HARRISON AS A SOLDIER

Col. Samuel Merrill Talks About Gen. Harrison's Service in the Army.

An Officer Who Was Always on the Lookout for His Men—Incidents of His Kindness Showing Him to Be a Man of Keen Sympathy.

Col. Merrill's Recollections of Gen. Harrison.
Boston Daily Advertiser, June 26.

Col. Samuel Merrill, of Indianapolis, who was the Lieutenant-colonel of the regiment which General Harrison commanded during the war, happened to be in Boston, yesterday, and was naturally very much pleased to hear of the honor that had come to his old commander. Colonel Merrill lives in Indianapolis, and while not a professional associate of General Harrison, still keeps up the pleasant acquaintance begun in the field. He consented to tell the Advertiser some things about the personal character and army record of the nominee, which will be very interesting as coming from a man who has known him since he first set foot in Indianapolis, and who served next to him in rank in the army, and who, therefore, speaks from what may be almost termed a lifelong acquaintance. The Colonel said:

General Harrison came to Indianapolis just after he had finished the study of law, when he was quite young—he could not have been twenty-five years of age—and has been a growing attorney ever since. He has of late years always been pitted against the strongest men in the State, such as Senator Joe McDonald and the late Vice-president T. A. Hendricks, and all men of both parties have admitted that Harrison was their superior as a lawyer. He married in Ohio before coming to Indianapolis, his wife being Miss Carrie L. Scott, daughter of Rev. Dr. Scott, of Oxford. He came to Indianapolis a poor man, entirely dependent upon his earnings as an attorney, and he is a comparatively poor man to-day. There is a large number of persons that he has been looking after in a benevolent way, and although his earnings have been very large, yet, as his partner once remarked to me, he has given away a fortune every year to those who have relied upon him for support, and remains a poor man himself.

When the war broke out he had the most lucrative office in the State. He was Reporter of the State Supreme Court, to which office he was elected by the popular vote. He was always in demand as a stump speaker; everybody delighted to hear him, for while he looked so boyish, there was no one in the State who was his equal as a speaker, and he was in politics, as in law, pitted against men of twice his age—the prominent men on the other side. He was nominated for the office of Reporter by the State convention and was elected for a term of four years. That was, I think, in 1860, although he did not take the office until 1861.

When McClellan was driven back from Richmond there was a call for more troops, and it being a time when married men went into the service, Colonel Harrison raised the first company there under that call, and he was appointed colonel of the Seventieth Indiana Regiment, which was a regiment of 1,050 men. It left for the front and was in Kentucky in less than a month from the time that Harrison was appointed second lieutenant and commenced recruiting. We first marched to Bowling Green. Just after this Buell's army passed us there, falling back to Louisville and its neighborhood. You will remember, perhaps, that there was a dash made by Bragg on Louisville. The regiment took part in no battle, although there was skirmishing on foot with Morgan's cavalry. We had some skirmishes and killed some of his men, but did nothing that was of any importance at all in the way of fighting until we marched for Atlanta. We had been with Thomas, but Sherman took command there. We were in the Twentieth Corps, under Howard. The troops were drawn from the East and brought into our command just after the battle of Chickamauga. The first real battle that we were in, where we lost largely, was at Resaca on Sunday, the 15th of May, 1864. Harrison had command of the whole thing, you might say; that is, he led the charge on foot, but there was what was called a charge by the regiment en masse. He was at the head of the division massed by regiments. The Seventieth Indiana was in the battle line, and the rest all massed right behind it, in an attempt to take a fort on the hill.

It was quite a heavy fight; we fought there all the afternoon, finally taking the fort and capturing two of the guns—two brass pieces, which were the only guns that were captured from the enemy in all that campaign. Harrison led the charge himself, in front of the regiment, and was, of course, in front of the division behind it. There must have been twelve regiments rushing to battle one after the other. We drove things right before us and, as I say, took the fort. Harrison was promoted there, I believe, or at least brevetted there as brigadier-general. That charge broke the line and the enemy fell back that night; they would have been driven into the river if they had not fallen back. He went through to Atlanta and took part in the fighting of that campaign.

We had other battles and lost a great many men, of course, before this, but the great fight was on the 20th of July, when Hood was put in command and came out of the works to attack our forces as they were crossing Peachtree creek. He commanded the brigade there, and it was the first opportunity that we had had to meet the enemy outside of their works. Hood was foolish enough to think that the proper thing to do was to come out and whip us, and, although they outnumbered us five to one, our men just threw up their hats, and with the cry, "My God, boys, they are out of the works!" they charged them. There was a charge on their part, and a return charge on our part, and we drove them from the field.

After the battle of Atlanta, when the time for the presidential election arrived, General Harrison, like a good many other officers, went home to vote, and on his return found that Sherman's army had divided from Thomas's, Sherman pushing on to the sea, and Thomas remaining behind at Nashville, to fight Hood, and there he joined Thomas's army, was put in command of one of his brigades, and took part in the battle of Nashville. After the defeat of Hood he hastened to North Carolina, and was in command of his own brigade when Johnston surrendered.

