SOME NEW BOOKS.

Grant in Politics.

To affirm that Grant was no less great as a statesman than he was as a General would certainly sound like a paradox to some of his best friends. Yet to maintain the truth of this rather startling proposition is the purpose of *Grant in Peace* by ADAM BADEAU (Hartford, S. S. Scranton & Co.). Upon the question whether the author's aim has been fulfilled, his readers will probably continue to differ, but they will all acknowledge that this narrative constitutes an indispensable supplement of the subject's autobiography. What may be called the military history of Grant has been written by himself; his political history he did not live to write, and, had he done so, he would, we are assured, have written in collaboration with the present author. For such a work there is no doubt that Gen. Badeau was peculiarly qualified, since he brought to it not only literary expertness, but the intimate knowledge resulting from long and close companionship. There are, in truth, not many critical conjunctures or controverted acts of Grant's political, distinguished from his military life, upon which the book before us does not throw more light than was previously obtainable. We may not always accept the author's conclusions, inevitably if unconsciously biassed or colored by his admiration and affection, but we are materially aided to revise our own.

The author's personal conviction is avowed in the opening sentence of this narrative. He avers that "Gen. Grant did his country quite as indispensable and efficient service during the years immediately after the civil war as in the field;" he adds that the service was "often unknown to the world, or to more than a very few of the actors or nearest observers of the time." It is also in the preliminary rather than the final pages that he defines the not always obvious but fundamental traits of his subject's intellectual and moral nature as they revealed themselves to those who, like Gen. Badeau, were brought very near to him. Some of these impressions of Grant's character should be noted before we proceed to show how much we are helped to understand certain acts and incidents of his career by the new or ampler information now provided.

After a few words of premise regarding his opportunities of knowledge, and especially the cordial friendship which permitted him to see beneath the veil that hid Grant from most men, Gen. Badeau tells us that he found him "a man like other men, with feelings as profound as those of the most passionate, but with a power of concealing them almost beyond example. His reserve was natural in part, as well as in part the result of intention. At times there was a positive inability to reveal emotion, a sort of inarticulate undemonstrativeness as far as possible from stolidity." Referring on another page to the same trait of reticence, Gen. Badeau plainly has in mind the distinction drawn by Bacon between simulation and dissimulation. Grant, he says, "never became a skilful simulator, but he could dissimulate as well as any man that ever lived; that is, he could prevent all but those who were absolutely closest to him, and sometimes these, from penetrating further than he wished into his thoughts, or purposes, or desires." Returning to this subject in one of the last pages of this narrative, the author observes that "although Gen. Grant was so reticent and almost secretive with individuals, he was not so" with regard to the ultimate disclosure of his feelings and motives to the world. "He was willing for much to be known about himself that he could not bring himself to utter. He never suggested that one word I wrote about his personal characteristics in my 'Military History' or in a political memoir on which this work is founded should be omitted or changed."

Let us go back to the introduction which sets forth more at large the author's conception of the moral and emotional side of Grant's nature. "He had," says Gen. Badeau, "few affections, but these were intense; he did not hate many, but he could be implacable." In another place the latter point is again touched upon. "If he was unfair, and he was at times, he did not know it; he did not intend to be so. If his likes and dislikes affected his judgment, and they did undoubtedly, it was unconsciously to himself; and he always wanted to atone for a wrong when he was convinced that he had inflicted one. But it was difficult to convince him." Now, as to the scope of his aspirations and the intensity of his self-esteem, "he was not," in the author's judgment, "what is usually called ambitious, but after he had been long in power he was not insensible to the sweets of possession, and was decidedly averse to relinquishing what he had enjoyed. He was not vain, but he knew his own qualities, and though he had the faculty of receiving adulation with a greater appearance of equanimity than any other human being I have known, he was not indifferent to the recognition of the world or the praises of his friends." This is the kindly verdict of a devoted friend, yet on page 157 even this friend acknowledges that many of the mistakes made by Grant in his first administration were due to an overweening notion of the value of his judgment in spheres of action with which he was unacquainted. Gen. Badeau admits that Grant at the date of his inauguration in March, 1869, and for some time afterward, "was undoubtedly affected by the adulation that was offered him. His head was as little turned as any man's who comes into the highest place; but he had been told for years of his greatness, of his judgment, and of his knowledge of men. Every one was now assuring Grant that the people reposed full confidence in him, that he was the sole arbiter, the judge of last resort; and in some sort this was true; but the unwillingness to ask or take any advice in this untried and most difficult of all positions, in a man who had no experience either in distributing the patronage or administering the affairs of civil government, betrayed a confidence in himself almost unprecedented. This is the explanation of the distance at which he kept not only the public and the press, but political and personal friends." After this preamble the author confesses frankly that "no man is so much above and beyond his fellows as to be able to dispense entirely with their aid. Had Grant called around him and consulted able and experienced statesmen at this juncture, many misfortunes to himself, his friends, and to the country would doubtless have been avoided. The world," adds Gen. Badeau, "will more readily believe me when I recount his excellencies, if I do not hesitate to portray his errors; and this that I now point out was one of the most conspicuous in his career." When Grant in his second inaugural address admitted the mistakes that he had made, he virtually apologized for the self-complacency which in his first address had led him to say that he accepted without fear the responsibilities of his new position.

If we turn back once more to the introductory chapter, we shall see Grant's intellectual qualities outlined with some heed to the distinction between those that were innate and those that were brought out by his extraordinary experience. "He was not," says Gen. Badeau, "in the least a critic by nature; especially he was not introspective. I used to ask him how he came to do certain notable things, how the idea of some battle or campaign had been inspired or evolved in his mind, how he felt in a famous emergency; and he always tried to answer me. He was curious himself when I suggested the inquiry. It had never occurred to him to examine himself in this way, and he was not an expert, but he would tell me all that he could remember or understand." Evidently, Grant was a soldier of the type of Marius, Marlborough, or Wellington, not of that of Cæsar or Napoleon.

The author goes on presently to say that he "never saw anything more curious than Grant's intellectual growth. His faculties had never been exercised upon any large matters, or on any large scale until the war; then they expanded in the eminently practical career of a soldier." Nevertheless, "until the close of the war he had met few great men except soldiers, he had studied few great events except military ones, he knew few great subjects or situations except battles and marches and sieges and campaigns. When he went to Washington, and was thrown into contact with men trained in the political and social arena, at first he was very shy. He did not like the atmosphere; he was not at home in it. He disliked politics and society, but soon perceived that his duty and his position threw him into both politics and society, and, though he never seemed to be observing, he watched closely."

