A VISIT TO LINCOLN.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF THE NEW PRESIDENT.

Ungraceful in Dress and Manner—His Homely Ways Soon Forgotten in Conversation—Lincoln's Midnight Journey—The Harrisburg Dinner to Lincoln by Gov. Curtin—Discussion of a Change of Route—Decided Upon Against Lincoln's Protest—Col. Scott's Direction of Lincoln's Departure—A Night of Painful Anxiety—The Cheering Message of Lincoln's Arrival in Washington Received.

I never met Abraham Lincoln until early in January, 1861, some two months after his election to the Presidency. I was brought into very close and confidential relations with him by correspondence during the Pennsylvania campaign of 1860. His letters were frequent and always eminently practical on the then supreme question of electing the Republican State ticket in October. It was believed on all sides that unless Pennsylvania could be carried in October, his defeat would be certain in November. Pennsylvania was thus accepted as the key to Republican success, and Lincoln naturally watched the struggle with intense interest. In accordance with his repeated solicitations, he was advised from the headquarters of the State Committee of which I was Chairman, of all the varied phases of the struggle. It soon became evident from Lincoln's inquiries and versatile suggestions that he took nothing for granted. He had to win the preliminary battle in October, and left nothing undone within his power to ascertain the exact situation and to understand every peril involved in it.

The Republican party in Pennsylvania, although then but freshly organized, had many different elements and bitter factional feuds within its own household, and all who actively participated in party efforts were more or less involved in them. I did not entirely escape the bitterness that was displayed in many quarters. Had I been simply a private in the ranks, it would have been of little consequence to Lincoln whether I was competent to act in so important a campaign or not, but when he was advised, not only from within the State but from others outside of the State as well, that the party organization in Pennsylvania was not equal to the pressing necessities of the occasion, he adopted his own characteristic methods to satisfy himself on the subject.

I had met David Davis and Leonard Swett for the first time at the Chicago Convention, and of course we knew little of each other personally. Some time about midsummer, 1860, when the campaign in Pennsylvania was well under way, Davis and Swett entered my headquarters together and handed me a letter from Lincoln in which he said that those gentlemen were greatly interested in his election; that they were on East looking into the contest generally, and he would be pleased if I would furnish them every facility to ascertain the condition of affairs in the State. I was very glad to do so, and they spent two days at my headquarters, where every information was given them, and the methods and progress of the organization opened to them without reserve. They saw that, for the first time in the history of Pennsylvania politics, the new party had been organized by the State Committee in every election district of the State, and that everything that could be done had been done to fit the party for a successful battle.

After Davis and Swett had finished their work and notified me of their purpose to leave during the night, they invited me to a private dinner, at which none were present but ourselves. During the course of the dinner, Swett informed me that they were very happy now to be able to tell me the real purpose of their mission; that had their information been less satisfactory they would have returned without advising me of it. He said that they had been instructed by Lincoln to come to Pennsylvania and make personal examination into the condition of affairs, especially as to the efficiency of the party organization of the State, and that his reason for doing so was that he had been admonished that the direction of the campaign by the State Committee was incompetent and likely to result in disaster.

They added that Lincoln as their answer to Lincoln must be that the organization was the best that they had ever known in any State, they felt entirely at liberty to disclose to me why they had come and what the result of their inquiry was. After their return to Illinois letters from Lincoln were not less frequent, and they were entirely confident in tone and exhibited the utmost faith in the direction of the great Pennsylvania battle. I twice sent him during the campaign—once about the middle of August and again in the latter part of September—a carefully prepared estimate of the vote for Governor by counties that had been made up by a methodical and reasonably accurate canvass of each election district of the State. The first gave Gov. Curtin a majority of 12,000, leaving out of the estimate a considerable doubtful vote. The last estimate gave Curtin a majority of 17,000, also omitting the doubtful contingent. The result not only justified the estimates which had been sent to him, in the aggregate majority, but it justified the detailed estimates of the vote of nearly or quite every county in the State.

Curtin's majority was nearly double the last estimate given him, because of the drift of the doubtful vote to his side, and being successful in what was regarded as the decisive battle of the campaign, Lincoln accorded me more credit than I merited. From that time until the day of his death I was one of those he called into counsel in every important political emergency. Much as I grieved over the loss of the many precious things which I had gathered about my home in Chambersburg, and serious as was the destruction of all my property when the vandals of McCausland burned the town in '64, I have always felt that the greatest loss I sustained was in the destruction of my entire correspondence with Abraham Lincoln.