* * * In the army he was indefatigable in his care for the health of his men, and took pains to see that they were clothed and that they were not imposed upon; his men all honored him greatly. Although they did not like his discipline they liked him as a brigade commander in a fight. In regard to his discipline he would be spoken of as a strict disciplinarian. He exercised great care to see that his men were supplied with clothing and food and that sanitary laws were observed. While other States had influence at Washington and were pushing their officers ahead for high positions, the State of Indiana, having fewer general officers in proportion to the number of privates than any other State in the Union, did not push her officers into prominence, and the result was that, although General Harrison was as capable of commanding a corps as any of the corps commanders, his modesty and unwillingness to ask for anything for himself kept him from taking the high position to which he was entitled and for which he was fitted. General Harrison is a member of George H. Thomas Post, of the Grand Army of the Republic. He is very popular among the soldiers of his own State, and he has never pushed himself forward in the Grand Army any more than he did in the field, but has left to others the seeking of official position.

General Harrison is fifty-four years old. He has been for more than thirty years an elder of the Presbyterian Church; he is greatly attached to his family, which consists of his wife and two children. All of his wife's brothers and all of his own brothers went into the service. His children are a son and a daughter. Gen. Harrison has less pride of birth, more thoughtfulness about the work in which he is engaged and less about himself and how he appears than any man I ever met. He entertains liberally and is a large giver to every good work. He has the reputation of being a cold man. That is caused by his being a thoughtful man and having important cases on hand. He is often seen in a brown study, to use a popular expression. He is very popular in Indianapolis, and takes a prominent place in social, benevolent and religious matters. He is the firmest and most determined man I ever met, and I do not believe there is money enough nor power enough to make him go wrong as President when he knows the right path to take. His associations are with the best of men and the purest of women. He is a man of very elevated thought, and singularly like Grant and Howard. I never heard him in the army repeating stories that could not have been told in the presence of ladies. He has an office in Indianapolis to which he walks or rides in a street-car, and frequently his wife, who is a very attractive woman, and very attentive to him, comes down and takes him home in their carriage.

Brave, Considerate and Merciful.
To the Editor of the Indianapolis Journal:

A lady asked me what kind of a man General Harrison was in the army, for, if he was all right, she wanted to work for him. As there are thousands of such inquirers, let my brief reply be an open letter. Although General Harrison's regiment was marched right into the heart of rebeldom its most dangerous enemies were at home; traitor sympathizers, who wrote letters to the soldiers encouraging disobedience and desertion. It took a strong man to overcome this spirit of insubordination and mold the battalion into willing submissiveness. This was so effectually accomplished that in times of danger every soldier was delighted to know that General Harrison was in command. As time progressed this feeling deepened until no officer stood higher in the estimation of his men, and there was no commander into whose hands his soldiers would more willingly commit their honor and their lives. In one of the battles in sight of Atlanta, when General Sherman sent word to the corps engaged that if they would hold their ground he would take the city before night, General Harrison, instead of sending the command by his aid, rode along the line among the flying bullets, and himself conveyed the order to the regimental commanders. The ground was held, but it was several nights before Atlanta was taken.

In the march he was merciful, protesting against unnecessary haste. Frequently he would take the guns and accouterments of some poor worn-out fellows and carry them before him on the saddle. Often I have seen him dismount and walk while a sick soldier occupied his place on the horse. Those who were ill in the field hospital testify that they were not forgotten by their kind commander, but that he was deeply interested in their recovery, constantly making inquiries as to their welfare and suggestions for their comfort.

He protected the private soldier from imposition by those in authority, as a father would his own children. Once when we had been cut off from our supplies for a long time the men became so ragged that it was pitiful to see them. At last a partial stock was received by the quartermaster. Some of the officers appropriated the pantaloons to their own use. As soon as this was known General Harrison compelled these lordly fellows to strip, and turn this clothing over to the rightful owners. If at any time he felt that he had wronged one, his sense of justice gave him no rest until he had repaired the injury.

He did not have a code of morals to be observed at home and neglected abroad, but there was the same purity of conduct and conversation while a soldier in the field, as when a citizen going through his daily round of duties, with all the sweet restraints of family and friends.

S. MERRILL.

Recollections of a Soldier Comrade.
Detroit Tribune.

"General Harrison was a brigade commander in our division of the Twentieth Army Corps," said Capt. H. A. Ford yesterday, "and I came to know him well. Indeed, I was indebted to his kind offices for the most interesting military association I had as adjutant and chief of staff to the celebrated Irish refugee, Gen. Thomas Francis Meagher. Harrison was a thoroughly kind and good man, very popular with his command, and a large army acquaintance. He was an able and courageous officer, and I have no doubt that his prompt, well-directed action saved the day at Peach Tree Creek at a critical moment of the Atlanta campaign. But for him I think our army on that field would have been cut in two, and at least one wing of it rolled up and badly shattered.