The narrow notions and provincial prejudices that Grant brought with him to Washington, and for some years retained, are curiously exemplified by the changes that took place in his attitude toward Mr. Motley. In the autumn of 1868, while Grant was awaiting at Galena the result of the Presidential election, he had told Gen. Badeau that he thought Motley, whom he knew only by reputation as a historian, a Minister to Vienna, and a great friend of Sumner, would make a good Secretary of State. "But soon after the election," so we read on page 153, "Grant visited Boston, where Motley called on him. On his return I asked his opinion of Motley. 'He parts his hair in the middle and carries a single eyeglass,' was the reply, and the tone, as much as the words, indicated that the historian was too foreign in his ways to please the President elect." Gen. Badeau says that Grant, after his journey round the world, ceased to regard such little idiosyncrasies as decisive, but his account (in chap. 22) of the circumstances preceding Motley's recall shows that Grant's dislike of the Minister's un-American ways had quite as much to do with his humiliation as any technical divergence from diplomatic duty. There is no doubt that Motley was a good deal elated, not to say inflated, by the social distinction which his post gave him, and proportionately disposed to magnify his office. His disgrace smote him the more keenly, and according to Gen. Badeau, who was an eyewitness of the effect, led directly to his decline and death. The last scene of his brilliant social career is thus described: "Motley was living in Lord Yarborough's house in Arlington street, one of the most sumptuous in London; he was entertaining sovereigns, his halls were filled with Titians and Murillos and Van Dykes. I recollect a dinner just before he fell at which D'Israeli, the Duke of Devonshire, the Rothschilds, and thirty or forty others of the highest position in London, were present, and the grace and urbanity with which he received and arranged the splendid company were remarked by all. He held no memorandum in his hand, but stood at the centre of his long table, which was gleaming with silver and lights, and pointed to each aristocratic guest where he should sit and whom he should set beside him. His handsome, intellectual face was lighted up with pleasure and distinction, and he felt himself at home. Poor man! the next day his post was required of him." As a matter of fact, Motley's disobedience of orders had been committed long before, and been sufficiently punished by the transfer of the negotiations relating to the Alabama claims from London to Washington. It would, doubtless, have been condoned and forgotten, had not Motley subsequently offended Grant and Grant's friends in trivial matters. In the winter following Motley's breach of diplomatic rule," the President received from several sources reports in regard to the Minister's social treatment of Americans which displeased him. It was said that Motley ignored his compatriots, and that his deference for the aristocracy was so marked that he disliked to bring democrats into contact with them." Neither did the Minister show much worldly wisdom in declining Grant's personal request that he should appoint a son of Secretary Fish assistant secretary of legation. "For certes," said he, "I have already chose my officer." So that, upon the whole, it is not in the least surprising that in the spring of 1870 Grant should have declared himself "persuaded that the Minister was un-American in spirit and not a fitting representative of democracy." It is an interesting fact that at the time of this avowal he offered to make Gen. Badeau Motley's successor. "I replied," says the author, "that he ought not to think of the appointment. I was not sufficiently prominent before the country, and the nomination would be regarded as favoritism and would injure him." This avowal, by the way, was made "two months before the final vote on the San Domingo matter." But Gen. Badeau omits to mention that by that time Sumner's attitude in relation to that affair was known to be irrevocable.

To the singular blunder made by Grant in appointing Stewart, the dry goods merchant, to be Secretary of the Treasury, a post to which he was by law ineligible, we find some allusions on pages 164-69. Grant, of course, made the matter worse by proposing that Stewart should be individually exempted by Congress from the operation of the law. "Stewart," it seems, "felt sore because Grant gave him up so soon [the merchant thought the whole process of Cabinet making should be stopped until he could in some way cure his disability], and their friendship was never so intimate as it once had been. The whole occurrence provoked much harsh criticism, and it was said that if Grant had consulted men of civil experience, and not trusted entirely to his own judgment and knowledge, the blunder would never have been made." On a later page we read that "Stewart thought that some of the importance or influence which had been offered should have been allowed to remain. He even wanted to retain a little of the patronage which might have been his had he entered office." Gen. Badeau goes on to relate that returning to New York in September, 1869, he "went to Mr. Stewart's great store, as I had been used to do before Grant was President, and spent an hour with him in private talk. I was amazed at the tone of his conversation; he did not expect, he said, to enjoy the influence he had once anticipated, but even the few favors he asked had been withheld. Judge Hilton, his life-long associate and intimate, he had hoped would be appointed Collector of New York, and a relative of his own wife he wanted made Consul at Havre. The Collectorship was gone irretrievably to another, and instead of Havre his relative was offered Bordeaux. He wanted me to represent this to the Government. But the Government was made up, the carriage was full, the train had started, and those who had not succeeded in entering could hardly expect to be treated like regular passengers. Stewart was out in the cold. He saw the President occasionally after this, but their intimacy was at an end."

