SAXON AND GAUL

Why Men in London Are Better Dressed Than Parisians.

THE WAYS OF LIVING COMPARED

It is Asserted the English Have no Taste for Bread.

TREATMENT OF WOMEN

Special Correspondence of The Evening Star.

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IN PARIS I NEVER feel disquieted about the kind of clothes I wear. In London my first impression always is that I am very badly dressed. It is true that Parisians have a certain easy-going canon of clothing for men. The hat must always be new; and, when a silk hat, it must be as bright as a saber, following the beautiful comparison of Paul Bourget. It must be of such a brightness that a lady may use it as a looking glass. If she cannot do her hair in it, you have a hat, but not the hat.

As for the rest, your coats should never look new, nor should your neckties. But the shoes should always be new, and so should the pantaloons. According to the elegant manual of Baronne Staffe, a young man should not go abroad in the morning in a black frock coat, "like a notary's clerk." Also, "the youth of France must not be dressed like an English groom"—this latter being from the wisdom of the Prince de Sagan. Finally, Cercleux, in the "Education de Prince," warns a young dandy against wearing fancy silk underclothing—"striped like a circus clown."

But in London it is different. The man from France—yes, almost any man from France—perceives he is not in the movement. In London man's dress is as important as is woman's dress in Paris. It would be curious to get at the bottom of

this reversal of the sexes. Perhaps it is because woman is everything in Paris—and man is everything in London. The Parisian spends all his fine ingenuity and taste in helping out, criticising and confirming the fancies of the beloved object. He has little energy left for his own adornment, which, when too perfectly accomplished, is apt to be of an almost too feminine nicety. In London, where women regularly dress like frights, the men are so fine and brave because their ladies sit up nights and think out combinations for them.

All this leads to the question of the treatment of women—the most important question of the age, according to the last chapter of Mr. Lecky. In London women are "respected" more than they are in Paris. At least let us say so. And what is the result? Waiter girls in grill rooms, lunch rooms and tea rooms receive few tips and no compliments. The demeanor of the male customer is cold and business-like.

The English Fashion.

As to shop girls, waiter girls and the rest, they are treated like women in Paris, at least, and not like horses or machines. And I think it pleases them better. This English "respecting" of women often looks like washing one's hands of them, and in the vain and flirting Frenchman—with his bad intentions—I seem to see a kindlier figure. What I am trying to say is that the average self-respecting Londoner, in all his walk and conversation, places all the onus of all impropriety upon the weaker vessel.

In the same way it is "bad form" to smoke in public in London. Yet there are no greater smokers in the world.

It takes some time to get used to London living. So far, I have only found two ways for the transient foreigner. One is to take cheap board in the neighborhood of Bloomsbury Square and spend all the savings so made in extra cab fares. The other is to take a room immediately in the neighborhood of Trafalgar Square or even Leicester Square, pay dear for it, and eat in restaurants.

These restaurants are at once the delight and the despair of continental foreigners. On the Strand you may have a hot and juicy sausage, as long and as big around as a dream and garnished at one end with

At Ascot.

crisp and curly fried onions, a cup of London coffee, a sinker and a piece of butter—all for tuppence. (A sinker is a heavy soda biscuit, made without soda.) The sausages are made of bread, colored and flavored with a meat juice and loaded with herbs, fat and a trifle of chopped scrap pork.

But they give an illusion of nutrition, and many an honest man has swelled himself therewith. Charitable restaurants in the poorer districts (tourists generally take notice of them in their first 'bus drive to the east end), give a square meal (with roast beef for threepence. Many, indeed, are particularly intended for 'bus drivers, dray drivers and all kinds of waggoners, who, being always in the cold and wet, are peculiarly liable to squander their money in public houses. All such in London are called "car men" (without the hyphen), because, of course, they have to do with "cars," cars being trucks, vans, busses and like wheeled vehicles. This elucidation may relieve the mind of many an American tourist who has read, with wonderment, time after time, the sign of "Carmen's Best Pull-up." It does not refer to the seductive Andalusian of the opera comique at all, at all.

Restaurants — actual restaurants—for the poor and for the working classes exist in wonderful profusion in this city of the poor. I am not sure, but I think that for cheapness and value our American cities are not up to it. As to Paris, there is no doubt. The workingman must carry bread, cold meat and cheese for his lunch; but even then he will be obliged to pay 4 cents for a glass of wine if pride compels him to eat in a wine shop instead of sitting by the roadside. If he wishes hot food, he must pay at least 6 cents for the plat du jour, a single dish, oftenest a stew, and never large in quantity. Bread will cost him 1 cent, wine, 4 cents, and if he has cheese, it is 2 cents more.

