GENERAL GRANT.

JOHN A. KASSON'S REMINISCENCES.

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My special personal acquaintance with General Grant had its origin about the time of his trouble with his Secretary of War, General Belknap. Prior to that time, owing to my distrust of the influences which surrounded him, I had not been to the White House for a long period. The Democrats had gained possession of the House of Representatives, and great efforts had been made to find corruption in General Grant's Administration. The attacks upon him had been very bitter, and yet they had traced no wrong doing, or countenance of wrong doing in public life to General Grant himself. I knew that one of the committees of the House, presided over by the Hon. Heister Clymer, of Pennsylvania, were pursuing an investigation with closed doors, touching certain transactions of the War Department. Enough of these transactions leaked out to interest us very much as to the result, and to create anxiety. On the morning of the day in which their report was made, I was passing through the lower corridors of the House Wing of the Capitol, when I met Mr. Clymer, with whom my relations were very friendly, hurrying along in a great state of excitement, with his writing finger covered with ink to the first joint. I said to him, "Mr. Clymer, is it true that you are going to report in favor of the impeachment of General Belknap?" He responded "Don't ask me, my dear fellow; our proceedings are ordered to be secret"; and hurried along away from me in a very excited state. His manner and his inky finger told me all that was necessary for me to know. This was that the report would come in that day impeaching General Belknap for high crimes and misdemeanors. I immediately went up to the House floor, and then called a carriage and hurried to the White House to see the President. General Grant was at luncheon, but almost immediately came into his reception room with a smiling, unconcerned expression of countenance.

I said to him, "General Grant, there is no doubt your Secretary of War will be brought before the House this morning for impeachment on account of the Post-Trader transactions, and I have called to say this to you, and to inquire if there is any information you can give me, which we ought to know, in connection with the debate which may spring up on the subject." His countenance immediately became serious, and he said, "I know but little about it. General Belknap came to me about 10 o'clock, in a very agitated condition, and said that he was charged with having an interest in the Post-Traderships under his control, and he could not allow my Administration to suffer by his presence in the Cabinet, and he tendered his resignation. I spoke some words to him expressing my regret, etc., and he burst into tears. His resignation was written in a few words, and I indorsed some kindly expression of regret upon it in accepting it, and he left me."

I had some further conversation on the subject, but no further facts could be learned, and I hastened back to the House. The report came in as I expected, and was read in the House in the midst of intense excitement of feeling. I listened to every word of the evidence, and in my judgment it utterly failed to prove the guilt of General Belknap. There was a "missing link" more important than that connecting the ape with humanity. There was an utter failure to show his knowledge of either the original transaction, or of the sources of the moneys which arose from it. The evidence did show that knowledge on the part of others who availed themselves of their intimacy with the Secretary for personal profit. Both at that time and in subsequent conversations, General Grant had expressed a disbelief in the knowledge of the transactions on the part of General Belknap, and placed the guilt where all those who were impartial and had knowledge of the circumstances, both at that time and since, have placed it. In conversation with General Grant upon that subject, I obtained my first personal appreciation of his moral courage, his personal uprightness, and his sympathy with those whom he believed to be unjustly suffering.

But it was at a later period, during my occupation of the post of Minister at Vienna, that I became much more intimately acquainted with General Grant. In that long journey which he made around the world, he arrived at Vienna in the summer, when very few people in the government, or in society, were present in the capital and was my guest. We had long drives together, and often sat late at night discussing recent events in America while smoking our cigars. On one of these occasions I said to him, "General, I don't know if you observed it, but in the two or three years of your second term, I paid no visits to the White House. I have often wanted to tell you why. It was at a time when a certain class of men seemed to have gained exclusive possession of your ear, and seemed to bar access to all men of my way of thinking, who would have been glad to give you their views for what they were worth. It was not from distrust of yourself, but of the influences which surrounded you." I recollect this observation, which he made in this connection: "I entered the White House as President without any previous experience either in civil or political life. I thought I could run the government of the United States, as I did the staff of my army. It was my mistake, and it led me into other mistakes." This was said with the simple honesty of a child, and with a straight-forward sincerity that afterward led me to say that if General Grant should have a third term of the Presidency, it would be, in my judgment, the most perfect administration we had ever had. I believed this because he was not so obstinate as to be blind to his previous errors, and with the lapse of years he had profited by his reflection, as much as if he had been criticising the administration of another man.

