck. Prince Bismarck took the general and myself to the war chamber, where the commission was then sitting to settle the Russo-Turkish war. The chamber was empty at the time and he pointed out the chairs in which the different commissioners sat, showing me his chair, that of Beaconsfield and others. As he did so I asked him what it was all for, and he looked at me evidently very much surprised at my apparent ignorance. I hastened to answer that I knew that it was to settle the terms of war between the Russians and the Turks, but I could not see what the Germans had to do with it. Prince Bismarck straightened himself up. His face at first was quite sober, but his mouth soon softened into a smile, and replied: 'To tell you the truth, madam, Russia has taken too much Turkey and we are helping her to digest it.'"

"Prince Bismarck was very courteous in his manners," Mrs. Grant went on. "I remember upon our departure he walked with me out to the carriage, and when I bade him good-bye and offered him my hand, he took it in his, and then bending low over it, kissed it. As he did so I said: 'Now, prince, if I go back to America and the people learn there that you have kissed my hand, every German in America will want to kiss it.'"

"Well," replied Prince Bismarck, as he looked rather admiringly down at my hand, which looked very small in contrast with his great palm, 'well, I should not wonder at that.' He then handed me into the carriage and said good-bye."

"Speaking of the meeting of Prince Bismarck and General Grant," Mrs. Grant went on. "I have seen the statement that when the two met together that the chancellor and the general talked dogs and duck hunting like two boys. This is not true. The general has been represented by some as being effusive in his manner at times. He was always retired and reserved. Even in his own family he was not demonstrative, and he never was what is called a hail fellow, well met man with strangers."

I here referred to General Grant's book, and Mrs. Grant told me that it had already netted \$500,000 to the family, and it was still selling. She said that Colonel Fred had gone over the book and revised it, adding a great many marginal notes as to dates and other matters, and that the new edition, which had recently been brought out, was much better than the first, which had been hurriedly prepared. I spoke to her of Grant's wonderful literary ability, and asked her if it was not a surprise even to her. She replied that it was not. Said she: "General

Grant always had a wonderful power of expressing himself quickly and clearly. It used to make me very angry to see the papers question whether he had written his own reports from the war, or whether they had not been the work of some of his literary clerks. He wrote all of his own reports and that with a pen. His last report of the war was penned in Georgetown in a house near the reservoir there, in which we were living at the time. Every one of his messages as President was written with his own hand, and no one ever saw them until they were sent to be copied, or to the printers. He wrote many of them in my room, coming there to be free from callers. He would be writing at my desk, and I would interrupt him by telling him gossip and stories, and, perhaps, asking him questions. He would stand it for a while, but at the third or fourth interruption he would sometimes say, 'Julia, you must really not talk to me now. I have a very important paper which I am writing, and I can't do it if you interrupt me.' Then he would go to work again, and in about half an hour I would forget about what he had said, and would burst out with 'Ulys, don't you know that,' and would go on with another story. He would listen until I got through and then go back to his writing. He made few corrections in what he wrote, and he was thoroughly well posted on almost everything."

"Was he much of a talker?" I asked.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Grant, "he could talk very well if he wished to, though it was often hard to get him to talk. He seldom spoke about the war, and there were some subjects which he would never take up of his own accord. He would never allow me, however, to make a misstatement if he could help it, and I often got him to talking about certain things by intentionally stating them in a way which I knew was not correct, whereupon the general would look at me in a despairing way and say: 'Now, Julia, I think you are mistaken about that, you have it all wrong. It was this way.' He would then go on to tell the true story of the matter in all its details. He grew interested as he talked. His face lighted up at such times, and he expressed himself in good language. He was a very well read man, and during most of his life he was a hard student."

"That is different from the idea generally held," said I.

"Yes, I know it is," was the reply, "but many ideas are held concerning General Grant which are not the true ones. I remember one instance in particular which shows how such stories sometimes arise. It is in connection with the statements made some time ago by the president of Harvard College to his pupils in a lecture, in which he referred to General Grant, and said that, great as he was in natural ability, it was surprising how meager was the general's knowledge of books and how ignorant he was as to matters of literature. He then referred to a dinner which he had attended at which he had sat next to the general and had asked him simple questions about books as to which he did not seem to understand how to answer. I remember that dinner very well and General Grant's remarks to me upon his return from it. He said complainingly: 'Why is it that I can never have any fun at a dinner? At this dinner from which I have just come they wanted to