NEXT TO THE PRESIDENT.

THE MEN WHO HAVE A SAY IN WHITE HOUSE COUNSELS.

The Law Partner, the Private Secretary, and the Son—What They Were and What They Are—Pictures of Them and Theirs.

WASHINGTON, June 15.—It is evident enough by this time that Gen. Harrison is himself the President. Whatever his party leaders, or the Republican plain people, or the leaders of the opposition, or the opposition journals think of him, he has the satisfaction of knowing and it is a satisfaction to a man built on the Harrison model to know it—that he is doing things in exactly his own way. He justifies what a biographer once said of him, that he had the virtue inculcated by Marcus Aurelius of never carrying things to the sweating point. He has never as President done anything promptly and at the same time because somebody requested it. He has more often done things because they were the only things to do, or because at the very worst they could not possibly be so bad as some other things that might be done under the same given circumstances. So, men like Quay, Sherman, Allison, Hiscock, and Cullom, men like Blaine, Clarkson, and Dudley, men like Platt and Alger, all of whom have as great a stake in the success of this Republican Administration as the President himself—because they made it, and will necessarily have a deal to do with making it over again, if it is to be made over—kick their heels together in the entry of the Executive Mansion, and whistle "White Wings" as they come away to keep their courage up. Windom, Proctor, Noble, and Rusk possibly, are listened to somewhat. Tracy and Wanamaker, representing some real elements in politics, are probably deferred to less in questions great and little.

The three advisers whom Gen. Harrison uniformly trusts, listens to, and confides in are Attorney-General William Henry Harrison Miller, his personal representative in the Cabinet and former law partner in Indianapolis; Private Secretary Elijah Walker Halford, his old-time friend in charge of the Indianapolis *Journal*, and Russell Benjamin Harrison, his only son, whom he has known and admired from a boy. The first two the President has been acquainted with during the whole of their professional careers. He believes them sapient, and at the same time disinterested and honest. The last, "Russell," as he is beginning to be called on every side, he takes pride in, not simply as a father always does. He believes his son to be a tried and trusty politician and an able and popular young man.

It was much to the advantage of the Attorney-General, no doubt, that he was born in Oneida county, New York, studied law in the offices of the late Chief Justice Waite at Toledo, and returned to Oneida county to find a wife. The partner of his early struggles is the partner of his later joys and testifies to the constancy of her devotion by calling him "Will" in all these later days. Nobody in the Hoosier county ever doubted that Mr. Miller was a good lawyer. He was always, indeed, the main stay of the firm of Harrison, Miller & Elam. Mr. Harrison was in politics a good deal and, while he was the best advocate of the three before a jury, he had only a small faculty for meeting people in his office in a way to secure their confidences, or interest them in their cases. Mr. Elam was a local politician of skill, a member of the Republican "Slick Six" which was assumed to control Marion county matters in some degree. Mr. Miller never

ATTORNEY-GENERAL MILLER.

bothered himself with politics at all. Because of this division of effort the firm, no doubt, was such a great Indiana success. It was often said that Harrison contributed the respectability and family name, Miller the law, and Elam the politics, of the combination.

The Attorney-General was never known to interest himself in politics of any sort to any degree until Benjamin Harrison became the Hoosier candidate for the Presidential nomination, and bade fair to strike a winning gait in the race. He did not go to Chicago to help the Harrison boomers. He recognized, as well as the friends of the candidate himself did, that he would be of no value as a boomer. He knew nobody, and knew none of the ways of the dozen State leaders who gather in the rooms of the Grand Pacific Hotel and make alliances which the delegates merely ratify. Mr. Miller did always say, though, that if Ben Harrison were nominated he would contribute $5,000 to the campaign fund, and he was as good as his word. The money was used in Indiana by the Indiana committee. Mr. Miller, thereore, besides giving pretty generously of his means, gave in the right direction. His contribution was not lost in the larger and more important funds intrusted to Senator Quay and John Wanamaker. Many a wise, if not a liberal, contributor to the Republican funds made a lasting impression on Mr. Harrison by shoving his money under the candidate's own nose.

Law Partner Miller was almost as essential to the personal and social side of the President—if he may be said to have had any social side—as he was in the encouragement of new legal business and the preparation of cases, and the interpretations of the statutes. The two were much together out of office hours and their families were very intimate. The partners had comfortable family homes on opposite sides of North Delaware street and close together. The men fitted in well together. One was exacting, dignified, unresponsive; the other affable, unaffected, strong in his way. They have always been the better friends because they never tested their natural tempers got the better of them to call each other the hardest kinds of names. Law Partner Miller is probably the only living man—and no doubt there is only one living woman—who dares, when occasion requires, to tell the President just what he thinks of him.