But, beyond even this, he interested me in another conversation. I said to him, "General, I know in modern history of no act of more admirable civic courage among public men than your veto of the Inflation bill. Some of your strongest and best friends in Congress had committed their fortunes and their reputations to the passage of that bill, and I did not dare to hope that it would receive your veto." He was pleased with this reference to the event, and said: "I will tell you about that. I had watched the progress of the debate, but declined whenever it was a subject of conversation to express any opinion upon the merits of the bill. After it was passed and came to my hands, many influential members of the Senate and House came to me to discuss it and to urge my approval of it. So also many Senators and members on the other side opposed it, and hoped for its disapproval. I told none of them what my inclination on the subject was, nor did I bring it to the attention of the Cabinet for several days. Final action had to be taken within the constitutional period. I believed at first that I could approve the bill upon the construction that I gave to its terms. I thought it admitted of a construction which would obviate the evil effects which were apprehended from its passing, and that my approval could be accompanied by a message to Congress giving the grounds of that approval upon the interpretation of the bill to which I have referred. After finishing the draft of this message I read it over, and then said to myself, 'That is not my real, honest opinion. I am not convinced of the rightfulness of this view; it is not sincere.' I took the draft, tore it in pieces, and threw it in the waste basket. I then sat down and wrote the veto message to which you have referred, and the next morning, for the first time, read it to my Cabinet, and let them know what my action was on the subject."

Of course, this statement by General Grant made a great impression upon me, which remains to this day. It was a glimpse into the inner life of General Grant, as President in the discharge of high and responsible executive duty, which showed that he dealt with his conscience, which became his final arbiter in all cases of doubt. Another man less single-minded, less courageous, and less honest would have summoned his friends on both sides and sought a compromise with reference to a course of expediency. With him there was but one question: Is it honest? is it right? are my convictions absolutely sincere? No event known to me in his history reveals this quality so plainly, and in such strong light, as the incident related above.

When the General was at Berlin, he arrived at the moment of the attempted assassination of the Emperor William by Nobling (if I remember rightly the assassin's name). As there was great anxiety about the Emperor's wounds, General Grant was unable to see him, although he received courteous messages from the Empress and proper courtesy from Prince Bismarck. When he was with me at Vienna, he referred to this disappointment, saying that he greatly regretted his failure to meet the German Emperor, for whom he had a very high respect. I told him that the Emperor was now at Gastein, within my jurisdiction, and I might arrange a meeting with him, if he desired. He said he would be very glad indeed to have the opportunity, and would gladly go to Gastein for the purpose. After dining with the Emperor of Austria, and receiving such courtesies as could be expected at Vienna, at that season, he went to Salzburg, to stay a few days, in that attractive region, with Mrs. Grant, and rest both from the fatigues of travel and the demands of society. I joined him at Salzburg, and proceeded to Gastein, where I arranged for the interview with the German Emperor. On the day appointed he proceeded from Salzburg to this high mountain valley where the Emperor and Prince Bismarck were both taking the baths. General Grant spoke no language but English, which the Emperor did not speak. It was therefore arranged that Prince Bismarck should be present with the Emperor, while I accompanied General Grant. No other persons were in the audience chamber. The meeting seemed to me to possess a picturesque if not historical interest. There were the foremost Emperor, the foremost statesman, and perhaps the foremost general of the age in which they lived. The two former represented the most powerful and best organized race on the continent of Europe; the old, venerated principals of monarchical institutions, and the proud distinction of hereditary birth and hereditary rights. The latter was a genuine representative of American institutions, without hereditary distinction or other extraordinary honors than those conferred by the vote of the people. They looked at government from two opposite poles. The conversation, which was somewhat prolonged, possessed a special interest, by reason of the respective relations of the persons participating in it. The Emperor was at that time much taller than General Grant, though his venerable head, when I last saw him, was much more bowed upon his shoulders with the weight of years. Prince Bismarck towered far above the Emperor, with magnificent physical proportions, and a head which indicated the intellectual resources which have now brought both Europe and Asia to bow before him. Opposite to him stood this compact, unostentatious, sturdy American, unabashed and without self-concern, and every word fell from his lips with the same interesting simplicity and direct significance which always characterized him at Washington. It was simple, true sincerity that characterized every word. I remember distinctly the words of the Emperor, at the close of the interview, which were also translated by Prince Bismarck with an absolute accuracy that won my admiration. He said to Prince Bismarck, "Tell General Grant that I watched his career in the American civil war with the greatest interest. Tell him I regret we have not a common language in which to speak of these things, and of his military campaigns, for—" and the Emperor straightened himself to his full height, and struck himself on the breast—"for I, too, am a soldier." No reply was made to this remark, for the Emperor extended his hand to the General and bade him adieu.

The observations made by General Grant during his visit to the various capitals of Europe and the East would have been of immense value to him and to the country, if he had subsequently been able to utilize them. If, for example, the ex-Presidents of the United States had a seat in the Senate, with the privilege of discussing the numerous non-partisan questions involved in the foreign intercourse, in commercial treaties, etc., his knowledge thus acquired, as I gathered from occasional observations dropped by him, would have been of the greatest advantage to the United States Government.