"When Wood delivered his savage attack the colonel happened to be away from his brigade at an advanced position a little to the right held by Eastern troops. General Ward had been returned to the head of the division, and with his staff, upon which I was then serving, was resting, unexpectant, upon a knoll in the rear. The first onset fell where Harrison was, and he, divining at once the character of the attack, and the need of immediate resistance, came dashing down the hill on his splendid charger, riding down bodily a partly barred gate as he flew, and without an instant's hesitancy for orders, moved his brigade to the top of a short but sharp slope, at whose foot it had been halted, and forward until the enemy was met, as he was almost at once. Other troops connected speedily on the right and left, and here the impetuous rebel advance was stayed once for all. But I have always felt that if it had had the advantage of a charge down that slope upon our unprepared lines they would have been driven in hopeless disorder into and across the deep stream in our rear, and the battle would, in in all probability, have been lost.

"Harrison was the hero of Peach Tree Creek, which made him a brigadier. He was the senior field officer in the brigade at the previous battle of Resaca, bore himself gallantly in one of the most desperate and deadly charges of history, that which captured the redoubt and four guns and took command of the force after General Ward had been wounded and retired from the field. His service throughout was honorable and efficient, and would have advanced him to a more prominent position had he been an older man. I am sure that no one met him in those days who did not feel his mental and moral power and expect of him great things in the coming days. His brief speeches at spontaneous assemblies of the troops, as in front of Raleigh, when news of the death of Lincoln was received were remarkably well put and often rose to eloquence. I have heard him since in political speeches to throngs of Hoosiers, whose popular idol he is, and thus have personal evidence that he has nobly answered the promise of his earlier manhood. He is a thoroughly good and true man of old Presbyterian stock, to whose traditions he has been faithful. He was the only general officer I knew or heard of at whose headquarters family prayers were regularly held.

"The first camp of my regiment in active service was made near his boyhood's home, the farmhouse of his father, John Scott Harrison, in the point between the Great Miami and the Ohio, some miles from North Bend, where his President grandsire lived and is buried. I am reminded by this of the filial duty which prompted the younger Harrison to may be the strongest, certainly the most heartfelt and indignant work of his life. About ten years ago, making a search through the medical colleges of Cincinnati with a friend and client of his, who had lost the remains of a father by the hands of body-snatchers, he was unspeakably horrified to find at the end of a rope drawn from a vat or well under one of the institutions, the venerated features of his own father, whose form had been similarly robbed from a new-made grave. The manner in which the General dealt with the indifferent or insolent officers of that college is most memorable in his history, and is not the least among many creditable incidents of his public and private career. He is every way a strong, pure man, of the best record and noblest ambitions, and his administration of the chief magistrate's office will be one of the grandest in American annals."

General Harrison at Resaca.
Sketch in Boston Advertiser.

It was at Resaca that Colonel Harrison's courage as a soldier was tested to its fullest extent. His brigade lay under cover of the woods. Orders were received during the afternoon of one day to break that cover, and charge through a stretch of open field to the crest of a hill a quarter of a mile away, to take a battery which was being used with terrible effect upon the national forces. Colonel Harrison's regiment was in advance, and he, as the ranking colonel, was at the head. His orders were peremptory to charge at once. The officers were to dismount and go on foot with the men. Colonel Harrison only asked one question of the aid-de-camp who brought him the order. He said to him: "You are familiar with the field outside. I am not. Will you go ahead with me alone, and show me the direction of this battery, for if I were to charge out now I would be as apt to charge flank on to it as any other way?" Colonel Harrison walked out of the woods then with this officer. When they had barely left the cover a puff of smoke from a neighboring hill and a screaming projectile emphasized the indication swiftly made by the guide. Harrison instantly waved his sword to his men behind him, shouted "Come on, boys!" and with the four regiments yelling at his heels he ran toward the hill, which now concentrated upon his column a most murderous fire. Between the woods and the crest of the hill the brigade lost one-third of its men in killed and wounded. After a spurt of very savage fighting the Union forces succeeded in capturing the outside line of the breastworks; but between them and the battery itself was a line of insurmountable stakes and brushwood. Night fell before the battery itself was taken; but during the night Harrison's men tunneled up through to the guns and captured them, lowering them into the tunnel. At break of day they expected the contest for the crest of the hill to be renewed, but the rebels had withdrawn in the night, greatly to the disappointment of General Sherman, though not a single member of Harrison's brigade was disappointed at the result.

How He Became a Soldier.

Mrs. Harrison thus relates the circumstance of General Harrison's enlistment. "My husband enlisted in the army in July, 1862. Knowing Governor Morton intimately he went one morning in that month to consult him on some matter, and while there in consultation the Governor said to him sadly that the call for 300,000 men by the President had been answered so slowly and with such reluctance that he did not know what would become of the country. There seemed to be no desire to go to the front and little patriotism to urge men forward. General Harrison immediately assured the Governor that there was one person in the State who stood ready to go at any time, and that he would be found at the front as soon as ordered there. Governor Morton thereupon asked him to recruit a regiment, and without ever consulting his family he undertook the work and enlisted in the service of his country. I knew nothing of it until he came home and told me about it. I told him to go and do what he could to save the imperiled flag. I thought it was his patriotic duty."

One of His Old Regiment.