The selection of Mr. Miller to be Attorney-General was not expected or desired or believed until the last moment by anybody but Gen. Harrison himself. Hoosiers thought their State would be passed over as it deserved, on account of the local quarrels. Least of all did they imagine that the quiet and plodding lawyer of Indianapolis who, if it was perfectly evident that he knew no politics and knew that he knew none, was also credited with having no false shine in affairs, would catch the plum that dropped out of the tree which James N. Huston, the advertised front of the Indiana politicians, had been so vigorously shaking. The national leaders were dissatisfied. They weren't acquainted with this man Miller, and resented the audacity of trying to distribute the most important places where they would do the most good. Besides, some of them as I met him at the three days' reception to Brother Blaine in New York harbor, and had been disappointed with his speech and appearance and grasp of public matters.

But Law Partner Miller came and saw. Having the friendship of the one person in Washington, he conquered. He is probably the happiest part of the whole Hoosier outfit. The great women of the Attorney-General, where the Arkansas traveler used to think of Atlanta and Rogers, and possibly of Banner, is none too large for him. He is glad to see anybody at his desk, and if he doesn't give satisfaction to all the visiting statesmen and delegations of House leaders, it is because he doesn't know well. He has been called a pretty severe one by Senators of the United States, but he doesn't mind that. He and Ben are all right. The gunners, messengers and doorkeeper of the Department of Justice—who are twice as numerous and deep as any that he ever knew or saw in Indianapolis—at least defer to him. His middle-sized figure is familiar enough on the streets. His silk tile of the fashion of ten years ago, his plain black overcoat, his high boots, which are not too much concealed by his baggy black trousers, his umbrella carried carelessly high in under his arm, his cropped, freckled full beard, with the tinge of gray in it these have all been sufficiently described. It is not a bit hard to be recognized to him. He is quiet, affable, and an expressionless unpopular man. He does not care much for social show, except that he is fearful that he will be trapped into it in the fall by his wife and fine-looking daughter, and yet makes a good guest at a dinner, especially if "Lige" Halford is with him. He and "Lige" are chums during their temporary enforced bachelorhood. They have a large study facing south, and a couple of bedrooms leading off, in the second floor of an important boarding house in K street, in the neighborhood where it is the standard joke of the inhabitants that they never need to leave town for the hot summer months, because John Sherman, or at all events the residence of John Sherman, is always with them. As if to avoid being together too much, the Attorney-General boards at the Riggs House, while the private secretary finds his wants supplied at the Arlington House table. Neither is a great eater or a very particular eater. Mr. Miller has attended church regularly during his stay in Washington. Mr. Halford is reported to have fallen from that high grace which attended two services a day and taught a Sunday school class. The private secretary is a tremendous worker, and he is very busy now.

A character hardly less interesting than the Attorney-General is Elijah Walker Halford.

ELIJAH HALFORD.

He was not the President's first choice for private secretary. His first choice was J. S. Alexander of Buffalo, who went to Indianapolis after election to help him with his correspondence, and whose appointment to be District Attorney sent such an arctic shiver down the very graceful back of Senator Hiscock. But "Lige" Halford is a better private secretary than it was expected he would be. His selection was commended in all the West. He had risen by his own pioneer energy from the drudgery of twelve hours a day in a job printing office to the editorial and news management of the most considerable paper in his state at Lafayette. He had been a trustworthy friend of Gen. Harrison for years. They had written platforms together and travelled across the continent together. The editor could always be depended upon to put a wise and patriotic construction upon the actions of the Senator. The capacity of an all-around newspaper man was supposed to fit him for the arduous duties of private secretary. He is secretive, and in support of that proposition is adduced the story of his secret marriage. The Miss Armstrong whom Mr. Halford married taught music in Indianapolis, but before long moved away. But the young reporter had fallen in love, and corresponded regularly with the object of his heart's desire. She let him know once that she was about to pass through Indianapolis with her people on her way to Chicago, and would have three hours there. The future private secretary saw his opportunity. He took the young lady to a clergyman's on the city and married her, but his immediate ecstasy was not what it might have been. The bride was obliged to leave with the old people in order not to betray the purpose of her hour's absence; so that the groom really did not get a good look at her till the secret got out—but not from him—and she went to Indianapolis to live with him. This marriage has been happy enough. A daughter about as old as Attorney-General Miller's, and almost as fine-looking and quite as vigorous, is one of the happy results of it. Private Secretary Halford is truly secretive. He seems to enjoy keeping things from people; but he has not that happy faculty, which is especially necessary in dealing with his brother newspaper men, of making his inquisitor feel that he has found out everything, when he has really stathered no information at all. He has never carried the art of obliging to such a point that he only appears to oblige.