About the first of January, 1861, I received a telegram from Lincoln requesting me to come to Springfield. It is proper to say that this invitation was in answer to a telegram from me advising him against the appointment of Gen. Cameron as Secretary of War. The factional feuds and bitter antagonisms of that day have long since perished, and I do not propose in any way to revive them. On the 31st of December Lincoln had delivered to Cameron at Springfield a letter notifying him that he would be nominated for a Cabinet position. This fact became known immediately upon Cameron's return and inspired very vigorous opposition to his appointment, in which Gov. Curtin, Thaddeus Stevens, David Wilmot, and many others participated. Although the Senate, of which I was a member, was just about to organize, I hastened to Springfield and reached there at 7 o'clock in the evening. I had telegraphed Lincoln of the hour that I would arrive, and that I must return at 11 the same night. I went directly from the depot to Lincoln's house and rang the bell, which was answered by Lincoln himself opening the door. I doubt whether I wholly concealed my disappointment at meeting him. Tall, gaunt, ungainly, ill clad, with a homelikness of manner that was unique in itself, I confess that my heart sunk within me as I remembered that this was the man chosen by a great nation to become its ruler in the gravest period of its history. I remember his dress as if it were but yesterday—snuff-colored and slouchy pantaloons, open black vest, held by a few brass buttons, straight or evening dress coat, with tightly fitting sleeves to exaggerate his long, bony arms, and all unalleviated by an awkwardness that was uncommon among men of intelligence—such was the picture I met in the person of Abraham Lincoln. We sat down in his plainly furnished parlor and were uninterrupted during the nearly four hours that I remained with him, and little by little, as his earnestness, sincerity, and candor were developed in conversation, I forgot all the grotesque qualities which so confounded me when I first greeted him. Before half an hour had passed I learned not only to respect, but indeed to reverence the man.

It is needless to give any account of the special mission on which I was called to Springfield, beyond the fact that the tender of a Cabinet position to Pennsylvania was recalled by him on the following day, although I received and accepted two months later, when the Cabinet was formed in Washington.

It was after the Pennsylvania Cabinet imbroglio was disposed of that Lincoln exhibited his true self without reserve. For more than two hours he discussed the gravity of the situation and the appalling danger of civil war. Although he had never been in public office outside of the Illinois Legislature, beyond a single term of Congress, and had little intercourse with the public men of the nation during the twelve years after his return from Washington, he exhibited remarkable knowledge of all the leading public men of the country, and none could mistake the patriotic purpose that inspired him in approaching the mighty responsibility that had been cast upon him by the people. He discussed the slavery question in all its aspects, and all the various causes which were used as pretexts for rebellion, and he was not only master of the whole question, but he thoroughly understood his duty and was prepared to perform it. During this conversation I had little to say beyond an occasional question or suggestion from him, and I finally left him fully satisfied that he understood the political conditions in Pennsylvania nearly as well as did myself, and entirely assured that, of all the public men named for the Presidency at Chicago, he was the most competent and the safest to take the helm of the ship of state and guide it through the impending storm. I saw many dark days akin to despair during the four years which recorded the crimsoned tide from Sumter to Appomattox, but I never had reason to change or seriously question that judgment.

I next met Abraham Lincoln at Harrisburg on the 22d of February, 1861, when he passed through the most trying ordeal of his life. He had been in Philadelphia the night before, where he was advised by letters from Gen. Winfield Scott and his prospective Premier, Senator Seward, that he could not pass through Baltimore on the 23d without grave peril to his life. His route, as published to the world for some days, was from Harrisburg to Philadelphia on the morning of the 22d; to remain in Harrisburg over night as the guest of Gov. Curtin, and to leave for Washington the next morning by the Northern Central Railway that would take him through Baltimore about midday. A number of detectives, under the direction of President Felton of the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad, and Allan Pinkerton, chief of the well-known detective around on Broad street, were convinced from the information they obtained that Lincoln would be assassinated if he attempted to pass through Baltimore according to the published programme. A conference at the Continental Hotel in Philadelphia on the night of the 21st, at which Lincoln was advised of the apprehensions of Scott and Seward, had not resulted in any final determination as to his route to Washington. He was from the first extremely reluctant about any change, but it was finally decided that he should proceed to Harrisburg on the morning of the 22d, and be guided by events as they should happen there.

The two speeches made by Lincoln on Feb. 22 do not exhibit a single trace of mental disturbance by the appalling news he had received. He hoisted the Stars and Stripes to the pinnacle of Independence Hall early in the morning and delivered a brief address that was eminently characteristic of the man. He arrived at Harrisburg about noon, was received in the House of Representatives by the Governor and both branches of the Legislature, and there spoke with the same calm deliberation and incisiveness which marked all his speeches during the journey from Springfield to Washington. After the reception at the House another conference was held on the subject of his route to Washington; and, while every person present, with the exception of Lincoln, was positive in the demand that the programme should be changed, he still obstinately hesitated. He did not believe that the danger of assassination was serious.

The all-night conference practically decided nothing, but it was assumed by those active in directing Lincoln's journey that there must be a change. Lincoln dined at the Jones House about 5 o'clock, with Gov. Curtin as host of the occasion. I recall as guests the names of Col. Thomas A. Scott, Col. Sumner, Col. Lamon, Dr. Wallace, David Davis, Secretary Slifer, Attorney-General Panniman, Adjutant-General Russell, and myself. There were others at the table, but I do not recall them with certainty. Of that dinner circle, as I remember them, only three are now living—Gov. Curtin, Col. Lamon, and the writer hereof. Mr. Judd was not a guest, as he was giving personal attention to Mrs. Lincoln, who was much disturbed by the suggestion to separate Mr. Lincoln from her, and she narrowly escaped attracting attention to the movements which required the utmost secrecy.