But these are vulgar details of the lives of unfortunate people. A finer figure is the London clerk, he who comes down to business in a silk hat and a frock coat of the latest cut. He will buy two frock coats or even three a year, two overcoats, four hats and a half-dozen pairs of shoes. His whole get up is as correct as yours or mine. That is to say, he is perfect. Gloves are a considerable item in his budget. He has a flower for his buttonhole every morning. He carries an $8 umbrella. In fact, the poor chap is so utterly swamped in the expense of his raiment that he would starve were it not for establishments like Upton's in the Strand.

Upton's is sloppy, with dirty table-cloths, bad service, crowded, no napkins, strong smelling, and without the slightest pretention to chic. But, all the same, Upton has a nourishing kitchen. In such a rather lower-middle-class restaurant as this, in the heart of the tourist quarter, the man from Paris first makes acquaintance with that reckless, uninformed, kind-hearted lavishness which marks the Anglo-Saxon idea of a restaurant or hotel. The waste is shocking. Upton will not let you order one portion for two. So there come up steaks as big as the plate, boiled potatoes enough for three, horseradish enough for a horse. You may have the joint for 8 pence.

What It Costs.

It is a meal—roast beef and potatoes. The clerk eats it, drinking water. It is his dinner. God only knows what he will have for tea, though it is to be hoped he takes it at home with his parents. If not, it is very likely at such an establishment as one of the "A. B. C." concerns—Aerated Bread Company. Slaving waiter-girls, marble-topped tables, tea, coffee, chocolate, bread and butter, cakes and tarts, hard-boiled eggs, sausage-roll, veal-and-ham pies (beware of them!) and assorted sandwiches. Nevertheless you can run up a nice little bill at Upton's and not have much. E.g.: Bacon and eggs, 1 shilling; buttered toast, 3 pence; pot of tea, 4 pence; more butter, 2 pence; tip, 1 penny. Total, one and ten—and almost 50 cents.

Tea is the mainstay of all this feeding—tea and bitter beer. Outside the best hotels a decent cup of coffee is impossible in London. Of course a vast number of Englishmen—and women—drink whisky and water with their meals instead of either. There is a great deal of water in the mixture and not so much whisky. Indeed, barmaids reproach Americans for their supposed tendency to drink their whisky neat. A natural reply is that Americans refuse to drink their water whiskied. The poor clerk who cannot afford to drink beer with his lunch, the bus-driver who appreciates "Carmen's Pull-up" and the city man who drinks hard all day—all three have at their homes their private bottles of Scotch whisky. Then, taking off their shoes and drying their feet before the cheerful, smoky open grate, with tobacco pouch and bottle on the center table, and with a chum or two to chat with, there is realized—at small expense—the ideal of the English "home." Abstract any one of these five elements—(1) the open-grate fire, (2) the wet feet, (3) the tobacco pouch, (4) the whisky bottle, (5) the chum—and the dream fades.

There is one thing in which London surpasses Paris—the matter of hotels. I was almost going to say that there is not one first-class hotel in Paris. In London there are many. The American idea has penetrated and worked vast improvements. The American will miss nothing but unsolicited ice water. Instead of boys in buttons there are maids—and what maids! They are the best-dressed women in all England, these great hotel chambermaids, or (if you will) these chambermaids of the great hotels, although they are great chambermaids, great in their good nature, good looks and honesty, great in their persons, tall, strapping, well-filled-out, yet feminine, soft-spoken, well-rounded and sweet-faced. They wear the most delightful aprons; and as they come swishing through the corridors with their stiff-starched skirts all crackling joyously, it is like music.

Lack of Rouge.

One of the most distressing sights to the man from Paris is the lack of rouge and rice powder on the ladies' faces. It seems immodest for them to be going about barefaced, bare-lipped, bare-eyed. I do not mean rouge from a paint pot—there are various kinds of rouge. You may go miles in the daytime without ever seeing a carmin-ed lip or a penciled eyebrow. Then I am sure their mode of dressing lends itself to an ungracious walk and a figure that lacks chic. If one may believe his eyes, in looking over the advertising pages of such papers as "The Queen," or "The Gentlewoman," the ladies of London wear all kinds of "combination garments."

In Paris, I am told, there is one way, and only one, all the year round. First, there is the chemise of cambric, very long and rather full; next, there is the corset, which is very short, scarcely more than a broad, well-boned belt, broadening before and behind. That part of the first-named garment which hangs below the second-named implement is tucked into a third garment. Then there is a very heavy silk petticoat, shoes and stockings, of course. And that is all. When the gown is drawn over this slight—winter or summer—garniture, an ensemble is produced, either going or coming, or in profile, utterly different from the smooth setting of combination garments and the stove-pipe-like rigidity of the long un-giving English corset.

Another distressing thing in London is the bread. They have every kind of bread—brown bread, black bread, aerated bread, Hovis, Vienna bread, and even Hungarian bread! Such variety itself shows uneasiness. In truth the English have no taste for bread, and cannot tell good bread from bad. And, apart from the doughy, indigestible buttered slices which go with afternoon tea, they eat no bread. At lunch they take a sweet flour pudding instead of bread. At dinner they nibble bread. But there is a deal of cake, divided into two classes, (1) cake and (2) buns.

