TRADE MARK

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JUDGE TOURGEE'S HOME.

Graphic Pen Picture of the Author and His Pleasant Country Residence.

Special Correspondence of the Dispatch.]

MAYVILLE, N. Y., August 16.—Romantic young ladies and sighing spinsters who have pictured Judge Tourgee as a novelist, living in a many-gabled ivy-covered cottage like Washington Irving's Sunnyside, are grievously disappointed when they see the stately and modern mansion occupied by the author. Modern, I say, for it was built in war times, and cost $22,000. Lumber was high then, and about four years ago the Judge purchased the house, with 50 acres of land, for $10,000. His cow knows the meadows much better than he does. The editor of the local weekly spoke to the Judge regarding ditching land adjoining the latter's: "Why, does my land extend beyond the creek? I've never been down there." His house is frame, having several gables and piazzas and is painted white. The interior is splendidly finished, the frescoing being especially attractive. It is luxuriously furnished throughout. In the author's bed chamber the frescoed walls are relieved by several sketches in black and white. The suite of furniture is massive mahogany, the bedstead being richly and elaborately carved while the bed itself is a marvel and a feast for the eyes of women who are lovers of beautiful wrought coverings. The pillow shams seemed to be a mass of delicate needlework.

JUDGE TOURGEE'S WORKSHOP.

Judge Tourgee has been sick for several weeks and this room is his workshop. When I was ushered in I was quite deceived into believing that there were two Judge Tourgees present, as he was reflected in a large French dressing mirror. He wore a morning jacket of black velvet with collar and cuffs of quilted crimson silk. When he turned from his table, strewn with manuscript and proof sheets, his face wore a wearied expression, caused by suffering from an army wound. He is a handsome man, of medium height and stout build; his head is large, hair black, and his strong face is relieved by a heavy black mustache. None but a close observer would notice that his right eye is artificial. He wears gold glasses from which a long, delicate chain gracefully droops. When writing he suspends the little chain over his ear. In conversation he is pleasing and convincing. His voice is full and clear. While conversing with him you are constantly reminded that he was a Judge. He reasons as he talks, and seems to have both sides of every question constantly in his mind. He makes many comparisons. In fact he talks as he writes, his sentences being brief, though in speaking of his style he said Judges' sentences were usually long. He has the

COMPLEX POLITICAL SITUATION

condensed in an original manner. His views he freely expressed, but not for publication. Having been a Southern Circuit Judge so long, and having studied the Southern question for 15 years, he startles you with his fund of information and statistics. He is too busy with his new book to take an active part in politics, although scores of the villagers and neighboring yeomen come to him for advice. He is popular, and the people are proud that his summer residence is with them. He has but one child, Lodie, a pretty, graceful girl of 13 years. At present Mrs. Tourgee is in New York, managing the Continent. She is the Judge's main help.

"AN APPEAL TO CÆSAR"

is the title of his new book. He is now correcting the proof sheets and expects the first edition will be issued about the 1st of September. While Garfield is closely connected with this book it is not an expression of his views on the subject of which it treats, the negro. While Judge Tourgee is not an alarmist he believes that the government of the negro is the most serious question with which Americans have to deal. The Cæsar to whom he appeals is the American people. The rapid increase of the colored people urges prompt measures to prevent appalling bloodshed. When asked for the remedy, "Ah," he said, with a shrug of his shoulders, "I know not." Certainly he urges education, but the vital question is a form of government that will adapt itself to the present and rapidly growing serious situation; to subdue the feelings existing between the two races in the South, and guide them harmoniously.

VAN WINKLE.

GENERAL CITY NEWS

[For additional City News see Third Page.]

The Press Phila.

"THE CONTINENT."

Judge Albion Tourgee's Failure on th Threshold of Success.

"Nothing succeeds like success," but every one deserving of success does not always attain it, so that many who criticize Judge Albion Tourgee's want of good management in directing the affairs of "The Continent" cannot be induced to say in regard to it what it certainly deserved to have said, namely: That it was one of the best periodicals, taken all in all, that ever appeared in this country, which, if backed by sufficient capital and less persistently persecuted by evil fortune, would have become in time a great financial success.

"Judge Tourgee," said a gentleman yesterday who was closely connected with him in "The Continent" publication, "was originally engaged as managing editor of the magazine by Robert S. Davis, its first proprietor. The first number appeared on February 1, 1882. Davis soon afterwards retired, leaving the magazine in Judge Tourgee's hands. Davis had made a fortune out of *Saturday Night*, but made a failure with 'The Continent.' Tourgee's reputation as a novelist would not allow him to have his name associated with a literary failure, and he felt obliged not to abandon the new magazine until it became a success.

"Its circulation at the start in Philadelphia was about 30,000, but when Davis went out it had dropped to 12,000 or 13,000. Then it rallied again, and at the time it was taken to New York must have reached a circulation of 15,000. This was in November of 1883. The principal reasons for its changing its base of operations was the fact of New York's being the great commercial centre and the home of all the great magazines in the country. Other reasons were the greater facilities for publishing a magazine in the Empire City and the refusal of certain gentlemen in Philadelphia to take hold of its stock, which a number of New Yorkers expressed their willingness to do.

"The first results in New York proved the wisdom of the change. The circulation kept on increasing for the first six months. It reached 20,000. The advertising averaged nearly $25,000 a year.

"But one gentleman who owned a considerable share of the stock, Mr. William D. Holmes, saw fit, for reasons best known to himself, to bring an alleged friendly suit claiming that the stock he had purchased was worthless. At this time 'The Continent' was entirely self-sustaining. It was a limited stock company in a sense, as originally formed under the laws of Pennsylvania, though the word 'limited' did not appear in the charter.

"The effect of the suit was to cut off 'The Continent' from succour it might have received from other quarters, which obliging friends were willing to advance to tide its affairs over the dull Summer season. In the meantime the creditors, frightened by the one suit being brought, attached the property of the concern, and in August, 1884, 'The Continent' was in the hands of a receiver.

"Judge Tourgee, though well known to the public, is not a man to seek private friendships. A few of his intimate friends, however, insisted on advancing him enough money to issue the magazine a few weeks longer. The Judge seemed terribly depressed at the thought that three years of the most earnest and forceful endeavors had failed to reap a reward at the time when the worst difficulties had been overcome, and a great and solid success seemed to be assured in the near future. With every penny of a life's savings, $150,000, sacrificed, with his wife's fortune, at her earnest request, abandoned to his creditors, the Judge fell back on novel writing and the lecture room—mortgaging his earnings to the extent of $40,000 to meet the indebtedness contracted on the magazine. A bare livelihood is reserved.

"Edwin Booth, a master of his art, failed to develope talent in the box-office. Similarly, the literary talents of Tourgee were not united with business ability.

"Genial, affectionate, generous, a friend in need, utterly unselfish, so considerate with those he employed that the fact that he was the employer was never made manifest, Tourgee's misfortunes were keenly felt by those who worked under his direction.

"Tourgee is still rich in the possession of a charming family, a devoted wife and a lovely daughter just budding into womanhood. Mrs. Tourgee's hair is gray; grayer than it should be for a woman of her age. It changed color in a single night. The story is a romantic one, an interesting episode in that portion of the Judge's life he embodies in his famous novel, 'A Fool's Errand.' It was during the Ku-Klux excitement of 1867, in North Carolina, that the Judge's house on his plantation was surrounded by a force of twenty of thirty midnight marauders. The bravery and good fortune of the Judge saved his own life and those of his family, but the white hair of his faithful consort bears evidence of the anguish of that dreadful night.

"The Judge did not waste time in weak repining when misfortune overtook him, but set to work at once. The first fruits of his labors were embodied in his recent novel, 'An Appeal to Cæsar.' He is at present engaged upon another, which is nearly finished.

"I forgot to mention that one cause that led to the magazine failure was the over issue of each number of 'The Continent.' The management thought it good policy. A vast number of back numbers had accumulated on their hands, and were finally sold as waste paper."

Judge A. W. Tourgee is at his home in this village, resting after his winter's literary work, and series of lectures delivered in different cities of the country. The judge recently received a copy of his novel, A Fool's Errand, in the Danish language, translated by Waldemar Churberg. This novel has been given to the French, Germans and Spaniards in their own languages, proving its popularity and that of its author. The judge has a delightful home here, where he can secure the perfect rest needed after a winter's exacting lecture tour. He can not be satisfied without doing some literary work, though he calls his productions scribblings during these periods of rest. He has in mind views on educational matters which he is likely to work up into a lecture, his opportunities for observing the systems of education in use in various parts of the country having been exceptionally good. When he came to Mayville he organized a village improvement society, the object of which was the beautifying of homes and surroundings. Nearly four hundred shade trees were set out the first season as a result of his action, and the villagers have not yet ceased to profit by his suggestions and advice. Had Judge Tourgee remained here continuously there is no dobut but Mayville would have been one of the prettiest villages in western New York.

New York Tribune

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

REMINISCENCES BY CHARLES A. DANA.

Copyright, 1885.

The first time I saw Mr. Lincoln was shortly after his inauguration. He had appointed Mr. Seward to be his Secretary of State, and some of the Republican leaders of New-York who had been instrumental in preventing Mr. Seward's nomination to the Presidency and in securing that of Mr. Lincoln, had begun to fear that they would be left out in the cold in the distribution of the offices. General James S. Wadsworth, George Opdyke, Lucius Robinson, T. B. Carroll and Henry B. Stanton were among the number of these gentlemen. Their apprehensions were somewhat mitigated by the fact that Mr. Chase, to whom they were all friendly, was Secretary of the Treasury. But, notwithstanding, they were afraid that the superior tact and pertinacity of Mr. Seward and Mr. Weed would get the upper hand, and that the power of the Federal Administration would be put into the control of the rival faction. Accordingly several of them determined to go to Washington, and I was asked to go with them.

I believe the appointment for our interview with the President was made through Mr. Chase; but at any rate we all went up to the White House together, except Mr. Stanton, who stayed away because he was himself an applicant for office. Mr. Lincoln received us in the large room up-stairs in the east wing of the White House where the President has his working office, and stood up while General Wadsworth, who was our principal spokesman, and Mr. Opdyke stated what was desired. After the interview was begun, a big Indianian, who was a messenger in attendance in the White House, came into the room and said to the President, "She wants you."—"Yes, yes," said Mr. Lincoln without stirring. Soon afterward the messenger returned again, exclaiming, "I say she wants you!" The President was evidently annoyed, but instead of going out after the messenger he remarked to us: "One side shall not gobble up everything. Make out a list of the places and men you want, and I will endeavor to apply the rule of give and take.' General Wadsworth answered, "Our party will not be able to remain in Washington, but we will leave such a list with Mr. Carroll, and whatever he agrees to will be agreeable to us." Mr. Lincoln continued, "Let Mr. Carroll come in to-morrow and we will see what can be done."

This is the substance of the interview, and what most impressed me was the evident fairness of the President. We all felt that he meant to do what was right and square in the matter. While he was not the man to promote factious quarrels and difficulties within his party, he did not intend to leave in the lurch the friends through whose exertions his nomination and election had finally been brought about. At the same time he understood perfectly that we and our associates in the Republican body had not gone to Chicago for the purpose of nominating him or of nominating any one in particular, but only to beat Mr. Seward and to do the best that could be done as regards the selection of the candidate.

Two years later I entered the service of the War Department, and from that time until the close of the rebellion I had constant opportunities of seeing Mr. Lincoln and of conversing with him in the cordial and unofficial manner which he always preferred. Not that there was ever any lack of dignity in the man. Even in his freest moments one always felt the presence of a will and an intellectual power which maintained the ascendancy of the President. He never posed or put on airs or attempted to make any partiental impression; but he was always conscious of his own ideas and responsibilities even in his most unreserved moments.

In one of the interesting passages which occurred during this period I was not myself either a principal actor or a personal witness, but I know all about it. My friend and colleague, the Hon. Peter H. Watson, who was the earliest Assistant Secretary of War appointed by Mr. Stanton, had caught some quartermasters in extensive frauds in forage furnished to the Army of the Potomac. The mode of the fraud consisted in a dishonest mixture of oats and Indian corn. By changing the proportions of the two sorts of grain, they were able to make a great difference in the cost of the bushel, and it was quite difficult to detect the cheat. However, Watson found it out and at once arrested the two officers who were most directly involved. They soon surrendered a large sum of money. If my memory serves me correctly, they returned $175,000 from the product of the swindle. They were men of some political importance about Lycoming, and eminent politicians took a hand in getting them out of the scrape. Among these the Hon. David Wilmot, then Senator of the United States and author of the famous Wilmot Proviso, was very active. He went to Mr. Lincoln and made such representations and appeals that finally the President consented to go with him over to the War Department and see Watson in his office. Wilmot remained outside, and Mr. Lincoln went in to labor with the Assistant Secretary. Watson eloquently described to him the nature of the fraud and the extent to which it had already been developed by his partial investigation. The fact that $175,000 had been refunded by the guilty men was dwelt upon, and when the President urged the safety of the cause and the necessity of preserving united the powerful support which Pennsylvania was giving to the Administration in suppressing the rebellion, Watson answered, "Very well, Mr. President, if you wish to have these men released, all that is necessary is to give the order; but I shall ask to have it in writing. In such a case as this it would not be safe for me to obey a verbal order; and let me add that if you should release them, the fact and the reason will necessarily become known to the public." Finally Mr. Lincoln took up his hat and went out, and when Wilmot, who was waiting in the corridor, met him, he said: "I can't do anything with Watson; he won't let them go." The reply which the Senator made cannot be printed here, but it did not affect the judgment of the President. The men were detained for a long time afterward. The fraud was fully investigated and future swindles of the kind were rendered impossible. If Watson could have had his way, the guilty parties, and there were some whose names never got to the public, would have been tried by court martial and sternly dealt with. But all my reflections upon the subject since lead me to the conclusion that the moderation of the President was wiser than the unrelenting justice of the Assistant Secretary would have been.

Another incident connected with Pennsylvania recurs to my memory which interested me greatly at that time as showing the habitual breadth of Mr. Lincoln's judgment and action. In the spring of 1864 some question arose about affairs in that State, and, Mr. Stanton being absent, Mr. Lincoln sent for me. I found Mr. Seward with him in the President's room. Mr. Lincoln entered at once upon the subject, and Mr. Seward said, "My advice is to send for Aleck McClure." After a few words between them on the subject, and the reiterated expression of Mr. Seward's opinion, Mr. Lincoln said, "We will do it," and asked Mr. Seward to forward the necessary telegram. Then he turned to me, "What do you say, Dana?" "Well, sir," I replied, "McClure is very good, but I would suggest that it would be well to send for Wayne MacVeagh also." Mr. Seward thought this would not be necessary, and I took my leave with the impression that my advice was not to be heeded. Next morning, however, MacVeagh came into my office. "Did Mr. Lincoln send for you?" I asked. "Yes, he did," was the answer, "and I think it will be all right;" and so it was. The cause of anxiety proved to be more than half imaginary.

The relations between Mr. Lincoln and the members of his Cabinet were always friendly and sincere on his part. He treated every one of them with unvarying kindness; but though several of them were men of extraordinary force and self-assertion—this is true especially of Mr. Seward, Mr. Chase and Mr. Stanton—and though there was nothing of selfhood or domination in his manner toward them, it was always plain that he was the master and they the subordinates. They constantly had to yield to his will, and, if he ever yielded to theirs, it was because they convinced him that the course they advised was judicious and appropriate. I understood during the whole time of my intimate intercourse with him and with them that he was always prepared to receive the resignation of any one of them; and at the same time I do not recollect a single occasion when either of the members of the Cabinet ever got his mind ready to quit his post from any feeling of dissatisfaction with the orders or the conduct of the President.

In the beginning of May, 1864, Grant moved the Army of the Potomac across the Rappahannock and fought the battle of the Wilderness. For two days we had no authentic news in Washington, and both Mr. Lincoln and the Secretary of War were very much troubled about it. That night at about 10 o'clock I was sent for to the War Department and on reaching the office I found the President and the Secretary together. "We are greatly disturbed in mind," said Mr. Lincoln, "because Grant has been fighting two days and we are not getting any authentic account of what has happened since he moved. We have concluded to send you down there. How soon can you be ready to start?" "I will be ready," I said, "in half an hour and will get off just as soon as a train and an escort can be got together at Alexandria." "Very good," said the President, "go then, and God bless you." I at once made the necessary preparations and gave orders for a train from Alexandria to the Rappahannock. At the proper time, just before midnight, I was on board the cars in Maryland-ave. which were to take me and my horse to Alexandria, when an orderly rode up in haste to say that the Secretary wanted to see me at the War Department. Riding there as fast as I could I found the President still there. "Since you went away," said he, "I have been feeling very unhappy about it. I don't like to send you down there. We hear that Jeb Stewart's cavalry is riding all over the region, between the Rappahannock and the Rapidan, and I don't want to expose you to the danger you will have to meet before you can reach Grant." "Mr. Lincoln," I said, "I have got a first-rate horse and twenty cavalrymen are in readiness at Alexandria. If we meet a small force of Stewart's people, we can fight; and if they are too many they will have to have mighty good horses to catch us." "But are you not concerned about it at all?" said he. "No, sir," said I, "don't have any hesitation on my account. Besides, it is getting late, and I want to get down to the Rappahannock by daylight." "All right," said he, "if you feel that way, I won't keep you any longer. Good-night and good-by!"

One side of this extraordinary character was illustrated on the evening of election day in November. The political struggle had been most intense, and the interest taken in it both in the White House and in the War Department had been almost painful. All the power and influence of the War Department, then something enormous from the vast expenditures and extensive relations of the war, had been employed to secure the re-election of Mr. Lincoln; and after the arduous toil of the canvass there was necessarily a great suspense of heart until the result of the voting should be ascertained. I went over to the War Department about half-past 8 in the evening and found the President and Mr. Stanton together in the Secretary's office. General Eckert, who then had charge of the telegraph department of the War Office, was coming in continually with telegrams containing election returns. Mr. Stanton would read them and the President would look at them and comment upon them. Presently there came a lull in the returns, and Mr. Lincoln called me up to a place by his side. "Dana," said he, "have you ever read any of the writings of Petroleum V. Nasby?" "No, sir," I said, "I have only looked at some of them, and they seemed to me funny." "Well," said he, "let me read you a specimen." and, pulling out a thin yellow-covered pamphlet from his breast pocket, he began to read aloud. Mr. Stanton viewed this proceeding with great impatience, as I could see, but Mr. Lincoln paid no attention to that. He would read a page or a story, pause to con a new election telegram, and then open the book again and go ahead with a new passage. Finally Mr. Chase came in and presently Mr. Whitelaw Reid, and the reading was interrupted. Mr. Stanton went to the door and beckoned me into the next room. "I shall never forget the fire of his indignation at what seemed to him disgusting nonsense. The idea that when the safety of the Republic was thus at issue, when the control of an empire was to be determined by a few figures brought in by the telegraph, the chief, the man most deeply concerned, not merely for himself but for his country, could turn aside to read such balderdash and to laugh at such frivolous jests, was to his mind something most repugnant and damnable. He could not understand, apparently, that it was by the relief which such humor afforded to the strain of mind under which Lincoln had so long been living, and to the natural gloom of a melancholy and despondent temperament—this was Mr. Lincoln's prevailing characteristic—that the balance and sanity of his intelligence was maintained and preserved.

Another interesting incident occurs to me. A spy whom we employed to report to us the proceedings of the Confederate Government and its agents, and who passed continually between Richmond and St. Catherines, reporting at the War Department upon the way, had come in from Canada and had put into my hands an autograph dispatch from Mr. Clement C. Clay, jr., addressed to Mr. Benjamin. Of course the seal was broken and the paper read immediately. It showed unequivocally that the Confederate agents in Canada were making use of that country as a starting point for warlike raids which were to be directed against frontier towns like St. Albans in Vermont. Mr. Stanton thought it necessary that this dispatch should be retained as a ground of reclamations to be addressed to the British Government. It was on a Sunday that it arrived, and he was confined to his house by a cold. At his directions I went over to the President and made an appointment with him to be at the Secretary's office after church. At the appointed time he was there, and I read the dispatch to them. Mr. Stanton stated the reasons why it should be retained, and before deciding the question Mr. Lincoln turned to me saying, "Well, Dana?" I observed to them that this was to us a very useful channel of communication and that if we stopped such a dispatch as this, it was at the risk of never obtaining any more information through that means. "Oh," said the President, "I think you can manage that. Capture the messenger, take the dispatch from him by force, put him in prison, and then let him escape. If he has made Benjamin and Clay believe his lies so far, he won't have any difficulty in telling them now ones that will answer for this case."

This direction was obeyed. The paper was sealed up again and was delivered to its bearer. General Augur, who commanded the District, was directed to look for a Confederate messenger at such a place on the road south that evening. The man was arrested, brought to the War Department, searched, the paper found upon him and identified, and he was committed to the Old Capitol Prison. He made his escape about a week later, being fired upon by the guard. A large reward for his capture was advertised in various papers East and West, and when he reached St. Catherines with his arm in a sling, wounded by a bullet which had passed through it, his story was believed by Messrs. Clay and Jacob Thompson; or, at any rate, if they had any doubts upon the subject, they were not strong enough to prevent his carrying their messages afterward.

The last time I saw Mr. Lincoln to speak with him was in the afternoon of the day of his murder. The same Jacob Thompson was the subject of our conversation. I had received a report from the Provost Marshal of Portland, Maine, saying that Mr. Thompson was to be in that town that night for the purpose of taking the steamer for Liverpool; and what orders had the Department to give? I carried the telegram to Mr. Stanton. He said promptly, "Arrest him"; but as I was leaving his room, he called me back, adding, "You had better take it over to the President." It was now between 4 and 5 o'clock in the afternoon and business at the White House was completed for the day. I found Mr. Lincoln with his coat off in a closet attached to his office washing his hands. "Halloo, Dana," said he as I opened the door, "what is it now?" "Well, sir," I said, "here is the Provost Marshal of Portland who telegraphs that Jacob Thompson is to be in that town to-night and inquires what orders we have to give." "What does Stanton say?" he asked. "Arrest him," I replied. "Well," he continued, drawing his words, "I rather guess not. When you have an elephant on hand and he wants to run away, better let him run."

This answer I carried back to the War Department, and, accordingly, no reply was sent to the Provost Marshal. That night Mr. Lincoln was shot, and in the room adjoining the small chamber in which he lay unconscious and breathing heavily, Mr. Stanton, the only member of the Administration who seemed to retain his self-possession and undiminished energy, gave all the orders for hours that seemed necessary to carry on the Government. I left him at about 2 o'clock in the morning and went home to sleep. But at 5 o'clock Colonel Pelouse knocked at my front door. Opening the window I asked, "What is it?" "Mr. Dana," said he, "Mr. Lincoln is dead, and Mr. Stanton directs you to arrest Jacob Thompson."

The order was sent to Portland, but Thompson did not come there. Some years afterward he told me that he had thought it safer to go to England by way of Halifax.

CHARLES A. DANA.

May 30, 1885.

LINCOLN FORGAVE HIM.

One of Mr. Lincoln's annoyances was the claims advanced for having first suggested his nomination as President. One of these claimants, who was the editor of a weekly paper published in a little village in Missouri, called at the White House, and was admitted to Mr. Lincoln's presence. He at once commenced stating to Mr. Lincoln that he was the man who first suggested his name for the Presidency, and pulling from his pocket an old, worn, defaced copy of his paper, exhibited to the President an item on the subject. "Do you really think," said Mr. Lincoln, "that announcement was the occasion of my nomination?" "Certainly," said the editor, "the suggestion was so opportune that it was at once taken up by other papers, and the result was pour nomination and election." "Ah! well," said Mr. Lincoln, with a sigh, and assuming a rather gloomy countenance, "I am glad to see you and know this, but you will have to excuse me; I am just going to the War Department to see Mr. Stanton." "Well," said the editor, "I will walk over with you." The President, with that apt good nature so characteristic of him, took up his hat and said, "Come along." When they reached the door of the Secretary's office Mr. Lincoln turned to his companion and said: "I shall have to see Mr. Stanton alone, and you must excuse me," and taking him by the hand, he continued: "Good-by. I hope you will feel perfectly easy about having nominated me; don't be troubled about it, I forgive you."—*Ben: Perley Poore.*

A New-York firm [applied to] Abraham Lincoln some years before he became President as to the financial standing of one of his neighbors. Mr. Lincoln replied as follows: "Yours of the 10th inst. received. I am well acquainted with Mr. —— and know his circumstances. First of all, he has a wife and baby; together they ought to be worth $50,000 to any man. Secondly, he has an office in which there is a table worth $1 50, and three chairs worth say $1. Last of all there is in one corner a large rat-hole which will bear looking into. Respectfully yours.—A. LINCOLN."

YORK HERALD, SUNDAY.

An Interesting Batch of the Latest Novels.

"HOT PLOWSHARES."

"Yolande," "Those Pretty St. George Girls" and Others.

"HOT PLOWSHARES."

Judge Tourgee's latest novel and the last of his series of historical works relating to the recent civil war embraces the period in our nation's history when the silent forces were at work that made men abolitionists; that time when sad tales of the South's cruelty to her slaves crept North and softened men's souls into sympathy. The story deals with the wrongs of the negro, and more intimately with those cursed with the taint of his blood. Notwithstanding an oddity of construction that is not pleasing, the book is powerful and interesting. It is avowedly gravely historical, relying for success more upon truthfulness of outline than skilfulness of conduct. But the average novel reader insists on being amused, and is not likely to take an active interest in the editorial-like dissertations that separate the exciting chapters of this novel. To the more advanced reader, however, these vigorous discussions, full of epigrammatic strength and the virility that comes of a thorough knowledge of the subject, give the book its chief value. They resolve the conflicting sentiment of the time within practical comprehensible limits. In the first chapter a woman disappears—a mystery surrounds her—and the rest of the story is given up mainly to the clearing up of this mystery and the finding of the children that were torn from her in their babyhood. The woman,—believing herself white, has been married in girlhood by a wealthy Southern gentleman. Suddenly the owner of her foster mother claims her as his slave. The husband, who passionately loves his wife, buys her, frees her and remarries her in the North to make the marriage valid. He returns to his estate only to be condemned and cast aside by his father and outlawed by society. He dies and leaves his timid widow to battle with a persecution that finally drives her mad. It is to the children of this woman and a cousin, who is mistaken for one of them, that the vital interest of the plot attaches. The most cleverly drawn character in the book is Squire Kortright, an honest, clear-headed farmer, with his upright, thoroughgoing ways; his rheumatism acquired in a noble cause, and his keen talent for business. His thrifty, wholesome wife, with her little old-fashioned love story, that finally dies a natural death, is a pleasant picture, and their son, the lover of the heroine, has in him the foreshadowing of great future possibilities. The scene in which as a lad he rescues little Hilda is, however, overelaborated; it would be more stirring if less embellished with high sounding rhetoric. The heroine is not heroic, and even as a bread-and-butter miss she is not well drawn. Poor old "John Brown" receives a hearty, kindly word, and the eulogy over his dead body, that now "lies mouldering in the grave," is, perhaps, the most touching passage in the book. Altogether the story is told in a stern, strong, business-like manner that robs it of pathos. It elicits the reader's admiration, but not his love. (Fords, Howard & Hurlbut.)

The Quincy Whig.

Saturday Evening, October 18

FORDS, HOWARD & HULBERT.

Next week we shall give a full notice of "Figs and Thistles," a new story by Judge A. W. Tourgee, and published by Fords, Howard & Hulbert. This house also announces "A Fool's Errand, by one of the Fools," which is also alleged to be by Judge Tourgee. It describes how a northern settler in the south found things rather uncomfortable, and is likely to make a hit. They publish for the autumn, too, "Pets and Playthings" by Laura Edmonds, and "More Stories" by R. W. Raymond, two very promising juveniles. They also announce "The Gospel History," a narrative harmony, by James R. Gilmore and Lyman Abbott; also a little brochure of information about West Virginia, called "The Workingman's Paradise," by James R. Gilmore ("Edmund Kirk"). These, with others that have been mentioned heretofore, constitute the new autumn books promised, at this house, up to date.

JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

Evening Journal.

How can the "News" Lie so?

Thursday evening's Buffalo News contained the following editorial paragraph:

"When Albion Tourgee delivered the address before the New York State Editorial Association at Jamestown two years ago he got it into type two days in advance of its delivery, and plentifully sprinkled ["applause"] throughout the whole matter. Now of course it was all right for the Jamestown JOURNAL to get the matter up in time, but it was an insult to interpolate the matter with indorsements from the fraternity, which in some cases, the writer, who was present, knows they did not manifest by either word or hand. Tourgee's speech, as printed by the JOURNAL, was mailed by the publishers present to their respective houses, put into type, and thus Tourgee, by his own cunning trick, posed as the admired and applauded. Gradually he is getting down from the high perch and his drawling and conceit do not carry any more weight than George Francis Train.

The writer of the above article is either a knave or a fool. The statements are lies, pure and simple. The JOURNAL knows whereof it speaks. The facts are as follows:

When it was decided that Judge Tourgee was to address the association the JOURNAL wrote to him and asked him to furnish "copy" of his address before he spoke to the editors, in order that there might be more time in which to put the matter in type. This is a practice with newspapers all over the world. The Judge replied to the JOURNAL's letter that he had written nothing and should speak from a few notes. Consequently a stenographer was needed and one from Buffalo was engaged, and performed the service required of him. At the conclusion of the address the stenographer and the present writer began transcribing the short-hand notes into long-hand "copy" for the type-setters, finishing the task at 7 o'clock the following morning.

Wishing to submit the transcript to Judge Tourgee, the latter was roused from sleep and listened to the reading of the address. He made only minor corrections, but the writer is positive that Judge Tourgee in several instances requested the stenographer to cross out the word applause and the latter declined, saying that he had introduced it only where they actually occurred. So much for the downright lie of the News.

Further than this it would seem that the courtesy supposed to prevail among writers for the press would prevent the editor of the News from using towards so distinguished a brother as Judge Tourgee the terms he does. All who heard the address, unless they were fools, or because the "send a buzzard to market and he will bring home carrion" proverb hit home to some of the newspaper men present, gave the address the warmest commendation and it is considered one of the ablest to which the Press association ever listened.

It is believed that the News attacks Judge Tourgee because he differs in political opinions from the editor of the News, but no degree of political enmity should inspire such outrageous lies as those of the News, especially when the object of the editorial is a brother journalist and an author of books of world-wide celebrity. F. M. Hyde

AN UNDERLYING SOUTHERN DETERMINATION.

Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, in an article in the current number of the Atlantic, gives some of the impressions he received, during his recent extensive tour through the South, of the political and social situation in that section. Mr. Warner evidently met with a cordial reception in different parts of the South, and was the recipient of many pleasant attentions at the hands of leading citizens there, and he naturally evinces a desire to present matters in their best light. Notwithstanding this he is not able to hide the existence of some very unpleasant facts. Among other things he says: "The negro problem is commonly discussed philosophically and without heat, but there is always discerned underneath, the determination that the negro shall never again get the legislative upper hand." This is a mild statement of a very important fact. That the negro problem is being discussed coolly and philosophically throughout the South has been taken by a large number of persons to be an indication that the negro problem is practically solved, and that his relation to the law and society is equitably settled, and because of this there is a tendency in some quarters here at the North to deprecate any agitation of the status of the negro on the ground that it revives sectional hatreds and bitterness. There is no doubt that this cool and calm discussion of the position of the negro which Mr. Warner noted, indicates progress in the right direction since the close of the war, but the cool discussion of a wrong does not make the wrong a right. The fact which should arouse the attention of the nation is that other underlying one of which Mr. Warner speaks, that there is a determination that "the negro shall never get the legislative upper hand again." It is this determination, backed by the resolve to accomplish it, in the only way it can be accomplished, in several of the Southern States, by depriving the negro of the privilege of voting, whenever he shows a purpose of voting differently than the white Democrat dictates, which demands the serious attention of Northern citizens. Let the negro have power in the legislatures and the maintenance of his civil rights naturally follows, but it is just this which the whites are resolved he shall not have. Social equality, the colored man does not ask for, and Mr. Warner agrees with Mr. Cable, Judge Tourgee and others who have made the status of the two races a special study, in the view that legislation does not affect social relations. But until the negro has his civil rights, until discrimination against him in places of amusement, in churches, in public conveyances, on the mere ground of color, ceases, the negro problem will not be solved. For his protection the negro citizen must have a free ballot and must have that ballot counted, and here is where the battle must be fought out with the Southern Bourbon. There is no need of excited passionate discussion concerning this, but this issue should be presented, and the right of the colored man insisted upon till the Southern Bourbon acknowledges it.

NEW-YORK DAILY TRIBUNE

PRICE FOUR CENTS.

ABOUT CARPET-BAGGERS.

A LETTER FROM JUDGE A. W. TOURGEE.

THE AUTHOR OF "A FOOL'S ERRAND" REPLIES TO ONE OF HIS CRITICS—PLAIN TALK ABOUT CARPET-BAGGERS, NORTH AND SOUTH—THE PRINCIPLES OF RIGHT IN SOUTHERN EYES—A GLANCH AT SOUTHERN CIVILIZATION.

In the following letter Judge Tourgee, taking as his text Mr. Royall's "Reply to 'A Fool's Errand,'" analyzes that element known in the Solid South as carpet-baggers. He shows that the actual number of Northern-born persons who have gone south of Mason and Dixon's Line since the war is not more than one-tenth of one per cent of the entire population; that the negroes outnumber the whites in only three States; and that accordingly a large portion of the Republican party in the South consists of Southern-born whites. The cry that a host of Northern adventurers invaded the South at the close of the war and took possession of all lucrative offices, is disproved by the records of the time, which show that only a very meagre percentage of offices was ever filled by Northern men. The South is held to be responsible for its own misgovernment because of its ostracism of all persons of Northern ideas, and its sullen unwillingness to submit to the logic of events which its own leaders precipitated. Judge Tourgee candidly points out the many admirable features of the South, and asserts that its greatest need is a broad and universal education.

NORTHERN ZEAL AND SOUTHERN FURY.

CHARACTERISTICS OF MR. ROYALL AND HIS BOOK—REAL MEANING OF THE TERM "CARPET-BAGGER"—ASTONISHING DIFFUSIVE ENERGY OF NORTHERN "LARVÆ"—SOUTHERN SELF-ADULATION AND ITS RESULTS—WHAT THE SOUTH MOST NEEDS.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

SIR: I have consented to the publication of some views I had expressed in conversation in reference to a pamphlet purporting to be a "Reply" to what I have written in regard to the South. I had looked forward with some interest to the storm long heralded through the newspapers as about to fall upon the caput of the "Fool" and compel him to say ruefully of himself, "Where now be thy gibes?" I confess myself disappointed. I know next to nothing of the author, but from the fact that he tried to do something at home—actually did run a characteristic Southern newspaper for about six months; attested his readiness to go upon the field of "honah" as the second of a bloodthirsty friend; was an enthusiastic supporter of Justice Field for the Presidential nomination, and had life enough to come to New-York with the commendable purpose of bettering his condition. I had expected better things of him. I have a natural sympathy for the carpet-bagger, and when a man, especially a Southern man, becomes one, I at once set him down as a little above the average of his fellows in enterprise and pluck. The very fact shows that he wishes to live, rather than merely vegetate. I am always glad to see a Southern man come North to push his way. I honestly admire his pluck and enjoy his success. I rejoice in the appreciation which such men meet, and bespeak for them all that their energy and merit deserve, sincerely believing that it is through such movements of Northern men to the South and Southern men to the North that the great question will ultimately approach solution. Carpet-bagging is the very essence of the principle of natural selection. In this instance, however, I am afraid I must admit an exception. My fellow carpet-bagger from Virginia does not seem to be at all up to the average of the F. F. V.'s, let alone the carpet-baggers. I was seriously in hope that he would write the very strongest possible presentment of the Southern view. I am very desirous that it should be done. It is only through such conflict of opinions that the two sections will ultimately come to know each other and harmonize their developments. If I have done any wrong let it be righted at once. Such a reply I would either have answered or would have openly acknowledged as a fair presentation of the obverse of the picture I have tried to present. Instead of doing so, on considering his pamphlet, I find myself in the condition of the green huntsman who, being asked why he did not shoot at a deer which came tearing by his stand, replied: "Good Lord! man, what was the use? At the rate he went by here he is certain to break his neck before he gets much further!"

I really cannot see that he has said anything bearing on the questions proposed by the book which he professes to answer. He seems to have a sort of tigerish delight in "chawing up" me personally, which I am altogether used to having done in a much abler manner. With respect to the book as a reply to "A Fool's Errand," therefore, I have nothing to say, but will let the deer run its course. But there are some topics touched upon that are suggestive, and, with your permission, I will say something about them.

The whole tone of this pamphlet is a fine illustration of the spirit of the "Solid South" regarding "Union men" and Republicans, as set forth and illustrated in my books. In this respect this "Reply" is a most excellent commentary. The writer presents himself as a representative of a class whose course is alleged to be one of proscription, hate and persecution. This he denies as to the degree alleged; but his language and spirit will go further to support, than his denial to overthrow, the charge.

THE ORIGIN OF THE "CARPET-BAGGER."

The antipathy against people of Northern birth is not a new thing. It is only a continuation of the old spirit. Before the war, while Northern enterprise overspread the West with settlements, it was kept aloof from the more fertile wastes and more seductive climate of the South by the spirit of exclusion and proscription which prevailed there. At no time has 2 per cent of the Southern population been of Northern birth. In 1860, the States of Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Tennessee, Louisiana, Texas and Arkansas had within their limit nearly 20,000 men, women and children who had the misfortune to have been born in the then non-slaveholding States. This was about one and two-thirds per cent of the population. Now it is claimed that only those are denominated carpet-baggers who went South for office. This claim, however, is false. Of course no Northern man was crazy enough to go South for that purpose in the ante-bellum days; but every one of these old settlers is called a carpet-bagger who has ever presumed to vote the Republican ticket. I have in mind one who settled there before his marriage, more than forty years ago, who has grandchildren whose parents have never been outside the State in which he lives; yet this man has been one of the most bitterly berated as a "carpet-bagger" in the whole South. It is not of these, however, that the "Solid South" professes to complain. They assert that they have suffered from a far worse visitation—that a horde of adventurers poured into the South after the war to batten on her poverty; that these were the scum and off-scourings of the Northern States, who were, prima facie, unworthy of recognition or countenance—mere vultures who came to prey on a dead carcass. This irruption was so universal and terrific that the average Solid-Southron is thrown into a frenzy of unreasoning rage at its very recollection. The author of the "Reply" is no exception to this rule. So deep is his feeling that it leads him to defy all laws of nature and metaphor, and he bursts out in language that is odorous of his origin:

The number who were willing to forego all the enjoyments of their own homes to assist in the patriotic duty of reconstructing the rebel States, was equal to what the most enthusiastic patriot could have hoped from his countrymen; and the utter unselfishness with which 15,000 white Kentucky carpet-baggers and the 60,000 colored refugees from the "bulldozer's" paradise who sought her borders last year, and still is not "overrun"! The soul of John Brown still marches on in the State of Ossawattamie, and advertises every day for more "larvæ."

NORTHERN MEN IN SOUTHERN OFFICES.

I do not say this to justify all the men of Northern birth who took part in Southern affairs during reconstruction; but merely to show that they are not responsible as Northern men. If there was wrong done, it was as much by native Southern men as by men of Northern birth. Few, if any, of them went South expecting to obtain office. Nearly all of them went, I believe, to engage in business and with the hope of achieving prosperity. If the Solid-Southrons had not arrayed themselves against the reconstruction measures so bitterly there would have been no carpet-bag officials chosen. If they had welcomed immigration and treated the newcomers with fairness and decent consideration, so many of the sturdy self-supporters of the North would have sat down among them that unworthy ones would have had little chance of preferment. The author of the "Reply" endeavors to produce the impression that all who had been in sympathy with the Rebellion were disqualified from holding office in the reconstructed States. It is an entire mistake. The Reconstruction Acts debarred only those who, having previously taken an oath to support the Constitution and laws of the United States, had thereafter given aid or comfort to rebellion against the same. So he would have us infer that there was nobody else who could hold office under the reconstructed Governments but negroes and carpet-baggers; but several of the constitutions adopted in 1868 did not contain any disqualification whatever. In the Constitutional Convention of North Carolina, held under the Reconstruction Acts in 1868, there were more than twenty members who had served in the Confederate Army. In no county, so far as I ever heard, was there any dearth of Democratic candidates. Every white man who had not held office before the war was eligible to office in those States. The majority of the Republican members, in nearly all the conventions and Legislatures controlled by that party in those States, were native Southern whites. The bulk of the officers elected by them were native whites, and all would have been, but for the determined hostility of the mass of ex-rebels to any plan of reconstruction which did not leave power exclusively in the hands of the late rebels.

SOUTHERN RESPONSIBILITY FOR BAD GOVERNMENT.

Again, it should be remembered that every temptation to evil was put before these men. On the very instant when they declared themselves in favor of the Reconstruction Acts, the vials of infamy were poured upon their heads. Society shut its doors upon them. Detraction had no words sufficiently odious to designate them. To be a Republican was to be a leper. A white Republican was everywhere denounced, and is to-day, as infinitely lower and more unworthy than a negro. Every form of ostracism was invented and employed against them. This, be it remembered always, was the state of affairs before any one of them was chosen to office or had shown incapacity or unworthiness. By this means the barriers of self-respect were broken down, the door of honorable ambition closed, and a spirit of recklessness and revenge was fostered which vastly increased the probabilities of malfeasance.

That these Governments did much that was evil no one will deny. That they became the tools of designing men in many instances is too true. The hostility that hedged them around like a wall of fire had much to do with this. The best man was vilified not less than the worst. Those who corrupted them, or took advantage of their corruption, or ignorance, were as often Democrats as Republicans, and oftener natives than men of Northern birth. The Southern Republicans of that time were not all saints, but they showed a fair average. They stood between a Republican North which de-

JUDGE TOURGEE'S ADDRESS.

Friday afternoon when Judge A. W Tourgee came upon the stage, he was greeted with applause, to which he bowed. The exercises were opened by a vocal duett by the Misses Clement, of Jamestown, which was rewarded with applause. President Swift introduced the judge, whose fame, he said, was national. The subject of the address was Machine Made, and the judge spoke substantially as follows:

The English speak of the American system of education. We are accustomed to account anything our own as the best. What has been achieved by the education in our northern states cannot be too much exalted. Yet the greatest national danger may come from the same system in the future. Our modern school system reminds me of a remark about shoes. I said to Mr. Burt, the well known manufacturer, "I suppose there is no difference between a hand-made and a machine-made shoe." "All the difference in the world. Because every stitch a man takes with an awl, if he is a good workman, he puts brains in with it. He knows the results of all his operations. The shoe made by the man may not be as precise, but it will outlast the machine made shoe, and do better work." The same with the man. The machine-made man may be more finished, have more perfection on the surface, but it is the man who has grown up to his own specific individuality who does the best work and accomplishes the most in the world. The machine-made student, thinker, man, is the tidier, readier, quicker man, is on the average a better man than the man made by the system which develops individuality. Whether we had not better continue the system which puts the baby into stays and keeps him there until he is turned out a machine-made man is the question. The lowest levels of man are the grades on which all men are alike, because conditions have not developed an individuality. Occasionally a savage rises to a position of genius but this is seldom. But you drop into a strange town and in twenty minutes you will see many men whom you will never forget, because of their individual characteristics, discernible on the surface. Civilization develops individuality

The term culture so called, may be found in its essence with the Chinese, where for centuries the same questions have been held by every child. The men are of precisely the same model They are of one type. Individuality has been crushed out. This is the tendency of everything we call general culture. It shows itself strongly in French literature. Previously to Balzac all literature was the same, formed on a classic model. Her stage, literature and journalistic expressions were cut to a mark. There was a time when a word threw an illustrious actor off the English stage. One time Victor Hugo was cast out of recognition as a literary man by the use of one unrecognized phrase. This was because of the peculiar culture which prescribed one particular form for every variety of thought. It was impressed upon the boy from the outset that he must think and write in classic style. Our own Cooper's wonderful thought was almost destroyed by a veneration of a set form of expression. This is machine culture.

Circumstances in our American life, thank God, have kept us from being servile copyists of English thought, except those who manifest lack of brains by becoming anglomaniacs. This is due to our surroundings. As long as man had to work out his own career, he would develop individuality. The fable of Anteus was exemplified in our national life. When we touched the earth we grew strong. We have been saved thereby from being a machine made people. We were saved from growing up in the type of any other people. Just so long as we had to walk from the Atlantic to the Pacific, so long we grew in self-reliance and independence. As soon as the economic idea came to be applied to the educational system our tendency was to do machine work. We have not carried the economic idea so far as the English who compel the teacher to accept a salary according to the number of pupils he crowds through and damns through the prescribed course.

Since the economic idea has prevailed we have not sought to develop the greatest individuality. It is an outrage on Herod that his name was not taken out of the revised version. We out-Herod Herod. Our common schools are the greatest slaughterers of babies the world ever knew. This is the system that kicks a baby out of the cradle into the arms of the school ma'am. [Laughter.] I have nothing against the school ma'am. I married one myself. It is only when you force upon the teacher the duties of a mother, that you place the babies in the charge of an unconscious Herod. The American father has no time to play with his children. I do not mean to say he is a hard hearted man. He does not like babies as a steady meal, and he has set his heart on doing three days work in one, and in cramming two centuries into one lifetime. But when he takes the care from his shoulders and puts the little limp soul upon the school teacher, that man becomes a murderer

In the city of New York one half of those who die under sixteen years of age are under eight years of age when they are put in their coffins. The first act of the machine is to make the school room into a nursery. The next is the looking after immediate results. I do not believe immediate results are valuable. I have nothing against schools and colleges, but believe we are looking more after big averages than after ultimate results. I believe a nation, a civilization is only reaching out for its best when it keeps in mind that every man is and must be doing his best. If the boy does the best he can the collected result is the best nationality, the best civilization.

Take our own Emerson. He was peculiar and distinctive because of his individuality. George Washington convinced all of his sincerity, honesty and wonderful fortitude, though not what would be called a remarkably able man, but Jefferson and all his associates could not have accomplished what was done for independence, except for the marvellous individuality of the commander-in-chief. Von Moltke, Bismarck are of marked individuality. In every instance high achievement has not been the result of the highest culture, unless we except the tradition of Julius Caesar, and in that case there was strong individuality early developed in the man. It is to be noted that the great men of our war came from the half-developed life of our western boundaries. The men like Grant and Garfield are the product of the old academies which did not die out, in which the teacher had to let the pupil take care of himself part of the time. We cannot afford to educate our children to be great men. By our present plan we educate our boys for the White House or the poor house. I am sorry to say that the next most helpless thing to a peeled lobster is an educated American. The boy should be taught that he was put into this world to do something, and to do it with all his might. It is not the height of life to write a fair hand. When I was in the western silver mining country, among the young men who came there, the southern boy said if he could not draw a picture he could lead a mule, while the well educated northerner said he could do everything but he really could do nothing. He was helpless unless the means were provided at his hand. If he be dropped out of his groove, he was gone. This is the result of our machine made culture.

The boy must be taught that labor with the hands is noble and necessary. [Applause.] We are starting the e boy for nonentity and ruin when we train him only in one direction. I had rather bet on the boy who can whip every one in school than the one at the head of the class, because the fighter has individuality at any rate. We are apt to consider the southerners with their inferior schools as beneath us. In the war we had three to their one, and every advantage, and it took three years and constant appeals to Providence to whip them; and we had the slaves, besides. Two to one of the leaders of thought in the country have been born south of the Potomac. The life of that region cultivated self reliance and individuality. The boy was taught to take his father's place during his father's absence. He gathered the power of individuality.

Meanwhile we are sitting on our children's shoulders and riding them on to intellectual achievement. We are not content to do this ourselves but invoke the aid of the teacher. We buy the teacher by the yard. We get those who will keep the largest number in subjection and shoot them fastest through the prescribed mill. Then we insist on having a report of how much this little soul or that one has grown in a week, or month, or year. It is hard on the teacher. The latter can't say, "I don't know how much it has grown, but I have stood it upon its legs, and chucked this, and this, and this into its mouth and it's not my fault if it has not grown." [Laughter.]

It is not a measurement of what goes into a baby's mouth that determines its growth. It is only what it assimilates and digests that goes to make growth for measurement.

We are forgetting to put into our school system that a teacher should look to the development of individual power. We must begin in the home to do this. In the school we must have a better gauge than a monthly report. We must have something more than the veneration of literary accomplishment. We complain of machine politicians. The man, the boy growing up under the machine influences learns to adopt them naturally. Until that system came into vogue, a man had to fight his own way up to positions of power, of influence. Our machine made men are responsible for our machine politicians. It is this system that stamps the work of our young men with mediocrity. I believe there will be a remedy. I believe we will take warning of China, and not set up one model for a whole people. I believe our people will find their own remedy, and not be lost in following one pattern

At the close of the judge's remarks there was vigorous applause. Col. Plumb, of Westfield, asked Dr. Palmer to answer Judge Tourgee. The Dr. said that Aristotle was exacting, and Alexander, who accomplished much, was his pupil. I would not want to say a word to detract from what the speaker had said about individuality. We want to turn out men and women. Make individuals out of your pupils. I believe in the school and school teacher. You are in the van of the world's progress. You may look forward and not backward. There may be two sides to many of the propositions advanced by the speaker. I believe there are but there is not time here for discussion.

manded impossibilities, and a yet rebellious South which had determined that the Reconstruction laws should be thwarted, lawfully or unlawfully. It was their misfortune, if also their fault. To balance their evil there is a vast amount of good seed which they sowed which will yet bear rich fruit; and if the violation of human rights can be set over against mere venality, the balance between them and the Government of the Solid-Southrons which has succeeded them will be immensely in their favor.

Even with respect to pecuniary integrity, it can hardly be said to be a greater moral obliquity to promise to pay unjust debts than to refuse to pay just ones. The Republican Governments buried slavery and planted liberty. The best things their successors have done have been in extension of their ideas. But the burden of blood and crime and usurpation which rests upon the Solid South is the unrepented and unexcusable work of its boasted wealth and intelligence. They can plead nothing in extenuation, save that ignorance and incomprehension of human right which cannot conceive that the colored man or the poor white has any right to act except in accordance with the will of the formerly dominant class. It is this unconsciousness of human right, this disregard of the rights which the law has conferred on others, that constitutes the saddest and most inscrutable element of this complex riddle. The refusal to admit these rights caused the first organization of parties at the South after the war, and the subversion of them by fraud and violence continues the old South in its local power. When they shall learn to estimate the rights of others, and not go mad over imagined wrongs of their own, they will need no defence. The first essential of progress is a conviction of the need of improvement. This has not yet come to the Solid South. By the words of its champion, it evidently is still looking backward. The dead Confederacy is its ideal. It does not wish to be more free, more liberal, more prosperous or more populous. It is satisfied with the negro in his place; but that place is under the white man. He may have certain rights, not because they are just, nor because he is entitled to them, but simply and solely because his betters, his superiors, his masters, if you please, deign to give them to him; but in derogation of their will they allow him nothing. Of right he is a nonentity. General Bradley T. Johnson, in a letter quoted with approval, evidently written with great care to explain away the force of a less guarded conversational expression of opinion, very clearly discloses this lack of power to apprehend the fact that the colored man has any rights except at the hands of the white race in those the fact that the Nation has clothed the rights and powers of citizens passes with class for naught. He says:

I said we... should secure the negro all his rights of p... and o... erty; we would insure his education ... development; we would protect him from overwhelming ... and incompetence. Let none be had proved him ... incapable of standing unsupported. But I said, under ... all circumstances we will retain control of society in the hands of the whites, because all the forces of society inhere in and pertain to the whites. I said, numerical majorities of blacks in localities will not prevent this. Power goes to the hands that can use it, and mere numerical power never has controlled and never will control society. Women and children make up the large majority, but their power is in the hands of the minority of adult men. Where the blacks have numerical majorities, means will be found to control them. Limitations of the franchise by property or educational tests or by capitation taxes or by geographical divisions will be applied, and thus the political power of negro majorities will be destroyed or neutralized.

It is something amazing to one not accustomed to such displays to note with what coolness this eminent lawyer and leading Solid-South legislator proposes to use fraud and chicane to disfranchise the colored race. He says colored majorities will be neutralized "by educational or property tests, by capitation taxes and geographical divisions." Who, pray, will prescribe these tests, establish these disfranchising geographical divisions, and impose these disqualifying taxes upon these colored majorities? Will the colored majorities do it themselves? Evidently not, nor will they permit it to be done, if honestly allowed to express an opinion. The very idea is absurd. The truth is, the Solid-Southron is so oblivious of the colored man's rights, so accustomed to regard him as simply a thing to be moved hither and thither at the will of his former master, to be suppressed and controlled by force or fraud, that he is unconscious of the infamy implied in such a proposition. Having obtained power by fraud and violence, he has become used to it and now speaks of perpetuating it in the same manner, as a matter of course. He quite overlooks the fact that a majority cannot be even indirectly disfranchised except by a fraud which is just as infamous as the reign of the tissue ballot in South Carolina.

SOUTHERN DISREGARD OF CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHTS.

It is interesting in reading this little "Reply" to note how unconsciously the truth leaks out. A wonderful confession is dovetailed in among the braggart denials of all possible forms of evil;

Just so long as the negroes remained banded into a secret organization—held together for the sole and exclusive purpose of dominating the whites, and just so long as the carpet-baggers remained amongst the people egging the negroes on, and encouraging them to maintain their organizations—just so long there was bound to be hostility between the races and bitter and undying hatred of the carpet-baggers.

After all, this is a full admission of all that there is in the controversy. The pith of the whole matter has been the inquiry whether the colored men and Republicans generally were allowed to exercise their political rights freely. One of those undoubted rights is to "band together" whenever they choose and remain banded together as long as they choose. One of the rights of the "carpet-baggers," a right for which most of them had fought, was to remain "among the people" and "egg on the negroes" to organize as long as they chose. The fact that such organization was not approved by their political opponents had nothing in the world to do with their right to make it. The question of the wisdom or policy of the measures such organization sought to carry out has nothing to do with the matter. They had the right to act together and to choose their own representatives. The fact that they did so is no excuse for depriving them of this right. If, during the reign of Tweed in New-York, the same means for suppressing the exercise of their power had been adopted, and even a score of his followers hanged, it would have been an everlasting stain upon the city's good name. Yet in that case there was provocation. When the ostracism, proscription, outrage, abuse and murder at the South first began there was no provocation; the victims had not done a single act which ought to have provoked wrath. Every one of the "outrages" up to July, 1868, was without possible provocation from any improper exercise of power on the part of the victims; for up to that time they had no power!

Such arguments as have been used on behalf of the South seem only to establish the truth of the gravest charge I have ever made against the Solid South, to-wit: that they were quite willing that the colored man should vote, provided he would agree to vote the way they should direct, and were fully determined that he should not vote in contravention of their wishes. The labored explanation of General Johnson is most unmistakably to this effect.

I have always been especially careful to keep before the attention of my readers this one fact: that the murder, extent and atrocity of the Ku-Klux and bulldozing outrages was a matter of no importance as compared with the spirit which underlaid and induced those acts. The two thousand and more murders in Louisiana were of no more importance than the one hundred and more which were testified to in Alabama, from a political or philosophical point of view. The wrong is not to be measured by the quarts of blood that were shed, by the groans that were uttered or the stripes that were given. Neither is the future political danger to be estimated by such means. The operations of the Klan were mere indices of the spirit from which they sprung, which spirit is the dangerous element of the Solid South.

As to the question of the extent of those manifestations from which I have deduced proofs of this spirit, and as to the extent and character of the spirit itself, it is amusing to note the testimony. The witnesses may be classified as follows:

First—The Republicans of the South; who, without exception, so far as I have ever known, approve and confirm the delineations I have given in my books. These, it should be remembered, include an actual numerical majority of the South.

Second—The multitude of confessing Ku-Klux: over 400 of whom made written confessions before me as a Judge, which are now in my possession, and the sworn witnesses examined before three separate committees of Congress, establishing proofs of more than 3,000 murders of Republicans.

Third—The officers of the Klan; who have given testimony and estimates in regard to its numbers and extent. In the discussion of a bill for their pardon in the North Carolina Legislature, it was openly declared that there were more than 40,000 in that State.

Fourth—That class of journals at the South that takes the view set forth by *The New-Orleans Times*, which says that my works are fair representations of a period which is past, admitting the acts and only denying their continuance until the present time.

Against these are to be placed that faction which is known as the "Solid South." The question, so far as such an incontrovertible fact may be termed a question, is one of veracity between these witnesses.

SOUTHERN SELF-ESTEEM AND ITS RESULTS.

The unrivalled excellence of the Southern civilization is the burden of Mr. Royall's pamphlet; and the people of the North will be glad to know that the South is not in any sense missionary ground. It may do them good to remember, too, what this apostle of the ex-Confederate "Solid South" says in their favor. It suggests a lesson which cannot be conned too often nor remembered too carefully:

There is no people now living upon the globe who are so entirely conservative in their character as the white people of the Southern States. They fought the late war from a sense of duty, and with a deep seated conviction that they were right. However much a Northern man may declare that the act of the Southern people was treason, yet to the mind of the Southern man his act was not only right in the sight of God but enjoined by His law.

In connection with this there should not be forgotten the exceeding sensitiveness of a people who have lived in most remarkable isolation, for a branch of the Anglo-Saxon family, for two hundred years, and whose chief mental ailment has consisted of inordinate doses of self-laudation. The amount of fulsome adulation which a Southern man of even ordinary ability can give and take is simply amazing. The amount of general panegyric which is lavished on the separate States in particular, and upon the South in general, is altogether sickening to a Northern stomach, which is quite unused to such displays. There are certain good and admirable results flowing from this, and other foolish and harmful ones. One of the good results is that the Southern man never disguises himself in the attempt to imitate someone else. He is so proud of being a Southerner that he cannot afford to depreciate himself by becoming a counterfeit. In this the South is in strong and happy contrast with the North. Nothing can be more disgusting than the slavish imitation of everything that is thought to be English in form or character in the eastern portion of our Northern States at this time. Clothes, ornaments, horses, wagons, houses, paintings, and even the miserable drawl of the cockney, his mutton-chop whiskers, his outrageously bad manners and insufferable arrogance, are studiously cultivated by the greater part of the youth of that portion of our country which most boasts of its intelligence. If this Anglian apishness continues much longer we shall be indebted to this very spirit of the South for preserving the American type from extinction.

There is another result which is altogether pleasant. The language of compliment becomes the common change of society. In a gathering of ladies and gentlemen the latter seek every opportunity for the expression of admiration. It is undisguised and constant. The only requirement is that it shall be neat. Living in this atmosphere of adulation, the ladies become more self-possessed and vivacious than their sisters of the North. It gives to the more refined classes of them a charm which is readily distinguishable; and without having the knowledge and general intelligence of their Northern sisters, they are generally far better conversationalists. This is especially true in a comparison with the ladies of New-England and some parts of the Middle States.