It was while at dinner that it was finally determined that Lincoln should return to Philadelphia and go thence to Washington that night, as had been arranged in Philadelphia the night previous, in the event of a decision to adopt that programme. No one who heard the discussion of the question could efface it from his memory. The admonitions received from Gen. Scott and Senator Seward were made known to Gov. Curtin at the dinner table, and the question of a change of route was discussed for some time by every one, with the single exception of Lincoln. He was the one silent man of the party, and when he was finally compelled to speak he unhesitatingly expressed his disapproval of the movement. With impressive earnestness he thus answered the appeals of his friends: "What would the nation think of its President stealing into the capital like a thief in the night?" It was only when the other guests were unanimous in the expression that it was not a question for Lincoln to decide, but one for his friends to determine for him, that he finally agreed to submit to whatever was decided by those around him.

It was most fortunate that Col. Scott was one of the guests at that dinner. He was wise and keen in perception and bold and swift in execution. The time was short, and if a change was to be made in Lincoln's route it was necessary for him to reach Philadelphia by 11 o'clock that night or very soon thereafter. Scott at once became master of ceremonies, and everything that was done was in obedience to his directions. There was a crowd of thousands around the hotel, anxious to see the new President and ready to cheer him to the uttermost. It was believed that only one man should accompany Lincoln in his journey to Philadelphia and Washington, and Lincoln decided that Lamon should be his companion. Col Sumner, who felt that he had been charged with the safety of the President-elect, and whose silvered crown seemed to entitle him to more than passive protest against Lincoln leaving his immediate care; but it was deemed unsafe to have more than one accompany Lincoln, and the veteran soldier was compelled to surrender his charge. That preliminary question settled, Scott directed that Curtin, Lincoln and Lamon should at once proceed down to the front steps of the hotel, where there was a vast throng waiting to receive them, and that Curtin should call distinctly, so that the crowd could hear, for a carriage, and direct the coachman to drive the party to the Executive Mansion. That was the natural thing for Curtin to do; that is, to take the President to the Governor's Mansion as his guest; and this excited no suspicion.

Before leaving the dining room Gov. Curtin halted Lincoln and Lamon at the door and inquired of Lamon whether he was well armed. Lamon had been chosen by Lincoln as his companion because of his exceptional physical power and prowess, but Curtin wanted assurance that he was properly equipped for defence. Lamon at once uncovered a small arsenal of deadly weapons, showing that he was literally armed to the teeth. In addition to a pair of heavy revolvers he had a slung-shot and brass knuckles, and a huge knife nestled under his vest. The three entered the carriage, and, as instructed by Scott, drove toward the Executive Mansion, but when near there the driver was ordered to take a circuitous route and to reach the railroad depot within half an hour. When Curtin and his party had gotten fairly away from the hotel I accompanied Scott to the railway depot, where he at once cleared one of his lines from Harrisburg to Philadelphia, so that there could be no obstruction upon it, as had been agreed upon at Philadelphia the evening before, in case the change should be made. In the mean time he had ordered a locomotive and a single car to be prepared to convey the President-elect of the nation, and at the appointed time the carriage arrived. Lincoln and Lamon emerged from the carriage and entered the car unnoticed by any excepting those interested in the matter, and after a quiet but fervent "good-by and God protect you" the engineer quietly moved his train away on its momentous mission.

As soon as the train left I accompanied Scott in the work of severing all the telegraph lines which entered Harrisburg. He was not content with directing that it should be done, but he personally saw that every wire entering the city was cut. This was about 7 o'clock in the evening. It had been arranged that the 11 o'clock train from Philadelphia to Washington should be held until Lincoln arrived, on the pretext of delivering an important package to the conductor. The information upon which we based the Philadelphia was due in Washington at 6 in the morning, and Scott kept faithful vigil during the entire night, not only to see that there should be no restoration of the wires, but waiting with anxious solicitude for the time when he might hope to hear the good news that Lincoln had arrived in safety. To guard against every possible chance of imposition a special cipher was agreed upon that could not possibly be understood by anyone but the parties to it. It was a long, weary night of fretful anxiety to the dozen or more in Harrisburg who had knowledge of the sudden departure of Lincoln. No one attempted to sleep. All felt that the fate of the nation hung on the safe progress of Lincoln to Washington without detection on his journey. Scott, who was of heroic mould, thoughts, several times tried to temper the severe strain of his anxiety by looking up railway matters, but he would soon abandon them, believe everything was perfect, and we strolled from the depot to the Jones House and back again, in aimless struggle to hasten the slowly passing hours, only to find equally anxious watchers there and a wife whose sobbing heart could not be consoled. At last the eastern horizon was purpled with the promise of day. Secretary Scott had received by lightning messenger, and he was soon gladdened by an unsigned despatch from Washington, saying: "Plums delivered safely." He whirled his hat high in the little telegraph office as he shouted: "Lincoln's in Washington!" and we rushed to the Jones House and hurried a messenger to the Executive Mansion to spread the tidings that Lincoln had safely made his night journey to the capital.