Private Secretary Halford is a doctrinaire politically. His politics he has learned in books or in the editorial rooms of the Indianapolis *Journal*. He does not know how towns, counties, Congress districts, or States are carried, to say nothing of national elections (which elect the Presidents), and he does not care to inquire too particularly how these things are done. He resembles his chief somewhat in these regards, too, as his chief is fond of, at submitting political propositions to cold theory, or justice, or even logic. The politicians say that he has no idea of sentiments, which alone must be the basis of great political victories, and that "machine" politics, without which the sentiments would all go to no purpose, is the least important of his lessons. He was at the Chicago Convention, and a Harrison delegate; but he also wrote signed despatches to his paper, and was kept too busy exposing the plans of the wicked "Blaine-or-Busters" to do any proselyting to speak of. He was usually admitted to the councils of the Harrison leaders; but it was because it was desirable that the news should take the right trend in Indiana—and he was trusted to give it that—rather than because his advice, when the Allison, Sherman, and McKinley cohorts turned and fled, was wise or desirable. But why should the private secretary, even though he is called upon to advise the President, care if he doesn't know all of the politics of the country? He and the General are alike there. There is nothing the matter with him or the Attorney-General or the President. They are all in. They are all right.

Mr. Halford is a tireless worker. Every day somebody who sees him wonders at his powers of endurance. He is at the White House early and late, dictating letters, conferring with the President, staving off the worst of the callers, trying to satisfy as many of them as possible himself, concealing the news from the newspaper men. He moves quickly, almost nervously, whether he sits at Abel Steers's Sherman's old desk or buries himself about the room. He is quite approachable, but never effusive. He is obliging; but one must not ask for much. He has stuck closely to his work ever since he reached Washington. His nearest approach to hilarious debauchery was when the President, the Attorney-General, the private secretary, and Gen. George A. Williams went down the river in the Despatch together and spent several hours on the bounding billows of the bay.

"Lige" Halford is a most gallant gentleman. That is the real secret of his popularity with the ladies: though the romance of his wedding no doubt has lent the charm of knightly mystery to all his subsequent career. Another reason is his good looks. The private secretary is slender and about as tall as the President. His face is strong, though a trifle thin. His eyes are weak, and he appears to the best advantage with his glasses on; though when the glasses are thrown off the twinkle that lurks behind them is brighter. His main social companion is William Henry Harrison Miller. They are on very good terms with themselves and on very good terms with each other. Mr. Halford has the happiness of a visit from his aged mother who lives in Chambersburg, Pa., but is now staying at the house of the private secretary's brother, Albert James Halford, called "Jim," an Associated Press reporter attached to the Washington bureau. It is something beautiful, the friends of the family say, to see the maternal pride with which this lady watches the successes of her boys.

The third person whom the President looks to for unfailing support in the hours of his deepest troubles is his own son. The boy was christened Russell, simply, by his parents, but

RUSSELL B. HARRISON.

at the age of 8 was precocious enough to know a good thing when he saw it. He had the good old family name Benjamin inserted. His name now is Russell Benjamin Harrison. He looks less than 35 years old, with his stylish new plug hat on, and more than that with it off. His wife is called the beauty of all the White House families, though many give the first honors to the fine, quiet, strong lines of the President's daughter, and his baby girl, Marthena, is easily the beauty of all the White House babies. When the engagement of the son of Senator Harrison of Indiana and the daughter of Senator Saunders of Nebraska was announced in the Riggs House, where the two families lived, the gossips shrugged their shoulders and said they didn't see what she [illegible] in him; so many would [illegible] as and regulations. Russell is st[illegible] he draws his broad shoulders back further than his father does, and sticks his belly out less. A heavy dark moustache decorates a dark and handsome face. He dresses like a prosperous young broker. His size is springy and important, his eye quick and piercing, like his father's when it is direct, and his voice and general conversation light.