I remember in a conversation in my house, at Vienna, at the time to which I have already referred, a remark was made by the General which threw light upon an intrinsic quality of his character. I was speaking of attacks made upon his character, and upon that of many men in whom he trusted, who seemed to be attacked because they were his friends. This led him to open his heart to some extent, and show his feeling after the lapse of time. He finally said, referring to one gentleman who stood in near official relations to him, "He is the only man of them all that I cannot forgive." I knew this gentleman well, and did not believe him guilty of the personal treachery to which the General alluded, and ventured to express my dissentient opinion. He replied that there was no question but what he had given countenance to a charge or suspicion which was absolutely without foundation, and standing in the relation to him that he did, he felt that he could not forgive him for the act. But against no other, including his political enemies, did he in conversation express the slightest bitterness of feeling. He seemed willing that political persecution should be buried with the past, as he desired the enmities of the war should be buried. I doubt if ever a public man retired from public life with so kind and Christian feeling toward those who had been his avowed enemies and detractors as did General Grant. It may be that the single instance of bitterness to which I have referred also disappeared subsequently; but his freedom from all malice of feeling at the time referred to struck me then, and impresses me still, as a fact which should tend greatly to elevate the character of General Grant, as history shall record it.

JOHN A. KASSON.

THE PRINCESS OF ZANZIBAR.

A TALE OF LOVE AND DIPLOMACY.

[FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

WASHINGTON, Sept. 19.—The reading world was informed, a few days ago, by a cable dispatch from Zanzibar, that the Sultan's sister and family, for many years resident in Berlin, have arrived there on the German steamer Ehrenfels, and that the commander of the German squadron, Admiral Knorr, claims, in her behalf, some confiscated personal property of the reigning Sultan, Said Borgosh Ben Said. There is not only a most interesting little romance connected with this apparently dry dispatch, but it also sheds a flood of light upon the diplomacy and objects of Germany in its persistent warfare upon the present ruler of Zanzibar.

Nineteen years ago the Zanzibar branch of a certain Hamburg mercantile house was under the superintendence of a handsome young German merchant whose blue eyes and golden hair made sad havoc with the heart of the youthful sister of the reigning Sultan, Said Borgosh. She fell desperately in love with him, and the romantic young merchant requited her affection. He gave up his position and fled with the girl, escaping pursuit and reaching Germany. They settled down at Berlin, where they were married after the young African princess had embraced Christianity. But in their case, too, the course of true love did not run smooth, and the haughty relatives of the young merchant turned the cold shoulder to the new accession from the far East. All efforts to secure a new foothold in his native land were in vain; one commercial venture after another in which he engaged failed, and after a few years of hardships, sorrow, disappointment and undue exertion carried him into an untimely grave. The princess, now mother of two children, a boy and a girl, then stood alone and helpless in the world; all efforts to conciliate her brother, the Sultan, were in vain, although strong English and German influences were brought to bear upon him. She showed herself equal to the emergency, however. Possessed of wondrous linguistic talent, she had mastered the German language thoroughly, and soon managed to earn a competence by giving grammatical and conversational instruction in Arabic. The correspondent of a German daily, who visited her at Berlin some years ago, described her as a slender lady of medium height, with expressive face and strong, yet womanly, soft features, lightly bronzed complexion, jet black, bright eyes, and long, straight black hair. Her children have a very light complexion.

She has now returned, as the cable tells the story further, to her native land to claim her own. In doing so she is backed by the strong arm of Prince Bismarck, the picker-up of unconsidered colonial trifles, at whose direction the powerful fleet of Germany has been menacing her stubborn brother, the Sultan Said Borgosh, so long already. Should he yield to Germany's demands for the restoration of his sister's property, it will not be long before some pretext will be found to harass him again, especially after his sister's son, now fast approaching man's estate, shall have become firmly established in the native land of his mother, where in all probability he will become the centre and leader of all disaffected and hostile elements, and some fine day it need not surprise his playmates at Berlin and the reading world at large to learn that he has been made Sultan of Zanzibar. Should he resist, Said Borgosh may be detroned at once, and the young prince be put in his place. But this young man, born to a German father upon German soil, is, according to well-recognized international principles governing nationality, a German, a subject of the Emperor William, and his accession to the throne of Zanzibar would virtually mean an absorption of that now so important territory by Germany, and a fresh triumph for the new colonial policy of the wily German Chancellor.

CHILDREN UNDER FOUR.

"Good-day, marm, and just let me congratulate you on that boy 'o yours. I guess he's the finest boy for four years of age that ever I saw."

Such were the words addressed by the conductor of a Forty-second and Grand st. car to a portly, well dressed woman who had just got off the car with a big boy apparently not less than seven years of age. "Ah! yer done me out of 5 cents, yer did," murmured the conductor sadly and softly, as he gave the strap a vicious pull which so startled the driver that he nearly fell from the front platform.

"What did you mean by that observation?" asked a reporter who had overheard the remark.

"What do I mean?" retorted the conductor. "Why ain't she just been and done me out of 5 cents? Here she gets on the car at the ferry with that big boy, and when I asks for his fare she promptly replies, 'he's under four.'"

"Do you often have people do this?" queried the reporter.