Dan M. Ransdell, ex-county clerk, one of General Harrison's old regiment, and a steadfast friend and admirer of his old commander, says in regard to him: "As an officer General Harrison was noted as a disciplinarian. Many of his men, who had been unused to restraint, thought him at first tyrannical and exacting, but when the regiment got into active service they all saw the immense benefit resulting from his strict discipline, and whatever they thought of it at first, forgave him for it afterward. Remarkably cool under fire, no one ever saw him manifest the slightest indication of fear. He shrank from no duty, however dangerous it might be, nor did he ever shirk the slightest responsibility. Conscientious and faithful to the last degree, he threw his whole heart and soul into the service. No officer was more beloved by his men than General Harrison. The privates of his regiment would have died for him to a man. His call to them was always 'Come on boys,' and never 'Go on boys.' His motto was, I know, at least his conduct showed it. 'I will never ask my men to do anything that I would not do myself,' and of course the boys had a deep respect and affection for such an officer. We went into the fight at Resaca with 600 men, and lost 257 killed and wounded. General Harrison was in the thickest of the fight and never flinched once. I remember a charge on a battery in one of the battles where we had to cross a ravine and charge up a hill on the rebels. A whole corps was supporting that battery. We ran up the hill, fell down on our breasts, loaded, and sprang up again, and so until we got within a few paces of the enemy. I remember seeing General Harrison standing up there right in front of the rebels, waving his sword in one hand and brandishing a revolver in the other. I tell you there was no discount on him as a soldier. He was as good as the best, as every man that saw him in the war will tell you. We were on garrison duty for some time after we went out, and I know it was a great dissatisfaction to General Harrison to be kept at that kind of warfare. He chafed under it, and wanted to get to the front, and when he got there he rendered valued service. Another thing, he was peculiarly kind to his men. I have seen him give up his horse on a long march to a weary soldier, and shoulder the private's gun and march along with the regiment. I remember once he did me that kindness. I have always loved him and admired him, and I might say I have always insisted that he would one day be President of these United States."

Governor Rusk's Congressional Record.
Chicago Mail.

The Hon. Jerry Rusk, of Wisconsin, was not nominated for anything in Chicago. But he had a friend at one of the down-town clubs who was telling stories about him. Here is one of them. When Hayes was President—that is, when he was in the White House—Uncle Jerry wanted something badly and went down to Washington to get it. Mr. Hayes didn't have the courage to say no, and he couldn't say yes. In this state of uncertainty Uncle Jerry tarried late, until one day he shocked the good Mr. Hayes by telling a real naughty story. This sealed his fate and he left for home.

When Garfield was elected President Uncle Jerry was still hungering, and went down to Mentor and tarried there for a season. One day he took occassion to vent his spleen on Hayes, and wound up his philippic with the remark that Hayes never made a record when he was in Congress.

The good Mr. Garfield said to Uncle Jerry in reply: "But you must remember that Mr. Hayes was only in Congress one term, and you know a man never makes a record in Congress the first time, Uncle Jerry. You know that you didn't."

"The——I didn't," roared Uncle Jerry. "Why,————it, sir, the first year I was in Congress didn't I get up and call a southern brigadier a ————lying——. The——I didn't make a record the first term."

This story was to have been told about Mr. Rusk after the bugle sounded for the dark horse. But the Indiana horn sounded first.

They Can Be Spared.
Chicago Mail.

George William Curtis and his coterie of political perfectionists deserted the Republican party four years ago because James G. Blaine was nominated for President. They were too pure to vote for such a bad man.

Well, the convention has this year nominated a ticket against whose personality no valid objection can lie. It did not make the nomination out of deference to the George William Curtisites, or with any expectation of reclaiming them, because their shallowness and hypocrisy were clearly understood. No surprise will, therefore, be created when it is learned that the editor of Harper's Weekly pronounces for Cleveland and against the Republican party. It isn't Blaine this time, but protection. The Republican party stood for protection all the time the perfectionists were identified with it prior to 1884, and they cordially subscribed to its doctrines, but they have experienced a change of heart on that subject. Having strayed from the field, one excuse will do as well as another for remaining away. Good-bye, and peace be with you.

Flattened Them Out.
Nebraska State Journal.

The Democratic newspapers are all hastening forward to tell how "flat" the nomination of Ben Harrison fell on them. It did fall pretty flat on them for a fact. It was a flat fall similar in many respects to the contrivance that the rebellious Sepoys, down in India, once rigged for the suppression of English captives. They made a huge box of heavy planks and filled it with boulders and riveted a plate of boiler iron on the bottom. This they hoisted a hundred feet or so in the air with a derrick, and placed under it a great slab of granite. The prisoner of war that they wished to distinguish with the most effective execution was led out and made to lie down on the granite floor. Then the ten-ton box was dropped. It fell flat. The Englishman was then hung across a fence to cure.

The Democratic party has been hung out on the fence already and it requires no vast amount of perception to guess that something fell flat on it at Chicago.

A Telegraphic Harvest.
Chicago Business.

The Republican convention was a harvest for the telegraph companies. Without counting the immense volume of matter transmitted over the leased wires of the several press associations the Western Union and Postal telegraph companies sent over their wires to all parts of the country, over 9,000,000 words between Sunday night, June 17, and Monday night, June 25, of matter relating to the convention. The St. Louis convention, which was more fully reported by telegraph than any of its predecessors, only netted the two companies named about 3,500,000 words.

Humor of the Campaign.
Chicago Times.

In the domestic circle at Indianapolis after the crowd had gone:

"General!"