Russell Harrison did what he could for the campaign of his father at Chicago. He was on the spot and worked long and hard. He picked up a delegate here and there, but had no accurate knowledge of the Hoosier plan of campaign or of the different Harrison movements. He was not during the campaign. The candidate's son raised money in several Western places for use in Indiana, and made frequent trips with messages from his father to the National Committee. The committeemen believed that he conducted himself with rare discretion. At least, he never said a word that got into the papers, and that pleased Chairman Quay. He became acquainted with a good many political gentlemen whom he had never known before, and picked up some information.

The Harrisons were all greatly surprised at the General's nomination. They had no overweening confidence in the success of the Republican ticket. Their joy at the result was all the more intense, therefore. Russell was never so much pleased at anything in his life. He became, as it were, the other self of the President-elect. When the leaders, big and little, were pulling Gen. Harrison almost to pieces with their advice, Russell was a sort of deputy who might be seen in the Arlington Hotel.

"You must excuse me now, gentlemen," he said to one delegation of patriots who crowded about him; "you must excuse me, we are so busy making up our Cabinet that I can't wait," and he has gone into the Johnson annex, where the Cabinet making really was.

The President's son spends a good deal of time in New York representing the Harrison family at Col. Elliott Shepard's dinners and watching narrowly his heavy newspaper investments. But he is in Washington often, also, and not only brings the news from John F. Plummer and C. C. Shayne, but gets the Washington news from his father and talks it all over. His influence is not confined to the White House, either. The Presidential desire is as good as a commission in the departments. So, is the wish of the Presidential son. Russell Harrison was understood so well, for example, to have dictated the Montana appointments that the report gathered currency that he would be a candidate for the Senate from that new State. Circumstances have combined to dampen his ardor. Patronage is as bad to distribute as it is to go without. It appears that the first Legislature is likely to be Democratic after all. W. J. Axkell is enterprising and seductive. The President's son remarks that he will keep his family in the East because the air of Montana is too thin for him, and a wicked Chicago paper submits that it may be the case that Russell is too thin for the air of Montana. At any rate, there is no late evidence that his ambitions tend in any other direction than successful journalism with pictures.

LIFE IN WHITE RUSSIA.

AN AMERICAN WOMAN AMONG THE MUSCOVITES.

Lady Randolph Churchill—Jennie Jerome—Recounts Her Observations and Opinions About the Broad Dominions of the Czar.

From the New Review.

My first impression of Russian scenery was one of disappointment, the country between Berlin and St. Petersburg, or rather from the Russian frontier, being flat and uninteresting, and the waste dreary expanse, when covered with snow, inspires a feeling of deep melancholy. To live for months every year, buried in that cold, monotonous silence, is quite enough to account for the vein of sadness which seems to be the basis of the Russian character. It runs through their music, their paintings—everything; and yet they say the people are happy enough. Struggling against great natural hardships, they are patient and peaceful, and not nearly so discontented as in many more favored climes.

St. Petersburg, full of life and animation, was delightful, with its great broad streets lit by electricity. Comfortably seated in a sledge, behind a good fat coachman to keep the wind off, one never wearies of driving about. The rapidity with which one dashes noiselessly along is most exilarating, notwithstanding the sometimes biting wind or blinding *chasse neige*. The ordinary Russian sledge, smaller than the American "cutter," barely holds two, but the thick fur rug, even in a common "droshy," or cab, is so well fastened down that you are quite protected from the cold. The troikas, wide sledges with three horses, of which the centre one trots while the other two gallop, have become rather obsolete, and are used principally for travelling, or for expeditions in the country. Nothing is prettier than a really smart sledge with two horses, one trotting, the other galloping, covered with a large net of dark blue cord fastened to the front of the sledge to keep the snow from being kicked into the faces of the occupants. The coachman, with his fur-lined coat gathered in at the waist, and his bright red or blue velvet octagon-shaped cap, with gold braid, drives with his arms extended in order to preserve circulation. He hardly ever uses his whip, which is short and thick, and is kept carefully hidden. A footman stands on a small step behind, his tall hat and ordinary great coat hardly in harmony with picturesque, I confess, and marring an otherwise picturesque sight. The horses are so beautifully broken that a word will stop them. The whole time that I was in Russia I never saw a horse ill-used. No need for a "Society for the Protection of Animals" there. The "Isvoschik," who owns his cab horse, looks upon him as his friend, and very often shares the animal's stall at night.