I have several times heard Lincoln refer to this journey, and always with regret. Indeed, he seemed to regard it as one of the grave mistakes in his career. He was fully convinced, as the sequel has demonstrated it, that he had fled from a danger purely imaginary, and he felt the shame and mortification natural to a brave man under such circumstances." Mrs. Lincoln and her suite passed through Baltimore on the 23d without any sign of turbulence. The fact that there was not even a curious crowd brought together when she passed through the city—which then required considerable time, as the cars were taken clear across Baltimore by horses—confirmed Lincoln in his belief. It is needless now to discuss the question of real or imaginary dangers in Lincoln passing through Baltimore at noonday, according to the original programme. It is enough to know that there were reasonable grounds for apprehension that an attempt might be made upon his life, even if there was not the organized band of assassins that the detectives believed to exist. His presence in the city would have called out an immense concourse of people, including thousands of thoroughly disloyal rough s, who could easily have been inspired to any measure of violence. He simply acted the part of a prudent man in his reluctant obedience to the unanimous decision of his friends in Harrisburg when he was suddenly sent back to Philadelphia to take the midnight train for Washington, and there was no good reason why he should have regretted it, but his sensitive disposition made him always feel humiliated when it recurred to him.

The sensational stories published at the time of his disguise for the journey were wholly untrue. He was reported as having been dressed in a Scotch cap and cloak and as entering the car at the Broad and Prime station by some private alleyway, but there was no truth whatever in any of these statements. I saw him leave the dining room at Harrisburg to enter the carriage with Curtin and Lamon. I saw him enter the car at the Harrisburg depot, and the only change in his dress was the substitution of a soft slouch hat for the high one he had worn during the day. He wore the same overcoat that he had worn when he arrived at Harrisburg, and the only extra apparel he had about him was the shawl that hung over his arm. When he reached West Philadelphia he was met by Superintendent Kenney, who had a carriage in waiting with a single detective in it. Lincoln and Lamon entered the carriage and Kenney mounted the box with the driver. They were in advance of the time for the starting of the Baltimore train and they were driven around on Broad street, as the driver was informed, in search of some one wanted by Kenney and the detective, until it was time to reach the station. When there, they entered by the public doorway on Broad street and passed directly along with other passengers to the car, where their berths had been engaged. The journey to Washington was entirely uneventful, and at 6 in the morning the train entered the Washington station on schedule time. Seward had been advised, by the return of his son from Philadelphia, of the probable execution of this programme and he and Washburne were in the station and met the President and his party and all drove together to Willard's Hotel. Thus ends the story of Lincoln's midnight journey from Harrisburg to the National Capital.

A. K. McCLURE.

WHY DO MEN QUIBBLE?

The Development to Be Obtained Thereby According to an Adept Is It.

"Good morrow, Cousin of York!" said the man; "how is it with thee now? The day is fair and cool; is not the sky of thy mind in consonance with the aspects of external nature? Nay, full well I know it is not, for thou dost grit thy teeth, and thy eyes are fierce and wild like unto the glaring orbs of the Anarchist or unto those of him who has ruthlessly been robbed of her whom he adores. Cousin of York, what has befallen thee?"

"Don't be a brute! Whenever you see that I am out of kilter, the sight seems to put you in good spirits, and you at once begin to grin and gibe like the drunken Voltaire that you are. It effects you just as whiskey does."

"Nay," said the man, "say rather that it affects me after the manner of wine."

"That is to say, it induces you to make an ass of yourself."

"Asses, fair Coz," said the man, "neither grin nor gibe. They only sulk and balk and kick and bray."

"And that reminds me of King Solomon's remark that 'though thou bray a fool in a mortar, yet will not his foolishness depart from him.' If I had a good-sized pestle now I think I would soon find out what could be accomplished without the aid of the mortar. First I should smite you in the pit of the stomach with it, and then when you doubled up I should hammer you over the head with the ball end of it."

"On the head, you mean," said the man, "not over the head. Why should you desire to beat the air? I can conceive of no circumstances under which it can be of any service to wallop the atmosphere."

"No circumstances 'amid which,' not circumstances 'under which,' is what you should have said. No man can be under things that stand around him."

"Oh!" said the man, "that is but a feeble verbal quibble. However, if you wish for quibbles, behold the man who can furnish them in large and choice lots! Observe, for example, what it is that you have really said. Your words were: 'No man can be under things that stand around him.' I grant that 'circumstance' is derived from *circum* and *stare*, and that, etymologically, it means what you say it does. But then a 'thing' is a substance, and, strange enough as the word 'substance' means something that stands under, why should a man take a flipflop, reverse the conditions, and stand over it? And, should he do so, he would be under the circumstances, which you call 'things.'"

"You should have said 'make a flipflop,' not 'take a flipflop.' In order to take a thing, you must find it already in existence. Now, until a flipflop has been made it has no existence, and consequently no man can take it.