"Yes, Carrie."

"What is this I hear about a woman kissing you to-day?"

"Carrie, my dear, that is a campaign lie."

"General, I think you had better decline. Campaign lies are contagious."

Too Good To Be Better.
Philadelphia Call.

"Why don't women reform?" asks Nellie Bly. There are several reasons, Nellie. One is that she isn't built that way, another that she won't try, but pursues the even tenor of her feminine way just as her blessed self pleases. And it is just as well. What does she want to reform for, anyway? Nellie, you are too inquisitive, and it isn't any of your business whether she does or not. As a matter of cold, unswathed fact, she is good enough for all earthly purposes, or celestial, for that matter, and needs no reformation. This is a quiet pointer, Nellie, and from one who's been there.

A Phase of Reform.
New York Graphic.

In the up-town dairies these hot days there is a waiting crowd, made up of men of all conditions, for drinks of acid buttermilk, and without a thought of temperance reform in their heads. A half dozen years ago they would have been drinking beer. Now that they can get buttermilk they choose it.

Progress of the Negro.
Kansas City Journal.

The progress that the colored men in the South have made, as indicated by their representatives in Chicago, is the strongest argument in condemnation of the suppression of votes in the South in the interest of the Democratic party.

Sherman's Friends.
New York Mail and Express.

It is impossible not to feel that John Sherman's friends have not all been worthy of so great a leader.

THE REPUBLICAN NOMINEES

Gen. Harrison's Popularity, His Home Life and Personal Characteristics.

Strong Points of Levi P. Morton, Who Has by Brains and Industry Won His Way from the Bottom to the Top of the Ladder.

GENERAL HARRISON.

His Modest Home and His Popularity Among His Immediate Neighbors.
Indianapolis Letter in New York World.

When the hullabaloo of last night let up a little General Harrison retired, but he was up bright and early this morning, ready for the ordeal which he knew was to come. He dressed in a coat and vest of black cheviot, with trousers of dark-gray mixed goods. His bushy gray whiskers have been trimmed. He handled a big white silk handkerchief. His shoes, which are hardly bigger than a woman's, were polished to a nicety, and with more smiles, and geniality, and vivacity than even those who love him best had ever thought he could muster he greeted his guests.

The General's house cuts but a modest figure beside some of its more fashionable neighbors, but to-day it was the center of the town, and an endless string of people kept coming through the hot sunshine to stand for a minute in the General's parlor, and shake his hands and tell him they were glad. General Harrison is solid with his neighbors. Every house on Delaware avenue, for three blocks on either side of him, was resplendent. The people spent the day upon their lawns, and before noon every neighbor, near or distant, Democrat or Republican, had come in and paid his or her respects. In the afternoon the street was full of carriages. Big barrels of ice-water had been set out on the General's lawn, and line-men were putting up electric lights for this evening.

At 4 o'clock a World reporter joined the callers. Mrs. Harrison, middle-aged, matronly and plainly dressed in brown-figured stuff, was talking with some ladies in the hall, and the General was in the parlor listening to congratulations. The house is well furnished, but there is nothing like elegance. The most striking features are two paintings of President Harrison. One of them is over the mantel in the back parlor, the other, a strong portrait by Inman, stands on an old-fashioned mahogany table in the hall. General Harrison was courteous and contented, and said he had been deeply impressed with the evidence given by his townsmen of their pleasure at his nomination. He had not been down town but heard that there, also, there was considerable demonstration. When assured that it was so, a pleased smile overspread his face for an instant, but soon his pale features resumed their expression of dignified reserve. He said he couldn't talk politics at this stage of affairs, and did not intend making any speech to-night, further than to express his gratitude to the citizens.

On leaving General Harrison's house I saw carriages rolling through Delaware street with flags stuck in every possible place in the tops and in the horses' harnesses. In Pennsylvania street, which runs parallel with that upon which General Harrison lives, the houses were beautifully decorated. The street cars, too, were all beflagged.

To-night there are not less than ten thousand tin horns tooting in Indianapolis. The din is racking. Under the windows of the Bates House there is truly more noise this minute than there was in the hall at Chicago when the nomination was made.

Sane people are beginning to weary of the clamor it has kept up without cessation since yesterday, when the news was told. It is not a random note or a shout now and then, it is an unbroken bellowing of horns, crying of voices and beating of everything that will make a noise. It lacks an hour of midnight, and still Washington street is a jam, and there is such a noise that thought is well nigh out of question.

During the evening the California delegates were received on the lawn at the General's house.

While General Harrison passed to and fro among people on his lawn during the evening, strangers eyed him narrowly to measure his social qualities. His calm is almost oppressive, but those who know him seem to swear by him. Friends came in great numbers; both the high and the low were there. The whole feature of this phenomenal blowout is that it has no organization, no plan. It is spontaneous. Women and girls are blowing the tin horns as late and as loud as the men. An old veteran, who was with Harrison at Atlanta, was in the yard to-night. "It's only fools," he said, "and folks who don't know him who talks agin Ben Harrison."