The town has a thoroughly modern appearance, but little would one dream when looking at these houses, of quite modern exterior, with their small double windows and tiny doors, of the splendors within. Space seems to be immaterial, and the size of everything strikes the English traveller doubly, accustomed as we are to London, with its narrow streets and consequently inches. The French system of apartments is very common, although not so universal as in Paris; but where it exists, the entrance and staircases are much more decorated and cared for than is usual when several families live under the same roof, and give entirely the appearance of a private house. As in the East, large numbers of servants are kept, and whole families of useless dependents live in the lower regions. I was told of a nobleman in whose house upward of forty such persons, moujiks with their wives and children, were housed, besides the regular staff of servants. If this was the case in town, one can imagine what it must be in the country. Such generosity, combined with the utter absence of real supervision in the financial management of the establishment, must soon dissipate the largest fortune, and it is no secret that many of the aristocracy are now greatly embarrassed.

All entertainments, whether public or private, are extremely well done. The Russians, who dearly love lights, make their houses on these occasions as bright as day, with a great profusion of candles; masses of flowers notwithstanding their rarity in such a rigorous climate, decorate every available place, and the staircases are lined with footmen in gorgeous liveries. I thought the footmen are very smartly furnished with all that money can buy and modern art suggest, there is a lack of real refinement and true artistic taste, such as seen in Paris; but then the French are born connoisseurs, and think of little else but the comfort and comfort; and as a rule the average Russian drawing room is superior to the ordinary English one. If there is a lack of imagination, there is an absence of tawdriness. People do not fly into the extreme either of the aesthetic or Japanese craze, and if their rooms, splendid though they are, are very too sparsely and soberly for our taste, they have the advantage of being comfortable, and contrast favorably with the overcrowded modern English drawing room. There is no danger when you move of knocking over several tables or ornaments, and bowers, and bowers, and arbors, and structures of paper fans, Liberty silks, and photographs, or of losing your way in a labyrinth of chairs and screens.

Russian opinion asserts that all foreigners bring so much calorie with them that during the first months of their visits they should be so, but there is no doubt as to our feeling the heat and stuffiness of the rooms, which dry up the skin and take away the appetite. The double windows and absence of draughts are a great boon, and would be more welcome in our breezy London than in the middle of the walk we saw, the "Belosiwski" seemed the finest. Built in the reign of the great Catherine, whose hand is found in everything of real taste in Russia, decorated and furnished by the best French artists of the day, of whom this Empress was so generous a patron, with its lovely Bouchers and white carved panellings, it is a unique and fitting abode for the most charming and beautiful of Princesses, the Grand Duchess Serge.

Gatchina, the Windsor of Russia, is a curious mixture of splendor and unpretentiousness. The approach from the station, through a series of small parks, must be lovely in summer. I was surprised to see so few sentries about, and indeed, to all appearances, the Emperor is not more guarded than the Queen at Windsor. The entrance to Gatchina, on the public road, had but one sentry. Without architectural merits, its 700 rooms and endless corridors are filled with priceless Oriental china cleverly arranged on the wall, tapestries, and antiques. Lackeys in black and orange liveries, their caps adorned with tossing black, white, and orange feathers, give a slightly barbaric appearance to the scene, which is added to by the mass of bowing attendants and by the two Nubians dressed in white, with turbans and scimitars, standing outside the Empress's audience room. While waiting to be received one is shown into an apartment fitted up in the style of forty years ago, with paintings of mediocre value. Further on there is a large hall worthy of an old English country house, full of comfortable armchairs and writing tables, games, and toys—I even spied a swing. In this hall their Majesties often dine, even when they have guests, and after dinner the table is removed, and they pass the remainder of the evening there. It seems strange when one thinks of the 700 rooms in the enormous building. But the Emperor and Empress elect to live with the greatest simplicity in the tiniest of rooms, which are rather at variance with the Emperor's towering figure and majestic bearing. His Majesty's manner is as simple as are his tastes, and, if rather shy, impresses one with a conviction of his honesty and earnestness.

There are some curious customs at the Russian court which do not harmonize with the idea of a despotic and autocratic sovereign. To see the Czar standing while supper is going on talking, perhaps, to a young officer, who remains seated all the time, is startling. But tradition is everything in this country, and as it was a habit of Peter the Great, who disliked ceremony for himself, it is religiously kept.

