THE FRENCH "FOURTH."

CELEBRATING "LA SAINTE BASTILLE" IN PARIS.

[FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

PARIS, July 16.

"This is a nice kind of a Republic! No fireworks on the Fourth of July!" was the indignant comment of a small American girl on the morning of the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, when she found that Paris proposed to remain quiet on that day. But ten days later, Paris certainly demonstrated the fervor and sincerity of its republican principles, if flags and illuminations and fireworks are conclusive evidence. The American quarter, which had on the Fourth shown the American and French flags, now on the Fourteenth showed the French and American; and the small American girl, and numerous small American boys, seemed to have discovered that France might be a pretty good Republic, after all, even if it didn't care a great deal about the Fourth of July. At all events they made their preparations to celebrate the Fourteenth in the American manner, and with a zeal that led one sadly to the conclusion that they would have done just the same if the Fourteenth had been the fête day of monarchy and despotism and not the celebration of the downfall of the Bastille, and the beginning of the tumbling of crowns in France. In fact, it seems useless to look for fixed political principles under nine years of age, even in Americans.

To one who has never seen it before, and who was used to the prosaic and sober American Fourth, the great French Republican fête was exceedingly interesting. It seemed to be generally agreed that the decorations and illuminations were less brilliant, and the crowd less great, than in some previous years. This was probably due to the fear that the cholera might be brought to Paris by the great crowds that have streamed in every year since the fête was established. The medical societies generally opposed the holding of the fête this year as a menace to the health of Paris and of Europe, and almost up to the last moment there were official consultations whether it should not be postponed, and conflicting rumors that no doubt kept many thousands of people at home. Perhaps the same fear had something to do with thinning the crowds of the Parisians themselves. But the spectacle was brilliant and fascinating enough to a stranger, and it was a pleasure and not a hardship to find it possible to move in comparative comfort through streets which, we were told, were usually packed with a dense mass of people. It was, literally, through the streets that the crowds moved. After 6 o'clock on the evening of the great fête all things on wheels, whether trams, omnibuses, hacks or private carriages, are rigidly excluded from all the streets and squares where there are special illuminations, and a merry, good-humored crowd takes possession of the streets without fear of horse or driver—which last in Paris is usually a fiend in a red vest and glazed hat, rushing about, seeking whom he may run over.

The illuminations at night, however, were the final act of the play. First came the universal decoration of the city with flags, which can be appreciated only during the day. This embellishment was almost lost at night, except when a bright glare of light happened to fall in the right place. By day this display was a surprise and a great pleasure in itself. In all the business quarters of the city the streets were fairly resplendent with the national colors, the flags of other countries, notably the Stars and Stripes being mingled here and there. Perhaps it would be unpatriotic to say that the tricolor is the most beautiful of all the great flags of the world. It seems to be a part of patriotic duty to believe in the greater artistic beauty of one's flag, as compared with all other flags, just as it is to believe that the God of battles is always on our side, though there is but one God of battles, and there are at least two sides to every fight. But, putting aside the question of the artistic merits of the Stars and Stripes—which certainly ranks high in beauty—no one will object to the statement that the tricolor, with its broad, equal bands of blue, white and red, is peculiarly effective in decoration. The streets in almost every direction seemed like lanes of color, and the spectacle was more picturesque than anything we ever see at home. A few Prussian flags were noted here and there. The incident at the Hotel Continental, where two of those hated emblems were torn down from their places by the crowd, and rent to rags, spat upon and trodden under foot, some of the hotel windows being smashed at the same time, showed how bitter the old feeling still is among some classes, at least. To make the episode completely French, all the bits of broken glass and the shreds of the flags were carried away as souvenirs. I saw a number of Prussian flags in other parts of the city, however, which seem to have passed unnoticed by the mob. The hotel affair was the only unpleasant incident of the day. The decorations of flags in Belleville and Montmartre, workingmen's quarters, were very marked. One hears a good deal said here of the discontent among workingmen because the Republic does not give them as much work to do as the Empire did. But they are, as a class, strongly republican. I set an old coachman to talking politics the other evening, and this was his philosophy of the situation: "The good workingmen," said he with the most delicious earnestness and sincerity, "don't like the Republic; but the bad workingmen all want it, because they can do just what they like." "And I suppose the bad workingmen have the majority?" "O, a very large majority," said he sadly. This Bourbon of the boxseat took a real coachman's view of the blessings of the Empire. "Ah," said he, "there were parties, balls, receptions, all the time, with two, three or four hundred guests." (Evidently plenty of business for carriages in those days.) "Everybody spent his money. Nowadays the aristocracy keeps its money in its pocket."

