

the light of an uneducated man. This he was not. He was one of the prominent citizens of the state. He had a plantation of eleven hundred acres very near St. Louis, upon which we lived, and he owned lands in different parts of Missouri. This story puts me in the light of an uneducated farmer's daughter. The truth is that I had spent seven years at Professor Moreau's school in St. Louis, which was one of the most famous finishing schools of the south and west. I was eighteen years old at the time and had just come home from school.

"The story is only correct in that Mr. Grant proposed to me the day we attended a wedding together. One of my friends was about to be married and the wedding took place in the morning. Lieutenant Grant was among the guests invited, and he came to the plantation to accompany us to the wedding. He came to our house on horseback, but before we left for the scene of the festivities he asked my brother to take his horse and to allow him to use the buggy and drive with me. To this my brother consented. I remember that the day was a beautiful one. The sun shone out in all its splendor, but the roads were rather heavy from a previous rain. It was some distance from our house to that of my friend, and in going there we had to cross a bridge that spanned a little river. When we came to it I was surprised and somewhat alarmed to find that the stream had risen and that the gulch was filled with a rushing current, the water reaching almost to the bridge. Lieutenant Grant was very quiet, and it seemed to me that he was afraid of the bridge. It was an old one, and I was by no means certain that it would stand the strain. As we neared the bridge I asked Mr. Grant several times if he thought it would be dangerous for us to cross, and I told him that I would rather go back than take any risk. He assured me, however, that it was perfectly safe, and he said it so quietly that I believed him. As we came to the bridge, however, I said, 'Now Mr. Grant, if anything happens, remember, I shall cling to you, no matter what you may say to the contrary.' Mr. Grant simply said all right. He gave the horse the whip, and we were over the planks in less than a minute. Shortly after we left the bridge he asked me to be his wife, referring to my threat to cling to him to break the way. That same afternoon he wanted me to set the day, but to this I would not consent. I told him that it would be much nicer to be engaged for a time than to be married, but he did not seem to approve of this sentiment. We decided, however, that it was best not to say anything about our engagement that evening. Mr. Grant was rather afraid to speak to my father, for he feared that father would refuse. He left the house late in the evening to go back to his regiment, and a few days later General Taylor sent him to Camp Salubrity in Louisiana. Before he went, however, he wrote to my father, asking his consent to the marriage. My father was not willing to give this, and he did not answer the letter. He told me that he did not think I ought to marry an army officer. He said my husband would be away most of the time and that he did not consider the marriage a desirable one. He told me that I was too young and that Lieutenant Grant was too poor, and that

me. I then told father that I was poor, too, and that I hadn't anything to give him."

"How long was it before you saw the General again?" I asked.

"It was nearly a year," replied Mrs. Grant. "He was back then on leave of absence, and it was at this time that he asked father in person as to the marriage and got his consent. I can remember now just how Lieutenant Grant looked as he rode up to our house in his new uniform. It was one Sunday evening, and we were all sitting out on the porch. Father was going to Washington the next day. It was a great trip to go from St. Louis to the east in those days, and a number of our friends, perhaps twenty of them, from the surrounding plantations, had gathered there to bid him good-bye. I remember I was sitting on the porch when Lieutenant Grant came up. I gave him my hand and he shook hands with the rest of the party. The next day, when father went into St. Louis, Mr. Grant went with him, and it was during this trip that he asked father's permission to marry me. My father consented, but he said that he did not think the wedding ought to take place very soon. Lieutenant Grant offered to resign from the army if father insisted upon it. This was just about the time of the opening of the Mexican war, and Lieutenant Grant asked my father if he had any objections to his writing to me. He said no, and during the next four years, while Lieutenant Grant was absent in Mexico, I received letters from him every mail. I have those letters now. There are hundreds of them. Every one of them is full of affection, of love and war. Some of them have pressed flowers between the pages, some were written on the heads of drums which our troops captured from the Mexicans, and many of them were sealed with red wafers. I can remember still how I used to watch for the mail, and how I read my last letter over day after day until the next one came."

"Mrs. Grant," said I, "I have often wondered whether the stories are true as to the hard times which you and General Grant are said to have undergone just before the civil war."

"We did not have hard times," replied Mrs. Grant. "A great many people seem to want to reduce the general during his early life to the dregs of poverty in order that they may exalt him the more by his rise. This fact used to annoy him considerably, as it rather belittled his relatives. General Grant was never very poor. His family were what was called rich a generation ago. His father was a man of considerable means. He had property in Ohio, and the leather store at Galena—of which so much has been made, by some—was a branch store, which was afterward moved to Chicago and burned up in the great Chicago fire. While we were in Galena we lived very nicely indeed. We were among the best people of the town and had all of the comforts that one could wish. I see a ridiculous statement now going the rounds of the press in which General Grant is published as having been a teamster in Galena, and from it you would imagine that his business was that of a coachman or cab driver. I don't know whence this story comes, but I pronounce it an entire fabrication, as are also many other stories now being published. The truth is, the only horses that Mr. Grant drove while he

was in Galena were our own. We had a very nice little wagon, something like a surrey or a park phaeton, and a team of good horses. This belonged to the store, but it was used as a carriage team by us and by Mr. Grant's brother. Mr. Grant often took myself and the babies out of an afternoon for a drive."

"And then, again, the stories of Mr. Grant's poverty at St. Louis," Mrs. Grant went on. "A great deal has been made of his having hauled wood from our farm to the city. It is true that he often took a load of wood with him when he went into the city. We lived, you know, not far from St. Louis, and a load of wood was worth from five to six dollars. We had no money to throw away at that time, but still we had plenty to live upon very comfortably. My father had given me the farm, and we had a very good home and all we really needed."

"Did General Grant care for money?"

"No," replied Mrs. Grant; "I think not. He was very charitable, and he often wanted me to give away more than I did."

"He must have been a good husband," I said.

"He was the perfection of a husband," replied Mrs. Grant. "He was kind, true and loving. He was, I believe, one of the best husbands that ever lived."

"I have often wondered, Mrs. Grant, as to whether the general was a Christian, and as to what he thought about a future state."

"Yes, he believed in Christianity," replied Mrs. Grant. "He went to church regularly. I remember he always liked to be at church on time, and would be much annoyed if I was not ready. During his stay in the White House he attended Dr. Newman's Church, the Methodist Church, though he sometimes went to Dr. Sunderland's, which is, you know, a Presbyterian Church."

"Did Grant ever think that the war would go the other way?"

"I think he realized that it might," replied Mrs. Grant, "but he did not worry about the future. He did what he had to do. He laid out his plans, and worked with all his might to carry them out, borrowing no trouble as to what possibly might occur later on."

Frank G. Carpenter

VISITING EX-CANNIBALS.

PAGO PAGO, December 30, 1895.

On the 15th of November, President Beck, Elder Barton and myself set out in a small row boat to visit Mania a group of islands sixty miles east of here. We entertained great hopes of being able to preach the Gospel to those islanders who had never heard the voice of a Mormon Elder. Having a good breeze and a calm sea, we were wafted over the mighty deep until near midnight when suddenly the roar of the angry breakers on the coral reef surrounding the island was distinctly heard. Our captain (Satele) was well acquainted with the passage or opening in the reef, and after making as accurate observations as the darkness of night would permit, we at a signal bent lustily to the oar, and soon found ourselves inside the reef through the breakers and out of danger, for all of which we felt very thankful.