The etiquette of the Russian court is much less rigid in some respects than it is in England or in Germany. It is not the custom there to treat the members of the imperial family with as much deference as in other European courts; nobody would think of courtesying to a young Grand Duke, and would only rise when the Empress did, or when the Emperor first entered a room. The ladies, when making their obeisance, bow as an officer might bow, with the present style of dress, is even more ungraceful than the English bob—our apology for a low courtesy. The men, on the other hand, are very deferential, particularly to ladies. At a dinner, when a guest is announced, the host rushes forward and kisses her hand, proceeding to introduce all the men present. It is then your duty, if a stranger, to ask to be presented to every lady, and this entails calling on them all, personally, next day. Before dinner the party passes into another room, where, at a table covered with every imaginable *hors d'œuvre* and *zakuski*, they partake, standing, of the "Sacousska," as it is called—an excellent dish, but a dinner in itself. The same may be said of most Russian dishes, which are a little too substantial. Russians, as a rule, have enormous appetites, and are very fond of good living. In old-fashioned houses the guests, immediately after dinner, shake hands with the host and thank him for his hospitality. Most Russian ladies smoke cigarettes, in one of the drawing rooms generally set apart for that purpose, causing a continual movement, when they leave off the stiffness of a formal dinner party, and enables people to circulate more freely. This, in itself, would ensure a pleasant evening; for who has not seen with despair the only chair near friendly neighbor a bore, whom nothing but the final good-night will move?

I cannot imagine that a Russian lady's life is conducive to health: little or no exercise, hot rooms and late hours, nothing in the shape of sport, are its main features; skating would hardly be appreciated were it not for the present Empress, who is an adept at the art. How our usually disappointed skaters would envy them their smooth, large lakes and ice hills. To go down one of these hills on skates for the first time gives the same delightful feeling of satisfaction and pleasure which is experienced at getting safely over a big fence, leaving the field, perhaps, a bit behind. On the other hand, ladies in Russia have much time to educate themselves, to read, to cultivate the finer arts, and well they avail themselves of it. Speaking many languages, having read profusely, light in hand, they form the most charming society possible, and act as a tonic on a sluggish mind accustomed to the moral and physical fogs of London. They dress well, but affect the heavy richness of well-dressed Germans if such can be found rather than the graceful and airy nothings which make up a Frenchwoman's dress. Black is held in abherrence at the court, being considered ugly and unlucky, and anyone venturing to wear it in the royal presence is not only looked upon with disfavor, but is likely to hear of it. It is surprising, considering the monotony of the streets covered with snow, that the people should care to wear sombre colors. The "cherry bit red," so dear to the English heart, is rarely seen. It is said that Russians are not given to intimacy, and that the foreigner never gets to know them well. It may be so, but I see no reason to credit them with less warmth of heart and fidelity for enduring friendships than other nations possess. How strange that Russian women, so evidently fitted by nature and education to influence and help those struggling in the higher vocations of life, should have, seemingly but one ambition—to efface themselves, to attract no attention, to arouse no comments. Yet I doubt not that their influence is felt, but it is not open and fearless as in America or England.

Politics or anything of that nature, whether internal or continental, are not a subject of conversation in Russia; reticence as regards public affairs is only equalled by discretion as regards those of others. This apathy is not unnatural when one reflects that, with the exception of officials, no one is personally interested in the Government. The censorship of the press, of which so much is heard, I have been told on good authority is only practically exercised on two subjects: any personal criticism of the Emperor or of the Imperial family, or any attack on the Orthodox Church. Speaking of the Church, it struck me that strict as the Russians are (particularly the lower classes), in the observance of all the outward and visible signs of religion, perpetually crossing themselves and kissing the ground at every shrine, they do not seem to look upon their churches in the same light that we do. I was a little surprised to see the Governor-General of Moscow, the most courteous and polished of men, hold a species of levee in the Church of St. Sauveur on Christmas Day. Immediately after mass had been celebrated, and before the Metropolitan and the two Bishops officiating had left the altar.

It is an undisputed fact, I believe, that a *succes d'estime* is unknown in Russian society, and the actress or singer, however well recommended or however good his position, is not by any means invited to their fêtes, as a matter of course. After the first introduction, he is only asked according to their appreciation of him. I am not speaking of official circles, where society is the mass of people. How unlike London, where every house is open to the distinguished foreigner, who finds himself invited often when he does not know his host. Many people who have not come into contact with Russians imagine that they are cold and brusque. I was in quite particularly fortunate in those whom I met, but I was struck with their polished and, at the same time, simple manner. The very moujick, who replenishes your fire, walks in on tiptoe, fearful of disturbing you, and shuts the door close gently that your heart is softened, and you forgive him his many shortcomings.