"Often? Well, I should smile. There's never a trip I makes but what some one gets on with a big child and says it's under four. Why, trip before last a woman boarded the car at Third-ave. and Fourteenth-st. with five children, and not more than two o' them would ever see five again. I went in for her fare, and she handed me a nickel and said, 'all the children are under four. There's a powerful lot of children under four in this city when they comes to ride on a car.'"

MR. PARNELL'S PROJECT.

HIS DEMAND FOR AN IRISH PARLIAMENT—WILL HE GET IT?

[FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

LONDON, August 27.

Mr. Parnell has made up his mind that now or never is his time, and has flung down his gage of battle to the English Ministry, Parliament, and People. He has given notice to all whom it may concern that he has taken his coat off in earnest, that the day of small things—Land Acts of 1881 and the like—is past, and that Ireland has now to demand, and England to concede, simply the right of the Irish to govern themselves. His words in Dublin this week are:

"We desire nothing more than to place it within the power of the people of Ireland to govern themselves and manage their own affairs, and when we have restored to you your Parliament it will be possible for you to discuss and thresh out every question."

The resolution Mr. Parnell has taken is a momentous one. It is probably based on his belief that the next Parliament will be the most Radical ever convened in England, or likely in his time to be convened, and that he has a better chance of extorting what he wants from that body than from any future assembly. He believes, moreover, that he is to hold the balance of power in the House of Commons, and it is upon this factor in the problem that his calculation turns. He will appear in that House with a compact following of, according to his estimate, eighty or eighty-five Irish members, and on that point there is no reason to question the accuracy of his estimate. He will direct the whole Irish vote in every English constituency to be thrown for the Conservative candidates, hoping in this way to reduce the sure Liberal preponderance in the next House to a number less than that of the Irish members. Then, by allying himself with the Tories, he can turn out any Liberal Government, or even prevent the formation of a Liberal Ministry. He will be in a position to exact his own terms from the Tories, because these also he can turn out if they refuse. From one party or the other, therefore, and he does not the least care which, he will be able to obtain the repeal of the Union between England and Ireland—for that and nothing less is what the demand for an independent Irish Parliament really means. If neither party will agree to this, he can make all government impossible by putting any possible Ministry into a minority.

The probable error in this calculation is the assumption that the Liberals will not have a working majority over Tories and Parnellites combined. The Liberals themselves believe that they can secure such a majority. Their shrewdest managers expect a majority of 120, and that would put the combined Tories and Irish in a minority of 35. On this theory, Mr. Parnell's scheme can only come to grief, but Mr. Parnell's scheme presumably proceeds in fact on a wider basis. He must have taken into account the probability of being unable actually to control the fate of Ministries. He knows very well what Mr. Schnadhorst counts on, and Mr. Schnadhorst's means of information about English constituencies are far greater than Mr. Parnell's. I think it must be assumed, therefore, that Mr. Parnell's decision has been taken in view of another alternative. What he believes is that, with or without the balance of numerical power, he holds cards which will enable him to win the game.

No man knows on what terms the existing Irish-Tory alliance was formed, nor to what lengths it may proceed. Mr. Parnell has a profound faith in the squeezability of English politicians. He has in turn made compacts with both English parties. He has used both. He has wrung from both concessions which both had over and over again pronounced impossible. He well understands the conditions of political rivalry which exist in England. He looks, I presume, to a speedy reorganization of parties. It is not quite clear whether he would prefer to see Mr. Gladstone retain the leadership of the Liberals, or disappear wholly from public life. So far as the Irish question from the Irish point of view is concerned, either course would offer advantages, and also disadvantages. So long as Mr. Gladstone continues the chief of the Liberal party, Mr. Parnell knows that he may rely on the fanatical hatred of the Tories. They will do almost anything to pull him down, or to prevent his return to power. The history of the last two months is the proof of it, and it is too fresh in everybody's mind to need retelling. What Mr. Parnell believes is that, with Mr. Gladstone at the fore, and on the theory that a majority can be had in the House of Commons by a coalition between himself and the Tories, the Tories will shrink from no terms he may propose. In one word, he believes that the Tories would sooner see the Empire split asunder than Mr. Gladstone again Prime Minister.

But if Mr. Gladstone's throat proves obdurate and the failure of his voice becomes chronic, Mr. Parnell's prospects are, in his view, not less hopeful. Then would come, he thinks, the long-impending collapse of the Liberal party. Radicals and Whigs would part company. Mr. Chamberlain, freed from the discipline which has thus far checked, to some slight extent, the exuberance of his passion for new things, would be found ready to go any lengths with his Irish friends. The seventy or eighty Radicals of the present House will have come back trebled, or more than trebled, in number in the new Parliament. With the Parnellites they might almost be a majority; and what is to prevent Lord Randolph Churchill coming over to them with such a contingent of Conservatives as shall make that motley band a majority in fact? A majority for the one purpose of voting a repeal of the hated Union is all that Mr. Parnell wants. If he and two out of the other three leaders of the new House agree, why may he not hope to carry his modest proposal? All this, of course, on the supposition of Mr. Gladstone's abdication.