"In order to make a thing," continued the man imperturbably, "you must have something to make it of. Can you even conceive of any thing from which flipflops can be constructed? Properly speaking, however, a flipflop is not a thing, but a state of being."

"You should have said 'a state of transition,' not 'a state of being.'"

"Again you are wrong, my dear friend," said the man. "The word 'state' is derived from the Latin *stare*, which means to stand still, and 'transition' comes from *trans* and *ire*, and signifies a 'going over.' A state of transition is therefore wholly inconceivable, since no man or thing can stand still and go over at one and the same time."

"You should say 'at the same time,' not 'at one and the same time.' The phrase is redundant."

"You mean that the word 'one' is redundant in the phrase," said the man.

"I don't suppose you would dream of using such an expression as 'at two and the same time.'"

"I should certainly do so in some circumstances," said the man. "For example, I should not be far out of the way, even if I should remark that this morning you went to bed 'at four and the same time' found me snoring the snore of the just. Why, then, should I not say 'at one and the same time?' On other occasions the expression is indefensible. For example, at one time I was a boy and at another I am a man, but at the same time it will hardly be disputed that I could not be both man and boy at one and the same time."

"Of all the unaccountable jackasses you are the worst! What good does it do you to play on words in this idiotic way?"

"I never play on words," said the man, "though I am exceedingly fond of playing with them. Was it not the great Lord Bacon that said "words are the money of fools and the counters of wise men?"

"You should say Lord Verulam, not Lord Bacon."

"I decline to say anything on that head," said the man, "having more important business on hand at the moment. Did it ever occur to you to inquire into the reason why John Wanamaker is so eloquent when he writes advertisements of his big shop in Philadelphia?"

"I can't say that it did."

"It is plainly because words are the counters of wise men," said the man; "and just think once of the vast number of counters John has in his shop!"

"You blasted idiot! did it in turn ever occur to you to inquire into the reason why you were not enumerated in Robert P. Porter's census? It is because 'speech is the man.' Speech is words, and, therefore, when Mr. Porter sent out men to take the census, he sent out words. Words are, as Verulam says, the counters of wise men, and consequently, they didn't count you, who are the most hideous idiot I ever came across. Why do you quibble and fool as you do? What good is there in it?"

"It rids me of the rubbish which, in spite of all I can do, constantly accumulates in the vast storehouse of my intellect," said the man. "While you are guzzling beer, shaking dice, matching pennies, and playing pool by way of recreation, I am quietly at work brushing away my mental cobwebs by noting how words may mislead thoughts. There is an enormous amount of pompous punning in philosophy, and the joke of the thing is that most of it is done unconsciously. Philosophers were villains, else. Now I find that by consciously and voluntarily, but not spontaneously and unconsciously after the philosophical manner, devoting a good deal of time to puns and quibbles, I gradually become better able to detect fallacies when I see or hear it. Your presence is always a great aid to me in this matter. You are a powerful stimulus to thought of a certain sort, and in this one respect, and this alone, you resemble Emerson, Carlyle, Thoreau, James Martineau, and Theodore Parker, although the thinking stimulated by you is of a variety which, in the main, is very different from that which they give rise to."

"Don't you think I will improve as time goes on, and I sit oftener and still oftener at the feet of so remarkable a Gamaliel as yourself?"

"Let us hope so," said the man. "Indeed, I already see signs of improvement in you. To some appreciable degree you already understand the nature and functions of the lie, but so far as the quibble and its more important uses are concerned, you are still not much more than a tyro. My treatise, *De Quibbis, In Usum Juvenum*, will soon be published, and, if you study it hard, it will make a second thought of you. You, as my favorite pupil, may even be able to fill my place when I shall be no more, and when across these eloquent lips the spider shall weave his silken web."

"I don't see how the spider can get on your lips unless you intend to be buried on a high platform supported by sticks, after the manner of the Indians."

"Dunce! Do you think I am a platform, my son?" said the man, "except in case he is buried there under dead cats and a rain of decayed cabbages—a fate that is commonly reserved for political orators. He can be exposed on a platform, but even then he is not buried."

"What, then? Didn't you ever hear of a man who was buried in thought?"

"You are improving, my child," said the man, "and you meant well in that remark. You intended to quibble, but you did not accomplish your purpose. It is encouraging, however, to see that you are willing to try your apprentice hand, or rather to place it in mine that therewith I might draw that easy chestnut out of the fire."

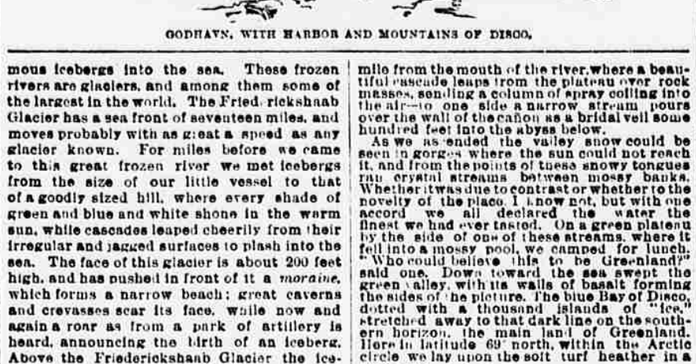
RAMBLES ON DISCO ISLAND.