During the day the streets presented, in spite of the exceptional heat, a scene of interesting bustle and merry-making, all marked by the utmost good-humor. The programme arranged by the Government for the amusement of the masses and announced by posters on the walls about the city, was faithfully carried out. In the early morning the review of the troops took place, followed later by the exhibition drill of the *bataillons scolaires*—the school-boys, who are now being drilled in military exercises and form, as some of the papers rather grandiloquently express it, "the future hope of France." During the day the new statue of the Republic was dedicated in the Place de la République. At 1 o'clock the theatres receiving aid from the Government, including the Grand Opéra and the Théâtre Français, gave free performances, which were attended by great audiences. The largest crowd surrounded the Grand Opéra, and the skill and politeness with which it was managed would have been an excellent lesson to our police in similar emergencies. There was a sufficient force of police to control all the space about the theatre, which is surrounded by streets on every side. The crowd was split into detachments, which were held some distance apart, and made to form a queue about the building. The detachments were allowed to move forward one by one still under the charge of the police, and entered the building without rushing or pushing. When one detachment was comfortably disposed of and seated, the next was allowed to enter in the same way, and when every seat was filled, the gates were locked, and the disappointed ones told that they could not enter. Thus there was no crowding or overcrowding, and there was less discomfort than sometimes attends the attempt at home to hear a popular preacher. The Théâtre Français was crowded, but it was still possible to get in. The audience was a most interesting one to see. Coquelin, Delaunay and others of the famous company were playing the "Marriage of Figaro" to a house packed to the roof, workingmen in their blouses and with their hats on making a large part of the audience. Actors say that they never have more appreciative audiences than on these fête days, and that they never try so hard to please. There were gratuitous performances at the circuses also for the children of the school battalions, for which the Government appropriated about $4,000. Nearly $25,000 was distributed in charities. The official expenditure for the fête was about $140,000. Numerous stands were erected in different parts of the city, where bands played during the evening, and the people danced in the streets. The open spots in the circles of which there are so many, were seized by the proprietors of merry-go-rounds, and like devices for giving children, grown and half-grown, a good time, while the strolling musicians were to be seen everywhere, reaping a harvest at the cafés and making a vast deal of that piddling music which seems to ravish the soul of the boulevard Parisian.

The evening was, of course, the climax of the fête. The illuminations were mostly official. Comparatively few private persons, except in the case of some of the larger hotels and boulevard stores, made any attempt to compete with the Government architects in the matter of being picturesque. The electric light was little used, the main reliance in decoration being long rows of tiny jets of gas, the effect of which was often beautiful. All the public buildings were etched with these fine lines of yellow fire. The Place de la Concorde—the site of the guillotine during the Reign of Terror, now the principal *place* in Paris, was, naturally, the centre of the most brilliant illuminations. It is about twice the size of our Madison Square, and is paved throughout. In the centre rises the obelisk; on either side the fountains are playing, while about the square are large statues representing the principal cities of France. Twenty bronze columns bearing lights surround the square, and stationed through it are more than a hundred large candelabra. Every light on these was covered with a glass globe, and slender pipes with jets and globes swung from one candelabrum to the next. When all these were lighted the air seemed filled with strings of golden beads. The scene from this point was extremely beautiful.

The crowd that poured to and fro in the streets was perhaps the most interesting sight of all. The people were at once so gay and so polite. There was nothing even faintly suggesting rowdyism anywhere. A dozen young fellows and girls would skip past in single file, each holding on to the one ahead by coat-tail or waist, and all singing as they danced; or a pair of grisettes would come up, each with a beau on her arm, and all blowing like mad on little horns. Troops of men and boys would march along, singing the Marseillaise. Here you would see a veritable *bonnet rouge*, and there a tall liberty-cap with a paper lantern swung from the peak, which the fellow bobbed in people's faces. One scene will give as good an idea of the general gayety and decorum as a thousand. A Paris newspaper had announced that it would give a "fête" in the place de l'Opéra. This meant putting up an electric light and hiring an orchestra to play for those who wanted to dance. At 1 o'clock in the morning, as we stood watching the dancers, there must have been at least 3,000 to 4,000 people in the square and certainly not less than 500 or 600 couples dancing in the street. There was never any better order in any ball-room. Not so much as a rough word was heard anywhere. During the whole day and night I did not see a single person intoxicated.

FRANCE AND CHINA.

METHODS AND MEN IN THEIR DIPLOMACY

[FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

PARIS, July 13.