Another result of this upon all classes is the most remarkable sensitiveness to criticism or depreciation, and an absurd tendency to boast in the most ridiculous and extravagant manner. Anything which is not wholly laudatory of the South, of all its institutions, customs and characteristics, is altogether evil in their eyes. They conceive that the purpose of any one making any remark not altogether laudatory is wholly hostile, no matter what its truth or what its effect on other minds. A funny illustration of this fact comes to us from New-Orleans at this very time. Mr. Cable's excellent dialectic novel of New-Orleans life about the beginning of the century, while it did not wholly approve of all that constituted the Southern society of that time, yet gave a most charmingly realistic picture which showed in strong relief the best elements and deftly concealed the worst features of that period and society. Yet it has been assailed by a frothing champion of Creole perfectibility as a work evidently written "for the gratification of the hypocritical and inimical North."

I have no doubt that at some time when that ignorance which is now the curse of the South—that illiteracy which now binds in sha'rh fetters forty-five per cent of her entire adult population—shall have been measurably removed, all classes and conditions of the South will recognize and admit the fact that my portrayal of matters there was of the utmost value to that section, and did not a little to secure the prosperity and liberty that are sure to come from good government and healthful development. To this day, though slavery is abolished and there would seem to

NEW YORK COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER. MONDAY. OCTOBER 20

NEW BOOKS.

TOURGEE'S APPEAL.

AN APPEAL TO CÆSAR. By ALBION W. TOURGEE. FORDS HOWARD and HULBERT, New York.

The Cæsar to whom Mr. Tourgée appeals, is the American people. The subject of his appeal is the question of the African in the United States, which, he contends, "as an element of our life and civilization, is just beginning to assume a national importance, and to demand instant and earnest consideration."

Mr. Tourgée thinks that in all our dealings with this question, whether in the form of reconstruction acts, constitutional amendments or in other ways, we have acted in dangerous ignorance of the real facts with which we have been called upon to deal, and have founded all our schemes upon a total misconception of the factors that enter into the problem.

Stripped of the rhetorical trappings in which he presents it, the case he seeks to make may be briefly summed up as follows:

The color line in politics is due not to any extrinsic influence, but to a race antipathy which, if not actually natural, is so firmly fixed by habit as to have the character and persistence of an inborn instinct. It is strengthened on the side of the whites of the South by their sincere conviction that the negro is really and necessarily an inferior species of the genus homo, and by their deep-seated feeling not only that his enfranchisement was an insult to them and was meant for their humiliation, but that every exercise of the functions of citizenship by the negro is an impertinence and a threat. It is strengthened on the side of the negro by his resentment against his former masters for having held him in bondage, by his conviction of their resolute purpose to deprive him of his equal rights as a citizen, by the consciousness he has that in no circumstances will they consent to regard him otherwise than as an inferior, for whom only menial employments are fit, and in whom good conduct can only mean subserviency and humble self-abnegation.

The color line thus established, is destined, Mr. Tourgée contends, not to pass away by the operation of natural causes, but to remain a permanent and ever increasing antagonism. Further Mr. Tourgée cites statistics to show that, while the ratio of increase for the whole country is greater among whites than among blacks, and while in the North it is very much greater, and in the "border States" decidedly so, the conditions are reversed in the eight States in which the population is most nearly equally divided into whites and negroes. In those States according to his figures, the percentage of increase among the negroes is very much greater than that of the whites. Projecting his calculations into the future upon the assumption that the difference in the ratio of increase is due to the superior fecundity of the negro and that it will continue to operate in the same way, Mr. Tourgée declares that we are destined soon to have eight States in the Union in which, with no diminution but an increase, rather, of race antipathy, the negroes will completely dominate the whites; or else eight States in which the majority will not be permitted to rule. In the one case, if the negroes remain ignorant and revengeful and reckless of consequences as they now are, the whites must be driven out and civilization decline. In the other case violence or fraud, or both combined, will govern to the setting at naught of the fundamental principle of republican government.

This is the danger which Mr. Tourgée fears. The discovery is not his, of course, as the fact of disproportionate increase was pointed out, and the prediction that the negro would become the dominant race in the Gulf States was made by Prof. Gilliam, in the *North American Review*, as long ago as 1883, and has been much commented upon in the public prints since that time, Professor Gilliam returning to the subject with renewed conviction in the *North American Review* this month. But Mr. Tourgée appropriates the thought, and founds a book upon, it which is described by his publishers as as "a trumpet blast." It is in his hands, therefore, that the matter assumes a shape which specially challenges attention in this place. Before proceeding to question the existence and measure the extent of the danger, we add, for the sake of completing the synopsis of the work, that Mr. Tourgée's remedy is education, not only at the expense of the national government, but under direct governmental supervision, without the intervention of State agency. He regards both conditions as necessary, and urges immediate action, his chief fear being that we shall in this as in other matters, delay too long under the optimistic impression that things will right themselves somehow, which he says is habitual with the American people. We may remark, parenthetically, that as a matter of fact, things in this country usually do right themselves, and that in the few cases in which they persistently refuse to do so, the American people with one accord adopt effective measures for their righting, as the late Mr. Tweed and the Credit Mobilier statesmen found out.

Does the danger so luridly presented by Mr. Tourgée exist in fact, and, if so, what is its extent? The figures upon which he relies, and on which Prof. Gilliam also relied in his papers, are perhaps, open to some question, but the main fact shown by them is beyond dispute. That fact is that the negroes are, increasing more rapidly than the whites in eight States of the Union, and that those are the States in which the population is most evenly divided into whites and blacks. But while the substantial accuracy of the figures may be admitted, we doubt, and more than doubt, the conclusions drawn from them, and the assumptions which make the facts seem threatening.

First of all, we do not believe that the reproductive power of the negro as a race is really greater than that of white men, or that the higher percentage of increase among the negroes of Virginia, the Carolinas, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana is likely to be permanently maintained, as Mr. Tourgée and Prof. Gilliam assume when they found their calculations of future population in those States upon the census figures.

The figures themselves show that the alleged superiority of negro over white fecundity, is not general, but local. It does not exist in the country is a whole; it does not appear in those States in which population is beginning to be dense. It is not a racial peculiarity, therefore, but a local fact, to be accounted for by local conditions. Mr. Tourgée himself so regards it, indeed, but he errs, we think, in assuming that the local conditions which produce it are permanent in their nature, and not, as we think we can show, temporary as well as local.

It is a recognized law of population that the rate of increase, whether among white or colored races, is in inverse ratio to the density of population and the difficulty of procuring the means of subsistence. The pioneer, with unlimited land and simple wants, counts his children by tens, while the dweller in thickly peopled regions, where the wants of life are many and the means of subsistence scanty, is usually the parent of a family proportionally small. In other words, the increase of population obeys the same laws of supply and demand that govern production of all other kinds.

Now what are the conditions to be met in the eight States named? They may be summed up in the saying of a South Carolina statistician who has given this subject much attention, that "King Cotton makes a soft bed for his servant Sambo." The demand for precisely the kind of labor which the negro is best fitted and readiest to furnish has always been in excess of the supply in the eight States named. It is easily possible there for men with wants so simple as those of the negroes to make as good a living as they care to make, by working half, or less than half, the year. So far from being a burden, the multitudinous children of the negro laborer are a source of positive profit to him. They furnish a peculiar labor supply which is imperatively needed wherever cotton is grown,

namely a supply of efficient workers for the picking season who can afford to lie idle during the rest of the year, when their services are not needed. Without them the cost of cotton growing would be increased by just so much as the annual wages of a "hand" exceed the wages of a "chap" for the few months of the picking.

In brief the States in which the negroes have hitherto increased faster than the whites, are precisely those in which the conditions of negro increase have been most favorable. The climate is suited to the negro constitution; the spontaneous productions, and those that require comparatively little effort in their procurement, are many; labor of a kind to which the negro is accustomed is plentiful at fair wages. For a race whose wants are simple, the eight States named furnish the utmost possible chance of easy self-maintenance, and the comparative sparseness of population there tends naturally to the growth of large families, and the rapid increase of a people who find it easy to get the little they require for their support. In increasing rapidly in such conditions, the negro has only verified the experience of the pioneer, and fulfilled the natural law of population. He has shown no special power of increase by reproduction, and the statistics for the whole country show that he has no such superior fecundity. It is simply that the conditions have been extraordinarily favorable, and that the universal law of human increase has operated as it always does in such conditions.

But, if the negro is without superior reproductive power, and is subject to the same law of increase that applies to the rest of mankind, it is in the last degree illogical to suppose that he will maintain a rate of increase prompted by local conditions, when those conditions shall have disappeared. As yet, in the States named, he has been subjected to no competition, and has had to endure no struggle for existence. Life has presented no problems to him, or, at most, has set him very simple ones to solve. But with increasing density of population in those States, the struggle is sure to come. It must grow steadily harder for mere hand laborers to make a living for large families, and with the increase in the amount of labor necessary for the support of each child, the average number of children to the family will decrease. This is the law of nature and necessity, and the negro is no more exempt from its operation than the white man is.

Moreover, in the case of the negroes in the States of which we are writing, the operation of the law will be accelerated by the sharp inequality of the contest. The negro of that region is far less well equipped for anything like a struggle for existence than are the white workers with whom he will ultimately be forced to compete, either directly at the South, or indirectly through commerce with the laboring North. His intelligence is smaller; his skill much less; and he lacks both the persistence and the thrift of the white workingman. By nature and by long habit he is easy-going, unthrifty and far from shrewd at making the most of his advantages. In anything like a close competition with white workmen, especially in labor requiring quickness of perception and deft-handed skill, he is sure to get the smaller share of the profits to be wrung from industry. Except as a servant he is always at a disadvantage in the competition for work and wages here at the North, and that in spite of the fact that only the most energetic and the shrewdest of the race have come hither. It must inevitably be the same or worse for him at the South, except in his special capacity as an agricultural laborer, when increased density of population shall have brought about the condition of struggle there which already prevails here.

It may be regarded as certain, therefore—because it is the result of natural law—that the increase of negro population in the eight States under consideration will be checked by the growth of population. How soon that check will be applied it is impossible to determine, but the growing tendency in the South to the diversification of industry and to the abandonment of that exclusively agricultural system under which the rapid increase of the race has occurred, will hasten the time.

We are not arguing that the negro will "die out." We do not believe that he will. He alone of what Darwin calls the inferior races, has shown his capacity to survive the process of civilization by contact with a more civilized race. He has abundantly proved his fitness for life, and he will live. But his survival will be the result of natural causes, and his rate of increase will be subject to natural law.

Nor do we at all share Mr. Tourgée's alarm at the fact of the increase. However long it may continue by force of natural law, it will not bring danger to our institutions or harm of any kind to the country, in our judgment. Our confidence in both the disposition and the capacity of the negro to make a good citizen, honestly desirous of good government and sternly opposed to lawlessness in every form, is great, and, we may add, is founded upon personal knowledge and attentive observation of the negro character. We do not believe that his presence, in any proportion to whites, where his presence in such proportion is needed, will involve the least danger to social order or to Republican institutions. We have greater confidence in the negro of the South than Mr. Tourgée seems to feel. We remember that even under the overmastering temptation in which the negroes were placed during the last years of the war, they resolutely kept the peace, and avoided violence. They were under no restraint of fear, for, with all the white men of the South at the front engaged in a death struggle with the armies of the Union, there was nothing to make them afraid. They knew that their emancipation depended upon the result of that contest; they knew that they could end their suspense and make their freedom sure at any moment by rising in their unrestrained might upon the plantations.

Yet so great was their respect for orderly methods, and so profound their horror of violence and crime, that they patiently kept on with their work, and even made special sacrifices upon occasion to shield the white women and children of the South from harm. Shall it be assumed that such men will take advantage of their numerical superiority in any region, to set law at defiance or to use political power for the subversion of society and the State? Have they not, as jurymen and otherwise since their emancipation, shown the sternest sense of the sanctity of the law and the necessity of doing justice?

We frankly admit that the danger foreshadowed would be appalling if it were true, as Mr. Tourgée seems to think, that the negroes are a race of wholly uneducated barbarians, and that the color line marks an irrepressible conflict between blacks and whites, which is destined to grow rather than diminish in intensity as the years go on. But neither assumption has good ground to stand upon. It is only the schoolmaster or the shallow thinker who holds statistics of illiteracy to be a necessarily accurate index of a people's mental and moral state. The negroes who cannot read are not necessarily, and not in fact without education in the truer sense of that word. They are not ignorant, in the sense in which ignorance implies danger to the community. They know nothing of the spelling book, it is true, but it is a very shallow conception of education which regards the spelling book as a specific for ignorance or a panacea for moral and social ills. The negroes have the education which comes of generations of life in a civilized and Christian land. They have been born and bred under the influence of the moral law. They have the restraint and guidance of a Christian ministry—and however ignorant some of their preachers are of bookish theology, they are stern moralists and *no mean* teachers of practical ethics. The negroes of *the South* are a civilized people, educated, by circumstances and by the influences that have surrounded them for generations, into much sounder conceptions of human duty and responsibility, and much truer notions of morality than prevail among large classes elsewhere who can read and write. We do not underestimate the importance of giving them the education of books; but we insist that even without it they are by no means destitute of the restraints of education.

As to the color line, it may be said that human nature is the same at the South as elsewhere, and it may be trusted to find expression there as it does in other regions. Neither whites nor blacks can long remain in complete possession of political power without quarrelling over the spoils and the honors of political life. Sooner or later, those of the dominant race, whether black or white, who are disappointed of their ambition, will lead a revolt and establish a new party; and, with either race divided into rival political parties, the temptation to seek the aid of the less numerous race and to invite their co-operation in political activity will be too strong for either faction to resist it. We already see something of the kind in Virginia, and it is not in human nature that it shall long remain otherwise in any of the States. Politics in the South must become real, and will become so when questions of finance, of the relations of labor to capital, of the promotion of one class of industries at some cost to others, shall arise then, as arise they must. There will be divisions of interest among the whites and among the blacks, and self-interest will draw together, regardless of color and in defiance of old prejudices, the men of the two races whose convictions and desires agree. Mr. Tourgée's contention that because this readjustment has not been accomplished so soon as was hoped, it is not likely to occur at all, is unsound in logic and unreasonable in fact. The causes of the delay are many and apparent. The circumstances under which emancipation occurred and the subsequent course of national politics tended to force a division upon the color line, and to cause the continuance of that division. The corrupt and mischievous rule of the "carpet-baggers" intensified race jealousies and magnified race antagonisms. Its fellow and offspring, Ku-Kluxism, aided to promote the same evil. The policy of the National Government, for a prolonged period, ministered, however unintentionally, to the maintenance of a solid South, and of race politics there. But all these causes of delay have now passed away, and the disappearance of their effects has perceptibly begun.

If, as we have tried to show, the danger which puts Mr. Tourgée in terror of the future does not in fact exist, there is no occasion for resort to the untried and in many ways undesirable means he suggests for averting that danger. Without attempting, in the tail of a review already extended beyond proper limits, to discuss a question so large as that raised by Mr. Tourgée's proposal, it may be said that the national government has enough to do without taking upon itself the administration of a school system. The proposal involves a concentration of functions in the general government which it was never meant that it should assume; it tends to withdraw from the States a function which it is in many ways desirable that they, rather than the general government, should exercise; it is a measure of centralization which should certainly not be adopted without actual necessity; it contemplates an experiment of a kind from which the country has always shrunk, and from which, once begun, there could be no retirement. The education of all the people is greatly to be desired; but there are ways of securing it without resort to measures subversive of our established system. Even national aid to education is a radically different thing from the assumption of school administration by the general government. The one may be urged as a thing demanded by justice and made necessary by peculiar circumstances; the other would be a revolution in our system.

New-York Daily Tribune.

FOUNDED BY HORACE GREELEY.

NEW-YORK, FRIDAY, NOV. 28.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WHITE AND BLACK IN THE SOUTH.

AN APPEAL TO CÆSAR. By Albion W. Tourgée. 12mo. pp. 422. Fords, Howard & Hulbert.

This volume repeats in a more potential form the argument of the author's popular works on the sectional issues of slavery, emancipation and reconstruction. He looks upon slavery as an upas-tree which was hacked down by the sword, but not uprooted during the Reconstruction period. The roots, in his judgment, were left in the soil to gather strength for other harmful growth in the form of violence and misrule in the Southern States. The right of the colored race, no matter how overwhelming its majority, to control the policy or to fill the offices of any State, has been systematically resisted by the Southern whites. Fairly where they could, and unfairly where they must, they have carried into effect the principle that it is "a white man's Government," and that the will of the majority must be suppressed. Either by intimidation, force, or the practice of fraud, they have prevented the exercise of power by a majority composed of the colored race acting, with a white minority. These are the outgrowths from the roots which were left embedded in the virgin soil of the South; and the author's judgment seems to be that it must be a slow and toilsome process by which sectional evils can be uprooted. He considers the method a very plain one, albeit laborious and disappointing in its operation. It is the adoption and elaboration of a measure bestowing National aid to primary education on the basis of illiteracy, which shall provide for the fair and equable distribution of such a fund without placing it under State control.

The most obvious criticism to be made upon this volume relates to the form and manner of the argument rather than to the substance. The sectional questions at issue are of extreme gravity; there are few Americans who can discuss them as intelligently and dispassionately as the author; and in the main the conclusions at which he arrives will be accepted by broad-minded Northerners and Southerners as well capable of rising above the partisan politics of the day. But important as is the subject, and valid as his argument may be, it is a serious mistake to popularize the polemics of this great question by sensational devices and cheap literary expedients. The title of the volume, the headings of the chapters, the frequent recourse to italics and display type, and the general manner of presenting the subject detract from the dignity of the argument. The use of so many adventitious aids does not comport with the gravity of the discussion. The attempt to render logical deductions from census tables as graphic and pictorial as Charles Reade's descriptions of sea-fighting, and by similar expedients, is ill-advised, if not grotesque. Indeed, the author's trenchant, incisive style, effective as it undoubtedly is in political fiction, adjusts itself with difficulty to the requirements of sustained argument. The effect of the short, bristling sentences, when carried page after page and from chapter to chapter, is to weaken and belittle the impression rather than to enlarge and intensify it. The author seems to be busy with the ends of his fingers sticking small pins in a cushion rather than to be swinging his arms and delivering sledge-hammer blows.

A passage from the opening chapter may be cited as an illustration of the author's besetting weakness for popular effects. The title of the chapter is "A Pledge in Mortmain," and an account is given of a long conversation with President Garfield a few weeks before the assassination. The two figures, the President and the author, are outlined with melodramatic effect, and the dialogue follows:

"I see," said the President, laying his hand heavily on the other's shoulder as he stood beside him, "I see all that you urge, and admit that it seems reasonable; but it will take so long—*so very long.*"

"It will require a long time," replied the other seriously.

"How long, do you think—ten years?" asked the President, as he turned away and began to pace hurriedly to and fro in the narrow room.

"Suppose it should require a century?"

"You do not mean to say that it will take that time to cure this evil?"

"I do not say it will require a decade or a century. I only know that it is the growth of centuries and cannot be extirpated in an hour. Peoples—races—change only by the slowest of processes; a little in one generation and a little more in another."

"But it cannot be. God will not permit it to take so long a time!"

"What has God to do with time? If he put a task before us, shall we not undertake it because we may not live to see the end?"

"No, no! But is there not some quicker method—some shorter way to the end?"

"That is what you gentlemen who used to meet at the other end of the Avenue tried so long to find. Already we have spent a decade and a half in trying to invent a nigh-cut—a shorter way from Slavery to Freedom. Has anything been accomplished of which we may be proud?"

"Ah, no! Where we expected success and honor, we have met with failure and shame."

"Simply because we were in too great haste."

"Why should we not, be? Did we want the settlement—the matters arising out of four years of war—hanging over us for a generation?"

"That is it exactly," said the other. "It was not the settlement of the issues of war that we attempted, but the tearing down of a social edifice that it had required centuries to build up, and the erection of another in its stead."

"Yes," assented the President thoughtfully, "you are right. But who could have foreseen what has occurred? Perhaps we all ought to have done so. We ought at least to have known that such changes cannot be made instantaneously. How did you come to work out the problem as you have done there?" He pointed to a book lying on the table as he spoke.

"Simply because its elements were before me all the time, and I thought of it day and night. Any thoughtful man would have done the same."

"I doubt that," said he with a pleasant smile; "but I must admit that I can find no fault with your conclusions. Whatever may be the merits of the remedy you propose, there is no doubt that you have correctly diagnosed the disease. But it is such a weary time to wait! I could hardly expect to see positive results, if I should begin the work at once."

"How much greater is the honor to him who sows the seed than to him who reaps the harvest!"

The President paced thoughtfully up and down the room once or twice. Then, as a mutual friend entered, he referred jocularly to the subject of the conversation, and quoting a flattering sentence from "Ben Hur," a work then fresh from the press and a prime favorite with him, he took the other's hand in his strong grasp and said:

"You are right. There is no other way. We must begin—*at the beginning.* Write out your views of what is possible to be done and let me have them—or, better still, put them into a book and I will study it. Of course, I must find my own way in this matter, but you can help me. No one else has studied the subject in the same way or from the same standpoint that you have occupied. I have a great deal to do. I am almost worn out now, and I have just begun. You must help me in this matter."

The desired promise was given. The friend who stood by laughingly witnessed the compact. When next we looked upon that face, then lighted up with almost boyish enthusiasm, the shadow of the pall rested upon it.

This volume is thus represented to be the fulfil-

ment of that promise—"a pledge in mortmain." The reader is naturally well pleased to be favored with these extracts from President Garfield's confidential conversation on the subject of reconstruction and education in the South, yet he experiences at the same time an unpleasant sensation. The book-maker's device is too apparent. The free use which is made of recollections of the President's frank conversation, and the facility with which the ground of appeal is shifted from "the dear dead Cæsar, whose great heart was just awakening to the task before him," to the other and greater Cæsar, the American people, tend to excite the suspicion that the author is bent upon making the incident serviceable. It helps him not only to explain the title of his book, but also to attract public attention and to market his literary wares.

The faults of manner do not, however, affect the inherent value of this volume as a serious study of the mutual relations of the white and black races in the Southern States. There is no subject in the political discussions of the day of greater importance than this. Judge Tourgee's conclusions deserve the serious consideration of patriotic, broad-minded Americans, who are anxious to examine the subject critically and to forecast intelligently the future of the new South. Such passages as the following need to be thoroughly digested North as well as South:

In the future as in the past, therefore, we may account it as an indisputable fact that the two races will, in the main, stand opposed to each other politically as they do to-day. Those who have read the preceding pages will not be surprised at this conclusion. Every possible influence affecting each of the races tends toward separation and isolation. The *black, as a man,* is further away from the white than he was at the close of the war. The separateness of feeling, sentiment and interest is greater than it was upon the day when emancipation took effect. This tendency toward a separate crystallization of interest, feeling and action, as we have already demonstrated, must in all economic and social aspects grow stronger and more marked with each succeeding year. The relation of master and servant is rapidly becoming a thing of the past. The son of the slave has nothing of the feeling of privity and familiarity with the son of the master which existed between master and slave. "Marse Tom's" boy has little or none of the feeling for "the boy John's" child which his father had for John himself; and when another generation comes on, this relation of confidence and dependence will become almost entirely obliterated, and the grandson of the slave will have no sort of confidential or familiar relation with the grandson of the master, if, indeed, he knows him at all.

Division of sentiment, independent religious organizations, separate schools, no mutual community of interest, and the impassable wall of color and caste between them,—all these influences act upon every individual of each race, and it is as reasonable to expect a butterfly to make headway against a cyclone as to expect the day to come when parties at the South will pass the color-line. The issues which divide parties may apparently have no connection with the question of color, race or previous condition, but the intellectual development of the individuals of the contrasting races has been such that in the main each will agree with the mass of his own race; and where this is not the case, the force of habit, inherited prejudice, the sentiment generated by the co-occupancy of the soil by unassimilable races, are morally certain to produce this result. Politicians may scheme and theorize and lie as much as they choose; the fact will remain, and must remain as it has for the last twenty years, a surprise to those who first devised the policy of disregarding the influences of the past as an element in shaping the future destiny of these States.

In view of all the facts that have been presented, it must be evident even to a child's comprehension that the political contest between the white and colored races at the South, instead of being a thing of the past, has only just begun. The negro, instead of having been forever banished from national politics, has only just entered there as a potential and important factor. It matters not how complete may be his present exclusion from participation in public affairs, the time must come when the mere preponderance of numbers must overpower the prestige of superior intelligence, no matter how marked it may be. In five of the States this time cannot long be deferred. In three more it is almost certain to come within a quarter of a century. *"Shall these forces be harmonized or continue in antagonism? Shall the outcome be peaceful or violent? What will our myriad-minded Cæsar decree?"*

The element of Southern life, the study of which fills the author with feelings of depression, is the illiteracy of the people of both races. He demonstrates by the census tables that these masses of population which future and a wonderful sequence of events have arrayed against each other in seemingly unavoidable antagonism, are likely to be precipitated into conflict by the folly and inconsiderate prejudice of vast bodies of the ignorant and reckless of both races. He says:

Even with a population entirely homogeneous, without any distinction of race or caste to disturb the public peace or social harmony, such a predominance of ignorance as is found in these States would be an element of the utmost danger in any republic. In this case, however, we have a mass of ignorance amounting to 45 per cent of the whole population over ten years old, composed largely of negroes recently emancipated from slavery, living under the traditions of inferiority, subject to all the aggravation an insult which a race boastful of its superiority would naturally offer. And side by side with this we have a mass of ignorance just as dense, and far more hopeless because the spur of ambition has long since been blunted in their natures,—the ignorant whites of the South, amounting to 25 per cent of the adult white population in many of the states. Between these two masses of ignorance the innate hostility of race and caste exists with an intensity that no Northern man can measure. They are two great clouds upon the horizon of our civilization, charged with electric forces, ready to flash forth and destroy each other at any moment when some unfortunate occasion may bring them into hostile collision.

The possibility of educating these masses of ignorance, white as well as black, and in that way disarming prejudice and organizing political opinion, gives also the strongest hope of the future of the South.

The Fredonia Censor

An Appeal to Cæsar.

A NEW BOOK BY THE AUTHOR OF "A FOOL'S ERRAND."

[Published by Fords, Howard & Hurlbert, New York. Price $1.]

Judge Tourgee, standing upon the most advanced post of our nation's picket lines, observing with the eye of an eagle, the head of a philosopher and statesman, and the heart of a patriot, the operations of those elements and forces which in all the past have been a festering thorn in the side of this nation and have so recently reddened her fields by the blood of thousands of her sons, has blown a trumpet blast to warn the nation of an imminent and unsuspected peril.

The scope and purpose of this book which is destined to attract very general attention can be best indicated by giving the Author's brief preface which is a fair sample of his terse and forcible style.

"An upas-tree had taken deep root in the virgin soil of the New World. A free people hacked it down with the sword. It cost more than a million lives and five billions of dollars to accomplish the task. The roots were left to gather strength for other harmful growth. The nation was so elated with its achievement that it forgot all about the source from which the evil sprang. Already the growth has borne fruit of violence and misrule. Can we afford to allow the roots to remain? How much can we afford to pay to have them digged up? How can this best be accomplished"?

"These questions this little book is designed to help every thoughtful and patriotic free man to answer for himself."

There is nothing partisan about this book, nothing that can excite predjudice, but a masterly effort to install reason in its place. The rebellion as a conflict—the battles, the courage and the suffering, are not mentioned; but a stronger light than ever before is turned upon the causes that led to it and especially the results which have followed it. The "irrepressible conflict" which the people of the North were so slow to believe would ever result in bloodshed, never presented a more threatening aspect to the peace of this country prior to April 12th 1861, than does the dark cloud now gathering force day by day over the South in the view of this political philosopher. And seldom has a view been sustained by more unquestioned facts more carefully presented.

The reconstructionary legislation which followed the war, the author shows, "lacked some essential element and must be and remain a failure if not a farce until that element is in some manner supplied." The color line which before marked only the distinction of caste, has now become the line of demarkation between hostile forces. "Ignorance, poverty, inherited barbarism took up the conflict for equality of right and parity of authority, against intelligence, wealth, experience and the bitter predjudice which centuries had engendered between subject-black and dominant-white."

"What will be the outcome of this conflict? Must one of these forces overthrow, subjugate and forever hold in subjection the other? Or is it possible that the two elements may be reconciled, the two races live peacefully side by side, and equality of right and power be cheerfully accorded to all."

The author shows by a matchless array of statistics from the census returns, that the blacks are increasing more rapidly than the whites of the South, that the emigration of native whites from the South is increasing and is not offset by any immigration of foreigners or native whites from the North, while the proportion of blacks who leave the old slave states is gradually diminishing, and finally the startling fact becomes apparent that in at least sixteen years hence each of the states lying between Maryland and Texas will have a colored majority within its borders, and we shall have eight minor republics of the Union in which either the colored race will rule or a majority will be disfranchised.

The Author gives careful attention to the various remedies that have been proposed for the dangers which this condition of affairs at the South is rapidly developing. The remedy generally favored and now in use by the whites of the South will be best understood by the frank and honest statement of a Southern planter as to how they "intend to keep the niggers in their place by an example now and then" given in his own words. "It don't need much to keep them all right," said he, "the railroads and the telegraphs and the newspapers do the greater part of it. If the niggers get a little too sassy in a Mississippi or Virginia town so that the white people cannot well stand it any longer, all we have to do is to stir up a little row, rub a few of them out, and then see that the news of it is well circulated among the rest of them. It seems queer, but I have no sort of doubt but that little trouble up at Danville saved us perhaps a hundred more such, up and down the country. All we had to do was just to read an account of that to the niggers and give them to understand that it was just what would happen here if they didn't behave. That settled it. Of course there will have to be more or less of this thing from time to time, and it is just possible that the time may come when it cannot be kept up any longer. If it does I don't see what else we can do only just kill a few thousand or a million of them—as many as is necessary in order to keep them straight so that we can get along with them and have peace and prosperity and good government in the States."

Judge Tourgee says this remedy is "based on the principle of fastening down the safety-valve and increasing head of steam." The closing chapters of the book are devoted to an able discussion of the author's remedy, which if not a specific he regards as the only "reasonable or praticable means of sensibly alleviating, modifying, or, it may be, entirely averting these evils," quickly applied. His plan is that the general government appropriate about $10,000,000, each year, for the promotion of primary education in the various states, to be distributed on the basis of illiteracy directly to the various townships and school-districts in which free primary schools shall have been in active operation from a specified period during the time covered by the appropriation, and having a specified average attendance. It is a characteristic book of hard facts and sturdy logic and demands the earliest attention of every citizen, the Cæsar to whom he appeals being the American tribunal of last resort—THE PEOPLE.

The Continent has been sold to the Christian at Work and will be incorporated with that journal. Judge Tourgee will hereafter conduct a department in the Christian at Work.

This is a natural sequel. The talented judge has been a "Christian at Work," for the good of his country and his fellow men these many years.

AN APPEAL TO CÆSAR.

By the completion of this earnest and eloquent volume Judge Tourgée has entrenched himself still more firmly in the position he formerly occupied as a writer *sui generis* on the politics of the United States. We use the word politics in its wide signification and as not referring simply to the rise and fall of transient parties, with their turgid and bathetic quibblings. The Cæsar to whom Judge Tourgée appeals in the present case is the American people. The problem to which he invites their attention is the future condition of the country when the negro population shall have greatly increased in numbers and importance and shall be the cause of complicated questions whose solution no one who appreciates them can contemplate without anxiety. The ground the author takes can be briefly described as follows in his own words:—If the negroes are increasing more rapidly than the whites of the South; if the whites are migrating from the older slave States in much greater proportion than the blacks; if the number of white persons of foreign birth resident in the South is constantly decreasing; if the number of white persons of Northern birth who are migrating to those States is very much less than the number of white persons who are emigrating thence to the North—if these are facts, then the Southern white man has a greater interest in the measure under consideration than any other class unless it be the colored people of that section themselves. That measure is the bestowal of national aid to primary education on the basis of illiteracy, and the fair and equitable distribution of such aid without placing it under State control. According to Judge Tourgée's enthusiastic peroration, "those who engaged in rebellion, made war upon the Government and stirred up strife and sedition might be forgiven; but those who stood by and left the government to fight it out with the insurgents, those who had not manhood enough to entertain a conviction either one way or the other, or had not courage enough to start forth and take the risk of death or exile because of that conviction—these were to be punished, without hope or possibility of pardon, by absolute, irrevocable disfranchisement. The worst enemy which our national institutions can have is not the man who assails them, for he can be met and overcome; it is the man who knows what is right and necessary to be done, but is too slothful or indifferent to give effect to his own opinion, and exercise the power he holds as one of the co-ordinate rulers of the Great Republic." Published by Fords, Howard & Hulbert.

BOSTON LETTER.

TOURGEE'S SENSATIONAL BOOK ON THE RACE PROBLEM.

The Missing Link—Society Preparing for the Winter Season—Henry Irving's First Appearance—Success of the New Musical Conductor.

Regular Correspondence of The Albany Journal.

BOSTON, Oct. 23.—Judge Tourgee, editor of the defunct *Continent*, and author of that much read book, "A Fool's Errand," has accomplished his aim in his new work, "An Appeal to Cæsar," and that is a sensation. Not since we all perused that remarkable story of his have we been so startled by an arrangement of facts concerning the South as by this latest production. The book is being read by the public, the thoughtful portion of it I should say, with surprise and avidity. Persons who have only seen the advance newspaper notices gain but little idea of the terrible mass of information, based on figures, that the author has gathered in his efforts to substantiate the statements it contains. It was owing to the suggestion and keen wishes of President Garfield that Judge Tourgee looked at the subject at all, and it doubtless grew out of the success of his first venture in literature, to give him this task to do. It was a serious consideration not to be lightly or superficially treated, and now that it stands before the world, plainly yet graphically stated, there is no escape from listening to all he has to say on the race question. To a careful student of this country's affairs the relations between the colored and the white people at the South seem far more difficult of settlement than they were when Lincoln emancipated the negro. Then on the one hand it was believed the race must die out, that it could not sustain itself, and the knotty problem of emancipation involved, would be cut by sure and constant diminution of the colored people throughout the South. Others more sanguine looked on the emancipation of the negro and his becoming a citizen and a voter as the solution of the results of the civil war. It was the humanitarian view springing from a hope that time has failed to realize in spite of the preaching that the political millennium had then arrived. However logical, however necessary in fact, was the great event of Lincoln's time, it has thrown a tissue, a perfect network of problems around the South which to-day require the wisest measures to solve. Judge Tourgee views the situation calmly enough, but his pen is frightfully eloquent at times owing perhaps to the subject matter with which he deals. He presents a clear picture of the antagonism of the blacks and the whites in the Southern states, and then goes on to show how impossible it is to blend or harmonize the two races either from a class point of view or from the ethnological standpoint. His predictions for the future will startle even the average reader. The man who drifts along, paying taxes, earning a living for his family, eating, dying, cannot believe these statements and says not in his day will they effect him or his children; another less optimistic ponders on the strange exposition of results drawn from nearly a quarter of a century of freedom and wonders if this can be true and if so where will it end! Not the least startling fact broached in "An Appeal to Cæsar" is the increase of the black over the white race. Instead of the negro dying out as was predicted he has thrived and multiplied and become an important if not a dangerous factor in the political and social science of the country. How to meet this new condition of things is a question for thoughtful citizens to answer. Education seems the only practical solution and it is education, and thorough and honest enlightenment, that is preached by the author of this remarkable book. How to arrive safely at a complete remedy for the present existing evil lies in the pathway to knowledge, to eventual cultivation of the moral and the intellectural faculties.

THE MISSING LINK.

MORE EXAMPLE FOR YOUNG MEN.

WE have more than once commented recently on the probable effects on the morality of young men just beginning to take part in politics of the remarkable and, we are glad to say, novel spectacle of insincerity and tergiversation now presented by those Republican leaders and journals who, after bitterly opposing Blaine's nomination on the ground of the badness of his personal character, are now advocating his election on the ground that his character is very good. One of the worst examples of this variety of falsehood has just been made conspicuous in the person of Mr. Albion W. Tourgee, commonly called Judge Tourgee, the author of 'The Fool's Errand' and editor of *The Continent* magazine. This gentleman, in the May number of the magazine, before the Republican Convention had met, sat down and wrote the following as his deliberate belief about James G. Blaine:

"If the Republican party seeks to commit *hari-kari*, the quickest and surest method for it to do so is by the nomination of James G. Blaine for the Presidency, and the next most speedy and effective method is to select some man whom he may name as a figure-head of an administration he shall in effect control. . . . His followers have answered to the call with wonderful readiness, considering their previous disappointments, and the fact that, even if he were nominated, his election would be as hopeless an undertaking as an attempt to batter down Gibraltar with green peas. His disabilities as a candidate are radical and incurable.

"In the first place, he is the incarnation of all the reprehensible elements of the Republican party. He is a politician in the low sense in which the term is used. To his mind statesmanship is synonymous with trickery. While this characteristic gives him great strength with the 'heelers' and 'strikers' who manipulate conventions, it is a source of incalculable weakness with the people, especially in a struggle so close and doubtful as the present one. If he were nominated, a great part of the liberal element of the party (except such portions of it as the Cornell faction of New York, whose sole object is the defeat of President Arthur) would swing over to the Democracy, should they happen to make a fair selection for a candidate.

"In the second place, it should be remembered that Mr. Blaine has nothing of substantial strength in his own record with which to rally the disaffected or apathetic even of his own party. He was one of the few young men of his own party who, at the very climax of his manhood, while enjoying the most robust physical health, was able to resist the infectious glow of patriotism during the nation's great ordeal. During that time, when even the plough-handles burned the clod-hopper's hands so that he was perforce compelled to drop them and catch up the musket, Mr. Blaine resolutely withstood the temptation to serve his country in the field, resisted the example of so many of his associates in the halls of Congress, and sedulously kept a soft seat warm and filled his purse by the opportunities which a period of war always offers to men of thrift, coolness, and sagacity.

"In the third place, it should not be forgotten that his legislative record is of that questionable character which is the hardest of all things successfully to justify or defend. 'Not proven' is unquestionably the public verdict in regard to the charges that have been made against him. Further than that no one can go. Even charity can offer no more tenable hypothesis in regard to them. Such a record is a poor bait to catch voters with, especially at a time when so many of the most sincere and reliable of those of his own party are nauseated at the alarming prevalence of disgusting political trickery. . . .

"Fourthly, the man who clamors for Mr. Blaine's nomination, even in the face of assured defeat, should not forget that the qualities of his mind, even admitting the immaculateness of his intentions, are the very ones best calculated to encourage doubt and uncertainty in regard to an administration controlled and directed by him. As one of the leading business men of this city, a Republican of the most honorable record, recently said of him: 'One might as well attempt to calculate the course of a sky-rocket.' That he would do brilliant things there is no room to doubt. His whole career has been pyrotechnic in its character. His chief object seems to have been to produce astonishment in the beholder. In this he has very generally succeeded. Even those who were unable to perceive any reason for the display have been compelled to admit the brilliancy of the coruscations attending the climacteric. The attack upon the rebel brigadiers was even excelled in brilliancy by the magnificent audacity displayed before the Mulligan Committee, and the celebrated 'South American policy was itself fairly put in the shade by the series of veracious telegrams from the bedside of the stricken President. All these things, and many other events of his life, are of astounding brilliancy; but, unfortunately, they are not the material out of which the fabric of confidence is woven. Under Mr. Blaine's control the Government would no doubt have a policy, but it would be a policy which no one could forecast, and of which every one would ask, 'What next!'"

This is pretty plain speech, but it has not prevented Mr. Tourgee from taking the stump for Blaine. He actually appeared as his defender and advocate in a joint discussion before a large audience at Dunkirk in this State the other day, and was overwhelmed with confusion by the production of this article by his Democratic adversary, and retired from the platform amid the derisive cheers and laughter of his audience. Spectacles of this sort are both humiliating and discouraging, for they indicate a growing readiness, even on the part of men who claim the position of moral leaders, to place not only their wills at the disposal of any corrupt band who may obtain control of a convention, but to silence their consciences for any party purpose, however base. *Evening Post*

WHY HE IS FOR BLAINE.

JUDGE TOURGEE'S VIEWS OF POLITICAL DUTY.

A CONCLUSIVE VERDICT AGAINST THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

SIR: I see that *The Evening Post* is terribly exercised because, after having opposed Mr. Blaine's nomination with all the vigor I could command, I now advocate his election. It produces an article of mine written last April and declares that my present attitude is "a novel spectacle of insincerity and tergiversation." That I was opposed to the nomination of Mr. Blaine and exerted myself actively to secure his defeat as long as there was any hope of doing so, is a fact as well known as my own personality. The motives which influenced me in so doing are precisely identical with those which now lead me to advocate his election. In comparison with others in the Republican party, I thought him neither the strongest nor the fittest man for the Presidential nomination. I therefore considered it my duty to oppose his candidacy, which I did openly and earnestly. The Republican Convention did not agree with me and nominated Mr. Blaine. The Democratic party took the advice of *The Post* and nominated Mr. Cleveland. *The Post* in maintenance of what it terms consistency supports Mr. Cleveland. In discharge of what I conceive to be a most important duty I support Mr. Blaine. *The Post* says "this indicates a growing readiness on the part of men who claim the position of moral leaders. . . . . to silence their consciences for any party purposes, however base."

This conclusion shows the inability of the writer to appreciate any motive beyond that of mere personal advantage that could influence one in his political action. Very fortunately my views of party discipline and party allegiance have not to be formulated for the occasion. I have always maintained that a party has a right to demand the support of a citizen whenever he was satisfied that its success would be more likely to enhance the true interest of the country than the success of its opponents. It has also been a principle which I have lost no opportunity to enforce upon the young men of the country, that the most dangerous and at the same time the most despicable class of men in the country are those people who either refuse to vote at all because everything is not exactly to their notion, or else throw away their vote upon side issues and scratch candidates instead of taking their share of responsibility for the election or defeat of one or the other of the candidates between there is a possibility of electing. Solon provided in his laws that the Athenian who stood neutral in a sedition should be disfranchised. The same fate should be visited upon every man, who, seeing the contest between two great parties, and their chosen representatives, for the control of the Government, and knowing to a moral certainty that one or the other of them must prevail, does not give his voice and his vote for that party the success of which he deems most likely to subserve the public weal. I had then to elect between two things: The Republican party with Mr. Blaine as its candidate, and the Democratic party with Mr. Cleveland as its candidate. The only criterion by which they were to be judged was the future good of the country. So far as "any party purpose" is concerned, I know of no other purpose that can justify the existence of a party or constitute any ground of appeal to the citizens' support. Certainly, there could be none in my case. Mr. Blaine is not a man who forgives or forgets personal opposition. So far as I am individually concerned, had I adopted the view which recurs so naturally to the managers of *The Post*, my interest would no doubt have been subserved had I either joined the so-called Independents in securing the defeat of the Republican party or kept quiet and allowed others to fight a losing battle, if it should chance to be such, and after it was over have boasted of my consistency. That is not my idea of duty. Whatever party having a living chance of success in my judgment promises best for the country, that party I shall support whatever its name or whatever may be my personal preferences in regard to its candidates.

In this instance it was not difficult to decide. Personally, I had incurred the hostility of Mr. Blaine and his especial friends. Of this I had no doubt, but the fact did not in any degree relieve me of my duty as a citizen. Had the candidates been men of equal merit, capacity and fitness, I could not have hesitated. The one has behind him those elements of our American life which have been represented by the Republican party. For twenty-three years, it has ruled the land in righteousness. It has made many and grave mistakes. Some of these it has cured and others still remain to be remedied. It is not because it has done well in the past that I deem it worthier of support than its opponents, but because well-doing in the past is the promise and guarantee of a like course in the future. So far as the avowed principles of that party are concerned I have always been in substantial harmony with them. It is because I believe that a party composed in the main of those elements which have controlled its policy for the past quarter of a century will hereafter, as heretofore, be likely to act wisely and patriotically in the administration of the Government, that I do not hesitate to give it my support.

In this case, however, there is a much more positive conviction which irresistibly impels me to oppose the Democratic party at this time. Believing as I do that the questions arising out of the relations of the races at the South, and the education, development and elevation of those whom the Nation has enfranchised are infinitely the most important matters that will concern our National administration during the next Presidential quadrennium, I could not think of aiding to put into power a party the great controlling influence in which is the Bourbon element of the South. Others may assist in betraying the faithful allies of the Nation in her hour of peril again into the hands of their enemies if they choose, and may palm such a course upon the world as patriotism. I prefer to remain a "spectacle" for *The Post* to throw mud at. I do not believe that a party which achieved power throughout the South by organized violence and murder, and holds it by organized fraud, is fit to be intrusted with the control of the Government of the United States. The Democratic party will receive 153 electoral votes from the South. This is 76 per cent of a majority. They feel just as sure of them as if the votes were polled and counted, and well they may. Yet they could not control the vote of at least six of those States as long as *The Post* man would be willing to hold a red-hot poker a few

allowed free exercise of fair election, and made an honest count. When the Democratic party becomes clean enough and brave enough to recognize the rule of the majority of the South, to repeal the laws that now shelter fraud, and to admit that a man's right to govern himself and help govern his fellows does not depend on the color of his skin, then I, for one, shall be willing to consider its claim to be allowed control of the Government, and not till then. Just so long as South Carolina is kept Democratic by "red shirt" parades, Mississippi made solid by the shot-gun and Virginia terrorized by massacre, the party that reaps advantage from these acts of barbaric violence has no right to ask support at the hands of Northern men who are believers in free government and the equal political rights of black and white. I have no sort of ill-will toward any one. I am as willing to forgive as some people seem to be to forget. I am in favor of the South having liberal appropriations in consideration of its having accepted the old flag. I see no objection to killing a fatted calf every day for the returned prodigal. Indeed, I think at least $100,000,000 of the surplus in our Treasury ought to be appropriated without delay to the enlightenment of the illiteracy of the South. I do not think the Southern people ought to be given the direction of the Nation, however, until they have shown by actual exemplification in the States under their control that they at least know what free Government means. To be a Democrat to my mind means to be an advocate of "Kukluxism," the "Bull-whack," "the shot-gun policy," or a partaker of the fruits thereof. But for these unlawful and barbarous instrumentalities the Democratic party would to-day be without one-half of its assured strength. But even laying this aside, I could not support Mr. Cleveland. Admitting, for the argument's sake, all the charges and insinuations made against Mr. Blaine, he remains to my mind an infinitely better, purer, fitter man for the Presidency than Mr. Cleveland. It may be that such delinquencies as have been fastened upon the Democrat candidate are, as *The Post* has with such fitness of detail sought to demonstrate, entirely consistent with patriotism and fidelity to public trust. There may be examples enough found in history to prove the possibility of such a thing, but the presumption is overwhelmingly against it. To elevate such a man to the highest place in the gift of the Nation is to set the seal of indorsement upon a character *admittedly too foul to be canvassed freely in a public journal*. Upon the ground of personal fitness alone, therefore, I am bound to support Mr. Blaine rather than his opponent.

Again, I could not support Mr. Cleveland because of the company he keeps. I do not refer now to his hours of relaxation but to the public side of his character. He has associated with him upon the ticket one who was the counsellor, friend and champion of the Indiana Copperheads during the war. Now while I hold a man to be wanting in common manhood who will not forgive an open and honorable enemy and account him, if his merits justify, worthy of the closest friendship and the highest honor, yet I deem him worse than a fool who ever forgets or forgives the man of mature years who had not courage enough to go with the rebels nor manhood enough to stand by the country, but who stabbed in the back those who fought for the liberty he now enjoys. Others may vote to put such a man where he may exercise the highest powers of the Nation, but I never shall. Mr. Cleveland himself seems to have been blissfully ignorant that a war was in progress. He not only did nothing but he said nothing. I once stood by while a gentleman who had a very fat dog drove some trespassing cows out of his grounds. After expelling the intruders, he turned upon the dog, who had simply sat upon the doorstep and watched the proceedings in silence. "Take that, and that, and that," said the enraged owner, as he chucked one stone after another against the well-cushioned ribs of the delinquent. "I didn't expect you to run, but *you might at least have barked!*" Mr. Cleveland did not even bark, and Mr. Hendricks growled for the other side. Mr. Blaine did not enter the service. I am sorry for it, and do not doubt that he is also. But if he did not actually do any fighting for the country he stood by the crowd that did fight. He showed his good-will, and never permitted any doubt as to which side he was on.

At the time I wrote the article referred to by *The Post* I was of the general opinion that the celebrated "Mulligan letters" established, at least a probable case of improper conduct in his public capacity. Having since that time carefully studied the entire correspondence and read all that both sides have had to say in regard to it, I wish now to say that, regarded from any point of view, I see no evidence of an abuse of any public trust. It was an unfortunate thing that he allowed himself to become the agent of such a company, and the victim of such a set of blackmailers as Fisher and Mulligan. It is a pity that he ever had to ask favors of Caldwell. Yet I do not see how any one could be harmed except those to whom the bonds were sold, and their loss he made good. In fact, it seems to me that the worst thing about the whole matter is the fact that the road did not pay. If it had been a paying concern it is probable that nothing would have ever been heard of it, for if known at all it would have contributed vastly to his credit. Mr. Blaine had a right to speculate with his own money or induce others to speculate with theirs, just the same as any other American citizen. It is not claimed that he used his position to sell the bonds or in any other manner in connection with the transaction. I am under obligations to the Democratic press for publishing the last batch of these letters. To my mind they explain the transaction, and show Mr. Blaine to be far more entitled to sympathy than blame for the part he took in it.

I favor the election of Blaine and Logan, therefore, not "for any purpose" or personal advantage, but because I deem it important that the spirit and purpose which has hitherto animated the Republican party should continue in control of the Nation, and especially because I should deem it a calamity, well nigh irremediable in its influence upon the public welfare and private morals, should the Democratic party with its controlling influences and chosen candidate receive the indorsement of public approval.

The same sense of duty which impelled me to oppose the selection of Mr. Blaine as a candidate of the Republican party, now that he is chosen as the leader of that party and represents its spirit and policy, compels me to make choice between him and his opponent—between that party and the Democracy—between a record of patriotic achievement and sullen obstruction—between the promise of prosperity and the prospect of peril. As I decide for myself so I have not only the right but the duty to urge my fellow-citizens to decide for themselves.

In addition to these things there is one consideration which moves me not a little. My memories of the White House are peculiarly bright and tender. As a crippled soldier I remember being taken to ride by a friend and sitting in the carriage opposite its gate to see the tender, grave-faced Lincoln pass down the walk with his bright-faced children prattling about him. It was a sight often witnessed afterward, and which will never be forgotten. It was my privilege also to see the unassuming life of the great soldier who succeeded him shedding the hallowed light of domestic virtue over the land. In what heart is not the memory still green of the home life of James and Lucretia Garfield. The gray old pile has been consecrated by the fond associations of the virtuous family circle. For one, I am free to admit that I do not like to contemplate its state with Mr. Cleveland as its occupant.

Respectfully, ALBION W. TOURGEE.

Mayville, N. Y., Sept. 24, 1884.

RELICS OF THE OLD ERIE RAILWAY.

Two relics of the old New York & Erie Railroad have been discovered, framed and hung in the office of John N. Abbott, the General Passenger Agent of the Erie in New York. One is a map of the line when it extended from New York to Dunkirk only. There is no date on it, but it is thought to be over thirty years old. It was recently found posted on a board fence out beyond Denver, Col. It is in pretty good condition, considering its long exposure. A few pieces are gone from it, and there are many weather stains on it, but the railroad system from New England to the Mississippi River, as it then existed, is clearly shown. The map is printed in two colors, black and red. It was the triumph of map-printing at that time, but looks crude alongside of the complete and elaborate maps issued by railroads nowadays. Its size is 18 by 36 inches.

The other relic is a copy of time table No. 9 for the Western Division, which went into effect April 28, 1851. This was found by Superintendent R. B. Cable, of the Susquehanna Division, in a lot of old papers. It is only six inches square, and is signed "Chas. Minot, Sup't." The Western Division extended from Hornellsville to Dunkirk. A freight train ran each way daily the entire distance, and a passenger train each way between Hornellsville and Cuba. Cuba is fifty-one miles from Hornellsville, while Dunkirk is seventy-seven miles beyond. Pretty fair time was made by the passenger train, which ran from Hornellsville to Cuba in two hours and thirty-five minutes and returned in two hours and fifteen minutes.

New York Tribune, Nov. 29, 1885.

Iowa State Register.

BY E. P. AND J. S. CLARKSON.

"MISSION OF THE DUDE."

The Lecture Last Night by Judge Tourgee, the Famous Author of "A Fool's Errand."

A Splendid Lecture by a Scholar, Orator and Wit.

WHAT TO DO WITH HIM.

The Y. M. C. A. of this city deserve the thanks and the substantial support of all in their efforts to provide a first-class course of lectures. Yet their efforts are not appreciated, as the small audience at the opening lecture last evening testified. Foster's Opera House should have been packed to hear the magnificent lecture of Judge Tourgee—author of Fool's Errand and other political novels—as he spoke for nearly two hours on the "Mission of the Dude." He presented his arguments in a clear-cut, forcible manner, enlivened with a vein of dry wit, and adorned with many touches of thrilling oratory. He is a good platform speaker, has a strong, deep voice, drawls his words a little, but has a magnetic presence, and knows how to hold attention. He was frequently cheered in the delivery of his lecture, and evidently made a profound impression on all who heard him.

After referring to the inexplicable genesis of words, he referred to the fact that the great bulk of our new words come out of the ditch. They are not the product of our highest learning or culture, but they come up as if by inspiration to supply the needs of the day. The words "humbug" and "skedaddle" are examples of this kind, and although the lexicographers fight them, and dispute their claims to recognition, they stay, and are used, for they just fit a place. At first we call them slang, but by and by a writer of eminence comes along and sets the seal of his approval upon them, and they become a recognized and reputable part of language. Thus with the word "dude." It came by inspiration. The thought behind it lay latent, but felt by millions, and the word had to come. It has been traced by some to the dodo, the gaudy bird of plumage, but that explanation only partly accounts for its origin. The dude is not the mere fop or dandy. A man may be the best dressed and the most fashionable appearing in the world and yet not be a dude. While here and there through the land we find dudes even if they wear homespun. The word "dude" was coined to supply a need and to represent a tendency of the times. It means not the man who lives for the sake of his clothes, but he who wears his clothes and governs his manners to make himself up in the guise of an Englishman. Not that there was anything wicked in imitating an Englishmen. They had always been the favorites of history, and their bravery and their virtues were known all over the world. But a man who imitates another is like a monkey, he imitates only the worst part. So with the man who aims to make of himself a simulacrum of the Englishman. He passes by his courage and other noble qualities, and imitates only the worst. The dude has no mission but a passive one, to serve as a guide board between yesterday and to-morrow, to point where the inclinations and tastes of the age are drifting.

The speaker called attention to the remarkable changes in American life and aspirations since the time of the war. When the great struggles between liberty and slavery were going on the feeling of attachment to our country and its institutions was very strong, and Americans abroad were proud of their nationality, and delighted to boast of its prowess and power. Now our countrymen abroad dislike to betray their western origin, and are only too happy if they can be mistaken for some English lord or lady.

A spirit has grown up which is tending to the de-nationalization of our American life. The writings of Carlyle are largely responsible for this. He could find nothing good in the present, and many Americans have caught the same idea and so are dissatisfied with their own country and institutions and basely attempt to stifle the growth of a national spirit. This tendency is seen in the newspapers which decry our political institutions and defame our public men, till it has come to pass that a man only needs a nomination for office to make his own dog bark at him when he comes home.

This spirit of dudeism is developed more in some parts of the country than in others. The East is nearer England than the West in more senses than one. There is no dude in the South. To the honor of the Southern man be it said, he is always and everywhere unmistakably and thoroughly an American. The dude spirit has gone from the sidewalk to the street. English aspirations have left the trousers and attacked the horses, and now it is the correct thing for anglo-maniacs to copy English styles in the raising and equipment of horses, and the big, lumbering, awkward English dog carts take the place of our light, airy, graceful road wagons. The speaker could have enlarged this if it had not attacked other matters. The dude spirit is seen in art.

American art should bear the stamp and impress of American thought, but how little of that work there is! We are told that there can be no such thing as distinctively national art, but the lecturer asserted that there was and mentioned the Athenian work of Phidias, the Roman spirit of Michael Angelo, and the American ideas as wrought out in William Hunt's frescoes in the new Capitol at Albany. The base imitative policy is seen in our architecture, in public buildings and private dwellings. In copying English models our artists have hooked on to the most contemptible period in English architecture. They have left the good and take the bad. The foolishness, from an artistic standpoint, of the prevailing craze in house building and decoration was strikingly illustrated, and the speaker added that it stopped not there but went to the furniture and ornaments of the room, anything that was outrageous in style or comfort if it was only "art and so exquisite, English, you know."

The same tendency is seen in our music. It is losing its element of Americanism, and our National songs are seldom sung and are little known. This state of things is seen in no other country in the world, and would be tolerated nowhere else. It comes nearer home in our politics. We have the legislator who believes there is nothing wise or good in our political life that has not come from over the sea with the stamp of the custom house upon it. There is the dude citizen who thinks he is too good or too wise to "meddle with politics." Such men shirk the sacred duties of citizenship, and are responsible for every case of misgovernment in this country. They are the most dangerous class in American life, and they received a very deserving rebuke and scathing denunciation from Judge Tourgee. The evils in society and government can not be corrected by firing a paper wad at them once in twelve months, and every citizen shou'd take an active interest in caucus and primaries and do his duty every day. The next exhibition of dude-ism the speaker referred to was seen in the churches. He believed that the Master's command "Do good to all men," could not be better carried out than by working for the good of humanity through the avenues of politics. Religion and politics should never get very far from each other. There has lately grown up a spirit which would set aside the old gospel of humanity, and substitute an etherial, visionary system of Eastern origin. It is the spirit of the dude in the churches. Our religion is neglecting its duty to the Indian, and the speaker thought that if more missionary labor that was sent abroad could be applied to the wronged red-men in our midst, we would be doing the work that first demanded our attention. In closing, the lecturer briefly referred to the dude in the school house, and the follies of our present educational systems. He urged the necessity of educating the hands and heart as well as the head, and concluded with an eloquent appeal to all to cultivate a loyal spirit of Americanism, and then the dude would go.

A TOURGEE INTERVIEW.

A representative of THE REGISTER had a very pleasant call on Judge Tourgee yesterday afternoon in his room at the Kirkwood, and found him as entertaining as a conversationalist as he is as novelist, editor or lecturer. When "The Fool's Errand" came out some four or five years ago, it brought into great prominence a gentleman who has since then made some very important contributions to the literature of political fiction. That man was Judge Tourgee, and five minutes' conversation is sufficient to show that he is a man who would make a stir in the world under any circumstances. In person the Judge is rather below the average height, with a tendency toward embonpoint, wears no beard but a heavy mustache, has a round head and a face of the foreign type, with dark eyes and hair, and appears to be about forty years of age. He has a deep bass voice, speaks deliberately but with animation and great force, and loves to indulge in an ironical wit, that is always pointed, and sometimes quite severe.