Of the secret history of the San Domingo treaty we hear but little in the chapter on Grant and Sumner, where we naturally look for it. Gen. Badeau tells us that he "was never taken into the confidence of those who originated that scheme, and knew no more about it than the public knows." Grant's relations with Sumner and their unhappy termination are, however, thoroughly discussed. It seems that Sumner had hoped to be Secretary of State, and it must be admitted that the nomination of Washburne for the office (although his tenure was intended to be transient) may have been looked upon by the distinguished Senator as adding insult to injury. The author explains that, "although with Sumner's consent his friends pressed his name for the first position in the Cabinet, Grant never for a moment entertained the idea of appointing him. * * * Still, at first, Grant had a high appreciation of Sumner's character and ability." So, too, "when Fish entered the Cabinet, he naturally turned to his old associate and friend," and Sumner being "at the time Chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign affairs, the official relations of the two brought them at once into close companionship. Before Grant's Administration was three months old Motley was sent to England to please Sumner, without whose interposition he would, at most, have been returned to Vienna." The first rupture was caused by the controversy over Motley's instructions. Sumner contended that the civil war had been doubled in duration by England's intervention, and that England was accordingly responsible for the additional expenditure, or, in other words, for half the huge cost of the war. What Sumner really wanted was afterward disclosed when he insisted that a condition precedent to negotiations looking to the settlement of the Alabama claims should be the withdrawal of the British flag from all provinces and islands on this continent. Motley had embodied Sumner's views in the draft submitted to the State Department as the basis of his instructions. Their summary rejection made the Senator "indignant and at times almost offensive in behavior." But as he afterward seemed reconciled to the change of programme, and as (this statement is made on Grant's authority) he at first acquiesced in the San Domingo project, Gen. Badeau apparently inclines to the opinion that he might have been induced to support it by offers of patronage. He eagerly desired, for instance, that something should be done for Ashley, once known as the "great impeacher," but Grant obstinately refused the request. Apropos of the President's intractability in this matter, Gen. Badeau makes a candid admission which is obviously applicable to other acts of omission on the part of Grant. "He was often, I thought," says the author, "maladroit in the distribution and withholding of patronage. Regarding it as he did, and as everybody did at that time, as a legitimate means of party support, and believing that it was clearly within his province to distribute offices as he chose—he might have won many important people whom he drove away. He was not pliable enough for a politician. He thought he would not truckle to the press, and therefore he defied and fought the great journals and journalists of the country. But by a judicious use of legitimate political advantages, and by personal advances that coming from him would have conferred distinction, he might have retained as friends many who became his personal enemies." Gen. Badeau "thought at first that even Sumner's friendship need not have been lost," but he believes now "that no concessions could long have retained Sumner as a friend. He wanted too much—to control absolutely; and the more that was yielded the more he claimed." Then follows what is doubtless a correct account of an interesting incident of which inaccurate versions have been current. "Late in the spring of 1870 Fish went to Sumner's house. It was night, and the Secretary was returning from a dinner; he was ushered into Sumner's library, and found him in tears. The domestic relations of the Senator, the world knows, were unhappy, and he was depressed and probably contemplating them. He was not rich, and confessed that the state of his affairs also troubled him. Fish remembered their old-time friendship and sought to console him. He said: 'Reject this treaty, Sumner [the San Domingo treaty], and let the Senate adjourn; then go abroad for the summer; get away from your cares and think of something else.' But Sumner said he could not afford to go abroad, and Fish, in the effusion of the moment, and knowing that Motley was to be recalled, exclaimed: 'How would you like to be Minister to England?' The moment he heard his own words he recognized his mistake. He perceived that the offer might be misconstrued and regretted what he had said. But Sumner simply replied, 'No, I cannot disturb Motley,' and Fish eagerly acquiesced: 'No, I see you are right, you could not supplant Motley.' Not another word passed between them on the subject, yet this has been called an attempt to bribe Mr. Sumner into the support of the San Domingo treaty by the offer of the English mission. In this very interview Fish had urged Sumner to bring up the treaty and reject it; for the Administration had fully made up its mind that the measure was lost." Gen. Badeau also makes it pretty clear that Sumner's removal from the Chairmanship of the Committee on Foreign Affairs was due to his refusal to speak to Secretary Fish, with whom he would necessarily be constantly brought into official relations.

About the Cuban imbroglio Gen. Badeau has someting to say which will surprise those persons who are unaware how near we were at one time to a war with Spain. The author points out that Rawlins, the Secretary of War, "was very anxious to take sides with the Cubans in their struggle for independence, and others in the Cabinet followed his lead. He looked to the eventual annexation of Cuba by the United States, and did everything in his power to precipitate steps that could not be reversed. He was even willing to risk the possibility of war with Spain." On the other hand, "Fish thought we had too recently emerged from a contest at home to engage in another abroad. Grant at first leaned very strongly to the views of Rawlins, and there were many of the President's friends and advisers who concurred with the Secretary of War. At one time the issue was almost decided in favor of Rawlins, but the development of the English question gave Fish a powerful argument. He urged that with trouble on our hands with Spain, we could not possibly deal frankly and fearlessly with England. This view was one that would be apt to affect Grant, and just when the cogency of the argument was felt by the President Rawlins died. His mantle as the friend of Cuba fell on no Elisha. The insurgents never found another friend so powerful and earnest; the insurrection languished without the aid of America, and Spain remained firm in her seat on the unhappy island."

Of the scandals of Grant's Administration, including those connected with the names of Belknap, Williams, and Babcock, the author knows nothing at first hand, not having been at the time a resident of Washington, and therefore says nothing. We find, however, an indirect allusion to them in a paragraph on page 177, which glances at "the injury which Grant received from the association of those who used and abused his name and his friendship for their own purposes." Again, on page 256, Gen. Badeau acknowledges that Grant was "supported and sometimes seemed to be surrounded by many whose association conferred neither honor on himself nor benefit on the country."

With this narrative before us it is no longer possible to doubt that Grant was deeply interested in the movement to nominate him for a third term, and it is the author's belief that the movement would have been successful had the ex-President's return to this country been more judiciously timed. It is true that "men like Conkling, Cameron, and Logan declared in intimate conferences that Grant had never said to any of them that he would be a candidate." It is also true that at the last moment "he was induced to write a letter [about the expediency of which Gen. Badeau seems to have some doubt] authorizing his friends, if they saw fit, to withdraw his name from the Convention." Nevertheless, for some weeks before the Convention "Grant," says the author, "manifested as much anxiety as I ever saw him display on his own account; he calculated the chances, he counted the delegates, considered how every movement would affect the result, and was pleased or indignant at the conversion of enemies or the defection of friends." We learn, too, that "for all the remainder of his life he remained more than grateful to the men who supported him so faithfully at Chicago, just as he never forgave any who he thought betrayed him at that time. He never afterward spoke except with bitterness of his lifetime friend Washburne, who he believed, I know not how rightly, had played him false; and he remembered the violence of some who supported Mr. Blaine with an acrimony that was not confined to them, but extended to his great rival. Even former followers who did not support him in the concluding political effort of his life never held the same place in his political regard. His failure embittered his feeling toward all who contributed to it."

There is no chapter in this volume to which the reader will be apt to turn with more lively curiosity than that which bears the title of "Grant and Blaine." Although Grant had supported Conkling at Cincinnati in 1876, there "was not," it seems, "until the return of Grant to this country in 1879 any ill feeling between the predestined rivals." But he "always held Mr. Blaine responsible, not indeed avowedly for his discomfiture at Chicago, but for the personal attacks to which he attributed it." Herein, it is the author's conviction, Grant deceived himself: "I could not see," he says, "that Blaine was more responsible for what his supporters said of Grant than Grant was for many of the attacks his friends directed without his knowledge against Blaine."