The buns predominate. There are Bath buns and currant buns, black-top buns, hot-cross buns, German buns, and buns. Their purpose is to fill up the front show windows of the bun shops, particularly those of the Strand. They are never eaten. At night they are taken out of the show window, carted away and made into sausages. Fresh buns are put in their place; and the windows look gay and fresh again in the morning. This is different from the English candies which may be seen in the same windows. These are never removed, never renewed; but petrify in their sweetness, except that now and then a kind-hearted person should buy a penny's worth to give to some poor little barefooted child crying out in the cold and rain in front of Charing Cross station. The French can do without candy; but they must have bread—and good bread. The whole French scheme of nutrition centers around the eating of bread. The wine makes the bread go down. The fish sauce is to stimulate the bread-eating capacity. The meat sauce and all the idea of the ragout is to the same end. If you cannot learn to eat bread in France you will starve, if living in a family, or pay high if eating in a restaurant. It is a matter for debate which is the better system.

Lastly—for this subject is too big for me—Worcestershire sauce is not always eaten on roast and broiled meat, as the French and Americans fondly imagine. If you want it, you must ask for it. The Londoners have become so habituated to eating the kind of food that is set before them that they have become cynical and disregard even the national disguiser. There are some who do not even take salt and pepper, finding all the stimulus they need in drinks before and after.

STERLING HEILIG.

WHEN EARLY CAME

How the Day Gained at the Monocacy Saved the Capital.

CONFEDERATE MARCH UPON THIS CITY

The Story as Now Told by Secretary Stanton's Confidential Clerk.

GRANT AND LINCOLN

Written for The Evening Star.

"I am the rider of the wind,
The stirrer of the storm;
The hurricane I left behind
Is yet with lightning warm."

So were the coming and the going of Gen. Early, when, in July, 1864, his army of warriors crossed the Potomac above Washington, found the gates of the city ajar and the federal government in the condition of absolute helplessness for defense. The armies for the defense of Washington were far away in the Shenandoah valley, under Gens. Hunter and Sigel, and these Early swept away in his march for this city. Gen. Grant was then preparing to strike a decisive blow for the capture of Petersburg, and Gen. Lee, feeling the tightening coils, sought relief by sending Early, with an army said to be between 20,000 and 30,000 strong, to strike a decisive blow for the capture of Washington. That he could then have captured the city is undoubtedly true; that its capture and destruction were not effected was due solely to the fact that the leader Lee sent was not equal to the task. He was too timid. Every man had been sent from the city to Gen. Grant, except a few in the defenses south of the Potomac, and the Secretary was then calling for 100-day men to help Grant in what was then hoped to be his final and overwhelming battle with Lee, which he had then set for the 20th of that month. There was hope, and what it was based upon no person could know, or see, or tell, that Washington would not be attacked, and as to its possible capture, that was only realized when it seemed inevitable. One of the strangest things about this is that Gen. Grant did not seem to know, and was not advised of, the defenseless condition of the capital until the greatest danger had actually passed; notwithstanding all that symbolized and was in fact the power of the nation was its capital and not the army of the Potomac.

Secretary Stanton.

The army, under Gen. Sigel, had sought safety at Harper's Ferry, and the army under Gen. Hunter had retreated away over the mountains into West Virginia, so that there was not a single body of veteran troops within hundreds of miles of the city.

The Battle of the Monocacy.

For the protection of Baltimore Gen. Lew Wallace (of Ben Hur fame) had at Frederick a force of about 5,000 Maryland militia, which, with less than 3,000 veterans of the sixth corps, under Gen. Ricketts, formed the army that saved Washington. These veterans arrived in Baltimore from Petersburg, almost at the very moment of Early's arrival at the Monocacy, on the Washington pike, and Wallace, having summoned Ricketts to that place, moved out from Frederick to give battle. At the Monocacy he fought Early's veterans and their brilliant leaders on Saturday, the 9th of July, from 9 o'clock in the morning until 5 o'clock. This battle was a precious day of safety for Washington. It had so crippled Early that he could not continue his march upon Washington until the next day—Sunday—at noon. This battle was reckless on the part of Wallace, but it was heroic. He had marched his men to be slaughtered that one day might be gained for the relief of Washington.

When the magnitude of Wallace's defeat had been realized in the War Department the Secretary spoke of it as having saved the city from capture. Considering that Wallace's home guards had never been in battle, and looking at the bravery and patriotism that animated him and the sons of Maryland he led, I feel like repeating "The Charge of the Light Brigade:"

"Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of death
Rode the six hundred.
When can their glory fade?
O, the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made,
Honor the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred."

