Anecdotes of General Grant—His Habits.

"A Woman" writes to the Philadelphia Press, from Ashland, Pa., the following stories about General Grant:

During the first three years of the war I was actively identified with the Western branch of the Sanitary Commission, and had abundant opportunity of judging for myself in regard to the character and ability of many of our generals. During the entire campaign of the opening of the Mississippi it was my privilege to aid in caring for our noble patriots, both in hospitals and camps, and I have been for weeks together where I saw General Grant frequently, heard his name constantly, and never did I hear intemperance mentioned in connection with it. Facts are stubborn things. I will relate a few of the many that came directly to my knowledge: In the winter of 1862-3, when the army arrived at Memphis, after long, weary marches and trials that sicken the heart to think of, two-thirds of the officers and soldiers were in hospitals. General Grant was lying sick at the Gayoso House. One morning Mrs. Grant came into the ladies parlor very much depressed, and said the medical director had just been to see Mr. Grant, and thought he would not be able to go any further if he did not stimulate. Said she: "And I cannot persuade him to do so; he says he will not die, and he will not touch a drop upon any consideration." In less than a week he was on board the advance boat on his way to Vicksburg.

Again, a few months after, I was on board the headquarters boat at Milliken's Bend, where quite a lively gathering of officers and ladies had assembled. Cards and music were the order of the evening. General Grant sat in the ladies' cabin, leaning upon a table covered with innumerable maps and routes to Vicksburg, wholly absorbed in contemplation of the great matter before him. He paid no attention whatever to what was going on around, neither did any one dare to interrupt him. For hours he sat thus, until the loved and lamented McPherson stepped up to him with a glass of liquor in his hand, and said: "General, this won't do; you are injuring yourself; join with us in a few toasts, and throw this burden off your mind." Looking up and smiling, he replied: "No, you know your whisky won't help me to think; give me a dozen of the best cigars you can find, and, if the ladies will excuse me for smoking, I think by the time I have finished them I shall have this job pretty nearly planned." Thus he sat; and when the company retired, we left him there, still smoking and thinking, not having touched one drop of liquor.
When the army lay around Vicksburg during that long siege, the time that tried men's souls, I watched every movement it was possible for me to do, feeling almost certain that he would eventually succumb to the custom, alas! too universal among the officers. I was in company with a gentleman from Chicago, who, while calling upon the general, remarked, "I have some very fine brandy on the boat, and if you will send an orderly with me to the river I will send you a case or two." "I am greatly obliged," replied the general, "but I do not use the article. I have a big job on hand, and though I know I shall win, I know I must do it with a cool head. Send all the liquor you intend for me to my hospital in the rear; I don't think a little will hurt the poor fellows down there."

At a celebration on the twenty-second of February, before the surrender of Vicksburg, while all around were drinking toasts in sparkling champagne, I saw General Grant push aside a glass of wine, and taking up a glass of Mississippi water, with the remark, "This suits the matter in hand," drink to the toast, "God give us Lincoln and liberty; let us fight for both."