THE MARRIED LIFE OF GENERAL U. S. GRANT.

YOU ask me for a sketch of our home life—of General Grant's and mine. But as I take up my pen, I hesitate as to the time in all of my happy and eventful life about which I shall write.

Shall it be of the first years, when I left home such an inexperienced little wife? Never was one less experienced, or more— I will not say pampered, but petted and spoiled. Idolized by my dear father, sharing equally with the other children in the affection of my mother, and the slaves all vieing to please me, as even they saw that I ruled papa.

Until my marriage, I had never been twenty miles from home, and it gave Lieutenant Grant great pleasure to witness my delight over the changing scenery, and my astonishment at the grace and ease of the action of the great river steamer as it moved like a thing of life.

How pleased he was that I liked his family, and his Ohio friends!

When we arrived at Madison Barracks—his station, what pleasure we had in selecting our furniture, and all the pretty things to decorate our home!

My china tea-set I thought was a marvel of beauty. I knew fine china when I saw it, for my mother's was very nice indeed—but this was my very own.

A little incident may not be out of place here: My father spent the last ten years of his life with us at Washington. About a month after we went to the White House, while taking tea, he impatiently replaced his cup upon the table, and exclaimed, "Sister," (he always called me sister) "I cannot drink tea out of such a cup as this! Why, that is coarse stoneware, and weighs a half pound at least. Tea is not good unless the cup is delicate and the edge is gilded, and I want you to know I am not coming to the White House to drink tea out of any such china! If you don't get me something I can drink my tea out of with comfort, I'll be d—d (papa was an old Jackson democrat) if I don't go and buy a set myself!"

Of course another set of china was ordered for the private dining-room at once.

As I said, mother's was very fine china indeed, white, and gold—I have a piece or two of it now; but mine was covered all over with lovely hand-painted field-flowers. Then my handsome coffee and tea service of Sheffield plate, and our carpets, only two or three, but all lovely in our eyes.

There was much discussion and calculation about cost, but also glorious rides behind the lieutenant's fleet-footed steed over the smooth plank-road, then a new thing.

Then imagine my husband inviting four or five of the officers to dine with us at our first dinner! Of course he had to withdraw the invitation, for how did I know that Hannah understood cooking? He was amused at my real dismay.

"I thought everybody knew how to cook—I do," he said, "and many a savory mess I have helped to make at West Point. I have roasted apples, and sometimes even ventured on roasting a fowl."

When I inquired when and how, he told...
me, with boyish pleasure, "The potatoes, beef, etc., we fellows brought from the Mess Hall (now Grant Hall) in our caps. The apples were usually the result of a foraging party to old Kinglev's garden.

"And the fowl, Ulysses, where did they come from?" I asked.

"Oh, usually from Colonel Delafield's coops."

At my expression of horror at this really dreadful admission, he said, "Do not be alarmed, I was not adroit enough to be of these parties; but I did both help cook and eat those wonderful suppers."

So of course he thought any one could cook. Hannah proved, to my great satisfaction, a household treasure.

The officers were asked to come the next day, when I had much pleasure, though I felt some responsibility in arranging the appointments of my pretty table, seeing that all were properly placed, and remembering with loving pride the well-served table of my father's house.

Well, the officers came, and to my smiling welcome they said, "Then we can stay to-day, can we? Everything is right, is it? And Hannah really knows how to cook, does she?"

Only imagine! the lieutenant had told all these men that they could not come to dinner because Mrs. Grant was not sure that Hannah knew anything about cooking, and would like to have a trial dinner first. How they all loved to tease me ever after when he would ask any of them to dine with us! They would timidly peep in at the door, and ask, "Is it all right? or, "Shall we come another day?"

MANAGING THE HOUSEHOLD.