THINGS SEEN BY SCIENTIFIC MEN IN A BIT OF GREENLAND.

Plenty of Beauty to be Discerned Among the Granite Boulders of Disco—Willow Trees that Hug the Ground—Summer Heat and Grass Within the Arctic Circle

GODHAVN, Greenland, June 29.—Our first stop in Greenland! How different from what we had all expected! For the last two or three days we have run along the bleak shores of this "Land of Desolation," sometimes at a distance of forty miles, again not more than ten. High, towering mountains, devoid of any semblance of vegetation—mountains raising their lofty heads 5,000 feet, ending at times in needle points, again rounded and still holding the perpetual snows—formed a black, inhospitable barrier on our right. The bright sun glistened on the great ice cap or "inland ice," which covers the whole of Greenland from east to west and from south to—how far north? Between the jagged peaks this great inland ice sea sends frozen rivers into the deep blue ocean—white streams, winding down the precipitous valleys—between lofty peaks, until reaching the coast they pour their congealed water in the form of enormous icebergs into the sea. These frozen rivers are glaciers, and among them some of the largest in the world. The Friederickshaab Glacier has a sea front of seventeen miles, and moves probably with as great a speed as any glacier known. For miles before we came to this great frozen river we met icebergs from the size of our little vessel to that of a goodly sized hill, where every shade of green and blue and white shone in the warm sun, while cascades leaped cheerily from their irregular and jagged surfaces to plash into the sea. The face of this glacier is about 200 feet high, and has pushed in front of it a *moraine*, which forms a narrow beach; great caverns and crevasses scar its face, while now and again a roar as from a park of artillery is heard, announcing the birth of an iceberg. Above the Friederickshaab Glacier the icebergs were scarce and small. As the current sets during this time of the year southward, the icebergs from the glacier are carried by it into the North Atlantic.

The morning was bright and clear as we came to Disco. The perpendicular basaltic cliffs rose 2,000 feet or more on our left; little cascades leaped from shelf to shelf, while here and there a green spot indicated vegetation. We entered through a narrow pass the little harbor of Godhavn, the gun fired, the anchor dropped, and the Kite lay apparently on the surface of a large mountain lake. On landing, crowds of natives thronged the wharf. The grass grew luxuriantly between and over some of the houses, while and yellow flowers opened to the light of the morning sun, and the air resounded with the melodious notes of the snow bunting. I say morning sun, for although the sun will not set again on this land for some months, yet the morning light and afternoon light is nearly as well marked as with us in midsummer. None of the natives was dressed in furs, save here and there a pair of sealskin trousers. Not a trace of snow lay upon the ground, and in coming ashore I was glad to remove my coat, so marked was the heat.



GODHAVN, WITH HARBOR AND MOUNTAINS OF DISCO.

Lieut. Peary and his wife, with Capt. Pike and Prof. Heilprin, made a formal visit to the Inspector of North Greenland, Mr. Andersen, who resides here at the capital, except when visiting the settlements under his jurisdiction. His house is strongly built of timbers and planks which had been brought out from Denmark. The high table and great slant to the roof was to prevent the accumulation of snows which fall during the winter. The whole house was covered without by a layer of pitch, while the window frames and fences were painted white. By the side of a tall flagstaff where a Danish pennant waved stood three little cannon—"emblems of might, but not mighty." Back of the house, under glass, was the garden, where grew some fine heads of lettuce and radishes, the only European vegetables we saw. As Andersen says, the counters of wise men, and consequently, they didn't count you, who are the most hideous idiot I ever came across. Why do you quibble and fool as you do? What good is there in it?"

"It rids me of the rubbish which, in spite of all I can do, constantly accumulates in the vast storehouse of my intellect," said the man. "While you are guzzling beer, shaking dice, matching pennies, and playing pool by way of recreation, I am quietly at work brushing away my mental cobwebs by noting how words may mislead thoughts. There is an enormous amount of pompous punning in philosophy, and the joke of the thing is that most of it is done unconsciously. Philosophers were villains, else. Now I find that by consciously and voluntarily, but not spontaneously and unconsciously after the philosophical manner, devoting a good deal of time to puns and quibbles, I gradually become better able to detect fallacies when I see or hear it. Your presence is always a great aid to me in this matter. You are a powerful stimulus to thought of a certain sort, and in this one respect, and this alone, you resemble Emerson, Carlyle, Thoreau, James Martineau, and Theodore Parker, although the thinking stimulated by you is of a variety which, in the main, is very different from that which they give rise to."

"Don't you think I will improve as time goes on, and I sit oftener and still oftener at the feet of so remarkable a Gamaliel as yourself?"

"Let us hope so," said the man. "Indeed, I already see signs of improvement in you. To some appreciable degree you already understand the nature and functions of the lie, but so far as the quibble and its more important uses are concerned, you are still not much more than a tyro. My treatise, *De Quibbis, In Usum Juvenum*, will soon be published, and, if you study it hard, it will make a second thought of you. You, as my favorite pupil, may even be able to fill my place when I shall be no more, and when across these eloquent lips the spider shall weave his silken web."