Harrison may be a kid-gloved aristocrat. Half the people in Indiana say he is, and this is the first point his supporters touch on in their apologies for him. But it would be difficult to find any signs of aristocracy about the office where he wrestles with his share of the biggest law business in Indiana. There are four large, airy rooms, with high ceilings. From the hallway the entrance is into a general office. It is the front room Mr. Harrison holds forth in, and no red tape is required to obtain access to it or to him. The door is wide open, held back by a big brown earthenware spittoon.

The most new-fangled affair in the room is the General's desk. It is made of black walnut and opens and shuts with a horizontal motion, like a clam shell or a sandwich set upon end. Closed, it looks like a big chiffonier that is trying to keep something to itself. On one side of the interior are ranged in forty pigeon holes, made for the purpose, boxes containing the papers in various suits. Then there are other loose documents of legal appearance, and one newspaper, folded so that nothing shall show except the half life size picture of Harrison, which is printed upon the front page.

There is an ink-well in the desk. It holds certainly not less than a pint. On top of the desk is a heap—maybe two bushels or more—of Congressional Record, of which the wrappers have never been broken. A big, square iron safe, a Franklin stove, another desk and a waste basket are also there.

In the rear rooms are the offices of General Harrison's partners. The firm, as you read its name on the weather-worn sign on the outside of the building, is Harrison, Miller & Elam. It is a singular fact that Harrison's law partner is named after Harrison's grandfather, William Henry Harrison Miller. And yet it isn't strange either, for half the Hoosier boy babies born for the next four years will be named for one Harrison or another. Mr. Elam does whatever criminal business the firm takes in hand.

As for Harrison, he has not for a long time now had much to do in court. His work has been almost altogether office work, save the great $300,000 Wise will case, which he has just won in Sullivan county, after a third trial.

At 9 o'clock in the morning the General rides to his office and reads his letters while smoking an after-breakfast cigar. He is an industrious worker, makes very little bluster, but gets over a great deal of ground, and is marvelously accurate. His assiduity when engaged on an important case, and of late years he has had no others, is remarkable. The case above referred to wore him out entirely. He takes no time at all for physical exercise, seeming to rely on his natural strength of constitution to withstand all the ravages of hard work. He rides to and from business, in his own carriage; a vehicle like its owner, and its driver, and the horse that draws it—plain, easy-going, and quiet.

In his own church—Pastor Haines's church—the First Presbyterian, where he has been an elder for a long time, he is known as a liberal giver. At the dinner he gave four years ago, when Mr. Blaine was here, there was no wine on the table, but he smokes.

In seconding the nomination of John Sherman at Chicago, Gov. Foraker said: "Nominate him and you need waste no time in biographical sketches." History has told, by this time the Ben Harrison has a wife, a son and a daughter. But he has cousins and uncles, aunts, nephews and nieces as well, and it is town talk here that he has done well by a good many of them.

A man, one of dozens, who sauntered smiling into the General's office to-day and finding him absent propounded to the clerk the current query, "What's the matter with Harrison?" went on expatiating on the good qualities of his candidate. When the question of the General's wealth was touched on, the Hoosier said:

"No, he ain't rich. They call him a dude and all that, but he's far from being wealthy, and one of the reasons is that he has been doing all the time for his relations. He's educated a number of them and supported some of them that weren't educated. He's a generous man, in church and out."

LEVI P. MORTON.

A Modest, Generous Man, Who Has Achieved More than Ordinary Success.
Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

ALBANY, N. Y., June 28.—Levi P. Morton is a native of southwestern Vermont. His father, Rev. Daniel Oliver Morton, was pastor of the Congregational churches in Shoreham and Springfield, Vt., and Winchendon, Mass., from 1812 to 1841, and of the churches in Bristol, N. H., from 1842 to 1852, when he died. Levi P. Morton was born in Shoreham, across Lake Champlain from Ticonderoga, about sixty years ago. His later public life is too well known to be referred to here. There are, however, some incidents of his early life that may be of interest.

When he was quite young he moved over to the State of New Hampshire and opened a tailor shop and dry-goods commission house in the village of Hanover, the seat of Dartmouth College. He won golden opinions of the professors and the students for his fair dealing and for his enterprise. His goods were of the best and his reputation was even better. To this day the visitors in the village may see the sign "L. P. Morton" upon the end of one of the old brick buildings, but it has been almost painted out by frequent coatings with the brush. Mr. Morton has always had an affection for Hanover, and he has lately donated a large plat of ground upon which the alumni expect to erect a memorial building. From Hanover, Mr. Morton went to Boston, where he commenced his mercantile life. The rest of the story is familiar to all who have read the lives of our public men.

Four years ago a handsome memorial tablet was erected in the Congregational Church in memory of the Rev. D. O. Morton, by his son, Levi P. Morton. The tablet is three feet, four inches in width by six feet in height. It is wrought from the finest Italian marble, highly polished, and is supported by sculptured marble brackets, and finished at the top with molded scroll cornices, surmounted with a Gothic cross. The inscription is engraved in plain, gothic letters, colored black, with a background of white, polished marble. It reads: "In memory of the Rev. Daniel Oliver Morton, pastor of the Congregational Churches in Shoreham and Springfield, Vt., and Winchendon, Mass., from 1812 to 1841, and of this church from June 8, 1842, to the day of his death, March 22, 1852. They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever. Erected by his son, Levi Parsons Morton."