One of the most interesting sights which I was fortunate enough to see was the New Year's reception at the Winter Palace. At 11 A. M. on that day the whole court attends, and society pays its respects to the sovereign. The Emperor, dressed on this particular occasion in the uniform of the "Gardes du Corps," gives his arm to the Empress, and is followed by the Imperial family. The train of each grand Duchess is carried by four young maids of honor, the rest of the Empress's elect to live with the greatest simplicity in the tiniest of rooms, which are rather at variance with the Emperor's towering figure and majestic bearing. His Majesty's manner is as simple as are his tastes, and, if rather shy, impresses one with a conviction of his honesty and earnestness.

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I cannot imagine that a Russian lady's life is conducive to health: little or no exercise, hot rooms and late hours, nothing in the shape of sport, are its main features; skating would hardly be appreciated were it not for the present Empress, who is an adept at the art. How our usually disappointed skaters would envy them their smooth, large lakes and ice hills. To go down one of these hills on skates for the first time gives the same delightful feeling of satisfaction and pleasure which is experienced at getting safely over a big fence, leaving the field, perhaps, a bit behind. On the other hand, ladies in Russia have much time to educate themselves, to read, to cultivate the finer arts, and well they avail themselves of it. Speaking many languages, having read profusely, light in hand, they form the most charming society possible, and act as a tonic on a sluggish mind accustomed to the moral and physical fogs of London. They dress well, but affect the heavy richness of well-dressed Germans if such can be found rather than the graceful and airy nothings which make up a Frenchwoman's dress. Black is held in abherrence at the court, being considered ugly and unlucky, and anyone venturing to wear it in the royal presence is not only looked upon with disfavor, but is likely to hear of it. It is surprising, considering the monotony of the streets covered with snow, that the people should care to wear sombre colors. The "cherry bit red," so dear to the English heart, is rarely seen. It is said that Russians are not given to intimacy, and that the foreigner never gets to know them well. It may be so, but I see no reason to credit them with less warmth of heart and fidelity for enduring friendships than other nations possess. How strange that Russian women, so evidently fitted by nature and education to influence and help those struggling in the higher vocations of life, should have, seemingly but one ambition—to efface themselves, to attract no attention, to arouse no comments. Yet I doubt not that their influence is felt, but it is not open and fearless as in America or England.

Politics or anything of that nature, whether internal or continental, are not a subject of conversation in Russia; reticence as regards public affairs is only equalled by discretion as regards those of others. This apathy is not unnatural when one reflects that, with the exception of officials, no one is personally interested in the Government. The censorship of the press, of which so much is heard, I have been told on good authority is only practically exercised on two subjects: any personal criticism of the Emperor or of the Imperial family, or any attack on the Orthodox Church. Speaking of the Church, it struck me that strict as the Russians are (particularly the lower classes), in the observance of all the outward and visible signs of religion, perpetually crossing themselves and kissing the ground at every shrine, they do not seem to look upon their churches in the same light that we do. I was a little surprised to see the Governor-General of Moscow, the most courteous and polished of men, hold a species of levee in the Church of St. Sauveur on Christmas Day. Immediately after mass had been celebrated, and before the Metropolitan and the two Bishops officiating had left the altar.

It is an undisputed fact, I believe, that a *succes d'estime* is unknown in Russian society, and the actress or singer, however well recommended or however good his position, is not by any means invited to their fêtes, as a matter of course. After the first introduction, he is only asked according to their appreciation of him. I am not speaking of official circles, where society is the mass of people. How unlike London, where every house is open to the distinguished foreigner, who finds himself invited often when he does not know his host. Many people who have not come into contact with Russians imagine that they are cold and brusque. I was in quite particularly fortunate in those whom I met, but I was struck with their polished and, at the same time, simple manner. The very moujick, who replenishes your fire, walks in on tiptoe, fearful of disturbing you, and shuts the door close gently that your heart is softened, and you forgive him his many shortcomings.

One of the most interesting sights which I was fortunate enough to see was the New Year's reception at the Winter Palace. At 11 A. M. on that day the whole court attends, and society pays its respects to the sovereign. The Emperor, dressed on this particular occasion in the uniform of the "Gardes du Corps," gives his arm to the Empress, and is followed by the Imperial family. The train of each grand Duchess is carried by four young maids of honor, the rest of the Empress's elect to live with the greatest simplicity in the tiniest of rooms, which are rather at variance with the Emperor's towering figure and majestic bearing. His Majesty's manner is as simple as are his tastes, and, if rather shy, impresses one with a conviction of his honesty and earnestness.