As history tells that a gallant band of Maryland young men saved the colonial army at the battle of Long Island in the struggle for liberty, so will history tell of the heroic bravery of the Maryland militia, under Wallace, in saving the capital of the nation at a time when its capture was easy and its destruction certain. On that battlefield is a monument telling: "These men died to save the national capital, and they did save it."

At the close of the day, on Saturday, Secretary Stanton was advised of Wallace's defeat, but it was not then known whether Early was moving upon Washington or upon Baltimore.

Dread in Washington.

In the departments there was a feeling of dread, and expressions of surprise were common among the clerks and officers that the city had no troops for defense, and it seemed to me then that Mr. Stanton felt that he had made a great mistake, when he knew that Hunter and Sigel could afford no protection to the city, in not then advising Gen. Grant, and at once calling upon him for troops. But the Shenandoah valley had been such a source of trouble, disasters and mistakes, attributed to the War Department, that the Secretary was determined not to interfere with Gen. Grant, but to give him every man he could get. It was not known in the city that Washington was without defense until the defeat of Wallace, and then the alarm spread like a prairie blaze. Scouts were sent in every direction into Maryland and Virginia, and, finding no enemy on the south side of the Potomac, a portion of the troops were hurriedly taken from the forts on that side and sent to the forts on the Maryland side. The Secretary called upon the governors of a number of states for men for the defense of the city, but got none. His only hope was in the one-hundred-day men he had a little while before Early came called for to help Grant. These—only a few thousand—and some clerks, were the only men in the forts when Early came, on Monday, the 11th, in the afternoon, with his whole army before the defenses on the 7th street and Georgetown pikes. It would have been an easy matter then for him to have come into the city by both pikes; and the Bladensburg pike, just north of the Capitol, had no defense whatever. The Secretary had on Saturday sent for Quartermaster General Meigs, and told him to arm and send to the front all the clerks in the departments, and especially his own. Business in the departments was quite suspended, and nearly the whole civil force was sent to man the intrenchments or to do guard duty in the city to relieve wounded soldiers, who were sent to the front. For fifteen miles the intrenchments on the north side of the city, extending from Benning, east of the Capitol, to the Chain bridge, west of the Capitol, up the Potomac, were manned by men who knew nothing of war. To this civil force was added a promiscuous force, gathered up in great haste from the police garrison of the city—the old soldiers in hospital, convalescent and distribution camps; guards from the public buildings, store houses, depots, corrals, and some cavalrymen waiting for horses; all the workmen from the navy yard shops, and sailors, hastily brought from New York with Admiral Goldsborough. All these were sent to the trenches, and all the clerks and workmen wore the regulation uniform. They made a very numerous show in the trenches, and exhibited great bravery in showing themselves on the parapets of the intrenchments between 7th street and the Tenleytown pikes, a distance of about two miles.

I have read of the sacrifice of the flower of the country in its young men, in the armies of both sides of our cruel war, and it will forever be to their praise that the flower of Washington, in its brave young men, went out to confront a danger infinitely greater than that which confronted the veterans under General Grant at Petersburg, for Lee dared not move against them. This civilian and promiscuous force lay on their arms in the trenches for two days and nights guarding the capital against an army that only waited the order to rush on, slaughter the men in the intrenchments, and pass into the city. Many of these clerks had never fired a gun, and many of the veteran convalescents could, with difficulty, march. In the forts there were men who did not know how to adjust, to load, or to fire the guns. All this day the Secretary was uneasy, and walked his room in dread, waiting for the troops General Grant had advised General Halleck were coming, and fearing that the telegraph would any moment tell him that Early had passed the intrenchments and was coming down 7th street pike. I can now see the Secretary waiting and looking for news that the transports with troops had come to the 7th street landing. The city was wild with excitement and fear, and from the surrounding country people were fleeing in terror into the city. I had in the large Lilley safe in the War Department $5,000 in five-twenty bonds and about $400 in gold from interest, belonging to Mrs. Stanton, and this Mr. Stanton told me to take home that day, and I hid it within my bed. It was all they had. That day Col. Anson Stager, who was superintendent of the military telegraph, came into the Secretary's room and asked him for leave to go home for a few days, to which the Secretary said: "We will all have to leave unless relief comes very soon." This was all the answer, and the colonel did not go. I can now see his pale, amiable face and blue eyes, as he slowly turned in silence and left the room. On that Sunday I heard it said that the officers of the several banks were summoned in council to devise plans for the hiding of their money, and that the money in the Treasury Department was removed from the vaults and hid, notwithstanding the building was barricaded and guarded by the clerks.

The Sixth Corps.