Among Mr. Morton's strong points as a candidate is the fact of his modest but great-hearted generosity in 1879, in contributing to the relief of the sufferers in Ireland. Mr. Morton was in Congress and Congress had passed a resolution placing a steamship at the disposal of whoever would fit it out for the famine-stricken people. A month went by and no one responded. James Gordon Bennett had contributed $100,000 to the relief of Ireland, and to him, as editor of the Herald, Mr. Morton wrote a letter, offering to be one of three to fill the ship with provisions. Permission was given to publish the letter without the name. It afterward came out, of course, that Mr. Morton was the donor.

An incident in the career of Mr. Morton, illustrating the upright character of the man, was told by a New York business man the other day. When Mr. Morton was in the dry goods business in New York in his early career he failed and was unable to pay his creditors but twenty cents on a dollar. Subsequently he went into the banking business and made a very large fortune. His former creditors were surprised one day by receiving an invitation to a banquet. When they arrived and sat down to the table they were still more surprised to find under their plates a check to each one for the full amount of the remaining indebtedness, with interest from the time of the failure. This story, which, with becoming modesty, Mr. Morton has never been known to repeat, is a true one. It is a revelation of his character as a business man. Upright, conscientious and sincere, he impresses his strength of character upon all who meet him. Such qualifications will make him a strong candidate before the people.

There is a reminiscence of the Chicago convention of 1880 in connection with the name of Mr. Morton. Then he was a singularly quiet, modest, but exceedingly gracious mannered member of the House, and he wore somewhat distinguished side whiskers. Had he urged it he could have been nominated with Garfield. But there are no might-have-beens in his memory. He went to France, shaved off his beard, so that men knew him not when he returned. Though living in the most dazzling court of Europe, and holding his own there, yet he brought back no foreign airs. He seemed as democratic as when he was a Green Mountain boy, and men commented on his utter freedom from the contamination of the atmosphere of nobility. For almost all of our M's. P. and E's. E. return with heads more or less in the clouds. Mr. Morton's manner is entirely unconventional. As a business man he is gentle, soft spoken, unassuming; as a politician he seems diffident and wholly free from self-assertiveness.

A good story is told about Mr. Morton when he went down to New York to engage in mercantile pursuits. Not long after he became the head of the firm of Morton, Grinnell & Co., in lower Broadway, he issued an order requiring all employes wearing mustaches to remove them before a certain date on pain of dismissal. There happened to be a great many mustaches at the time, and some of them had been cultivated with great care. In short, the cultivation of the mustache seemed to have been a special effort on the part of the clerks. Those who felt the worse about it were those who were just starting in that kind of business. It is said that the effect of the smoothly-shaven faces was something remarkable. It is certain that it was months before the clerks could look into each other's faces without laughing. In after years Morton disclaimed all responsibility for the order; but he said that some of his "wicked partners" had discovered that several of their country customers objected to being waited upon by clerks in high hats and mustaches. Hence the giving of the order.

In 1885 a Parisian correspondent said of Mr. Morton that he does not profess to be a man of learning. He is neither a good talker nor a fine orator. But he is urbane, dignified, and a thorough gentleman, and he possessed the wealth to set off these qualities to their best advantage. Unless Congress is prepared to pay our ministers salaries in keeping with the positions which they fill our diplomatic service should be abolished forthwith or we should only send out Mortons and Lowells. His mission here has been unquestionably the most brilliant triumph in the history of the American legation in Paris. Mr. Morton has given dinner parties to which the whole Cabinet, with the under secretaries, have been invited, and he has thrown open his spacious hotel for balls and receptions to which have come representatives of every political, religious and social creed. Republicans, monarchists, Bonapartists, Catholics, Protestants, free-thinkers, diplomates, authors, journalists—in no other saloon in Paris was there to be found such largeness of mind and absence of clannishness. "In a French salon," wrote a correspondent of Truth, apropos of the guests of one of the entertainments of the Place des Etats-Unis, "they would have formed a menagerie. In an American drawing-room they made a really happy family. Their antipathies being ignored by the host and hostess, they ceased to be antipathetic and fused as well as oil and vinegar in a salad." Mr. Morton was powerfully seconded in his social labors by Mrs. Morton, who made an impression on Parisian society that will not soon be effaced. With good command of the French language, a striking presence, pleasant manners, Mrs. Morton was peculiarly fitted to perform the duties of her position, and she unquestionably divides with her husband the honors of the social success of his mission.