Gen. Badeau goes on to mark a "singular phase of Grant's anger." Although he had been "extremely disgusted, at Blaine's introduction into the Cabinet, and though he certainly attributed the subsequent course of Garfield to the influence of Blaine, I never thought his soreness so great toward the Secretary of State as toward the President. It was Garfield whom he had obliged, and who should have remembered the obligation. Blaine was an avowed antagonist, and at liberty to fight with whatever weapons fortune or his own ability had endowed him."

When in 1884 "the choice of the Republican party had almost narrowed down to Blaine or Arthur, Grant admitted that he desired the success of Blaine as an alternative. After the nomination he often said to me that he had no doubt Mr. Blaine would make an excellent President." But did he vote for Blaine? It seems he did not, for the reason, as we now see it explained for the first time, that toward the end of the campaign "there were influences persistently at work to induce him to withhold his support. No opportunity was missed to revive bitterness or to recall the events which he had attributed to Mr. Blaine's hostility." Nevertheless, the list of names made by Grant in the last months of his life—the list of those to whom he wished his own memoirs presented—did not omit the name of the one man whose hold upon Republicans had become far stronger than his own.

M. W. H.

BOOK NOTES.

The Scovill Manufacturing Company issue the American Annual of Photography and Photographic Times Almanac for 1888. It is a striking volume, full of photographic exercises and excellent illustrations.

The title "Dainty Poems" (R. C. Hartranft) which Mr. Waldo Messaros has bestowed upon a little volume of verse is not altogether appropriate. The poems are not unmelodious, but are far from being dainty or above the commonplace. The illustrations are pretty.

Cupples & Hurd publish a translation by Mrs. Mathews of L. M. Ohorn's "Angel of the Village." The scene is laid in a German manufacturing village, and a variety of dramatic incidents combine to make up a story of more than ordinary interest. The heroine and several other characters are original conceptions, skilfully drawn.

The "Irish-American Almanac" for 1888 (Lynch, Cole & Meehan), besides the contents appropriate to such a volume, contains a considerable amount of reading matter, historical and anecdotical, and a few spirited ballads, all of which will prove acceptable to readers of Irish birth or ancestry.

The "Clipper Annual" for 1888 contains the usual amount of information on all theatrical and sporting matters, and in addition a chronology of the American theatre from 1686 to the present time. The book is a valuable manual for reference, as it contains what the other annuals always manage to omit.

"The Gist of It," by the Rev. Thomas E. Barr (A. C. Armstrong & Son), is a rather elaborate treatise on the philosophy of life, written from an entirely orthodox point of view, and arriving at the conclusion that the doctrine of a revelation from God to man is not only rational, but absolutely necessary. The argument is logical and well sustained, and the work will undoubtedly aid Christians, bewildered by the agnosticism of the times, to adhere the more strongly to their faith.

To the list of useful serials so rapidly increasing nowadays must be added "Routledge's Almanac" (George Routledge & Sons). It is a new undertaking, and promises to become indispensable to those who consult works of its class. Besides the statistics ordinarily published in almanacs, we find carefully prepared résumés of the achievements of the last year in literature, science, the fine arts, the drama, out-of-door sports, and the like. The obituary notices and the record of notable events are also satisfactory, and the Parliamentary summary, giving the political leanings of the members of each House, is of particular value. Several errors occur in the brief article on the United States, which should be corrected in the next edition of the work.

"The Church and the Age," by the Very Rev. J. T. Hecker (office of the *Catholic World*), is made up of articles originally published in the *Catholic World*, and which have been somewhat altered and condensed. He holds that "the Catholic Church throughout the world, beginning at Rome, is in a suffering state," and that "there is scarcely a spot on earth where she is not assailed by injustice, oppression, or violent persecution;" but that, notwithstanding this unhappy condition of affairs, she is, in view of the needs and aspirations of the present day, the only agency capable of dealing with the main question of the hour. How can religion be made compatible with a high degree of liberty and intelligence? He expresses with entire frankness his disbelief in any system of Protestant theology, and on every page shows himself a thoroughgoing adherent to his Church.

The most noticeable feature in Mr. George Lansing Taylor's "Progress of Learning" (John B. Alden), a poem in the heroic measure delivered at the celebration of the centennial of Columbia College in April last, is the invariable employment of double or "feminine" rhymes in ending his verses. "The heavy, hammering fall of the strong masculine rhymes of the English heroic couplet," he says, "is regarded as tiresome by the modern reader." We are inclined to think the modern reader will find Mr. Taylor's rhymes weak, monotonous, and ill-adapted to his subject. He is adroit enough in the practice of this kind of verse writing, but wholly fails to catch the poetic grace and appropriate treatment noticeable in such writers of double rhymes as Leigh Hunt or Keats. In substance the poem is commonplace and rather flippant, with little or no genuine humor.

Mr. Anthony Comstock comes to the rescue of the Society for the Suppression of Vice in a pamphlet entitled "Morals vs. Art" (J. S. Ogilvie & Co.), in which he repeats his familiar arguments regarding the nude in art, and shows how incompetent he is to discuss the question and how ill fitted by nature or education to fill the important office he occupies. In saying that he has no objection to a picture or statue of the nude female figure, provided it is "free from any unchaste posture or expression," he simply begs the question by assuming that he is to be the sole judge in the matter and that his decision is final. A legislative enactment which puts so much power in the hands of an injudicious, not to say fanatical, man, is a nuisance which ought to be abated. He reviews the case of Mr. Knoedler and his photographs of pictures by eminent modern artists in the Paris *Salon* in a thoroughly one-sided manner, which, however it may gratify his self-complacency, will not satisfy common sense people. His remarks about New York artists are bitter, but harmless, and his attacks upon the press ridiculous.

The latest volume of translations from Count Tolstoi is entitled "A Russian Proprietor and Other Stories" (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.). The translator, Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole, ascribes its contents, with one exception, to the period between 1852 and 1859, which witnessed the production of the terribly realistic sketch entitled "Sebastopol." The stories, or fragments of stories, herein embraced, are in some sense autobiographical. Several of them evidently refer to the author's military career, and describe, with a fidelity almost too severe, the reckless prodigality, sensuality, and mania for gambling characteristic of the Russian nobleman or officer of thirty years ago, and perhaps of to-day. Of these, "The Two Hussars" is a striking example. "A Prisoner in the Caucasus" is of later date, and presents a charmingly fresh and natural picture of life among the savage mountaineers, against whom Russia waged so long and doubtful a war of subjugation. The little Tatar maiden, Dina, who succors in his need the cruelly treated Muscovite prisoner, is a creation of which any novelist might be proud. These stories are wholly in Tolstoi's peculiar manner, and illustrate once more his wonderful simplicity and realism in the domain of fiction.