"I don't see how the spider can get on your lips unless you intend to be buried on a high platform supported by sticks, after the manner of the Indians."

"Dunce! Do you think I am a platform, my son," said the man, "except in case he is buried there under dead cats and a rain of decayed cabbages—a fate that is commonly reserved for political orators. He can be exposed on a platform, but even then he is not buried."

"What, then? Didn't you ever hear of a man who was buried in thought?"

"You are improving, my child," said the man, "and you meant well in that remark. You intended to quibble, but you did not accomplish your purpose. It is encouraging, however, to see that you are willing to try your apprentice hand, or rather to place it in mine that therewith I might draw that easy chestnut out of the fire."

island looks dark. Many paths lead here and there over these rounded rocks, and could easily be discerned and followed, as the lichen was here worn off by the passage to and fro of the natives and dogs. Here and there the rocks are covered by pieces of turf resembling peat, which had been cut in the swamps and lay out in the sun to dry and harden. This is used by the natives for fuel during the winter. In places large ponds occupied hollows in the rocks, on the sides of which grew moss and tall sedges. In the pools were many little animals swimming about and not the less numerous were the larvæ of the mosquito. These pests were as thick as I ever saw them in Jersey. This islet seemed to be the home of the snowbunting. For they flew about constantly. Their black and white plumage blended so exactly with the black and white color of the rock that when hopping about they were very difficult to see, and this suggested to me that their peculiar color may be explained by the theory of mimicry. Here they also nested, and the ornithologist obtained many sets of their eggs. The nests were placed in well-concealed places, in cracks in the rock, where sometimes it was impossible to get at them.

BENJAMIN SHARP.

SINGING SHAD.

Queer Fish that are Said to Serenade Residents of Cape May.

From the Baltimore American.

The singing shad has been seen and heard in lower Delaware Bay this spring. It hasn't been seen in large quantities, of course, for the appearance of this odd fish in these waters is a rare occurrence. But few of the singing shad have enchanted the fishermen since the season began. They come from the South, and only when the wind has died down and the water is quiet. They come in schools, emitting musical notes as they swim along. The sounds they make are soft and something like those of an Æolian harp. It is hard to express, or rather imitate, on paper, the melody they sing. It runs something like this: "Wee ho, he hi do de; weeho, die di dum."

This sound cannot be made with any effect, except when the shad travel in schools. The singing of a single shad is too feeble to be heard above the ripple of the water. This year has been the best for years, it is decided, that the singing shad has favored the fishermen of Delaware Bay. Capt. Arnold, one of the oldest and most truthful of South Jersey fishermen, said the other day that he had heard the singing shad a number of times in his piscatorial career. They are rare, of course, so far north as this. Even when they do come only old fishers are apt to hear and distinguish them. We know about them and are more or less on the lookout for their occasional arrival. They really belong off the coast of Bolivia and Chili. There they are quite common. All sorts of fairy tales are narrated about them by South American fishermen. The singing shad also breed in Japanese waters. The fishermen of Japan are delighted when they strike a school of singing shad. They follow them up reverently, because they believe the fish are inspired. They throw them food and never catch or eat them.

The singing shad is different from the common-back or roe shad. It is not so large and there is a slight difference in the formation of the mouth. Only an expert fisherman can tell when he has caught one of the finny songsters. Old fishermen regard the musical shad as prizes and do not send them to market unless they can get a very high price for them. It is estimated that they travel in schools of about 500. Their singing is pleasant at first, but soon grows monotonous, owing to the fact that it is a constant repetition of the same few sounds. Whether many of these peculiar fish ever go on up the Delaware or move on to New York and joining shad with the plain every-day Hudson River shad is not known. They lose their identity when they get in with other fish, and it is doubtful if they ever sing alone.

FACTS FROM A CHINAMAN.

He Wants to Be Buried at Home, But Prefers to Live in America.

He was a Chinaman of unusual frankness, and was willing to talk. There was hardly a trace of the suspicion and secretiveness so common to those of his race who come to America, but that might have been because he had lived here for several years, and had lived partly like a white man. He offered to the reporter a cigar, which was declined with a shudder, on the plea that a pipe was preferred; so the Chinaman lighted the thing himself, and between whiffs chatted in this fashion, seldom getting an "l" in place of an "r," except when he talked fast.

"Jess got back this country. Like it. Like Melica heap better'n China. Where I come from? Near Shanghai. Know Shanghai? Nice place. All flat. Fine as silk—silk cloth—but no like live there. Why not? Oh, not like China people much. People poor, not got much money, work hard, get nothin'. They weak, not strong, like Melicans. They cheat, too. Want money bad. I come to Melica years ago. First I go San Francisco, then I cook for family in Oakland, then I study laundry and make $30 month when I start shop myself. That's much for Chinaman. At home he make ten cent a day.