When Mr. Morton was defeated for United States Senator, in 1885, the following was said of him in Galignani's Messenger: "The defeat of Mr. Morton, the United States minister to France, in the Republican caucus of the New York Legislature, for the nomination of Senator, has been received by the American colony in Paris with deep personal regret. By his constant courtesy and attention in the discharge of his official duties, by his abounding and generous hospitality, by his active sympathy in all good works, by his personal kindness and genial character, by his devoted interest and attention to American interests, Mr. Morton has won the highest respect and regard of his countrymen in Paris. But with this feeling of personal respect and regard was the conviction that no better selection could be made, no worthier representative could be found. He possesses eminent qualifications for the great office for which a host of friends have so enthusiastically supported him. He has been identified with the Republican party from the first hour of its organization; he has an untarnished moral record, and is perfectly acquainted with the political and business wants of the country. He could have been trusted to have judged and acted wisely in respect to the various questions that would have been brought before Congress. He would have been a Senator of whom the Empire State might have been proud. He has been defeated, after a gallant struggle, by an opponent of distinguished services and ability, the head of the American bar. It is a consolation to the friends of Mr. Morton that he has been defeated—not by tricky combinations of unscrupulous partisans, not by an unknown mediocrity, but by one of the foremost men of the Nation. Mr. Morton has made a gallant race, and the strong support he has received is the best evidence of the hold he has upon the respect and confidence of his countrymen."

FREDERIC G. MATHER.

Roses as Sources of Wealth.
American Register.

Highly satisfactory trials in the cultivation of roses as a source of agricultural wealth have in recent years been made by the firm of Schimmel & Co., of Leipsic and New York. The climate of Saxony is not as favorable to the luxuriant growth of roses as that of the Balkan peninsula; still the roses of Saxony have as good and rich an aroma as that of their southern sisters. The Turkish oil of roses has at present a value of 700 marks a kilo; the Saxony article, worth twice as much, has nevertheless found a market—which speaks well for its quality. Of all the roses in Germany the large flowered centifolia major is the one which yields the most and the finest oil. The trouble is that this particular flower cannot be had in sufficient quantities, inasmuch as it is less cultivated than formerly, and that other species expressly imported for the purpose taking the place of the former with the view of increasing the yield of the oil contain many barren plants, which can only be recognized when in bloom. The above-named house has lately made an arrangement with the widely-known nursery firm of Ernst Schmalfuss, of Uechteritz, for the importation of large quantities of Thracian roses, and has engaged to buy for the next ten years the rose leaves which cultivators of centifolia or the new Thracian roses will deliver to them at fifty pfennigs a kilo in Leipsic. It is a new and, according to present experiences, a profitable industry added to the numerous commercial enterprises of the fatherland.

Bloomingdale Glens.

The I., D. & W. special train leaving the Union Depot at 7:10 A. M. and returning at 8 P. M., July 4, will afford the first opportunity of the season for spending a whole day at the Glens in viewing the many wonders of nature and the most beautiful scenery in Indiana. $1.50 for the round trip. Tickets at I., D. & W. ticket office, 99 South Illinois street and Union Depot.
H. A. CHERRIER, City Ticket Agent.

Only $2.25 to Dayton and Return.

Via the popular Bee-line Ry., on June 30. Now is your opportunity to visit friends in Ohio and see the Soldiers' Home. Train will leave the Union Depot at 6:30 A. M. Tickets good returning on special train leaving Dayton at 6.30 P. M., June 30, or on trains leaving Dayton at 7 A. M., on Sunday and Monday, July 1 and 2. For tickets call at No. 2 Bates House, Union Depot and 138½ South Illinois st. T. C. PECK, P. A.

No Liquors

Will be sold at Blue River Park July 4. The United Order of Honor will hold its second annual picnic there and invites all pleasure-loving people to participate. Trains leave at 8:30 and 10:50 A. M. and at 3:50 P. M. The park will be illuminated at night with locomotive headlights. Trains return at 4, 6:30 and 10 P. M.

The Quickest on Record.

The quickest and best piece of decoration work ever done in this city was that done by Albert Gall in preparing Tomlinson Hall for the monster Republican meeting. The work was completed in three hours from the time the order was received.

The C. H. & D. Will Sell

TICKETS to all points on its lines, including Cincinnati, Dayton and Toledo, at one fare for the round trip, going July 3 and 4, returning until July 7. W. H. FISHER, G. A.

Advice to Mothers.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhœa, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty five cents a bottle.

"To do as folks of fashion do," in one respect at least, you must use Glen's Sulphur Soap, which is immensely popular among the elite of society, and deservedly so, for it is the most salutary of beautifiers and purifiers. Sold by all druggists.

Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, black or brown, 50 cents.

LA INTEGRIDAD CIGAR,
Sold by George T. Neal, North Illinois street.

AMUSEMENTS.

INDIANAPOLIS BALL PARK

DETROIT

Friday, Saturday and Monday.

BOSTON—July 4 (two games) and 5.

Game Called at 4 p. m.

General admission, 50c; pavilion, 75c; box seats, $1. Tickets on sale at Big Four office, corner Meridian and Washington streets.

MESSENGER'S

101 East Washington St.

Furniture, Carpets and STOVES.

BABY CARRIAGES

New Passenger Elevator

PAYMENTS or CASH.

MESSENGER'S

To Natural-Gas Consumers

This company will furnish gas for domestic purposes *thirty per cent. less than schedule rates.* Application for service will meet with prompt attention at the office of the company, 68 East Market street.

INDIANAPOLIS NATURAL GAS COMPANY

HORN & CO

Furniture, Stoves, Carpets,

Weekly and Monthly Payments

BRUSH BRILLIANCY

Arc and Incandescence

ELECTRIC LIGHTS.

For particulars address

THE BRUSH ELECTRIC COMPANY,

CLEVELAND, OHIO.