Commander Fournier was the negotiator of the Tien-Tien treaty. Tien-Tien signifies "doubly celestial," and the commander who is on the high road to a brilliant naval position has reason to think the arrangement he made with Li-Hung-Chang a heavenly one for France and for himself. He lives in a bijou mansion in one of the new boulevards near the Invalides and has the Comtesse de Beiaigue for a neighbor. The captain has the neat air and easy carriage of a naval officer and a quick, polite and yet off-handed manner. He is not a diplomatist to lose time in beating around bushes. Nor is he one either to advance upon a position with the intention of storming it unless he had first made sure of his approaches. His nose is slightly aquiline and developed at the nostril. It gives with the acute and ironical eye the impression of a Celto-Jewish cross, which feeling the quantity of well-chosen bric-à-brac, for which there is hardly room in his house, confirms. The skin is dark and hair short and of vigorous growth. He is not tall or short, but very clean built, and though wiry, broad across the shoulder and deep in the chest. A man so constructed is sure to be active and hopeful. If he sees difficulties he will not be discouraged by them and he will not easily be turned from his purpose. Intelligent curiosity and observation seem to be the dominant qualities of his mind. He is essentially a business man and his spirit is modern. When he was in the North Chinese station he laid himself out to study the country, the people, their great men and institutions. He fell in with Li-Hung-Chang, who liked his conversation and "go ahead" ways, and enjoyed talking to him about Europe, America and the onward impulsion which steam and telegraphy have given to the world. The Viceroy of the great province of which Shanghai is a part gave as much as he took. He explained to Fournier all the wheels within wheels of the Chinese administration, and the characters, views and aspirations of the leading personages at Pekin. It also amused him to laugh at the European diplomatists and to talk of the small intrigues to which they resorted to trip each other up. They were all on intimate terms because they were the only Westerners allowed to reside at the capital of the Chinese Empire; they were in a way fraternal, and yet their greatest delight was to put spokes in each other's wheels.

Fournier was at Tien-Tien when Li-Hung-Chang received a message from Gambetta, the object of whom in sending it was to obtain without the cost of going to war a settlement of the Tonquin question. An earthquake took place after there had been an amicable exchange of views, and a bookcase fell between the Viceroy and the French Ambassador. Said Li: "Are you frightened? Does it occur to you that this is a bad omen? Though not superstitious, omens trouble me. Is it true that when Gambetta was going on a political tour through Normandy the platform at the first meeting at which he was to speak fell under him? The telegraph has informed us of this incident. If it is not invented, I should, in Gambetta's place, put my affairs in order."

Li-Hung-Chang is intelligent, courageous, and for a Celestial progressive. He thoroughly understands that China must step out. But he thinks it a good thing for the world that she has remained in her shell for a long course of ages. Her coal mines are a reserve fund of wealth which when those of the industrial West are used up will be advantageously developed. Family ties are being disastrously loosened in countries where there is a high-pressure civilization. John Chinaman, who derives his best qualities from the religion of his ancestors, will remedy the evil. Li does not expect that his countrymen will ever distinguish themselves in military enterprises. They will be peaceful invaders and conquer the earth by mildness, thrift, perseverance, skilled fingers and capacity to adapt themselves to new conditions of life. The Chinese have two qualities which are in apparent contradiction—imitative flexibility and unyielding conservatism.

Li-Hung-Chang told Commander Fournier that China is fortunate in having at a momentous turning-point in her history one of the greatest women that ever lived for a ruler. The Empress mother is the effective sovereign. She has all her life sought wisdom in sincerity and humanity; and found it. Her situation precludes her from intimate or indeed frequent converse with superior minds. But she reads much, reflects deeply, and questions in a way to get out of each all the knowledge that he can furnish. The Republican movement in France has been studied earnestly by her. She rejoiced at the fall of the Napoleonic Empire, which sent without an adequate motive a devastating army to Pekin and intensified the disorder which the Taeping rebellion caused. According to Commander Fournier there are analogies between the position of the Empress of China and that of Catherine de Medici in her widowhood. But the Oriental Sovereign is a good as well as an able woman. The wounds and sores caused by the Taeping rising are not yet all closed. Great functionaries intrigue against each other and against the Imperial House for power. Tseng, who is Ambassador to Europe, a sort of Prince of Conde (the first of the name); Tso is a Duke of Guise, and Li-Hung-Chang a Coligny anxious for reform, and above all things a patriot, but hated by great men at court to whose counsels the Empress must listen and to a great extent follow.

Commander Fournier was jealously watched by the German Embassy, but had an unconscious and serviceable ally in the German official who stands next to Hunt in the Customs Bureau. This official is jealous of his superior, and perceiving that he was instructed to counteract French agents, did all that lay in him to spoil his game. Fournier owes him a debt of gratitude.

The commander is a man rather to circumvent than to hate an open or a secret enemy. The machinations against him of English and German diplomacy amused him. He thinks the English diplomatists priggish. They owe their success in the East to the torrent of mercantile force which is behind them. English merchants were the best fellows in the world in their own houses, he found, and English naval officers intelligent and companionable gentlemen. But the professional diplomatist lived in a small world in which ideas were replaced by prejudices. Americans were negotiable, easy to get on with, had few preconceived ideas, knew their own minds and saw in what direction they were going. Their trade with China in proportion to that of England is inconsiderable. But their moral influence is great. It surprised Commander Fournier to learn that the United States took the same view of the Tonquin question as England. Tonquin has the same relation to China power that Louisiana and all that part of the Mississippi below the Ohio has to the Northern States of the American Union. It lends a corresponding water-shed of the northeastern or southeastern water-sheds of the Burmese Empire, and Fournier thought, with M. Jules Ferry, would be the greatest colony France ever possessed, unless the one which Napoleon obtained from Spain and ceded to the United States—Louisiana.