Should none of all these schemes prove workable, Mr. Parnell has in reserve his old weapon of obstruction. He has shown what he could do with thirty members at his back. The new Rules interfered a little with the free practice of his peculiar tactics, but I understand Mr. Parnell is convinced that the new Rules in a new House can obstruct obstruction but little. Ninety members are far more than three times as efficient for mischief as thirty. Rules or no Rules, he counts on bringing about, in the last resort, a complete Parliamentary deadlock, a paralysis of business; including, if necessary, the stopping of supplies. England is not to be permitted to have either a Parliament or a Government if she does not allow Ireland to govern herself. To this end it is that a new and singularly stringent discipline has been devised for the new Parnellite party. The ninety Irish members are to be nominated by Mr. Parnell; with just so much show of deference to the wish of the constituencies as may not interfere in the least with the efficiency of the machine to be constructed. They are to sign, each of them, a pledge to sit, act and vote with the Irish Parliamentary party, and to resign if Mr. Parnell is not satisfied with their conduct—for that is the English of the phrase, "majority of the Irish party," which is nominally to decide whether anybody is to resign or not. The majority of the Irish party is Mr. Parnell. He is absolute master. The members whom Ireland sends to Westminster are to be solely the instruments of Mr. Parnell's will. Nobody is in any doubt or delusion on that point—least of all the ambitious, half-rebellious colleagues who once or twice have thought it possible to supplant Mr. Parnell in the chieftainship of the party, have been reduced to order, and barely escaped being reduced to the ranks.

The calculations of Mr. Parnell are ingenious, astute, plausible, and he professes absolute confidence of victory, no matter which party is in power. They are calculations founded on considerable knowledge of the present condition of politics and public opinion in England, and they take into account many of the elements by which the Irish problem is ultimately to be solved. But there are, perhaps, one or two things which they did not take into account. They start from the presumption that the spirit of party in England is stronger than the spirit of patriotism,—of what the English themselves think patriotism. They assume, at one point, that the House of Commons will sit down tamely under the compulsion which Mr. Parnell proposes, if need be, to apply to it; and submit to be made, in Mr. Gladstone's phrase, the laughing stock of the world. They take for granted that a majority of the English people are going to agree to a break-up of the Empire; that when the question is fairly and frankly put to them, as Mr. Parnell now puts it, the English will agree to let Ireland go; agree to it with the full knowledge that a hostile commercial policy is to be enforced, that English manufactures are to be shut out by a prohibitive Irish tariff, and that Ireland, embittered by the just resentments of centuries, is to become a permanent menace to her military safety.

I have never thought, and I do not now believe, that the England we have hitherto known would accept any of these results. But a new England is to be summoned to decide. The most vital question which for two hundred years has pressed for an answer is to be put to a new electorate. Power has passed from the middle classes; it rests with the working classes. There is no evidence, or very little evidence, that the temper of this new England will be less Imperial than the old; none that the England of the future will be any more ready than the England of the past to surrender any portion of its heritage. Mr. Parnell seems to believe it will; he is going to make the experiment. But I suspect he has already learned that the very Englishmen on whom he chiefly relies for aid are appalled by the prospect of having to meet such an issue in the coming election.

G. W. S.

PRINCES AT DINARD.

THE SUCCESS OF AN AMERICAN SCHEME.

[FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

DINARD ILLE ET VILAME, France, August 28.

To the shrewd foresight and enterprise of an American, France owes the existence of this, one of the prettiest seaside resorts on her entire coast, rivalling Trouville in popularity. In fact, the Dinardais say that they have outdone Trouville, for while the resort at the mouth of the Seine has had the larger crowds, yet the cream of the French noblesse have honored its Breton rival with their august presence. Twenty years ago a Mr. Coppinger, of Boston, who was staying at the inland town of Dinan, drove with a party of friends one summer day to the hamlet of Dinard, then only an insignificant fishing village. Where there are now hundreds of fashionable houses were hardly a dozen cottages with thatched roofs and dirt floors, shared alike by domestic animals and the fishermen's families. The natural beauty of the place made a strong impression upon the American. A long, narrow neck of land ending in a rocky point or promontory reached out into the sea with the curving bay of L'Ecluse to the west of it, and the broad mouth of the Rance—the bluest river in France—on the east. The north view stretched seaward to the horizon over the turbulent waters of the English Channel. An unrivalled beach of fine white sand reached around the L'Ecluse bay three quarters of a mile to the opposite point, almost a counterpart of the one at Dinard. The land view from this rocky promontory was over a series of wood-crowned hills with patches of green fields here and there, until far off in the distance, full twenty miles, to the southward rose the dark line of the splendid Forest of Pontual.