POEMS WORTH READING.

Drifting.

From the Boston Transcript.

I watch in the crimson sunset
The ships come in from the sea;
I wait in the gathering darkness
For my ship to come back to me.

It sailed away in the morning
Laden with precious freight;
And my heart is filled with longing;
Why tarries my love so late?

A boat drifts slowly by me,
And against the sunset skies
Two faces gleam in the twilight,
With eyes looking into eyes.

A grayness falls over the water
And hastens the earth to meet;
The waves cast with faint sobbing
Dead seaweed at my feet.

The boat passes into the shadow
With a dip of the silver oar;
What does the strong wind whisper
To me, alone, on the shore?

HARRIET A. PIKE.

The Old Man and Jim.

From the Century.

Old man never had much to say,
'Ceptin' to Jim—
And Jim was the wildest boy he had;
And the old man jes' wrapped up in him;
Never heerd him speak but once
Er twice in my life; and first time was
When the army broke out, and Jim he went,
The old man backin' him, for three months,
And all 'at I heerd the old man say
Was, jes' as we turned to start away,
"Well; good-by, Jim.
Take keer of yourse'f!"

'Peared-like, he was more satisfied
Jes' lookin' at Jim
And likin' him all too hisse'f-like, see?
'Cause he was jes' wrapped up in him!
And over and over I mind the day
The old man come and stood round in the way
While we was drillin', a-watchin' Jim,
And down at the deepot a-heerin' him say,
"Well; good-by, Jim.
Take keer of yourse'f!"

Never was nothin' about the farm
Disting'ished Jim;
Neighbors all ust to wonder why
The old man 'peared wrapped up in him;
But when Cap Biggler he writ back
'At Jim was the bravest boy we had
In the whole dern rigiment, white er black,
And his fightin' good as his farmin' bad—
'At he had led, with a bullet clean
Bored through his thigh, and carried the flag
Through the bloodiest battle you ever seen,
The old man wound up a letter to him
'At Cap read to us, 'at said, "Tell Jim
Good-by;
And take keer of hisse'f!"

Jim come back jes' long enough
To take the whim
'At he'd like to go back in calvery—
And the old man jes' wrapped up in him!
Jim 'lowed 't he'd had such luck afore,
Guessed he tackle her three years more;
And the old man gave him a colt he'd raised
And follered him over to Camp Ben Wade,
And laid around fer a week er so,
Watchin' Jim on dress parade;
Tel finally he rid away,
And last he heerd was the old man say,
"Well, good-by, Jim.
Take keer of yourse'f!"

Tuk the papers, the old man did,
A-watchin' fer Jim,
Fully believin' he'd make his mark
Some way; jes' wrapped up in him!
And many a time the word 'u'd come
'At stirred him up like the tap of a drum;
At Petersburg, fer instance, where
Jim rid right into their cannons there,
And tuk 'em and p'inted 'em t'other way,
And socked it home to the boys in gray
As they skooted fer timber, and on and on;
Jim a Lieutenant and one arm gone,
And the old man's words in his mind all day:
"Well; good-by, Jim.
Take keer of yourse'f!"

Think of a private, now, perhaps,
We'll say like Jim,
'At's clumb clean up to the shoulder straps,
And the old man jes' wrapped up in him!
Think of him, with the war plum' through,
And the glorious old Red, White, and Blue
A-laughin' the news down over Jim
And the old man, bendin' over him,
The parson turnin' away with tears
'At hasn't leaked fer years and years,
As the hand of the dyin' boy clung to
His father's, the old voice in his ears,
"Well; good-by, Jim.
"Take keer of yourse'f!"

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Latter-day Love.

From the Wasp.

There was a multitude of words
I could not think of. Why, it seemed
Her voice was like the voice of birds.
And when she spoke to me I dreamed
'Twas music, coming from above,
That falls on any man—in love.

I tried to frame a compliment,
But staggered through an ancient saw;
And then, before I could repent,
Her voice arrested me with awe;
She said, "No way can one advance
To pardon such extravagance!"

I took her dainty hand, and oh,
It trembled! I could understand:
I clasped it tenderly, as though
It were the lily of the land,
And as I pressed it to my lips
My kisses steeped her finger tips!

Then came the thoughts of days gone by
I hoped for millions yet to be,
For I was wild. I heard her sigh,
When picturing out futurity;
She faintly murmured, "Love, be true!"
And added, "Amethyst will do!"

Chanson.

From the Harvard Lampoon.

These are the violets, faded and dead, she wore in her golden hair,
That class day night in the long ago when she was young and fair;
The shy, sweet grace, the tender face of their giver dim appears.
Ah, those faded hopes of a day long past in the dreary round of years!

ENVOI.

Last summer I met her at Mount Desert, as with husband and children she sped
O'er the rocky road in her village cart, and she coolly cut me dead.

Happy the Man of Steadfast Faith.

From the American Hebrew.

TRANSLATED FROM THE HEBREW OF MOSES BEN EZRA.

Happy the man of steadfast faith,
His peace no sorrow 'minisheth,
Such peace what treasure purchaseth?
Let him not glory then that riches hath.

God's name alone is strong and sure,
What earth deems good shall not endure,
Honor, like wealth, an empty lure;
The great man sleeps; his fame evanisheth.

Wealth is a lie; the world's high dower
A fleeting dream, a fading flower,
To naught at last comes all man's power;
In one flock foldeth all, grim shepherd Death.

Prepare, for day and way, prepare,
That rich and poor alike must fare;
Beggar and king are equal there
The earth within. The worm all welcometh!

SOLOMON SOLIS-COHEN.

Carmen Mysticum.

From the Spectator.

Dear Lord, since Thou didst make the earth,
Thou mad'st it not for grief, but mirth;
Therefore will I be glad,
And let who will be sad.

For if I load my life with care,
What profits me the buxom air,
And what the sweet bird's choir,
Or heaven's azure fire?

But if I cannot choose but weep,
Weeping I'll think I do but sleep,
Till Thou shalt bid me wake
And triumph for Thy sake.

Lord, as 'tis Thine eternal state
With joy undimmed to contemplate
The world that Thou hast wrought
As mirror for Thy thought,

So every morning I would rise,
And offer Thee for sacrifice
A spirit light and clear
As Thy wide atmosphere.