BROADWAY NOTE-BOOK.

MEN AND THINGS, THE COUNTRY ROUND.

THE PERSONAL NOTES AND NOTIONS OF A BROADWAY LOUNGER.

Mr. Dickson, who died recently, showed by the number of companies he was connected with, sixty, they say, that our leading men are the schemers and incorporators.

It was remarked to one of the many importers at Long Branch who was recently criticising public life in America: "There is not a cottage here which has not been built by stock-watering, smuggling or something once a penitentiary offence." They went out singly, one by one, for they had great possessions.

The Union Pacific Railroad has added two thousand to three thousand millions to the wealth of the people of the United States. Its builders had to borrow money at 2 per cent a month in this market to carry themselves. Oakes Ames died a bankrupt because of it, though he had seven millions at the close of the war. It seems that his sons, holding their stock too long, are again badly hurt. Now the name of Charles Francis Adams, one of the betterest of the better element, comes out as having suppressed Edmunds's report because it would inconveniently ruin Boston people whom he, the only expert railroad man on paper in the country, had induced to buy the stock. Not a single reformer in the land has not been selling stocks to his friends or been "stuck" by them. Some sold visions, some sold holes, some sold connecting links between this and that; some bought with rhetoric, some with deportment, others with moral timidity and itching docility. But all had a favorite person to point out whom they could not beat at the game and cried: "Away with him!" He did have a way with him.

I charge nothing for saying to Mr. Seth Low what a Democratic editor and public man said to me when, in the Folger campaign, I was getting out of the Republican sunshine: "Don't you," said he, "join the Democratic party. That's a party where you must go to the foot of the class. You will get more respect and more self-respect outside of it." So now I am in favor of a man with a wife and with a head grown white in the battle for a better society. The more I look into Democratic candidates the more I keep my self-respect.

A great moral deviation and exposure generally incline a man toward his enemies. He has lost the moral hardihood of his life and substitutes for it weak optimism and flattery of competitors. But when such a heedless being says a man of pure social rectitude is not pure enough for him the lingering scent of the old hypocrisy furnishes the myrrh for his mummy.

Low shoes in summer make it easy to sprain one's ankle, especially when rushing to catch the Coney Island boat. Young gentlemen want to protect their ankles like the ladies.

The new restaurant at Mount St. Vincent in the park is nearly finished and will be open after the holidays. The park now is magnificently green and noble to see—and nearly deserted. The new Park Gate Hotel is rising to the second story.

I apprehend that personal property will now give precedence to real estate, both in city and country, and with the exhaustion of scheming that New-York will take a rest in either rents or buildings. The great second class of speculators is ruined and cannot pay rents.

The Germans and Irish should have no natural hostility to each other. Reading Schoelcher's "Life of Handel" yesterday I found that greatest German genius, the man who civilized England more than Shakespeare, was driven by a Pharisee cabal of what was called the better element to Ireland to produce his "Messiah." The dude journals of that day said it was sacrilege to call an oratorio such a name. "I will offer it," said Handel, "to that generous and polite nation, the Irish." Thus the greatest musical work was produced in the far west of Europe among a people at that time with their own nobility and comparative national independence. Handel said: "I cannot sufficiently express the kind treatment I receive in Dublin, but the politeness of this generous nation cannot be unknown to you, so I let you judge of the satisfaction I enjoy passing my time with honor, profit and pleasure." Handel gave "The Messiah" its first performance in the world for the benefit of the prisoners in the jails of Dublin. Yesterday's telegraph accounts from Dublin show us the morals of the officials who fill those prisons with their victims. The German author I have named said: "Handel left Ireland after a sojourn of nine months, leaving to that noble country the glory of having worthily appreciated all his masterpieces and of having recommenced his fortune."

Handel, whom all the musicians unite to consider the greatest prodigy in music, the most industrious man and with the highest moral courage, was systematically abused in London by such literary cohorts as Addison and Steele. When "The Messiah" was produced in Dublin not one word was said about it in London. Finally one concern called "The Universal Spectator," remarked that "old Handel had been bringing out a piece of sacrilege among the Irish." Schoelcher says: "The enthusiasm which Handel's works excited at Dublin and the personal welcome which had been accorded him there presented a happy contrast to the state of things under which he had suffered at London." The British snobs resolved to give parties during Lent so as to break up Handel's musical entertainments. Horace Walpole attacked him. For the second time he was made a bankrupt in London after he had succeeded in Ireland at the moment the renown of his works was increasing more and more throughout Europe. He became blind to the nation he had brought refinement and taste to, but lived long enough to survive one age of his enemies, and the next generation had to cower.