At noon Monday, and a few hours after Early's appearance, the balance of the sixth army corps, came up the Potomac from Petersburg, and were hurried out to the 7th street intrenchments, reaching there at the close of the day, and great was the relief in the War Department. Artillerists enough to work the guns were gathered into the forts at 7th street and at the Tenleytown pikes, and all that night the firing could be heard in the city, and in the heavens could be seen the illumination from the burning of the house of Postmaster General Blair, a little beyond the forts. While the capture of Washington that day seemed inevitable, I did not see or know of any indications of flight by the Secretary. He had sent every officer from the department to the front to keep him advised of the danger, and from every point telegrams were pouring into the department of the movements of the enemy and the weakness of the defenses, yet the Secretary seemed to have a marvelous calmness of hope and faith that rose above the presence of peril and dread.

The failure to make the assault that day was Early's great mistake. He had determined to make it on the morning of the 12th, but in the gray of that morning he saw floating all along the parapets the badge of the sixth army corps. The veterans of this corps were fighters equal to his own, and the sight of that badge was a power before which he cowed, while the fate of Washington and the government trembled in the balance. I think Gen. Wallace had a far greater appreciation of the importance of defending Washington than Early had of its capture, for Wallace gave battle knowing that defeat was certain, while Early was subdued by a badge floating in silence on the poorly manned defenses of the city. He had about 7,000 cavalry, and there were a number of places at which he could have dashed into the city, put to flight the government officials and set the city on fire in every direction.

There was no commander over all the troops and defenses, and neither Gen. Halleck nor the President would give orders, and in this condition everything went on for one week in a deplorable and fatal way. Monday morning, the 11th, the Gunpowder bridge was destroyed, so that no aid could come that way from the north for two days. A portion of Early's cavalry force went within three miles of the city of Baltimore, and captured and overturned two passenger trains, and burned the governor's house. In that city the alarm bells were sounded, and notices were read in all the churches calling for the Union Leagues to assemble for defense. It was not until Early was within forty rods of Fort Stevens and within a few hours' march of the White House that the District militia was ordered out; and it was not until near the close of the 13th that Gen. Grant directed the appointment of Gen. Wright to command all the forces in and moving from Washington or elsewhere against the then retreating enemy. Only think that with the army and the brilliant marshals Early had, and with the city defenses extending thirty-seven miles, guarded only by odds and ends, he could have brushed away at any moment and captured the prize he was sent for. He retreated when there was no force coming behind him at the time he went away.

The sixth corps, only about 9,000 strong, was the only reliable force in the defenses or near the city, and these had to be kept at Fort Stevens, on 7th street, which was believed to be the point the enemy would assault. Early had fought less than 2,000 of the sixth corps, under Wallace, at the Monocacy, and their fighting was like that which characterized the "Charge of the Light Brigade," and he did not want to meet the balance of that corps behind the fortifications.

Early's Retreat.

Of the enemy's retreat General Grant has said: "If Early had been one day earlier he might have entered the capital before the arrival of the reinforcements I had sent."

This was the one day Wallace saved, when, from Frederick, he telegraphed Halleck that he would cover the road to Washington and give Early battle on the Monocacy, and then marched all night to meet Ricketts at the bridge on the morning of the 9th.

While Professor Hewitt and his beautiful daughter were singing the song, "Maryland, My Maryland," in Baltimore, against northern invaders, Wallace was leading in the darkness of the night the loyal sons of that city, for its defense and for the defense of Washington, against the rebel invading army. If the enthusiasm which that melody inspires in the young men and boys in the galleries of our theaters means applause for the efforts made to destroy this country and ruin its people, then it does not show a very high order of intelligence. It certainly does not show patriotism to the flag which is now the emblem of greatness and power wherever it floats. If it is applause for the Union words adapted by Winner to that music, then it is patriotic. If it is merely the spirit of young men to applaud bravery on the rebel side, then it is commendable, for bravery leads to an intelligent patriotic sentiment for our country's flag. The enemy Early brought plundered the people and destroyed their mills, factories and work shops; took 2,000 head of cattle, 400 wagon loads of provisions and 10,000 horses from the Maryland farmers, while the Union army gave protection and wealth to her people and to Baltimore. It seems to me that the words of that Baltimore song are worse than senseless, for the rebel army was the only enemy Maryland had.

I would have the badge of the sixth corps made the centerpiece of our country's flag, and I would build a monument upon the White House and crown it with a diadem centered with a star, having the sacred radiance of the sun at high noon, and encircle it with the name of Lincoln.

Stanton's Great Work.

Lee, in the science of war, had effected his purpose, and for one long month the reverberations from the battlefield of the Monocacy echoed along the corridors of the War Department. For one long month the glare of the flashes from the battlefield and the reports of the coming of Lee with reinforcements for Early kept the President, the Secretary and General Grant in a constant condition of apprehension that some cruel fate was hanging over Washington, until, weary of the alarms, General Grant sent Sheridan to devastate the rich valley of the Shenandoah, that it might no longer feed the enemy in his march upon Washington by that highway.