The Judge remarked that he always has a warm welcome for members of the press-gang, for they had given him the best of treatment, North and South, and he added that he could even pass through Chicago without being reported. This statement seemed utterly improbable, but out of politeness was allowed to pass unchallenged. The conversation drifting toward Southern matters, Judge Tourgee briefly explained the animosity of the feeling that was being awakened through the South by the efforts made to secure National aid for the education of the illiterate of that section. The South, he declared, feel that they will lose their solid grip the day that the population, black and white, possess even an average intelligence. The Judge believed that the Republican party had also made political capital out of the ignorance of the Southerners, and he had a suspicion that Logan's bill to divert the whisky tax into educational channels was intended to complicate the liquor question, and postpone action on the educational. "That may not be true," said the Judge, "but that is an opinion I have." Attention was called to the hard knocks the Atlanta *Constitution* was giving him for his views on this matter, and the question was asked, "How does Georgia compare with other Southern States in the ratio of illiteracy?" "You might as well ask about the degrees of different sections of hell," was the forcible answer. "There is no appreciable difference," he continued. "Ignorance hangs over all of them like a pall, and this is the result of hundreds of years of oppression. A Southerner has no particular antipathy to a negro as such, but he regards any attempt to elevate him and place him on an equality with the whites as a personal affront."

"Then you look upon the South as likely to remain solid for some time?"

"Certainly; why not? The North has done nothing to prevent it. The two sections had been growing apart for hundreds of years, living under two antagonistic civilizations, and the war was an inevitable corollor, and as soon as it was ended, the North sat down and supposed because it had whipped the people of the South that it had made them at one stroke over into New England Yankees, and that they would at once change their natures and love the things they formerly hated, and despise the things they formerly adored. The North made the fool mistake of thinking that the whole work of emancipation was ended with the war. I was fool enough for ten or twelve years to think the same, and I paid very dearly for my experience."

"Then you think that a generation or two will have to die out before the bitter sentiments of the South will die away?"

"A generation or two! Why, you'll have to serve an adjournment to the Resurrection about five times before these questions are settled."

"So you had a pretty hard experience in the South, did you, Judge?"

"I must certainly did," was the reply, "and if I had to spend the ten years over again I would rather live in hell that length of time than where I am."

"Then you think that the South will present a solid front at the next election?"

"Why certainly they will. They have 85 per cent of the electoral vote ready to cast to-day if necessary, and the slaughter will only exact the fitting of planting on T. Fifteen States remain solid and will stay so, and the Republicans can hope for no material support in any of them. True, the negroes may be allowed the amusement of casting their ballots, but that won't amount to anything. As long as the Republican party leaves the colored man to be shot down at the mercy of unreconciled rebels, so long will Danville and Copiah county massacres continue."

At this point an effort was made to sound the Judge on the question of Presidential candidates, but he was as dumb as an oyster, and preferred to tell why he moved the *Continent* from Philadelphia to New York. It was because the latter place was the center for everything—the American metropolis. Magazines and newspapers went to New York, not because it was especially a literary center but because it was the focus, which attracted from all over the country the brightest and best things in every department of thought and labor. The Judge was asked if he preferred literature to law, and he answered "No," but added quickly, "it pays better." After some other interesting observations on political and literary topics, the Judge was allowed to go his way in peace, and the reporter stole silently away.

BOULDER NEWS AND COURIER

FRIDAY, APRIL 30, 1880.

Wm. G. Shedd. Eugene Wilder.

SHEDD & WILDER,

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS

T. H. EVERTS, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

JUDGE TOURGEE'S LECTURE.

Boettcher's Hall was seated for four hundred auditors on Saturday evening, and about three hundred chairs were filled with "Boulder's best," who were anxious to see and hear the author of "A Fool's Errand." Owing to some failure in committee work, or the non-existence of any committee on lights and stage furniture, the lecturer had to go upon a platform better arranged for a clog-dance than for a lecture, and undertake to read manuscript from the top of an empty potash-box, by the light chiefly of a single kerosene hand-lamp borrowed at the nearest store!

It is an old observation, that little things reveal character better than great ones. Judge Tourgee's behavior under the circumstances mentioned stamped him in our mind as a man not only of ample brain-power, but of admirable temper, and these two make what Confucius calls "the superior man." Had the Judge been of a vain or irritable disposition, instead of the good-humored remark about placing "one of the fools" behind a "concentrated lye" (box) to lecture to us, he would have shown as much anger as we once saw Theodore Tilton exhibit under similar, though not so aggravating circumstances; or, had his mental resources been less than great, when he found it impossible to read his manuscript by such a light, he would have yielded the floor entirely instead of gracefully abandoning his paper to give us an *extempore* speech of great eloquence, pith and power, as he actually did. We do not know who, if anybody, is to blame, but we respectfully submit that Boulder owes Judge Tourgee both extra thanks and an apology in the premises. Beyond this we feel like saying that, when a *gentleman*—were he the humblest instead of one of the most distinguished men in Colorado—comes by request and delivers a gratuitous lecture for the benefit of one of our public institutions, to treat him to such notices—we will not dignify them by the name of criticisms—as Judge Tourgee received from the "daily press," is, to our mind, not at all to the credit of Boulder. Such journalism, boast it never so loudly of itself, will never build up our town. We charge it to thoughtlessness rather than malice on the part of our worthy cotemporaries—thoughtlessness born of haste incident to "daily" writing. Surely, no mere difference of political faith can excuse their want of the commonest courtesy suggested by the circumstances under which the Judge came before us.

The lecture itself was, to our mind, thoroughly admirable, and that the audience so regarded it was evidenced not only by repeated applause, but by that—less demonstrative but more expressive—intense attention, which all first-class speakers value more highly than they do any cheering.

We have consumed too much space in thus "freeing our mind" about the incidents of the lecture to undertake here even a synopsis of its contents. Some of its propositions or inferences we could not entirely agree with, but it contained food for the deepest thought—thought that will keep, and do to recur to from time to time in the future. For the present we must be content with saying simply that its leading ideas were: 1. That every true crusade begins in the so-called lower strata of society and works upward to the top—is an upheaval of primal forces in human nature, and not a mere display of superficial passions or temporary impulses. 2. That *the* "coming crusade" is that which is now showing itself in the negro exodus from the South—beginning on the very lowest plain of life, but destined to push its way upward through all the social strata. It is a crusade against *ignorance*, for the possession of something more precious than the Holy Sepulchre and all the relics of Assyria, viz: *Knowledge*—knowledge, the only key which can unlock the handcuffs of the slave, and the only weapon that will defend man against his oppressors on every hand.

E CLEVELAND LEADER.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1884.

MODERN MURDER.

Cain and Herod Outdone By Municipal Authorities.

Wholesale Slaughter an Outgrowth of Civilization—Judge Tourgee's Lecture at the Tabernacle.

There was another splendid audience at the Tabernacle last evening on the occasion of the second lecture in the winter's course. Judge Albion W. Tourgee was the speaker, and his theme was "Cain, Herod & Co." The Judge's journalistic experience has not disagreed with him physically. He looks twenty pounds heavier and not a day older than he did on his last appearance here. A pair of heavy gold rimmed glasses resting on his nose gave him something of a ministerial air. He was attired in a full dress suit, and his high standing collar was decorated with a rich satin tie, gracefully bowed. Rev. Philip S. Moxom, pastor of the Fist Baptist Church, introduced him in a few very pertinent remarks. Cain, Herod & Co. were, said Judge Tourgee, a very ancient but a most respectable firm. No prince in modern times ever anticipated such an inheritance as did Cain. Speaking of killing Abel, he said that it must be admitted the provocation was very great. Cain had been taught to earn his own bread. Abel was the favorite son. If one stopped to think of the kind of tools Cain was obliged to use to earn his bread he would wonder why it was that he did not

DEPOPULATE THE WHOLE EARTH.

He was indeed a horny handed son of toil. Abel were different. His mother encouraged him in playing with the other lambs. His flock could not have been a very large one. There were no competing firms to bid for the wool, and the tariff was doubtless great enough to satisfy even an Ohio farmer. Abel grew up to be what is now a recognized necessity—the family loafer. Some of his sheep wandered over and destroyed some of Cain's early vegetables. Then Cain seized a knotty stick that may have been a mate to the one afterwards used by Hercules, and beat out what few brains Abel inherited from his silly mother. There was nothing in the act to entitle Cain to the fame he has since received, but for the fact that he discovered that man was made not only to work but to be killed, and he turned from his task and stupidly asked: "Am I my brother's keeper?" Between Cain's day and Herod's there were many improved methods of slaughter. Motives also grew more complex and there were many changes in the weapons used. The very first efforts of science was the improvement of weapons of destruction. Cain, Herod & Co. have counted the laboratory as one of the important accessories of the firm. Herod was as much of a bungler at the trade as Cain. It is quite impossible to arrive at the number of children killed for which Herod is directly responsible. The Scriptures say he sent men forth to destroy all children under two years of age. This fact does not entitle him to the high place assigned him in the firm name. The Judge said that he had no doubt that the municipal authorities of Cleveland killed every year more children than perished under Herod. The latter

WAS AN ENORMOUS BUNGLER.

He sent forth men to cut and kill with their rough swords. It was clean, plain, primitive barbarity. It is a fact that less than one in a thousand of the world's population are killed in battle or at the hands of another. There are three great agencies, of which the law takes no note, each of which slay many times the number that are killed by the members of the firm of Cain, Herod & Co. These are Ignorance, Greed, and Neglect. Our merchants to-day pay a premium for smuggling the cholera into America. The poor wretches who follow in the train of the awful scourge sell at a sacrifice the cast-aside garments that have been picked up, but the American merchant charters a ship under a false oath, that he may bring these infected rags. The very forces that unite the ends of the earth and make us neighbors bring back and forth the seeds of disease and the powers of destruction. Religion itself aids in the work when it ceases to take into consideration the construction of the human body. Night after night, the speaker said, he had journeyed through the tenement quarters of New York city. He had learned that half of those dying under twenty-seven years of age were under two years of age. Look at that picture and then call Herod a murderer! Herod would have been overwhelmed and astounded at such wholesale destruction by the enlightened authorities of New York. The city of Philadelphia gives its school children water to drink pumped from a point in the Schuylkill River so filthy that only the toughest fish like bullheads and eels can

five there at all. Above this point the sewerage of 250,000 people was emptied into the river. Talk about Cain, talk about Herod. No human agencies ever wrought such destruction before. Side by side with our civilization has come a tremendous power for evil. This nineteenth century civilization we boast of has made nearly all of us homicides and human life is at the beck and nod of others. We must wake up to the fact we are the keepers of everyone else. Someway or somehow we must influence his life more or less. The power that destroys must be made the instrumentality that saves.

THE HERALD.

The Cleveland Herald, Established 1819.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1884.

"CAIN, HEROD & CO."

An Interesting Lecture Delivered Last Evening by Judge Tourgee.

The second lecture of the Manager Hartz Course was delivered at the Tabernacle last evening by Judge Tourgee. There was a large and intelligent audience present. The Judge delivered his new lecture entitled "Cain, Herod & Co.," which not only proved to be quite interesting but instructive.

Judge Tourgee was introduced by Rev. Philip Moxom with a few remarks. "Cain, Herod & Co.," the speaker said, was a very old firm. Cain was in much better condition than any of the more modern princes, as he, being the eldest son of his father, inherited the whole world. It could not be expected therefore that he felt very grateful to Abel when he made his appearance. There is nothing in the act which Cain did to entitle him to the reputation he has gained aside from the discovery he made—that man is not only born to work but to be killed. As a murderer he was a bungler. There was nothing fine about it. The first efforts of science was to improve the articles of warfare, and the workers have been members of the firm of Cain, Herod & Co. The numbers that are killed by the articles invented by the members of this firm are as nothing compared to those who are laid low by the agencies which are working around us at all times undisturbed.

Herod was, like Cain, pretty much of a bungler. We are not acquainted with the extent of his work in the direction of destruction. He ordered the death of the children in the country, but we do not know how far the territory extended. The number put to death may have been two thousand. I have no doubt, however, that the municipal authorities of large cities kill every year more children than Herod. Less than one in one thousand in modern times are killed in war, or killed intentionally. There are three agencies which are far more destructive than the implements of war—ignorance, greed and neglect. The germs of disease to day are often distributed by some of the most prominent members of society.

The speaker gave a very interesting account of a tour of the lower seccions of New York City, where in many places he found as many as thirty-two people living in one room about 17 feet square, and the cities of these houses, he said, are often vested in the members of the upper society. The dumping of death-dealing garbage into water which is afterward distributed through many cities, and the packing of children into poorly ventilated schoolrooms, also received the attention of the speaker. In Philadelphia the people are given water to drink which is pumped out of the Schuylkill—water so terrible filthy that no fish, except bullheads and eels, can live in it. The greater part of the mortality in that city is, without doubt, brought about from this cause. And yet because it would cost something to pump the pure water from the mountains it continues to pump it out of the Schuylkill after the sewers of the city empty into it. The greatest destroyers of human lives are found in the best society, said the Judge, and they are all members of the great firm.

THE CITY.

"Give Us a Rest" and Judge Tourgee's Reasons Therefor

"Give Us a Rest," was the title of Judge Albion W. Tourgee's lecture at Westminster church last evening, where a large and fashionable audience listened to the quaint and philosophic sayings of the man who wrote "The Fool's Errand." The title is one which leads the ticket buyer to expect a string of nonsense intermingled with more or less of that very common order of humor now so much in vogue, but the person who expects anything from Judge Tourgee but good, hard, battering-ram sense is apt to want his money back at the door.

THE LECTURE.

Judge Tourgee said: Rest is the complement of labor. Labor and rest are the prime co-efficients of every life worth living. Labor is the resultant aim of man's life; rest its incident condition. That we shall labor is enforced upon us by divine command; that we shall rest is enforced upon us b. ..like command, written not on tables of stone, nor yet simply on man's heart; but entered into the fibres of his being, where he cannot disregard it if he would. Not to rest is one of those sins that brings its punishment on the spot; not to rest is to cripple at the outset all that power that God has given to man; not to rest is to label man at the very outset, at the very instant, both as a weakling and a fool. By rest I do not mean the mere act of sleep; by rest I do not mean the mere absence of occupation, even; by rest I do not mean simple, unadulterated loafing; by rest I do not mean anything that a lazy man can know. The lazy man may loaf—he cannot rest. [Applause.] He may slouch around, he may do nothing, as if he had a divine calling to do so, but rest he cannot. Rest is that change of occupation, rest is that relaxation of attention, rest is that putting of the mind in a new channel, or in a new source, that gives to the over-strained nerves—that gives to the worn body—that gives to the weary heart relaxation.

THE LABOR THAT WEARIES.

A man may rest and work like a horse all the time; a man may do more resting than most people even dream of, and yet do more work than most of us even know of.

To take the language of our latest exponent of the nervous system: "Labor—that labor which wearies, is that which requires the exercise, constant and repeatedly, of certain nerve centers of certain specific organization—that day after day, week after week, and month after month calls for the exercise of just the same powers, just the same characteristics, just the same excitement, just the same weariness." And while the remaining portion of the brain, while the rest of our nerves and intellectual life may be without action, that one point may be wearing and wearing and wearing, until by and by it gives way, and we say the mind has failed.

CHANGE OF OCCUPATION—REST.

It is not true—the mind has not failed; only one link in the chain of intellect has grown weary, and because that has parted the whole is a wreck. I desire then, at the outset to define what I mean by the term rest, because I find that people sometimes misapprehend the purpose and object of my remarks.

Rest, then, is that relaxation, that change of labor or occupation, that change of scenery or surroundings which shall work renewed energy to exhausted brain or nervous power—as I say—that is, essentially to every man—to every woman.

It is especially essential to us at this time because of the character of our American life today. There are certain states of human existence in which rest comes that is sufficient. There are other states in which certain existing causes serve to drive out rest and to leave one the terrible realities of weariness, labor and exhaustion. Our time of life and age in which we live, the country in which we live, the climate in which we live, are all of them peculiarly calculated to make it necessary for us to consider the importance of rest—to every man who claims to do what the good Lord has given him the power to do. What we owe to ourselves for rest is but the least of our duty.

The Tribune.

YESTERDAY AND TOMORROW.

Yesterday took us upon its shoulders and lifted us up to the height of its growth. [Applause.] Tomorrow is already clambering about our knees and demanding that we give to it the power, the life, the force to come up to a power holier and higher. If we are to give that growth, if we are to pay to the future that debt that we owe, it is incumbent upon us to make of ourselves the very best. It is a false idea—it is a coward's plea—that says that tomorrow is but yesterday in disguise. It was the cowardice, not the art, of the great German poet that induced him to say that yesterday, today and tomorrow were simply one great repetition. No yesterday is the pattern of any day, and no tomorrow will ever be builded on any yesterday. [Applause.]

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

Every age, every generation, takes upon itself new and important responsibilities in regard to these very circumstances that surround them. The gray haired man of today who says to his son of 20, "I know where you stand; I know what you have to face; I know what you have to do"—that man lies. He never was in that place in the world—he never could have been there. When he was 20 years old the world wore another aspect. During the past forty years there has been a revelation in our own lives infinitely greater than that which is marked by the advance of physical science. You and I have not felt it consciously felt it; it has come to us so easily; it has come so gradually that we forget that the life—the life that surrounds our body—is not the life of today in any of its essential characteristics. The youth of our nation was one peculiarity of exertion; it was one of unmitigated, of continuous exertion, just so far as the circumstances of that time would allow. Our forefathers coming from the English climate, mainly coming from the continent of Europe, bringing with them the force of habit, bringing with them the surroundings under which they had grown, bringing with them the influence of hundreds of years of steady, set progress—slow, quiet, unfelt—came to a new climate; they came to one where the sun shines four times as many times every year as it does in England, [Applause]; they came to a climate every possible influence of which was toward life. Even the Hollander that came over here and dropped down into New Amsterdam, after a few years tears himself away from his pipe, wakes up to new energy, and a new life, and sets out into the wilderness to conquer nature and build up the new land. They came here with every inspiration and every aspiration to exercise. I do not wish to say one word of derogation of the high and holy aims of our pilgrim fathers, but in my humble judgment they did not come here so much to build a country devoted to civil and religious liberty, especially to religious. They came here intending to worship God in their own way and to make everybody else worship him in the same way. [Laughter.]

DESIRE TO OWN LAND.

But the great impulse of all settlers of the American soil has been a different one from that. It has been the desire to own a piece of land, as the law hath it, laid out with known metres and bounds, and with no one between them and God to be greater than the owner. It was a desire to have land attached to every man's life that has made the American continent what it is. If it were not a little outside of my line I would tell you a story that shows that. When, years before the King of England had the least right or title to a foot of land west of the Allegheny mountains—when that soil on which we stand to-day was rightfully held by the King of France, His Most Catholic Majesty—at that time when the government of England never dreamt of laying claim to anything west of the Alleghany mountains, the hardy pioneer of Virginia, despising the barrier of the mountains, despising the power of His Catholic Majesty, had gone over through the passes of the Cumberland, each one of them carrying a rifle—and what else, do you think? A surveyor's chain and compass, and axe; and they went over there and laid out, each one the corners of his own domain, sowed in it a handful of corn, and went back to Virginia, leaving it ripening to the titles of today to one fourth of the land of the state of Kentucky. It was the desire to own land in fee that was the great inspirer of American life. But that purpose, linked with the development which it gave, brought also a wonderful individualism. Such a man as that cannot be found on the continent of Europe. [Applause]. They don't grow such things there [Laughter]. A man of that type devising to do anything of that kind on the continent of Europe would be obliged to have the recognition of his highness, the Prince of Wales, or of some other titled idiot to give him success [Applause].

AMERICAN INDIVIDUALITY.

The judge then went on to give some humorous experience which he had with young foreigners, who did not seem as if they could do anything unless their teachers would let them. They lacked the independence, the spirit, the enterprise and the pluck of the American youth. "Every American," he said, "believes in himself, and for his own sake he cares little for the opinion of others, unless it touches his wealth, or his dress, or his position in society."

Speaking of the independence and activity of the average American citizen, Judge Tourgee said, amidst great laughter: "The result of all this tendency is inspired, increased, multiplied by the activity of our climate, which can put up a bigger assortment of weather in the same time than any other on earth. I say this characteristic individualism, greatly increased by the exciting tendencies of our climate, made our early American life; while the fight was going on with nature, while the course of conquest was from the eastward toward the westward; while men struggled with every means in their power to overcome the wilderness and to tame the continent, while that was the case there was a peculiar situation of affairs that prevented overwork. One of our grandfathers would have had a very hard time in trying to do too much work, because he was compelled at that time to exercise the body as well as the mind. If a man had a bright idea in New York it took him six months to get it beyond the Mississippi. As long as he had to take it then in a saddle or a rumbling stage coach he was tolerably safe against dyspepsia.

EVIDENCE OF PROGRESS.

"That would have been a wonderful man who would have wearied his brain traveling by canal boat. That would have been an amazing age that could have worn out its nervous strength while its physical power was exhausted by the day's work."

Supposing some cases of men of olden time, in comparison with the busy men of the present time, the judge said: "Suppose the good and great George Washington, who took thirty-two days to go from New York to Portsmouth, and he was in a hurry, too. [Laughter.] Suppose that man who had leisure to direct his servant to black his horse's hoof when he went on parade in the city of New York, and then had time enough to remember thirteen months afterward that he had done so, and that he had paid the colored man a dollar for doing it, and who had time enough to make a charge of it to the government—suppose that man to endeavor to carry on war today with 3,400 newspapers to tell the truth about him, let alone the lies—with a brigade of reporters in his camp to disclose his plans before he had made them, and with a telephone in his tent, talking by day and night, where do you suppose that man would be in a month's time? Suppose that John Wesley, with the habits, with the constitution, with the culture which he had received, with the life which he had been endowed with; suppose him to have dropped right down today into the middle of our lives, with the telephone in his room and 20,000 believing disciples, up and down the earth, yelling at him every fifteen minutes, and asking him what he thought about the New Version, where do you suppose the Methodist church would been today? It never would have been heard of under these circumstances."

"WHAT SHALL WE DO TO BE SAVED?"

The judge went on in this happy strain, contrasting the active life of the present with the plodding, easy, yet safer plan of the past, illustrating all he said with humorous and grotesque pictures of personal characters—comparing the work of Bismarck with the work of his predecessors—and deducting from the whole kaleidoscope reefs and dangers ahead for those, in this rapid age, who do not live at least with a careful regard for the laws of health.

After assuming that rest in this age was something to be attained only by a hard and mighty struggle, the question arose: "What shall we do to be saved?" The judge said: "What shall we do? I do not know. We ought to do something, and do it quickly. It is not my duty to tell you what to do, but there are a few things that I would like to suggest to the audience that may be done or left undone. How you or I should rest nobody can tell any more than they can tell you how to work. I remember the longest strain of continuous work I ever endured myself. I kept myself in fine condition with fifteen hours work per day, working at writing a novel three hours a day, the rest of the time writing a law book, with one hour per day on a blooded horse. If I had tried to work at law all the time, I would have broken down before three months were over. If I had left the horse out, I would have been in the grave before the task was done. I do not know how your life may demand rest, any more than you can tell how mine may, but I do know that our whole people must bring home to themselves the necessity of rest. It is good to come into our families."

ÆSTHETIC INFLUENCES.

The speaker went on and said he thanked God for the new and high influences of art in the shape of æsthetic work, which was being done in every cultured family; for our new pictures—even though they represent the same one-legged crane looking at the same lonesome frog, which hops away until one wishes that cranes and frogs had never been created; for the fashionable tendency that hung a curtain where there was a door before; for the bric-a-brac that sticks in every corner of every parlor; for the Chinese cabinet filled with little Chinese impossibilities, made for the occasion; for the Japanese glass, the fourteenth century little vases, and those great drinking bowls of ancient Rome that meant a good big solid drunk to the Ancient Roman and mean nothing at all to us. I thank God for all these, because they have induced us to spread the home out all over the house. Forty years ago one third—and the best third at that—of the American homes—I mean at the north—was consecrated to consumption and death. Nobody ever dwelt or slept in the parlor or in the parlor bed room, or ought never to have done so unless he was ready for another and a better world. (Laughter). It was a great nursery of consumption, and it has kept us full of it and it is giving us a great inheritance of it today. But just as soon as these things came, absurd as they are in themselves, they opened the whole house, and now, thank God, the American lives in his own house from cellar to garret. In these days I have occasionally seen an old man sitting in the parlor with his feet on the sofa. It was tough on the sofa, but it was the salvation of the old man. [Laughter.] I have seen a boy now and then, of late, turning somersaults on the parlor carpet. The home has grown, but it may grow more."

THE WARNING.

In conclusion, the judge said: "The mother that is urging her son to go forward to excel; that is urging him to turn night into day, when daylight is cheaper than gaslight, anyhow—that mother hardly thinks that she is wearing out that brain at all. By and by it will demand the aid of stimulants. The young mother that sends forth her hopeful son into that great agency by which trade brings its products to our doors today—the commercial travelers, the drummers of this age; that says to him, "Go, my son, and prosper!" She does not wish that young man, rushing into life, to undertake what the matured man might shrink from; that, by and by, when he has travelled all night, when he has fought all day the most fearful battle of traffic with the keenest foes, there will come a time when, having to write his letter at night, he shall say: "Oh, God, I must have something to help me in this."

THE REPORTER'S ERRAND.

An Attempt to Interview Judge Albion W. Tourgee.

Judge A. W. Tourgee and his estimable wife were at the West hotel yesterday afternoon, comfortably engaged in reading and writing, when a reporter for the TRIBUNE was admitted. It is unnecessary to tell the intelligent reader who Judge Tourgee is. If there are any who do not remember him by name, they will at least remember him as the author of "A Fool's Errand," "Bricks Without Straw," and several other latter-day novels of a profitable and interesting character, and perhaps they remember him still more vividly as the silent and sorrowful mourner who has lately followed to the grave one of the darlings of his heart—a weekly magazine known as *Our Continent*. The judge, who has been one of the most popular of recent American writers, coined money on his novels, but it is hinted—in what the foreign correspondents call high authentic circles—that he put it all in *Our Continent* and *Our Continent* refused to give it up. In other words he put his money in a hole.

"No," said Judge Tourgee—after introducing Mrs. T.—"I never allow myself to be interviewed—positively never. I don't think you ever saw an interview with me in print."

"For that reason, Judge," remarked the reporter, "I would particularly like to interview you now."

"I know you would," he answered laughing, "but you see it can't be done. Fact is I know all the newspaper boys and they know me. I have always told them that I wouldn't be interviewed, and asked them not to urge it upon me. I used to be a newspaper reporter once myself, you see," and he heaved a sigh, "so I know just about how it is."

"What is your particular objection to the interview, Judge?"

"Well—now mind, you are not interviewing me—it is this: If I have anything good to say, I like to say it in my books or lectures; if I have anything bad to say, I don't like to say it in print at all."

Judge Tourgee must be about 50 years of age. He is rather short, ruddy faced, stout, hale and jolly. He doesn't seem—or didn't yesterday—to be suffering from any disappointment. Mrs. Tourgee accompanies him everywhere, and acts as a loving and watchful private secretary.

MINNEAPOLIS.

The Pioneer Press.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1884.

JUDGE TOURGEE ON REST.

An Instructive Lecture Given by the Well Known Author at Westminster Church—The Judge's Theory of Repose.

Judge Albion Tourgee lectured under the auspices of the Star lecture course in the Westminster church last night. Nearly every seat in the lecture room of the church was occupied. The judge does not make a graceful figure on the platform, and his gestures are awkward. But all that is forgotten in the power with which he keeps up the interest of his audience. "Give Us a Rest," was the subject on which he was announced to speak. He began by saying that the same power which commands labor imposes rest. The relation between the two is reciprocal. Either work without rest or rest without work would be impossible. Philosophers are accustomed to send us out to the ant for instruction in this regard, but they forget that the ant sleeps half the year, and cannot be taken as an example. To do and not to rest is the command, and ever the command is repeated to be up and doing. But fifty years ago it was impossible to do too much in any branch of business or avocation of life. The opportunity to do was so restricted that a man could not hurt himself. We can scarcely realize what a change has been brought about by our American mode of life. Our forefathers when they came to this country experienced its stimulating influences. They were obliged to contend against wonderful obstacles. They had a whole continent to subdue from nature. They were fairly driven to the attempt, and forced to economize every moment of time and every ray of light, and a great deal of strength and endurance. But in this struggle he was not subject to any great mental strain or nervous exhaustion, for the reason that the very things they were obliged to do wrought the remedy of their evil effects. Social machinery moved slow, and ideas had time to grow and develop. Men were given time in those days to develop their physical powers, and could not help but live long. Nowadays a man deals with the whole world. He touches a wire sitting in Chicago and talks with a man in Boston, and makes an appointment for a meeting two days later in the middle of the continent. A twelve-year-old boy now knows more than men formerly did at twenty-five. A boy catches knowledge somewhat as he does small pox by exposure. A decade is made to contain more than a former half century. We know all about everybody, and we have the whole world on our finger tips. There is investigation in regard to everything. We try to make our children learn everything. Witness the curriculum of our common

schools. We have come into the habit of forcing life from its cradle. It is the first lesson in American life. The speaker remembered that when the news of Henry Clay's defeat came in a newspaper three weeks old, his father shed tears. What American now would weep over anything that had happened three weeks before? Knowledge is demanded and obtained almost at the moment of the occurrence. Another way in which a great deal of modern energy is consumed is the great stream of perodical literature that is pouring continually over the face of the country. It would have broken down the man of the eighteenth century to do the amount of reading that an ordinary man now does in five years in the midst of his business. Thus it is that a man by all these streams of interest and sympathy is connected with the whole world. It is a great strain, and it is beginning to tell on us, because the circumstances which protected our fathers no longer protect us. We have not the time to raise a body. The puny soul is developed at seventeen, and is ready for angelic existence at forty. Many illustrations were cited in which business men had become insane from overwork. It is so all through life. Children come into the world weary and ready for the grave. Were it not for the foreign born of our population there would be more deaths than births. How many of well-known statesmen of Europe were able to live to a great age and they did most of their work after the time that Americans think they are about ready to die. The speaker said he thought the American public school system one of the greatest of instruments for the destruction of life. No teacher can make a man out of a boy simply by standing him on end and stuffing him with dry, unmixed facts. The rest which the speaker advocated as an antidote for all these ills must come day by day as we get our daily bread. It must come in the home, not out of it. He thought the gymnasium as an artificial means of getting health and strength was one of the devil's own inventions, a school boy can't get health in any such way. It must come with the sports of boyhood. In conclusion, the speaker dwelt upon the moral aspect of the question, which enjoins upon every man to take care of himself in order that his posterity may be well and strong.

REPUBLICAN CHAMPION,

NEWPORT, N. H.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 1, 1885.

"An Appeal to Caesar."

Judge Tourgee's latest work* has not only attracted the attention to which the character of previous volumes from his trenchant pen entitles it, but makes a most startling impression of itself. It must be conceded by all who have read his novels that no Northern man understands the South better than he, but this Appeal demonstrates that he understands them better than they understood themselves, and indeed nobody has more skilfully analyzed the motives and purposes of the North in the irrepressible conflict between freedom and oppression, intelligence and ignorance.

The title of the new book is striking, and characteristic, but even the thoughtful reader, whose interest has already engaged by the momentous problem presented in the Southern states, is hardly prepared for such an array of facts and conclusions as is here presented. Every thinking man realizes that the white voter of the South wielded undue influence in the recent Presidential election, and it does not take a very long head to foresee in the near future a negro uprising that is horrible to contemplate. Hardly a Northern man is there but realizes that the dense ignorance of the South checks her material progress and is a menace to the peace of the nation, and there are few who do not recognize the necessity of national aid to education in the South. Too few, however, realize how great is the usurpation of power by the whites of the Southern States and how much more weight they individually have in national issues than Northern voters; too few realize how great is the ignorance in most of the Southern states, how great and how immediate the danger from it, or how clear our duty in the work of dispelling this ignorance.

The facts portrayed are startling indeed, and should arrest everybody's attention, but the chief value of the book as a contribution to the history of national politics is in the manner in which it lays bare the Northern and the Southern mind and heart, with the characteristics and tendencies of the two civilizations. The animosities of the reconstructionary period and the atrocities that have followed the enfranchisement of the negro, not uncommonly attributed to "the feelings engendered by the war," are shown to be no less the fruitage of centuries of slavery than the war a clash between that system and the free institutions of the North.

The existence of an impending and terrible danger is clearly shown. The responsibility, the remedy, and the mode of application are discussed with equal candor and ability, and the reader is driven to the irresistible conclusion, not only that Judge Tourgee has "diagnosed the disease correctly," as President Garfield realized, but that he has prescribed the proper treatment. If Caesar heeds not the appeal, then so much the worse for Caesar.

The author began the preparation of this book at the request of the lamented President Garfield, to whom he had demonstrated his solution of the problem. Upon his untimely death the work was abandoned, and for one reason and another not resumed until recently, when the apparent unconcern of the present Congress spurred its completion. Perhaps it is in season to insure the passage of the Senate educational bill by the House. If not, it must hasten the passage of a bill equally liberal in its provisions.

*AN APPEAL TO CAESAR. By Albion W. Tourgee, LL. D., author of "A Fool's Errand," "Bricks without Straw," etc., 422 pages, price $1.25. Fords, Howard & Hulbert, 27 Park Place, New York.

The Press.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1884.

THE BOOK WORLD.

Judge Tourgee's Last Book on Southern Men, Labor and Politics.*

"An Appeal to Cæsar"—Cordial Sympathy for the Southern People by One Who Has Lived among Them—Other Reviews and Notes.

It is plain that at last the American people are waking to a sense of their responsibility for the negro, whom they wisely freed, but blindly left to his own fate, first thrusting into his hand a gift, like Christian's club in "Pilgrim's Progress," capable of working his ruin or his salvation. A ringing appeal to the voters of this land has been made by Judge Tourgee. "An upas tree," he says, "had taken deep root in the virgin soil of the New World. A free people hacked it down with the sword. It cost more than a million lives and $5,000,000 to accomplish the task. The roots were left to gather strength for other harmful growth. The Nation was so elated with its achievement that it forgot all about the source from which the evil sprang. Already the new growth has borne fruit of violence and misrule." His "Appeal to Cæsar" is an attempt to help every citizen answer the questions: Can we afford to allow the roots of this evil to remain? How much can we afford to pay to have them digged up? And how can this best be accomplished?

Judge Tourgee is no Cassandra. There are thousands who agree with him. Neither does he write with bitterness. He shows that the people of the North and the people of the South, though, until the war, they kept asserting their union, were always drifting farther and farther apart "in interest, sentiment and good-will, and, though both spoke the same language, professed the same religion and thought that they were the same people, yet they neither comprehended nor respected each other's motives. Judge Tourgee shows that, after the 19,000,000 of Northern freemen had, with infinite difficulty, thoroughly beaten the 8,000,000 of freemen of the South, they separated and are to-day scarcely more united than before the war. The North went back and tried to forgive and forget. Not so the South: "They felt themselves wronged and crushed. They could not forget, and they found it hard to be forgiven. What the North accounted an act of grace and mercy was to them far more humiliating than defeat. The blow that followed was a thousand times worse than war. The abolition of slavery was nothing in their eyes when compared with the enfranchisement of the freedmen * * * the humiliation that came through the enfranchisement of the negro was a new aggression, an inconceivable insult and degradation, the shame of which no words can tell." He goes on to say:

THE NATION STILL DIVIDED.

The North, its purposes accomplished, clapped its hands gleefully and boasted of its magnanimity, its Christian kindness, its sagacity, its shrewdness. No blood had been shed; no punishment meted out. No rebel life had been required in expiation for the crime of treason. No man's goods or chattels had been taken, so they said. No misguided leader had been expatriated. There had only been grace and mercy; and in a little while, a very little while, we shall have peace. Yet the years went on, and peace came not. All the objects of Northern desire had been achieved. The slave had been made free. The freedman had been made a voter. The forms of Northern society had been imposed upon the life of the South. There was nothing more to be done. All that patriotism, humanity, and the highest Christian sentiment could demand had been performed. We had forgiven our enemies, freed the slave, and shown master and servant how they might dwell in peace together. Nay, we had gone farther still. We tore from our banners the names of battles where our brothers had been our foes. From the captured cannon we erased the inscription that told from whom it was wrested. We put away the trophies of victory that they might molder unseen. From the register of our army we obliterated every word that could offend. Surely we had done all our duty—and a little more. Not only grace and oblivion had we extended to our enemy, but greeting and congratulation also. Years went on; and yet the peaceable fruits of our righteousness did not appear. * * * Can it be possible that anything is wrong? Is it conceivable that in our work of reconstruction we have left anything that needed to be done? Can the wisdom, the patriotism, the sentiment of the North by any possibility be at fault? Is there any further thing needful for us to do?

Judge Tourgee's book is devoted to an elucidation of ten propositions, bearing upon this tremendous problem. The facts in the case may be summarized under a dozen heads:

1. The feeling of race antipathy, which is either a disease or an acquired habit of mind, is not peculiar to the white people of the South or incident to recent historical events.

2. The fusion of whites and blacks at the South is an impossibility.

3. In our entire population in the United States there are six and one-half whites to each colored person; among 18,000,000 of our population (border and Southern States) one out of every three is of the African race, is twenty years removed from slavery, and less than 300 years from barbarism. Among 9,000,000 (border states) one in every five of the population is colored. Among 8,000,000 more (Southern States) there is practically one colored man to every white inhabitant.

Seven of the Southern States have an average of 16.9 per cent of colored inhabitants; eight have an average of 47.6 per cent, and three an average of 56.4 per cent.

4. At present rates of increase the white population will double itself every thirty-five years; the black every twenty years.

5. In the year 1900, or sixteen years hence, each of the states lying between Maryland and Texas will have a colored majority within its borders, and we shall have eight minor republics of the Union in which either the colored race will rule or a majority will be disfranchised.

6. The percentage of foreign-born population in Virginia, the Carolinas, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana has steadily decreased since 1860, showing a loss of 28,976 in twenty years.

7. The percentage of the native whites of the South living at the North is almost three times as large as the percentage of white natives of the North living at the South.

While the proportion of native whites who are removing from the South is rapidly increasing the percentage of colored emigration from the South is steadily decreasing.

Out of the 32,000,000 of the population of the North there are less than 1,500,000 who are illiterate; out of the 18,000,000 of the population of the South there are nearly 5,000,000 who cannot read and write.

Twenty-five per cent of the colored population of the North and 75 per cent of the colored population of the South cannot read and write.

In the Black Belt 48½ per cent of the entire population cannot read and write, 25 per cent of the native whites and 78 per cent of the colored population being illiterates.

Of 1,900,000 white and black voters in the eight Southern States, 867,000, or 45 per cent, cannot even read the names upon their ballots.

The states in which this mass of ignorance, averaging 40 per cent or more of their voters, is to be found represent 70 per cent of a majority in the Electoral College, in the House of Representatives and in the Senate of the United States.

Comment is not necessary in face of these appalling facts which Judge Tourgee has gathered from the last census, and, remembering Mr. Blaine's words in regard to the cause of his defeat, Judge Tourgee goes on to criticise some of the plans which are proposed to deal with this problem. He believes that the illiterate voters could not be deprived of their suffrage by honest means, and that the measure would be but time serving. Nor can they be colonized in Africa, because they "are Americans, not Africans." Nor again could they be removed to any specific Western territory, even had we such. Judge Tourgee's remedy is education; "a week of war costs more than a year of education." He believes that the nation ought to apply this remedy, and he adduces, without discussion, sixteen cogent reasons for his belief.

After struggling manfully, Judge Tourgee, not altogether through his own fault, was obliged to give up "The Continent." In the columns of that unfortunate magazine he never ceased to lift his voice in behalf of the

South, which has the reputation of hating him cordially. It may yet be that Judge Tourgee will have statues erected in many Southern cities as the prophet who was once heard calling in the wilderness. Certainly every one North and South would be stirred by his "Appeal to Cæsar." It is not oratorical, it is calm and impartial, and it is stuffed full of statistics. It is a great book.

A NEGRO ON THE NEGROES.

There are many people who, either from a desire to say smart things, or from ignorance, declare that the negro is a little less than human, and make absurd jests about the missing link. Judge Tourgee well points out that the negroes have twenty years of civilization behind them, the white man 300. If any one really has such a notion, and is not too conceited to be open to conviction, he should read Mr. Fortune's "Black and White." Mr. Fortune is a colored man, the editor of a paper devoted to the interest of his people. He passes in review the events which led to the present status of the negroes in the South. His style is simple and graphic; he is a master of invective; he uses sarcasm and fact with equal force. He is a Free-trader and somewhat of a socialist, but he tells a great many wholesome truths, and points out with great acumen the need of education for the illiterate South. His volume is a valuable supplement to Judge Tourgee's "Appeal to Cæsar," and, if it does not carry conviction on all points, it certainly speaks well for the race that such a production should have emanated from a colored man in the van of progress, calling his brethren to follow, and asking aid and encouragement from his fellow citizens.

"APPEAL TO CÆSAR."

Notes Regarding Tourgee's Book.

No book of the past year has been more widely read, commented upon and criticised than A. W. Tourgee's "Appeal to Cæsar." The question of educating the colored race of the South is the one he discusses. At our request Mr. J. M. Osborne has made the following notes on the work, and we hope they will whet the appetite of our readers so that they will read the book for themselves. The day is at hand now for the South, where this is a vital question; it is not long before the North will also be as much interested in it, for it may be that the ignorant vote of the South may decide the destinies of the nation.—ED. POST.

TOURGEE'S "APPEAL TO CÆSAR."

This book is one which will well repay reading. The statistical information from the census of 1880, as he has grouped it, is an object-lesson that the American people will do well to study. While they may not assent to all his inferences, they cannot deny the force of his logic, nor can they evade the responsibility of having freed and placed the ballot at the disposal of millions who were totaly unprepared for the intelligent use of it. As to whether this was wisdom on the part of those who were immediately responsible, is not now a debatable question. But the results of enfranchised ignorance are likely to have a seriously damaging effect upon our institutions, and may even sap and possibly destroy them.

In round numbers there were in the slave states in 1860, 8,000,000 white, and 4,000,000 black; by the census of 1880, there were 12,000,000 white, and 6,000,000 black. Of the black, 90 per cent. were illiterate, and of the white and black combined, 47 per cent. were illiterate.

Mr. Tourgee makes a clear, strong plea for the education of these large masses who cannot read the ballots they vote. He considers that as a matter of justice we are bound to educate them, and that as a matter of economy it will be wisdom to do this rather than run the risk and incur the cost of suppressing by force of arms differences between the races. He shows how the old race difference, predominant in the days of slavery, still exists, and that, too, without the restraint of self-interest which formerly governed the white population.

He shows the fallacies that have deluded all regarding relative increase of the races. In the decade 1870 to 1880, the increase of whites was 20 per cent. and that of the blacks was 35 per cent. At this rate the whites double in 35 years and the blacks in 29 years.

Another interesting fact developed by the census report is that there are more natives of the South, now residing in Northern States than there are natives of the North residing in Southern States. The theories that southern habits of thought and modes of business were to be soon vastly changed by Northern emigration are not to be realized. The well-to-do native of the North prefers of choice to remain where he is, and the laboring man of the North is unwilling to attempt to compete with the black—he can not for climatic causes, and he will not for social reasons, associate with him.

Doubtless numbers at the North think now, as equal numbers did previous to the war of the rebellion, that as they were not responsible for slavery they cannot be affected by its results, or be held accountable for its effects. But as all regardless of locality or sectional position had to contribute to the cost and as many were subjected to personal bereavement and affliction, so will all be affected by the results of illiteracy at the South, if it causes, as likely it may, a collision of races.

We are so intimately connected by federal and other relations, that State lines are no defense against evils of such magnitude as that of prevailing illiteracy of both races in the Southern States. The northern masses growing up as they have within the shadow of school-houses, and other educational institutions, have no conception of the curse illiteracy has been to the South. The greater wealth and physical comfort in the North, with climatic conditions against it, as compared with the South, has its origin in the better, almost universal system of education [illegible]

[illegible] last is not [illegible] many plantings [illegible] from weeds. [illegible] The tonic grape is said to be very [illegible] able for training against buildings [illegible] walls.

AN APPEAL TO CÆSAR.*

THE author of *A Fool's Errand* speaks with authority upon the subject which, as he proved in that deservedly popular work, few men have studied more carefully, and on the whole so candidly, which no other writer, we believe, has treated from the same standpoint, or with equal advantage. A soldier in the Northern army, he went South soon after the war, with Northern ideas, prejudices, and convictions, but, as he avers, and certainly believes, free from Northern antipathies, to settle for life among a people of kindred blood and identical speech, and, as he supposed, of essentially similar thought and character. His testimony to facts is confirmed by the signal contradiction which those facts afford to his original anticipations—anticipations shared, as he affirms with sincerity, and probably with truth, by the great body of his Northern countrymen. His observation was careful, and, if not impartial, singularly fair. His bias is shown, not in misstating or even in colouring his experience, but in the assumption that everything conflicting with Northern notions and Northern conditions—nay, everything flagrantly contradicting the principles and professions of the Republican party—is essentially wrong; not always a fault to be imputed, but always an evil to be corrected by any means and at almost any cost. His facts are trustworthy, his inferences always candid and generally correct. But the contrast which the reality of his pictures presents to the unreality and even absurdity of his proposed remedy is only the more striking on that account. Few observers so careful, so cool, and so moderate, fail so signally as counsellors. A man gifted beyond most statesmen with a clear appreciation of facts might be generally trusted to recommend a statesmanlike, effectual method of dealing with them. The first half of the present work contains a diagnosis, masterly, complete, and decisive, and is in the highest degree valuable and interesting. The latter half, advising the treatment of a dangerous, lifelong, congenital disease, suggests at best the cleverness of the leader of a school debating society, a closet-student's faith in abstract theories, a demagogue's simple belief in the virtues of the loose phrases which he calls principles. Judge Tourgée, shrewd, keen, and profound in noting political tendencies and national character, has a pupil-teacher's reliance on the infallible virtues of elementary education, an American child's implicit confidence in the self-evident truth of democratic principles. He verily believes that no man or woman once educated, once taught that two and two make four—at least within the known three dimensions of space—can, save through wilful or judicial blindness, fail to discern in political and social equality a perfect panacea for all human evils and earthly abuses.

Judge Tourgée's historical *résumé* displays the same clear apprehension of actual facts, coupled with the same curious inability to get rid of preconceived first principles, with which those facts are utterly and obviously irreconcilable. Every pretext upon which President Lincoln and his Ministers justified coercion, every ground, save that of slavery, upon which they claimed the sympathy of the civilized or at least of the Liberal world, receives from him a flat though seemingly unconscious contradiction. The Union had been for nearly fifty years an unreality to which North and South alike passionately clung. Neither section, no party in either save the fanatical Abolitionists, would recognize the wholly artificial nature of the unity which disguised not merely radical divergence, absolute incompatibility of character, temper, and institutions, but downright national distinctness and antagonism. North and South, nominally joined as against the world in the United States of America, were practically divided at home by a gulf as deep as separates France from Germany. Nothing but the slightness of the bonds rendered their endurance possible. From the Missouri Compromise to the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law, North and South treated in Congress almost as independent Powers. The so-called "compromises" were less national laws than international compacts. Secession was the act of a nation; and Secession once ordained, the Union had no party in any slave State save in the northern colonies of East Tennessee, West Virginia, and some other of the border States. Maryland, Delaware, Missouri, and Kentucky were held in nominal allegiance to the Union only by brute force. When once they passed the Potomac and the Ohio, the Northern armies, in which the author served, found themselves in a foreign and hostile country, as mere invaders as the Germans of 1870 in Alsace and Lorraine. Such is the author's view, which virtually admits the truth of Lord Russell's famous dictum that the South was fighting for independence and the North for empire. The former needed not "to make a nation"; she had been, long before, a nation in all but the possession of a distinct army and navy, and a separate flag.

But the main interest of the present volume is political, not historical. The antagonism of the two peoples is still as strong as ever. The "solid South" not only votes but feels as a nation, and a conquered nation. But within the South are two nations; made through the incidents of the war, through the policy of the conquering party, and, as Judge Tourgée holds, through the action of slavery itself, not merely separate, but hostile. The reconstruction policy of the Republican Congress—carried out in defiance of President Johnson, who as a Southerner better understood the South—brought the two races face to face in bitter political feud. That policy meant to get rid of the odium of military despotism, yet to retain the South in constrained allegiance at once to the Union and to the dominant party. For that purpose, enfranchising the negroes and disfranchising the natural leaders of the white people, it placed the government of each State in the hands of Northern adventurers or Southern deserters resting on the negro vote; inverted the natural order, and made the inferior race, just emancipated from slavery, but retaining all the weaknesses, vices, and abject ignorance of slaves, masters over the superior. It thus provoked bitter resentment on one side, excited to frenzy the impossible hopes and childish vanity of the other. The moment that the support of Federal bayonets was formally or practically withdrawn those Governments were overthrown—overthrown by force of which the author speaks with more than warrantable bitterness. The most signal, perhaps the only, evidence of conscious unfairness in the work is the omission of all reference to parallel cases. California refuses to accept some fifty thousand Chinese even as hewers of wood and drawers of water; of accepting them as fellow-citizens and equals that motley population, drawn from every European race, has never even dreamed. The respectable citizens of the far Western States and Territories have again and again wrested the government by physical force from the hands of its legal holders; have shot, hanged, and banished at their will, with far more violence and bloodshed than was needed to overthrow the not more intolerable misrule of carpet-baggers and negroes, to save the States they controlled from absolute financial, social, and political ruin. Judge Tourgée does not deny, and must therefore be taken to admit, the intolerable rottenness of these governments, the absolute necessity of their destruction.

Unhappily the situation remains unchanged. The restored rule of the whites still rests on force. Texas and Missouri are no longer part of the South. The former is becoming a domain of cattle-kings, of great bonanzas, largely peopled by German and Northern *entrepreneurs*. Missouri, never geographically Southern, is now simply a prairie State, differing little from Illinois on her eastern or Kansas on her south-western frontier. West Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee form no part of that which the author describes as the Black Belt, the country in which the negro race constitutes a large minority or an actual majority of the population. In that belt the two races, nearly equal in numbers and incapable of fusion, stand in the closest physical proximity, the most absolute social, political, and moral alienation. Partly of necessity, partly through the folly and selfishness of the faction which used the negro for its own purposes and has now thrown him over, they stand also in jealous irreconcilable antagonism. Civil war might have been predicted as soon as the lines of party cleavage were practically identified with those of geography and State organization. But between North and South stood the Northern Democrats, holding the two together, and keeping the peace for years. There is no such intermediate element in the South. The lines of party and race distinction are almost strictly identical. Judge Tourgée not only admits but insists that—save in such accidental and temporary cases as that of the Virginian Readjusters—all respectable whites are Democrats, all negroes Republican. A white Republican suffers social excommunication, being regarded, and generally with justice, as an adventurer anxious to manipulate the ignorance and prejudice of the negroes for his own advantage. A negro Democrat is hated as a traitor to his race. The author scouts as utterly ridiculous the idea that any political question can ever divide crosswise, and thus politically confound, the two races, separated by such a gulf of visible, natural, ineradicable unlikeness. No political question can ever be so deep, so momentous, can ever appeal to the passions, interests, and feelings of either race, as do the instincts, political and social, that part the negro and the white. In the Black Belt there has been no Northern and no foreign immigration. As Judge Tourgée shows, the people born elsewhere are but a minute and diminishing percentage of the Southern population, and, with scarcely an exception, capitalists, adventurers, or highly-skilled mechanics, never agricultural labourers, operatives, or even small farmers. White labour can never compete with the cheap, acclimatized labour of the negro; and will never submit to the social degradation which not merely the traditions of slavery, but the fact that it consists, and must consist, mainly of negroes, attaches to the labouring class of the South. The white Southerners are, of course, resolved not to submit to negro rule. "This is a white man's country."

The Journal

TUESDAY EVENING, DEC. 23, 1884

AMONG THE HILLS

CHRISTMAS REVERIES NORTH AND SOUTH.

Ante-War Reminiscences of the Holiday Season in Dixie's Land—Judge Tourgee's "Appeal Unto Cæsar."

DELAWARE COUNTY, Dec. 19.—*Dear Journal:*—As I look out from my window the snow on the near hills forms a pure background on which to "*silhouette*," the graceful proportions of the group of evergreens intervening. The thought comes, what a grand Christmas tree one of them would make, and how attractive it would appear, if once well hung all about with such bright and welcome tokens as are beckoning us impecunious mortals from gaily dressed windows or generous-burdened counters and shelves. And yet as in other good things of this world, even if all were up on these great branches it might be a question of *possession*. How attain unto it? Query—Should we *then* sigh over the truism—

"Oh, the little less:
And what miles away?"

or philosophize about "sour grapes?" At any rate Love finds expression, fortunately enough for the mortals aforesaid, without grand firs to hang gifts upon, and brings its simple offerings so near the recipient that affectionate appreciation needs only to accept, nor feels the too oft weary burden of dependency or obligation.

By the way, in a certain parish kindly souls are already excited over the welcome privilege of making their annual offerings to that most excellent institution, "The Home of the Friendless," in New York city. I have once told you how we do it, and shall leave you to conjecture how we shall enjoy the whole occasion, the Christmas carols, the responsive Scripture lessons which tell so delightfully the "old, old story" of the Babe of Bethlehem, but best of all, that brave march of the old and young, each bearing offerings which are deposited on the rostrum, wholly and securely sealed from prying eyes, offerings of clothing, bedding, toys, books, in fact anything that can cheer the needy and carry joy to the sadly darkened homes of the very very poor of the great city! Taking it all together, remembering that for five years the children, big and little, old and young, have enjoyed this exercise with renewed gladness; that they *only give* and receive nothing themselves, save the sweet reflex of doing good—we *enjoy it all*, and call it a *success*.

I am betrayed off on a siding and shall get back to the main tracks to recall a little of the last Christmas before the war in the South. It was in 1860, and in a State washed by the Gulf of Mexico. We seemed a long way aside from the usual route of the moving world. No railroad within thirty miles. Now and then a traveler on horseback, whose advent with "Hellos, the house!" and entrance with saddle-bags, suggested news for which we all were hungry indeed. No candy shop within many miles. As for toys, presents, etc., they were not known. Yet Providence never provided more ample opportunity to hang up stockings than were offered by the great chimneys attached to our log houses, often roaring with the fattest of pine knots, and surrounded by the most sociable of all peoples. Plenty of black faces would be seen mingling with the whites and numerically far in excess, if the census of the plantation was taken. Without our modes of celebrating the holidays, the southern rural districts had ways enough to define the period with certain peculiar distinctness, and make it both welcome and regretted. It was the season for changing help, hiring new hands &c., and say what we may of the simply sordid or mechanical ways of doing things, many a really sad scene was witnessed as these changes were made.

Another feature well remembered, was the almost entire freedom to go as they pleased, then extended by masters to their slaves. For the holidays, this continued, at most, only to the anniversary of the white people. By a kind of common law usage, it was conceded that the usual restraints should then be alleviated by liberty to have a good time generally. Questions of service, of going upon errands, of supplies of wood and water, often had to be solved by extra fees, "*tipping*," let us call it. Money was not always at hand, would not have been a safe agency if it had been, but extra tobacco, an odd ribbon, the gentle persuasion of an old jack-knife, or the suggestion of some long-coveted garment of Massa's or Missus's, would effect wonders! It is hard to explain all this relative independence of a then dependent race, but it was so. Many a tired housekeeper and worried master was heartily glad when the New Year was fairly introduced and the wheels of labor moved along without too much creaking!

On the Christmas of 1860, social matters were yet in their usual routine. True, the election of Lincoln had created great excitement, approaching actual consternation in many districts. The fact of probable secession was in the near future, and already spoken of with quiet acceptance. Yet in plantation life, things were not sensibly changed. A more strict surveillance was possibly exercised over any possible gatherings of slaves, strangers were suspicioned a little, and passes were not easily procured to go on visits. In other respects all seemed natural. Christmas eve was devoted by the negroes to an almost all-night religious service in the largest cabin in the "Quarters," a few hundred yards from the master's log house, which was a comfortable, if primitive building. All the slaves voluntarily gathered there, and it is not saying too much to declare that the melodies they sung, their wierd and characteristic music, is only hinted at in the concerts we hear in the North. Southern music is like the delicate wine of some famous vintage, only transplanted at great risk of injury to the quality. Christmas day was ushered in, as it seemed to us, by firing of guns and songs and shouts. A kind of gladsome pandemonium was tolerated, and "Christmas box, Massa," "Christmas box, Missy," came from old uncles and aunties, and so on down to the smaller pickaninnies of the group of over sixty slaves on that one place. How popular the thoughtfulness which had provided a quantity of gay handkerchiefs and cheap pocket-knives made one, I hardly dare tell. Many a gay turban was improvised and many a cob pipe manufactured that day, as the happy result of the new-comer's recollection of the coming demands of the holidays of the far South.

I must not neglect to explain the suspected firing of guns. The noises were produced by using two immense planks. One was used as the foundation—the other would be raised on end and allowed to fall flatly upon it. The report was very like that of a well-loaded musket, heard at a distance, amid the silence of the piney woods. The effect was not discounted by recalling how village boys at the North would, in similar exigencies, employ heavy anvils in lieu of a cannon, with far greater risk of being injured. The affair was primitive, but it excelled in first-class *bangs!*

The old days do not seem so very long ago, after all. Yet a certain kind of literature, the outgrowth of the peculiar institution of slavery, part kindly, part patriarchal, part Christian, part savage, is becoming too rapidly relegated to the past. Any reader of *The Journal* who has, *e. g.*, Frederick Law Olmsted's volumes of the "Cotton Kingdom," had better keep them. And so with a variety of books which, written as things then were, can never be repeated; for things are not and never can be what they were in the days of which I write. Even to recall very much of the past is to lead one to be suspected of saying things as well not renewed, or of drawing on the resources of an uncertain page of memory. To tell of a wealthy neighbor who ever kept his rifle loaded with a *silver bullet* to use in *shooting witches*, would cause a suspicion of my credibility. To declare the children were kept in on certain occasions because professional negro catchers would be out with their trained hounds after run-a-way slaves, might jar on some sensibilities; but the facts could be easily corroborated. Yet the owner of the plantation I knew best—a right royal old man he was—gave $500 annually to a parson, having earnest and true regard to the spiritual interests of the valuable slaves he owned.

Have you read Judge Tourgee's "Appeal unto Cæsar?" No more thoughtful work has been written on the great problems arising from the novel conditions we now recognize as the outgrowth of the changes of a quarter century at the South. It can not be read rapidly and justice be done its worth. I doubt if any one can write so well appreciate its many-sided merits, as the reader who has seen the evolution of the present condition from the chaotic elements so long read to make unique and impressive history. After a long and persistent *chewing* over its suggestive assertions, its startling conclusions and its earnest appeals it seems as if one who is not blinded by prejudice must, while feeling deep sympathy for the misfortunes of the gifted writer, wonder alike at the intellectual ability which so thoroughly grasps ponderous issues and the courage which leads to its dictation to an amanuensis from the author's bed of sickness. J. H. F.

THE FREEDMEN.