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LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

President Harrison's Negro Policy—The Stirring Up it is Giving to Colored Republicans All Over the Country.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* In many respects Benjamin Harrison is proving himself to be the best friend the colored citizens of this republic ever had in the Presidential office. When it is understood that since the day of his inauguration, when he declared on the east portico of the Capitol building that he had steadily resisted the advice of those who desired him to have a special policy for any section of the country, the colored politicians and newspapers of the country have waged an undisguised and vigorous warfare upon the Republican Administration. No President has occupied the White House since James Buchanan who places a lower estimate upon colored men, who depreciates more their capacity, who deplores more the necessity of considering their undoubted claims upon him personally, and as the representative of his party, than Benjamin Harrison. The utter disregard he has shown for colored leaders like Mr. Frederick Douglass of the District of Columbia and Mr. B. K. Bruce of Mississippi would be amply sufficient to show this. In outlining his Southern policy, despite his declaration that he would have no such policy, he has passed by the regular Republican leaders of that section of both races, and, taking a leaf from the policy of the miserable hayes, has fallen in, or is falling in, with renegade Democrats of the stripe of Parsons, just appointed United States District Attorney for northern and middle Alabama, who make no bones about showing that in the Republican party they design to build up in the South there is scant room for the colored Republicans who have borne the heat and burden of the day, and have scars on their backs or bullets in their carcasses to show for their devotion to the party of great moral pretensions; and this Parsons sort of Republicans are now the trusted advisers of the Republican Administration they did all they could to defeat, and, more, they get the best offices, the visible signs of party victory.

The colored Republicans have been recognized, after a fashion. Ex-Congressman John R. Lynch of Mississippi has been made Fourth Auditor of the Treasury. The Rev. J. M. Townsend, D. D., of Indiana, has been made Recorder of the General Land Office. Robert Smalls is now Collector of Customs at Beaufort. But these appointments were made after the faithful had become disgusted and disheartened at the procrastination, and after the 100 colored newspapers of the country had opened up their batteries upon the Administration and riddled into shreds its Fabian policy. And it has leaked out at Washington that the Administration has exhausted its charity and magnanimity in the appointments of Messrs. Lynch and Townsend.

"To the victors belong the spoils" is sound democratic doctrine, and the average colored Republican has signified it into a cardinal feature of his creed. In this respect he is every inch a Southern man, preferring to sit on dry goods box and whittle sticks and discuss politics, or to hold a small office, than to drive a four-in-hand at Saratoga Spa or Lenox, or to be the manager of a large manufacturing establishment. When, therefore, President Harrison crowns the colored Republicans out of political management and office holding he strikes a deadly blow at their faith in Republican sincerity, an unknown quantity in the political equation as far as the negro is concerned. It has been as a Chinese puzzle to me since the miserable and cowardly compromises of 1876 brought forth the Hayes Cabinet, with Judge D. M. Key of Tennessee as the bit of cheese in the Post Office department for disgruntled Southern Republicans to nibble at.

It is now nearly ten years ago since I first directed attention to the tendency of the Republican party to abandon the colored continent. I got roundly abused on all hands as a traitor for my pains. But I stuck to my position. It is now some two years since Mr. Frederick Douglass proclaimed with the solemnity of a sage and the authority of a prophet, that "the Republican party is the ship, all else is the ocean," so relates to the colored citizens. Well, colored Republicans are in the soup for certain, and Mr. Douglass is the largest among the swarms kicking and screaming up the sides of the slippery tureen!

President Harrison has gone more in three months in liberalizing the political opinions of colored citizens than could have been accomplished in a decade of talk. He is absolutely devoid of diplomacy. He is blunt to rudeness, and as tenacious as a mastiff when once he has made up his mind to a given course. He has insulted every colored delegation which has called upon him since he succeeded President Cleveland. He is a southern man in temper and education, and religiously believes that the negro's proper place is that of an underling, and he has shown this on all convenient occasions to be the case. A splendid situation is developing for the Democratic party. Will it take advantage of it? Not if the tactics of the National Democratic Committee of 1888 are to be practised in the next conflict. Broader statesmanship, more consummate political management, and a more cordial acceptance of the cooperation of reputable colored men will have to prevail than characterized the management of the last campaign, if the party is to reap the full advantage of the Republican security in the South. THOMAS FORTUNE.

NEW YORK, June 13, 1889.

The National Flower—Two Suggestions.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I, an old-fashioned woman, put in my plea not only for "bottom facts," but a fact of history, and select the dandelion as the national flower. For was it not the first early blossom of spring in the limited clearing around the log cabins and great