When I think of the appalling crisis to the federal government that would have followed the capture of its seat of power, I find it very difficult to understand the following comparison made by General Grant of the two civil heroes:

"Mr. Lincoln was not timid, and was willing to trust his generals in making and executing their plans. The Secretary was very timid, and it was impossible for him to avoid interfering with the armies covering the capital when it was sought to defend it by an offensive movement against the army guarding the confederate capital. He could see our weakness, but he could not see that the enemy was in danger. The enemy would not have been in danger if Mr. Stanton had been in the field. These characteristics of the two officials were clearly shown shortly after Early came so near getting into the capital."

During all this time of terrible strain in his efforts to prevent the capture of the city, the Secretary did not interfere with General Grant's plans, nor call for his troops, and I think in his non-interference he committed a grave mistake.

The President, however, did become alarmed, and very properly so, when, on Sunday, the 10th, just two hours and a half after Early commenced his march from the Monocacy for Washington, he telegraphed General Grant that there was no force here fit for the field; that Wallace was badly beaten at the Monocacy, and that he (Grant) should provide to retain his hold where he was and bring the rest promptly to Washington. Twenty-four hours after this telegram was sent Early was within four miles of the White House.

How Stanton Aided Grant.

In the call for 100-day men the Secretary in his appeal said that our arms then appeared to be victorious under Grant, and asked for a helping hand for him and for the speedy restoration of peace, and declared that it was intended to keep up the national force until rebellion was overthrown. I know that Mr. Stanton contributed largely to Gen. Grant's success and to his fame. He constantly advised the people, through Gen. Dix at New York, of the sure success of Grant against Lee, and in one of his telegrams the Secretary sent the words of Grant in his march to the James: "I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer." From that telegram to Gen. Dix at midnight these words became famous, and went ringing to the people and to the press in all the loyal states. It was the campaign cry of victory during Grant's candidacy for President, and the people went to the polls saying that they would vote on that line if it took all summer. It was made the subject of song in the home and in the theater, in the streets and in the clubs. It rang through the convention that nominated Gen. Grant, and was the theme for all campaign speakers.

On the night of the assassination of President Lincoln, Secretary Stanton took instant steps for Gen. Grant's safety. It was the Secretary who inspired Congress to confer on Grant the lieutenant-generalship, and it was Mr. Stanton who first proposed that Grant should come to the Army of the Potomac. In Grant he found the general he had been longing for, and so told the people, and in doing so demanded their lives and their blood to save this republic. It was Mr. Stanton who saw in advance the deplorable trouble with President Johnson, and who suggested to Congress that Grant be made general with powers and authority greater than that of the President, in view of the trouble which Mr. Stanton had feared from the new surroundings at the White House. It was Mr. Stanton who summoned Gen. Grant to meet him at Nashville and then went himself at an appalling speed to save the defeated army at Chattanooga.

When the war was over, Mr. Stanton's trouble with President Johnson nearly broke his heart, and I have recently read in the press statements attributed to Gen. Schofield that Gen. Grant opposed Mr. Stanton as Secretary, and that President Johnson's desire to get rid of the Secretary was brought about through Gen. Grant. These alleged statements of Gen. Schofield, I am persuaded, from what I then knew and heard, are well founded.

I do not think Mr. Stanton's equal could have been found in all the world for the mastery of the perils which confronted the republic during the war. He did more in making and in pushing the armies upon the foe than any other person in or out of the army. He was the aggressive power of the government. His was the great brain that knew the importance of working while it was day.

This was the estimation President Lincoln had of him, and the day before the murder of the President he came to the War Department to confer with the Secretary upon the great problem of reconstruction, and it was then that Mr. Stanton plead with the President that such reconstruction should not be delegated to the rebel legislatures or allowed to be effected by rebel organizations, but to be under federal authority and control.

When, finally, he left the War Department Congress by resolution thanked him for "the great ability, purity and fidelity with which he had discharged his public duties." The legislatures and the people of the loyal states sustained him, while his enemies were heaping upon him the wildest abuse.

For four years he had fought the enemy at the front, at the rear and upon both flanks, and he had conquered. In his last battle, as Secretary, he fought that enemy at the White House and he was conquered.

A. E. H. JOHNSON.

SCOTLAND'S GREAT GOLFER.

"Tom" Morris, Who Was Four Times Great Britain's Champion.

From the New York Times.

The question has sometimes been asked by persons whose enthusiasm for golf is greater than their knowledge of it, whether old people can play the game. The query is not so surprising in this country, where the royal game is yet in its infancy.

In America golf is covering a field which has never been fully utilized by any branch of sport. It has opened a field of exercise and amusement in which the elements of genuine sport are present in all their competitive features, and this field is being largely occupied by men and women of the middle age of life. The young men who play tennis, the college athlete, and the long-haired foot-ball player are not seen to any extent on the golf course. But the tendency is that when they have run the course of these more active youthful exertions, they will pick up the golf club and become enthusiasts, if not actually experts.