Mr. Blaine discussed last evening the most difficult problem which now confronts American statesmen. In 1865 the eleven Southern States which attempted to set up an independent government had been compelled by force of arms to return to their allegiance. The terms on which they were to return were defined by Congress in an amendment to the constitution proposed in 1866 and adopted in 1868. The 14th amendment to the constitution provides that

Representatives shall be apportioned among the several States according to their respective numbers, counting the whole number of persons in each State, excluding Indians not taxed.

This provision was expresly intended to include the negroes. It carried with it the electoral apportionment also, for the number of electors to which each State is and always has been entitled, is "equal to the whole number of Senators and Representatives to which the State may be entitled in the Congress."

It was expected, however, that the negroes would vote, and a proviso declared that the basis of representation should be reduced in any State which should deny the right to vote to male citizens of suitable age, except for crime.

This proviso left to the Southern States the option of forfeiting a part of their representation in Congress and in the electoral college, if they chose, by excluding the freedmen from the polls. But this option was withdrawn by a new amendment to the constitution, proposed in 1869 and ratified in 1870. The 15th amendment declares that

The right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States, or by any State, on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude.

Thus a hazardous experiment was fully inaugurated. Nearly a million of freedmen, without experience or preparation, were suddenly made voters. The inevitable consequence followed. These poor people became the victims of demagogues, native and imported, distinguished as "scalawags" and "carpet-baggers." For three years the treasuries of the Southern States were at the mercy of organized bands of thieves. The State debt of Alabama rose from 8 millions to 38; of Arkansas, from 4 millions to 20; of Florida, from half a million to 16 millions; of Georgia, from 3 millions to 50; of Louisiana, from 14 millions to 41; of Mississippi, from zero to 2 millions; of North Carolina, from 16 millions to 35; of South Carolina, from 4 millions to 29; of Tennessee, from 20 millions to 45; of Texas, from zero to 17 millions; of Virginia, from 32 millions to 47. In all these States, the accumulated debt in the space of three wasteful years amounted to the enormous aggregate of 238 millions. Vast sums were squandered upon schemes of so called public improvement. The cost of maintaining the State governments was doubled and trebled. The financial agents

received enormous commissions. The State bonds fell lower and lower, but were printed and issued with reckless profusion. The taxes grew constantly heavier. Bankruptcy, public and private, was at hand.

Then came the Mississippi plan—the Ku Klux Klan. A harsh but efficient remedy was applied. By violence and by threats, the freedmen were warned that they would no longer be permitted to control the State governments. The debts which they had incurred were repudiated. Out of confusion came at last a kind of order—order resting upon an evasion of the constitutional law. For although no State has abridged or denied the right of citizens of the United States to vote, by any statutory provision, the white population of half a dozen States, without law and in defiance of law, have undoubtedly forbidden the blacks to vote and have enforced their mandate. In those States the 15th amendment to the national constitution is a dead letter.

This is the result which Mr. Blaine deplores. Yet he is in part responsible for it. He was a member of Congress when the 14th and 15th amendments were adopted. He acquiesced in the provision by which the representation of the Southern States in national politics was based upon the entire population. He favored the experiment by which the freedmen were made, for a few years, the rulers of their States. There were Republicans who hoped that the law of Massachusetts might be adopted by the national Congress; that absolutely ignorant citizens, unable to write their ballots or even to read them, might be required to qualify themselves to that extent before assuming the trusts devolving upon voters. But Mr. Blaine was not of that number. The experiment which he favored has been tried, and has failed. It failed before the Ku Klux Klan appeared. The freedmen attempted to govern and misgoverned. They were not qualified for the serious duties imposed upon them. They are not qualified now.

What then is to be done? Mr. Blaine does not say. He complains of the anomalous condition of the Southern States, but he proposes no remedy. Judge Tourgee, who knows the South by personal observation, has been considering the same subject. He perceives that voting is governing and that the freedmen cannot govern yet, and he draws the obvious inference. If they are not qualified to govern, it is the duty of the nation to see to it that they become qualified. They must be instructed. They are already accumulating property. They must also be educated. With competence and intelligence, will come the capacity to perform the duties of citizens and the spirit to assert the rights of citizens. And the duties are quite as important as the rights. This may seem a long road to follow, but the short cut has already been tried and ends in a morass. We must begin now where we ought to have begun in 1866, with the education of the freedmen for their new position.

Portland Advertiser.

WEDNESDAY, - - - - November 19, 1884

HUMAN VAMPIRES.

Steps to be Taken to Control the Horde of City Pawnbrokers

Who Are Now Waxing Fat on the Poverty and Misfortune of Others.

Sixteen Thousand Applications for Work Important Meeting of the Society for Organizing Charity.

Last evening at the December meeting of the counsel of Society for Organizing Charity, held at the Crocker building, a scheme was set forth that promises to crush usury and the traffic of the pawnbrokers in this city. Of late the stringency of the times and the great numbers of poor people out of employment have done much to gratify the miserly greed of the extortionate usurer, who thrives and waxes fat on the misery of others The extent to which this evil prevails in this city can be better comprehended from a statement of the fact that there are thirty-two pawnbrokers' shops named in the city directory besides a larger number of unmentioned money lenders, who make a practice of advancing money at exorbitant rates of interest to persons driven to the extremity of seeking such loans

BY MISFORTUNE AND POVERTY.

Ten per cent. a month and even fifteen are the rates demanded and easily secured by these cold-blooded and unscrupulous brokers, and many instances have been noted where large sums have been loaned on these terms, valuable furniture and costly pieces of jewelry and plate being received in pledges. Needless to say the precious ring or cherished keepsake of a widow, who hears the cries of her starving children, are never recovered from the maw of the vulture. One instance in print was cited by a gentleman last night of a lady of culture and refined breeding, whose husband was shot dead on the field of battle. Pride and circumstances of the most severe adversity drove her to the den of the pawnbroker. She mortgaged an elegant set of furniture, and placed in pledge her diamond wedding ring, receiving therefor $900, although the real value was far greater. For the use of this sum of money she paid $100 monthly, and was at last compelled to relinquish her treasure. This case is only one in thousands. "How can these vampires be exterminated?" This was the question propounded to the counsel, and a committee was appointed some time ago to consider the matter and submit a report, and a very simple, but what will prove to be,

A MOST EFFECTUAL PLAN

was devised and recommended. Previous to the discussion of that topic at the meeting last night, the superintendent of the association, Mr. Raymond, made his report on the work of the society since its February meeting. His statement is somewhat startling, considering the amount of destitution and misery that it reveals among the poorer classes. During the last ten months there have been 16,150 applications to the society by persons who have been thrown out of employment. Of this number 10,200 were men, and 5,950 were women, very many of them representing entire families. The society has done much to alleviate the troubles of these poor people, and 532 new cases of actual charity have been investigated, while over 1,100 old cases have been re-investigated. One thousand five hundred and eighty-three dollars has been expended in money for rent, coal, provisions, etc., and large quantities of good clothing have been collected and distributed to the needy. There is an imperative necessity that some measures be provided whereby this army of idle people may be provided with work, and it was suggested that the city might inaugurate some improvements in the way of public works which would furnish employment for a large number of men, but the difficulty lies in the fact that there is very little work which can be done at this season of the year. However, a committee was appointed to confer with the Board of Improvements, and to urge upon that body the necessity of some immediate measures of relief being adopted. It was also suggested in the Superintendent's report that

THE OPENING OF SOUP HOUSES

would alleviate in great measure the sufferings from hunger. The soup can be cooked in large iron kettles at a cost comparatively trifling, and furnished to all who desire it at one penny for a pailful. The society cannot conveniently undertake this enterprise, but will doubtless secure in some manner the establishment of a soup kitchen, if it becomes necessary. The general situation of affairs and the stress of the times being thus briefly described, it becomes easier to understand the rich harvest which the pawnbrokers are reaping, and the scheme reported by the special committee will be more interesting. The enactment of rigid laws prohibiting the demand of exorbitant interest, the committee believed to be impracticable in results, as the money lenders are avaricious and shrewd enough to elude both the spirit and the letter of the law where such a law exists. In Ohio the law does not specify any rate of interest in regard to pawnbrokers, leaving them subject to the restrictions imposed by the general law governing that subject. There are several wholesome provisions, however, designed to prevent fraud and detect theft. But it is no more the functions of the law to prevent extortionate charges by unscrupulous usurers than it is the function of the law to compel them to be good. It is therefore proposed that the evil shall be wiped out not by legislation, but by a

SYSTEM OF COMPETITION

so ruinous to the pawnbroker that the knight of three balls will be only too eager to pull in his sign and hang out mourning. The plan is to establish one or more collateral loan companies in this city. Such an institution would secure pledgers against fraud, and afford them easy terms of payment. In Boston, Mass., such an institution has been in successful operation twenty-five years, having a capital of $300,000. During the year 1881 the number of loans was 16,228. The number of loans settled for was 15,680, and the amount of interest received was $36,263.59. The loans outstanding amounted to $176,747.43, and undivided profits and cash on hand, $17,444.95. From this statement it is apparent that the Boston institution is not only self-supporting, but that it earns a fair interest on the original investment.

The Boston company was based upon an Italian benevolent institution first established in Perugia, Italy, in the fifteenth century, as "the avowed and deadly foe of the pawnbrokers," called the "Mont de Piete," of Bank of Charity. "It was designed to relieve the poorer and more helpless class, the peasants and workingmen, who often lived in a species of horrible servitude to the greedy pawnbrokers." It has, with many branches, continued in successful operation to the present time.

THE DETAILS OF THE PLAN

for such a company in this city provide that the capital of the company shall be raised by subscription, and shall not exceed $300,000, in shares of $100 each. The charges on loans of every kind, including interest, need not be uniform, but may be regulated by the company, not to exceed in any case more than 1½ per cent. per month. When the company has disposable funds it shall loan on all goods and chattels offered, embraced within its rules and regulations in the order in which they are offered, with this exception: that the company may always discriminate in favor of small loans to the indigent. It shall loan to four-fifths of the appraised value on gold and silver plate and ware, and on saving bank deposit books, and to two-thirds of such value on all other goods and chattels as aforesaid. All loans shall be on a fixed time, and not over one year, and the pledger shall have the right to redeem his property pledged, at any time within the specified period at the rate of compensation to the time of the offer to redeem. There are further details regarding organization, the sale of unredeemed pledges, dividends, etc.

The scheme is most admirable and it was so received by the gentlemen present last night, who vouched for the prompt subscription of the necessary capital. As money is worth only 3 per cent., from a speculative point of view, the investment would be safe and particularly advantageous when times are hard. Preliminary arrangements will be made immediately towards the carrying out of the enterprise.

THE WEED OF MADNESS.

Mexican Correspondence of The Springfield Republican.

Speaking of paupers recalls a sad case, that of an old man—known only as Antonio—who long haunted the house which for several months was my home in Saltillo. Though filthy beyond description, bare-footed, bare-headed, and clad in scanty rags that left breast and limbs uncovered, he had a refined, even courtly manner, all the grace of politeness which is the heritage of his race, and a handsome face which showed occasional gleams of intelligence. He was a harmless lunatic, his mania being to collect bits of rags and papers, and hoard them as like so many diamonds in a great bundle, which he always carried in his arms. Occasionally we found this singular mendicant writing in a fine, beautiful hand, or humming sketches of Spanish and Italian operas, and when suddenly aroused from slumber he imagined himself in far-away places, developing an intimate knowledge of distant cities which could only have come from actual residence. His faithful dog (what beggar was ever without one?)—with more of reasoning power than his master, never left his side for a moment, sleeping his arms upon the precious bundle at night, and guarding him with vicious snaps and snarls by day. When the sun shone both were happy, and spent the long days in the sunny court among the flowers which the old man loved, and were fed by the kind-hearted friends of the casa. One chilly morning, after a long, cold rain, Antonio failed to make his appearance at the usual breakfast hour. Later in the day the children discovered him—his poor, gray head thrown backward among the flowers, the pitiful bundle still clasped in his stiffened arms—stone dead!

Soon afterward, somebody going to one of the remote cities of which the strange old wanderer had often babbled, took the trouble to trace his history. He was of good family—his surname being well known in the republic—college bred, and with plenty of money in his youth. Years ago some enemy (it was never discovered who, or for what cause) gave him some of the poison toloachi, the effect of which is worse than death, entire and incurable loss of reason. This poisonous weed grows everywhere in Mexico, but more thriftily in the tropical region of the *tierra caliente*. It is a harmless looking plant, precisely like the milk-weed of the North, and all too dangerously convenient in a land where suspicion rules and jealousy amounts to madness. A few drops of the tasteless white juice of the toloachi, mixed with milk or other food, does its diabolical work with inexorable certainty and cannot be detected except in its effects. It does not kill, but acts immediately upon the brain, producing at first violent madness and then hopeless idiocy. It is whispered that poor Carlotta had hardly landed at Vera Cruz on her sorrowful mission to this country before some of it was administered to her, and her deplorable fate is cited as one among many similar instances. Of all the dangers in Mexico this is one of the most appalling. Any political enemy, jealous rival, or offended servant, may thus revenge himself in a more fiendish manner than with the stiletto, and without fear of detection!

TO AN EX-CONFEDERATE.

To the Editor of The Inter Ocean.

EVANSVILLE, Wis., May 21.—I have been waiting for some one to answer "Ex-Confederate" in, I think, THE INTER OCEAN of May 9. There are a hundred men who will condemn a crime where there is one who will commend a right action. Had ex-Confederate said "I believed then and I believe now that we were right," twenty eloquent men would have rushed to the rescue and, with vituperation and abuse, proceeded to make political capital out of it. But when he says, with more moral bravery than many of us can muster, "I believed then that we were right as firmly as I now believe that we were wrong," not a voice is raised in commendation.

Ex-Confederate has done all that can be asked of him or any other ex-Confederate. But does he not, in giving as his only excuse, that of having been "brought up under the blighting, withering curse of slavery," leave certain Northern gentlemen in a dangerous position? During the "late unpleasantness" they were mouthy allies of ex-Confederate's cause. They claimed to stand then on the Constitution, State rights, confederation, not nationalization, etc. The only excuse is "having been brought up under the withering, blighting curse of slavery." They were not thus brought up. Many of them never set foot in a slave State. They had no interest in slaves or slavery, except a party interest. This excuse won't cover their cases. Can they or any other man find one that will?

By the way, has one of them, from the man who, by the grace of the "mugwumps," occupies the Vice Presidential chair, to the most insignificant "copperhead" among them, ever acknowledged his mistake. I have seen and heard of thousands of ex-Confederates, but an ex-copperhead is an unknown reptile. They are still pure copperheads without the ex. Verily, they who fought us with the musket are braver, manlier men than they who fought us with the mouth only.

UNION EX-SOLDIER.

DR. ALLEN AND THE COLOR LINE.

The following communication was intended as a postscript to the article on "Reaching the Freedmen," which appears on second page, but reached us too late for insertion in the position desired. We are very glad to publish this in lieu of any explanation from our own pen. We do not think it was the mind of the Southern Church to throw its own institution overboard, or to take up the Northern schools; nevertheless the course of Dr. ALLEN will hardly fail to bring to mind that of Dr. HERRICK JOHNSON. The question is, did Dr. ALLEN intend to spurn all Southern help or sympathy?

Here is "Mecklenburg's" explanation of his article:

When penning the above approval of Mr. Reed's suggestion to seek to educate colored candidates for the ministry through the fine institutions already doing efficient work among them under the management of the Northern Assembly, I had not seen the communication of Rev. Dr. R. H. Allen in the *Evangelist*, and since copied extensively in our Church papers, to the effect that the Freedmen's Board of that Assembly was trying to abolish the color line in its educational and evangelistic schemes in the South, and that as a step thereto they had instituted a common table and parlor in Biddle University for white and black that social equality might be established under the auspices of the Church.

I need not tell any who are acquainted with the work done at Biddle that this is a new departure; that nothing has been wiser or more conservative than the management of Biddle University up to the time the fanatical Dr. Allen, attracted by the increasing reputation and the increased endowment of the University secured by the professors, wished to reap for himself the credit of these things by taking a more officious part in the management of the institution. Of course so long as such a character as Dr. Allen maintains control of Biddle the Southern Church cannot touch it in any way. It is too evident to Southerners, to the manner born, that if the mischievous designs of Dr. Allen and his co-fanatics prevail, that not only Biddle University will become a pest, of which we might pray the extinction, but that the Presbyterian Church itself among the colored people will fall heir to all the prejudices and animosities which the political "Union League" formerly excited in the South.

Mr. Reed knew nothing of these things when he wrote his article in the *Review*, for they had not then transpired. But these developments furnish as strong arguments against any move among the freedmen on the part of our Church as against that proposed by Mr. Reed. With ninety-nine out of a hundred freedmen, this mischievous course of Dr. Allen's, if persisted in by the Church, will make social equality the test of sincerity on the part of any church in trying to reach them with the gospel.

Here is Dr. ALLEN's notice:

We have organized a boarding department at Biddle University, with the view of entirely destroying the color line. The students, with four of the professors, who are white, live in the same building, eat at the same table, and meet socially in the same parlor. And all visitors, be they white or colored, who spend any time in this boarding school, do the same thing.

NORTH CAROLINA

The Presbyterian.

REACHING THE FREEDMEN.

[Correspondence of the N. C. Presbyterian.]

The discussion in our Church of the question of how we are to reach the freedmen is interesting in itself and attracting the attention of the Northern Church. Whatever peculiarity obtains or must obtain in such a mission results from circumstances for which we as a Church or people are not responsible; they are patent to all of us who live in the South. Rev. R. C. Reed in the January number of the *Southern Presbyterian Review*, has graphically set forth these circumstances as difficulties insurmountable in the present state of the social, political and even religious sentiment of the Southern Church. He recommends, as the best and only plan, our cooperating with the Northern Church.

Mecklenburg Presbytery sometime ago refused to commend Tuskaloosa Institute to the support of its churches; and at its last meeting, when a presbyter, not aware of this, called attention to the omission of Tuskaloosa Institute from the list of benefactions to be reported on, he was informed of what Presbytery had done; and furthermore told that his informant, from recent testimony, was more than ever convinced that Presbytery could not conscientiously recommend that institution to the support of its churches. Some members of this Presbytery have been wishing for years to commend Biddle University to the attention of the Southern Church because of their personal knowledge of the good work done there for the freedmen in their moral and Christian elevation, but were prevented by the known unpopularity of any measure looking towards a unifying of our Church agencies with the Northern Assembly's. Whenever Southern Presbyterians wish to "reach the freedmen" here is a practical, Christian method, tested by the successful experience of a dozen or more years. Let the Southern Church send its colored candidates for the ministry to Biddle University, where 54 out of its 187 pupils are reported to the last Northern Assembly as studying for the ministry.

We do not think, that our people will ever feel called upon to do much in the way of reaching the freedmen by any separate agency of their own, evangelistic or educational. As for their education, every consideration calls for us to provide for the education of our own Presbyterian youths, for whom we have so few endowed schools and colleges and they in a poverty-stricken condition, before we can have a dollar to spare for the beneficiary education of the freedman. When the whole country recognizes the necessity and justness of the national government coming to the aid of the States in educating the freedmen, it is idle to think of any effective appeal to the people of our Church for their free education.

As for their evangelization, we do not see in what respect it is different from that of the Irish in our Northern cities or of the French in New Orleans. What is the Northern Church doing for the Irish? About as much as we are doing for the freedmen. This is an *argumentum ad hominem*; but it puts the question in a good light for all to consider, and proves that there is no dereliction in this respect peculiar to the Southern Church.

Mr. Reed made one suggestion to the Church which we have already approved. We suggest another thing, which practically solves all the difficulties he enumerates in reaching the freedmen, tests the sincerity of the love for and interest in the freedmen professed by many who are now writing for the Church papers, and commends itself to the beneficence of all who must esteem the virtues of consistency and self-sacrifice; let these brethren come forward before the Church and say here we are, send us; we will do as Mr. Reed says the missionaries do among the Chinese; we will not ask the freedmen to go around to the kitchen and eat among the servants, but invite them to our own table; and treat them as our equals socially, that thus becoming all things to all men we may by all means win some.'" The Moravian missionaries did more than this. They had themselves sold into slavery that they might, as fellow-slaves, reach those they wished to save. MECKLENBURG.

THE CHENANGO

Semi-Weekly Telegraph.

JUDGE TOURGEE.

He Delivers the Last Lecture of the People's Course Monday Evening and asks What Shall we do with Him.

Monday evening a fair sized audience assembled in the Methodist Church to listen to Judge Albion W. Tourgee, the author of the famous books, "A Fool's Errand," "Bricks without Straw" and "An Appeal to Cæsar." This was the third time he had been advertised to appear, twice before having been compelled by sickness to cancel his engagement. When the speaker was introduced, many of the audience remarked that he bore a close resemblance to Mr. John Crawley, who formerly conducted a jewelry business in this place. He spoke slowly and evidently with effort. The subject matter of his lecture was not designed to tickle the popular fancy—there were too many hard chunks of unpalatable reality about it. The quiet and serious attention accorded him was the best evidence of his power as an orator.

His subject was, "What shall we do with him?" There are three classes of persons in the world—those who have nothing to say, those who wish to say something, and those who feel and have thought and besides have a desire to speak. The question which comes to every age, to one particular class, is the constant refrain, "What shall we do with him?" The first man who was asked this question was Cain. When the Almighty demanded of him, "Where is thy brother?" in dead earnest and all good sincerity Cain replied, "Am I my brother's keeper!" The fact that in any sense he was responsible for the good or evil which might befall his brother had not then shaped itself in the human mind. Since that day the world has learned better. We cannot evade the question now by any such subterfuge. Man is responsible for the good or evil condition of all his fellows to a greater or less extent. Time puts upon the trestle board of human destiny some peculiar work for every age. History is the law of developement, whatever we may think of the theory as to other matters. Out of the past comes the present; we are to-day what we are because the yesterdays have been what they were. All lives are shaped by the past and we are shaping the future. To morrow, which is clambering about our knees, must be taken upon our shoulders and borne in the future. To every nation and age is assigned the evolution of one part of humanity. Greece, in whom every lover of beauty delights, shapes our idea of beauty to-day. After a time the Greek was swept off and his place taken by the Roman. Why? That there might be brought in the new, great, grand idea of truth. The Romans were the first that demonstrated the power of national truth telling. Greeks practiced lying as a fine art. Up to the day of the Roman, the world had no sense of honor. Taking this idea and shaping it with Christianity from Judea and the Germanic thought of respect for women—and we see the mission the Roman people had for us. What of Rome's great antagonist across the sea? That people stood for three hundred years opposed to Rome, and it must have left some impress upon the world, though we cannot trace it to-day. In pulling out the line of burdens each nation had to bear, we find the impelling cause of progress has ever been some wool-lamb that some wolf desired to partake of. The worst people have ever come up as an impelling cause. In our day, remembering Carlyle's "French revolution," we are led to believe infuriated muscle was inspired iniquity—that the worst elements of France swept over the fair land and swept into oblivion a beautiful civilization. We forget it was only the reaction of some centuries of wrong. Human nature forgets wrong—it never forgets beauty or excellence. In our own day, take the case of Ireland. We execrate the dynamiters; we forget that back of their brutality lies the misgovernment of centuries. It is a sad fact that the nation that sows to the storm reaps to the whirlwind. An underlying law makes man restless when he starts upward. When he steps upon the ladder of development he becomes a troublesome neighbor. Twenty years ago the Emperor of all the Russias freed the serfs. His act was hailed with acclamations of joy. To day his son dare not go out of his palace for fear of his life from those same serfs, or their children. Why—is it his fault? No, except that he thought, and his father thought, that his father's act ended all that was to be done. Not so the serf—having got his inch, he demanded his ell. It is an unfortunate element of human character that thrusts back that irrepressible desire to be better—no matter how good the race has become. In every day life among individuals competition is the main spring of

nature. But when we see a man toward than ourselves struggling to rise, we accept the responsibility of repression, because we are anxious to control it in our own way. It is ordinarily said that the English speaking people are charged with the duty of promoting civil and religious liberty. Unfortunately such claims will not bear the test of analysis. Our pilgrim fathers came to this country to establish a nation where all could worship God as they wanted. That is the accepted idea, but it isn't true. They came here to establish a nationality where they could worship as they chose and compel everybody else to do likewise. So they made Massachusetts too warm for witches and too small for Baptists. In the matter of liberty they held it belonged only to those who were tough enough and brave enough to fight for it. They were willing the dogs should have the crumbs that fell from the table, but they could not comprehend why the dogs were not content with the crumbs. This idea crept into the declaration of independence. Equality of right among men was accepted simply as an excuse for the right of rebellion and not as an assertion of individual right on the ground of common humanity. There was a race then and is now in our land, brave but of darker skin. Soon the question was asked, what will you do with him? The highest court said, he has been a slave in the past, he must remain one in the future. The nation said of the answer—it is well. But it was not well. Then the nation wrote the answer in the constitution. The people said, we have opened to the colored man the golden gate of opportunity. Now, let him 'root, hog or die.' But that did not settle the question. He shall not be a slave, that fact was fixed. What further—the people forgot that the slave was not merely a slave—they forgot the difference of race and condition. So the problem remains. In eight states of this Union there are to-day 8,000,000 people—4,000,000 white and 4,000,000 black. The first belong to one race, the latter to another race. The one has the training of 250 years of slave domination. Such a training makes fine men, but leaves them with a peculiar contempt for the race under their control. Masters never understand their slaves. Pharaoh did not understand the Israelites. Of these two races at the South the white has been trained to self-reliance, not self-support; the other to support his physical existence on the merest pittance. All prophecies about colored men have been terribly blighted. The white race in America between 1790 and 1881 increased 343 per cent; the colored race 565 per cent—the one doubling 7 times, the latter doubling 11 times.

It was prophesied that liberty would destroy the colored man. The fact remains that in his fifteen years of liberty he has increased faster than any other people. The whites have increased 23 per cent.; the colored, 36 per cent. From those eight States 24 per cent. of the whites have emigrated; only 13 per cent. of the colored have gone outside. It was thought Yankees would go South and start up their inventions, but only 2,312 went there between 1870 and 1880. It was thought Europe would send emigrants there, but there are 30,000 fewer foreigners there to-day than in 1860. Only 16,000 colored have left

the land remains there and grows rich. There are only two classes of people who go South—those who have made a fortune and consumptives. No laborer can compete with the colored man there. A colored man will live on seven dollars a month, 3 pounds of meat and a peck of meal. Hundreds of families are supported on such meagre wages, and educate one or more of their children. They live on what a white man would be ashamed to starve upon. The Southern men who are leaving are the best of them—the sturdy, brave, small farmers, who never knew they were of any consequence until they were put up to be shot at. There is no opening in the South for hand or brain. From 1865 to 1879 in certain counties the lecturer visited, nine-tenths of the blacksmiths were white; in 1884 there were only four white blacksmiths in the same region. In a house in Raleigh where thirty-four mechanics were employed, twenty-seven were colored. Manual labor is in the hands of the black. They have started up the ladder and they are coming. It means they must be given an opportunity. Sumner said we had chained the colored man to the chariot wheels of human progress. It is true, but if we omit to drag him up, he will drag us down. It is no political question. It is the question of the performance of our duty to ourselves. Strife must ensue—we can not put off the solution of the question much longer. The speaker had the belief that the answer will come through the workings of Americans' sense of right. We must pay the slave for all we have received of him by giving him the opportunity to grow to manhood through thoughtful study. What is to be done must be done soon. We are drawing near the crisis. The American people must think of it and take the course the best for us.

TOO MUCH SOUTHERN MAGNANIMITY.

AN ADMIRER OF JEFFERSON DAVIS ABUSES GENERAL SHERMAN.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE TRIBUNE.]

NEWMAN, Ga., Aug. 31.—A statement was recently made by the Rev. Mr. Wadsworth, Editor of *The Advertiser* of this city, to the effect that the picture of Jefferson Davis, ex-Secretary of War, was omitted from a group in the War Department collection. Mr. Wadsworth then went on to say that the first duty of Democrats when they got into power should be to place that picture there. Subsequent investigation shows that Wadsworth was mistaken, and that the picture of the Confederate leader was in its proper place. This seems to have enraged the Confederate editor still more, and in *The Advertiser* just issued he says:

"As long as the Republican party is in power there will be no real reconciliation between the sections. It keeps stirring up the old feelings which were engendered by the war, and its attitude toward Mr. Davis is a continued insult to Southern people, but his name and fame are secure in the hearts of his countrymen. The South is as much a part of the Union as the North, and ought to stand up for her rights. We are sure we have overdone the reconciliation business. Georgia has been especially magnanimous. Atlanta actually gave a reception to General Sherman, the man who, contrary to the rules of all civilized warfare, burned down our private homes and left without shelter and bread our women and children. In comparison with such a creature Jefferson Davis towers almost to the dignity of a god."

A LETTER FROM JUDGE TOURGEE.

Not long ago one of the editors of the TIMES-JOURNAL in a letter to Judge Tourgee suggested the expediency of preparing a lecture which should embody the main ideas contained in his late work, "An Appeal to Caesar." The following reply came to hand in due time, and we think we are not violating his confidence in making a part of it, public.

MAYVILLE, N. Y. Jan. 1st, 1885.

MRS. C. E. WARD,
Sedan, Kansas,

DEAR FRIEND.

About the time your letter was written, December 10th, and for a couple of weeks afterwards, I was delivering a lecture in various college towns of the West, entitled "What shall we do with him?", the "him" being that harmless "nigger" who is eternally getting into our American wood pile. This lecture, I suppose, is just about the thing you so kindly desire me to prepare. I was very much impressed with the serious attention which it received from the college boys of the West, as I was also impressed with the earnest and manly character of those young men. As you know, I am not so very hopeful with regard to the movement to which I have devoted so much time and attention. For once, however, I do feel that I have done my duty and my full duty. Of course whatever I can do farther, that I am ready and willing to do; but somehow I feel as if a "A Fool's Errand," "Bricks Without Straw," "A Royal Gentleman," and the "Appeal to Caesar" constitute my work in this direction and the burden of duty, the sense of having something which I ought to do and have *not* done in regard to this matter, no longer weighs upon me. I do not wish to seem egotistic. I am sure I do not feel that it has been a work of my seeking or devising. From first to last my life as regards this matter has been shaped either by Providence or accident, so that I could not but do what I have done. At the same time I was impelled by a constant and imperative demand arising from a conviction of its absolute necessity, to do what it seemed as if I had received a special preparation to perform. In a sense I did not wish to do it. I am afraid there is not as much of the missionary about me as about a great many others. At least I did not feel willing to be drowned even in the current of this great thought. However, I did, honestly and earnestly, the work which seemed laid at my door to be done. This work I will continue to aid and promote in any way that I can, although I feel too tired to wish to undertake a revolution of public sentiment in regard to the matter, as if I had put up a sign board so plainly written and clearly marked that the world may read without difficulty the direction it contains. Whenever I happen around where the sign board is, and the crowd is passing by, I am willing to "holler" at them as well, but I somehow seem to have lost the inclination or the feeling of obligation, whatever it may be termed, which would impel me to run down the road to meet the crowd and tell them to read the signboard. I suppose this is all very bad, and perhaps very foolish, but it is an honest and candid version of my present state of mind. I lecture for a livelihood, and if people want to hear me upon that subject I am more than glad to speak upon it, though I feel very little inclination to speak "whether men will hear or will forbear". * * *

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There is a certain inclination of Southern thought manifesting itself at the present time which really seems somewhat encouraging. Cable, you have noticed, both in the last chapter of "Dr. Sevier" and in his last article in the Century, has come out and openly declared that "the *North was right*." It must have been like pulling teeth to him, but there are a number of good people of similar characteristics scattered all through the South who are really making up their minds to admit the fact that his declaration is true. I cannot say how far this feeling is going to extend. I must admit that I do not see any indications that at the present it will have any very perceptable effect upon the general public thought of that region. However, I may be mistaken; I am well satisfied, though, that if the plan which I have outlined could be carried into effect, it is absolutely certain that we would find in almost every county of the south good men and women who would give careful attention to the matter of the public schools for the colored people, and would take great pride

in seeing that they were as rapidly as possible carried on to the highest attainable state of efficiency. At the same time I fear most of all things that a vital error may be committed, to-wit: the appropriation of a fund in bulk to the different states to be applied at the discretion (?) of officers and legislators of the several states. This course would be certain to result in so much injustice and malfeasance in regard to the fund that in the course of a few years the people of the north would absolutely refuse to do anything farther. Now, in order to make any sensible impression upon the illiteracy of the south, the system of national aid should extend through a period of at least twenty years. I do not think it would be sensiby felt in the census of 1890. Indeed I look for the illiteracy according to that census, if it should be honestly taken, to be very considerably greater than that of 1880. Perhaps by 1900 or 1905 it would be possible to withdraw national aid. But in order to make the experiment of any value whatever, it should be so carefully guarded as to proceed with uninterrupted efficiency during at least twenty years. I am truly afraid this can not be done, yet I can see no other way to avoid an epoch of bloodshed as terrible as that which began on St. Bartholemew's Eve. To me the whole question is so terrible, so uncertain, so fraught with hopeless elements, that I find myself constantly repeating those lines of Jean Ingelow.

"Men say it was a stolen tyde,
The Lord who sent it, He knows all;
But in myne ears doth still abide,
The message that the bells let fall,
That Saturday at eventide."

I hardly know what application the lines have to the situation, but hardly a day passes in which I do not repeat them over and over again, and always with this great horror which I see, or think I see, freshly in my mind.

In regard to it I find this strange fact to be true: I am able to say of the message which I have tried to tell, as was said of one of old: "The common people heard him gladly," but it is a fact for which I am entirely unable to account, that those elements of our Northern life which have been the most active intelligent and valuable in all movements for good in the past, and especially in all movements looking toward the doing of justice to the colored men, are really apathetic in reference to this matter to a degree which seems little less than terrible to me. While I am in receipt of hundreds and thousands of letters from almost unknown men and women throughout the land, who seem to be awake and alive to the importance of this subject, I can almost count on my fingers' ends all the old abolition leaders who have dared to say a word in regard to it. I found the same thing true with the *Continent* petitions upon the subject last summer. As near as I could judge from the letters that came to me on the subject, the signers were of almost universal intelligence, teachers, mechanics, farmers, householders, the common run, the rank and file of the great American people, but I do not think in the many thousands of names that were attached to the petitions there were a hundred who would be counted leading or prominent men and women. On the other hand I must confess that Boston has waked up to this subject better than any other city in the country. The tone and temper of its press and people are nearer right and they are more awake to the importance, not merely of the movement, but of the idea, than any other city. I have hope because I believe in God, and believe that he shapes the great events of this world better than we could do it, but whether He is more likely in this case to use the peaceful sceptre of righteousness or the terrors which mark His wrath towards a people deaf to duty and neglectful of opportunity, I am quite unable to form an opinion. I hope it may be the former; I fear it may be the latter.

ALBION W. TOURGEE.

DISTURBING ELEMENTS.

Condition of the People Among Whom Mission Work is Most Needed.

Progress of Baptist Ministers in Educating Indians and Mormons—The Southern Field.

An Interesting Address by Judge Tourgee on the Needs of the Colored Race.

The condition of the Indians, the colored people of the South, and the population that goes to make up the great West, was described in an interesting manner yesterday at meetings held at the First Baptist Church. The gathering was called by the Baptist Ministers' Club of Cuyahoga county, at the instance of the Board of Managers of the American Baptist Home Mission Society. Representatives were present from nearly every town in Northeastern Ohio. In the afternoon the meeting was presided over by Rev. George L. Stevens, pastor of the Third Baptist Church. Rev. James Cooper, of Detroit, was first called upon to speak. He expressed gratification at the large attendance and the earnestness with which those present had taken part in the work. The meeting was called because of the call of the executive committee for an emergency fund of $50,000 to be collected immediately. The purpose was to take steps to interest the people of this portion of the State in the matter and impress them with the importance of immediate action. Rev. Dwight Spencer, who has charge of the mission work in Utah and Montana, spoke of the condition of affairs in that region. The West, he said, was being filled up by people

FROM ALL PARTS OF THE GLOBE,

and the population in many cases was of an exceedingly undesirable character. No part of the heathen world is in many respects so destitute as the Territories of the Rocky Mountains. There had been boys in the mission school who had never heard of the Savior or had a single day's education. The tide of emigration flows from the East through Castle Garden and carries with it to a large extent the dregs of the European cities. From the west by way of the Golden Gate, the heathenism and semi-civilization of Asia is transplanted to the Territories. Many of the people also are those who through some crime have become disgraced in their Eastern homes, and sought shelter amid the fastnesses of the mountains. These streams mingle and form a kind of society such as the world never before saw. In many case the people have been so long without Christian teaching that it requires the most earnest work of the missionaries to interest them in the church. The work was so important that in case it became necessary for the society to retrench it was difficult to decide which branch in the wide field of operations can be abandoned.

Professor A. C. Bacone, who has charge of the Indian University at Tahlequa, Indian Territory, then briefly reviewed the work among the aborigines. He stated that after many years of war and the loss of thousands of lives, the fact had been demonstrated that the theory of

CONQUERING THE INDIANS BY FORCE

is a fallacy. The result was that savage Indians are still roaming over the plains, rendering unsafe life in the border settlements. The stubborn, unyielding qualities that make up a prominent part of the Indian nature lead them to repel all invasions on their rights, and the only course left open is to educate and thoroughly civilize them. Had the ancient Romans or Greeks upheld their rights in the same manner that the Indians have done they would have been praised as heroes. Denied access to the courts, and the right of citizenship, the only recourse left the Indian to secure his rights is the musket. The Western tribes are earnestly petitioning for Christian teachers, and, if the missionaries are sustained, twenty-five years hence nothing more will be heard of the Indian question. Professor Bacone was accompanied by William Duel, an intelligent member of the Cherokee nation, who delivered a short address in English, sang a Cherokee hymn, and also addressed the audience in his own language. He is at present attending the Indian University, and at times preaches the gospel among his own people with marked success.

Rev. George Thomas Dowling, pastor of the Euclid Avenue Baptist Church, referred to the great advantage of sending Indian missionaries among their own people. It is now a question whether the civilization of the West shall be Christian or infidel, and the problem must be solved by the action of the churches. He also spoke of the necessity of the

WORK IN THE SOUTH,

urging as one of the reasons that in a few years there would be eight States in which the colored population will be in the majority.

Rev. Philip S. Moxom, pastor of the First Baptist Church, stated that, while many people were considering only the future life, there was great need of present salvation. The country is a nation of carpet-baggers, and there are 200,000 more Southern carpet-baggers in the North than there are Northern people of that character in the South. By reason of this that nucleus or basis of national character is swamped by tides of immigration without fixed organic character. Justice is inevitable and cannot be postponed. The people are on the verge of a possible revolution and the conditions of life in this country are such that collisions may easily occur that might entirely recast society. An empire is growing in the West that is drifting from the East, and only the missions can save it.

Rev. H. L. Morehouse, D. D., of New York, who is general secretary of the society and practically has charge of the work, explained the financial condition of the organization. The indebtedness last May amounted to $54,000. The managers had expectations of a legacy of $30,000 which, it was thought, could be applied on the debt, but it has since been found that the provisions of the will indicate that the money can only be obtained in yearly installments of $2,000 each. Within the past year the

WORK HAS NOT BEEN EXTENDED

and funds have been used solely to sustain the missionaries now in the field. The receipts of the year have fallen short $24,000, while the managers had reasonable expectations of an increase of at least ten per cent. It is believed that the falling off was caused mainly by the depression of business. Unless the emergency fund is raised a retrenchment of twenty per cent. will become absolutely necessary, but it cannot be made without almost irreparable injury to the work. For the proper prosecution of the work $500,000 is needed. The receipts last year amounted to $221,000, but at the present rate of decrease the society will by next spring have an indebtedness of $140,000. The work has doubled in the last five years, and it is considered necessary to keep pace with the growth of the country. The meeting then adjourned.

The evening meeting was presided over by Mr. James M. Hoyt. The most interesting address at this meeting was delivered by Judge Albion W. Tourgee, on the condition of the colored people of the South. He stated that there could be no better exemplification of the feelings of Cleveland people in the matter than that such a littte, scattering band had met to consider the question. It was evident that the people of the city had made up their minds that the negro had no rights in this country. It was indeed very unpleasant that they had been placed among us. It was also a very serious fact that 7,000,000 of the country's population are black. Of these 4,000,000 reside in eight States. For one hundred years

THE BATTLE OF SLAVERY

had been fought, and it was said that color and slavery were the same thing. Then the race was made free and people had apologized for future inaction by saying that if he did not progress it certainly was not their fault. It was never thought that these people were entirely without power. The shackles had been removed, but it was never considered that more should be done than is performed by the few kind souls who are interested in their welfare. It has been found to be almost the universal sentiment among people that they have performed all they should do. He believed that unless decisive measures are taken, before the twentieth century blood will be shed in this country with a liberality that has not been seen for three hundred years. The question has just come into life; it has just crossed the threshold, and is making its appearance on our plane of thought. It was perhaps right that the evil should be brought upon the country, because as a people Americans had degraded the black race, and it lay with them to repair the damages. It has been said that the negro had been given freedom, the ballot, the gospel, and opportunity, and therefore should care for himself. The speaker had endeavored to secure a position for a bright youth, whose blood was one-eigth negro, in every machine shop in Massachusetts and failed. They have been given a gospel that teaches that

RIGHT IS ALWAYS WHITE,

and that oppression is inherent and black. That which the people could not help giving was called an equivalent for two hundred and fifty years of slavery. The colored race while in bondage performed fifty billion days' word for nothing, and lived chiefly on faith and hope. Estimating their labor at ten cents a day, they added to the national improvement and prosperity $5,000,000,000. About 80 per cent. of the race are practically illiterate and as helpless to fight the battle of life as a babe five years old. The explosion is inevitable if things continue as at present, and the people appear to be waiting to be blown up before giving the matter any attention. They have thoroughly settled the question that they have nothing more to do with the negro. The speaker wished not, but there must or the people will be destroyed as a people, as a nation, or as a fact. All this talk about the Southern whites caring for the race was pronounced blatant humbug. They feel kindly toward him as a "nigger," as a man they are directly the opposite. The Southern people do not look on the question as those of the North, and

HELP MUST COME

from the outside. It is the most hopeful opportunity for mission work in the world and in comparison with the necessity is the most neglected.

The speaker closed by saying that if some great and unlooked for action is not taken, it is a matter that the people will regret in dust and ashes.

Rev. Mr. Spencer followed with an address on Mormonism. He described the importance of mission work among the people, and referred to the degradation that existed wherever Mormons were located. Those present were then called upon and responded very liberally to the call for aid. Before adjournment the following resolution introduced by Rev. Mr. Moxom was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That we invite Dr. James Cooper, Professor A. C. Bascone, and Dr. Dwight Spencer to remain in the city and make a systematic endeavor to secure a contribution for the emergency fund of the Home Mission Society from every Baptist in Cleveland. That we commend them and their cause to all the Baptists of the city.

Resolved, That we recommend the churches of Northern Ohio to arrange for special meetings at which the present emergency of the Home Mission Society shall be fully set forth.

OUR SOUTHERN LETTER.

THE SCENE OF THE "FOOL'S ERRAND."

Persimmon Has a Talk with an Associate of Judge Tourgee—The Author's Aggressiveness—Incidents and Characters in the Story—The Judge Still Liked at Greensboro—Weldon's Valuable Water Power—The Finest Cotton Country in the South—Danville and its Tobacco Industry.

From Our Own Correspondent.

DANVILLE, Va., July 30.—I had never been able to locate the scene of Judge Tourgee's romance of "A Fool's Errand" until a few days ago at Greensboro I was introduced one evening to one of the prominent lawyers of the town, J. R. Bulla, and in the course of the conversation Judge Tourgee's name was mentioned in connection with North Carolina politics. Thereupon I referred to my ill success in finding the scene of the story. "Well," said Mr. Bulla, "you are right at the place now; Greensboro is the the Verdanton of that tale." I then learned that Mr. Bulla had been the district solicitor under Judge Tourgee during the latter's entire term of six years as district judge and was with him constantly upon the circuit and therefore knew more of him and the experiences upon which the tale of "A Fool's Errand" was based than probably any other man living. My first inquiry upon ascertaining these facts was as to how much truth and how much romance there was in the tale as written. Mr. Bulla replied that as to the sentiment of the people at that time the book did not exaggerate the facts at all and that the feeling against the judge was quite as strong as had been represented. I remarked that in reading "A Fool's Errand" I had been impressed with the fact that according to the judge's own showing his course and style of intercourse with the people were such as under the circumstances was calculated to call out just such a feeling, in fact that his aggressive, self-assertive bearing was nothing less than a challenge to the people whose principles were the opposite of his own. Mr. Bulla admitted that Judge Tourgee was

VERY AGGRESSIVE IN HIS MANNER,

and so I take it that he simply found a people who did not feel disposed to accept his views as the moral law to which they must humbly subscribe, and when he persisted in thrusting them conspicuously in their faces on the plea of its being a "free country in which he had a right to do as he pleased," whether it pleased others or not, he of course rendered himself obnoxious. Many of the special incidents related in his book had more or less foundation in fact, but were colored of course to suit the thread of the narrative. The incident of the proposed kuklux ambush of himself and Judge —— at the bridge and the thrilling night ride of his fourteen or fifteen year old daughter on his famous horse to overtake and give them warning together with its romantic termination, was in the main an effort of the imagination, inasmuch as his only daughter was at that time an infant in arms. There was however a plot among some of the roughs of that section to waylay the two judges on that occasion, but it did not culminate in anything more serious than talk. The incident of the murder of an individual in the court house of an adjoining county was true so far as the literal facts was concerned, although the circumstances and causes leading thereto were not altogether of the nature or character given in Tourgee's tale.

THE LEADING CHARACTERS

mentioned in the book, who are still living in the vicinity, were identified by Mr. Bulla by their real names. Col. Zeke Vaugn for instance was one Col. Zeke Jones, formerly owning the sash factory, but who has now removed to some other point. The character of Col. Vaughn is said to have done him simple and accurate justice. Warrington, the place made notorious as Tourgee's original residence in this section, is about four miles from Greensboro. The judge first went into the nursery business there but made a failure of it and was afterward elected to the office of circuit judge by his colored and white republican following, Mr. Bulla being elected solicitor at the same time by the same party, which, on account of the political disability of most of the whites at that time, was largely in the majority. During his term of office Tourgee lived in Greensboro, having purchased and fitted up a handsome place on a pleasant avenue east of the railroad, where the most desirable private residences and grounds in the town are situated. The judge surrounded his grounds with a stone wall built in the form of a worm fence, which, Mr. Bulla remarked, was characteristic of the judge, just to cause people to ask questions. Tourgee still owns 90 acres of land lying back of these premises. As a man and a judge Tourgee was and is still liked and respected by the intelligent class of people of this neighborhood, and I am satisfied from what I know of the southern people that

HIS POLITICAL BELIEF

would not have elicited any annoyance had he been satisfied with entertaining it for himself, with the broad admission that others were none the less manly or honorable on account of entertaining entirely different views. It was the fact that he insisted upon obtruding

his opinions, backed by the assumption that his way was necessarily the only honorable or decent way and that everybody else should bend their principles to agree with his that excited the ill-will of the people.

From Greensboro to De...ville is a distance of

WADE HAMPTON TO THE NEGROES.

THE SOUTH CAROLINA SENATOR TELLS THEM HE FIRST URGED THEIR ENFRANCHISEMENT.

In a speech in Berkeley County, S. C., on Thursday last, Senator Wade Hampton said:

"I recognized in 1865, I, an old slave owner, a rebel, a Confederate General, long before any Northern man had said one word about conferring the right of suffrage upon the colored people—I, in Columbia, in 1865, came out at a meeting of the white and colored citizens and advised that South Carolina should confer the right to vote on her colored citizens. I did it because I recognized that a Republic could not make discrimination between her citizens on account of their color. [Applause.] The reason I mention it now is because I want to try and impress upon you that from that day to this I have had but one object in view, and that is to establish peace, good will, and harmony between the two races in South Carolina, and I tell you now that that can never be until you quit following the leaders that you have been following heretofore. It can never be as long as you are willing to vote for an ex-convict to represent you in Congress. Why, this man Smalls boasted in Charleston the other day that he had never been within a prison's walls. Well, he told the truth as far as he went, but not all the truth. He might have gone on and said that if it had not been for the pardon of a Democratic Governor of South Carolina he would have had on a convict's stripes and been working in the penitentiary. He was fairly convicted and pardoned. We did not want to punish those people who had been misled. Contrast him with the Democratic candidate for Congress. The Elliotts have been the friends of your race through many generations. Col. Elliott's father built a church for the colored people and preached to them year after year, and that church would be standing now if Sherman had not pulled it down to build a bridge over the Combahee River. But for one issue I would not care whether a Democrat or Republican was President of the United States, provided both were honest. That issue is this, that it is only by the election of a Democratic President that we can convince you colored people that the Democrats of the South are your friends. The National Democratic party will do you equal and exact justice. I pledge myself to that. [Applause.] I pledge myself to it because I would leave that party if I believed they would attempt to take from you a single right that you now enjoy. There are bad men in both parties I admit, but if the best men of the two races will get together and realize that the prosperity of the State means the prosperity of all the people of the State, and will combine and put good, honest, capable, and intelligent men in office we will soon have peace and prosperity in South Carolina. I have advocated everywhere the burial of these animosities. I have felt that we can never be a happy and successful and prosperous people until we realize that we must all pull together. It is for this one reason that I am in this canvass. I have been honored by the people of Carolina by being elected to the highest office in their gift, but above all I have cherished most profoundly the love and confidence given me by these people. I want no higher memorial, no better epitaph than the acknowledgment that I have been a benefactor to South Carolina."

MONTEFIORE'S HOUSE.
From the London Truth.

Sir Moses Montefiore (who has just com-

...but engaged to accept the worthy old gentleman as a yearly tenant at the same rent.

REPUBLICAN CHAMPION,
NEWPORT, N. H.

We quoted last week from a letter from Senator Blair, in reply to an objection that funds appropriated for general education might be misapplied unless distributed among the school districts under federal direction, in which he took the ground that the money would not fall altogether short of the purpose of the bill even if the white children got more than their share. The Nashua Telegraph at once jumped to the conclusion that something must be wrong, and said, "If it [the Blair bil] is based on the idea that the South may devote the whole appropriation to the whites, it embodies more than an absurdity—it embodies a giant injustice." The inference of the Telegraph is altogether misleading, and prejudicial to the bill. Bro. Moore excuses this attitude with the remark that he has not a copy of the bill before him, but he should have been restrained somewhat by our own remark that "It guards as carefully against the diversion from the negroes of their proportion as against any other form of misapplication." To establish this point we quote from the bill as it was sent to the House.

SEC. 3. * * No money shall be paid out under this act to any State or Territory that shall not have provided by law a system of free common schools for all of its children of school age, without distinction of race or color, either in the raising or distributing of school revenues or in the school facilities afforded: Provided, That separate schools for white and colored children shall not be considered a violation of this condition.

SEC. 10. That the moneys distributed under the provisions of this act shall be used only for common schools, not sectarian in character, etc.

SEC. 11. * * And if any State or Territory shall misapply or allow to be misapplied, or in any manner appropriated or used other than for the purposes herein required, the funds or any part thereof, * * such State or Territory shall forfeit its right to any subsequent apportionment hereof until the full amount so misapplied, lost, or misappropriated shall have been replaced by such State or Territory and applied as herein required, etc.

SEC. 14. That no State or Territory that does not distribute the moneys raised for common-school purposes equally for the education of all the children, without distinction of race or color, shall be entitled to any of the benefits of this act.

We doubt not that a careful examination of the bill will convince the editor of the Telegraph that there are ample safeguards in the Blair bill for the expenditure among the common schools only and for the benefit of black and white alike, and that he will correct the impression made by his hastily drawn conclusions. Judge Tourgee's plan, which is more radical, may be more to his liking, as it is to ours, but the Blair bill is undoubtedly the best that can be done. Is it not worthy of the Telegraph's support?

The resolution calling for the historical documents recently filed in the War Department by Gen. Sherman, in proof of the fact that the Southern Confederacy nearly crumbled to pieces as a result of the States Rights theory by which they excused secession from the Union, caused an exciting debate in the Senate which occupied the greater part of two days. Gen. Sherman's claim is that coercion was necessary to hold the confederacy together and that Davis aimed to become a Dictator. But it was not this that caused the storm, but the remark that he was a traitor to his country, a conspirator for the overthrow of the Union. The insinuation was instantly resented by every Southern Senator and with much heat they proceeded to eulogize him as a patriot and a statesman, while Republican Senators classed him with Benedict Arnold. We are ready to shake hands over the bloody chasm—the Union is restored; not only is every square mile of U. S. territory consecrated to freedom, but slavery has disappeared forever from the slave states themselves; neither do the "animosities of the war" linger to disturb the peace—but the gentlemen must excuse the North from listening to such encomiums as were there heaped upon the leader of their lost cause. If Jefferson Davis was not a conspirator and a traitor, with the whole horde of Southern statesmen who led their people to secession and the seizure of government buildings, arsenals, arms, forts and ships of war, if the attack on Sumpter was not treason, then Abraham Lincoln was the "smutty old tyrant" that Thomas A. Hendricks painted him, coercion was wrong, the preservation of the Union was treason, and Grant's victorious army an army of oppressors. The North is not prepared as yet to teach this theory in her public schools or promulgate it from legislative hall or political rostrum. "The South surrendered at Appomattox, but the North has been surrendering ever since," as Judge Tourgee says, but we are not yet ready to surrender the idea that the preservation of that Union was a just cause. The North surrendered a great deal before the war for the preservation of that Union, but finally put her foot down against further aggressions of slavery, in defeating the scheme to admit Kansas as a slave state. Then quickly the rupture came. With patriotic zeal the men of the North flew to arms. Millions of money and thousands of lives were sacrificed to preserve the Nation. Was the North right? If Jefferson Davis was a patriot and a statesman, then there was a mighty small sprinkling of patriots in the North, and they were generally known as copperheads. The North, we fear, has been derelict in teaching the rising generation the loyalty, patriotism and heroism of the "boys of '61," while the South has ostracised and branded as a felon every Southerner who did not go with his state. This is the result: only twenty years after the war Jefferson Davis is eulogized in the American Senate, by men, too, whose titles to seats on that floor are political forgeries, written in the blood of their intellectually weaker opponents. Usurpers of the political power of their states, they come into the Senate to tell the loyal people of the North that Jefferson Davis is and was a patriot and a statesman.

WHAT THE SOUTH IS SAYING.

"THE CARPETBAGGERS MUST LEAVE."
Gaston Robbins at a celebration in Selma, Ala., Nov. 10.

Confederate soldiers had the brass buttons cut from their clothes by those things calling themselves men and officers, but thank God, his fair daughter [of the South], Alabama, has been torn from the clutches of thieves, and redeemed by the grand old Democracy; and now the solid South has played her hand, and elected to the Presidency one of the noblest men that ever trod the earth. Now the carpetbaggers must leave; a man, though his skin be white, and he may be of Southern birth, if he accept the support of the Republican party against the wishes of the white people of this country, he is no man, he is a dog.

"PURIFIED, STRENGTHENED AND JUSTIFIED."
From The Selma (Ala.) Times, Nov. 11.

The South will soon, and forever in the future, be recognized as the chief instrument in the salvation of this Union in 1884. We have long endured in the patience of righteousness the obloquy that the world, as well as the victor, always heaps upon what are termed as "rebels." But to-day we stand more than justified as loyal to the Constitution of the Fathers. For it we fought in 1860 and were defeated. Whipped back in submission to wrongs, these wrongs have been continuously piled up by the Republican party, not only upon the South, but upon all other sections, until the whole people rose in the legitimate rebellion of the ballot against them. . . . Now it will always be the proud privilege of the South to point to the fact that her voice was three-fourths of the power that saved the country in this crisis. Furthermore, it offers proof to the fair-minded men of the present and historian of the future, who shall see all things clearly, that the South was honest and pure in fighting for the Constitution in 1860, just as she unquestionably is now. She erred in method probably before, but among the other good results of the war was the wisdom of patience which has taught us the best way to secure our rights and to express our motives. The South stands to-day purified, strengthened and justified.

NOTHING DUE TO THE INDEPENDENTS.
From The Aberdeen (Miss.) Examiner.

It is all well enough to sneer at the spoils system, but he would be considered an idiot in private life who intrusted the management of any portion of his business to persons who would profit by his failure. Friends must garrison the captured fortress. Mr. Cleveland owes nothing to the Independent Republicans. Their battle was a personal one against Blaine.

WILL NOT PRESS MR. CLEVELAND HARD.
From The Meridian (Miss.) Mercury, Nov. 9.

The "Solid South" for years during Democratic depression has stood like a great, shackled giant unmovable in its purposes, the ally and friend of the National Democracy, always ready to aid and succor. By its powerful aid the National Democracy has achieved a great and crushing victory, and now in the selection, by the new President, of counsellors for the administration of the Government, the Solid South, which has stood so firmly and waited so patiently, will not be extravagant in its claim for places.

WILL EX-CONFEDERATES TAKE THE CHEESE?
From The Albany (Ga.) News and Advertiser.

The Federal rats will lose their Government cheese.

A KIND WORD FOR REPUBLICAN DESERTERS.
From The Birmingham (Ala.) Age, Nov. 11.

We hope President-elect Cleveland will give a substantial recognition of the Independents who supported him. They might be made just as good Democrats as any of us.

MR. BLAINE'S AUGUSTA SPEECH.

The Primal Question of American Manhood.

A Letter from the Author of "a Fool's Errand."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ADVERTISER:

I have a copy of the *Advertiser* of the 19th instant, forwarded to me no doubt by your courtesy. I am glad to know that the question I have so long labored to place before the American people is beginning to receive the attention which it deserves. Believe me, sir, I have not made this question the study of my life without being able to say with some assurance that it will prove true, that the question of equality of political power in the United States is, as Mr. Blaine phrases it, "the primal question of American manhood." It is true, as you state in the editorial referred to, that Mr. Blaine formulated in his speech at Augusta only one phase of this question. It was, perhaps, unnecessary that he should go further and complicate the relations of parties at this time by consideration of the remedy. Of course the first step must be to establish and enforce the fact that gross, outrageous and inexcusable inequality of power exists. When this idea once becomes thoroughly fixed in the minds of the American people, a remedy will no doubt be found and that remedy it will be the province of the Republican party to devise and apply. The fact itself he put in the most striking form and it is one which cannot be denied or avoided. It is an issue which, if it had been brought to the front, as it should have been in the recent campaign, would have left the result not a moment doubtful. It is an issue which appeals to the noblest sentiment and the highest patriotism of the American people. It is in accord with all the traditions of the Republican party, and is in fact the very basis on which it has achieved all its triumphs. It was only when the Republican party abandoned the great principle of equality of right and tried to win upon mere mercenary considerations that it failed. Mr. Blaine has shown, not only a remarkable recuperative power in thus swiftly recurring to the basis principles of the party he represents and formulating in the very teeth of disaster a policy for the future, but has also shown the sagacity of the statesman in discerning at once the cause of weakness in the struggle which has just ended and remedying it by an instantaneous adoption of a policy based upon a principle which insures success. The fact that every one who has written or spoken in regard to the Augusta speech, no matter whether friend or enemy, has recognized the inherent strength of the issue thus raised, shows that Mr. Blaine has only sounded the keynote of a great and momentous struggle. By placing himself behind this great question he has made himself in the very instant of defeat a far more formidable leader than he has ever before been and has rallied about him by one master stroke a better-compacted and more homogeneous party than he has ever before led. Beyond all question Mr. Blaine's Augusta speech is the most remarkable incident of an altogether remarkable career. His speeches during the campaign, admirable as they were and unmatched for sagacity and tact by the utterances of any previous candidate for the Presidency, are trivial and insignificant in comparison with this remarkable address. It constitutes the platform on which his party will fight, not merely for the next four years, but perhaps for the better part of a generation. It formulates the one great question which must be decided before lesser issues of administrative detail can become again the controlling questions of American politics.