Mr. Coppinger lost no time in closing a bargain by which he became owner of the entire point of land reaching back from Cape Frehel. But he did not witness the fruition of his schemes, for he died before he moved into the big red-and-gray stone mansion that he erected on the point—the pioneer dwelling of Dinard of to-day. But the seed he had sown brought back a harvest of gold to his widow. Rich and titled Frenchmen became suddenly enamored of the place. Building sites reached in narrow strips across the point from the Priory Bay to L'Ecluse and were speedily disposed of. Counts Mortimer, and Roederer came after Mr. Coppinger and erected two elegant dwellings. Next came Count Dabdah—a rich Assyrian he called himself, but the gossips say he is a Hebrew relative of the Rothschilds—and built his mansion. On the point west of L'Ecluse the Duc d'Audiffret-Pasquier, one of the noblemen whose family pedigree dates from the First Consul, reared a huge but unsightly mansion. The building fever seized these noblemen and they put up solid stone houses along the L'Ecluse beach and on the Dinard Point as fast as they could and found no trouble in renting them. A broad avenue leading down through the centre of the Dinard Point was named after the founder of the place, Boulevard Coppinger.

In a few years the success of the watering place was an established fact. The blood royal of France in the person of the Duc de Montpensier spent a summer there and Albert Edward visited it in his yacht, putting the seal of British royal recognition on it. Mrs. Coppinger lived to see beautiful villas crown the summit of Mr. Coppinger's "rock." Hotels grew up as in a night and a costly Casino was built. One of the public houses the Hotel de Dinard, was kept by a little thin-faced old man with long gray whiskers and sharp black eyes. Mr. Nicolai, as he was known, had a big ungainly son who was possessed of a fine tenor voice. The marketing for Dinard was all done at the old walled town of St. Malo, just across the Priory Bay. A little steamer about the size of an ordinary American tugboat took the market people back and forth across the bay. When Mr. Nicolai did not go he always sent his son and the son used to delight the other passengers by singing snatches of French songs. Years after, this son has become more familiar to the world as Signor Nicolini, the admirer, lover and husband of Adelina Patti.

Many Americans have sojourned and have bought property at Dinard. Mrs. Craig Wadsworth lived here for seven years. Owing to its easy access to London scores of English people have also become permanent residents. This year Dinard has surpassed all other years in aristocratic favor; and the crowds of *etrangers* that follow in the wake of the noblesse are here by thousands, filling the hotels and private houses to overflowing and hotel men and land speculators are enjoying a wave of prosperity. The Orleans princes have selected Dinard this year to spend their summer in, in the fine red-and-gray stone mansion of "Frehel," belonging to Count Dabdah, on the Boulevard Coppinger, the Duc de Chartres has settled down with his father-in-law, the Prince Joinville, and his eldest daughter the Princess Amelie, while in neighboring villas are staying the Comte de Paris and Prince Waldemar of Denmark, the affianced husband of the Princess Amelie. Prince Waldemar is the youngest of the six children of Christian IX., the King of Denmark. He is a handsome blond cavalier of twenty-seven and fond of exhibiting his graceful horsemanship by galloping along the Boulevard. Princess Amelie is also a blonde of supple carriage and sky-blue eyes. This engagement is the first promise of a marriage in the house of Orleans since the Comte de Paris became its recognized head, and the credit of it goes to him. It is considered a brilliant stroke of policy, for by it his niece becomes a sister-in-law to the Czar of Russia, the King of Greece, and the future Kings of England and Denmark. The princes live quietly, having a single equipage hired at the local livery stables. They are fond of walking however, and take long excursions in the country, and generally pass the evenings at the Casino, to which they are subscribers. The costume of the Duc de Chartres is generally a blue frock coat with the ribbon of the Legion of Honor fastened in the button-hole, a white vest, and a high gray hat. He walks with the peculiar, slightly swaggering gait of a cavalry man. Spies are said to be stationed here who make daily reports of the actions of the princes to the authorities at Paris. They do not seem to mind it in the least, but enjoy themselves like persons having plenty of money and no ambition.

RATHER PITCH PENNIES THAN BE WHIPPED.

Out in the small parks and squares of the city are gathered every morning as early as 6 o'clock the petty bootblack brigade. They do not belong to the down-town "swell" crowd. They have no settled place of business, nor do they have a covering while at work except the shade of the friendly trees. These youngsters are from six to twelve years old and of all nationalities, though the Italian element predominates.

"If we don't pitch pennies, sir, we can earn 60 cents a day," said an American boy of nine, who with some others stood around waiting for "game."

"Our folks set us up and we work all week days and Sundays until 4 o'clock," said another little urchin of the Italian persuasion; "but Sunday is our best day, and we sometimes make $1 on that day. Our folks give us some of the cash if we've brought home reg'lar the 60 cents a day fur the week."

"Don't you have any play-time given you?" was asked.

"No, 'cepting nights," said one little seven-year-old of German origin. "If they'd give us one day we wouldn't pitch pennies so often."

"How much does your outfit cost you, and do you pay any license?"

"No. That's the way we beats the fellers who has stands, 'cause the parks is free, and we find our game willin' to take a park bench while we shine 'em up. Our kits cost us from 40 to 80 cents."