If, however, any contradiction were needed that old age is not as eligible to enter the game as any younger period, attention need only be called to the past achievements and the present abilities of "Tom" Morris, "old Tom Morris," as he is more fondly called, the most celebrated and beloved golfer probably in the world. For years "Tom" Morris has been an interesting character in England, as well as in Scotland, his native home and where all of his golfing honors have been won.

"Tom" Morris has been nurtured and brought up on the golf links. He learned the game as a caddie over the famous St. Andrew's links, and as soon as he was able he entered the professional ranks.

Although now his days of big matches and championships are over, he is the acknowledged peer of professionals. He is now in his seventy-fifth year, a hale, hearty, soft, and kindly natured old Scotchman, whose entire life and ambition have been bounded by the horizon of golf links. And just at the present time, throughout all the golf clubs of Scotland and England, particular interest is being centered in this grand old golfer from the fact that the St. Andrew's Club has started a movement to present a fitting testimonial to "Tom" Morris in recognition of his long and valuable life services to the cause of golf. This movement is headed by the Hon. Arthur James Balfour, himself an enthusiastic player and captain of the St. Andrew's Golf Club.

Her Truthful Epitaph.

From the Philadelphia Record.

A cook who had been with one Manayunk family for five years died last week, and the bereaved family has erected a tombstone over her grave with the inscription: "Bridget, who departed this life October 1, in the fifth year of her reign."

That Changed Matters.

From Puck.

Lambly—"I have a notion to take a little flyer in sugar. What do you think of it?"

Puttson Calls (the broker, impressively)—"My boy, never speculate unless you can afford to lose."

Lambly—"Well, I can afford to lose."

Puttson Calls (eagerly)—"My boy, now is the time to invest."

THINGS HEARD AND SEEN

Among the visitors to the patent office yesterday was an old man with hair as white as snow, falling over his shoulders. His hands trembled as he searched the reports to see whether or not his idea had ever been patented. It is not his first visit to Washington, but it will probably be the last, for the days of life are few for him. I knew him years ago, when as a practicing physician in Iowa, he had accumulated a comfortable fortune. It was noticed even then that through the back windows of his house came gleams of light when he should have slept. Then his practice was neglected and the doctor seldom left his room. Little by little his property went, one by one his children died, until he was penniless and alone. Then for the first time his friends discovered that he was an inventor. Thousands of dollars had been invested in wheels and pulleys, and the great machine which was to revolutionize the motive power of the world by running forever without other force than that contained within itself, always lacked but one thing more, a wheel here or a cog there, and even his books were sold that his dream might be fulfilled. He would have starved had it not been for friends of his happier days, and when he told me yesterday that he had borrowed enough money to come to Washington and complete his patents there was a light in his eyes that was pitiful, although of gladness, for he can stand no more disappointments, and when his last improvement fails, he will be found beside his model, his tired spirit at rest.

Nestled among the mountains in New Hampshire is a village, and at the end of the long street with its even rows of white houses is a cottage where a gray-haired father and mother read the Bible every night and remember in their prayers a blue-eyed boy who died in Washington, where he had secured a government position through a Congressman's influence. How proud they were of him, and the father told the neighbors about knowing Daniel Webster when he was not as old or as smart as his Willie, who had gone to Washington. Then news reached the village that Willie was dead, and the grief of the parents was pitiful—he was their all. Upon the records of the department opposite the boy's name is the word "dismissed," and there are stories among those who knew him that he tried to live as those did who received three times his pay. And there came a day when a blue-eyed boy stood in the prisoner's dock, when twelve men brought in a verdict of "guilty." In a certain penitentiary a convict wears the number "12197." He has no name; there is a name on the warden's book, but it is not his. Willie is dead, and the old people in the mountain village will be happier if they never know that number "12197" ever existed.

I saw a young married couple in the National Museum yesterday, and my heart ached for the bride. They had been married in a country church in Maryland and had come to Washington on their bridal tour. The girl had never been away from home before and perhaps she could afford but one dress, and that her wedding one, as a trousseau. The groom was evidently a hard-working farmer, and his hands felt very uncomfortable in white gloves, but he felt in duty bound to wear them. When they left the train the bride was delighted with everything she saw and especially the people, for they were all so friendly and looked as though they wanted to know and welcome the young couple. And she felt proud of her big, strong husband, there were none of the men who looked so strong as he. Then they went to a hotel and the groom left to find where they should go during the day. He was so full of joy that he could not help taking some of the men into his confidence, and they thought it would be fun to get him drunk, so they told him that it was his duty to pledge his bride with every one he met. Used to nothing stronger than cider, he drank too much. He did not feel it when he first joined his bride, but after they had started through the museum his head began to swim and his feet to stagger until she almost had to carry him, her face presenting the most pathetic picture of woe and desolation I have ever seen.