I note in your article one error which has become so universal throughout the North as to require correction because of its ultimate bearing upon this great question. You say that the experiment of colored suffrage in the South "failed before the Ku-Klux Klan appeared." The first Southern State government in which the colored man was a political factor, or in the administration of which he was in any manner represented, was organized about the first of July, 1868. The first legislatures controlled or affected by Republican votes were held during the winter of 1868-9. The Ku-Klux Klan had already extended its "Invisible Empire" and was a thoroughly compacted force in at least five of the States of the South before a solitary State government was organized under the reconstruction laws. During the summer of 1868, it became an active force in at least two more of these States and before a single law had been passed by any legislature subject to such influences a very large proportion of its most atrocious crimes had been committed. These facts which are admitted by the historians of the Klan and are sustained by ample testimony, while they do not tend to excuse any act of misgovernment nor in any manner lessen the evils flowing from ignorance and inexperience, are fatal to the claim of long-suffering patience, saintly forbearance and divine sweetness of resignation, which it is now fashionable to allege in favor of the South and in justification of the Ku-Klux revolution. The fact is that the revolution was well under way before reconstruction was attempted, and if the Southern white man had not drawn the line of political demarcation himself, the colored man of the South would have followed neither "carpet-bagger" nor "scalawag." The Southern whites had it in their power to have led the colored people whithersoever they would by simply according to them cheerfully the rights of citizenship instead of struggling with might and main to prevent their enjoyment of those rights accorded by national authority. The fact that the blacks at the South constitute a party by themselves in the main, results naturally from the antecedent fact that the dominant class of the whites were insuperably opposed to the colored man's possessing *any* political right and were in favor of granting him *only* the debased and limited civil existence which was sought to be imposed upon him by the "Black Codes" adopted in 1865-6 by the provisional governments of the South. If they had admitted the colored man's right to the privileges of the citizen and entered into fair competition with him at the polls, the race would have divided upon other public questions as readily as any class of our population. The simple fact is that the Democratic party made its fight upon the question of admitting the colored man to *any* participation whatever in the government and forced the contest along the line of color until the result was to solidify and unite the entire colored vote of the South. This fact produced deplorable consequences, but those consequences however deplorable rest primarily with the men and the party who raised this issue, refused to recognize or accord this right to the colored man, and when it was granted, instead of cheerfully submitting to the will of the majority, appealed to midnight murder first and organized intimidation and systemized fraud afterwards to defeat the purpose and intent of the law. Instead of long-suffering forbearance in this struggle, the South have manifested only their ancient characteristic of a skilful and unscrupulous use of the most violent and barbarous instrumentalities for the accomplishment of their purposes. They have manifested again their superiority as rulers and managers over the Northern people. There is something of grim justice in allowing the South greater power in the government, man for man, than the North. It cannot be denied that they have a far greater capacity for ruling or misruling than we can pretend to claim. I regard the revolution by which the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth amendments of the constitution were practically nullified throughout the South, in the face of national power, in defiance of the almost universal sentiment of the North, as the most brilliant feat of political strategy which

the world has ever known. I cannot approve the means by which it was accomplished and can but regard the end in view with unmitigated abhorrence; but the skill, courage and audacity of the men, who, in the very hour of defeat, organized this marvellous revolution and accomplished it in the face of overwhelming odds, command my unlimited admiration. I cannot but look upon their recent final triumph in the practical subversion of the government of the United States and the reinstatement of the power and principles and animus of the Confederacy in its stead as a deserved triumph—deserved not by the justice of their cause or the righteousness of their principles, but by the boldness, daring and fortitude which they have displayed in accomplishing their purpose, the nullification of the laws of the land and the latest elements of the constitution, not by the action of individual States as was attempted by South Carolina in Jackson's day, nor yet by open confederation of the States as was the case in 1861, but by the resolute action of a minority of the people of those States in direct, open and flagrant defiance of the power of the country. Hardly a fifth of our population, overwhelming by unlawful methods so notorious as not to admit of denial and so flagrant in their character as to permit only of the justification openly and boastfully put forth of an inherent right to rule—cannot but receive the admiration of the cool observer of the present as it will undoubtedly awaken the utmost astonishment of the student of the future. The tenacity with which the people of the South have adhered to their original purpose and demand of right on the part of each separate State and community to reject and nullify at will the laws of the United States, even under the most disheartening circumstances, is in refreshing contrast with the vacillation, weakness and anxiety to mollify and propitiate which has been manifested by the people of the North. A quarter of a century after South Carolina under Calhoun's leadership attempted to assert the doctrine of Nullification, the Confederacy was organized for an armed assertion of the same doctrine, not on the part of one State but in behalf of eleven. Twenty-four years afterwards the same people who had thus for half a century asserted this peculiar right to nullify the operation and effect of national law—to negative and defy the national will—once more asserted the same doctrine and by an unblushing exercise of unlawful and fraudulent power at length obtain triumphant control of the government of the United States. As a man and a citizen I not only disapprove the aims and methods of the South, but I look upon them with inexpressible abhorrence and the keenest apprehension for the future safety of the country; but as an American I must admit that I feel the most unbounded admiration for the tenacity of purpose, imperial arrogance, sublime audacity and magnificent courage which they have displayed. Very respectfully,

ALBION W. TOURGEE.

Mayville, N. Y., Nov. 25, 1884.

Portland Advertiser.

SECOND EDITION.

MONDAY, - - - - - - December 1, 1884

EDUCATE THE VOTER.

Judge Tourgee, as he says in the remarkable letter printed in another column, has made the relations of the black and white races in the Southern States the study of his life. Long ago he reached the conclusion that nothing can make the South an equal and honored partner of the North, except such an education of the masses as shall make that beautiful portion of our land, to use his own words, "genuinely democratic and truly republican." No man has recognized more emphatically the failure of the policy of reconstruction adopted in 1866. No man has more acutely pointed out the inherent defects which made the failure of that policy inevitable. In his recently published "Appeal to Cæsar," he says:

In order to assimilate Southern society to the model of Northern life, it seemed necessary to do two things; first, to make the slave a free man, and second, to make the freedman a citizen. The first was very easily done. A few lines upon the statute-book, an executive proclamation, a constitutional amendment; perhaps no one of them was of itself entirely sufficient, but certainly all of them were enough to accomplish what the triumph of Northern armies had already made inevitable. The other, the elevation of the recent slave to the plane of citizenship, was a far more difficult and complicated matter. To accomplish this, three things were necessary; first, to clothe the freedman with the right to exercise the privileges of citizenship; second, to assure to him the opportunity for their exercise; and third, to enable him to apprehend and rightly to perform the duties of the citizen. *Perhaps the last should have come first.* It is hard to say; at least it did not. Those who framed the reconstructionary legislation and exulted in what they had done, seem not to have accounted this element of citizenship of any importance whatever. The fact that a man was free and had the abstract right to enjoy and exercise the privileges of the citizen, seemed to be thought all that was necessary to transform a million of unlettered slaves into an equal number of self-governing citizens to whom the power of the ballot might be safely entrusted. They had forgotten, or they did not know, that something more than liberty is required to enable a man to perform the functions of one of the co-ordinate rulers of a republic. The first element of any task is to know what is to be done. To properly exercise the functions of the citizen, a man must first of all things understand the nature and importance of those duties. Sumner exulted too quickly when he declared that by giving the ballot to the freedman we had "chained him to the chariot wheel of American progress." The years that have followed this legislation have proved most conclusively that the ballot, to him who knows not how to exercise its power, is but a sword in a blind man's hand.

The plain fact is, that the authors of the scheme of reconstruction neglected two important factors in the problem—the incapacity of the freedman and the pride of his former master. The white man's assumption of superiority may have been irrational, or wicked; probably no such feeling exists in the breasts of Northern white men; but it was a fact in the case and could not wisely be ignored. How the experiment turned out, Judge Tourgee tells in these words:

In the brief period of three years, from 1865 to 1868, four millions of people were lifted from the level of the slave to the rank of kings. Not only the privileges but the duties of government were laid upon them. They were required to legislate and to execute. They were authorized to choose and to control. Against them were arrayed the pride, the knowledge, the experience and the wealth of the white race. A child, cognizant of these facts, should have foreseen the result. Yet the wisest of our legislators thought them not worthy of consideration. Left to themselves, these conflicting ideas would naturally produce the very results that have followed. To them is traceable with the utmost clearness all the striking facts of Southern history since the close of the war. First there was wholesale slaughter in the open day, like the massacre at New Orleans, when negroes and white men first met in a public capacity to organize a party of which the negro should be a constituent element. Then we had the Ku-Klux Klan composed of the very best of the white people from Virginia to Texas, as its recent historian tells us, organized into a band of regulators to make the colored people "behave themselves," in the old-time sense of the term; that is, as slaves and inferiors should "behave." Against this and kindred organizations, such as "Rifle Clubs" and "Bulldozers," there was a sullen though unsuccessful resistance—an opposition as remarkable for the courage displayed by colored voters as it was pathetic in its failure. Then came the period of prostration, which yet continues, when the majority had at length yielded to a force they could not successfully cope with, though still smarting under a constant and increasing sense of injustice.

Judge Tourgee does not mention in this paragraph the frightful misgovernment, amounting to anarchy, during the period of negro rule; but he describes it elsewhere as only less shameful than the violence by which it was suppressed. It is doubtful however, whether anarchy is less shameful than tyranny. In the letter published to-day, he says that the Ku-Klux Klan was organized before a solitary State government had been formed under the reconstruction laws, and that is true. But the testimony recorded in the Ku-Klux Report of 1872 shows that the order, in the outset, was simply a Confederate counterpart to the Loyal League—a combination for mutual protection against real and imaginary dangers consequent upon the confusion which followed the war. It was after the excesses of the "carpet-bag legislatures" had become intolerable, that this machinery, devised for a different purpose, was ruthlessly employed to prevent the negroes from voting.

Judge Tourgee says also, that the South—whites had it in their power to have the colored people whithersoever they would, by simply according to them cheerfully the rights of citizens. But this is pure speculation. It was not to be expected that the whites could so emancipate themselves from their own inveterate prejudices as "cheerfully" to accord to freedmen an equality in law which did not exist in fact. And if that miracle had been possible, it would still be doubtful whether they could have overcome the rooted distrust with which the negroes regarded their former masters.

In the passages quoted above, Judge Tourgee speaks of the plan of reconstruction as a foredained failure. "A child," he says, "should have foreseen the result." In his letter to the *Advertiser*, he attributes that inevitable failure to "the most brilliant feat of political strategy which the world has ever known." His casual explanation is better. Citizens of a free repu

cannot be created by act of Congress. They must be qualified by education and experience. It would have been well if the freedmen had been encouraged to qualify themselves to use the ballot intelligently, before it was thrust into their hands. But the time for that precaution has long gone by. The question to be considered now is simply this: that in eight Southern States nearly one half of the legal voters cannot read the names upon the ballots. These poor people, if they vote at all, are the natural prey of demagogues. They should be enlightened. It is a national duty to provide for their education. "The remedy for darkness is light," said Judge Tourgee years ago. "Let the nation educate the colored man and the poor white, because the nation held them in bondage and is responsible for their ignorance. *Educate the voter*, because the nation cannot afford that he should remain ignorant."

Judge Tourgee now seems to think that the plain common sense of this proposition can be illustrated or enforced by a fanciful comparison of the number of actual voters who take part in the choice of Congressmen in the different districts, or of electors in the different States. But these figures vary with every election. They differ in contiguous districts in the same State. There is no instruction to be found in them. *De minimis non curat lex.* Whether the voter's share in the choice of a Congressman, or an elector, be one 40,000th part, or a 50,000th part, or an 80,000th part, is alike inconsiderable. In fractions so small the differences are inappreciable. But it is of the greatest consequence that every vote should represent an intelligent purpose. The quality of each vote is more important than its quantity. The quantity concerns only the individual voter, and him in an infinitesimal degree; but the quality affects the most vital interests of the whole community.

The time is now ripe for action. The magnitude of the failure is confessed. The remedy is evident. The means are abundant. With an overflowing treasury, it is easy to provide a national system of education. It is even a favorable circumstance, that the party responsible for the failure has just been defeated in a general election. It is amazing to find a man like Judge Tourgee speaking of the choice of a Northern man, the governor of a Northern State, to be President of the United States as a "re-instatement of the power, principles and animus of the Confederacy." The power of the Confederacy was broken at Appomattox. Its principles were abolished by the constitutional amendment declaring that slavery should no longer exist within the jurisdiction of the United States. Its animus survives, perhaps in traditional prejudices but not in any hostile purpose. The results of the war for the Union are safe. And now it is to be seen whether the Democratic party has the wisdom to correct the mistake of the Republican states-men of 1866, and to provide as they should have provided for the suitable instruction of the great body of voters upon whom they presumptuously conferred the elective franchise. Then, and there that the construction of a new State should have begun. It is there that it must still begin. And if the leaders of the Democratic party, after watching this experiment for nearly twenty years, cannot improve upon the methods struck out in the heat and passion of an unprecedented crisis, then surely they must give place to men who can perform that duty.

But the Republican party will not be reorganized on any nice calculation of the fractional value of a vote in Wisconsin, or in Alabama carried out to six places of decimals. A battle-rallying cry has already been raised, and that is, "Educate the voter."

APPROVED BY WATTERSON.

THE PRESIDENT'S POLICY DEFENDED.

AN ANALYSIS AND EULOGY OF HIS CHARACTER—PRAISE FOR MISS CLEVELAND.

WASHINGTON, May 4.—Henry Watterson will send to his paper to-night the following: "A slight attack of sore eyes suggested a visit to Washington, and having tried the Executive and departmental treatment for nearly a week, it has occurred to me that a brief account of some impressions of the Administration may not be without interest to the readers of *The Courier-Journal*.

"On a certain occasion Artemus Ward stepped in front of his canvas and pointing to the passing scene, said to his audience: 'Ladies and Gentlemen: These are horses. It was only this morning that the artist came to me, with tears in his eyes, and exclaimed, I can conceal it from you no longer, Mr. Ward, they are horses.' In its entire utterances and appointments, the Administration has so spoken to the country. It can conceal it no longer, it is a Democratic Administration. For my part I have never doubted this in the least. If I had been given the making of it I could not better have suited myself. Indeed I have been so well pleased that I have been content to stay at home and play at philosophy, leaving others to play at patronage, quite satisfied that the President and the eminent and accomplished men with whom he has surrounded himself might be trusted to give us a Civil Service capable and clean; to handle the public business with fidelity and efficiency, and to discharge adequately their obligations both to the people and the party. Personal contact and opportunities for getting at both sides of points of criticism and dispute, have strengthened these original impressions, and I am happy to say that the case of sore eyes with which I started from home has entirely disappeared.

"The President is a less reserved and a more likeable man than I had been in the habit of thinking him. He is at once exact and exacting, but there is beneath his unmistakable businesslike purpose and exterior a doughtiness of spirit and an engaging candor, which come out strong for very little provocation, and which save his manners from severity. Genial is hardly the word to describe the sunny side of him, for he is a serious man and a hard worked and hard working man. But he has the gift of appreciation, a simple schoolboy love of fair play, and a repose altogether unaffected and complete and singularly lacking both in cynicism and vacuity. I observed the latter of these admirable qualities in Miss Cleveland, whose rapid advancement and elevation to the highest social honors and duties have no wise disconcerted her, and who will add one more name to the very short list of ladies who have signalized and adorned the mistress-ship of the Executive Mansion. Her brother is not so deeply or so seriously read as she, not so much of a doctrinaire, if indeed a doctrinaire at all, for I should say he has been a student rather of men than of books, but he has an undeniable genius for command, and for one of so little ostentation, is the most unpromising subject of familiarity imaginable. His weight and reach of brain have perhaps never been tested or measured. He has yet to put forth his full mental powers and resources. Time, which develops, can only disclose the nature and extent of these. But there is one thing about him which nothing can obscure, which shows itself in all he says and does, and which is blazoned upon all his aspects. That is character, and the older I grow and the more I see of life and men, the more respect I have for character when brought to contrast with intellect. Many a man called dull and slow has by honest purposes and inflexible will, enlightened by nothing more luminous than plain, good sense, the offspring of everyday experience, conferred inestimable blessings upon his kind, whilst the history of the world is full of examples of curses wrought by brilliancy corrupt, and genius misapplied.

"Mr. Cleveland is a plain, sober man, There is nothing dramatic or sensational about him. He has not, like so many politicians, a long conscience and a short memory. His hates and his loves are few, positive and sincere. He has shown himself abundantly able to say 'No,' and yet, as I have seen him, no man has a livelier wish to gratify the wishes of others. He wants to do the right thing and the kindly thing, and there is not the smallest doubt that since his election he has been inspired by the truest spirit of justice and the most conscientious sense of duty, equally loyal to his great place and to his party, asking no favors and looking to his work to vindicate itself.

"Very great forbearance and a patient temper should be extended by the public to such a public servant. He selected his political advisers by the rule of fitness, and he has inspired them with his own business-like spirit. The departments are in hands most uniform and methodical. In every one of them there circulates the atmosphere of the workshop. To say nothing about practical benefits and utilitarian performance and promise, all this has a moral value incalculable. It is, in itself, a sort of Democracy, and a much-needed sort at that.

"The attack of Mr. Eustis upon the Administration seems to me equally unjust and unwise. As long as Senators and Representatives insist upon sharing the patronage of the Government they should be willing to share its responsibilities. To-day the President is just two months in office. There has been no attempt to shape a policy. The thankless duty of hearing the appeals and considering the claims of aspirants, and the friends of aspirants, has consumed all the time. Appointments mean disappointments, because for every place there are a dozen or more applicants; and for each which he fills the President must take the risk of making one traitor and eleven enemies. No one understands this better than Mr. Eustis, who is a deliberate and thoughtful man, and hence it is a matter of surprise to those who know him that he should break with the Administration upon a simple question of patronage. There is little reason to doubt that when Congress assembles he will find himself in close agreement and sympathy with it upon all the leading questions of the time, so that he will be placed in the awkward position of having his approval and support forced from him in spite of his personal hostility, a circumstance which whips the advantages of the controversy over to the side of the President. The Louisiana Senator, indeed, may get a temporary profit out of this at home, albeit it is by no means certain that he will—but, in the long run, it cannot pay a man of his character and ability. He can of course embarrass the Administration in the Senate. But something better is worthy a Senator so eminent and so ambitious.

"After twenty-four years of absence from power, the Democratic party has, by little less than a miracle, come into the custody of the National Government. Whether it retains that custody will depend upon the success or failure of the men it has delegated to represent it. The party is on trial. Inevitably it is bound to stand or fall by its Administration. It cannot afford to quarrel with this upon matters of detail, or lightly to criticise it. There will be time enough to disown it when it violates its pledges. In the meantime Democrats should remember that it is composed of Democrats; that the Democrats who compose it have their rights with the rest, and that no one of them has given the smallest reason for anybody to distrust him. I have encountered but one spirit here, and my opportunities for forming a judgment have been the most ample, and this is a spirit of loyalty to the party and the country, I will stake my life upon the sincerity of this; and I assure the disappointed and the doubting among Democrats that, if the President should go faster than he is going, he would surely run his bark ashore. One story is good till another is told. The Administration that starts out to please everybody will end by pleasing nobody. This Administration is trying to do its duty. Beset on all sides by complications, and badgered day in and out by importunities, it has kept its temper passing well and has made no more mistakes than are common to newcomers in office, and not so many as might have been expected."

ON THE FIELD OF GETTYSBURG.

VETERANS ACCOMPANY THE PRESIDENT.

LEADERS IN BOTH ARMIES TOGETHER ON THE FIELD—EXERCISES OF THE DAY.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE TRIBUNE.]

GETTYSBURG, Penn., May 4.—The special train bearing the President, several members of his Cabinet, the Vice-President, members of the Washington Commandery of the Loyal Legion, and veterans of the Army of the Potomac to the number of three hundred left Washington at 8 a. m. to-day and arrived here about noon. The train stopped in Baltimore and Hanover, but there was no public demonstration in either place, although a few curious persons clustered around the train and tried to obtain glimpses of the President and his party. Several hundred men and women gathered in and around the railroad station to witness the arrival of the President and his party. The visitors entered carriages and were driven at once to the National Cemetery, where the formal exercises were to take place, and it was expected by the people that the President, following the example of Abraham Lincoln on a like occasion, would have a few words to say. In this they were disappointed. He mounted the stand and remained there until Governor Pattison's speech of welcome—which possessed the merit of brevity—had been delivered, when he retreated without a word of public acknowledgement, and, entering a carriage with the Vice-President, was driven rapidly toward Seminary Hill, the scene of the beginning of the battle on July 1, 1863. Besides the President and Vice-President, the party, which visited all the leading points of interest on the battlefield, included Secretaries Whitney and Endicott, Mrs. and Miss Endicott, Postmaster-

General Vilas, Generals Doubleday, Hunt, Crawford and Bragg, Delegate Maginnis and many other veterans of the war. General Hunt, who commanded the artillery of Meade's Army in the battle; General Doubleday, who temporarily commanded the First Corps, which bore the brunt of the Rebel assaults on the first day, after the death of General Reynolds; and Colonel Bachelder, whose years of study and investigation of the movements of both armies immediately before and during the three fateful days of combat, were the excellent guides who placed themselves at the disposal of the President for his edification and entertainment on Cemetery Hill, on Seminary Hill, on Little Round Top, in Devil's Den, in the wheatfield and on the scene of Pickett's mad, fatal charge against the Union lines on the third day, when the last attempt was made to pierce the Union centre.

The men named described in eloquent and vivid words the great combat in which two of them were participants. The President wore throughout it all the appearance of a man who felt bored, and he expressed neither by word nor gesture any interest in the stirring recitals. The veterans who accompanied the Presidential party on its rounds expressed their surprise at the apparent lack of interest felt by both the President and Vice-President; although the latter was once persuaded to admit, with some appearance of mental reservation, that the day had been an interesting one to him.

After the President and his party started on their rounds, speeches were delivered in the cemetery by Delegate Maginness and General Black, the Commissioner of Pensions. General Black's address bore marks of careful preparation, and he displayed considerable skill in awarding equal praise to the men who wore the blue and those who wore the gray. He alluded to Stonewall Jackson as "half saint, half hero," and thanked God that all the members of the "Great Union Triumvirate, Grant, Sherman and Sheridan, are still alive." General Rosecrans was to have extended a formal welcome to the Senators and Representatives, but as none of the former and only three or four of the latter put in an appearance, he kindly forbore and remarked that he would defer his speech to the printer.

The following letter was received from the Count de Paris:

CHATEAU D'EU, April 14.

To J. H. STINE.

DEAR SIR: I have received your letter dated March 27 conveying to me an invitation from Governor Curtin to be present at the historical visit to the battlefield of Gettysburg. I am grateful to the Governor for this kind invitation, and if it had been possible, I would not have hesitated to cross the Atlantic in order to witness a sight which is, I believe, without a parallel in the bloody history of mankind. I believe it has never happened before that the military leaders of two armies should after twenty years meet in friendly converse on the battlefield to discuss every debatable point in the history of the great struggle in which they risked their lives, the one against the other. I would have found the greatest interest in those discussions. But in the present state of affairs I cannot undertake such a long journey, and I must therefore ask you to offer my most sincere excuses to Governor Curtin. I avail myself of this opportunity to assure you that I would have been glad to make your personal acquaintance. Believe me, dear sir,

Yours truly, PHILIPPE, Compte de Paris.

There was a report in the afternoon that Secretary Lamar had arrived on a later train, but he did not accompany the Presidential party on its visit to the field and was seen and recognized by only a few people. It was said that he slept late this morning and missed the special train. A few minutes before the train left for Washington, Mr. Cleveland was persuaded to step from his car and shake hands with a good many of the people who crowded around eager to see a live President. The Vice-President also came out, without much coaxing, and modestly divided the honors with the President. The police were wretchedly inefficient and both the distinguished visitors were rudely jostled by the crowd, although Governor Curtin, to whose efforts the visit of the President was mainly due, did his best to make the affair pleasant and successful. The men to whom he had intrusted the details did not seem competent to perform their duties, and everything fell into disorder. It is only fair to them, however, to say that they were heavily handicapped by the fact that the presence in this little Pennsylvania town of the President, Vice-President and three or four Cabinet officers awakened no popular enthusiasm and excited only moderate interest. All there was of real interest and enthusiasm seemed to be inspired by the meeting of old army comrades and the warm greetings extended to General Bragg, General Dudley, who lost a leg on Seminary Hill, and other heroes of the memorable battle. In the evening a camp fire in the Court House was largely attended and was presided over by Pennsylvania's old War Governor, Andrew G. Curtin.

THE PRESIDENT WAS NOT SHOT.

WASHINGTON, May 4.—When the returning train was near the Mount Hope Station, Maryland, about 8 o'clock this evening, three pistol shots were heard in rapid succession and the flash of the weapon was seen within two or three feet of the moving train. It is probable that some enthusiast had devised this method of celebrating the passage of the President, and that the demonstration was only intended as a salute. It created some amusement and gave rise to some jocular comment among the passengers, but since the return of the train the rumor has spread through the city that the President was shot at.

GENERAL HAZEN CENSURED.

THE FINDINGS OF THE COURT-MARTIAL APPROVED BY THE PRESIDENT.

WASHINGTON, April 17.—The court-martial proceeding in the case of General William B. Hazen were made public to-day. The sentence is a reprimand, which is made by the President as follows:

The proceedings, findings and sentence in the case of Brigadier-General William B. Hazen, Chief Signal Officer, U. S. A., are hereby approved. In giving effect to the sentence of the court-martial it is to be observed that the more exalted the rank held by an officer of the Army the greater is the responsibility resting upon him to afford through his own subordination to his superior officers an example for all others who may be of inferior rank in the service. To an officer of fine sensibilities the mere fact of being brought to trial before a court-martial must be in itself a mortification and punishment. In the foregoing case the accused, whose high rank and long experience in the service should have inspired him with a full realization of that respect for constituted authority which is essential to military discipline has been adjudged guilty of indulging in unwarranted and captious criticism of his superior officer, the Secretary of War, thereby setting a pernicious example subversive of discipline and the interests of the service. Subordination is necessarily the primal duty of a soldier, whatever his grade may be. In losing sight of this principle, the accused has brought upon himself the condemnation of his brother officers who examined the charges against him, and seriously impaired his own honorable record of previous conduct. It is to be hoped that the lesson will not be forgotten. General Hazen will be released from arrest and assume the duties of his office.

WHY THE MUGWUMP SMILES.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

SIR: Your free-trade contemporary, *The Philadelphia Record*, suggests that the New-York Mugwump should wear his ears on the nape of his neck to make room for his smile of satisfaction. The smile of satisfaction is supposed to be due to the appointment, as Minister to the Court of King Humbert, of a man whose only known public act was an insult to the King's father; to the appointment of a Copperhead, reviler of Abraham Lincoln and defender of the Emma Mine swindle, as Minister to London, where the people swindled reside; to the appointment of two more foreign Ministers who are not citizens because they have not taken the trouble to ask forgiveness for their rebellion; to Civil Service reform, as exemplified in Higgins in Baltimore and Manning in New-York, etc., etc. But why, even with all this satisfaction, should your sympathizing Philadelphia contemporary impose such an unnecessary task as to the treatment of his ears on the Mugwump. The same general advantage can be secured by simply folding his ears back and tying them together.

Q.

New-York, April 17, 1885.

WASHINGTON, April 22.—Secretary Whitney has written the following letter to Commodore John Russell, commander of the Mare Island navy yard, relative to the coercion of voters of the yard by foremen at past elections:

"Since assuming the duties of this office my attention has been called to the conduct of foremen of the Mare Island navy yard in elections in past years, particularly in 1882. After reading the testimony in the contested election case of Buck vs. Dudley, taken in the fall of 1883, there is no doubt in my mind that the vote of the yard was practically coerced and controlled by the foremen, either with or without orders. The men were obliged to take their ballots in a folded form from a table presided over by one or more of the foremen, and hold the ballots in sight while walking to the polls 100 feet distant, between men stationed for the purpose of preventing any change of ballots and the ballots were deposited without the voters having had an opportunity to see or know the contents, or to exercise any choice for whom they should cast the ballots.

I find that the same foremen who conducted the proceedings are still at the yard in various departments. Great complaint is made to me of similar proceedings in other yards, but I have already sufficient of this sworn testimony to satisfy me that the men who were engaged in the proceeding, directing and controlling it, should be cleaned out of the yard in the interest of decent government and if any similar proceeding, or anything like it, or any attempt to coerce the vote of employes of the yard by foremen or superior officers, should take place hereafter, whether in the interest of the dominant party or other wise, I will apply a similar remedy. Appointments in places of persons discharged will be made temporarily and upon trial, until an efficient man shall have been obtained. In this connection, I desire to say that bureau officers here complain greatly of delays and extraordinary expense required to do work at the Mare Island Navy Yard. I ask your special attention to these matters in the hope you will cooperate with me in an effort to bring the yard to greater efficiency and eliminate these objectionable features from it.

SENATOR PAYNE'S BILL.

Under the head of "a business administration" the Pittsburg Times calls attention to the fact that the Standard Oil Company, so far as it is represented by Senator Payne, has put in its bill against the present administration, for services rendered during the last national campaign, in the shape of a demand for thirty-five consulates.

Thirty-five consuls judiciously distributed can accomplish greatly toward increased export of American petroleum, and no doubt succeed in blocking the invasion of the Russian oil-well product in better style than Gladstone has resisted the encroachments of the same nation in other regards. Senator Payne, as Premier of the Standard Oil Company, with headquarters at Cleveland, Ohio, and chief supporting influence with Cleveland, District of Columbia, should be able to run not only the Democratic party, but the Federal Government as tender to his modest monopoly.

However, the Administration is entitled to credit for business methods, whatever may fairly be the criticism anent the general policy which has made up the Cabinet of three old rebels to one Union soldier, and has arranged to represent the nation at the greater number of important points abroad with the leaven which raised so bitter ruction in the Union lump in 1861-5. For it is business to settle a debt promptly and in full. An ordinary President would have paid Senator Payne in installments, driblets from time to time. But President Cleveland is not that sort of a namby-pamby dealer—he is cash on the nail, the sort of a man who bundles up thirty-five consular appointments in a package and the moment the bill is presented turns them over as the equivalent of cash. Very possibly the bill as rendered was for forty consulates, but the usual discount was allowed for prompt payment.

In the interest of the political markets of the future this transaction should be thoroughly analyzed and a standard of compensation be established from it. Wallace, 80,000 Republican majority, and no campaign contribution, gets three consulates. Payne, 30,000 Republican majority and $100,000 campaign contribution, gets 35 consulates. The salaries of the 35 will aggregate $75,000 a year, or $300,000 for the term; their usefulness to the Standard Oil Company will no doubt amount to double this figure, so that the $100,000 contribution will return over the waters after not so very many days with the usual Standard profit added. On the whole, it may be concluded this is a strictly business administration."

ABOUT JOHN BROWN.

SOME SHADOWS WHICH WENT BEFORE HIS TRAGIC DEATH.

His Intellectual Equipment—The Subterranean Pass Way—Waiting for the Hour to Act—Breaking the Bowl.

[Original.]

The name of John Brown and his desperate attack on Harper's Ferry and slavery, upon the 16th of October, 1859, will always have an epical place and memory in the annals of mankind. Let me tell somewhat consecutively the plans and purposes of the old hero, and of the movement he and his devoted handful of followers attempted to put into execution. I can speak with considerable authority, having been trusted beforehand by the direction of John Brown, having also determined to be a member of the party—which determination an accident alone prevented my carrying out—and as having since the consummation of that heroic effort made an exhaustive study of all connected with the movement.

In Redpath's "Life of John Brown" there will be found a chapter written by me entitled "Some Shadows Before," which will give an outline in part of the general design that underlaid the Harper's Ferry movement. In the volume issued by Frederick Douglas, not long since, there are interesting details in the same general direction. In the "Life of Martin B. Delaney," published in 1868, there is a statement of value as illustrative of John Brown's plans, or rather purposes. Delaney will be remembered as the black man whom Abraham Lincoln commissioned as a major in the colored volunteers and sent to South Carolina to recruit. He was a doctor of medicine, resident in Canada, at Chatham, near Detroit, where John Brown held his convention and organized what was known as the provisional government.

Major Delaney, who presided at that convention, says of John Brown's statements to the colored and white men there present, about 100 in all, that:

"His plans were made known to them as soon as he was satisfied that the assemblage could be confided in, which conclusion he was not long finding, for, with few exceptions, the whole of these were fugitive slaves, refugees in her Britannic Majesty's dominion. His scheme was nothing more than this: To make Kansas, instead of Canada, the terminus of the underground railroad—instead of passing the slave off to Canada, to send him to Kansas, and there test, on the soil of the United States' territory, whether or not the right to freedom would be maintained where no municipal power had authorized it.

"He stated that he had originated a fortification so simple that twenty men, without the aid of teams or ordnance, could build in a day one that would defy all the artillery that would be brought to bear against it. How it was constructed he would not reveal; none knew it except his great confidential officer, Kagi (the secretary of war in his contemplated provisional government), a young lawyer of marked talents and singular demeanor."

In other paragraphs the doctor states that the organization was to be known by the initials "S. P. W." or the Subterranean Pass Way, in contradistinction to the underground railroad, whose terminus was Canada. Harper's Ferry was not mentioned. The fugitives were to be defended in Kansas. If necessary a government was to be established. Says Delaney: "The whole matter had been well considered, and at first a state government had been proposed, and in accordance a constitution prepared." But it was argued that negroes had no right of petition or other civic privileges, so that such rights "were null and void," and to "obviate this and avoid the charge against them as lawless and unorganized, existing without government, it was proposed that an independent community be established within and under the government of the United States, but without the state sovereignty of the compact, similar to the Cherokee nation of Indians or the Mormons. To these last named, references were made, as parallel cases, at the time."

Dr. Delaney became president of S. P. W., and Isaac D. Shadd, secretary. This body became an extensive organization and acted as an executive committee might have done in furtherance of the general plans.

These statements of Major Delaney are all correct and clear as far as they go, and they go just as far as the major knew. I think it is in my power to make the final movement coherent with the general purpose. To that end I must give what is understood to have been John Brown's controlling ideas and purposes.

When a young man, deeply imbued with the spirit of liberty and a militant religious fervor that pervaded his whole character, John Brown, with the proslavery mobs and cruelty of the North before his eyes and the teachings of history in his mind, came to the conclusion that slavery could end only in blood, and that resistance by the oppressed must be organized. He was a matured man when there took place the insurrection of Nat. Turner in Southampton county, Virginia, who in 1832, with 50 men, held that state at bay for five weeks, and so alarmed and paralyzed its people that a constitutional convention came within two or three votes of proclaiming gradual emancipation.

John Brown must also have heard of the movement organized in South Carolina by the slave Isaac, whose story was first told by James Redpath, some years ago, as he heard it given by Col. John C. Vaughan, at Leavenworth, nearly 40 years after the events. John Brown became impressed and controlled for the remainder of his life by these ideas:

First—That slavery had to be suppressed or destroyed by force.

Second—That those who were enslaved had to be induced to resist.

Third—That slavery as a social system was inherently weak, and could be frightened almost by efforts at insurrection into self-destruction.

Fourth—That slavery was a perversion of the *purposes* of this government and its constitution; that the perverters and not the resistants were the traitors; and,

Fifth—That he himself was called by his own conscience and convictions, which to him were the voice of God, to take the burden of this work upon his own shoulders.

These were the controlling purposes of his life. Intellectually and in character, John Brown was equipped for such leadership. He had intense moral convictions. He was able to make others feel and recognize them. He had the moral and physical force of such convictions and courage. He was a soldier of liberty in every sense. He was inured to outdoor life, a man of resources, and he was also a careful and sagacious business manager. For a quarter of a century John Brown pursued a quiet life, dominated by these ideas, watching for opportunity, striving at every turn to fit himself more completely for his chosen work. He went to the Adirondack region and settled at North Elba, in the midst of Gerritt Smith's colored colonists, in order to find recruits. He organized some kind of secret society, of which I have not been able to trace any record or account beyond the fact. Probably it connected itself, as did his Kansas and Canada plan, with the fugitive slaves and the underground railway.

He seems always to have sought the confidential acquaintance of those active in assisting fugitives, and in that way he always knew the few strange characters who went back and forth, like Harriet Tubman, bringing their people out of bondage. His family were all of them, from earliest days, bred in the spirit of his ideas. He said in Kansas to the writer that, except while in Europe for a short time, there was no period during the 25 years that preceded the Kansas struggle that he could not have been ready within a few days "to take up the Lord's work."

John Brown was a land surveyor, and as a young man had done work of that character in western Maryland and northern Virginia. No man was ever quicker to seize upon defensive positions of a military character than John Brown or to perceive the value of such "coigns of vantage" in the warfare he proposed. During the years indicated he went to Europe in pursuit of the wool business he carried on at Springfield, Mass., and while there it is of record that he examined closely into all military movements, equipments, etc. He does not seem to have framed any definite plans, but he always maintained his purposes and waited patiently, like a true leader and believer, for his opportunity. He always said that in every conflict freedom was the victor, if not to-day at the close of the passing fight, then to-morrow when the struggle should be renewed. And so he acted, for his patient waiting was also action of the sublime sort. At last the aggressions of the slave system brought the occasion. The Missouri compromise was repealed and Kansas and Nebraska were organized as territories under the pretended principle of squatter sovereignty. In the early part of 1855 John Brown made up his mind that the time had come. His own family lived at North Elba, N. Y., being his second wife and her children, except Salmon, who was in Ohio. They all realized that the issue of force was reached. His elder sons formed a nuclei not to be despised. John, Jason, Owen, Frederick and Salmon, were grown men. Besides them was Henry Thompson, the husband of Ruth, eldest daughter of the family. These elder sons lived in northern Ohio, in Ashtabula county, the home of Ben Wade and Joshua R. Giddings. Oliver and Watson, afterwards killed at Harper's Ferry, with Anna and Sarah, children still, were left with their mother at North Elba. Kansas was a good place wherein to build a new home, while helping on that Armageddon in which he foresaw slavery was to be destroyed.

In the fall of 1854 Owen, Frederick and Salmon left northern Ohio for Kansas, making a settlement, laying out a town named Brownsville, on Pottawatomie creek, some 45 miles south of Lawrence. Early in the spring of 1855 John, Jr., and Jason, Capt. Brown's eldest sons, followed their brothers, with their families. In the summer of 1855, with Henry Thompson, John Brown himself left North Elba, N. Y., his sons having urgently asked him to procure them arms and ammunition wherewith they might defend themselves against the armed Missourians. John Brown himself came on, brought such weapons as he could obtain, and entered heartily into the defense of the

free state cause. As a land surveyor he penetrated the Missouri slavery camps, seeking all the time to find those who would act with him in the work of making slavery unsafe. He became, as is known to history, the one supreme figure as a fighter in the memorable free state struggle. That was essential and natural, as he had no compromises to offer or make. No one in the territory really knew his ulterior purposes. Made famous by his courage and skill, Capt. Brown came East in the winter of 1856 and '57, and in Boston met Theodore Parker. That sagacious intellect had openly pronounced for the same thing that John Brown had resolved upon. How much Mr. Parker learned of the captain's plans cannot now be known. But it is quite certain that a small number of influential and wealthy men did know enough of John Brown's ulterior plans—which then, and for some time afterwards, related directly to Kansas as the place of operations—to let him have money, and also to place in his charge the arms that remained of those purchased for the use of the free state men in Kansas.

He returned to Kansas in the summer of 1857 for the purpose evidently of carrying out his designs. He drew together among the young men in Kansas a small body whom he thought could be relied upon as leaders. He selected a Quaker settlement, Springdale, Cedar county, Iowa, wherein to establish a school of military instruction. An Englishman, named Hugh Forbes, who had been with Garibaldi in Sicily and who was possessed of remarkable capacity for teaching a partisan warfare, went with them. Forbes got an idea that Republican leaders were in this movement, and afterwards, under the failure to receive money, wrote denouncing John Brown and threatening exposure to Greeley, Wilson and others. It was the opposition aroused by this fact that brought about the Canada (Chatham) convention and the securing of other means of support.

The men who went from Kansas to Iowa were John Henry Kagi, Aaron D. Stevens, George B. Gill, Richard Realf (the poet), C. W. Moffett, John Edwin Cook, Luke Parsons, George Plummer Todd and William Leeman. Afterward, in the fall of 1858, John Brown was joined in southern Kansas by Albert Hazlett. He brought with him from Iowa Edwin and Barclay Coppic, and was left for sufficient reasons by Gill, Parsons and Moffett. In Kansas in the fall of 1858 there were enacted the closing scenes of the free state war. The murders known as the "Manas des Cygnes massacres," in which eleven free state men were left for dead by Missouri invaders; the resistance to United States troops by Capt. Montgomery and his men, and the capture of Fort Scott by the forces of John Brown were all part of that exciting autumn. In December of 1858 John Brown with his men, mainly those who with him fought and were slain at Harper's Ferry and Charleston, Va., entered Missouri and brought out of Butler county eleven slaves. He proved by this act and subsequent events that in part his plans of striking at slavery were feasible, for he carried them out in safety through Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, Illinois, Indiana and Ohio to Canada, crossing at Detroit, Mich. At the time he planned the rescue of these slaves from Missouri he may have designed to make his stand within Kansas itself. However, he was pleaded with by men in whom he had confidence that Kansas was so harassed and driven that she could not properly bear the additional burden his actions would necessarily incur and bring upon her. Then John Brown formed his final resolution, as is made evident by what he said to Augustus Wattles, of Moneka, Linn county, Kansas. He told him that he, John Brown, would relieve Kansas completely. He intimated he would strike a blow elsewhere. Kagi, in a long conversation with the writer, held at Ossawatomie on the farm of the Rev. Mr. Adair, the captain's brother-in-law, during the early part of November, told in plain words that the blow would be struck in the Southern Apalachian range, at a point somewhere which would affect Virginia, and enable the party to operate from the mountains to the lower or valley regions. The purpose was not that of insurrection, technically speaking, but to make slavery unsafe, by showing how it could be uptorn and disturbed through the efforts of a few resolute men.

John Brown returned in the fall of 1858 to an old idea in the selection of Harper's Ferry. He took out his Missouri freed people in order to give confidence to his men and induce the very few persons of means who trusted him to aid him still more and unto the end.

After January, 1859, for several months, Brown almost disappeared. He hired the Kennedy farm and began to ship his arms and equipments there. The purpose was this: To attack Harper's Ferry at night, burn the railroad bridge and cut the telegraph wires, gather a body of slaves and retreat to the mountains before sunrise, and so as early as possible commence sending fugitives or freed people into Pennsylvania. The balance of the command would remain in the mountains making raids into the rich Virginia valley, selecting the colored men and women who were to be removed. Each man in Brown's party was trained to command other small parties. He had 200 Sharpe's rifles, with 1,600 pikes, and could reasonably calculate upon obtaining such considerable number of arms from the rifle works and armory at the Ferry as he could make use of. In the end, and not a very long one either, he understood they would all be destroyed and defeated; but in the meanwhile the crisis would have been reached and slavery made unsafe. The locality chosen, with the mountain ranges behind, would have afforded an opportunity of disturbing eastern Kentucky, North Carolina and Tennessee also. Owen Brown afterward said, to some one who asked what could have been accomplished, as he threw an earthen bowl on the floor and dashed it to pieces: "Put that together again." That was all. The defeated movement at Harper's Ferry cost us it was an enormous sum to suppress, and reduced the value of slave property in Virginia at least $10,000,000.

The reasons for defeat seems to have been these: The blow was struck ten days earlier than anticipated. I received at Leavenworth, Kansas, an order to report by the 25th of October, at Chambersburg, Pa. Others received similar instructions. The outbreak occurred on the 16th. Suspicion incurred by the presence of so many men at the Kennedy farm, Maryland, was doubtless the cause of this earlier movement. The first steps miscarried. The wires were not cut, the bridge was not destroyed, and the eastern express train was first stopped at the Ferry, and then allowed to go on, thus enabling the alarmed passengers to convey the intelligence that a "slave insurrection under John Brown, of Ossawatomie, had begun." The early alarm defeated the movement, and nothing was left but the gallant fight that followed, the trials, the executions, and the wonderful apotheosis of the hero and his martyred men, who dared to fling their lives away in the effort to destroy slavery.

RICHARD J. HINTON.

NEW YORK, April 15.

Pillsbury and Chase.

[Boston Journal.]

The President could scarcely have made two worse appointments than those of Mr. E. F. Pillsbury to be Collector of Internal Revenue in this district and of Mr. Charles H. Chase to the same office in Maine. This is not because they are Democrats, for we expect the President to select Democrats to fill the offices, but because they have been malignant and unscrupulous partisans for a quarter of a century. During the war both were the most pronounced copperheads in Maine. Mr. Pillsbury edited a paper during the most critical period of the war in which he denounced Abraham Lincoln in language scarcely fit to print in a decent paper. He made several speeches, which were followed by an attempt to resist the draft in Kingfield, Me., which it was necessary to send troops to quell. It is alleged that in these speeches he not only denounced the Government but declared that "it is as weak as water."

Coming down to latter times, Mr. Pillsbury was, with Mr. Chase, the leading conspirator in the counting-out infamy in Maine in 1880. That conspiracy was the boldest attempt ever made in a Northern State to overthrow popular government and to reverse the will of the people as expressed by the ballot. The record of their infamy can be seen in the returns which were changed by direction of the conspirators. At that time the coalition was in power. The returns on their face showed that the Republicans had over thirty majority in the Legislature. The Democratic Governor and the coalition Council had the counting of the votes and the issue of the certificates to such as appeared to be elected. When the Democrats found that they were beaten they set themselves to hunting up defects in the returns and the making of the records. In Franklin county a lawyer named Pratt was assigned to this disreputable work. In one town Mr. Pratt found that the Clerk did not make his record "in open town meeting." Not quite sure as to the effect of this upon the legality of the vote he wrote to Mr. Pillsbury, then residing at Augusta, who was the law officer of the conspiracy, and received the following characteristic letter:

AUGUSTA, Nov. 7, 1879.

Bro. Pratt:

Yrs. received, I think if the clerk does not make his record in open town meeting it is fatal.

LET ME KNOW WHAT TOWN IT IS SO THAT I CAN CALCULATE ON RESULTS. Have you found any other irregularities?

In haste, E. F. PILLSBURY.

This letter discloses the character of the man. If the oversight of the clerk occurred in a Republican town, it would have been a fatal irregularity. If in a Democratic town, it was not an irregularity to be mentioned. The conspiracy in Maine failed, and in a few days Mr. Pillsbury left Maine and became a resident of Massachusetts. And this is the Democrat whom the President selects to fill one of the most important offices in Massachusetts!

Charles H. Chase was as malignant a copperhead as could be found in the North, and he has since come to regard a man who was a Union soldier with favor he has done so because he could use him to promote party ends. He was a member of the Garcelon Council which manipulated the returns in 1880 and was one of the leaders in the counting-out conspiracy. Indeed, he took so prominent a part in the crime that he has been known as "Tabulator Chase" from that date. That he represents the most unscrupulous element of the Democratic party his record as a member of the Garcelon Council affirms.

Neither of these men has any special qualifications for the office for which he is named. They are appointed on the principle that the "spoils belong to the victors," and their selection indicates that the President does not hesitate to select unworthy men for places of honor and trust. The Republicans in the Senate owe it to good government, to decency in politics, to the sanctity of the ballot box and to the will of the people as declared in popular elections, to reject the nominations of two men who were leaders in a conspiracy to overthrow popular government in Maine.

LOSING FAITH.

[Springfield Republican.]

When the Administration gets down to Pillsbury of Maine for Collector of Internal Revenue in the third district of Massachusetts, the drop is heard all over New England. There will be general impatience at this wanton lowering of the standard hitherto maintained. And then there is Troup, of New Haven, also made a Collector of Internal Revenue, who has no particular political principles because he does not see what use a politician can have for such baggage. These men are well mated, and the tender care which this Administration displays for Ben Butler's political orphans is something more than a crime,—for it is the silliest sort of a political blunder. It would be very interesting to know what influences have sufficed to compass this bad break in Mr. Cleveland's record of appointments. Can it be that the fine Roman hand of Secretary Manning was enlisted by Messrs. Pillsbury and Troup to "strengthen the party," thereby brilliantly exhibiting the foolishness of professional politics?

NOT GOOD APPOINTMENTS.

[Boston Herald.]

The appointments of Eben F. Pillsbury and Charles H. Chase for collectors of Internal Revenue in Massachusetts and Maine are not commendable. It is to be regretted that President Cleveland consented to make them. He did not want to appoint Pillsbury, but there was no other applicant for the place, and Pillsbury had the strong support of his party. No doubt he will perform the duties of his office well enough, but as a politician he has a bad record. We might forgive his copperheadism during the war, but his part in the dishonest attempt to change the result of an election in Maine as late as 1880 shows what he thinks is reasonable partisanship. * * * * The most we know about Chase is that he was active in the same attempt to reverse the will of the people. The President has made a bad mistake, being badly advised by people to whom he had a right to look for good counsel.

HIS PRINCIPAL QUALIFICATION.

[Philadelphia Press.]

Eben F. Pillsbury seems to have been made collector of internal revenue in Boston chiefly as a reward for his attempt, happily unsuccessful, to steal the State of Maine in 1880. If President Cleveland really intends to give an office to all the unsuccessful frauds in the Democratic party he will not have places enough to go around.

REPRESENTATIVES OF AN INFAMOUS PIECE OF RASCALITY.

[New York Tribune.]

Boston has many Democrats of capacity, and had many so-called Independents who were, at all events, very noisy, whether very sincere or not. But not one of these, it seems, was deemed by President Cleveland sufficiently vile in copperheadism, or inured to political dirty work, to be Collector of Internal Revenue. So he chose Eben F. Pillsbury, of Maine, long the chairman of the Democratic State Committee, whose marvellous ingenuity in concocting new schemes of political rascality, and new slanders for his opponents, is well known to the people of Maine. For Collector in Maine, the President at the same time appointed Charles H. Chase.

These two men, Pillsbury and Chase, were more responsible than any others living for the infamous attempt to steal the State in 1880, a performance so outrageous and shameful that it disgusted many Democratic voters, and insured the victory of Republicans in later elections. But a "reform" President picks out those doers of dirty work for peculiar honor and trust.

Oh, yes! this is a reform Administration, delightful to the souls of the pure-minded Pharisees who turned traitors last fall because they wanted spotless virtue and non-partisan integrity in public office! Pillsbury and Purity should be the motto of Mr. Curtis's next oration.

TOO THIN.

[Lowell Courier.]

The *Herald* says editorially that there was no other applicant for the place, and so Pillsbury was appointed. In its news columns, however, it says there was a strong effort made from the western part of the State to consolidate the two districts, and give the enlarged district to a western Massachusetts man. The *Herald* is anxious to find an excuse for Pillsbury, but this is decidedly gauzy.

TWO OF A KIND.

[Portland Press.]

In Massachusetts the name,—shall we say the honored name?—of Eben F. Pillsbury has been or is to be presented to the Senate for the like office. If Chase was the back bone of the conspiracy against government by the people Eben F. Pillsbury was the brains, so far as such bad action can be said to be the result of brains. It is true that it may be urged in favor of Mr. Pillsbury that upon detection he had the grace to exile himself from the theatre of his exploits and seek in the secluded shades of Boston, that temporary obscurity which a spirit wounded by detection is so prone to desire. If the Senators of Massachusetts wish such an addition to the public history of Massachusetts they at least know what they are getting.

Such appointments as those of Chase and Pillsbury ought not to be made the subject of partisan comment. They ought to be made the subject of reprobation without distinction of party, or age, or sex.

OUGHT TO BE REVOKED.

[New York Times.]

The President made two very bad appointments on Tuesday. Charles H. Chase, who was named for collector of internal revenue at Portland, and Eben F. Pillsbury, chosen for the same office in Boston, are unscrupulous Democratic politicians, and they have had a bad record of disloyalty in sentiment during the war. Both sided in the Garcelon conspiracy in 1880. Their appointments ought to be revoked and at once.

The Boston *Herald* and Boston *Transcript* are now furnishing an interesting illustration of Mugwump journalism in their efforts to find some excuse for President Cleveland's appointment of Pillsbury and Chase. The *Transcript* thinks the blame should be laid at Secretary Manning's door, but the *Herald* expresses the opinion that this is "unfair criticism" and says the President was "badly advised by many New England Democrats." President Cleveland alone is responsible for these outrageous appointments, but while both papers mentioned are opposed to Pillsbury and Chase neither of them have the honesty to place the responsibility for their selection where it belongs.

REPUBLICAN CHAMPION,
NEWPORT, N. H.

The Blair Bill and Judge Tourgee's Plan.

In another column we publish by permission a recent letter from Hon. Albion W. Tourgee, who has done more than any other one man, by his published works, to arrest the attention of the public and to secure a consideration of the problem of the races in the United States especially as affected by centuries of servitude and the sudden emancipation and enfranchisement, as exigencies of the war, of the African race. We have been profoundly impressed by the mere reading of his latest work, "An Appeal to Caesar," and would to God that every man who votes could be as deeply impressed with the dangers that unquestionably overhang the nation.

The reader of this letter must not infer that Judge Tourgee would have nothing done by the nation in aid of education simply because the Blair Bill is not up to his views, for this is the essence and burden of the Appeal, that the nation should and must provide for the education of the freedmen. He enlarges upon the necessity, argues as to its probable efficacy, and then presents a plan for a national appropriation, to be distributed on the basis of illiteracy as shown by the census of 1880. It differs essentially from Senator Blair's bill in providing that the money shall be paid direct to teachers, after the service has been performed and proof thereof furnished thro' the state Superintendent, the amount in no case to exceed one-half the entire expense of maintaining said school. Of course this plan necessitates a Commissioner of Education, with perhaps a few clerks.

Mr. Blair's bill provides for the payment of the funds, on the same basis, to the state Treasurer direct or such other officer as may be designated by the state, the amount paid not to exceed the amount paid out of the revenues of the state for common schools during the preceding year. Failure to properly account for the expenditure of the money, malfeasance, or misapplication, will forfeit any further payment until such report is made or such sum as has been

misapplied is restored and properly expended.

This is the only respect in which the bill differs radically from Judge Tourgee's plan, but there are minor differences. For instance, Judge Tourgee would have none of the appropriation expended in states whose illiteracy does not exceed 12 per cent. Obviously this would insure the application of the remedy where it is most needed. Senator Blair's bill makes no such restriction. Again, Judge Tourgee would have the entire sum applied to teachers' salaries, while the Blair bill permits one-tenth to be expended in the education of teachers who will agree in writing to devote themselves exclusively for at least one year after leaving the training school to teaching in the common schools.

The Judge and the Senator are no farther apart than this on any point, and the question of state or federal control is the only one of material account. The most beneficial and speedy results would undoubtedly follow the adoption of the Judge's plan of direct application, but nobody who has studied the question at all would think of jeopardizing Senator Blair's bill on account of any of the minor details, and it is difficult to conceive how so earnest an advocate of national aid to education as Judge Tourgee can consider the possibility of its defeat with anything but consternation. The reader of his books would not be likely to misjudge him, as one who merely reads his letter might. His apprehensions that such a bill would be futile are grounded on the fear that a large portion of the appropriation would be diverted from its legitimate uses, and he seems to indulge the hope that something better may be obtained from the next Congress.

The bill as it now stands, it seems to us, should be pushed with all possible energy by every friend of national aid to education, as the best that can be done, if not the only opportunity for four years. Cleveland's recently reported hostility to any such measure would seem to seal the fate of any bill that might be introduced next winter, if indeed it has not sealed the fate of this one. It guards as carefully against the diversion from the negroes of their proportion as against any other form of misapplication, but the per centage of illiteracy among the white people of the South is not so insignificant but that it would be a profitable investment for the nation to expend one year's allowance upon them alone. At most the risk is but the appropriation for one year, even if the chances were that it would be misapplied in every state and territory for that year, namely, for the first year $7,000,000, for the second year $10,000,000, for the third year $15,000,000, the sum then decreasing each year by $2,000,000 a year until the eighth and last year, when it would be $5,000,000. Considering the necessity of doing something, and the fact that misapplication of one payment would forfeit the state the next one, we believe the experiment worth trying. It is a debt the nation owes the South to assume the burden of educating black and white alike until the fortune of the South is retrieved, and the only safeguard against the bloody clash of races in the readjustment of their social relations. We cannot afford to be too exacting or too distrustful when that exaction and that distrust will defeat our patriotic and philanthropical purposes.

Senator Blair, who knows something of public sentiment, North and South, and who is a better judge of the possibilities of such a measure before Congress, writes as follows:—

"There is not the slightest hope, near or remote, that we shall ever succeed in removing the illiteracy of the country, by national aid, upon the plan of distribution advocated by Judge Tourgee. We have simply to elect between a measure substantially like the pending bill and the utter abandonment of the whole thing. * * The bill is the best possible. * * What if there *is* a little money wasted? What if it *all* goes to the *white* children? *Then* the negro comes in contact with an *intelligent* white laborer, and the Ku Klux is impossible, and the educative influence of intelligent white men will have been secured. * What can we do? not what would we like to do? is the question."

Letter from Judge Tourgee.

We are permitted to quote at length from a personal communication from Hon. A. W. Tourgee, author of "An Appeal to Caesar," etc., concerning the Educational Problem. Omitting the portions that are of no public concern, his letter is as follows:

Mayville, N. Y., Dec. 22d, '84.

FRED W. CHENEY, ESQ.,
Newport, N. H.

MY DEAR SIR:—I am more pleased than anything else to know that so many earnest young men * * are being awakened * * * to a realizing sense of the fact that the Nation has still a work before it, and that the duty devolving upon the patriot of to-day is not any less onerous, and is far more glorious, than that of yesterday. We of yesterday were permitted in the Providence of God to be the instrumentalities by which the bands of the slaves were freed. You of to-day must be the instruments by whose courage, sagacity, and devotion to humanity and right the soul of the freedman must be uplifted. The duty is just as much nobler than yesterday's as soul is more worthy than flesh.