"What kind of people are your best customers?"

"All kinds, but the bricklayers on their way home are about the best, and the colored folks is good, too. There's one old fellow who's a good 'un. He's never in a hurry; anyway, he never looks to be, and reads his paper all the time. But I b'lieve he looks over the paper or has eyes in his stommick, 'cause if I try any foolin' he's at me 's quick as lightnin', but he's a first-rate old chap and pays well."

"What do you charge a shine?"

"Two cents week-days and five cents on Sundays. If we don't make the 60 cents we are afeard to go home, fur some of us gets a lickin', and there ain't no fun in that, I can tell yer. I'd ruther pitch pennies any day than get licked with a strap."

IN THE CLUTCH OF A WILDCAT.

From The Philadelphia Times.

Mathias Berger [the Blue Mountain hermit] is seventy-two years of age and about five feet four inches in height. His head is covered with straggling tufts of silvered hair, combed smoothly down. "I remember," he said, "when this entire mountain was one entire wilderness. Wildcats and panthers were as plenty as briars. Just see here," and he stripped off his coat and exposed two or three scars down his back fully twelve inches long. "That was done about twenty-five years ago. Those are the marks of a wildcat. I was coming through the woods one night when I saw two eyes like streams of fire thrown toward me from a tree overheard. I knew that they were those of a wildcat. Before I had time to get away she jumped and landed on my back, burying her claws deep into my flesh. I threw myself on the beast and while she was tearing my hands and arms with her sharp claws, I whipped out my knife and cut her in the neck until she bled to death."

LORD TENNYSON.

THE MAN AND HIS HABITS.

MR. ESCOTT RELATES ANECDOTES OF THE POET.

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Of England's three most distinguished poets only one is generally known as he appears, in his daily habit, to the outer world of society. Mr. Browning is to be met with—an always honored guest—at the dinner tables of the great and in the drawing-rooms of the leaders of fashion. Lord Tennyson and Mr. Swinburne, the oldest and the youngest respectively of contemporary bards, best beloved by the Pierides of Great Britain, almost lead the life of recluses. The author of "Atalanta in Caledon" has found a tranquil retreat beneath the roof of Mr. Theodore Watts, The Pines, Putney. Lord Tennyson passes the whole of his time between his residence on the Surrey hills and the domicile where he first permanently established himself after his marriage, and which has long since won immortality in the Isle of Wight. Of Swinburne and Browning I may have something to say upon a future occasion. I shall now confine my remarks to the august person of the laureate. As I write, the London season of the present year of grace has reached its culminating point. Numerous and assiduous as are the attempts which have been made to secure his presence in the British capital, ere the social glories of eighty-five are a tale that is told, Lord Tennyson resolutely refuses to quit Arcadia for Babylon. Mr. Gladstone was no sooner emancipated from the cares of office than he wrote to the great poet, whom he has made a peer, begging him to pass a fortnight with him in the comfortable house which, by the favor of Mr. Bertram Currie, the ex-Premier of England now occupies in Whitehall. Similar invitations by the score have, one may be sure, been received by Lord Tennyson since "the roving moon of daffodil and crocus" first climbed above the horizon, but they have all elicited one persistent refusal. The laureate in his reply to Mr. Gladstone said that he had shaken off the dust of Cockaigne forever, and that nothing short of a peremptory and irresistible summons of business or duty would induce him to sojourn during a week in London. Lord Tennyson has registered this decision deliberately after having made the experiment of London life and finding it unsatisfactory. A couple of years ago he rented for six weeks a smart house in a fashionable quarter. At his mansion in Lower Belgrave-st., within a stone's throw of Eaton Square, he entertained the Prime Minister, the Dean of St. Paul's and Mr. Jowett, the master of Balliol, together with divers luminaries of statesmanship, letters and theology, at dinner. He went out and permitted himself to be entertained by others. He was the central ornament of the garden parties at Clapham given by the editor of a monthly magazine, and it was upon one of these occasions that he sat together with Mr. Browning and Lord Houghton for an entire hour under a spreading mulberry tree, while the whole company, drawn up around, gazed in mute admiration upon this trinity of veteran wielders of the plectrum, deeply occupied the while in their oral symposium.

Lord Tennyson soon began to find the conventionalities of London society as insufferably tedious and cramping as Mr. William Black's "Princess of Thule." To many of them, especially to those relative to matters of personal costume, he declined to subordinate himself. When he appeared in public it was still in the picturesque wide-awake of the Italian bandit, with which his portraits have familiarized the world. However warm the weather his shoulders were enveloped by the poetic cloak. Every one noticed him as he drove by in a carriage of decidedly dowdy aspect, and obviously hired at so much per week. Many people recognized him and touched their hats respectfully. Had the laureate not placed a curb upon his inclination he would most certainly have lit his pipe. It was even rumored that he once did so, and the incident, real or imaginary, was commemorated by Mr. Edmund Yates in an entertaining parody of the Lord of Burleigh, as follows:

"Through the park and gardens going
Piccadilly and the Strand,
All day long his 'bacca blowing,
All agape the people stand.