There is a mean man in one of the departments. He came a year ago from a western state and has not a friend in Washington. He has no vices, his fellow-clerks say that he is too mean. During the year since he came the man has never been known to spend a cent beyond what was absolutely necessary, and the same clothes have been worn during the entire time. Declining all invitations and giving none, contributing as little as possible when all have joined in raising a fund, living no one knows where or how, it is a standing joke that he saves $1,100 out of his $1,200 salary. I heard some of the clerks telling stories of how he hoarded his money and I looked him up through curiosity. I found that I knew him and if ever there was a martyr he is one. In a western town, there is a family of four afflicted people a father and mother, who have been invalids for years; a sister, who by reason of an accident, is a cripple; a brother, a ne'er-do-well. Upon the homestead is a mortgage and no one to share the burden with the young department clerk. As he goes to his cheerless room at night and eats his scanty supper his heart is back in that western town with his loved ones, while his mind dwells upon the future when the mortgage can be paid and then there will be plenty to rent a little house in the suburbs of Washington and the family be reunited here, where perhaps skillful physicians may relieve the suffering ones. So he is content to be friendless, for friendship brings obligations that he cannot afford.

There is a bright little fellow in the fourth grade in one of the schools out northeast, who hasn't neglected his education during the summer months just gone by. The teacher had been reading an interesting story of the Chinese empire to her scholars one afternoon, and closing her book, said to the little ones:

"Foreign countries are nearly all governed by emperors, kings and queens. Now, a kingdom is a country governed by what?" and her questioning eyes wandered from one to another of the rows of bright little upturned faces before her.

"By a king," squeaked a little boy's voice on the back row of seats.

"Right," said the teacher, with an approving smile. "Now what is an empire?"

Here's where the bright, little, freckled-faced summer urchin could display his knowledge, so his hand shot up in the air at once.

"Well, Rollie, what is an empire?" questioned the smiling teacher.

"He's the feller that stands behind the catcher and gets punched when the players get mad."

The late Judge Snell was very fond of croquet playing, and when not busy with his official duties could most always be found, with mallet in hand, engaged in his favorite game. One morning while presiding over the Police Court, a young boy was brought before him, charged with playing ball on the street. The policeman who arrested the boy swore he had caught the boy in the act.

"Fine the boy five dollars," said the judge. "This ball-playing on the street must be stopped."

The boy's father was present, and suggested to the judge that he would like to question the policeman a little before the fine was imposed, so Judge Snell ordered the policeman into the witness box again. After a little close questioning, the officer finally admitted that the boys were playing ball on a vacant lot, and this boy had knocked the ball out into the street.

"Make that fine two dollars, Mr. Clerk," said Judge Snell; "the case is not quite so bad as I thought it was."

"But, your honor," said the boy's father, "not long ago up on 12th street I saw a game of croquet in which a high court official was engaged, and I saw that official spitefully knock his opponent's ball clear across the street, and——"

"Take off that other two dollars, Mr. Clerk; I don't believe this boy was doing wrong, after all." And the judge lay back in his chair and laughed heartily as he remembered what a whack he gave his opponent's ball in the game referred to.

A department clerk and an army officer took in the wild west exhibition one afternoon last week, and were seated together in the reserved seat section. Occupying seats directly behind them were two ladies, with an evident leaning toward woman's rights, judging from their opinions of the merits or demerits of the different performers, expressed in voices sufficiently loud to be heard by all in their immediate neighborhood.

When the young lady sharpshooter was giving an exhibition of her ability and agility with the rifle one of the ladies remarked to her companion:

"There! It takes steadiness of nerve and quickness of sight to do that kind of work. I'd like to see a man do that!"

A few minutes later a young man was showing his prowess in the same line, and before he finished his act he stood upon his head and fired, hitting the glass balls in the air every time.

"There!" said George, turning to the colonel; "it takes stiffness of neck and considerable backbone to do that kind of work. I'd like to see a woman do that!"

And the silence that settled down over that immediate vicinity was so dense it could be cut with a cheese knife.

"Crooked?" remarked the colonel from Texas, who has just returned from an extended visit following the conclave in Boston. "Crooked, sah? Why, I never saw such crooked and such narrow streets in my life. Whenever I met a gentleman about my own build"—and he swelled up to his fullest capacity to give color to the remark—"either he or I had to crowd into an alley to let the other by; and it was very inconvenient, sah, very."

"Boston streets and sidewalks are not as wide as we have them here?" queried The Star man, who had been listening very attentively.

"Well, I rather reckon not. And crooked! I think the men who laid out the old streets of Boston must have used the letter S and figure 8 for diagrams. Just to show you: I was walking along Washington street, one of the principal business streets, one afternoon, and about a rod ahead of me I saw the back of a man I thought I knew—something about his build and clothing that seemed very familiar—so I hurried up to catch him. He started forward at a more