I quite agree with you in what you say about your Senator, Mr. Blair. He is a hardworking Senator,—and one of the few men in that body who are really an honor to the country whom they serve. There are over-wise dunces—men who think they know more than the Supreme Being did at their age—who amuse themselves by laughing at his restless energy in ascertaining what he believes to be right and the manly tenacity with which he presses his convictions upon others. He is a great-hearted, earnest, manly man, who bears about him a flavor of sincerity which it does one good to find in the midst of the flippancy and pessimism of the day. He is not much of a scold, and only finds fault with wrong-doing; he is over-confident of the good that is in others, and believes that every one who cries "Lord, Lord," is as patriotic and unselfish as himself;—but with all the defects that can be enumerated, he is worth a ten-acre-lot full of the best of those who ridicule him. New Hampshire will show herself as dull as her own granite hills themselves, if she does not return him to his place.

I do not like his bill—neither in the original nor in its amended shape. I think it would be better a thousand fold to give nothing in aid of National education than to throw millions unconditioned and unlimited into the treasuries of the southern states. I fear that little if any good would result from it, and the inclination of the people of the North towards this great duty would be forever destroyed by malfeasance and misappropriation of their bounty. For this I do not hold Mr. Blair at all blameable. Though the South surrendered at Appomattox, the North has been surrendering ever since, and it was but natural that he should think it essential to offer an oblation to the Juggernaut of State Rights in order to accomplish any good for the debased and impoverished victims of the Nation's ancient sin. His original bill showed how thoroughly he distrusted the white minorities who have usurped power at the South, but he feared that not only Congress but the people of the country would fail to sustain him in this view. Because of this he yielded, being hopeful even against conviction of good results from the amended bill.

I do not think it probable that anything will be done this session, and before the next congress assembles the matter will have crystalized in public thought much more clearly than it has yet done.

Yours Very Truly,

ALBION W. TOURGEE.

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DAILY

885.—SIX PAGES.

MOSSCROP.

An Open Letter to Him in Regard to His Approaching War of Races.

DEAR COLONEL.—Your address before the Seventh Ward Republicans may only excite the merriment of your political opponents, for the reason that there being so slight a difference in belief between the average modern Democrat and the average modern Republican, men of both parties recognize the absurdity of the bloody shirt scare you seek to raise. Those who have carefully watched the political events of the past ten years may find amusement in the ridiculous figure you present as an imitator of a late Republican, who has sunk from the position into which he was foisted by a colossal fraud to his proper level of chicken breeding. After election in 1876 the pious Rutherford lifts up his hands and rolls up his eyes, while he ejaculates in his despair at his admitted defeat: "I do not care for myself; I can bear it; the country, too, can bear it, but my heart bleeds for the poor blacks of the South." After election in 1885 you—who didn't leave the Army to run for office—insult your manhood by posing as a poor imitator of Hayes, and a weak plagiarist of Tourgee. But there is this difference between your scarecrow and that of Mr. Hayes: You believe in yours because you are totally blind from excessive partisanship; he proved his hypocrisy by purchasing his fraudulent election by the absolute surrender of the negroes to what he pretended to believe was their uncompromising foe. And it is because of my faith in your honesty that I am prompted in this manner to criticise you, and to call your attention to what I conceive to be the gross absurdities in your address.

I do not attempt this task as a Democrat, defending a political party, for, as I have intimated, I think the friends of Cleveland can well afford to smile at the ravings of defeated plumed knights. Cleveland has been in office nearly two months, and even you must admit that he may safely challenge a comparison of his Administration with that of any of his immediate predecessors, the judgment to be based upon your own party's platform and the ante-election promises of your orators and your press. In my opinion he errs grievously—almost fatally—by his failure to respect the expressed will of the people to "turn the rascals out," and, before I close, I will try to present the grounds of this belief.

According to the report before me, you opened the formal part of your address by the statement that you desired to appeal to the patriotism of the younger generation that are growing up, and those who have arrived at man's estate since the close of the war, and for this purpose you recall the causes that led up to the rebellion. I will fully indorse your statement that our civil war was caused by the institution of slavery. Every soldier who enlisted upon our side during that war was just as much the defender of Garrison's abolitionism as was John Brown, whose death had so lately caused *Harper's Weekly* to glory over the defeat of abolitionism. It is quite true that the Republican party neither dared to say so in its platform of 1860, nor to act so in its administration of public affairs until a Democrat had shown the way by cutting the perplexing Gordian knot with the famous expression "contraband." Yet, in spite of the cowardice of political parties, we were waging a warfare against slavery, believing that every form of human slavery was wrong per se, and that freedom and slavery could not exist under the same Government. Up to this point we will at this time doubtless agree, and it is from this standpoint that I ask you to consider carefully whether you have not erred in your interpretation of the little cloud you see in our political horizon, when you assume that it portends a war of races, and also whether you can justify your fears of the effect of the Democratic Administration under Cleveland being so hurtful to every interest as those of Grant, Hayes, Garfield and Arthur. In your address you attempt to educate those to whom our recent conflict is but a pictured story, by recalling the causes that led up to the rebellion. I will attempt that task with you by recalling briefly the condition of the country at the commencement, during the continuance of and at the close of your party's supremacy.

In 1861 Lincoln, as the first Republican President, faced the danger of a slave holders' rebellion and the problem of four million of human beings held in slavery; that is, deprived unjustly of a portion of the product of their toil. To suppress that rebellion the people of the North yielded to every demand of the Administration a prompt and hearty response. After twenty-four years the party is driven from power, and what has it left?

First—It has left an impudent oligarchy of railroad and telegraph monopolists, in comparison to which the old slave oligarchy was as the dwarf pony to Jumbo.

Second—It has left a favored class of national banks, created under a fraudulent pretense and maintained by political trickery, who have already shown that they possess the power to overawe both Congress and the Executive.

Third—It has left the country with a concentration of wealth never dreamed of by even the wildest followers of Nero and an increase of pauperism unequaled in all past history.

Fourth—It has driven from its ranks its best and most honored leaders and exalted in its councils only those who have enriched themselves by the spoils of office. In Pennsylvania a Cameron controls the party once led by Thaddeus Stevens. In New Hampshire Blair and Bill Chandler contend for the seat once filled by John P. Hale. In New York Warner Miller and the bibulous Lapham have been the successors of William H. Seward. And so from ocean to ocean mediocrity, trickery and vice have usurped places of honor and trust.

Fifth—It has made a false pretense of care for the negroes merely as a means to obtain power, shielding the snivelling hypocrites who conceived of a Freedmen's Bureau only as a means of robbing the newly made citizens.

Sixth—It has debauched the Civil Service until every branch has become a hotbed of corruption, and its closing hours of maladministration were marked by efforts only too successful at grand larceny of the public lands.

Verily, if there was ever a case where it could be said that the last state was worse than the first, it is seen in the exit from power of the Republican party. As against four million black slaves we have to-day over fifty millions of white men more absolutely enslaved to corporate monopoly and concentrated wealth than has ever before been known in ancient or modern history. A quarter of a century ago a Free Press could thunder its anathemas against the threatening oligarchy of slavery. To-day no journal will be allowed to live that dares to raise its voice against the people's plunderers, and the power that has throttled the press of America is the creature of the party whose initial contest was made under the rallying cry of "Free Press, free speech, free soil, freemen."

Now for one moment withdraw your vision from the solid South, where, according to your own statement, twenty years of Republican supremacy has failed to elevate the negro, and glance at the whole country: See in every State in the Union labor poorly paid and mostly idle—a commerce swept from the sea, our navy the joke of the world, discontent prevailing everywhere except in the chosen circles of the petted favored class, enriched by your party's peculiar legislation, and tell me if there is not a far greater danger of a war of classes, than a war of races. No hardship today rests upon a black man that does not equally oppress his white brother. No contest of races, then, can remedy the evil. But this curse of class legislation rests with equal force upon producers of every race and condition. The extortion of transportation monopolists robs the white as well as the black. The national banker, drawing interest upon his debts, is an incubus upon honest toil in every section. The theft of millions of acres of the public domain makes tramps of blacks and whites alike. For all these evils the Republican party is directly responsible. With but a partial conception of these evils the people have decided to drive that party from power. Its hold upon power largely depends upon the favors of its creatures, the corporations, and its ability to prostitute the public service. Therefore, I say, that the one measure of Cleveland's shortcoming shall be his failure to cleanse the public service of the men whose ole claim to political preference has been party subserviency, and that another measure shall be his courage in striking down the power of the corporations created and enriched by the favors of his predecessors, and in doing his full duty in warding off the real danger of a war of classes. That he will in either respect come fully up to the requirements of the occasion I have little hope. That he is not a vast improvement upon the four executives who have preceded him will be believed by a vast majority of the people, in spite of the efforts of yourself and Mr. Tourgee.

BROOKLYN, April 25, 1885. CLINTON FURBISH.

Another Reply.

To the Editor of the Brooklyn Eagle:

Unusual prominence was given in your issue of the 24th instant to Colonel Mosscrop's diatribe upon the Solid South. Stripped of its verbiage there will be found two solid facts (?) as the sum and substance of his address: One is that the Republican Party found "a depleted Treasury" on assuming power in 1861, but turned over to the Democrats in 1885 "a Treasury full to overflowing." The other that "the refusal to educate the poor whites and the freedmen of the South now, for the purpose of maintaining the Democratic party in power, will produce a war of races." Now what are the real facts? The debt of the United States, less cash in the Treasury, was in July, 1861, $90,580,873.72. The debt November 30, 1883, less cash in the Treasury, was $1,509,785,080.85. We must say the "depleted" statement of 1861 appears to be the more attractive one to contemplate. Governor Bloxham, of Florida, recently stated that the floating debt of $299,089.38, left by the Republicans, had been extinguished; that during the past four years $110,000 had been spent in erecting an asylum, $20,000 had been saved to build an institution for the deaf and dumb, and $8,000 had been expended for the support of normal schools. The number of schools, which was 676 at the close of Governor Stearn's administration, had been increased to 1,479, and the increase in attendance of pupils during the past six years had been 23,501, while the common school fund had been increased 75 per cent. And this is the record of the Solid South, which Colonel Mosscrop perverts in order to mislead a confiding Republican ward association. Have we any assurance that any of his other statements are more correct than those which relate to our public debt and the present condition of education in the South? Let him turn his attention to St. Lawrence, the banner Republican county of this State, which draws annually twice the amount of money from the public treasury to support its schools that it returns thereto, and cease to disseminate erroneous information in relation to a portion of our country which is increasing its educational institutions as rapidly as its growing prosperity will admit. LOYAL LEGION.

BROOKLYN, April 25, 1885.

Jeff Davis Next.

NEW ORLEANS, April 21. Colonel A. G. Horn, the editor of the Meridian *Mercury*, and an old friend of Jefferson Davis, has forwarded the following application for pardon to President Cleveland:

I present to you this, my humble petition, as is my right with the humblest citizen in the land, showing for a grievance that Jefferson Davis still labors under disabilities imposed on him for participation in the great so-called rebellion of twenty years ago, to the mortification and distress of thousands of good Southern citizens who would gladly suffer with him all the pains and disabilities on him. I ask you in the exercise of your gracious clemency as the chief executive officer of this great people to strike from him the chains of all his political disabilities by a gracious and free and full pardon. His great military and civic services rendered to the country, now happily at peace in all our borders, make a silent appeal to the nation for this too long deferred expression of magnanimity, and, I trust, not in vain. I need not recapitulate them. They are history, and you know them. I allude to the fact only to say another thing.

My Southern people on a late occasion trusted you and made their power felt. What I wanted to say about it is only this—if you grant this my petition they will rise up as one man and call you blessed. I do not know that Mr. Davis wants any friend to do this for him. I only know that I want it done, and in conformity with my indisputable right I ask it. It remains for you, Mr. President, to do the last grand act of clemency that will wipe out the last vestige that remains of the sad punitive effects of the late so-called rebellion, and will give a glory to your Administration that will delight the future historian's pen to record. And, as in duty bound, I will forever pray.

THE NEW SOUTH.

Practical Reconstruction as Seen Through Northern Eyes—The Political Temper—Present and Future.

A BUFFALONIAN'S OBSERVATIONS.

In the earlier reconstruction days the leading journals and magazines were pleased to give large space to what was termed the "new South," as each fancied advance made by the late hostile section was considered a step away from possible difficulties in the future. But this style of literature is not, apparently, so popular as once it was, possibly because the wide difference between Northern and Southern views and practices are not so marked as it was twenty years ago. A trip lately taken through the South by Mr. Alonzo Richmond of this city furnishes material which adds something to this neglected subject which can hardly fail of interest. Mr. Richmond traveled through Cincinnati to Louisville, Nashville, Montgomery, Mobile, and New-Orleans, and on his return trip up the coast visited Savannah, Charleston, Wilmington, Richmond, and Washington, stopping several days at each place and traveling only in the daytime.

FROM LOUISVILLE SOUTH.

From Louisville south, the passengers were at least one third commercial travelers from the North, carrying all manner of manufactured goods to the newly-established Southern markets. Some got off at Nashville, others at Montgomery, and others scattered in various directions, showing the wide trade connections that have already sprung up.

The true Southern type of character, if such exists in sufficiently distinctive form to merit such a formal title, is hardly found until one is at least south of Kentucky, and is not at its fullest anywhere north of Alabama. Mr. Richmond found Nashville a very interesting town and apparently a very flourishing one. Here in particular is shown in the high schools what Northern benevolence is doing for the colored people. The Roger Williams University is supported by the Baptist denomination North, and at least a part of Fisk University has been established by Northern patronage of the Jubilee Singers. Out of this fund Jubilee Hall, a building apart from the University, but under the same management, was built. The colored people in all the cities have their separate schools and churches, which are well patronized and supported, and are contented. The deep religious nature of this race is a feature of their character. A professor in Fisk University stated that about three fourths of the students attending the Fisk University were church members.

FRIENDLY TOWARDS THE NORTH.

Everywhere he went Mr. Richmond found a new feeling manifested towards the North. All seem to think that we have a bad impression of them and all sincerely wish to correct the feeling. At Montgomery he shared his seat with an old lady who had once been in affluence, but whose sons were now working as laborers. He remarked in conversation with her that he had not before realized how much the South had suffered on account of the War. The lady burst into tears. Relating the circumstance to a Buffalo gentleman who had also traveled South lately, the latter mentioned a similar experience, and added that he was asked to say a kind word for the South on his return home.

Laborers in Montgomery are mostly black, and are doing well in the mills on $1 to $1.50 per day. They have been encouraged to buy houses, and many have done so. One planter, whose credit is of the best, was once a slave. There are, however, plenty of Negroes who will not lay up any money, and are idle when not obliged to work.

A MIGHTY BAD JOB.

At Montgomery a friend pointed out the portico of the chamber of the House of Representatives where Jefferson Davis took the oath of office as President of the Confederacy. The rebel government was set up in the Senate Chamber of the same State building. The gentleman, by way of apology, added that he pointed out the spot merely on account of the history connected with it, and closed by saying that it was a "mighty bad job."

INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT.

The determination of the South to take care of herself by developing her neglected resources is well indicated by the growth of the iron industry at Birmingham, on the line from Montgomery to Mobile. Before the War this town contained no more manufactories than the average agricultural South; in fact, its name rather indicates that it did not exist; now it has four large furnaces, a rolling mill for bar iron, and has a large number of ovens making good coke. Both coal and iron ore as well as limestone are abundant in the vicinity, so that pig iron can be manufactured at very cheap rates. recent sales at $11 a ton being reported to Mr. Richmond. While he was at Savannah he saw on the docks of the Georgia Central Railway large amounts of pig iron on its way to Philadelphia and New-York, which came from Georgia and Alabama.

MOBILE.

Mobile is at present much depressed. Once the second cotton market of the world, it has not yet revived after the loss of this distinction, which is now claimed by Savannah. But an effort is being made to repay Mobile for the ruin of her cotton trade by offering her the position of chief coaling station on the Gulf, and she also hopes to soon be the centre of large iron industries. This trade she is likely to secure at no distant date, and as coal is mined not far away she can doubtless hold the position. The scandalous state of things which allowed Cuba to get her coal from England is not to remain much longer.

A barber at Mobile was dissatisfied with his condition and announced that he was going to move to the Northwest. His family would be nothing but "Niggers" there, to the end of the chapter. He confessed that his children were going to school, but was doubtful about such advantages. Schooling often unfitted Negroes for laborers and was quite likely to make politicians of them.

NEW-ORLEANS.

New-Orleans is fairly prosperous, but suffering, like Mobile, on account of railroad facilities, by which the cotton is carried direct to the seaboard on through rates in connection with the ocean steamer lines. By this style of things the merchant knows just what his bale of cotton will cost him in Europe, but the way-station gets left out of the count. But Mr. Richmond considers the worst feature of New-Orleans, and the State in which she is the metropolis, to be her free gambling system. Everywhere these dens are as open as the commonest store. Gambling is not prohibited by law, and the dens are open day and night. The Louisiana lottery, Mr. Richmond understands, rules the State. There are also places where the poor black man, who works for two bits an hour, can go and gamble, and he generally loses all he earns.

"I saw everywhere in this city," said Mr. Richmond, "blacks and whites working side by side, at the cotton press and in the carpenter shop, without any question or disturbance. I asked a planter if he ever feared trouble from the Negroes. He said not if they were kept sober. Once masters who had ill-treated their slaves had feared retaliation, but no vengeance was in any case taken or attempted. 'They are a sober, kind race,' the planter added. Old Negroes sometimes imagine their present condition not to be much better than in slavery days. They have to work hard now to live; but the young men who have never felt the driver's lash stand up very straight when asked about it and say that no man could enslave them. I asked colored men everywhere I stopped if they ever had any trouble about voting and was always told 'no.' All thought the new Administration would be valuable to them because it would prove that they were safe under either party."

NO MORE "SOLID SOUTH."

Mr. Richmond believes that the South will cease to be "solid" politically as soon as the North concludes to let her alone and allow her to manage her own affairs as it is done at the North. Her people will divide up on tariff or temperance questions or other State issues, but they will always be solid as long as the North tries to help the Negro to rule. The Anglo-Saxon race is a very selfish one and means to rule, whether as an Englisman in India or as his descendants in America. They always have ruled and have never allowed any other race to rule them. The Southern whites will manage the government and not quarrel with the blacks, and are willing that the blacks shall have equal rights before the law.

They will never amalgamate with their humbler brothers as the French and Spanish have done; they are too separative for that. This is a peculiarity of the Anglo-Saxon race; they have never allied themselves with an inferior race. The intelligence and virtue are in the whites, and for that reason they will be rulers.

Mr. Richmond easily perceives a wide difference in the South between now and in 1860, when 300,000 people, through their slave wealth, ruled the South. Then the merchant and other population paid no attention to politics, for they were comparatively powerless. The planter wielded a power as absolute as the old feudal barons. Hence the Rebellion was a slaveholders' rebellion; the common people entered were forced into it. With their slaves went their wealth and their rank. The revolution attendant brought to the surface just such people as have always ruled the North, in fact, the People themselves, instead of a mere class. The old planters are now mostly dead. Their sons went into ordinary employments; some are now employed as clerks, and even driving street cars; in fact doing anything but upholding the ruinous distinction to which they were born. The political power in the South now is in the mass of the people the same as it is at the North.

THE NEW SOUTH LOYAL.

The new South is, therefore, loyal on very easy terms. Mr. Richmond wishes to emphasize the fact of their loyalty, as it is still doubted by some. "Said the president of the Cotton Exchange at New-Orleans to me: 'We propose to put our shoulders to the wheel and with your aid at the North, make this the greatest nation in the world;' and I am sure he was not talking for effect. The son of a Southern planter pointed out the impossibility of carrying out their State rights ideas. He declared that it would have been the greatest humbug. Their very slaves, which they tried to hold by virtue of these rights, would easily defy them by escaping to other States, had the principle once been established and lived up to. It was a wise move not to hang any of the Southern leaders. Jeff Davis is as lightly spoken of there as here. I often heard him called 'an old fool.' To have hanged him would have been to make a martyr of him."

A TEMPERANCE SURPRISE.

One of the surprising things met by Mr. Richmond was the strong temperance sentiment shown in what is called the Black Belt. In this sentiment Georgia probably leads. Three fourths of the State is to-day under local prohibition. He considers the prohibition feeling due very largely to the presence of the blacks. Kept sober they are easily managed, but let a saloon be opened near a plantation and they are at once not only a worthless but a dangerous element. Besides this, the Southern women have suffered from drunkenness of their lords to an extent hardly known North. Their temperance sentiments are based on experience, and are shown by work for the cause, for they are intelligent and energetic. This movement is aided by the fact that there is no large foreign element in the country. Temperance in the South means absolute prohibition. The law once enacted is enforced to the letter.

FLORIDA—AN INCIDENT.

Florida is full of Northern people, and is always likely to be a great winter resort hereafter. Nobody need cross the Atlantic to Nice with such a climate at home. The best Southern hotels are there, most of them kept by Northerners.

The Negro guide who showed Mr. Richmond about the City Hall at Charleston was something of a thinker. There were many portraits of prominent people on the walls, many of which were quite familiar to the visitor. Pausing before a full-length portrait of Calhoun, the guide said: "Here is the man who sowed all the seeds of secession. I'se mighty glad he sowed them, though."

THE FUTURE SEEMS BRIGHT.

In conclusion Mr. Richmond, though confessing that his time spent South did not enable him to answer some serious questions about her, repeats that he saw enough to convince him that the South has a bright future before her. Not enough to outrun the North, but still far more substantial and desirable than any thing possible with the old South. She is loyal; she does not regret that slavery is gone forever; her industries are broadening with her ideas; she welcomes visitors and courts outside enterprise as she never did before. She is a part of the world and never more a subject of interest to it than at the present time. One of the best things that the Exposition has done is to bring North and South together. There will be more fraternity in future, a better understanding, and less watching each other for the purpose of finding fault.

A SPIRITED FOREIGN POLICY.—"Before I go, Mr. Blaine, I would like to ask what policy you would pursue if the Presidency were forced upon you?"

"Well, if I were compelled to accept the position, I would take the first year to get my hand in, and would hardly move from the line of my predecessor. In the second year I'd monkey with the Interior Department, and would give those poor Indians, for whom my heart bleeds, more whiskey and guns, so as to give 'em a better chance to fight their oppressors; I'd hang every Mexican caught in Texas, and let every Texan who got caught in Mexico go the way of all flesh. We must be equitable with the Mexicans. For my foreign policy I'd take time. Bill Chandler should go to Germany to look after Bismarck. He's about as short on manners, you know, as the old Chancellor himself. Schurz, being a German, should go to Paris. O'Donovan Rossa and Richelieu Robinson should be our Missionaries to the Russian and English courts. I'd appoint John Kelly as Minister to his native land, Italy, and Henry Bergh could gratify his inordinate love of bull-fights as Minister to Spain.

"By the time I'd get to my third year my vigorous foreign policy would be ready for work. In my third year I'd insist upon a marriage between the Pope and Queen Victoria. I'd instruct Chandler to conciliate the Kaiser and Bismarck by giving a grand dinner, at which nothing but American pork should be served. Yes," thundered the ex-Secretary, "I'd get the American hog in Berlin, if I had to start a new national debt to pay corkage on it. You see, by my vigorousness I'd be in a muss with all Europe. Asia, Africa, South America, and Boston would be treated in the same manner, so that by my fourth year every nation in the world would be at my feet, armed to the teeth, and ready to remove the United States from the face of the earth."

"That's the quiet kind of an inoffensive President I'd be," said Mr. Blaine.

"Yes, but what would become of the country in the fifth year after your election?"

"To Texas with the country in the fifth year. I wouldn't be President then!"

Mr. Blaine was called away at this point to kiss a little colored baby in the hall, and your correspondent withdrew.

I think that this country, with Mr. Blaine as President, would have almost as good a time as the parrot and monkey are reported as having when enjoying each other's undivided attention.—*Life.*

Jefferson Davis had returned to him on Tuesday the saddle he used while trying to escape through Georgia in 1865. It has been well kept. The Macon *Telegraph* gives its history. Shortly before Mr. Davis's capture he was watering his horse at a spring 13 miles from Macon, and asked a boy, who chanced to be there, if he wanted a pretty saddle, his object being to turn over the saddle, which he valued highly, to some one who would let it fall into the hands of some Southern family who would take care of it rather than let it be captured by the Federals. The boy replied that he would like to have it. Mr. Davis covered the saddle with a blanket and gave it to the boy, who placed it in the hands of Mr. Adam Jones, who gave it to his brother, Dr. W. L. Jones, who has kept it ever since. Not long ago Mr. Davis wrote to Mr. Howell Cobb, of Athens, detailing the circumstances, and through him it was returned. As a part of the eventful history of the times this is here in detail recorded.

PRESIDENTS' WIVES.

The misfortunes of women who have been the wives of our later presidents is remarkable. Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. Lincoln and Mrs. Garfield all became widows while at the White House, the two last under the most terrible circumstances. The first Mrs. Tyler died while her husband was President and the second Mrs. Tyler, who is now living at Georgetown, D. C., was compelled to ask Congress for a pension in 1879. Ex-President John Tyler died at Richmond in January, 1862, and his property was destroyed by the war. Mrs. James K. Polk, who is yet living at Nashville at the advanced age of eighty-four, had a fortune left her and has long enjoyed the society of a rare circle of devoted friends, but the last days of her life have been much embittered by the disgraceful defalcation and subsequent imprisonment of her nephew, who was State Treasurer of Tennessee. Mrs. Tyler and Mrs. Polk are the only women now living who were wives of ante-bellum Presidents, and it is rather odd that Mrs. Tyler is the younger of the two by twenty-five or thirty years, whereas her husband was President in 1843 and 1844, while Mr. Polk did not come into the office till later. Mrs. Tyler was not only a second wife, but married at the early age of eighteen. She is the only presidential wife, I believe, who had the honor of giving a wedding reception at the White House. There are at least two people in New York who danced at that reception—Mr. Henry Bergh and wife. I shall not attempt to recount the misfortunes of Mrs. Lincoln and Mrs. Garfield, for they are known all over the world. Poor Mrs. Lincoln survived her husband a dozen years or more, but she never survived the shock that his death gave her, and the latter days of her life were clouded by a disordered mind. Few and far between were the happy moments that fell to her lot from the turbulent hour that her husband became President. The story of Mrs. Andrew Johnson is almost as pathetic, but it is not so well known. She was nearly sixty years old when her husband became President, and had been married over forty years. She was almost as little know at Washington during the Presidential career of Andrew Johnson as if she had not lived at all, and the American people know less about her than of the wives of any of the Chief Executives of their country. She died in 1876, six months after her husband had died. I do not suppose Mrs. Grant is by any means a happy woman, though she has the satisfaction of knowing that the American people will always hold her husband in the highest esteem for his great military services. The disaster that came upon Gen. Grant and her sons who were in business in the firm of Grant & Ward told very heavily upon her and she, along with the other recent Presidents' wives, has a burden to bear. Mrs. Hayes seems to be peacefully settled in life, and lives quietly at a little village in Ohio.—*Ben. Perley Poore.*

The Warren Mail

TUESDAY, FEB. 10, 1885.

Judge Tourgee

Lectured last night on "What shall we do with him," before a large audience—for Warren—and a very appreciative one. We are glad to note an increase in the size of lecture audiences. Upon being introduced by Bro. Howard of the *Ledger*, he stated that he had not been in Warren for nearly twenty years. Then the weather was more pleasant, being a beautiful September day, and there had been many changes since that time. All who were present know all about his lecture, and those who were not missed a very entertaining, instructive and able oration upon the past, present and future condition of the negro in the United States. We regret we cannot review it at length, and hope that Warren will be favored with another visit from the Judge at no distant day.

—"Over the garden wall" to-night, by Geo. S. Knight and wife.

—The venerable J. G. Whittier, always among the alert in things pertaining to human liberty and growth, writes as follows about Tourgee's remarkable work, "Appeal to Cæsar." "I have read Judge Tourgee's book with the deepest interest. It is a strong and powerful presentation of the great danger and need of our country at the present time. Its clarion call to the duty of educating every voter, black and white, in the United States, I trust will be heard. The author deserves the thanks of every well-wisher of his country."

ORIGIN OF DECORATION DAY.

To the Editor of The Inter Ocean.

CHICAGO, May 31.—In your paper of this date there appears a statement in relation to the origin of Decoration Day, which reads as follows: "He (General J. B. Murray) was the originator of the Decoration Day observances in the Northern States. In the winter of 1867-8, when in the South, he noticed the touching rite of the decoration of soldiers' graves by the ladies, and, deeply impressed with the beauty and solemnity of this custom, he instituted a similar one at his home when he returned in 1868."

I take issue with this statement, and desire that you give space in your columns for the following, and thereby enlighten a large number of your readers who have not known heretofore who was the originator of the ceremonies so generally observed throughout the Northern States on the 30th day of May:

HEADQUARTERS GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC, WASHINGTON, D. C., May 5, 1868.—General Orders, No. 11. 1. The 30th day of May, 1868, is designated for the purpose of strewing with flowers or otherwise decorating the graves of comrades who died in the defense of their country during the late rebellion, and whose bodies now lie in almost every city, village, and hamlet church-yard in the land. In this observance no form of ceremony is prescribed, but posts and comrades will in their own way arrange such fitting services and testimonials of respect as circumstances may permit.

We are organized comrades, as our regulations tell us, for the purpose, among other things, "of preserving and strengthening those kind and fraternal feelings which have bound together the soldiers, sailors, and marines who united to suppress the late rebellion." What can aid more to assure this result than by cherishing tenderly the memory of our heroic dead who made their breasts a barricade between our country and its foes? Their soldier lives were the reveille of freedom to a race in chains, and their deaths the tattoo of rebellious tyranny in arms. We should guard their graves with sacred vigilance. All that the consecrated wealth and taste of the Nation can add to their adornment and security is but a fitting tribute to the memory of her slain defenders. Let no wanton foot tread rudely on such hallowed grounds. Let pleasant paths invite the coming and going of reverent visitors and fond mourners. Let no vandalism of avarice or neglect, no ravages of time testify to the present or to the coming generations that we have forgotten as a people the cost of a free and undivided republic.

If other eyes grow dull and other hands slack, and other hearts cold in the solemn trust, ours shall keep it well as long as the light and warmth of life remain in us.

Let us, then, at the time appointed, gather around their sacred remains and garland the passionless mounds above them with the choicest flowers of the springtime; let us raise above them the dear old flag they saved from dishonor; let us in this solemn presence renew our pledges to aid and assist those whom they have left among us, a sacred charge upon a Nation's gratitude—the soldier's and sailor's widow and orphan.

2. It is the purpose of the Commander-in-chief to inaugurate this observance with the hope that it will be kept up from year to year while a survivor of the war remains to honor the memory of his departed comrades. He earnestly desires the public press to call attention to this order and lend its friendly aid in bringing it to the notice of comrades in all parts of the country in time for a simultaneous compliance therewith.

3. Department Commanders will use every effort to make this order effective.

By command of JOHN A. LOGAN, Commander-in-chief.

N. P. CHIPMAN, Adjutant General.

I would suggest that the author of Blowe and His Pipe read this order, and after having done so give us an opinion as to the appropriateness of the name given the day by the Grand Army of the Republic, in National encampment at Baltimore, in 1868—Memorial Day. Respectfully,

JOHN S. PHELPS,
Geo. H. Thomas Post, No. 5, Chicago.

One cannot but like a radical and an enthusiast even if one cannot agree with him in his ideas. I was much charmed with such a character in Charles C. Bonney, of the Chicago bar. He is a New-Yorker, but was captured by the far-West when young. He was active in establishing the present educational system of Illinois. He has been, and I think is now, president of the State Bar Association of Illinois, and is author of a score of works on special topics of his profession. He is a radical on temperance, the dignity of the legal profession, and civil service reform.

"We have standards," he said recently in his enthusiastic way, "of judicial and legal procedure. We have standards of army and naval service. We have the Naval Academy and a military school, in which are trained continually young men drawn from the Congressional Districts of this great Nation. But we have never had any standard of the civil service, legislative, executive or diplomatic. To make the system of Government complete there should stand also, side by side with the naval and military academies, a civil service academy in which the arts of statesmanship and diplomacy should be taught, to fix a certain standard of excellence and to hold up this standard before those who seek preferment in public life, to show the nature and extent of the qualifications which they should try to acquire." Possibly if this plan had been in full operation for the last three months Mr. Cleveland might have been saved a world of vexation and some chagrin,—that is if the blunders he has made in appointments ever annoy him.

Copiah County's Murder in Politics.

From the Utica Herald.

The mistaken impression that the President withheld, canceled, revoked, or otherwise deprived Mr. Meade of Hazlehurst, Copiah County, Miss., of the postmaster's commission issued to him, is sedulously cultivated by the Democratic and Independent press. The President has done nothing of the kind. The Hazlehurst office is of the fourth class. Postmaster-General Vilas commissioned Meade, and it was he who, when the part Meade took in applauding the murderer of Print Matthews was known, "requested" Meade's resignation. So far as known the request has not been complied with. On the contrary, Mississippi Democrats hold the President responsible for the request and are thoroughly disgusted. A "prominent" citizen of that State is reported, by way of Washington, as saying:

It has got beyond necessity of concealment that the killing of Print Matthews was a political necessity. He was educated, well off, and hard-headed. He held the Negroes up to the Republican rack, and persuasion to desist had no effect upon him. So long as he wouldn't quit he had to be killed in order that Mississippi should be and remain a Democratic State, and that a Democratic President might be elected. Why make so much fuss about Matthews? If Meade resigns at demand of the President he is a fool, and if the President insists upon it he is a white-livered hypocrite and only worthy of the contempt of faithful Democrats. It is safe to say Meade will not resign.

And it is safe to say he will not be permitted to hold his commission and the Administration at the same time get credit for dismissing him.

He Must be Democratic or Nothing.

The Washington correspondent of the *Boston Advertiser*, a conservative Mugwump journal of the highest respectability, gives this account, the accuracy of which seems beyond doubt, of the considerations which influence the conduct of Mr. Cleveland:

The President has made up his mind that the only way for him to accomplish much in the line of economizing and renovating the civil service is by putting Democrats in responsible positions. As he has frequently said of late to those who have talked with him, "I cannot accomplish much without a constituency. That must be the Democratic party in the main. It is folly for me to try to stand between the two parties. I should come out like the man who tried to occupy two chairs, and ended by sitting on the floor." His attempts no concealment of the fact that to have an efficient organization at his back is absolutely necessary. He talks plainly on that subject, and leaves no doubt in the minds of his friends that he will go ahead as rapidly as is at all reasonable to put the administrative positions in the hands of Democrats.

JUDGE TOURGEE.

Judge Albion Winegar Tourgee does not look like a disappointed man, striding along with a lilac in his prim button-hole, but he is one. The failure of *The Continent*, in which he sunk both money and hopes, was a sore blow to him. He sought to make it one of the leading magazines of the continent, and went in for the patronage of native literature and art. He paid fair prices for everything, and bought of the best whether the name of its author was known or not—and he failed. The magazine devoured a fortune, and was finally sold to and incorporated with one of our religious papers, which absorbed it for the sake of its subscription list. Judge Tourgee was born in Ohio, in 1838, and educated at the University of Rochester, New York. He studied law, and was a lawyer in good practice when the civil war out. He threw up his peaceable employment to enter the army, in 1861, and came out of it in 1865 with a colonelship and two wounds. After the war he settled to the practice of his old profession at Greensboro, North Carolina. In 1866 he first came into marked public notice as a member of the Convention of Southern Loyalists held in Philadelphia that year. His prominent relations with this movement and his presentation of a report on the condition of the Southern States made him a marked man for political preferment, and he was taken into the bosom of the Republican party. Two years later he was made a judge of the Superior Court in North Carolina, and began a successful public career. His chief employment at the time was the preparation of a Code of Civil Procedure for North Carolina, and he was an extensive contributor to the press, always on subjects of political interest or in relation to the sociology of the South. His widest fame, however came to him from his novel, "A Fool's Errand." This work, describing the Southern life of a Northern man during the reconstruction period was made an effective campaign book by the Republican party. It enjoyed an enormous sale and made its author famous and rich. His succeeding novels were nothing like as successful, though they were built upon the same lines. *The Continent* was started by the judge and a backing of admirers in Philadelphia as a weekly of superior, æsthetic character, and shot over the heads of the public. Its size was changed, its material freshened up and its publication transferred to New York, but after a gallant fight of four years it gave up the ghost. The integrity and self-respect of Judge Tourgee are best demonstrated by the fact that he devoted his talents and purse entirely to his magazine, and its failure probably left him next door to a pauper as far as cash is concerned.

TO THE VETERAN.

DURAND, Ill., June 1.—To the Veteran and His Pipe: Bravo Veteran. Your idea is correct on the 30th of May. Let the brave old flag go to the top. Away with muffled drums and dolorous tunes. Pipe up with merry ones, and let it be a day of joy to commemorate the brave deeds of our fallen comrades. ONE OF THE VETS.

THE BROOKLYN UNION.

FRIDAY, APRIL 24, 1885.

THE SOLID SOUTH.

THOMAS D. MOSSCROP WAVES THE SECTIONAL RAG.

The Danger He Sees from 153 Electoral Votes Against a Divided North—Albion W. Tourgee's Works—Talk About a War of Races.

Colonel Thomas D. Mosscrop read a paper last evening on "A Solid South Against a Politically Divided North," by invitation of the Central Republican Club, at the Club rooms, corner of DeKalb avenue and Skillman street. The club is an organization of straight-out Republicans, who, since last December, have associated themselves together and kept their rooms open every evening. It is an excellent plan for becoming better acquainted with each other, as is evident from the good fellowship prevailing every time they meet. Among the members and their guests present last evening were William H. Waring, John H. Burtis, John Bliss, J. S. Gillen, William White, Alderman Bowers, George W. Seely, George T. Tompkins, L. W. Emerson, Wm. Kuykendahl, John Walker, William Larder, James Fay, W. Irvine, William Close, J. W. Kirkpatrick, Thomas Fitchie, J. W. Dawson, C. C. Reeves, and Godfrey Lincks. President George P. Clark was in the chair. Colonel Mosscrop spoke as follows:

A short time since I was your guest and listened to an entertaining and instructive address by your President. It was composed mainly of a relation of dramatic incidents in which he was an active participant, brought about by his attempt to apply the active business energies of the men of the North in the South at about the closing period of the war, and the difficulties which he and others encountered from the residents of that section in their endeavors to practically utilize the colored labor of the South in the tilling of the soil for the mutual benefit of each. You will also remember that near the close of his address your President referred to the rights and standing of the colored man as a citizen as still an unsolved problem, the correct solution of which would have an important bearing upon the future welfare of our country. This latter portion of his address seemed to me to be peculiarly appropriate and timely. At a later period of the evening, when called upon to address the members of the club, I gave a brief outline of the thoughts that were chasing each other through my mind, and called your attention to Albion W. Tourgee's latest work entitled "An Appeal to Cæsar," and then promised to present the club with a copy of the work as a nucleus for a club library. I am here to-night to redeem that promise, and also to call you upon the subject that I then so briefly outlined. I now present the book to the club through your President, and further promise to present the club with a complete set of Judge Tourgee's works, whenever the said President, over his signature, shall certify to me in writing that ten members of this club shall have read this book through from Alpha to Omega; and I assure you that you will find all his works very interesting and instructive, as I shall attempt to demonstrate to those of you who have not read his writings by reading before I close selections from his "Appeal to Cæsar" and his "Fool's Errand."

The main object I have in view is to appeal to the patriotism of the younger generation that are growing up, and those who have arrived at man's estate since the close of the war, and to whom that conflict is but a pictured story. To do this successfully it becomes necessary to forcibly call them attention to the causes that led up to the rebellion of 1861, and that now maintains a politically solid South against a divided North. The problem of our national life has been the occupancy of the Southern section of our country by two quite entirely distinct races. For eighteen years one race were servants, with no other rights than those that belong to the beasts of the field. The other were their masters, and from the circumstances in which they were placed they came to look upon themselves not only as masters of their slaves, but also the political masters and rulers of the nation. I wish to enlist the ardor and patriotism of these young men earnestly on the side of the education of the whole people of the South for the purpose of averting a second conflict between our own citizens, which, if it should come, there is danger of its ending in a conflict of races. Judge Tourgee debates this entire question with a most thoughtful, impartial and judicial mind, after having given it twenty years of careful study from these several standpoints: First—As a Northern soldier who hopefully viewed the situation at the close of the war and who migrated with his family to the South to make a home; secondly, from the point of view of the generous Southerner filled with the peculiar notions bred of slavery; and, thirdly, from the position of the poor whites and freedmen; and, lastly, from the standpoint of a true lover of his country, who has been brought into direct contact with the perils with which his fellow citizens are struggling. The solution of the problem, which he so graphically and truthfully sets before us, needs to occupy the most earnest thoughts of our wisest men and the patriotism of all.

It was an afternoon in early June. Two men sat in the wide embrasure of a window of the White House at Washington. On a table near them were a few books and a set of diagrams to which they now and then referred in the course of their conversation. One of the men was the President of the United States; the other was a citizen summoned to his presence by a telegram which read: "Come on Saturday when I shall be at leisure." It is treasured now as a priceless memento. They were not strangers; even in the boyhood of one their lines had crossed; afterwards, they had been fellow-soldiers divided in rank by a great gulf, yet greeting each other when they met. When the conflict was over their lives drifted even further apart. One of them had joined the legislative moulders of the nation's destiny; the other was bidden to the oblivion of a great national experiment. The one had helped to shape the legislation that was intended to reconstruct out of the chaos that war had left in its train, a new civilization. The other had watched upon the theatre of its operation the resultant effects of this legislation. As a consequence perhaps, while in purpose and sentiment they had grown nearer to each other, yet in their convictions as to policy and methods they had drifted widely asunder. The one had been disappointed and chagrined at the failure of a measure which he had heartily supported and which had accomplished but a tithe of the results he had anticipated. He could not doubt their justice; he could not understand their failure. Had he dared to question the universality of the principles of freedom on which they rested he might have doubted whether the nation had not gone too far. He did not doubt; he only wondered why good seed planted with blood and tears, "with malice towards none and charity towards all," should have yielded such meagre sheaves of good and such an abundant harvest of evil. The results had not been in accordance with his expectatations. The other, with less interest perhaps in these specific measures, had been a keen observer of their operation. His life had been cast among people whose daily lives had been colored by their influence. Instead of wondering at the evil results which had followed hard upon their adoption, he was amazed that infinitely worse things had not occurred. At the close of the conversation, the President said: "You are right; there is no other way; we must begin at the beginning. Write out your views of what is possible to be done, and let me have them—or better still—put them into a book and I will study it." The desired promise was given. This book entitled, "An Appeal to Cæsar," is the fulfillment of that promise, and is designed to help every thoughtful and patriotic man to answer these questions for himself. The appeal is made not to the dear, dead Cæsar, whose great heart was just awakening to the task before him, but to that other and greater Cæsar whom none so devoutly revered—the American people!

It is not claimed that this work represents the views of President Garfield upon the subject treated. The author does not believe that the President had decided upon any particular course of action, but does believe that he considered it the most important question that was to receive attention during his administration. On one occasion he expressly stated that he regarded it as a providential thing that the national prosperity is such as to permit appropriations for this purpose (viz., the education of the poor whites and the colored people of the South) that would otherwise be deemed onerous; what would he not have said had he lived to see an hundred millions in the treasury?

Is there any danger lurking behind 153 electoral votes solid? A upas tree had taken deep root in the virgin soil of the New World. A free people hacked it down with the sword; it cost more than a million lives and five billions of dollars to accomplish the task. The roots were left to gather strength for other harmful growth. The nation was so elated with its achievement that it forgot all about the source from which the evil sprang; already the new growth has borne fruit of violence and misrule. Can we afford to allow the roots to remain? How much can we afford to pay to have them dug-ed up? How can this best be accomplished? It is a favorite notion of the American people that everything which promises evil to the nation will cure itself if it be but let alone. For a hundred years all the world but ourselves knew that the conflict between freedom and slavery must come. But when Seward proclaimed the "irrepressible conflict" it brought a thrill of fear to every heart. The same spirit prevails with regard to any evil that is said to threaten our land; we refuse till the fifty-ninth minute of the eleventh hour to recognize the presence of danger. Peoples have been swept off the face of the earth for a disregard of natural laws of far less importance than those with which we trifled. Year after year the danger grew: year after year our trade and commerce clamored angrily against those who told the truth which we were forced to learn when it was written in blood. It was only procrastination and indecision that made the problem of African slavery in the United States one of overwhelming danger. It is the same inclination to trifle with the danger which lies before us that makes the problem of the African in the United States to-day. There are a few vague ideas, which almost every one North and South alike entertain with regard to this question, which command consideration at our hands. It is a very general belief that trade and commerce between the North and South will in some mysterious manner change the nature of the people and obviate all danger that may seem likely to arise from the co-occupancy of the two races. Two-thirds of the average life of a generation have passed away since the abolition of slavery and the cessation of warfare. Northern ideas and Northern influences have had scope and opportunity in the regeneration of the South. Not only its commercial and manufacturing skill have been at work, but its abounding charity has extended through the length and breadth of the land with its hand full of golden treasure, scattering wisdom, kindness and aid. Nearly twenty millions of dollars have been given by the kindly great hearts of the North to help in lifting up the degraded and oppressed of the South. Much has been done, and yet if we glance at the results achieved we shall laugh at the faith which expects the world to wait while Northern influence, Northern thought and enterprise revolutionize the life of the South.

Another favorite idea has been the notion that immigration from Europe would come in to fill the vacant spaces and make the waste places of the south blossom like the rose. For a time this was the favorite fallacy of Southern writers and thinkers. They insisted upon having a laboring class: they thought the negro not sufficiently subservient, not easily enough bound to serve and obey. He would, despite all laws and in the face of all possible threats, sometimes abandon his contract either through lack of payment or from some other less reasonable motive; so the South proposed to substitute other laborers. The white peasantry of Europe was looked to as a source of supply. Our own Northern philanthropists and economists regarded this as a most reasonable and desirable movement. How far they have succeeded, let the past twenty years show; the invitations have been sent out, the feast has been waiting.

Another favorite fancy, especially with Northern theorists and Southern speculators, is, that in some golden day of the future, migration from the North will set in overwhelmingly and form anew all the life of the South. Ah, the eloquence that has been wasted upon this subject! Great-souled Northern philosophers have sped through the South gazing with disgust at its peculiar shimmering fog and estimating its wasted water power; dreaming of the day when its mines should give forth their treasures. From the South, too, forever comes the same glowing story of hopes waiting to be realized; every year new Edens are discovered. And the world, and especially the greedy and credulous Yankee is asked to come, to come at once, buy quickly and share the golden shower that is just beginning to fall.

Let us examine the record and see what progress has been made during the past twenty years. "Has trade and commerce literally changed the nature of the Southern people, and obviated all danger of a conflict between the two races?" To my mind the results of the last Presidential election are a complete answer. The problem is as yet unsolved. The same thoughts and ideas that predominated and controlled the action of the leading minds of the South prior to 1861, and that culminated in the attempt to disrupt the Union, also prevailed in the election of 1884 and cast 153 Electoral votes solid for the nominee of that party which as a party sympathized with the South in its efforts to destroy the Union. Has immigration from Europe come in and filled the vacant spaces and made the waste places of the South to blossom like the rose? Has the South been successful in its efforts to displace the black laborer, with the white peasantry of Europe? Let us take another glance at the record and see what the answer will be: In 1860, the total foreign born population in the following eight States, viz.: Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana was 145,082. In 1880 it had decreased to 119,686, an actual loss of 25,976. Tourgee states the conclusions to be drawn from these facts tersely, when he says: Does it not demonstrate the astounding fact that all the efforts that have been made to attract foreign immigrants to this region have not sufficed to prevent a loss of almost one-fourth the number of foreigners in these States in 1860? Does this look like filling the vacant spaces and making the waste places of the South blossom as the rose? The invitations are out; the feast is waiting. What think ye? Will they not come? Has immigration from the North set in overwhelmingly? Has the greedy and credulous Yankee come quickly to share the golden shower that is just beginning to fall? Let us once more examine the record for an answer. The total number of inhabitants born at the North, and residing in these same eight States in 1870 was 55,080; in 1880 the number had decreased to 53,267, a loss of 1,813 evidently the credulous Yank is not going South just yet, but he is going West.

In 1870, 3,810,874 of the inhabitants born in the Northern States had migrated to other Northern States than those in which they were born. In 1880 the number migrating to other Northern States had increased to 4,711,813, an increase in round numbers of 1,000,000. Now what does the other side of the picture show? It seems to indicate that the policy which maintains a solid South is driving from its borders men of broad and liberal views. In 1870 there were residing in the Northern States 765,363 persons of Southern birth; in 1880 the number had risen to 893,381, an increase of 128,068. That is to say there were in round numbers 200,000 more Southern whites in the North than there were Northern carpet-baggers in the South in 1880. In view of these facts, what becomes of the favorite notion of the

American people: "That everything which promises evil to the nation, will cure itself if it be but let alone?" Is there no danger lurking behind 153 electoral votes solid? Will it require the same kind of medicine to cure this evil that was required to eradicate slavery? When the Democratic party again retire from power will history again repeat itself? Will there be a depleted treasury? Will the navy be scattered to the four quarters of the globe? Will there again be war? Is there a danger of a war of races in these United States? Once more let us examine the record: Professor Gillman, a Southern man, after a careful examination of statistics of the natural increase of the white and black races of the South says that in 1985, or 100 years from the present time, the white race of the South will have increased from natural causes from 12,240,247 to 96,000,000, and that the black race in 1980, or 95 years from date, will have increased from 6,039,659 to 192,000,000. Now, two whites to one black. Then, two blacks to one white. There is another element to be considered, and that the most important; it is the prevailing illiteracy of the Southern people of both races; and that means the fact that these masses of population, which nature and a wonderful sequence of events have arrayed against each other in seemingly unavoidable antagonism, are likely to be precipitated into a conflict which for savage horror would have no parallel in history, by the folly and inconsiderate prejudice of vast hordes of the ignorant and reckless of both races. In these same States 17 per cent. of the white adults and 78½ per cent. of the colored adults cannot read and write, that is to say, of the 1,800,000 male adult voters, white and black, 567,000, or 31½ per cent. are unable to read the names upon their ballots. Is it necessary to discuss these facts at any length? The man who does not realize their terrible significance at a glance will never comprehend their import. A hundred years is but a span in the life of a nation. Our grand-children will be engaged in the strife if it is deferred so long. Will it be so long? In fifteen years, that is in 1900, the colored population in these eight States that I have indicated will exceed the whites. In 1880 the total white population was 4,895,253; during the preceding ten years from 1870 to 1880 they had increased 1,013,696. In 1880 the total colored population of these same eight States was 4,353,-697; during the preceding ten years from 1870 to 1880 they had increased it 1,112,040, an actual gain in these ten years over the whites of 98,341; the whites increased at the rate of 27½; the colored at the rate of 37½.

After reading several extracts from Judge Tourgee, the speaker continued: One hundred and fifty-three electoral votes solid. Are they conducive to the future peace and welfare of our country? I am of the opinion that the conscience of the people will answer No, whenever they shall have given the subject careful consideration. The question that presents itself to my mind is, When will they give the subject that attention that its importance demands? Will the people give it careful study now while the danger that lurks behind these 153 electoral votes solid is yet in its infancy? Or will it require the rude calamity of a race war to awaken them to the evil effects of this deadly upas-tree? The first warning is an accomplished fact. The addition of the Electoral votes of four Northern States to these 153 has resulted in placing the Democratic party in power after the lapse of twenty-four years. When that party was dethroned it left to the country as a legacy a civil war of gigantic proportions and a depleted treasury. In what condition will the Democratic party leave the country when they retire from power four, eight, twelve, or twenty years hence? The Republican party has turned over to it a treasury full to overflowing, and all the States and territories of the Union with not a slave upon the soil. To-day the Stars and Stripes, with every star and stripe intact, flies o'er a peaceful land. Will this be so when the Democratic party again tears from place and power? I have no wish to be classed as an alarmist or in an odious sense as a flaunter of the crimson shirt, but I see a cloud looming up on the horizon no bigger than a man's hand. I see the materials lying scattered loosely here and there ready to coalesce and burn with fierce heat when the winds shall have gathered sufficient momentum to fan the fagots of ignorance and prejudice into flame. If we are wise and have learned well the lesson which the past fifty years teaches us, the winds of heaven shall dispel this cloud and disperse the fagots of ignorance and prejudice from our land. A war of races on this continent is not to be thought of without a shudder; a war of this nature means the practical extermination of one or other of the races engaged in the conflict. Civil wars are cruel, religious wars are fanatical, but a war of races lets loose all the concentrated hate and vindictiveness that is confined in the human breast. The problem to be solved by the party now in power is the removal of this cloud upon the horizon, and the averting of a war of races. The remedy is, for darkness, light; for ignorance, knowledge; for wrong, righteousness. Can the Democratic party, with its past clinging to its skirts, do this? Is not its environment such that, for the purpose of retaining political power, it will do in the future as it has done in the past—bow the pregnant hinges of the knees to 153 electoral votes, instead of marching straight forward in a clear and well-defined path for the breaking down of race prejudices? Scan the political horizon closely and you will see the same symptoms that preceded the conflict of 1861; in their incipient stages, it is true, but nevertheless they are there. Less than sixty days since, at a public meeting in Music Hall, a reference to the late unpleasantness during a discussion of the tariff was hissed, and an attempt made to prevent the speaker from continuing his remarks. But a short time since, in the Senate of the United States, an allusion to Jefferson Davis was resented as an insult, and the Senator who resented it as such is now a member of the President's Cabinet.

I presume there is hardly one of you but that at some period of your lives have been the nurse in the sick room of one that is near and dear to you who has had a relapse from some former malady, and that from long watching and anxious care your nerves have become strained to their utmost tension, and that an incautious remark of a visitor to the sick room about your dear one's illness has jarred upon your nerves and caused you to exclaim in a whisper, "Hush!" Not on your own account did you do this; it was not care for yourself that had brought you to this nervous tension; it was anxiety for the welfare of the sick one that made you raise the admonitory finger and exclaim with bated breath, "Hush!"

The doctor had prescribed quiet, and issued peremptory orders forbidding all reference to the patient's malady. This was the condition of the Democratic party before the war in 1861. Then it bowed to the slave power. This is the condition of the Democratic party now; it bends to 153 Electoral votes. For many years before the first gun belched forth its shotted flame at the flag of the Union as it proudly floated over Sumter's walls, at any reference to the cloud of slavery, that had then assumed a fearful density, the press, the counting room, the pulpit, the forum, and those in the public streets, raised the admonitory hand, and with bated breath said, "Hush!" The black man, as a slave, was the cloud then. The ignorance of the poor whites, and the freedmen are the clouds now. The Democratic party failed then because it bowed to slave power. The Democratic party will fail now unless it declines to bow to the will of 153 electoral votes solid. The predominant sentiment of the ruling classes of the South in the old days was against the education of the colored man, because that meant his freedom from human slavery. The predominant sentiment of the leaders of public opinion at the South to-day is against the education of the poor whites and the freedman, for education now means the untrammeled use of the ballot, and the breaking up of 153 electoral votes solid.

The refusal of the Democratic party to look the slave question squarely in the face then, and for the purpose of maintaining human slavery and retaining political power, produced the war for the dissolution of the Union. The refusal to educate the poor whites and the freedmen of the South now, for the purpose of maintaining a solid South and the Democratic party in power, will produce a war of races as surely as that slavery produced the late civil conflict. In 1852 Harriett Beecher Stowe cast upon the waters "Uncle Tom's Cabin": we all know what kind of bread was returned upon the waters in 1861. In 1884 Albion W. Tourgee "cast upon the waters" of public opinion an "Appeal to Cæsar": who among us can prophecy truly the kind of bread that shall be returned unto Cæsar twenty years hence?

Conversation on the general topic followed, and a collation was afterwards served in the adjoining room.

THE RACE PROBLEM.

The recent address of Capt. Thomas D. Mosscrop before the Central Republican Club is exciting a great deal of attention and appealing to a far wider audience than the men who heard the spoken words. It will be quoted and copied. It will arouse thought. It has aroused and stimulated thought already.

Some of our Democratic friends and contemporaries have no better argument than ridicule wherewith to meet the unanswerable logic of the address. They call it "waving the bloody shirt." If in their indignation they pass beyond ridicule to invective, they declaim against the author of such "incendiary utterances" as a disturber of peaceful relations, a demagogue whose party is more to him than his country.

But Capt. Mosscrop is no demagogue, no mere alarmist. The South, by its insolent behavior, its denial to the negro of all the substantial rights of freedom, its constant disregard, for nearly twenty years, of constitutional rights and privileges, its Chisholm murders, its Danville and Hamburg massacres, its "regulators" and "night riders," its cruel disregard of human rights, its outrages to Northern men and women who went South on errands of mercy, its inhumanity and barbarous injustice, as exhibited in a thousand ingenious ways, has justified all that has been said against it and more far more. When the editor of one of the chief Southern newspapers insults the million readers of a great monthly by denying in its pages the right of the nation to interfere with the South in its treatment of the negroes, by declaring that the social and political barriers which have been reared against the blacks must ever exist, and that the South has nothing to apologize or atone for in its treatment, for twenty years, of its former bondsmen; when the voice of the whole South utters an "amen" to these damnable sentiments; when the forgiven rebel, fresh from defending upon the floor of the United States Senate the unforgiven arch-rebel who fanned the flames of secession, is made the counselor and advisor of a Democratic President; when the flag of the War Department is lowered in honor to a traitor's memory; when ex-rebels who plied the privateersman's horrible trade upon the American seas and fattened like ghouls upon American commerce are sent to represent the interests of that commerce abroad; when the man who has been appointed to an important ministry abroad denounces in a public speech the triumph of the Union as a "gross and bloody violation of public rights"; when the 153 electoral votes of the South, made solid for Democracy and reform by every crime of which the ingenuity of man is capable, from fraud and perjury to wholesale massacre and midnight whipping of negroes and negroes' friends by masked men at dead of night, rule in the councils of the country; and when for all these crimes and excesses so many Northern apologists are found, let no man in fatuous blindness say that there is no solid South, no race war, no sectional jealousy. For such blindness the country may one day pay very dear.

All honor then to the men who are undeterred alike by sneers, ridicule and vituperation from doing their plain duty by pointing out these evils and the way, the only way, by which they may be avoided. We do not

Albion Tourgee

BR

A DANGER SIGNAL

WORTHY OF THE ATTENTION OF ALL THOUGHTFUL STATESMEN.

Captain Mosscrop's Discussion of the Conditions which have Produced a Solid South—Is Such Solidity not a Menace to the Peace and Prosperity of the United States?—Why the Remedy of Judge Tourgee Ought to be Applied and a National Educational System Established.

Before the Central Republican Club last evening a thoughtful and interesting address on "The Solid South," was delivered by Capt. Thomas D. Mosscrop of the Seventh Ward. Capt. Mosscrop is a careful reader and admirer of Judge Albion W. Tourgee, and is in complete agreement with the latter on the proposition that the only remedy for the evils of a united South is to be found in a National educational system, the benefits of which shall be availed of by the poor whites as well as the negroes in our Southern States. In the course of his remarks the speaker said:

My World Supplement Extra Edition

FRIDAY, APRIL 24, 1885.

WAVING THE BLOODY SHIRT.