For, Lord, since all is well with Thee,
It cannot well be ill with me.

MAMIE KELLY'S CHRISTMAS.

How a Poor Little Girl Managed to Take in Four Dinners on that Holiday.

From the Philadelphia Press.

Mamie Kelly lives down in a narrow court that runs off St. Mary street, above Seventh. "Delaware House" is painted in big black letters on the front of the miserable tenement where the little girl's mother and grandmother exist these wintry days. Mamie is about 5 years old, and the tiniest bright-eyed little specimen in all the big city's slums. Rumor has it that the little one enjoyed her Christmas week with a tact far beyond her years. The Day Nursery had a Christmas dinner and a Christmas tree. Mamie was there at the dinner, and took home some simple present. Then the Bedford Street Mission gave their Christmas dinner, and loaded their tree with presents for poor folks. Again little Mamie was on hand. Last Wednesday the St. Mary Street Mission had its festival and its tree, and once more the little "rounder" turned up smiling for the ice cream and the doll babies that hung from the tree. She went to still another entertainment, but it were best, perhaps, to let the little girl tell it herself.

"No, Mamie ain't in," the reporter was told at her home. "She just went over to the St. Mary Street Sunday school. What do you want with her?" The visitor dissembled and went back to the mission, where Mamie was sorted out of a score of little ones by a gray-haired woman who didn't seem pleased with the task. Mamie's interview would have been more to the point had she kept her thumb out of her mouth. She wasn't at all frightened at the tall apparition in a storm coat, however, and talked as she leaned against a low desk.

"Yes, sir," she said. "I went down and I got a dinner, and ice cream, and lots of it. Oh, such a lot! That was at the Nursery."

"The Day Nursery?" queried the visitor.

"Yes, sir," she said. "Then I went to the Bedford Mission, and then the other night I was here, and I got some too. Yes, and a doll."

"Who told you?"

"Miss Miller. She lives over there," and she pointed across the way where three women huddled in a dripping and broken doorway. "Miss Miller teaches little girls all she knows about things. Oh, yes; some other little girls went with me. My doll is over at Miss Miller's. I was at another place where colored people are, and I had ice cream, and—"

Mamie was called away before she could recall just where she had her fourth dinner, and the reporter left the ill-favored neighborhood to find some one who could point the moral to little Mamie's innocent effort to enjoy the Christmas as other and richer folks do.

ANECDOTES OF WELL-KNOWN MEN.

Grant's Sorrel War Horse.

From the Detroit Evening Journal.

"The first time I saw Gen. Grant to know him," said Major Osmun to a knot of story tellers, the other day, "was in the November of 1864. I was then attached to Hancock's headquarters, and was sent to carry a despatch to Gen. Grant. It was raining for all it was worth, and the mud about those Petersburg trenches was like glue. Putting my horse to a gallop, I was getting over the ground at a good rate, and soon I met and passed a solitary rider astride a little sorrel horse. The man's slouch hat was pulled down over his eyes, and the rain was coursing in streams down on the poncho in which he was closely wrapped. A moment later I came up with quite a group of riders, and catching sight of a lot of gold braid, jumped at the conclusion that I had struck some General's staff. I asked if they knew where Gen. Grant was, and one of them said:

"'Why, boy, you've just passed him.'

"Without a word I wheeled my horse and dashed back to the solitary figure ahead. As I came up he seemed to take in the situation, for he said sharply:

"'Who are you looking for, young man?'

"'Are you Gen. Grant?' I asked eagerly.

"'My name's Grant,' he said stiffly, holding out his hand for my despatch. Then he said:

"'Why didn't you come to me at once?'

"'I—I—'

"'Well, what?'

"'I didn't think you were Gen. Grant.'

"'You didn't? Why didn't you?'

"I saw his eyes twinkle above his cigar, that must have gone out three or four weeks before, it looked so bad. So I ventured to tell the fact:

"'Because I didn't suppose Gen. Grant would ride such a looking horse as that.'

"He burst out into a hearty laugh, and Gen. Badeau told me afterward that it was the first time for a week he had heard Grant laugh. The General receipted on the envelope for the despatch and dismissed me, saying:

"'The next time you are sent to Gen. Grant perhaps you will know him.'

"But after that I took my despatches to the chief of staff."

Gov. Marmaduke's Duel with Gen. Walker While a Battle Was in Progress.

From the Missouri Republican.

Gen. D. M. Frost has been acquainted with the deceased ever since the opening of the rebellion, and gave a *Republican* reporter an account of the duel between the deceased Governor and Brig.-Gen. Walker of Tennessee, last night. At the time the duel was fought Gen. Frost was in command of a division under Gen. Price before Little Rock, and, as Gen. Price was in Memphis at that time, Gen. Frost was practically in command of all the Confederate forces at Little Rock. Gen. Frost relates the duel in this manner:

"Both of the men were excellent gentlemen, and there was no necessity for a duel. Everybody knows that Gov. Marmaduke belongs to an excellent family. Both bore the title of Brigadier-General, and Marsh Walker was connected with the best families of Tennessee. He was related to the Knox and Polk families of that State, and his own family was of high standing. There was some jealousy existing between the two men on account of rank. Walker was Marmaduke's superior in rank, but in some manner or other jealousy arose between them, and Gen. Marmaduke made some reference to Gen. Walker in conversation. It was not long until Marmaduke's remarks were carried to Walker's ears by busybodies. Walker demanded that Marmaduke make a retraction, which the latter refused to do. Walker then sent a challenge to Gen. Marmaduke to fight a duel, and he could not do otherwise than accept the challenge.

"The duel was fought while Steele was making advances on Price's command, and our pickets were actually engaged with the enemy at the time. Pistols were the weapons resorted to, and only one shot was fired by each. Gen. Marmaduke's bullet pierced Walker through the kidneys, and he died after lingering for several days in great agony. Gen. Marmaduke escaped unhurt. The unhappy occurrence was a source of much regret to him, even up to the present time. He never spoke of the duel, but I know that he has always lamented that it ever took place. I have never read any of the correspondence which passed between the two Generals on the subject, but I have always thought, and the army generally believed, that the duel was the result of bad management on the part of the seconds of both men. They passed through my camp as they went out to fight the duel, and had I known what they were going to do I would have placed both of them under arrest, and thus the duel might have been averted. It was no time for an occurrence of that kind, anyhow. The enemy was advancing on our works, and we needed all of our men for fighting purposes.