Mr. Thomas C. Zimmerman, Editor of *The Reading (Penn.) Times*, was telling me last week his experience in South Carolina the year before Lincoln's election. He was a printer of the State laws, and most of the printers were drawn from the North, as were the stone-cutters of the South Carolina Capitol, that building which was designed to become the Capitol of a slave empire some day. It happened that a poor Irish printer by the name of Powers, getting tight one evening during the John Brown trials, said that all men in the world might not consider John Brown a scoundrel. The next day, Mr. Zimmerman says, a terrible scene was witnessed in Columbia. There appeared going down the public street a number of men armed to the teeth and before them was Powers tied, and before Powers were five negroes each armed with a whip. About 300 citizens followed as it had been rumored that the Irish stone-masons would try to rescue their compatriot. In the presence of the great Legislature of the State, of the theological students, and of all that South Carolina had produced in Calhoun's day, this man was led along, and the fiery sun shining into his eyes one of the white ruffians made a negro push the man's hat up so that the sun would burn his eyeballs. They marched out to the commons beyond the town, and there each of these powerful negroes was ordered to whip this man, and they whipped him under the influence of fear so terrible that Powers knelt down and begged for mercy. Not a soul in South Carolina dared say a word. Yet that wretched society, perpetually whipped by its own fears, rushed to arms that night and the night after, believing that another John Brown had come. The poor crippled Irishman was packed off in a goods cart to the North, and there he lived to make speeches for Abraham Lincoln. When the flames at the close of the war broke upon Columbia there were soldiers who had been stone-cutters and printers there who thought they saw in the leaping flames the bloody whips which had descended on this man for telling in his cups the truth the world now admits. Some of the Irish stone-cutters as Powers was led past cried out in their servility that he ought to be hanged instead of reaching out a hand to help him. There may be Irishmen yet who want that kind of nationality returned over them.

It has been almost twenty years since the school of Lord Sneer was established in a weekly paper in New-York. His theory was that nothing could be produced in America that was not necessarily inferior and preposterous. Public men especially had to be bad here that Lord Sneer might respect himself. He sneered at Clay and Webster in the same article as after all mere provincialists. When Stanley rescued a missionary in Africa and opened a great continent to light and opportunity, Sneer went to hear the sunburnt hero lecture and pronounced him a humbug of the first water. Garibaldi and Gambetta were also low scamps in Sneer's mind, and all the heroes of the million and the cheery. The American policy of fostering manufactures Sneer regarded as a greater crime than slander. When Robert Ingersoll in a clever speech nominated Mr. Blaine eight years ago, Lord Sneer said that "he understood several penitentiaries yawned for him." There was not a public charge of any kind extant against Mr. Ingersoll's life at the time and the remark belonged to the lowest class of criminal libels. The school of young Sneers, however, received some scholars, all of whom were informed that there had been but one public man and he was named Colden. Washington, Jackson, Franklin, Grant were not worth mentioning. In that spirit of gratitude and patience for and with the American people the Sneer school has been conducting itself since the day of Appomattox with a design absurd enough to make Henry Bergh smile, namely to have sixty millions of American boys despise the land of their birth and its cheery uses to mankind.

There is something about the idea of free trade which is like the opium or the chloral habit: it sets a light brain silly. The imbiber of the idea at once proceeds to patronize or frown upon all the society around him. He is like Hawthorne's man Brand with the unforgiven sin. "He laid his finger on his own heart and said: 'It is here. It grew within my own breast; the sin of an intellect that triumphed over the sense of brotherhood with man.'" As our people have less respect for price than for robbers they will suspect free trade till it brings better manners and a kinder environment to those generally ill-informed and ill-read people whom a general truth trivializes instead of refining.

Sir Charles Dilke never saw anything to sneer at in the American ideas of Protection and the Monroe Doctrine; for he was no sham Englishman but a real one. He wrote in his "Greater Britain" eighteen years ago on the same Monroe Doctrine the Sneer family now name Jingoism as follows: "In all history [mark the phrase!] nothing can be found more dignified than the action of America upon the Monroe Doctrine. Since the principle was first laid down in words in 1823 the national behavior has been courteous, consistent, firm; and the language used now that America is all-powerful, is the same that her statesmen (he did see statesmen here, too!) made use of during the rebellion in the hour of her most instant peril. It will be hard for political philosophers of the future to assert that a democratic republic can have no foreign policy."

On the subject of Protection, Sir Charles Dilke, an Englishman of genuine not pretended information, wrote in 1868 when Blaine was becoming Speaker of Congress: "It would seem as though we Free Traders had become nearly as bigoted in favor of free trade as our former opponents were in favor of protection. Just as they used to say: 'We are right; why argue the question?' so now, in the face of the support of protection by all the greatest minds in America, all the first statesmen of the Australias, we tell them that we will not discuss protection with them, because there can be no two minds about it among men of intelligence and education. If it be, as we in England believe, a folly, it is at all events a sublime one, full of self-sacrifice and illustrative of a certain nobility in the national heart." How it makes the Sneer school sick to read any such sentence as "nobility in the national heart." Men who never enthuse never lead anybody.

Mr. Blaine often entertained the Sneer family. They drank his wine, shared his surroundings and complaisance, and hated him because he did not patronize them. This set is always looking to be kicked down-stairs by a great man, and it is his only safety from them. When a man plays the sham Englishman in your library scholasticize with the boot-jack that My Lord threw at the fellow's father.