THE RAG FLUNG TO THE BREEZE BY COL. MOSSCROP.

The Danger Which He Says Lurks Behind 153 Electoral "Votes" Solid—He Believes the Democratic Party Will Fall, and a War of Races Imminent.

Colonel Mosscrop

DAY, APRIL 24, 1

SOLID SOUTH.

Thomas D. Mosscrop's Lugubrious View of It.

He Endeavors to Alarm the Seventh Ward Republicans by Following in the Steps of the Great Tourgee—The Cloud Which the Gentleman Sees Hanging Over the Nation—Many Impending Evils that Affright and Play Havoc with the Orator's Imagination.

Many prominent politicians of the Seventh Ward assembled last evening in the rooms of the Central Republican Club, at No. 506 DeKalb avenue, to listen to an address by Colonel Thomas D. Mosscrop on "The Solid South." The rooms were tastefully decorated with flags and bunting, and a silk banner bearing the name of the defeated candidate for the Presidency hung on the wall facing the entrance to the room. Mr. George P. Clark presided and Mr. S. Hudson recorded the proceedings. Among the gentlemen present were Alderman Bowers, Hon. William H. Waring, John Bliss, J. G. Gillen, John H. Clark, John J. Walker, William Lorder, J. Kirkpatrick, C. C. Reeves, George T. Tompkins, William Close, William Kuykendahl, W. Irvine, J. W. Dawson, Chester N. Morris, George W. Seely, Godfrey Linden and William White.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

THE SOURCES OF HIS POWER.

EX-SECRETARY McCULLOCH RECALLS SOME MEMOIRS OF THE PRESIDENT.

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The history of Mr. Lincoln's life is an exceedingly interesting one—more interesting in many respects than that of any other man which our country has produced. Of humble parentage, without opportunities for mental culture in early life, he became an able lawyer, a forcible writer, a captivating and instructive speaker, an executive officer in the most trying period of our Nation's history of singular foresight and wisdom. Before his joint debate with Mr. Douglas in 1858 he was little known outside of his own State. The ability which he displayed in that debate gave him a National reputation. . . He carried his conscience with him into the discussion. He made no statement which he did not believe to be true, took no position which he was not able to defend. Less gifted in language, he was clearer in statement, more persuasive and simple in style, stronger in his convictions, more earnest in presenting them, and more familiar with the character of those whom he was wont to call plain people, than his opponent. It can hardly be said that he was a victor in the debate, but it cannot be denied that when it closed the advantage was not on the side of Mr. Douglas. Like everybody else, I was greatly interested in the debate. Mr. Lincoln's speeches were not only very able, but they left the impression upon my mind that he possessed the elements of great personal popularity. So strong was this impression that, happening to be in Chicago in 1860, when the Republican Convention was in session, and being asked by some of the delegates (when it was certain that either Mr. Seward or Mr. Lincoln would be nominated) to which I thought their votes should be given, I did not hesitate to say "that that depended upon what they wanted to do—if they wanted to vindicate the principles of the party, they should vote for Mr. Seward; if they wanted to elect a President, they should vote for Mr. Lincoln." Mr. Seward had rendered great service to his party, of which he stood at the head; his ability was undoubted, and he was the decided choice of the delegates from the Eastern States; but I doubted that enough of the Western States could be carried to secure his election.

Mr. Lincoln's election precipitated the Rebellion, but the time had come, sooner than had been expected and in a different way, for the settlement of the question whether the United States were a Nation, to which allegiance was due by the people, or a confederation of States, from which any State or number of States might withdraw by their own independent action; and of the equally important question whether slavery or freedom should dominate throughout the Union. These questions were settled by war, and it is now quite certain that they could not have been settled by any other means. The cost of this settlement in treasure and blood was enormous, but it was incomparably less than would have been the evils which would have resulted from the nationalization of slavery or the perpetual strife which must have occurred between the sections if the Union had been disrupted. That the election of Mr. Lincoln was fortunate for the country and the whole country is generally admitted. It would have been quite impossible for either of the other distinguished men whose names were before the Convention for nomination for the Presidency to have retained the confidence of the people through the protracted struggle to the same extent that he did.

Mr. Lincoln's character it is difficult to analyze, so rare and seemingly incongruous were its combinations. Instead, therefore, of attempting an analysis, I must confine my remarks to a description of his appearance, and of his prominent and singular, if not inconsistent, characteristics.

In form Mr. Lincoln was tall and angular, lacking in compactness, but strong and sturdy, with great capacity for work and power of endurance. His features were coarse, and to strangers uncomely, but prepossessing to those who became his friends. His face, dull and heavy when in repose, was all alight with intelligence when in conversation. "I thought," said a lady, "when I first saw him that he was one of the ugliest of men. Now that I know him well, he seems to me to be perfectly charming." Grave and sedate in manner, he was full of kind and gentle emotions. He was fond of poetry. Shakespeare was his delight. Few men could read with equal expression the plays of the great dramatist.

The theatre had great attractions for him, but it was comedy not tragedy he went to hear. He had great enjoyment of the plays that made him laugh, no matter how absurd and grotesque, and he gave expression to his enjoyment by hearty and noisy applause. He was a man of strong religious convictions, but he cared nothing for the dogmas of the churches and had little respect for their creeds. As a lawyer and advocate Mr. Lincoln had no superior in Illinois and few superiors in the older States. His practice was not broad or varied enough to require constant study of authorities, but his mind was keen, clear, discriminating, and he was well grounded in the elementary principles of the law. His arguments before the court were always carefully prepared, pointed and cogent. Before a jury he was especially effective. One of his most distinguished characteristics as an advocate, was the suppression of himself in his arguments to the jurors. It was his aim to fix the facts, and the facts only, upon their minds. Comprehending perfectly the points upon which the case depended,—to them he directed the attention of the jury; wasting no words upon unimportant matters; never wearisome by long speeches; with great aptitude discovering the characters of jurors; always intelligible and earnest, he never failed to interest and rarely to convince. The same qualities were displayed in his public speeches,—models they were of clear, simple and consequently of forcible speaking.

The first time I saw and heard him was at Indianapolis, shortly after the conclusion of his debate with Mr. Douglas. Careless of his attire, ungraceful in his movements, I thought as he came forward to address the audience that his was the most ungainly figure I had ever seen upon a platform. Could this be the Abraham Lincoln whose speeches I had read with so much interest and admiration,—this plain, dull-looking man the one who had successfully encountered in debate one of the most gifted speakers of his time? The question was speedily answered by the speech. The subject was slavery, its character, its incompatibility with republican institutions, its demoralizing influences upon society, its aggressiveness, its rights as limited by the Constitution; all of which were discussed with such clearness, simplicity, earnestness and force as to carry me with him to the conclusion that the country could not long continue part slave and part free—that freedom must prevail throughout the length and breadth of the land, or that the great Republic, instead of being the home of the free and the hope of the oppressed, would become a by-word and a reproach among the nations.

Mr. Lincoln was not a polished writer, but he wrote correctly and with great precision. In clearness of expression, in conciseness, in the use of apt and appropriate language, which everybody could understand, it would be difficult to find his superior. His letters in explanation and defence of his hesitation to proclaim freedom to the slaves, especially his reply to Mr. Greeley, are masterpieces of clear and forcible writing. The concluding paragraph of his first inaugural: "The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave, to every living heart and hearthstone, all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely it will be, by the better angels of our nature,"—is as happy in expression as it is touching and beautiful in thought.

Mr. Lincoln excelled as a story-teller. The habit of story-telling was formed in his early professional life, when, in company with a few other prominent members of the bar, he visited counties at long distances from his own, to try important cases. The journeys from county to county were long and protracted, and as there were no newspapers or books in the cabins where they spent the nights, these lawyer circuit-riders, as they were called, killed the time, as the saying was, by telling stories, in which invention as well as memory was brought into play. In inventing stories and skill in telling them Mr. Lincoln was the acknowledged leader. The habit of story-telling, thus formed, became part of his nature, and he gave free rein to it, even when the fate of the Nation seemed to be trembling in the balance. Some eight or ten days after the first battle of Bull Run, when Washington was utterly demoralized by its result, I called upon him at the White House, in company with a few friends, and was amazed when, referring to something which had been said by one of the company

about the battle which was so disastrous to the Union forces, he remarked in his usual quiet manner: "That reminds me of a story," which he told in a manner so humorous as to indicate that he was free from care and apprehension. This to me was surprising. I could not then understand how the President could feel like telling a story when Washington was in danger of being captured, and the whole North was dismayed; and I left the White House with the feeling that I had been mistaken in Mr. Lincoln's character, and that his election might prove to have been a fatal mistake. This feeling was changed from day to day as the war went on; but it was not entirely overcome until I went to Washington in the spring of 1863 and as an officer of the Government was permitted to have free intercourse with him. I then perceived that my estimate of him before his election was well grounded, and that he possessed even higher qualities than I had given him credit for; that he was a man of sound judgment, great singleness and tenacity of purpose, and extraordinary sagacity; that story-telling was to him a safety-valve, and that he indulged in it, not only for the pleasure it afforded him, but for a temporary relief from oppressing cares; that the habit had been so cultivated that he could make a story illustrate a sentiment and give point to an argument. Many of his stories were as apt and instructive as the best of Æsop's fables. All of his stories, however, were not of this character. Next to the theatre he liked to tell stories and to listen to them. The evening of the day on which the reports of Sheridan's great victory in the Valley of Virginia were received I spent with him in company with Mr. Randall, Post-master-General, and a few of Mr. Lincoln's personal friends, at the Soldiers' Home. Mr. Lincoln was in the best of spirits, and Randall was also a good story-teller. For two hours there was a constant run of story-telling—Lincoln leading and Randall following,—a contest between them as to which should tell the best story and provoke the heartiest laughter. The stories were not such as would be listened to with pleasure by very refined ears, but they were exceedingly funny. The verdict of the listeners was that, while the stories were equally good, Mr. Lincoln had displayed the most humor and skill.

Mr. Lincoln was severely denounced not only by the out-and-out abolitionists, but by men less pronounced in their anti-slavery views, such as Mr. Wade and Mr. Greeley, for his delay in emancipating the slaves, under his war power, as it was called. This delay was caused by his doubts as to whether the public sentiment of the North, with which he always kept abreast, was prepared for a measure so momentous and far-reaching; by his profound respect for the Constitution which he had sworn to maintain; and especially by his fears that emancipation would retard, if it did not prevent, the restoration of the Union. In his letter to Mr. Greeley on the 22d of August, 1862, he said: "My paramount object is to save the Union, and not either to save or destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it; if I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would do it."

It must be admitted that this language was hardly consistent with the opinion he had so frequently expressed, before his election, that the United States could not continue to be part slave, part free, or with his well-known abhorrence of slavery; but it was in perfect harmony with his utterances after he became President, and with the avowed purpose of the Government in prosecuting the war. He did, however, subject himself to the charge of inconsistency, by exempting from the operation of his proclamation West Virginia and such parts of the other Southern States as were in the possession of the Federal forces; by proclaiming freedom to the slave where his authority could not be exercised, and leaving, where it was felt and acknowledged, many thousands in bondage. Nothing was or could be gained by not including all slaves in his proclamation of freedom, and his failure to do it greatly prejudiced the Union cause in Great Britain and other European States. The right to confiscate property in the South that could be reached was unquestionable; his right to liberate the slaves, which was one form of confiscation, where the Confederate authority was dominant, was at least doubtful. Fortunately for the country, this was not left an open question. The doom of slavery in the United States was sealed by the amendments of the Constitution soon after the war was ended.

Whether Mr. Lincoln would have been competent to deal with the questions which were presented after the war, in the reconstruction of the Southern States; whether he would have exhibited the qualities of a statesman, is, I know, regarded by many as somewhat doubtful; but it is, I think, only fair to infer, from the ability which he displayed as President, that he would have been equal to the new duties which he would have been called to perform, if he had completed the term for which he had been elected. He was well versed in constitutional law, his mind was well balanced, he was free from vindictiveness, and he was eminently patriotic. He would not have quarrelled with his party, as his successor, Mr. Johnson, did. He had the confidence of the people, and could, therefore, have given direction to reconstructive legislation. His aim would have been to bring about by honorable conciliation harmonious relations between the sections, to secure the supremacy of the Government without interference with the reserved rights of the States. There is nothing in his record to indicate that he would have favored the immediate and full enfranchisement of those who, having been always in servitude, were unfitted for an intelligent and independent use of the ballot. In the plan for the rehabilitation of the South which he and his Cabinet had partially agreed upon, and which Mr. Johnson and the same Cabinet endeavored to perfect and carry out, no provision was made for negro suffrage. This question was purposely left open for further consideration and for Congressional action, under such amendments of the Constitution as the changed condition of the country might render necessary. From some of his incidental expressions, and from his well-known opinions upon the subject of suffrage, and the States to regulate it, my conclusion is that he would have been disposed to let that question remain as it stood before the war; with, however, such amendments of the Constitution as would have prevented any but those who were permitted to vote in federal elections from being included in the enumeration for representatives in Congress,—thus inducing the recent slave States, for the purpose of increasing their Congressional influence and power, to give the ballot to black men as well as white.

Nor would Mr. Lincoln have been vindictive against the masses who had been in arms against the Government. Educated, as the people of the South had been, in the doctrine that the Union was a confederation of States, from which any State or number of States might withdraw when in the opinion of a majority of their citizens it had failed to accomplish the object for which it was formed, he would not have regarded the attempted secession as being treason, in the ordinary acceptation of the term; nor would he have regarded as traitors any of the Southern people except those who while continuing to hold Federal offices and to draw their pay from the Federal Treasury used the influence of their positions to overthrow the Government whose servants they were. For *them* he would have favored no forgiveness, to *them* he would have granted no pardons. *They* were guilty of treason, for which there could be no palliation. These, however, were comparatively few. The war on the part of the South was revolutionary. It was not only so considered by other nations, but by those who administered the Government after the war was ended. Officers of high standing in the Confederate army were appointed to Federal offices by General Grant. The Vice-President of the Confederacy, when subsequently in Congress, was treated with great respect by both parties. Two of the members of the present Cabinet, and nearly every one of the Southern Senators in the last and present Congress, held distinguished civil or military positions under the Confederate Government. This would not, could not, have been the case had they been guilty of treason. They were revolutionists, not traitors, and as such they would have been treated by Mr. Lincoln.

Nor would Mr. Lincoln have appointed to Southern offices such men as, unfortunately, were appointed, whose chief mission seemed to have been to enrich themselves, overload the States with debt, and perpetuate the sectional discord which had always, to some extent, existed, and which had been aggravated and intensified by the war. His sympathy was as broad as his patriotism. Devoted to the Union,—not merely a geographical union, but a true National Union,—his aim would have been to build up the waste places, give new life to Southern industry, and bind together North and South, the people of the country and the whole country, by ties of mutual respect, brotherhood and interest.

In what, then, consisted Mr. Lincoln's greatness? Not in his legal acquirements; not in his skill as a writer or effectiveness as a speaker; not in his executive ability—although in these respects he commanded great respect; but in the strength of his convictions; his unwavering adherence to the principles which he avowed; his personal uprightness; his sound judgment; his knowledge of the people, gained rather by a study of himself than of them; his love of country; his humanity; his sublime faith in republican institutions.

It was these qualities, rarely found in combination, which made him equal to the occasion, and fitted him for the high position which he filled with so much credit to himself, and with lasting honor and benefit to the Nation.

HUGH McCULLOCH.

THE INDEPENDENT. [October 23, 1884.

A RARE OCTOBER.

BY JUDGE ALBION W. TOURGEE.

To the lover of Nature—and every one ought to be a loving and reverent observer of the life and scenery around him—the seasons of each year have their own distinctive features. He who watches closely will soon learn to trace these visible results to antecedent causes, and will derive all the more pleasure therefrom because of this intimacy of knowledge. There is something almost personal in the delight with which one looks upon a tree or a plant with this knowledge of the secret of its growth and development. It is as if one said to the plant: "Aha! you cannot deceive me with all your reticence. I know what is going on in your silent heart. You need not change your hues or flirt your gaudily-painted leaves in the wind so boastfully. I know the secret you are bravely trying to hide." The mere external facts of Nature are thought by some to constitute its chief attraction, and the thoughtful observer is sometimes ridiculed as a scientific Paul Pry, to whom beauty is nothing, and for whom Nature spreads her feast of ever-changing loveliness only to invite him to pry among the compost from which her subtle alchemy evokes at the same time the blush of the petal and the verdure of the leaf.

The Autumn of 1884 is a notable one in the region where we write—the very crest of the Northwestern spur of the Appalachian range, in close embrace of whose granite hills Lake Chautauqua lies embosomed, while, eight miles away to the northwestward, and almost a thousand feet below, Lake Erie spreads her couch of changeful gold for the setting sun. This region consists of two distinct and clearly-marked sections. The one is the narrow, almost level plateau which stretches along the southern shore of Lake Erie—low-lying, cut with sharp ravines, hardly any portion of it more than fifty or sixty feet above the level of the Lake. Every foot of its soil tells of recent origin, and shows that it has been but lately won from the dominion of the waves. Low, gravelly hills abound, whose contours show the action of the water, and the wavy crest of which marks the direction of a shoal when the waves beat against the rugged line of the granite hills beyond. The soil is loamy sand interspersed with stubborn bits of clay, which even the waves could not subdue, and so, in sheer vengefulness, swept bare and left for the storm and frost to slake and conquer if they could.

The other section rises sharp and swift, but without rock or precipice to a hight of six or eight hundred feet, from two to five miles from the shore of the Lake. Though the ascent is sharp, the surface of the slope is smoothly rounded, full of graceful curves and covered with verdant fields. From the summit it slopes away to the southeastward in a long series of gentle undulations, among which winds the streams which constitute the headwaters of the Ohio—one of the three great arms which the Mississippi stretches as if to tap the great lakes, and grasp again that source of supply which once made his bed an inland sea, which overspread three-fourths of a continent. It is a curious fact that here, within five miles of Lake Erie, the raindrops falling upon one side of a roof find their way through the St. Lawrence to the ocean, while those falling on the other wind along the devious channels that bring them finally to the much-amended mouths of the Mississippi.

This beautifully-undulated, higher plateau is one of the most richly verdant spots upon the Continent. The soil is mostly a stiff clay, with here and there gravelly knolls in the valleys. The channels of the streams are not steep and sharp-cut, but smoothly-rounded, and verdant from crest to base. It is almost entirely a region devoted to grazing. The small grains and small fruits which abound upon the lower level, are little cultivated here. The prevailing forest growth is beech and maple, scattered in close, smoothly-rounded groves upon the hillsides, with the hemlocks and elms stretching in dark lines along the valleys. The flora of the region is peculiarly rich and varied, and the arboreal changes are very striking because of the undulating outline of the surface and the unbroken background of velvety verdure against which they are displayed. This year is what the farmer-folk term a "backward Fall." The second week of October is now upon us; and yet, at an elevation of fifteen hundred feet above sea level, the fields are as green as in the middle of June, and save that here and there is to be seen a bit of pale yellow, the groves are in as full leaf and of as deep a verdure. The maples, especially those growing by the roadsides and in the open fields, are adding to the exceptional character of our Autumn sights, by shedding their leaves without a touch of frost and almost without a show of that brilliant robe of red and gold in which they are usually clothed at this season. Only a pale yellow tint, like a delicate amber light, shows through the outer green of the sturdily-rounded forms. They are ripening at the core—reversing the usual order—and shedding the inner leaves, while the outer ones—those on the very tips of the limbs—retain the soft, rich green of Summer. This is a phenomenon not infrequently observed in regions south of Philadelphia, but very rare in more northern latitudes.

Perhaps one of the most noticeable phases of the autumnal verdure this year, is the entire absence of that golden exclamation point which generally marks the intervals of green and brown in the line of the wooded horizon. The hickory usually changes the hue of its foliage more suddenly and evenly than any other forest tree. Not infrequently within three days it is transformed from base to summit from a mere dark mass of unnoticeable dull, heavy green, into a softly-rounded spire of pure Etruscan gold, framed between brown-leaved oaks and slowly-bronzing beeches, or set like a pillar of flame athwart the deep, dark green of the hemlock, which seems to grow all the more somber with the advancing season, as if resenting the showy covering that will soon weigh down its branches and half hide its evergreen verdure.

Another marked feature of the Autumn scenery this year is the peculiar freshness of the undergrowth and shrubs, the foliage of which is wont to give such variety to the hillsides. Even the thistles are yet green, and the lady who walked with me through the fields yesterday brought home a basketful of the burrs yet crowned with the purple fringe the wild bees love so well to clamber over with their frowzy legs white with pollen, while they thrust their antennæ deep down into the velvety cushion, as if in search of some treasures which the fairies might have hidden therein.

From my window, as I write, I see the wind tossing up the grape leaves in the vineyard that follows the curve of the hillside across the little valley, showing the downy white that marks the under side of the Concord leaf, and revealing the soft bloom of the heavy clusters, where, for a month past, the grapes have been bursting their tender skins from over-much treasuring of juicy sweets therein. Along the hedgerows the clematis has burst into dull brown puffs, while the ripened foliage has fallen away without a glint of color to relieve the sober buff of the shy Quakeress that half hides and half discloses her dun beauty to the passer-by. The poke berry (*Phytolacca decandra*) stands in the corners of the fences, its sprawling branches yet showing their delicate pink hues, its clusters fresh and red, and its tender leaves yet unscathed by frost. The mounds of moss along the edges of the woodland, reversing the usual order, are brown and dull, while the leaves of the overhanging beeches are yet of a glistening green. The golden-rod has lost its luster; but the leaves are yet fresh and dark, and the seed-pods have scattered their feathery purple while the stems are yet green, so that, instead of the dull brown that usually lines the roadsides in October, the drives, which are growing dark and muddy from the effects of the equinoctial storm, are yet bordered with masses of dark, rich green. The leaves of the milkweed have ripened and fallen off, leaving the dark, slender stems yet laden with the light green bolls, which, from their perch, seem to gaze wonderingly around in search of the frost which should have come before to liberate the silky down so deftly stowed away within the silver-lined cells which only the frost king can unlock. The lawns are still green, with only now and then a pictured leaf stuck stem downward in the mass of soft, rich grass that yields like a deep velvet pile beneath the loitering step. The robins still clamor ravenously in the early morning among the branches of the mountain ash before my window. The leaves have dropped, one by one, and left only the scarlet clusters on the slender, swaying limbs. The tree-frogs still pipe in the balmy gloaming, and the few ducks that find sanctuary among the green reeds that line the shores of the dimpling lake seem conscious that they are untimely visitants, and hide in solitary shyness among the sedgy growth, as if waiting for the Southward-flying multitudes which should ere this have brought the courage that comes

with numbers to tempt them to the open lake and the unsheltered publicity of the feeding-grounds, where the dainties of the water-bidden harvest fields are most abundant. The ferns, grown tired of waiting for the season that usually turns their spines to the softest of golden tints or the richest of browns, either flaunt their rusted verdure under the green arches of the woodlands, or have drooped into neutral, leathery insignificance, and twine in stringy loops about the hurrying feet. The chestnut burrs have not thought of opening. The polished hull of the hickory nut is yet tightly clasped about the rich-meated, pearly shell within.

Perhaps the one thing that has gained in magnificence by the peculiar character of our Autumn weather is the sumac. The two varieties of the *Rhus* family, which are found here, are almost indistinguishable, and, owing to the richness of the soil, grow with great luxuriance. Usually at this time the leaves have become either a pale yellow, with uncertain patches of red, or else are of a dull, pictured brown, among which the cones of red berries show but dully. This year, however, the sumac leaves are either flaming red or unfaded green, and the close, dark thickets of a month ago are transformed into crests of scarlet light, resting upon emerald waves. This scarlet hue of the sumac leaf is hardly distinguishable from the color of the berry, and seems for some reason to prevail only at the very tips of the branches directly about the glowing clusters, as if the hue of the latter had been caught by reflection or splashed over them by the rush of Autumn rains. Perhaps it betokens a light touch of frost that has kissed the topmost branches, but left those below still clad in the deep sea-green of their midsummer growth.

Very few who note these peculiar features of our Autumn days can recall another season at all resembling it in this climate. There have been Autumns which were even more "backward," so far as storm and frost and the many forerunners of wintry weather are concerned. Most people are inclined to regard it as a dull, unattractive Autumn. The maples do not blaze, and the landscape is of almost as uniform and dense a green as in July. The secret of it all is a dry, cool August and September, and a moist and balmy October. In the room where, as an invalid, I lay, day after day, in July, under double blankets, I now write by day and by night with open windows. These conditions of humidity and temperature, in this climate, are very rare. They do not give us the flaunting glories of the ordinary Indian Summer, but from their very rarity dis close peculiar and unexpected charms, which tend to bring the real lover of Nature closer to the ever-changing, yet always beautiful bosom of the infinite mother of all life.

The Northwest wind has the genuine Autumn sough as it sweeps along the hillsides and beats the full-leaved branches angrily together, as if it resented being robbed of its October sport. Here and there it gathers up a few brown and golden leaves, tosses them up and down, and seems trying in vain to gather enough together to make one of those glittering whirlpools with which it is wont to career over hill and dale at this season of the year. The sky is soft and blue; the clouds as white and fleecy as if they loitered above June meadows. The year is going to its grave laden not only with rustling sheaves and bowed with the russet and golden fruitage of the orchards, but also proudly wearing its robe of Summer verdure to meet the pallid terrors of Winter.

MAYVILLE, N. Y.

....We introduce to our readers, this week, Judge Tourgee, widely known as the author of "A Fool's Errand," and more recently as editor of *The Continent*, the weekly magazine that has lately been consolidated with *The Christian at Work*. Our readers cannot fail to enjoy his descriptive pictures and appreciate his keen perception of the variations and beauties of Nature.

STONEWALL JACKSON.

Interesting Facts About the Distinguished Confederate General—An Eccentric but Pious Man.

"I first met Stonewall Jackson when he was a college professor and I a student at Lexington, and afterward when he was a commander and I an officer of the Army of Virginia. He was one of the grandest men it has been my good fortune to claim as a friend."

The speaker was Col. George H. Moffat, a gentleman of wealth and leisure, writes a Buckingham, W. V., correspondent to the Pittsburg *Dispatch*. Continuing, he said:

"During the years which I spent at college in Lexington, Va., I made my home with Mrs. Dr. Estelle. She was a warm-hearted and cultured southern woman and a close friend of Jackson, who was then professor of mathematics at the state military institute. He called often at her house, and it was there that I came to know him, in the autumn of 1859. I shall never forget the first time I met him. As a boy I heard of his heroic struggles as a cadet at West Point, and his dashing and gallant services with Gen. Scott in Mexico. In imagination I had created an ideal, which made my first meeting with him a keen disappointment.

"Instead of the handsome, polished gentleman I had pictured, I found him awkward in appearance, severely plain in dress, and stiff and constrained in bearing. But when he began to talk my momentary disappointment passed away. His voice was soft, musical, and expressive, and in conversation his eyes of gray would light up in a way which showed that through the man's nature ran a vein of sentiment as tender as that of a woman. As I listened to his terse and well-rounded sentences, always instructive and full of meaning, boy though I was, I felt that he possessed power which, in stirring times, would make him a leader among his fellows. When in later years I saw his appearance on the battle-field gave renewed courage to veterans who had faced death in a thousand forms, I knew that my conviction was not a mistaken one.

"One thing which made me sincerely respect Jackson was that he was a profoundly devout man. He believed implicitly in a divine power, and labored constantly to bring himself and those to whom he held the relation of teacher to the highest ideal of manhood. An incident which comes to my mind now will illustrate this phase of his character:

"Jackson was the superintendent of a Sunday school in Lexington made up of colored children. My college chum was a teacher in this school, and one day during his absence I took charge of his class. It was a Sunday in summer, and the room was filled with children ranging from 6 to 15 years of age. Scattered among them were several white ladies and gentlemen who acted as teachers. Just as the clock was striking 3 the superintendent called the school to order with a prayer, earnest and full of feeling, which went straight to the hearts of all who heard it. And then the manner in which he handled the lesson of the day, touching upon all the points that would interest his little hearers, was admirable. His way of stating old truths was also charming in its freshness and simplicity. Some of the aristocratic people of the town looked with disfavor upon this undertaking of Jackson's, but his heart was in his work, and then, as ever, heeding not what others said, he did what he believed to be his duty. The success of the school was always dear to him, and even after the war had broken out and he had left Lexington his letters always expressed the desire that it should be kept up as of old.

"Jackson's first wife was the daughter of Rev. George Jenkins, the president of Washington and Jefferson college. It was one of the striking anomalies of the war that, while Jackson was the idol of the southern cause, his father-in-law was an extreme unionist, and at the beginning of the war, on account of his decided views, tendered his resignation and went north. Jackson's second wife, by whom he had one child, a daughter, is still living, and often visits Parkersburg, this state, where the relatives of her husband's mother, the Neals, reside. Both of Jackson's wives were noble women, and to both he was warmly attached.

"Though, as I have said, Jackson was reserved and austere in his bearing, he was one of the most popular men in Lexington. Modest, and always unwilling to make a showing of his powers, everyone, sooner or later, came to regard him as a remarkable man, and even if they did not claim him as a friend they respected him sincerely, and were prompt to show him that they did. In the class-room he was impartial and strict, but not severe. A dull student always received the kindliest encouragement from him, while a lazy one was just as sure of a reprimand. There are scores of men who owe the education they possess to the thorough grounding received during the years spent under Prof. Jackson.

"When in April, 1861, news reached Lexington that the ordinance of secession had been passed, the sleepy old town seemed suddenly changed to a military camp, and on every side were seen the preparations for war. It was decided that the older cadets at the military institute should be sent to the various recruiting stations to drill the volunteers. And so one day in May, with Jackson at their head, they marched away. Poor lads! too many of them—far too many—that morning was only the bright opening of a career soon to end in suffering and death. The time set for their departure was a still, sunny Sunday morning, and all the people of the town, several thousand in number, had gathered to see them off. The cadets, numbering two hundred, were drawn up in front of the gate of the fortress-like institute building, waiting for Jackson's appearance. After a time he came riding out through the gateway on the homely sorrel which afterward became almost as famous as its master. He had barely reached the head of the column, and, wheeling, stood facing the multitude, when, taking off his slouch hat, he said in a low voice: 'Let us pray.' And then an aged minister of the town, Dr. White, lifted his voice in prayer. I can not recall his words, and only remember that he prayed God's blessing might rest upon the cause for which the young men were going forth to battle, and His hands might protect them. When he had finished, Jackson faced his men, and in quick, sharp tones gave the order: 'Forward, march!' And obeying his command, with him at their head, they marched away. On reaching the top of a hill overlooking the town they halted, and Jackson, turning, waved his hat to the people below. Another movement and they were gone. Never again did the people of Lexington see Jackson until he was brought back and laid to rest in the old burying-ground.

"In the days that followed I saw Jackson often—for the last time just after the battle of Manassas, early in September of 1862. I was then serving in the 11th Virginia cavalry, of Stuart's division, my command being encamped in Prince William county, Virginia. I was sick at that time, but having been refused a furlough by Gen. Stuart, I preferred remaining in camp to the hospital. At last a friend of mine went to Gen. Jackson, who readily granted me leave of absence, and I went to my home in Western Virginia. My next tidings of Jackson were that he was dead."

CIVIL RIGHTS IN THE SOUTH.

A SAMPLE OF HIGH-TONED CHRISTIAN CHIVALRY DISPLAYED TOWARD VISITORS FROM THE NORTH.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

SIR: For the benefit of any TRIBUNE readers who may still cling to the fond fancy that this is a "free country," that its Constitution is respected, and that its citizens are protected in accordance with the declarations of that Constitution, allow me to narrate an experience that within the last fortnight has befallen some dear friends.

Mr. Thomas J. Morrow, of the Morrow Shoe Manufacturing Company, whose factory is at Nyack, N. Y., and whose salesrooms are at 41 and 43 Warren-st., this city, and his wife, Abbie Clemons Morrow, daughter of the Rev. Nathan Tibbals, of the publishing house of Tibbals & Sons, Nassau-st., are well-known Brooklyn people, Mrs. Morrow being a religious writer and speaker of some prominence and one of the assistant editors of *The Christian Advocate*, and both having been long and prominently identified with the Hanson Place Methodist Episcopal Church of that city. During the past fall and winter Mr. Morrow suffered from a protracted and severe illness, and early in May he started with his wife for a long tour in the South and West. From Nashville, where she engaged in some revival work, Mrs. Morrow wrote home glowing accounts of the "dear Southern people's hospitality and kindness." Since then she has had some reason to change her opinion of the Christian graces that prevail in the South.

Journeying from Tennessee to New-Orleans, through Alabama, Mr. and Mrs. Morrow had among their travelling companions a clergyman and his wife who were leaving a pastorate in Illinois to fill one in Louisiana. These people, being colored, had not only provided themselves for their journey with first-class tickets, but with a letter from the ticket agent of the railroad emphatically stating that they were entitled to all the privileges of first-class ticket-holders. All went well until the train arrived at Montgomery, Ala., where a new conductor chose to differ in opinion with his official predecessors. He immediately ordered the clergyman and his wife into the smoking car, refusing to pay any attention to the tickets or letter that the former produced, and vigorously blanking every suggestion that "niggers" were entitled to ride anywhere but where he declared they should go. Unwilling to have his wife subjected to such discomfort and indignity, the clergyman appealed to Mr. Morrow to sustain him in his maintenance of his moral and legal rights. Upon this, Mr. Morrow, who is a most lovable, fair-minded and Christian man, attempted to expostulate with the conductor, asserting that it was illegal to deprive people of privileges for which they had paid, and to which they were clearly entitled, and reminded the official that in accordance with the Constitution of the United States all its citizens were entitled to equal rights. The conductor resented this declaration with unbounded rage, assailing Mr. Morrow with all the opprobrious and profane language he could command. He then left the car, but shortly returned, accompanied by a band of ruffians, armed with knives and revolvers, who drove the clergyman and his wife from the car, while one of their number held a bowie knife against Mr. Morrow's breast, with the threat that he would "cut out" that gentleman's "blanked heart." The agony endured meanwhile by Mr. Morrow's wife can neither be adequately described nor imagined by people who have never come in contact with the bold and organized lawlessness and terrorism that prevail at the South. Finally, however, when the conductor had assured Mr. Morrow that he (Mr. M.) should yet be made to "eat the dust," the ruffians retired from the car. When the train reached Mobile, Mr. and Mrs. Morrow secured a room at the Battle House. Shortly after, while passing through the hotel corridor, Mr. Morrow was suddenly attacked from behind, thrown upon the floor, kicked and severely beaten about the head. His assailant was the conductor whose ire he had aroused by quoting the Federal Constitution. When the man had completed his assault he coolly informed Mr. Morrow that he expected to be fined $2 50 for what he had done, "but," he asserted, with unblushing betrayal of Southern legal procedure in such cases, "when I pay the fine it will be immediately handed back to me." Though severely injured, Mr. Morrow persevered in getting his assailant arrested. The fine announced was $25. Whether it was ever actually paid is a matter of surmise. As for the outrages upon the train, there was not even the fiction of redress attainable for them.

This is only one of a thousand records which should impel every Republican Judas to go out and hang himself. Upon every traitor to the interests of humanity, justice, and constitutional government who last fall cast his vote to turn the Government over to the hands of the party of whose political principles and methods that conductor is an exact exponent, there rests the stain of every drop of innocent and loyal blood shed by his lawless, adopted political brotherhood!

S. H. K.

New-York, June 6, 1885.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

ONE OF THE "PLAIN PEOPLE."

TITIAN J. COFFEY RECALLS ANECDOTES OF THE WAR-TIME.

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Few men have had the opportunity to render service so important and beneficent to country and humanity as Abraham Lincoln. But we may question whether his career as President and Emancipator through the trying scenes of the great Civil War, or even the tragic and touching incidents of his untimely death, would have excited and kept alive the affectionate and ever increasing interest in his character, if that character had not been marked by traits, some of them quaint, original and homely, that appealed to the common heart of mankind and revealed that touch of nature that makes the whole world kin. It has been often and truthfully said of him that he was a man whose heart lay close to the great popular heart and felt its beatings. Even after he had reached the perilous elevation of the White House, where the truth is apt to be seen through very refracted mediums, he never for a moment lost the faculty of reading the mind of those whom he called "the plain people." In truth he was, by birth, education, experience and sympathy one of "the plain people" himself, and the traits that make him so uniquely interesting were simply the outgrowth of a mind, original and vigorous, and a kindly heart, developed by, and taking shape from the modes of thought and expression, the habits and manner of life of the people amid whom he had been brought up and lived. Born in England or Massachusetts and educated in conventional fashion at Oxford or Harvard, he would doubtless have been a man of mark and power, but he would have not have been the Abraham Lincoln whom he people know and love. As Macaulay argued that Milton's learning tended to clip the wings of his imagination, so it may be said that the training of the schools would probably have polished away, not indeed the native humor and shrewd faculty of observation, but that quaint and original habit of thought and speech which found constant expression in racy and effective phrase and in stories of Western life, often homely but never obscene, and always singularly apt in illustration.

But I am not writing an essay on Mr. Lincoln's character or genius,—a theme well worn but not yet exhausted. My less ambitious work is to record a few examples of his "preaching by parable," and of his habit of condensing an idea in a single telling phrase.

When these incidents happened I may promise that I was in the public service, and, by virtue of a custom established by Mr. Lincoln, I had occasional access to the Cabinet meetings during the absence of my departmental chief, the Attorney-General. But I had no such intimacy with the President or opportunities of gathering the good things that fell from his lips as others, some of them yet living, had, and what I have to tell is, with small exception, doubtless well-known to those who were nearer to him than I. But I think it has not before been published.

The skill and success with which Mr. Lincoln would dispose of an embarrassing question or avoid premature committal to a policy advocated by others is well known. He knew how to send applicants away in good humor even when they failed to extract the desired response.

A story told of him after General Cameron's retirement from the War Department, which I have never seen in print, illustrates this habit. Everyone knows that Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet was chosen chiefly from his rivals for the Presidential nomination and from considerations largely political. But the exigencies of the war demanded, in the opinion of many good Republicans, a reorganization of the Cabinet based on the special fitness of each member for the great work in hand. Of this opinion were some of the leading Republican Senators. After the retirement of General Cameron they held a caucus and appointed a committee to wait on the President. The committee represented that inasmuch as the Cabinet had not been chosen with reference to the war, and had more or less lost the confidence of the country, and since the President had decided to select a new War Minister, they thought the occasion was opportune to change the whole seven Cabinet Ministers. They therefore earnestly advised him to make a clean sweep and select seven new men and so restore the waning confidence of the country. The President listened with patient courtesy and when the Senators had concluded he said, with a characteristic gleam of humor in his eye: "Gentlemen, your request for a change of the whole Cabinet because I have made one change, reminds me of a story I once heard in Illinois of a farmer who was much troubled by skunks. They annoyed his household at night, and his wife insisted that he should take measures to get rid of them. One moonlight night he loaded his old shotgun and stationed himself in the yard to watch for the intruders, his wife remaining in the house anxiously awaiting the result. After some time she heard the shotgun go off and in a few minutes the farmer entered the house. 'What luck had you?' said she. 'I hid myself behind the wood pile,' said the old man, 'with the shotgun pointed toward the hen-roost, and before long there appeared not one skunk but *seven*. I took aim, blazed away, killed one, and he raised such a fearful smell that I concluded it was best to let the other six go.'"

With a hearty laugh the Senators retired and nothing more was heard of Cabinet reconstruction.

One of Mr. Lincoln's most amiable qualities was the patience and gentleness with which he would listen to people who thought they had wrongs to redress or claims to enforce. But sometimes when his patience had been abused for selfish or unworthy purposes he was quite capable of administering a caustic rebuke in his own way.

One day when he was alone and busily engaged on an important subject, involving vexation and anxiety, he was, by some mischance, disturbed by the unwarranted intrusion of three men who, without apology, proceeded to lay their claim before him. The spokesman of the three reminded the President that they were the owners of some torpedo or other warlike invention which, if the Government would only adopt it, would soon crush the rebellion. "Now," said the spokesman, "we have been here to see you time and again; you have referred us to the Secretary of War, to the Chief of

Ordnance and the General of the Army, and they will give us no satisfaction. We have been kept here, waiting till money and patience are exhausted, and we now come to demand of you a final reply to our application."

Mr. Lincoln listened quietly to this insolent tirade, and at its close the old twinkle came into his eye.

"You three gentlemen remind me of a story I once heard," said he, "of a poor little boy out West who had lost his mother. His father wanted to give him a religious education and so placed him in the family of a clergyman whom he directed to instruct the little fellow carefully in the Scriptures. Every day the boy was required to commit to memory and recite one chapter of the Bible. Things proceeded smoothly until they reached that chapter which details the story of the trials of Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego in the fiery furnace. The boy got on well until he was asked to repeat these three names, but he had forgotten them. His teacher told him he must learn them, and gave him another day to do so. Next day the boy again forgot them. 'Now,' said the teacher, 'you have again failed to remember those names, and you can go no further till you have learned them. I will give you another day on this lesson and if you don't repeat the names I will punish you.' A third time the boy came to recite and got down to the stumbling-block when the clergyman said: 'Now tell me the names of the men in the fiery furnace.' 'Oh,' said the boy, 'here come those three infernal bores! I wish the devil had them!'"

Having received their "final answer" the three patriots retired, and at the Cabinet meeting which followed directly after the President, in high good humor, related how he had dismissed his untimely visitors.

The humorous aspect of a subject never failed to strike him, and the illustrative story was as ready for a grave matter of business as in is lighter hours. Often during the war United States Marshals made arrests and seizures the legality of which would be tested by judicial proceedings against them. For their protection Congress appropriated $100,000 to be expended under the direction of the President in defending United States officers in such suits. Some of the Marshals thus sued had been clamorous for orders from the Attorney-General to the United States District-Attorneys to defend these suits. But when it became known that the President had $100,000 for this purpose the Marshals ceased to importune the Attorney-General for counsel and "went" for the money. In submitting to the President some rules for his approval under which the fund should be paid to the Marshals, I spoke of the fact that they no longer sought the aid of the District-Attorneys but were all anxious to get control of the money. "Yes," said he. "they will now all be after the money and be content with nothing else. They are like a man in Illinois whose cabin was burned down, and according to the kindly custom of early days in the West his neighbors all contributed something to start him again. In his case they had been so liberal that he soon found himself better off than before the fire, and he got proud. One day a neighbor brought him a bag of oats, but the fellow refused it with scorn. 'No' said he 'I'm not taking oats now. I take nothing but money.'"

A friend of mine was one of a delegation who called on Mr. Lincoln to ask the appointment of a gentleman as Commissioner to the Sandwich Islands. They presented their case as earnestly as possible, and besides his fitness for the place they urged that he was in bad health and a residence in that balmy climate would be of great benefit to him. The President closed the interview with this discouraging remark: "Gentlemen, I am sorry to say that there are eight other applicants for that place and they are all sicker than your man."

Many examples might be given of felicitous phrases, often of rustic origin, that gave point to his speech. Once, presenting to him an eminent lawyer, the President courteously said he was familiar with the Judge's professional reputation. The Judge responded: "And we do not forget that you, too, Mr. President, are a distinguished member of the bar." "Oh," said Mr. Lincoln modestly, "I'm only a *mast-fed* lawyer." If there be any who do not see the point of this quaint suggestion of a self-educated lawyer, let them look at the illustration from Dr. South under the word "mast" in Webster's Dictionary.

When Attorney-General Bates resigned, late in 1864 (following the resignation of Postmaster General Blair earlier in that year) the Cabinet was left without a Southern member. A few days before the meeting of the Supreme Court, which then met in December, Mr. Lincoln sent for me and said: "My Cabinet has *shrunk up* North and I must find a Southern man. I suppose if the twelve Apostles were to be chosen nowadays the fairness of locality would have to be heeded. I have invited Judge Holt to become Attorney-General, but he seems unwilling to undertake the Supreme Court work. I want you to see him, remove his objections if you can, and bring me his answer." I then had charge of the Government cases in the Supreme Court, and they were all ready for argument. I saw Judge Holt, explained the situation, and assured him that he need not appear in court unless he chose to do so. He had, however, decided to decline the invitation and I returned to the President and so informed him. "Then," said he, "I will offer it to James Speed, of Louisville, a man I know well, though not so well as I know his brother Joshua. That, however, is not strange, for I slept with Joshua for four years and I suppose I ought to know him well. But James is an honest man and a gentleman, and if he comes here you will find he is one of those well poised men, not too common here, who are not spoiled by a big office."

Mr. Lincoln was himself a perfect illustration of that remark. His modest, manly nature was quite unaffected by the accidents of place and power. It was a common saying that he was far more accessible than many a chief of bureau or clerk. Many authentic anecdotes are told to show the kindness with which he received and heard the stories of those whom the sorrows of the war brought to him for relief, and no bruised heart ever came to him to invoke Executive clemency or assistance that did not go away, if not healed, at least consoled and grateful for patient hearing and kindly sympathy.

In the spring of 1863 a very handsome and attractive young lady from Philadelphia came to my office with a note from a friend asking me to assist her in obtaining an interview with the President. Some time before she had been married to a young man who was a lieutenant in a Pennsylvania regiment. He had been compelled to leave her the day after the wedding to rejoin his command in the Army of the Potomac. After some time he obtained leave of absence, returned to Philadelphia, and started on a brief honeymoon journey with his bride. A movement of the army being imminent, the War Department issued a peremptory order requiring all absent officers to rejoin their regiments by a certain day on penalty of dismissal in case of disobedience. The bride and groom, away on their hurried wedding tour, failed to see the order, and on their return he was met by a notice of his dismissal from the service. The young fellow was completely prostrated by the disgrace, and his wife hurried to Washington to get him restored. I obtained for her an interview with the President. She told her story with simple and pathetic eloquence and wound up by saying: "Mr. Lincoln, won't you help us? I promise you, if you will restore him, he will be faithful to his duty." The President had listened to her with evident sympathy and a half amused smile at her earnestness, and as she closed her appeal he said with paternal kindness: "And you say, my child, that Fred was compelled to leave you the day after the wedding? Poor fellow, I don't wonder at his anxiety to get back, and if he stayed a little longer than he ought to have done we'll have to overlook his fault this time. Take this card to the Secretary of War and he will restore your husband." She went to the War Department, saw the Secretary, who rebuked her for troubling the President and dismissed her somewhat curtly. As it happened, on her way down the War Department stairs she was chilled by the Secretary's abrupt manner, she met the President ascending. He recognized her, and with a pleasant smile said, "Well, my dear, have you seen the Secretary?" "Yes, Mr. Lincoln," she replied, "and he seemed very angry with me for going to you. Won't you speak to him for me?" "Give yourself no trouble," said he. "I will see that the order is issued." And in a few days her husband was remanded to his regiment.

I am sorry to add that not long after he was killed at the battle of Gettysburg, thus sealing with his blood her pledge that he should be faithful to his duty.

Attorney-General Bates, who was a Virginian by birth and had many relatives in that State, one day heard that a young Virginian, the son of one of his old friends, had been captured across the Potomac, was a prisoner of war, and was not in good health. Knowing the boy's father to be in his heart a Union man, Mr. Bates conceived the idea of having the son paroled and sent home, of course under promise not to return to the army. He went to see the President and said, "I have a personal favor to ask. I want you to give me a prisoner." And he told him of the case. The President said: "Bates, I have an almost parallel case. The son of an old friend of mine in Illinois ran off and entered the rebel army. The young fool has been captured, is a prisoner of war, and his old broken-hearted father has asked me to send him home, promising of course to keep him there. I have not seen my way clear to do it, but if you and I unite our influence with this Administration I believe we can manage it together and make two loyal fathers happy. Let us make them our prisoners." And he did so.

I often heard the Attorney-General say on his return from important Cabinet meetings that the more he saw of Mr. Lincoln the more was he impressed with the clearness and vigor of his intellect and the breadth and sagacity of his views, and he would add: "He is beyond question the master mind of the Cabinet." On many occasions, when on public questions without being struck with the singular lucidity of his mind and the rapidity with which he fastened on the essential point.

A day or two after the news came of the stopping of the English steamer Trent by Admiral Wilkes and the forcible capture of Mason and Slidell, the President walked into the Attorney-General's room and as he seated himself said to that officer: "I am not getting much sleep out of that exploit of Wilkes, and I suppose we must look up the law of the case. I am not much of a prize lawyer, but it seems to me pretty clear that if Wilkes saw fit to make that capture on the high seas, he had no right to turn his quarter-deck into a prize court." His mind quickly saw the point which, first of all, gave the act its gravest and most indefensible aspect.

The memory of Abraham Lincoln is and always will be precious to the American people, and the better his character and conduct are understood the brighter will he shine among those names that the world will not willingly let die.

TITIAN J. COFFEY, ex-Asst. Attorney-General.
Washington, D. C.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

LORD OF HIMSELF, LEADER OF OTHERS.

GENERAL JAMES B. FRY RELATES SOME CHARACTERISTIC ANECDOTES OF THE WAR PRESIDENT.

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Although I do not remember to have seen Lincoln until the day of his first inauguration as President, I knew him through my father. Pioneers from Kentucky to Illinois, they were friends from an early period. Lincoln was a private in the volunteer forces commanded by my father in the Black Hawk War of 1831-2. He was always a man of note among his associates, in the Indian campaign as well as in subsequent political campaigns, especially in the contest with Douglas for the United States Senate. My father was an ardent personal and political friend of Douglas, and in his circle it was looked upon as presumptuous and ridiculous for "Abe" Lincoln to compete with the "Little Giant" for the Senate of the United States. The contest proved that the so-called rail-splitter was the real giant, and led to his selection for the head of the new party at Chicago in the summer of 1860, and to his election to the Presidency in the following autumn.

Lincoln and his Illinois competitor Stephen A. Douglas formed a striking contrast. The latter was low in stature, rotund in figure, with a short neck, a big bullet-head, and a chubby face. His lips were forced into the fixed smile characteristic of the popular and well satisfied public man of a period when political success depended largely upon what a man said, how he said it, and how he appeared in personal intercourse with the people; and not as now, much upon what newspapers say of him and for him. Lincoln was tall and thin; his long bones were united by large joints, and he had a long neck and an angular face and head. Many likenesses represent his face well enough, but none that I have ever seen do justice to the awkwardness and ungainliness of his figure. His feet hanging loosely to his ankles, were prominent objects; but his hands were more conspicuous even than his feet, due perhaps to the fact that ceremony at times compelled him to clothe them in white kid gloves, which always fitted loosely. Both in the height of conversation and in the depth of reflection his hand now and then ran over or supported his head, giving his hair habitually a disordered aspect. I never saw him when he appeared to me anything but a great man, and a very ugly one. His expression in repose was sad and dull; but his ever recurring humor, at short intervals, flashed forth with the brilliancy of an electric light. I never observed but two well defined expressions in his countenance; one that of pure, thoughtful, honest man, absorbed by a sense of duty and responsibility; the other that of a humorist so full of fun that he could not keep it all in. His power of analysis was wonderful. He strengthened every case he stated, and no anecdote or joke ever lost force or effect from his telling. He invariably carried the listener with him to the very climax, and when that was reached in relating a humorous story he laughed all over. His large mouth assumed an unexpected and comical shape, the skin on his nose gathered into wrinkles, and his small eyes, [illegible] partly closed, emitting luminous rays of fun. It was not only the aptness of his stories, but his way of telling them and his own unfeigned enjoyment that gave them zest, even among the gravest men and upon the most serious occasions. Nevertheless, Lincoln—a good listener—was not a good conversationalist. When he talked he told a story or argued a case. But it should be remembered that during the entire four years of his Presidency, from the spring of 1861 until his death in April 1865, civil war prevailed. It bore heaviest upon him, and his mind was bent daily, hourly even, upon the weighty matters of his high office; so that as he might have expressed it, he was either lifting with all his might at the butt end of the log or sitting upon it whittling, for rest and recreation.

Lincoln was as nearly master of himself as it is possible for a man clothed with great authority and engaged in the affairs of public life to become. He had no bad habits, and if he was not wholly free from the passions of human nature, it is quite certain that passion but rarely if ever governed his action. If he deviated from the straight course of justice it was usually from indulgence for the minor faults or weaknesses of his fellow men. I observed but one craving that he could not overcome; that was for a second term of the Presidency. He was fully conscious of the grip this desire had upon him, and once said in the way of apology for it, "no man knows what *that gnawing* is till he has had it."

During the spring of 1861 I was in charge of the appointment branch of the Adjutant-General's Department. Upon one occasion when I was at the White House in the course of duty, the President, after disposing of the matter in hand, said, "You are in charge of the appointment office. I have here a bushel-basketful of applications for offices in the Army. I have tried to examine them all, but they have increased so rapidly that I have got behind and may have neglected some. I will send them all to your office. Overhaul them, lay those that require further action before the Secretary of War and file the others." The bushel-basketful of applications came and were overhauled. They were dotted with notes, comments, and queries by the President. One slip of paper—which I handed back to the President with the remark that I supposed he would not care to have it placed upon the official files—bore a memorandum in his own handwriting as follows: "On this day Mrs. ——called upon me. She is the wife of Major —— of the regular army. She wants her husband made a Brigadier-General. She is a saucy little woman, and I think she will torment me till I have to do it. A. L." It was not long before that little woman's husband was appointed a Brigadier-General.

At a later date I heard a conversation between Lincoln and Stanton in relation to the selection of Brigadier-Generals. The many applications and recommendations were examined and discussed. Lincoln finally said: "Well, Mr. Secretary, I concur in pretty much all you say. The only point I make is, that there has got to be something done that will be unquestionably in the interest of the Dutch, and to that end I want Schimmelpfennig appointed." The Secretary replied: "Mr. President, perhaps this Schimmel-what's-his-name's is not as highly recommended as some other German officer." "No matter about that," said Lincoln, "his name will make up for any difference there may be, and I'll take the risk of his coming out all right." Then with a laugh, he repeated, dwelling upon each syllable of the name and accenting the last one, "Schim-mel-pfen-*nig*, must be appointed."

After I became Provost-Marshal-General of the United States—March, 1863—the duty of enrolling and drafting the National forces required me to see a great deal of the President. Once when I went into his office at the White House, I found a private soldier making a complaint to him. It was a summer afternoon. Lincoln looked tired and careworn; but he was listening as patiently as he could to the grievances of the obscure member of the military force known as "Scott's nine hundred," then stationed in Washington. When I approached Lincoln's desk I heard him say: "Well, my man, that may all be so, but you must go to your officers about it." The man, however, presuming upon Lincoln's good-nature, and determined to make the most of his opportunity, persisted in re-telling his troubles and pleading for the President's interference. After listening to the same story two or three times as he gazed wearily through the south window of his office upon the broad Potomac in the distance, Lincoln turned upon the man and said in a peremptory tone that ended the interview: "Now, my man, go away, *go away!* I cannot meddle in your case. I could as easily bail out the Potomac River with a teaspoon as attend to all the details of the army."

A story has long been current that Lincoln sent an applicant for office with a note to the Secretary of War, directing that a letter of appointment be prepared for the man to the office he sought, that the applicant returned to the President and announced that Stanton refused to obey the order, that the President looked disappointed, but merely expressed his regret at the result and remarked that he had not much influence with the Administration. The anecdote has generally been interpreted as meaning that Lincoln could not control Stanton. The inference is erroneous. Lincoln, so far as I could discover, was in every respect the actual head of the Administration, and whenever he chose to do so he controlled Stanton as well as all the other Cabinet Ministers. I will cite one instance in relation to Stanton.

After compulsory military service was resorted to States and districts tried to fill their quotas and save their own citizens from being drafted into the army, by voting bounties to buy men wherever they could be found. The agent appointed by a county in one of the Middle States and supplied with bounty money, learned that some Confederate prisoners of war at Chicago were about to be released and enlisted in our army for service against the Indians in the Northwest. The thrifty thought occurred to the agent to pay these prisoners a bounty for what they were going to do without any pay at all, and in return for this payment have them credited as soldiers furnished by his county. Being an acquaintance of Lincoln, the agent obtained from him an order to have the men credited as desired. But the Secretary of War refused to have the credits allowed. Indignant and disappointed, the agent returned to the President, who reiterated the order, but without effect. Then Lincoln went in person to Stanton's office, and I was called there by the latter to state the facts in the case. I reported to the two high officials, as I had previously done to the Secretary alone, that these men already belonged to the United States, being prisoners of war; that they could not be used against the Confederates; that they had no relation whatever to the county to which it was proposed they should be credited, that all that was necessary toward enlisting them in our army for Indian service was the Government's release of them as prisoners of war; that to give them bounty and credit them to a county which owed some of its own men for service against the Confederates would waste money and "deprive the army operating against a powerful enemy of that number of men, etc. Stanton said: "Now, Mr. President, those are the facts, and you must see that your order cannot be executed." Lincoln sat upon a sofa with his legs crossed, and did not say a word until the Secretary's last remark. Then he said in a somewhat positive tone: "Mr. Secretary, I reckon you'll have to execute the order." Stanton replied with asperity: "Mr. President, I cannot do it. The order is an improper one, and I cannot execute it." Lincoln fixed his eye upon Stanton, and in a firm voice and with an accent that clearly showed his determination he said: "*Mr. Secretary, it will have to be done.*" Stanton then realized that he was overmatched. He had made a square issue with the President and been defeated, notwithstanding the fact that he was in the right. Upon an intimation from him, I withdrew and did not witness his surrender. A few minutes after I reached my office I received instructions from the Secretary to carry out the President's order.

The vexatious duties of the general Government concerning the draft made demands upon Lincoln's ability not only in deciding important questions but in avoiding decisions when it was not best to risk a rupture with State officials by rendering them. Upon one occasion the Governor of a State came to my office bristling with complaints in relation to the number of troops required from his State, the details for drafting the men and the plan of compulsory service in general. I found it impossible to satisfy his demands, and accompanied him to the Secretary of War's office, whence, after a stormy interview with Stanton he went alone to press his ultimatum upon the highest authority. After I had waited, anxiously for some hours, expecting important orders or decisions from the President, or at least a summons to the White House for explanation, the Governor returned, and said with a pleasant smile that he was going home by the next train, and merely dropped in *en route* to say good-by. Neither the business he came upon nor his interview with the President was alluded to. As soon as I could see Lincoln I said: "Mr. President, I am very anxious to learn how you disposed of Governor ——. He went to your office from the War Department in a towering rage. I suppose you found it necessary to make large concessions to him, as he returned from you entirely satisfied."

"Oh, no," he replied, "I did not concede anything. You know how that Illinois farmer managed the big log that lay in the middle of his field? To the inquiries of his neighbors [illegible] Sunday he announced that he had got rid of the big log. 'Got rid of it!' said they, 'how did you do it?' 'It was too big to haul out, too knotty to split, and too wet and soggy to burn; what did you do?' 'Well, now, boys,' replied the farmer, 'if you won't divulge the secret I'll tell you how I got rid of it—*I ploughed around it.*' Now," said Lincoln, "don't tell anybody but that's the way I got rid of Governor —— *I ploughed around him*, but it took me three mortal hours to do it, and I was afraid every minute he'd see what I was at."