"I think he was at one time engaged to be married, shortly after the war closed, to a young lady of Memphis, but I am not positive as to that. He was very attentive to the lady, and they had a quarrel, and if an engagement ever existed it was broken off as a result of the quarrel. Afterward the lady married some gentleman in the South. The Governor was a worshipper of little children, and always seemed happy in their presence."

How Granger Retaliated with the Old Flag.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.

Gen. Joe Shelby is in Lexington on a visit. He was at the Morgan mansion looking at a portrait of Miss Sallie Strother, once a famous bluegrass belle and afterward the Baroness Fahnenborg, and told the Lexington *Transcript* a story concerning her. He said that he was much in love with Miss Strother, and became very jealous of the attentions of the then Lieut. Gordon Granger, who came on a furlough from the army to visit Lexington, and spent almost every day with Miss Strother. Gen. Shelby says he (Shelby) happened to find a large United States flag in this city, and he took it to his room and wrote on it in large letters, "Headquarters of the United States Army." He got a long rope and tied the flag in the middle of it, and going in the night up to the Hunt residence, where Miss Strother stayed, he climbed high up in a locust tree in front of the Hunt house and tied one end of the rope on it. He then took the other end of the rope, and, climbing a tree on the other side, stretched the flag across the street high in the air in front of Miss Strother's home. Next morning the joke gave such publicity to the future Gen. Granger's love making that he went away thoroughly embarrassed by the merriment that the young men made at his expense.

Thirty years after Gen. Granger went into the Federal army and Gen. Shelby into the Confederate. After the war had gone against the Confederate arms Gen. Shelby retreated with his command to Mexico to join Maximilian. Soon after he got on to Mexican soil, and was lying in camp barely over the Mexican line, there came one day and camped on the American side of the line a body of Federal soldiers that were evidently afraid to violate the neutrality of Mexico by following Shelby on to Mexican soil. They lay in sight of each other for three days without any communication. Finally, under a flag of truce, Shelby sent a messenger to Granger's camp to make some inquiries, and among other things to find who was in command, and signed his name to the communication. Gen. Granger read the note with surprise and sent the messenger back with a kindly note, which ended:

"I am Gordon Granger, the man you drove out of Lexington, Ky., with a United States flag, and now I have driven you out of the United States with the same old flag."

Bob Toombs's Faith in Stephens.

From the Philadelphia Record.

Here is a Bob Toombs story which I never heard till yesterday. There was a Democratic caucus one night when he was on top of the heap here, but, having been intoxicated with the exuberance of his own verbosity or something else, he was unable to stay till the end. After he had left the debate ran along without result till the two sides agreed that Campbell of Ohio should draw up a proposition such as his side could support, and that Alexander Stephens should draw up a proposition such as his side could support, and that then they should leave it to Toombs to say which should be adopted as the caucus resolution. So Campbell wrote out his statement and Stephens wrote out his, and the next morning the Secretary of the caucus carried both to Toombs. Toombs was not quite ready for business yet, so when the Secretary told him that the caucus had determined to leave the decision of the matter to him and was about to read the conflicting statements to him, he said:

"Who did you say wrote these statements?"

"Mr. Campbell, sir, wrote one," said the Secretary, "and Mr. Stephens the other."

"Well," said Toombs, "never mind reading them. I'll sign Stephens's. He never commits anybody to anything."

Young Rutherford's Pony Exercise.

From the Savannah News.

During his college days, it is said, that Col. John B. Rutherford of Macon, the great Georgia advocate, gave promise of becoming a genuine prototype of John L. Sullivan, so far as physical prowess was concerned. He was noted as an athlete among his contemporary students, both in his own college—the State University at Athens—and others throughout the State. Among the stories told as proof of his herculean strength is the following, which, although seeming improbable, is vouched for as true by many graduates of the university, who were classmates or fellow students of Col. Rutherford, and who now, like him, have achieved eminence in their professions or stations in life, business or political: Young Rutherford was allowed by his father to keep a pony at college, and among other athletic practices, he became a thorough master of every position in stirrup and saddle, performing many feats requiring great skill and strength.

But his most wonderful feat of strength was one performed under an old oak tree that stood a short distance from the college. A stout branch of the tree shot out horizontally from the trunk within easy reach above him as he rode under it. He would spur his pony into a brisk canter, and riding him under this limb clasp his heels under the horse, throw the reins over the pommel of his saddle, and, catching the branch of the tree above his head, would lift the horse bodily from his feet, and while he swung forward by momentum, keep his hold on the limb until he placed the brute in a standing position on the return swing.

Whittier and the Cabbage.

From the Boston Advertiser.

"Did you ever hear the story of Whittier and the cabbage?" asked an old friend yesterday; "it may have been told before, but it is worth repeating now. He hates the odor of cabbage, like most sensible men, and has a cordial horror of the right smell in the wrong place, as Henry James calls the fragrance of a dinner in the hallway. One day, however, a cabbage was cooked at Oak Knoll, and most of it was left over. In deference to her cousin's olfactories, the mistress of the house directed her cook to put the cold cabbage on the top shelf in the pantry until the next day.

"In the course of the afternoon Mr. Whittier was seen digging in the garden. A member of the family asked him what he was going to do, but he put her off with a merry twinkle in his eyes. When, in the course of household events, the cook sought the cabbage, it was gone. Mr. Whittier had traced it to its eyrie; he had climbed up and had borne it away in triumph, and in defiance of domestic economy had buried it in the garden. I tell the story as it was told to me," said his friend. "Call it 'How the Poet Planted a Cabbage (boiled).'"

Grant and Ingalls After Swearing Off.

From the Washington Capital.

I am reminded of a story, long since worn threadbare in army circles, but which may be new to laymen. When Gens. Grant and Ingalls were young subalterns in Oregon, they gave each other a pledge to abstain from the use of all intoxicants for one year. A single exception was made to the binding force of this mutual promise, viz., in the event of a rattlesnake bite, it was to be declared off or invalid. A week passed away quietly enough, but not without a thirst which was the more fervent for not being disclosed. At last it could be endured no longer. One morning Lieut. Grant was awakened by hearing a tremendous noise near his tent, and upon looking out, there was Lieut. Ingalls, bare legged and bare footed, threshing around in the brush at a great rate.

"Rufe," cried the future General and President, "what in —— are you doing?"