"Then I go New York and start shop in Mott street. Sell tea—things like that. Some cups, dishes, those things, too. Any vases? What that? Oh, you mean big bottles, all blue, all red, eh? Yes, some vases. Some old vases worth lot money. You not know 'bout that. You see, sometime when man make lot of cups an' dishes an' vases, one will be magic. Put things in it an' empty it an' bimeby you go look at it: got full again. Fill itself. Man that make it he not know which it is, an' if he find some other man buy it—pay dollah for it—he mad with himself because he not smart and not see which is magic dish. Then I go back China, see my chillen, an' give money to 'em. But not stay there. No. Like to get back. My wife an' my blothers an' my chillen they cry an' they say, 'You not go Melica. You stay here 'long with us.' I say no, got go back get some money. Las' time I come back and work in mill in British Columbia. Lots Indians there. Like Indians: they brave, not 'fraid nothin'. Like hear Indian talk. Soft. They kill Chinaman in Washington—Indian did. Not like that. Now I go work on railroad. Wish I get back New York. Know lot people there. Know Ah Sin? No. I heard o' him. Know Wong Chin Foo? Yes, he clever little fellah. Gone to Boston to make newspaper some time, half English, half Chinee letter. He tell stories 'bout China people, and Chinaman not like him pretty well. He can't go to China. No. His fadder big man there, but make king mad an' got head cut off. Wong, he brought to Melica. If he try go back—skeek!—head come off. See? Bimeby plaps he pardon an' he let go back.

"Lot o' Chinamen want go back be buried. I like that. Some time Chinaman have wife in China an' have 'nother one here. Can have two if he likes an' get money to keep two. Some time he marry white woman. Then have trouble. Her friends they try to make her leave her husband an' be bad. They tempt her, and say: 'Ha! You marry Chinaman! Ha!' You hear 'bout that Chinaman in New Haven marry white lady? He have trouble. He fight his mudder-in-law an' break her. Mudder-in-law not let him alone, but she let him alone now an' he happy. Melicans think Chinaman go home an' live when he get $2,000. He not care for that. Cost lot money get home; then get married an' cost $600 for clothes an' dinners an' presents; then build house for 'bout $800, and he have only 'bout $500 to start bus ness. That not much. No banks for Cuinamen. Bust. Then what you do, eh? Come back work on railroad. People poor in China, but not eat rats. No, never see 'em. Eat rice—lot rice—potatas, veg'table, pork, duck, fish, dry fish, grouse, eat livers out o' birds. Nice. Like boys more than girls in China, an' when people marry they expect boys better than girls. Girls marry, go 'way, not care for fader an' mudder, jes' like Melican girls. Melican girls say to their husband, 'I marry you, you take care my fader an' mudder, ain't it? But boys live wi' their fader an' mudder an' take care of 'em all time.

"Chinamen not do much like Melicans. Not make mills an' railroads. Not dig mines, 'cause like to see their fader an' mudder, not often. They 'fraid mills an' railroads take away their work. Want to saw wood an' carry things on their shoulders. They tear up all except three mile of Shanghai Railroad. They not like railroad run near graves of their faders an' mudders, 'cause they go to graves 'an sit there 'an bow 'an say something nice. Railroad company buy graves, sometimes, so can run over 'em. China people pray to Joss. You b'lieve 'bout Joss? Me neither. I go Congational church in San Francisco. Fine church. Lot of lights. All gas. Man come out an' light all gas at once, in evening. Fine! Skookum! Jis, ha. Indian word. I live with Siwashes in British C'lumbia once. They like Chinamen. Look like 'em. Chinamen b'lieve Jews used to be China people, long ago. China Government good.

"Have king—we call king, not emperor—an' always have one prophet. He tell what goin' to be some time. You not believe that? You have prophet, too. He come out an' look at stars an' he say 'Nice to-mollow.' An' to-mollow, rain like hellee. Eh? China king he hear what prophet talk. He good king. People not pay him much money, except rich people. Rich man have to pay lot money. Mandarin he have lot land, an' he not like people walk on it, an' not like road and mills on it. He say 'This all mine. Other people not have any of it.'

"Not have many horses in China. People carry everything on back. Work hard. Get up 5 o'clock morning, work. In field to dark. Go tired. Pay $5 every year to send their chillen school. Lots country people not have $5. Their chillen not learn nothing. In school they learn read, write, and Koung-Fu-Tu, what you call Confucius. That not much. Learn more in Melican school. I go there myself, first. I go back China three times, but I live here. Have cigar? Not? Good mornin'."

ONE OF THE PITCAIRN ISLANDERS.

He Dies in California on the Eve of His Marriage.

One evening a few years ago a gentleman rang the bell at the house of a San Francisco lady, and when he was invited in he said that as he pulled the bell a young man who was with him, being very bashful, bolted, but that he would bring him around on the following Thursday evening. The lady had written a note to this young man. She had heard that Richard Young, one of the descendants of the famous Pitcairn Island mutineers, was in the city, and she wished to ask him if his sister had received some flower seeds she had sent.

A few days later he mustered up courage to call at the house. He was stopping in San Francisco at the home of a lady whose son he had saved from a wreck off Pitcairn. When an islander leaves Pit