To a gentleman appreciating his own country the pleasant surprises in our politics are a relief to its dreary slanders. Here is Blaine opening the vista to a greater party as there spring to his ideas free-hearted men of German and Irish stock. Any man of true political scent could have seen that the merge between the past and future must have been the great victorious party and not its groping and humiliated adversary. The path to the future is not to be pioneered by the skunk but by the buffalo. Down where the countless herds of bisons, obeying an instinct that is better than a map, left their footmarks on the rocks, the Indian and the railroad engineer know it is the practicable trail. So where the great herd of patriotic men left their blood to give this country freedom and career the trail is marked to the land of the future. Any other outlet is strewn with the bleached skulls of dead prejudices and asses' shins.

A gentleman once told me he wanted to leave the newspaper business. "What's the matter?" said I. "O," he replied, "Spatter, who conducts the other paper, is so abusive that the public think we are all the same." Years have passed and this sensitive male man is the first of all to turn the election of the magistrate of his country into a long campaign of vituperation and passion, the moral residuum of which will be worse than if all the public men in the country had improved their fortunes at the public expense. From the same source the Beecher scandal ten years ago was fanned into a pestilence that has left its seed in American social life. The way of man is predatory everywhere because he is an animal and like the wolf will feed his offspring. But the most predatory animal is the man sober who, like the Indian tiger has tasted the blood of a son of Adam and finds it the sweetest thing to eat. He will follow a man fifteen years on the slightest scent. He has three virtues, but the time is at hand when society will beat the jungle up and be rid of him, for he is a pest.

During the week I visited the house and the room where Garfield died. Being with some friends, all of us tired with the long labors of those National conventions at Chicago, I suggested that we drive into the Lincoln Homestead grounds. My old friend "Tom" Jones was not there, but another gentleman promptly extended the favors of the place to us all. The Garfield cottage is now occupied by Mrs. Smith. In a few minutes we were invited to eat with it. I had never been in that place since Garfield was stricken down. I knew Garfield when he was more at a plain boarding-house in Washington, and I prized him to see his young children playing around the door-steps when I thought they ought to have a home. The moment he outlained a home standard opened upon him and said that no hut should be that home. God be merciful to people who, with such a beautiful world to live in, will always see the meanest in the light, the air, and the grass!

Are all men in this country to have beautiful homes except our public men? Are the lobbyts and the jobbers who come to Washington city and decoy or demand from our Congressmen large results from life to be the only persons who have homes? I think I see yonder a villain who never could have been elected to Congress by any constituency, clamoring now because the man who helped him has a little roof over his head.

Of all the strange Americans, the strangest in career was James A. Garfield. I remember when I was a newspaper correspondent at Washington, receiving about the same salary he received, going one Sunday to his house. We talked there a long time. He was always a schoolteacher to me. Would I could be a more independent man than himself because I owed no duty to any sensitiveness or timidity. I recognized in him a teacher and a moralist. I have heard cruel things said about him from better men than myself. It is enough to me to bear testimony to a friend as I found him. We went in to his dinner table; his wife was not there. The dinner consisted of some cold roast beef warmed over in the frying pan, and of some stewed tomatoes. Garfield never apologized for the dinner. I felt so much respect for my host that a better dinner might have given me a chance for criticism. The dinner was so plain that its simplicity gave all concerned an honest character. Here was a man who had been suspected, outraged, with no more dinner than I would give somebody who came to the front stoop.

The year following the war I was a lecturer through Garfield's district in Ohio. There I first heard his name. I was not familiar with any portion of his life. Afterward I made his acquaintance—on his part it was very slowly made. He always seemed to me to be a shy, fearful man, and I had an idea that he could find in a sort of large, world ly public character that he might naturally hesitate to give his confidence to. I have always found public men to have a great natural veil in them. If I wanted to go with my sorrows I might have, and find a friend to weep with, I would not go to some rude, unfeeled man, but go to a great, disciplined, sorrowed man, and say to him: "Tarry with me to-night."

Since the sufferings and death of Garfield I have had to listen, from acquaintances of mine whom I must tolerate though I will not acquit, to imputations about this dead man that I can only account for on the ground of general human depravity. The more mankind seems to rise up and stand by the side of this simple, well-informed, well-acquitted gentleman, the more I find a certain grass, harsh intolerance of nature to revel in denouncing him. I can only compare it to Oliver Cromwell, after the great example he was to Englishmen, being pursued and harried for two hundred years.