Surprised but still intent upon his object, his friend and comrade replied: "Looking for a rattlesnake, old man, and I tell you, they are —— hard to find."

Uncle David Gray's New Year's.

From the Utica Observer.

Uncle David Gray came over from Marcy on Saturday and made some New Year's calls ahead of time. He couldn't call on Monday, for he had arranged to have a lively time at home. But he wanted to see the "fellers over eighty, and kind o' cheer 'em up."

He thought he would take 'em a little something in the way of a present. He went to Glen's dry goods store, and Mr. Hunter never was so stumped in his life before. A search of the entire premises was made, and Mr. Hunter blushed like a calla lily when he had to confess that there wasn't a single jewsharp in stock! So Uncle David went to Meyers's, and there he found what he wanted; and he set out making calls and distributing jewsharps. The Hon. O. B. Matteson had one, but it tickled him so that he couldn't get his mouth together to play on it. Uncle James Benton had had a bad night, but the jewsharp woke him up and gave him a new lease of life. He played on it, but not with the same vim that he did when he was a boy in Leamington. Mr. Huntley, the venerable father of Mrs. Theo. F. Butterfield, had a call and a harp, and the "vibratory sympathy" between the two old boys was complete. Judge Bacon had one, and the Hon. Joseph Benedict was the happy recipient of another. Then the Hon. C. W. H.—but Uncle David wasn't clear as to the propriety of giving his full name to the reporter, because, as he said, "I ain't quite sure he's really up among the eighties yet, don't you see?"

Uncle David went home full of gleeful chuckles, jerking the lines over the old mare very gently; and the old year died while the veteran wag was snoring an imitation of the jewsharp that could be heard all over Pocahontas Garden.

Congressman Wilkins's First Voyage.

From the Cleveland Leader.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 2.—Representative Wilkins of Ohio evidently wants the Chairmanship of the Committee on Naval Affairs. He took a trip down the Potomac last week with a party of friends, and as the waves rolled rather higher than he had been used to on the "raging canal" at home, he persuaded his companions to set him ashore, even if it was barren and bleak. He never did like water, he said, and he never would take to it again. It was several miles to the nearest railroad station, but Beriah footed it, and is now happy that the first train that came along landed him in Washington. He will never do it again; no, never.

It Cost Tilton Half a Dollar to Hear his Own Lecture.

From the Fairfield Journal.

Theodore Tilton was about to lecture at a well-known hall in Maine. He arrived at the door unattended, and inquired for the manager. He was informed that he was within, but could not be disturbed as the lecture was about to commence.

"Can I go in and speak to him?" he humbly asked of the highly important ticket taker.

"Yes, if you have got half a dollar."

Tilton produced the coin and passed into the hall to listen to his own lecture. He enjoyed the joke much, and said it was a good lecture and well worth the price of admittance.

Tom Reed's Lesson in Help Your Neighbor.

From the Pittsburgh Press.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 4.—Tom Reed, the genial member from Maine, occasionally drops into a lager beer saloon on Seventh street, kept by a good-natured German named Gebner.

The other evening, while sitting near the stove quaffing a "schooner" of lager, the Congressman proposed to "old man" Gebner that they play a little hand of "help your neighbor," a simple game with cards.

The old gentleman did not understand the game, but upon Reed's volunteering to teach him, and upon the assurance that the stakes would be small, he sat down and took a hand.

The stakes were nominal, a penny or two being the limit for a bet. Indeed, Reed could only scrape six cents together out of the vast recesses of his capacious pockets with which to play.

After some half hour's play Reed found his winnings amounted to 75 cents, at which fact he was much elated and the old man correspondingly depressed.

However, the luck changed, and Reed lost the 75 cents and 2 of the 6 cents which had formed his capital when beginning the game.

"Tell you what, Gebner," said Reed, "we will put all the money up on this hand (the 'all' consisting of Reed's 4 cents and the old man's 75), and whoever wins will set up the drinks."

The old man reflected a moment, and finally consented.

The deal was made and the old man won the money.

"I'll take a beer," said Gebner.

"Give me a port sangaree," said Reed, to the consternation of the old man, the drink named costing twenty-five cents, after drinking which Reed waddled his portly form out of the door.

"So help me Gott," said the old man, "I don't like tem dam Congressmen any way. 'Help my neighpor,' indeed; I tinks it's more like 'robbing my neighpor.'"

Col. Morrison's Tariff Story.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 2.—Leaning against the news stand in Willard's last evening Col. Morrison told one of his tariff stories to a group of new Congressmen.

"It happened," said he, "when I went to the head of the Ways and Means Committee, and when Burchard, who was afterward Director of the Mint, was one of the members of the committee. Burchard really believed pretty much as I did, but being a Republican of course he had to go with his party. One day I got a letter from Dement, a fine old gentleman and a good Democrat, too. I knew him well. He lived up in northern Illinois—in Lee county. His son is Secretary of State out there and a strong Republican. The old gentleman wrote me quite a letter. He said he was glad to see I was going to take hold of the tariff. He had felt for a long time that some action was necessary. The people had been robbed long enough by the system the Republican party had built up. But the reductions ought to be made intelligently. He wrote to me, he said, because he thought I ought to know that the farmers in northern Illinois were building up a little industry in flax manufacture. They had established a mill, and were raising flax in Lee county to supply it. He was interested, he wrote, and so were other good Democrats. The industry was just getting started, and must have protection to succeed. He hoped that I would see to it that nothing was done to reduce the duty on the goods they were making.

"The next time I saw Burchard," continued the Colonel with a quaint smile, "I said to him: 'See here, read this letter.' Burchard took it and read it through carefully; then he commenced feeling in his pocket. 'I've got one, too,' he said; and pretty soon he pulled out a letter from Dement, the son and the Republican. It was written on the same kind of paper, with the same heading and all, only in a different hand. It went on to put the case as a Republican might to a Republican. There was the same story about the infant industry of flax raising and flax manufacture in Lee county. The writer admitted that the tariff needed revision, but the hope was expressed that Mr. Burchard, as a Republican, would do all he could to protect the Lee county industry and see that the duty was not reduced in that particular direction.

"You fellows," said the Colonel, eagerly, "will know how this tariff reduction goes before the winter is over."

What he Had Found.

From the Boston Record.

I heard a good story the other day on a freshman in one of our New England colleges. On being asked by his professor by whom and on what occasion the term "Eureka" was first used, he replied: "By Demosthenes, when he sat down on the pin for which he was hunting."