My husband from the beginning to the end gave me an allowance for our household expenses, varying according to his means and our requirements (I have therefore lived on a lieutenant's pay and spent that of a president), and I must not fail to say that he was more than liberal with me. This plan was adopted at my suggestion. I had witnessed much distress and unhappiness in families that were richly endowed with worldly possessions, but owing to the fact that the wives were compelled to have all household expenses charged, the bills at the end of six months or a year (the usual method fifty years ago out West) were startlingly large. Then the husband looked and felt abused, and perhaps stormed like a tyrant; and thought that his family cost too much, while the poor wife was humiliated, and felt and looked like the veriest culprit. Having eaten all the nice dinners, worn good clothes, and been warmed by bright fires, she was treated as if they were for her alone, and often scolded, as if her husband and six or seven children had not enjoyed all these comforts with her. Well, I asked my husband to give me an allowance, which he did promptly, and, as I said before, a very liberal one. I therefore never had to ask him for money; he always brought it to me with seeming pleasure at the beginning of the month. With a vague idea that a great responsibility was resting upon me, I bought a little blank book, and began to keep accounts, which never, never would count up just right. To this day I keep my account book, but still, all the same, they will not balance.

Sometimes, when much troubled over my little book, I have asked my husband to help me. He tried, but gave it up, saying, "Excuse me, I cannot make out your mathematical conundrums;" and I could never persuade him to try again. He would generously offer to make up the deficit. But it was not always deficit. Sometimes I found I had too much on my balance-sheet.

A NEW RECRUIT.

After nearly two years I began to make preparations for the expected arrival of a very welcome recruit to our family; and such dainty articles were fabricated by my loving heart and deft fingers as never were excelled. The young recruit arrived May the 30th, 1850, and a better recruit Uncle Sam never had. Papa, for whom he was named, declared he would some day be a general. Colonel S., of Kentucky, announced with emphasis that he would some day be president of the United States. The little fellow, who had been brought in on exhibition, at this time was looking wonderfully around, clasping and unclasping his rosy dimpled hands, until he caught my glance, and then he smiled, and reaching out his little arms, fell into those of his happy mamma.

After two years, or more, our baby became a great boy, with kilts and pinafores, who used to take his turn with the officers in seats, of agility, such as jumping from the piazza. Every one measured
CHILDREN IN A LIBRARY,

Fred's leaps, and to his great delight he jumped his length every time—he could not well do less.

About this time, some orders came from Washington for our regiment to go to California, where it was then impossible for me to accompany my husband: so here ends the first chapter in army life.

Perhaps it would have been more interesting if I had given you a brief sketch of the charming four years on our farm in Missouri, where I so well remember Mrs. Grant planting some okra seed, and growing impatient to have it grow up, he dug up some of the little hills with his pocket-knife to see why they did not sprout. At last we concluded to steep some of the okra seed in hot water and plant again. Soon after this second planting, to our delight the tiny leaves appeared, and a delicious dish of chicken gumbo our black mammy made.

Or perhaps you would prefer that I should describe the four years in the field with General Grant, or my eight years spent with President Grant at the Executive Mansion; or would you rather wish me to write of Penelope journeying around the world with her Ulysses?

Penelope Grant.

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CHILDREN IN A LIBRARY.

BY THE LIBRARIAN.

I dwelt in halls of learning
As guardian of the books,
Where stood, 'mid Gothic shadows,
The bust of Socrates;
Without were lawn and garden,
And academic trees;
One June there came fair children
To peep in all my nooks.
Oh, many a dead old volume
Could hear their every tone;
Upon the books of science
Their breath was soft and warm;
Their eyes made bright the record
Of some historic storm;
They smiled upon the poets,
Who knew them for their own!

Where'er I look on Mildred
I hear the silence sing;
By Ethelwyn I fancy
A white protector nigh;
But if on darling Beatrice
You chance to fix an eye,

Why then you think all mischief
A very lovely thing.
Their summer hats they braided
With honeysuckle vine;
I plucked it at their bidding,
And then me too they crowned,
Remember, O my spirit!
In city tempest drowned,
That library the squirrel knew,
At play upon the pine.

If, after life of battle,
I conquer with renown,
And lead a holy triumph
Along the Narrow Way,
I'll not be crowned with laurel,
I'll not be crowned with bay:
I'll kneel before the children
For a honeysuckle crown!

Albert J. Edmunds.

Library, Haverford College,
June 19, 1889.