The young gentleman who was the lieutenant at the Elberon Hotel came in at last and said: "Now, sir, they are ready to show you where General Garfield died." We crossed a portion of the green lawn toward the sea and came to one of the neat, extensive wooden cottages the Americans build in this day of grace and taste. I was only thinking of my old friend as I crossed the threshold and ascended the stairs. I can now hardly remember anything but angular stairs and a beautiful interior above, and a neat, tasteful domestic equipoising in an honest way, as became Garfield's name and fame, how he was brought in; how the railroad car came around to the back of the house, and how the poor man was taken out and brought in through a lower room and then was carried in some way up the stairs and finally was placed on a bed, and how at odd times he was taken off the bed and put in a chair, which was shown to me, of a kind of circle shape. But I know that it was the room which Blaine had described with that tenderness of speech which only those tried to the long burdens of public life can use toward their perished rivals. I felt happy that after a hard discipline of twenty-five years in political writing I could have faith in that poor man's agonies and hopes and greatness of character as he sat in that room. If I could not believe in suffering like that what could I believe in that is professional and mendacious and despicable, and yet calls itself a form!

After Garfield became President his oldest acquaintances had but little pleasure with him. The extended sphere of life he entered into crowded out his old and gentle friends. Hence there was some natural exasperation among the man's own constituents. Yet what right have people to assume upon a newly elected President? He assumes a new nature. He is obliged to face the world of his enemies. He must choose his Cabinet out of his competitors and rivals. Therefore the common men in America are the best friends of a new President. They expect nothing. They do not even expect consideration.

In the present campaign the American people, if they estimate themselves with self-respect, can make a new departure from old follies of old campaigns. We have no right to consider this Presidential candidate a Fourth of July toy. He is an old and hardened man in the forces and collisions of public business. I am forty-four and already tired. These men who are running for President are from forty-seven to forty-seven. Should they not be tired too? Are we to give all our charity to this musky young person who has a bottle of ink and a pen, and who writes a column or two a day in large type and then says: "Thank God I am not as bad as yonder public man"? Let us remember that we belong to a nation of nearly sixty millions of people and that the man at the head of the state is the greatest invalid in the country. The President of the United States has hardly any of the relieffs afforded by older systems of government; he is an exposed man. The last President was murdered. Two former Presidents were in danger. The President who passed through the war victorious and went as a war correspondent to the James River was finally killed in a theatre. All these are heroic men taking their lives in their hands. What danger does the pessimist reformer take in his hands when he sits down every day to incite the people to violence against their magistrate?

I stood in Garfield's room and saw to the south two windows, and to the east facing the ocean one window, and then I thought how little I had done, or any of the scribes who published the newspapers, compared to the awful sufferings of that man who did not solicit the Presidency, who received it with hesitation and distress, and who in receiving it had to suffer pains and miseries such as no slave flogged on the plantation ever knew. He suffered all that I or you, His Secretary, now taking the risks of a Presidential candidate, has experienced no viler attacks than Garfield knew. Can we expect joy and prosperity in this Nation when we are so harsh to our public men? Arise and give at least as much faith to your great stewards as you give to your morning editor!

I was in Washington City when Mr. Blaine was first made Speaker of Congress; standing in the gallery one day, Jim Young, who be correspondent, pointed him out to me on the floor below. My disposition was rather with Dawes, of Massachusetts, who was Blaine's only competitor. I did not know why I was for Dawes any more than those "noises" know why they are against Blaine. Some of them, as I am personally informed by sight, only mate Blaine because he gave them a dinner. It is dangerous business to give a cheap-jack dinner in your own house. Only twenty-four years ago the Democratic party called every man who believed in freedom to the individual a Black Republican. They could not understand why a Republican should be republican for the blacks as well as the whites. Good luck, however, has happened to their prejudices. They do not count the black Republican's vote, and they rule their states just the same without him. In fact, they are the black Republicans now. They come to these Democratic conventions and cast all the votes of their States as if there were no black Republicans there. The Republicans came to their convention and showed the manhood and the logic of their career. They put in the presiding chair a negro. They submitted to some of the defects of black Republicanism in taking the vote. On the other hand the Republicans have demanded the Southern States of their white population, the former slave-owners. It is a terrible injustice to the Northern States to have this solid South confronting them all the time. But we have hopes that their own sense of justice will at last come to our rescue, and that in the North they will find their truest alliances with the men here who had to carry the burden of that great war just as the poor white men in the South had to carry the burden of the rebellion.

Look at the chances in the interests of people born a hundred miles below Mason and Dixon's line! There are a set of strategists in our section who are seeing perpetual misery in the natural chances of a noble revolution. There were Indian grokes and swifts in England who saw only wretchedness arising from the final conquests of progress. Walpole they called the corruptor. I can remember a set which did not see cast any trustworthy Republican vote, while all the light and all the hope has come from the Republican party. It is the district I was a member of. It has become bright with small cultivations, with frequent farms, with fruits, with general boys.

The upright Southern men are expecting the North to be kind. There hope are in us. With a genial and neighborly desire to have their something to be patronized by the government they admire as every time we hear them. They know the future of their sons is in our integrity and stability. I sat with Henry Watterson at Kowalski in Chicago, talking to him about Blaine's nomination. It was during the Democratic Convention. Watterson said to me: "I think Democrats was a good deal of respect for the Republican party that they put Blaine to nomination in the face of the loss they to him. It was good grit." We shall elect that man whom the South admires at heart. We do not propose to take that old gray head, covered in the public honors, and put it to a premature coffin to satisfy the face of fear and insecurity, and without domestic life or hob tattling, preside over our Republic.

