

do me great honor, as they always do, and they seated me next the greatest man at the table. This was the president of Harvard College. I saw that if I engaged in conversation with him I would probably spend the whole evening discussing subjects as dry as dust, and I concluded that I would not stand it and that I would have a good time like the rest of the fellows. Shortly after we sat down the president turned to me and asked me some questions regarding Napier's Peninsular War. I looked as though I knew nothing about any peninsular war. I answered something but my answer was evidently not satisfactory, for the president did not bother me again for fifteen minutes. When he next turned to me it was with a question about one of Dickens' novels. I looked very blank at this, and answered in such a way as to make him believe I had never heard of Dickens. The result was that he left me alone for the rest of the evening, and I really had a good time.

"I suppose, however, that I have ruined my reputation with him."

"But you ought not to do such things, Ulys" said I. "It gives people a bad impression of you, and they think you don't know anything."

"I don't care," replied the general. "That man was only a book worm, anyhow, and I did not want to talk books."

"As to Napier's Peninsular War," continued Mrs. Grant, "I doubt whether the learned President was nearly so well posted upon it as the general. I remember that he read this during the earlier days of our marriage, and not only read it, but made copious notes from it. He was well posted on all military works and upon all kinds of literature. Why, he has read thousands of pages aloud to me. My eyes have never been very strong, and during the greater part of our life he read for hours to me every evening. While we were at Galena he read all the speeches in Congress from both sides, and I was, perhaps, as well posted on public questions at that time as any woman in the country. His reading covered a wide range. It embraced all the great histories. He has read most of the novels of Dickens and Thackeray aloud to me, and I doubt whether there was a better read public man in the United States than he was."

The conversation here turned to the general's death, and I asked Mrs. Grant whether, having now moved to Washington, she would not prefer to have him buried at Arlington rather than at New York. She replied that she did not wish any change made. She said she could go to New York to visit his grave, and that she hoped his resting place would never be changed. She then told me how she happened to come to Washington, saying that she had not intended selling her New York house, but that being told that a purchaser wanted it, in order to save discussion she had fixed a price upon it so high that she did not think any one would take it. She had asked \$130,000 for it. To her surprise this offer was accepted, and she had to let the house go. In the meantime Mrs. Sartoris came over to this country, and she wished to live at Washington. Mrs. Grant had found that the climate of New York was such that she could not live there but a few months in the year, and she had hence bought the house in which she is now living. She told me that she liked Washington very much, that some of

the pleasantest days of her life had been spent here, and that she had regretted much when General Grant's presidential term had come to an end and she had to leave.

In closing my interview I asked Mrs. Grant something about her sons. She told me that Jesse and Ulysses, Jr., are doing well in San Diego, where they are largely interested in real estate, and are aiding in building up that city, which they believe will be one of the greatest on the Pacific slope. She is much interested in Colonel Fred Grant and in his work in New York city, which she, in connection with many others who know what Colonel Grant is doing, thinks is hardly appreciated by the republic. The truth, as I learned from well-posted outside parties, and not from Mrs. Grant, is that Colonel Grant is one of the hardest workers on the police force. Many of the lines of policy and some of the best movements that have been made in connection with the improvements of the New York city government were suggested by him, and a great part of the active work of the board is done by him. While Mr. Roosevelt and the other commissioners have been tearing the air and making speeches, he has been working, and, with the modesty of his father, has made no fuss about doing what he considered to be his duty. Mrs. Grant tells me that Colonel Fred grows more like his father every year in both looks and actions, and he has, she evidently believes, inherited much of his father's ability.

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#### JENSON'S TRAVELS.

LETTER NO. XXXII.

Friday, September 13th, 1895. One of the brethren who visited Apia reported on his return to Fagali that a Mr. David Kenison was about to sail for the island of Savaii on his schooner and would be pleased to take any of the Elders with him free of charge, a favor which he has extended to them on many former occasions. As Savaii was one of the islands on my traveling programme, Elder Beck and myself decided to avail ourselves of the proffered opportunity, for which purpose we left Fagali late in the afternoon. We spent the evening at the reading room in Apia, and the night with our friend Mr. Hellesoe. Our bed consisted of a single mat spread on the hard parlor floor with a small pillow for each of us, and a sheet for covering. I shall never forget that unyielding floor. Lie how I would, the boards underneath the single mat would not conform to the shape of my body. How often during that restless night did I wish for more flesh on my bones, the change of diet and climate having deprived me of ten pound of the scanty supply with which I left home four months ago. I imagine, for obvious reasons, that a man built somewhat after the style of my friend, Brother Frances M. Lyman, would have slept much more comfortable on the single bed than I did. How I felt like punching myself in the morning when I discovered a soft parlor sofa standing in the room, just long enough for a man of my size to stretch out in. Why didn't I get up in the night to occupy it? My companion assured me in the morning that he had slept well during the night,

but I imagined I saw a mischievous smile on his face when he said so. This was my introduction to a Samoan bed, though the natives sleep on their gravel or pebble stone floors, instead of lumber.

Saturday, September 14th. Quite early in the morning we boarded Mr. Kenison's schooner a fine little craft of ten tons capacity and with a deck forty-five feet long. It is generally manned by Mr. Kenison and his son Thomas, when there is no Mormon Elder on board to assist. At 9 a. m., anchor was lifted and I started out on the first schooner voyage of my life. The wind blowing gently from the north, we had to tack out of the Apia bay or harbor; but at 10:30 a. m. we found ourselves outside the reef and were able to steer straight for Savaii, the mountainous heights of which were seen in the west. For some time our progress was very slow owing to a calm, but after "Tommy" and a native lad had whistled repeatedly for wind, a pleasant breeze arose from the east which at once filled the sails and sent us toward our point of destination at a good speed. While Elder Beck tried his hand at the rudder, Captain Kenison and myself talked bible, religion and history until the good captain lost his reckoning and gave Tommy the wrong word of command, which resulted in running the schooner aground on the rocks just as we had safely crossed the dangerous reef at sundown to the smooth waters inside. And there she lay till the tide arose and lifted her off about midnight. But in the meantime Elder Beck rowed himself and me on shore in the little boat carried by the schooner. The distance was about a mile, and we landed at Mr. Kenison's pier at Salelavalu, near which one of our meeting houses also stands. Seeing that the two Elders stationed here were at home I conceived of the idea of playing smart by leaving Elder Beck behind and introducing myself to the brethren as a stranger. But I either played my part clumsily or my assumed looks and actions could not hide my true character as a Mormon Elder, for as soon as I appeared in the door, Elder Lewis B. Burnham, though he had not seen me before, greeted me quite naturally with, "Come in, Brother Jenson." So I went in, and Brother Beck followed; and we spent a pleasant evening with the brethren, after feasting with them on bread fruit and fish. It was the first time in my life that I partook of bread fruit. I was hungry and ate it with such relish that I called for bread fruit again at the next meal. Elder Lewis B. Burnham presides over the missionary work on the island of Savaii, and also has charge of the station at Salelavalu, assisted by his cousin, Elder George S. Burnham. Our schooner voyage during the day represented a distance of about thirty-five miles.

Sunday, September 15th. Meeting was held in the meeting house at Salelavalu, commencing at 8 a. m. Owing to the stormy weather—the rain descending in torrents—only about a dozen people attended. Elder Beck and I were the speakers. After the meeting we walked over to the residence of Brother Fred Kenison, the only white member of the Church at Salelavalu, and partook of a splendid meal prepared by Brother Kenison's native wife. At 1:45 p. m., we four Elders boarded a little boat manned by Fred Kenison and his