"Wants his hair cut, rum old duffer,
Aged a century at least,"
Quoth the laureate, "This I suffer
From the many-headed beast."

The explanation of the august apparition which, when the season of 1883 was at its zenith, flashed upon the London world, is that Lord Tennyson was seized with an ambition of adding new laurels to his wreath, and that he wished not only to write plays that will live forever, but to see them acted. He had a notion that if he was to be successful in this role he ought to be *en evidence* in London himself. Possibly he did not originate the idea. Very likely it was suggested to him by the members of his family. However this may be, the semi-grotesque result was what has been described. Although the laureate's dramatic efforts were only partially successful—the triumph of "The Cup," produced by Mr. Irving at the Lyceum, only serving partially to redeem the appalling failure of "The Promise of May,"—he has by no means abandoned his visions of a supreme histrionic victory, and the latest of his tragedies will soon afford a London audience the opportunity of judging how far his dream is likely to be realized. Lord Tennyson may be said to be affected by the hopeless collapse of such a piece as "The Promise of May" much as, according to Aristotle, the dead are affected by the fortunes of their surviving relatives; they have a dim notion of what has happened, but nothing more. It is as if the sound were deadened and the event took place behind the curtain. In the case of the laureate, whatever domestic care and filial affection could do toward warding off the blow was done. His eldest son, Mr. Hallam Tennyson, allowed his illustrious father to read none of the hostile criticisms and to open none of the unfriendly and even vituperative letters which arrived by the post. All that the laureate understood was that the drama, which he still holds ought to have been the hit of the season, was not appreciated so keenly by "the many-headed beast" as it deserved.

The greatest poet, then, who has lived to adorn the last quarter of the nineteenth century eschews London almost entirely, will never as he himself avows visit it again except on compulsion, and lives completely in a little world of his own. Not, indeed, that he is inspired by any misanthropic or anti-social sentiments; on the contrary, he delights in discriminating hospitality. Among the neighbors, of whom in Surrey he sees most, are Sir Henry Holland, a son of the eminent physician, and the Financial Secretary to the Treasury in the new Conservative Administration; and, when they are at a little cottage they possess hard by the laureate's house, Lord and Lady Wolseley. Tennyson also frequently receives visitors beneath his roof from Saturday to Monday, and among this class of guests none is more frequent or welcome than Henry Irving. Some of the social usages of the laureate's house are peculiar, and they are never departed from, whoever may happen to be staying there. For instance, when the dinner is over the company adjourn to another room for dessert—in the same way that at Oxford and Cambridge the "dons" of the high table quit the dining hall when the meal is disposed of, to sip their wine in what is called on the Isis the Common Room and on the Cam the Combination Room. Lord Tennyson is as fond now of a glass of sound port as when in "Will Waterproof's Monologue" he bade the plump head-waiter at The Cock bring a pint of the vintage which had felt the glow of Lusitanian summers. Upon one occasion he pressed Mr. Irving to take a glass of the precious liquid. Mr. Irving did as he was desired, but not being a port wine drinker, sipped it very slowly. Before he had finished it the decanter from which the bard had been automatically replenishing his goblet was empty. Lord Tennyson bade the butler bring a fresh supply, and turning round to his guest said drily: "Do you always drink a bottle of port, Mr. Irving, after dinner?" The laureate, however, though endowed with an appreciation of wine has always partaken sparingly of it. He has not practised, and does not practise now, a similar abstinence in the matter of tobacco. He smokes perpetually; a pipe always and by preference a long pipe of the kind known as "church warden"; and at each of his houses he possesses a divan specially conceded to himself, in an upper story, whither he sometimes invites a friend to smoke and hear him read. No man's habits could vary less. After an early breakfast he devotes an hour to his correspondence with his eldest son. Then he smokes, meditates, writes, and occasionally strolls in his garden till lunch. He seldom misses taking this meal *en famille*, but he very rarely talks while it is in progress. Should a happy inspiration have seized him after the morning's musings, he returns silently to his study and commits to paper the precious thoughts, clothed in perfect words. More frequently he reserves this till later in the day, and when luncheon is over beckons mutely to some one in the room to accompany him on his afternoon saunter.

Although the laureate lives exclusively in the country now, he has known London well in his time and has mixed much in London society. Writing in *Blackwood's Magazine* in February, 1833, John Wilson, more famous as Christopher North, remarked that it was "the unlucky lot of Alfred Tennyson to be the pet of a coterie, and—saddest of all—in Cockneydom." Yet Tennyson never resided long continuously within the sound of Big Ben. When he left Cambridge, where among his contemporaries were Monckton Milnes, afterward Lord Houghton, Kinglake, the historian of the Crimean war, and Arthur Henry Hallam, whose death inspired him with the idea of what many will esteem his finest poem, "In Memoriam," he travelled in the Pyrenees and subsequently lived with an unc