I hear considerable said about the Irish and the Germans in this campaign. The Republic has been remarkably happy in the acquisition of both. In the first place they are wonderfully healthy specimens of human nature. What the German saves the Irishman spends. They play into each other's hands. I see no reason why they should disagree. Our native race both saves and spends. Come with us and we will do you good.

At Long Branch I met two editorial spirits, each bright, and eminent for hard strict, Mr. Singerly, of *The Philadelphia Record*, and General Felix Agnus, of *The Baltimore American*. In conversation General Duryea, of New-York, to General Agnus's presence said: "Here is a young gentleman who came to me at the outbreak of the war when I had the New-York Zouaves. He was youthful and willing and I made him my orderly. Time has passed along and here he is playing his part in the concerns of a prominent neighboring State." Mr. Singerly said to me during a pleasant ride we took: "I like the newspaper business. It gives a man such opportunities to do new and right and useful things as he could find in no other pursuit." This gentlemen was left a large fortune by his father, and instead of sneering at the profession of the public teacher, took up the hard work of the press. His son-in-law, Mr. Balch, is known all over this country to young men as the clairvoyant reporter who, both in America and Europe, found a culprit by instinct and delivered him up to the law.

A good deal of the flavor of New-York City is to be found far down town in business hours. James A. Farrish, in John st., who has been in business there nearly thirty years, is an Englishman. At the beginning of the war he became the Quartermaster of one of the earliest New-York regiments. In the few hours allotted to business he sells over 40,000 mutton chops a year, 12,000 kidneys, and nearly 30,000 beefsteaks. The meat is all American, but it is up to the highest character of foreign mutton. Brown, who keeps the best-known chop-house up town, uses Canada mutton, but the most acceptable be in his place, while it was the mountain of England, is said to have the flavor of old Philadelphia ale brewed in those days when the publican never thought of pumping his ale up, but solemnly walked down a ladder and got it out of a cellar.

A TENDER EPISTLE.

From Texas Siftings.

Mrs. Demming asked Matilda, the house servant, a few nights ago:

"What dreadful scratching is that out in the kitchen? It must be the dog trying to get in. I never heard anything like it in my life."

"That's no dog scratchin' de door. Dat's de cook writin' a leb letter to her honeysuckle, who works down in de Austin ice factory."

CANNIBALISTIC.

A Walnut Hills lady had been entertaining a friend of her husband, and the next day her little girl said to her:

"Mamma, ain't we cannibals?"

"Of course not," was the reply, "why did you ask that?"

"Because I heard papa say we had Mr. Jenkins for dinner yesterday."—(Cincinnati Traveller.

The business manager of *The New-York Herald* was surprised a few weeks since at the entrance of a very seedy, dejected Beggar who stood, hat in hand, with a beseeching look in his Eye. "Well," said the Manager, "who are you, and what do you Want?" "I am a very poor, forlorn novice," said the caller, "and I thought you might give me a Job to help out your Waning circulation." The manager put the Device off to a parallelis until he could Cable to the editor Ab ned for instructions. Thursday here came a special Cable by mail, saying "Usualdevice-possibleigh," whereupon the manager gave a Job to the poor Devlee, and if you look sharp, my child, you can see it Beseeching and Begging in Friday's paper.—(Troy Telegram.

FOREIGN MUSIC.

HOME, GREEN-ROOM AND CAFE—SVENDSEN AND SCHARWENKA.

[FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

COPENHAGEN, July 14.

Before starting upon my musical pilgrimage through Northern Europe, I promised you to record such musical impressions as might interest the readers of THE TRIBUNE, and these are the first fruits.

My run through Scotland developed no musical returns, although replete with health and pleasure; but at London I found the musical world gathered in full activity. At the opera I found a disappointment in Lucca's *Cornus*. I had made up my mind that the *ne plus ultra* of this rôle would be the performance of this singer. As a matter of fact it was less spontaneous and less attractive than the rendering given by Hauck. A very plea sant musical contest was going on at the "healtheries" as the Health Exhibition is irreverently called, where English, German and French bands play in friendly rivalry. I found that the foreign bands attained an excellent effect by the addition of four contrabasses to their combination. The bass furnished by these was smooth, flowing, yet penetrating.

But as yet I had seen none of the European composers, and had not renewed the bonds of friendship knit with foreign musicians during former visits. In Denmark all this was changed, for I not only found former friends, but met some of the young Northern composers who are now coming very prominently upon the the world's musical stage. Let age come first, however: Niels W. Gade, the veteran of Northern music, is still active in the Conservatory of Copenhagen. This conservatory is by no means a large one (the one in Boston is about ten times the size), but it has a good reputation for strictness, and the composition classes under Herr