Lincoln was a good judge of men and quickly learned the peculiar traits of character in those he had to deal with. I recall an anecdote by which he pointed out a marked trait in one of our Northern Governors. This Governor was earnest, able and untiring in keeping up the war spirit in his State, and in raising and equipping troops; but he always wanted his own way, and ill brooked the restraints imposed by the necessity of conforming to a general system. Though devoted to the cause, he was at times overbearing and exacting in his intercourse with the general Government. Upon one occasion he complained and protested more bitterly than usual, and warned those in authority that the execution of their orders in his State would be beset by difficulties and dangers. The tone of his dispatches gave rise to an apprehension that he might not co-operate fully in the enterprise in hand. The Secretary of War, therefore, laid the dispatches before the President for advice or instructions. They did not disturb Lincoln in the least. In fact they rather amused him. After reading all the papers he said in a cheerful and reassuring tone: "Never mind, never mind, these disputes don't mean anything. Just go right ahead. The Governor is like a boy I saw once at the launching of a ship. When everything was ready they picked out a boy and sent him under the ship to knock away the trigger and let her go. At the critical moment everything depended on the boy. He had to do the job well by a direct vigorous blow, and then lie flat and keep still while the ship slid over him. The boy did everything right, but he yelled as if he was being murdered from the time he got under the keel until he got out. I thought the hide was all scraped off of his back; but he wasn't hurt at all. The master of the yard told me that this boy was always chosen for that job, that he did his work well, that he never had been hurt, but that he always squealed in that way. That's just the way with Governor ——. Make up your minds that he is not hurt, and that he is doing the work right, and pay no attention to his squealing. He only wants to make you understand how hard his task is, and that he is on hand performing it." Time proved that the President's estimate of the Governor was correct.

Lincoln watched the operations of the armies in the field with the deepest interest, the keenest insight and the widest comprehension. The congratulatory order which General Meade published to his troops after the battle of Gettysburg was telegraphed to the War Department. During those days and nights of anxiety, Lincoln clung to the War Office, and devoured every scrap of news as it came over the telegraph wires. He hoped for and expected substantial fruits from our dearly bought victory at Gettysburg. I saw him read General Meade's congratulatory order. When he came to the sentence about "driving the invaders from our soil," an expression of disappointment settled upon his face, his hands dropped upon his knees, and in tones of anguish he exclaimed, "*Drive the invaders from our soil!!* My God! *Is that all?*"

I was designated by the Secretary of War as a sort of special escort to accompany the President from Washington to Gettysburg upon the occasion of the first anniversary of the battle at that place. At the appointed time I went to the White House,

where I found the President's carriage at the door to take him to the station; but he was not ready. When he appeared it was rather late, and I remarked that we had no time to lose in going to the train. "Well," said he, "I feel about that as the convict in one of our Illinois towns felt when he was going to the gallows. As he passed along the road in custody of the sheriff, the people, eager to see the execution, kept crowding and pushing past him. At last he called out: 'Boys, you needn't be in such a hurry to get ahead, *there won't be any fun till I get there.*'"

In April, 1865, I was sent with the Government excursion from Washington to Charleston to take part in the ceremony of raising over Fort Sumter the flag that had been lowered there in April, 1861. When I reported to Stanton upon my return, he gave me a detailed account of the awful tragedy which had been enacted in the National capital during our absence. He said that he had never felt so sensible of his deep affection for Lincoln as he did during their final interview. At last they could see the end of bloody fratricidal war. Peace was dawning upon their beloved country. Well done, good and faithful servants! was upon the lips of the Nation. As they exchanged congratulations, Lincoln, from his greater height, dropped his long arm upon Stanton's shoulders, and a hearty embrace terminated their rejoicings over the close of the mighty struggle. Stanton went home happy. That night Lincoln was assassinated, and a black pall covered the land.

JAMES B. FRY.

"The South" in the Union Army.

The Evening Post has made some interesting calculations from the statistics of the number of men in the Union Army and the parts of the country from which they came. The whole number of Union soldiers, from the firing on Fort Sumter to the end of the War, was 3,859,132, of which the Northern States furnished 2,390,091. The census of 1860 showed that there were 3,936,503 men of military age, between 18 and 45 years, in the Northern States, so that the whole number of troops furnished by them was just short of 61 per cent. The percentage varied largely in the different States; New-Hampshire sent 54 per cent., and Indiana, which was held to be a very strong Copperhead region, 74 per cent.

It is surprising, however, that the State which furnished the largest number of Union troops in proportion to her population was the old slave State of Delaware. In 1860 she had 18,273 white males between the ages of 18 and 45, and she sent 13,670 men into the Union Army, which was 74.8 per cent. Rhode Island, the next smaller State, sent 66 per cent.; and next to Indiana, which sent 74, Kansas sent 72 per cent.

Maryland, another border State in bad Union repute, sent 49 per cent of her military population. Kentucky, whose Governor made an insolent reply to President Lincoln's summons, nevertheless sent 79,025 out of 180,589 of, the army age, or nearly 44 per cent. Missouri sent 47 per cent., and Tennessee, which actually seceded, furnished 31,092 men to the Union ranks. The half-dozen border states gave 315,282 men to defend the Union. From other Southern States came 23,045, making a total of 338,327, or about one-eighth of the Union forces, from the old Slave States. The *Post* shows the non-partisan character of the army from such facts as that while Delaware gave Lincoln less than one-quarter of her votes, and Vermont more than three-quarters, yet Vermont sent only 58 per cent. of her available men into the army, and Delaware nearly 75 per cent. The *Post* concludes its interesting analysis by saying:

"The Southern men who fought for the Union have enjoyed, perhaps, the sweetest victory ever vouchsafed to the champions of a righteous cause. They have not only seen the cause triumph when but for their help it must seemingly have failed; they have also lived to see the men of their own States over whom they triumphed confessing their satisfaction that the contest ended as it did."

One of the notable Fourth of July celebrations this year will be that in Fall River. A brass band is to be seated in an open horse-car and drawn back and forth over all the street railroads in that city, filling the air meantime with the romantic warblings of the cornet, the plaintive wailings of the trombone and the shy love notes of the bass drum. The idea is to be commended to the consideration of Mr. Jacob Sharp and the Board of Aldermen. New-York should not be behind Fall River in patriotism and in honoring the memory of Outram.

CORRECTION No. ONE HUNDRED.

The *Philadelphia Press* fathers this bright squib: "A son of Dr. Gregory of the Civil-Service Commission has been dismissed from his Government clerkship. He should get in under the rules; then he could stick."

This implies what seems to be the general opinion of newspapers, that there is something in the Civil-Service Act, or the rules made in pursuance of it, to prevent incompetent or insubordinate clerks from being removed. The *Rochester Union* evidently shares this delusion, for it says that "the two first pretended principles [of Civil-Service Reform] are fitness for office and fixity of tenure."

THE EXPRESS and a few other papers in the country which have taken the pains to inform themselves concerning the most important question now before the country have explained time after time, over and over again, that the Act contains no provision whatever concerning removals from office. That question remains exactly where it was before the Civil-service Act was passed. Men in office are protected only by preventing the appointment of henchmen to take their places. They may be removed; but their places must be filled by men (or women) who have been examined, and have been found fit, so far as examination can determine fitness. It is not an infallible test, and nobody has ever pretended that it is. But it is the best test that is available. When a man is appointed because of his success in passing an examination, the appointment is always probationary—for six months. His continuance after the six months, and permanently, depends upon himself, upon his efficiency, his usefulness, his intelligence, his merit. If he is a good employee, it is presumed that no head of department will dismiss him in order to get in the unknown candidate whose name will be sent him by the Civil-service Commission as having passed the best examination.

This matter is simple enough to be comprehended by the lowest class in an infant school; but there are not more than a dozen newspapers in the country that show the least comprehension of it.

INDIAN TERRITORY.

Ex-Govrenor McCook, of Colorado, in a Letter, Declares Indian Land Leases Illegal.

In Which He Also Gives Points Worthy of Consideration by the Interior Department.

Cattlemen Occupying the Lands Regarded as Trespassers — The Alien Holders.

Special Telegram to The Inter Ocean.

WASHINGTON, July 5.—Secretary Lamar has received a letter from General McCook, ex-Governor of Colorado, relative to the power of the government to prevent illegal occupation of lands in the Indian Territory. The writer asserts that the law declares that the Secretary of the Interior has full control of all Indian affairs, under the laws, subject to direction by the President; that certain contracts may be made by individuals with Indians relative to services in procuring the payments of claims, but no authority exists for making contracts of any other nature, and if made they are null and void; that no purchase, grant, lease, or other conveyance of lands, or of any title or claim thereto, from any Indian nation or tribe of Indians shall be of any validity in law or equity unless the same shall be made by treaty or convention entered into pursuant to the Constitution; that only the United States can make any contract with any Indian nation or tribes affecting lands, whether by purchase, lease or otherwise, and the United States can do so only by formal agreement; and that the President may employ the military to remove trespassers from the Indian lands.

General McCook substantiates the above points by citations from the revised statutes, and declares that the United States can make agreements respecting Indian lands only with the Indians themselves and not with third parties, and only with the Indians by agreement ratified by Congress. Notwithstanding the positive prohibitions of the law against the leasing or conveyance of lands by Indian tribes, substantially all the lands in the Indian Territory set apart for exclusive Indian occupation, General McCook says, are in the possession of white men under leases from Indians who had no power to lease, and with the tacit recognition of the Department of the Interior (under a former administration), which he believes had no power to recognize or assent to any such lease or possession.

The following is given as

A PARTIAL LIST OF PARTIES IN OCCUPATION

of such lands in the Cheyenne and Arrapahoe reservations in the Indian Territory, and the amount of land controlled by them and embraced in their designated boundaries: Hampton H. Denman, of Washington, D. C., formerly member of Kansas States Senate, 55,000 acres; Edward Fenton, of Leavenworth, Kan., and Wm. C. Mallelly, of Caldwell, Kan., each 564,800 acres; Robert A. Hunter, of St. Louis, Mo., 500,000 acres; Albert C. Evans, of St. Louis, Mo., 456,960 acres; Lewis L. Briggs, of Muscotah, Kan., 318,720 acres; Jesse S. Morrison, of Darlington, I. T., 138,240 acres; unknown lessee, leasing October 15, 1883, 714,000 acres; total to above parties, 3,832,520 acres.

Briggs, a member of the Kansas State Senate, 1881-1885, and E. M. Hewins, and others in trust for the Cherokee Strip Live Stock Association of Kansas, a Kansas corporation, leased for five years from Oct. 1, 1883, 6,000,000 acres, being all the unoccupied lands conveyed to the Pawnees, Poncas, Nez Perces, Otoes and Missouris, Osages, and Kansas Indians. The rental is 1½ cents per acre.

If the Indians had power to make leases and if the Interior Department had power to assent to them, what can be said of the execution of a public trust, supposed to be created for the purpose of protecting Indian rights and interests as the acquiescence in a lease of lands for a term of years at a rental which is nothing more than nominal.

Is that the way the government of the United States should care for its wards? If such leases were legal—if authority existed to make them—they would still be obtaining from the Indian with the assent of their guardian valuable property rights and privileges for a pittance. If the legality of the leases were doubtful, they should not be permitted the countenance of an administration pledged to set its face against corruption, collusion and wrong. Being, as they unquestionably are, wholly unauthorized and illegal, as well as improvident, should there be an instant's hesitation in disavowing them and in the summary exercise of all the power and authority of the government in dispossessing the holders under them?

Continuing his argument declaring the illegality of the leases, General McCook continues: Both under the common law and the enactments of Congress all parties, other than Indians, occupying these lands are trespassers. The intention of the law setting apart this domain was that it should be enjoyed by the Indians for the purpose of making to them civilized homes, encouraging them in habits of industry, and elevating and improving their condition. The actual facts now are that, instead of the Indians possessing and enjoying the benefits designed for them, their country is overrun with speculators and adventurers of every degree, who have despoiled them of their property and practically sequestered their birthrights, destroying their opportunities of self-support and leaving them nothing for the future, while keeping them dependent in the present. These men, who for the last three years have enjoyed covert protection and have boldly insisted upon an official recognition of their claims, are in many instances foreigners who owe no allegiance to this government, and in all cases evade every duty and obligation

which the laws impose upon American citizens. This part of the Indian country to which I have called your attention is a country where force reigns and rapine dwells, where unscrupulous men ask the support of the government and the army of the United State to protect them in difficulty in getting and avoiding responsibility for their acts. These men are apparently the representatives of great official and financial influence, and seem to have behind them an autocratic element, mysterious as it is powerful, which banishes from the face of the land they now hold every American citizen who is not with them or of them. As trespassers, their representations to your department are not the prayers of the weak appealing for protection, but the demands of the strong, who, from ripe experience, evidently believe that the future and the past will be the same.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS'S REMINISCENCES.

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I do not know more about Mr. Lincoln than is known by countless thousands of Americans who have met the man. But I am quite willing to give my recollections of him and the impressions made by him upon my mind as to his character.

My first interview with him was in the summer of 1863, soon after the Confederate States had declared their purpose to treat colored soldiers as insurgents and their purpose not to treat any such soldiers as prisoners of war subject to exchange like other soldiers. My visit to Mr. Lincoln was in reference to this threat of the Confederate States. I was at the time engaged in raising colored troops and I desired some assurances from President Lincoln that such troops should be treated as soldiers of the United States and when taken prisoners exchanged like other soldiers; that when any of them were hanged or enslaved the President should retaliate. I was introduced to Mr. Lincoln on this occasion by Senator Pomeroy, of Kansas; I met him at the Executive Mansion. I was somewhat troubled with the thought of meeting one so august and high in authority, especially as I had never been in the White House before and had never spoken to a President of the United States before. But my embarrassment soon vanished when I met the face of Mr. Lincoln. When I entered he was seated in a low chair, surrounded by a multitude of books and papers, his feet and legs were extended in front of his chair. On my approach he slowly drew his feet in from the different parts of the room into which they had strayed, and he began to rise, and continued to rise until he looked down upon me, and extended his hand and gave me a welcome. I began, with some hesitation, to tell him who I was and what I had been doing, but he soon stopped me, saying in a sharp, cordial voice: "You need not tell me who you are, Mr. Douglass, I know who you are, Mr. Sewell has told me all about you." He then invited me to take a seat beside him. Not wishing to occupy his time and attention, seeing that he was busy, I stated to him the object of my call at once. I said: "Mr. Lincoln I am recruiting colored troops. I have assisted in fitting up two regiments in Massachusetts, and am now at work in the same way in Pennsylvania, and have come to say this to you, sir, if you wish to make this branch of the service successful you must do four things.

"First, you must give colored soldiers the same pay that you give white soldiers.

"Second, you must compel the Confederate States to treat colored soldiers, when taken prisoners, as prisoners of war.

"Third, when any colored man or soldier performs brave meritorious exploits in the field, you must enable me to say to those that I recruit that they will be promoted for such service, precisely as white men are promoted for similar service.

"Fourth, in case any colored soldiers are murdered in cold blood and taken prisoners you should retaliate in kind."

To this little speech Mr. Lincoln listened with earnest attention and with very apparent sympathy, and replied to each point in his own peculiar forcible way. First he spoke of the opposition general to employing negroes as soldiers at all, of the prejudice against the race, and of the advantage to colored people that would result from their being employed as soldiers in defence of their country. He regarded such an employment as an experiment, and spoke of the advantage it would be to the colored race if the experiment should succeed. He said that he had difficulty in getting colored men into the United States uniform; that when the purpose was fixed to employ them as soldiers, several different uniforms were proposed for them, and that it was something gained when it was finally determined to clothe them like other soldiers.

Now, as to the pay, we had to make some concession to prejudice. There were threats that if we made soldiers of them at all white men would not enlist, would not fight beside them. Besides, it was not believed that a negro could make a good soldier, as good a soldier as a white man, and hence it was thought that he should not have the same pay as a white man. But said he, "I assure you, Mr. Douglass, that in the end they shall have the same pay as white soldiers." As to the exchange and general treatment of colored soldiers when taken prisoners of war, he should insist to their being entitled to all privileges of such prisoners. Mr. Lincoln admitted the justice of my demand for the promotion of colored soldiers for good conduct in the field, but on the matter of retaliation he differed from me entirely. I shall never forget the benignant expression of his face, the tearful look of his eye and the quiver in his voice, when he deprecated a resort to retaliatory measures. "Once begun," said he, "I do not know where such a measure would stop." He said he could not take men out and kill them in cold blood for what was done by others. If he could get hold of the persons who were guilty of killing the colored prisoners in cold blood, the case would be different, but he could not kill the innocent for the guilty.

Before leaving Mr. Lincoln, Senator Pomeroy said: "Mr. President, Mr. Stanton is going to make Douglass Adjutant-General to General Thomas, and is going to send him down the Mississippi to recruit." Mr. Lincoln said in answer to this: "I will sign any commission that Mr. Stanton will give Mr. Douglass." At this point we parted.

I met Mr. Lincoln several times after this interview. I was once invited by him to take tea with him at the Soldiers' Home. On one occasion while visiting him at the White House, he showed me a letter he was writing to Horace Greeley in reply to some of Greeley's criticisms against protracting the war. He seemed to feel very keenly the reproaches heaped upon him for not bringing the war to a speedy conclusion; said he was charged with making it an Abolition war instead of a war for the Union, and expressed his desire to end the war as soon as possible. While I was talking with him Governor Buckingham sent in his card, and I was amused by his telling the messenger, as well as by the way he expressed it, to tell Governor Buckingham to wait, I want to have a long talk with my friend Douglass. He used those words. I said: "Mr. Lincoln I will retire." "Oh, no, no, you shall not, I want Governor Buckingham to wait," and he did wait for at least a half hour. When he came in I was introduced by Mr. Lincoln to Governor Buckingham, and the Governor did not seem to take it amiss at all that he had been required to wait.

I was present at the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln the 4th of March, 1865. I felt then that there was murder in the air, and I kept close to his carriage on the way to the Capitol, for I felt that I might see him fall that day. It was a vague presentiment. At that time the Confederate cause was on its last legs, as it were, and there was deep feeling. I could feel it in the atmosphere here. I do not know exactly what it was, but I just felt as if he might be shot on his way to the Capitol. I cannot refer to any incident, in fact, to any expression that I heard, it was simply a presentiment that Lincoln might fall that day. I got right in front of the east portico of the Capitol, listened to his inaugural address, and witnessed his being sworn in by Chief Justice Chase. When he came on the steps he was accompanied by Vice-President Johnson; in looking out in the crowd he saw me standing near by, and I could see he was pointing me out to Andrew Johnson. Mr. Johnson, without knowing perhaps that I saw the movement, looked quite annoyed that his attention should be called in that direction. So I got a peep into his soul. As soon as he saw me looking at him, suddenly, he assumed rather an amiable expression of countenance. I felt then, whatever else the man might be, he was no friend to my people. I heard Mr. Lincoln deliver this wonderful address. It was very short; but he answered all the objections raised to his prolonging the war in one sentence, it was a remarkable sentence. "Fondly do we hope, profoundly do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war shall soon pass away, yet if God wills it continue until all the wealth piled up by two hundred years of bondage shall have been wasted, and each drop of blood drawn by the lash shall have been paid for by one drawn by the sword, we must still say, as was said three thousand years ago, the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

For the first time in my life, and I suppose the first time in any colored man's life I attended the reception of President Lincoln on the evening of the inauguration. As I approached the door I was seized by two policemen and forbidden to enter. I said to them that they were mistaken entirely in what they were doing, that if Mr. Lincoln knew that I was at the door he would order my admission, and I bolted in by them. On the inside I was taken charge of by two other policemen to be conducted as I supposed to the President, but instead of that they were conducting me out the window on a plank. "Oh," said I, "this will not do gentlemen," and as a gentleman was passing in I said to him, "just say to Mr. Lincoln that Fred Douglass is at the door." He rushed in to President Lincoln and almost in less than a half a minute I was invited into the East Room of the White House. A perfect sea of beauty and elegance too it was. The ladies were in very fine attire, and Mrs. Lincoln was standing there. I could not have been more than ten feet from him when Mr. Lincoln saw me; his countenance lighted up and he said in a voice which was heard all around "Here comes my friend Douglass." As I approached him he reached out his hand, gave me a cordial shake and said: "Douglass, I saw you in the crowd to-day listening to my inaugural address. There is no man's opinion that I value more than yours: what do you think of it?" I said: "Mr. Lincoln I cannot stop here to talk with you, as there are thousands waiting to shake you by the hand"; but he said again: "What did you think of it?" I said: "Mr. Lincoln it was a sacred effort," and then I walked off. "I am glad you liked it," he said. That was the last time I saw him to speak with him.

In all my interviews with Mr. Lincoln I was impressed with his entire freedom against popular prejudice against the colored race. He was the first great man that I talked with in the United States freely, who in no single instance reminded me of the difference between himself and myself, of the difference of color, and I thought that all the more remarkable because he came from a State where there were black laws. I account partially for his kindness to me because of the similarity with which I had fought my way up, we both starting at the lowest round of the ladder. I must say this for Mr. Lincoln that whenever I met him he was in a very serious mood. I heard of those stories he used to tell, but he never told me a story. I remember of one of Mr. Lincoln's stories being told me by General Grant. I had called on him and he said: "Douglass, stay here, I want to tell you about a little incident. When I came to Washington first one of the first things that Mr. Lincoln said to me was, 'Grant have you ever read the book by Orpheus C. Kerr.' 'Well, no, I never did,' said I. Mr. Lincoln said: 'You ought to read it, it is a very interesting book. I have had a good deal of satisfaction reading that book. There is one poem there that describes a meeting of the animals. The substance of it being that the animals and a dragon, or some dreadful thing, was near by and had to be conquered, and it was a question as to who would undertake the job. By and by a monkey stepped forward and proposed to do the work up. The monkey said he thought he could do it if he could get an inch or two more put on his tail. The assemblage voted him a few inches more to his tail, and he went out and tried his hand. He was unsuccessful and returned, stating that he wanted a few more inches put on his tail. The request was granted and he went again. His second effort was a failure. He asked that more inches be put on his tail and he would try a third time.' 'At last said General Grant, it got through my head what Lincoln was aiming at in applying to my wanting more men, and finally I said: "Mr. Lincoln I don't want any more inches put on my tail."' It was a hit at McClellan, and General Grant told me the story with a good deal of gusto. I got the book afterward and read the lines of Orpheus C. Kerr.

There was one thing concerning Lincoln that I was impressed with, and that was that a statement of his was an argument more convincing than any amount of logic. He had a happy faculty of stating a proposition, of stating it so that it needed no argument. It was a rough kind of reasoning, but it went right to the point. Then, too, there was another feeling that I had with reference to him, and that was that while I felt in his presence I was in the presence of a very great man, as great as the greatest, I felt as though I could go and put my hand on him if I wanted to, to put my hand on his shoulder. Of course I did not do it, but I felt that I could. I felt as though I was in the presence of a big brother and that there was safety in his atmosphere.

It was often said during the war that Mrs. Lincoln did not sympathize fully with her husband in his anti-slavery feeling, but I never believed this concerning her and have good reason for being confirmed in my impression of her by the fact that when Mr. Lincoln died and she was about leaving the White House, she selected his favorite walking cane and said: "I know of no one that would appreciate this more than Fred. Douglass." She sent it to me at Rochester and I have it in my house today and expect to keep it there as long as I live.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

A STATESMAN'S TACT.

REMINISCENCES BY W. S. WILKINSON,

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A great source of trouble and anxiety was ever present in Mr. Lincoln's mind during the war, as respects the condition of affairs in the Border States, particularly in Missouri. There were in these sections three characteristic elements: The avowed friends of the Southern Confederacy: the more conservative class, friendly to the South and its institutions on account of social and caste affiliations, yet still more disposed to cling to the Union; and the extreme iconoclastic anti-slavery element, fanatically opposed to joining hands with any faction not as radical as themselves. It seemed to Mr. Lincoln a great problem of the hour to harmonize the latter two elements in the support of the Union. To this end he deemed it wise to place in command of the military forces in Missouri a man of conservative views, whose aim would be to hold as large a number as possible of the modern pro-slavery people on the side of the Union. With this view he appointed General Schofield to the command of the troops in that State. Schofield was a good soldier and fully in accord with the President as to the policy to be pursued in the case. He retained many of the moderate pro-slavery people in the smaller offices; and as to the contracts, out of which large sums of money could be made, the General showed the strictest impartiality as between the two elements above named.

This of course galled the radicals to the quick. They controlled the delegation in Congress, and demanded not only all the offices in the State, but also all the profits at the disposal of the commanding general in the due administration of military business. Schofield presented a firm front against these demands, and so the radicals peremptorily urged his removal. In the meantime the President had sent in the name of Schofield for a major-generalship. It had not yet been acted on, and the delegation from Missouri were exhausting every means to defeat the nomination. They appealed strongly to the more radical Senators, and so effectively that the nomination was "hung up" for about six weeks. Mr. Lincoln was very anxious that it should be confirmed, and the Missouri Congressmen were still more bent on its defeat.

At last the President sent a note one day to Senator Chandler and myself, requesting us to call on him early the next morning. We obeyed the request promptly and found Mr. Lincoln at work in his office. Instantly we entered he broke the ice by saying he wished to talk with us about General Schofield, emphasizing his anxiety that the Senate should confirm the appointment. He proceeded to give his reasons for his action, quoting the opinions of Generals Grant and Sherman that he was an excellent soldier and their wish that he should command a corps in their army. He coupled these remarks with an allusion to General Rosecrans, saying that both Grant and Sherman appeared to dislike him, though he did not know the reason why; and that this attitude placed Rosecrans in a very unpleasant position.

He continued as follows: "Rosecrans has a great many friends; he fought the battle of Stone River and won a brilliant victory, and his advocates begin to grumble about his treatment. Now I will tell you what I have been thinking about. If you will confirm Schofield I will remove him from the command in Missouri and send him down to Sherman. That will satisfy the radicals. Then I will send Rosecrans to Missouri and that will please the latter's friends. In this way the whole thing can be harmonized, and our friends hang together like a sausage." It is needless to say that when the Senate fully grasped the plan of the President in this regard, there was no longer any opposition to the confirmation of Schofield. The latter was sent to join Sherman in the South. Rosecrans was appointed to the command in Missouri, and all worked harmoniously and hung together as Mr. Lincoln had predicted.

Another fact might be cited illustrating the President's remarkable tact and skill in smoothing over difficulties which were likely to culminate in peculiar trouble. At one time there was great discontent among the laboring classes in the City of New-York, especially among the Irish, which was heightened by the draft, recently ordered for the prompt filling up of our depleted ranks. This discontent had assumed such proportions as to threaten the peace of the city and imperil the cause of the country. In this extremity Mr. Lincoln conceived the notion of raising an Irish brigade in New-York, to be officered exclusively by Irishmen. The difficult question was how to organize it, and who could be got to do it successfully! After thinking the matter over, Mr. Lincoln wrote to James T. Brady, the brilliant and influential Irish lawyer, asking him to come to Washington on a matter of public business. Mr. Brady promptly obeyed the summons, and was dumbfounded when he was informed that the mission to be imposed on him was to raise and officer an Irish brigade in New-York City. He protested earnestly that he knew nothing of military matters, such things being entirely outside of his experience; that he had not the most distant notion how to go to work at such an organization, no confidence in his own judgment in the appointment of officers.

The President's shrewd reply was: "You know plenty of Irishmen who *do* know all about such matters, and as to the appointment of officers,—did you ever know an Irishman who would decline an office or refuse a pair of epaulets, or do anything but fight gallantly after he had them?"

The upshot of the conference was that Brady undertook the mission, returned to New-York, and raised the brigade without difficulty, officered by Irishmen as Mr. Lincoln had suggested. When that magnificent body of three thousand Irishmen marched down Broadway *en route* for the seat of war, the smouldering discontent among the Irish which had threatened to break into flame was replaced by an ardent enthusiasm which made the air ring with shouts and huzzas. Mr. Lincoln's immediate object was fully realized by the exercise of that keen practical insight and knowledge of human nature which shone so conspicuously in him. I have given the above fact exactly as it was related to me by Mr. Brady at the time.

While Mr. Lincoln was not in the habit of suddenly changing his mind once he had settled on a policy, yet he took council with his friends and gave due weight to their opinions. I remember a circumstance which occurred shortly after his first inauguration, as told me by one of the Illinois delegation in Congress. The Republican members from that State had agreed on a list of candidates for the offices in Illinois, which they submitted to the President, asking for their appointment. On looking over the list Mr. Lincoln said that he had promised to appoint to the United States Marshalship another man from the one then recommended to him, stating to whom he had promised the place. The Illinois Congressmen strongly objected to Mr. Lincoln's choice, and gave very cogent reasons why their own man should be appointed instead. "Well!" Mr. Lincoln finally said, "I can't run this machine alone, and I don't see but what I shall have to back out. But what can I do for my friend?" All agreed that his friend should be taken good care of otherwise, and so the matter was satisfactorily arranged.

I was present on one occasion when Messrs. Sumner and Wade and one or two others called on Mr. Lincoln and asked for the removal of a prominent official in one of the departments in Washington. While urging their charges with much vehemence, the President listened attentively with his head down. At the conclusion he looked up with a sorrowful expression of face and said: "Well, gentlemen, it does seem to me that wherever I have a particular friend in office everybody is down on him." This ended the matter and the officer was not removed.

During the war much complaint was made that Mr. Lincoln was too lenient in enforcing discipline in the army, by directing the executions of the judgments of courts for the trial of military offences. It was claimed that he would not approve of the death sentence of a soldier for desertion if he could find any possible excuse for his rejecting it. This it was claimed by many tended to weaken the discipline of the army, and to encourage desertion, as there seemed to be no chance of enforcing the decrees of the courts punishing that high military crime. Yet this clamor against the President by many officers high in command made no impression upon him. One day in the summer of 1863, I think, I called on him on business, and as I entered his room Mr. Lincoln said: "I have here some papers [putting his hand upon a large file of papers] which I started in this morning to carefully examine. They contain the entire proceedings of a military court for the trial of a young soldier for desertion. And they contain minutes of the testimony taken on the trial, together with the conviction and sentence to death of the boy. I have read just three paces of the testimony, and have found this: 'The boy said when first arrested that he was going home to see his mother.' I don't think that I can allow a boy to be shot who tried to go home to see his mother. I guess I don't want to read any more of this."

The sentence of the court was disapproved without further investigation.

It was the tender sympathy which Mr. Lincoln felt for the inexperienced young men who, without any idea of the hardships of army life had volunteered to defend the Union, that rendered him so popular with the private soldiers in the army. They all felt that they had a friend in the President.

It has been said of late years of the improper manner of appointments to offices by the Executive Department, and a reform in this regard has been demanded, but I have often thought that the course adopted by Mr. Lincoln was perhaps as wise as any that has since his time been suggested. A member of the House of Representatives called upon him one day and urged the appointment of a constituent as an Indian agent.

The President took great interest in these appointments, and was anxious that none but good men should fill them. He told the member this, plainly: "I don't know this man that you recommend so highly, and I have no means of finding out except by inquiring of some one, and I know of no more proper persons to consult in such matters than those whom the people have selected to look after their interests in Congress. Now I will tell you what I will do. If you will sit down at the table, and write out what you have told me about this man, and recommend his appointment and sign your name to it, I will appoint him, and if your man proves unworthy I will hold you responsible." I have thought that this is after all the best course for the President to pursue.

In the early part of the war there were a great many men who were ready to volunteer advice to the President as to the conduct of the war, and also their services, provided they could be placed in positions of authority or profit. In 1862, after the Indian outbreak in Minnesota and Dakota, an Indian agent came on to Washington to volunteer his services to put it down. He called on John Covode, of Pennsylvania, and Senator Wade, of Ohio, and the writer of this, and disclosed his plan. It was for the President to authorize this agent to raise a brigade of cavalry to be composed of frontiersmen, to be commanded by this agent as brigadier general. He wanted a separate and independent command, of which he was to have supreme control, not only conducting operations in the field, but also in the purchase of horses and supplies, for the brigade. I reluctantly consented to go with the parties above named to Mr. Lincoln, and there I heard the proposition submitted to him. This would-be brigadier said that with such a command as he proposed he could put down the outbreak and restore quiet on the frontier in six weeks; that he could save the lives of hundreds of settlers in the West, and the Government millions of dollars. Such men as he proposed to enlist in this service were alone competent to perform this important duty. And that his own acquaintance with Indian character and habits would enable him to do more prompt and successful work in this particular field than any one that could be sent there. Mr. Lincoln listened patiently up to this time, but he could stand it no longer. "Sir," said he, "since the war began I have received a great deal of advice from all classes of men, and in the army great promises have been made, and my experience and observation has been that those who promise the most do the least." Thus ended the interview. Mr. Lincoln was a keen and accurate judge of character and could detect fraud and impostare as readily as any man I ever knew. He saw through this fellow at once and that his object was to make money out of this scheme. It was fortunate for the country that such a man was at the head in such a crisis as was upon the country during his Administration.

W. S. WILKINSON.

DOUGLAS'S WAR DISPATCH.

EX-SENATOR LEARNED'S REMINISCENCES.

THROWING OFF THE DEMOCRATIC COAT—STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS'S DILEMMA.

Ex-Senator Edward Learned, of Greenfield, Mass., is a familiar figure about New-York. He lives much of the time at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and is engaged in railroad enterprises. His home at Greenfield is one of the finest places in that State. Mr. Learned was at one time president of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, and owned property worth several million dollars. He is still wealthy, but has dropped a few of his millions in Central American and Mexican railroad schemes. He is a man above medium height, square and heavy-set, with a big square, good-natured, but peculiarly marked face of Scotch type, fringed with gray side-whiskers of meager cut. In conversation Mr. Learned is a genial companion. The writer sat down with him a few days ago, when the subject of war reminiscences was under discussion. Mr. Learned, chatting at first indifferently, but getting warmed to the topic as he proceeded, made the following statement:

"There were two or three incidents with which I was connected at the outbreak of the War—a chain of circumstances—which, as I come to look back over them, were remarkable as matters of public history. I was in Canada when the War broke out, and had been away from home for three weeks. Coming across Suspension Bridge, I heard the news that the flag had been fired on at Sumter. That was the mistake those fellows made—one of them. I had always been a Democrat. But I said, 'Off goes this Democratic coat till this thing is settled.' I got to New-York and found a message from Stephen A. Douglas, asking me to come to Washington. He had been a guest at my house in Massachusetts, and I was quite intimate with him. I sent up to my house—I lived on Fifth-ave. in those days, opposite William E. Dodge—for a change of linen, and went on to the Capital.

"Douglas was sick in bed with diphtheria. His physician, his wife and a Catholic priest were there. His wife was a Catholic. She was a beautiful woman, one of the most beautiful of her time. As the doctor went away he said to Douglas, 'Now, no talking or excitement, Senator.' But he was no sooner gone than Douglas asked me to step into the library, while he dressed, saying he would join me presently. I tried to persuade him not to make the effort, but he persisted, and was soon with me. He explained that he had been preparing the draft of a commercial bill for a union on a business basis of all the American countries, a sort of *zollverein* for the United States, Canada, Cuba, Mexico and Central America. He proposed to have an offensive and defensive commercial alliance, all disputes to be left to a commercial tribunal. It is a singular fact that no mention of this project of Douglas's has anywhere come under my eye in print. I presume it was smothered in the excitement of the period and never saw light. Mr. Douglas said to me:

"'I have desired to read this paper to some friend who will criticise it candidly, and mercilessly if need be. I have read several papers written by you on different subjects, and the estimate I have formed of the character of your mental organization induced me to send for you.'

"The paper he held was a voluminous one. He was reading and discussing its points, when a telegraph message was brought in. He read it, and immediately began to use emphatic language in denunciation of the telegraph system and the liberties it permitted to be taken with public men. He got angrier as he proceeded and it was with difficulty that I managed to get in an inquiry as to what was the matter. He read the dispatch as follows:

"'Do you approve and sustain Lincoln's war policy? Missouri will not.'

"I said I would not answer such a dispatch, and he rejoined:

"'This is the penalty of being a public man. It is from the editor of the leading paper in St. Louis. I cannot refuse an answer.'

"He wrote a reply which he read to me. I will not attempt to repeat it. It was a politician's dispatch. 'I wouldn't send it,' said. Mr. Douglas's face clouded and he raised himself up as he said imperiously:

"'I was not aware that I had sent for you to criticise my telegraphic dispatches.'

"I made the best excuse possible, when he suddenly turned on me, and demanded to know why I would not send the message. I protested that, having blundered once in saying I would not send it, I did not propose to blunder again. He said angrily that he would not send a reply until I had explained to him my opinion. I then [illegible]

"'Senator, the entire Democratic party of the country is waiting to hear from Stephen A. Douglas. Your constituents in Illinois are resting secure in your ability to meet the emergency of the hour. But if you send that dispatch, the heart of every friend you have in the North will sink. It seems to me impossible that a man born in Vermont should vacillate or be unsound on this great question.'

"Said he: 'I am as sound as any man in this country.'

"And I replied: 'Yes, Senator; but unfortunately your dispatch is not.'

"He protested again, and taking up the paper read his dispatch with a punctuation and emphasis that were sufficient to give it the true ring. But I told him plainly that the telegraph wires would not punctuate, or emphasize, or transmit the tones of his voice; that the words he had written might be twisted in a good many ways; that it was of a 'Do-you-ride-to-town-to-day' character. That was the sentence which we used to have in the old school books as an exercise to see how many different meanings it could be given by different emphasis. I took his dispatch and read it with my own emphasis, putting a contrary construction on it. He said: 'That does read blanked equivocal as you read it.' He tore it up and wrote another, which he read aloud. I burst out laughing, and when he turned on me inquiringly, explained, that I was laughing at his ability to write a second dispatch that was worse than the first. Then he said, somewhat petulantly, 'Well, I am ill; my head is perhaps not clear. Sit down here and write out what you would send.' I sat down and wrote these words:

"'I deprecate war. But if it must come, I am with my country and for my country under all circumstances and in every contingency. Individual policy must be subordinate to the public safety.'

"He read it carefully, and signed his name to it, and sent it away. 'Senator,' I suggested, 'they may garble that dispatch in St. Louis. May I not send it also to New-York?' 'It has gone from me now. You can do as you please,' he said. I went to the telegraph office and sent a copy of it to Simeon Draper, the old auctioneer, who was chairman of the Union Defence Committee. It was so late at night that he only got it into one paper, THE TRIBUNE.

"This was on the 17th of April, 1861. I remained long enough in Washington to talk over the situation quite generally with Douglas. At one time he said to me, 'Why, no one can as fully realize the situation here as I do, who see and hear all sides. We may have our heads all snapped off at any moment.' Then he advised me on returning North to do what I could to hurry on the troops to Washington. Douglas was on perfect good terms with Lincoln. They met almost daily and agreed fully in their views as to what should be done. But Douglas told me he had the greatest difficulty in making Lincoln appreciate the disloyalty that existed in the District of Columbia. Nine out of ten of the residents there were only waiting orders to seize the officers of the Government and turn them over as prisoners to Jeff Davis. When Douglas represented this to Lincoln, the latter would not believe it. But Douglas sent for one and another of the prominent citizens of the District, who all testified to the same effect, until the President saw the real situation.

"There is one thing more ought to be said right here. It was Douglas's dispatch to the St. Louis paper that cleared all doubt in Illinois, and caused a monster Union meeting to be manned at Chicago. They sent for Douglas. He got up from his sick bed, went there and spoke, while yet suffering from diphtheria, and never recovered from the effort."

CONFEDERATE FLAGS.

WASHINGTON, July 5.—Ever since the late war officials at the War Department have been collecting Confederate flags. Those captured by the regular soldiers were, of course, turned over to the department, and scores of companies, brigades, etc., sent in the rebel trophies of this description, until there was an accumulation of probably 300 flags. These were mostly displayed in rooms set apart for their storage; and have up to a few days ago been the objects of a good deal of curiosity to visitors.

Among the collection of flags was the famous black flag hoisted at Fort Pillow by the Confederate General Chalmers, who has figured conspicuously in Congress during recent years. It was a small, cambric flag, black as midnight, and suggestive by every fiber of suffering and death. Other flags were bullet-riddled, blood-stained, and torn, telling of hard-fought battles and of the flow of patriotic blood.

These relics appear to have been a constant menace to the South, for no sooner had the present Cabinet been installed than Secretary Endicott observed them, and remarked that they should be removed from view. They were not, however, put out of sight until yesterday. Then they were all packed up, at the direction of the Secretary, and stored in the crypt of the building, or in some out-of-the-way place, where the defenders of the lost cause hope the dust, moth, and other destroyers will soon remove the unpleasant reminders of a hope blasted that was once fondly cherished.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

WASHINGTON GOSSIP.

COMMISSIONER BLACK'S PENSION—MR. HIGGINS AGAIN.

[FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

WASHINGTON, July 8.—A further examination of the methods employed by Commissioner Black to secure an increase of pension to $100 a month—a sum larger than that paid to any other man on the pension rolls—reveals some strange things. There is on file now, among the records of the Senate, his petition upon which he based his claim for an increase of pension. It sets forth that as a result of the wound in the left arm, received on December 7, 1862, at the battle of Prairie Grove, Ark., "the left arm was shortened and shrunk, so as to be permanently disabled for manual or other labor of any kind." Exactly nine months before, on March 7, 1862, at the battle of Pea Ridge, Ark., "the memorialist was wounded by a bullet wound in the right fore arm, and as a result of this wound and two operations which it necessitated, there is now permanent total disability of the right as there was before and still is of the left arm." These are Mr. Black's own words. Throughout it is made to appear that the wound in the right arm is the severer of the two. It was received nine months before that in the left arm, but did not give any trouble, according to General Black, until he was wounded the second time. This may seem strange to most people; but may possibly be explained by General Black.

At any rate the memorialist says in his petition that "it will be of necessity a long time before he (the memorialist) can possibly resume business and even if his health should ever be so far restored as to enable him to engage again in the practice of his profession, his ability to pursue his life avocation is permanently impaired by reason of the disability of both arms, particularly of his right hand and arm, incapacitating him from writing and rendering the employment of an amenuensis absolutely necessary." This is the statement made upon honor by a soldier and gentleman who at the present time signs hundreds of letters and warrants with his right hand. I said that Mr. Black laid great stress upon the fact that the wound in his right arm was the more serious one of the two, yet in the same memorial to Congress and almost in the same breath he declares that he did not get an increase of his original pension, at the time it was granted in August, 1865, because "of his failure to mention the disability of his right arm. That had such injury been referred to in his original application for pension the increase would have dated back to August, 1865." According to this he forgot to mention the wound in his right arm. How could that have been if it was really so serious? The commissioner can explain it, perhaps.

But the most amusing part of the documents on file in the Senate is the testimony of Senator Voorhees, given before the Pension Committee. I cite from it: "Owing to his (General Black's) high intellectual ability, his most attractive personal manners, and the high social influence of his family and friends, there was not a young man who entered the service at that time anywhere of brighter promise. . . . He was in the severest engagements and in the hottest places. . . . He returned with a splendid reputation. . . . He was soon afterward taken up by one of the political parties in Illinois and placed upon the ticket as a candidate for Lieutenant-Governor. Afterward a determined effort was made to elect him to Congress. . . . His constitution gave way under it (the poison which pervaded his system as the result of his wounds) and anybody but him, that ever I knew, would have died. His indomitable will alone kept him alive . . . during four or five years. . . . The inquiry among his friends when they met him was not merely how he was, but whether he was alive and how long he might live. . . . He is simply destroyed. . . . He cannot practise his profession. . . . He is helpless in both arms. . . . It is only a question of how long he will live." This is the testimony of Senator Voorhees.

Now, part of General Black's record as set forth in the committee report, accompanying Senate bill 1,276, XLVth Congress, second session, shows that in 1864 he re-enlisted; that from November, 1864, until 1865 he commanded a brigade; that in March, 1865, he was made brigadier-general and that he was mustered out of service in August, 1865. To sum up, he served for nearly a year after having been wounded, was able to accept a nomination for Lieutenant-Governor, run for Congress, discharged the arduous duties of a Commissioner of Pensions, became prominent as a candidate for the United States Senate—all this while being "a physical wreck," "incapable of any effort," and "confined to his bed most of the time." Pshaw, who can believe such stuff! General Black can discharge loyal soldiers simply because they are Republicans and attempt to bulldoze women into resigning office, but he isn't "a physical wreck." His appointment is an insult to the maimed veterans who hobble about the streets on the crutches, to the widows and orphans who draw their quarterly pittance from the Government and to ordinary people who know the difference between a hero and a "professional" soldier.

Theodore F. Swayze has been the Chief Clerk of the Treasury Department for over sixteen years. He has

been a faithful and efficient employe, trusted by successive Secretaries and Administrations. He had occasion the other day to visit the Appointment Clerk's room. Mr. Higgins was in one of his amiable moods. He leered and chuckled to himself as he saw the Chief clerk enter. I don't know but what he made some horrible grimace at him, indicative of the probability that Mr. Swayze's head might fall into the basket before long. The chief clerk paid no attention to Higgins. This rather disconcerted the latter. Just as Mr. Swayze turned to go away, he called out:

"Say, Mr. Swayze, there are some serious charges on file here against you. Do you know anything about it?"

Swayze wasn't staggered at all by Mr. Higgins's genial manner. He simply replied:

"Mr. Higgins, it would be strange if after sixteen years' service there couldn't be found something in my record upon which a Democrat might base a charge. The difference between us is, though, that the charges against me are filed after I have been in the service sixteen years, while in your case they were charged before you were even appointed. Good day."

The action of First Auditor Chenoweth in refusing to give his assent to the redemption of a compound interest note which was found to bear a date different from that under which its issue was authorized by Congress—a mistake merely of the engravers—led a well-known Treasury official to remark to-day: "This is a characteristic manifestation of the spirit of repudiation alive to-day in every Southern State. Chenoweth, of Texas, gave only expression to it. The note was perfectly legal. There was no fraud about it. No more were issued than Congress authorized. They have been redeemed for years and no question was ever raised about them. The Government got its money. No one pretends to say that it didn't. It was no forgery. The note was acknowledged to be a genuine one by Mr. Chenoweth himself. But the temptation to find a pretext for not paying a just debt and the desire to look for a loophole to evade the discharge of a contract perfectly legal in every respect except one small technical flaw are too great for the average Southern man to resist."

I was talking the other day with a gentleman who attended the Saratoga Convention of 1876, which nominated Lucius Robinson for Governor, and William Dorsheimer for Lieutenant-Governor. Dorsheimer went there with the full expectation of becoming the legatee of Governor Tilden. There was no doubt in his mind but what he would be nominated Governor. Well, everybody knows he wasn't. "So sure, however, were he and his friends," my informant said, "of being successful that they brought banners to the convention suitably inscribed which should be unfurled the minute the nomination was made. One of these I dug myself from out a pile of rubbish in the Dorsheimer headquarters after the close of the convention. It read in large letters: 'We will give William Dorsheimer 75,000 majority for Governor.' The banner was the property, I believe, of some Buffalo city club. A more sheepish-looking set of fellows never went home from a convention than they."

Are We Bigoted?

The *Montello Express* asks the question, "Are there any bigoted soldiers left in the North?"—and then bids them read a quotation from the Decoration Day address delivered by Hon. E. S. Miner of Sturgeon Bay, which it gives. We had read the same excerpt before, and thinking that we might be one of the old soldiers referred to by the *Express*, we have read and re-read the paragraph, as also the comments of the editor. He refers to us, by implication, as "bigoted," but we deny the charge. We are accused of being revengeful and intolerant, but we plead not guilty and the issue is distinctly made up. We are accused of refusing to permit the "bloody chasm" to be bridged, but we only refuse to permit it to be bridged by sacrifices of principle and concessions that make the Union and the Confederacy in the War equal powers of right in a death grapple to settle the simple question of might in the New World.

Now the Hon. E. S. Miner was a brave soldier who fought on the side of the Union and now is an honored and able member of the State Senate, and his words are entitled to respectful attention; but others were as brave on the field of battle and are as honorable and able now. He is quoted as saying:

"I am glad to know that our Grand Army of the Republic is to-day joining hands with the soldiers of the "Lost Cause;" that in the Southern States, where sleep so many of our brave boys, they are marching side by side to the graves of both Union and Confederate soldiers, and the same hands strew flowers upon the graves of former friend and foe."

In as much as the ceremonies of decorating the graves of the Confederate soldiers in the South occur nearly a month earlier than they do in the North, and inasmuch as one of the cardinal principles of the G. A. R. is loyalty, we are strongly of the opinion that Mr. Miner drew rather largely on his imaginative desires for the "facts" he stated so positively.

However, the truer his statement the worse for his logic in the use he makes of it. He calls the flowers "emblems of peace purity and love" and speaks of "tears of affection and regret," which is all right so far as it goes, but when he calls upon his hearers to "pledge yourselves anew to this great and glorious country and resolve to maintain its noble institutions" and says, "Keep ever alive the spirit of patriotic devotion to the Republic of which you have so bright an example in the heroes who lie beneath our feet," we can't help being shocked by the demand made in such a connection. The lessons of patriotism to be learned at the graves of those who fought to destroy the Union as well as at the graves of its defenders! We are asked not only to forgive and forget error, but to exalt and honor those who erred, simply because they were bravely in the wrong. This is ethical chaos. Because the champions of the "Wrong Cause" as well as the "Lost Cause," were brave, honest, generous, conscientious and self-sacrificing in their devotion to the overthrow of the Union, we are to immortalize them in our ceremonies that teach the profound lesson of loyalty to the Republic and its institutions. It must not be. It can not be. There is an inherent absurdity in the proposition which becomes patent at the first attempt at analysis. And yet the only lesson grand and sublime enough to be taught at the graves of the Union dead is this lesson of patriotism, love of country, love of her time-tried and fire-tested institutions, love of herself, "one and indivisable."

The *Express* in commenting upon the the extract asks, "Were they not on both sides fighting for their homes and families alike?" This is the confusion we complain of. Both sides alike! The Union and Confederacy on equal grounds! No question of right or wrong involved but only one of might! A mere question of men and money! Then the government only exists as Mr. Keiley says "by virtue of a gross and bloody violation of public rights" does it? What other conclusion can one come to? The *Express* wants bigotry laid aside and the chasm closed forever between the North and South because the Christian doctrine teaches "forgiveness of wrongs repented of," and the REGISTER says—Amen. But we must insist upon works meet for repentance. When the G. A. R. and the surviving soldiers of the "Lost Cause" march hand in hand to the graves of their mutual comrades, the ceremony loses its true meaning and the opportunity for instruction is utterly dissipated. There is no common lesson to be taught at these oppugnant graves that reaches out towards the glorious regions of patriotic devotion to "one people, one flag and one country."

The *Express* says, "The South was wrong once; it is right now." This is only half true. The South was wrong and is not yet right, but there have always been men there who were right and they are now. The Union men of the South did not prevent it from going into rebellion, and the repentant men of the South to-day can not bring her to acknowledge that the North and the Union were right, everlastingly right, while the South and the Confederacy were wrong, everlastingly wrong. The safe, sure and permanent bridging of the chasm upon any other statement of the case is utterly impracticable.

Might joined hands with right on the Union side to make this country all free and so preserve "government of the people, for the people, by the people" that it should not perish off the face of the earth. When Lee surrendered to the Great Soldier who now waits in pain to make his first, last and only surrender, Freedom took a new lease of life and the common people all over the world felt their rights more securely in their grasp. But over and beyond all this it must be seen that no possible acknowledgments or repentance by the living can ever make the dead of the confederate armies entitled to a like recognition when we go forth to honor those who gave their lives that the Union might live and that the Star Spangled Banner might forever be the emblem of its sovereignty.

MR. LAMAR CRITICISED.

HOW HIS ACTION IN HONORING JACOB THOMPSON STRIKES EX-UNION SOLDIERS.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE TRIBUNE.]

WASHINGTON, March 27.—*The Washington Post* this morning contained a paragraph to the effect that the Interior Department was closed yesterday, and the flag kept at half-mast, by order of Secretary Lamar, "for a double reason—on account of the death of ex-Secretary Thompson and also out of respect of the memory of Assistant Secretary Clark, who died several days ago." It has never been the custom to close a department or to lower the flag to half-mast on account of the death of a subordinate officer thereof. Moreover, a token of respect more suitable to the memory of ex-Secretary Clark would have been the postponement of the appointment of his successor until Mr. Clark's remains had been decently buried. Colonel Muldrow was appointed to succeed him on the day after he died and two days before his funeral. Another comment made by ex-Union soldiers on the closing of the Department is, that in order to honor the memory of a traitor, nearly 1,700 officers and clerks, engaged in the examination and adjustment of the claims for pensions of disabled soldiers and the widows and orphans of men who died in the service, were taken from their desks during an entire day, and this while tens of thousands of unadjusted claims are awaiting action and while the Union soldier at the head of the Pension Bureau is obliged to require the Board of Review in pension cases to work two hours extra every day.

It would appear that some of the clerks in the Interior Department, who are familiar with Jacob Thompson's history, dared to comment unfavorably upon Secretary Lamar's order, for *The Post* to-day editorially said: "If there are employes of that Department who join in this senseless criticism of Mr. Lamar's entirely appropriate action, there should be no occasion for retaining them any longer than is necessary to serve them with notice to quit." This paragraph has the true Rebel ring.

HONORING A UNPARDONED REBEL.

ACTION OF THE INTERIOR DEPARTMENT IN THE CASE OF MR. THOMPSON CRITICISED.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE TRIBUNE.]

WASHINGTON, March 26.—Whenever a man dies who has been at any time the head of an Executive Department, it is the custom to close that Department on the day of the funeral and give the officers and clerks a holiday. The National flag which floats over the Department buildings and outside offices is kept at half-mast from the time the fact of death becomes known to the Secretary until after the funeral. There are times when this custom would be more honored in the breach than in the observance, and Secretary Lamar is severely censured for showing special honors to his predecessor, Jacob Thompson, who was Secretary under Mr. Buchanan, and who became such a virulent rebel. Thompson left the Interior Department in disgrace, after ugly transactions in connection with trust funds of Indian tribes, in which some $800,000 was stolen. He did not retire from the Cabinet, however, before he had informed the Secession authorities at Charleston of the decision to reinforce and provision Fort Sumter, and of the sailing from New-York of the steamer Star of the West, to perform that duty. He was already one of the Secession Commissioners of Mississippi, and in order that no time should be lost in putting the Secessionists on their guard he used the telegraph, immediately after a Cabinet meeting at which he was present, to inform the Rebels of the action taken. During the rebellion he was in Canada, and was an active member of that colony of traitors who were accused of plotting to carry small-pox and yellow fever to Northern cities, and was known to be actively engaged in the incendiary and inhuman scheme to create conflagrations in the same cities by the use of Greek fire. Thompson was under such dark suspicion of possessing a guilty knowledge of the conspiracy to assassinate President Lincoln that Andrew Johnson immediately after his accession to the Presidency, offered by public proclamation a reward of $25,000 for Thompson's arrest. Thompson was never pardoned, and never had his political disabilities removed.

When Howell Cobb, Buchanan's Secretary of the Treasury, and John B. Floyd, his Secretary of War died, no notice was taken of them. Now Washington has been shocked by seeing the United States flag over the Interior Department lowered, all business suspended and 2,865 officers and clerks given a holiday with pay, in honor of this traitor and conspirator. Better things were hoped of Mr. Lamar, but his conduct shows how deeply the virus of the rebellion is imbedded in those who took part in it. The feeling on this subject has been greatly increased by the report that Mr. Lamar is not alone responsible, but that honor to Thompson's memory was decreed by the entire Cabinet, the President approving.

MR. LAMAR'S IDEAS OF ECONOMY.

WASHINGTON, March 26 (*Special*).—The horses and wagons belonging to the Interior Department are to be sold at auction to-morrow, for the sake of economy. It is estimated that the keeping of the horses, the repair of the wagons and the pay of the driver have cost nearly $6,000 a year, a considerable part of which amount will thus be saved to the Government. It is to be feared that Secretary Lamar's ideas of economy have undergone considerable change since he took office three weeks ago. The brigade of officers and clerks belonging to the Interior Department that was idle to-day numbers 2,865 persons, and while the Government has lost their services for one day, by order of Secretary Lamar, it is compelled to pay them as if they had worked the usual number of hours. One day's pay for these officers and clerks amounts to the pretty sum of $11,531, or enough to have kept the horses and wagons and drivers nearly two years.

THE MAN WHOM LAMAR HONORS.

JACOB THOMPSON'S STORY OF HIS OWN VILLANY.

HIS OPERATIONS IN CANADA DURING THE REBELLION AS RECORDED BY HIMSELF.

Secretary Lamar's order that the flag over the Interior Department should be hung at half-mast and the officers and clerks of the Department receive a holiday with pay in honor of that departed traitor, conspirator and thief, Jacob Thompson, Secretary of the Interior under Buchanan, has naturally revived interest in Thompson's mission to Canada during the Rebellion, and the damnable operations in which he was there engaged in behalf of the Confederacy.

During the spring of 1881 THE TRIBUNE published a number of letters from the Rebel agents in Canada (Thompson, Clay and Holcombe) fortunately preserved among the Confederate archives, giving an official account of their plots against the Union. It so happens that the most striking of these letters was one from Jacob Thompson to Judah P. Benjamin, the Rebel Secretary of State, which appeared in THE TRIBUNE of April 16, 1881. A more [illegible] record of villany has seldom been put in black and white by the villain himself. It occupied about two columns of THE TRIBUNE and is a detailed statement of the operations of Thompson, who made Toronto his headquarters. It begins with an account of the plans of the "Sons of Liberty," by whose aid Thompson hoped that the three great States of Ohio, Illinois and Indiana could "be seized and held." It tells of the peace meetings, for the organization of which Thompson furnished the needful funds; of the partly successful plot to release Rebel prisoners on Johnson's Island; of the plan to create a panic in the money market by the exportation of gold; and of the attempts, more or less successful, to burn Northern shipping and Northern cities—especially New-York, where the unsatisfactory results from the use of Greek fire greatly annoyed Thompson, and, as he says, confirmed his contempt for that article as an incendiary agent. We omit, in general, those parts of the letter which merely reveal the man whom Secretary Lamar delights to honor as an active and enterprising traitor, and reproduce those parts which brand him as an inhuman monster:

TORONTO, C. W., Dec. 3, 1864.

Hon. J. P. BENJAMIN, Secretary of State.

SIR: Several times have I attempted to send you communications, but I have no assurance that any of them has been received. I have relaxed no effort to carry out the objects the Government have in view in sending me here. I had hoped at different times to have accomplished more, but still I do not think my mission has been altogether fruitless. At all events we have afforded the Northwestern States the ampleat opportunity to throw off the galling dynasty at Washington and openly to take ground in favor of State Rights and Civil Liberty. . . .

This postponement was insisted upon the ground that it was necessary to have a series of public meetings to prepare the public mind, and appointments for public peace meetings were made, one at Peoria, one at Springfield and one at Chicago, on the 16th. The first one was at Peoria, and to make it a success I agreed that so much money as was necessary would be furnished by me. It was held, and was a decisive success. The vast multitudes who attended seemed to be swayed but by one leading idea—peace. . . .

Soon after I reached Canada a Mr. Minor Major visited me and represented himself as an accredited agent from the Confederate States *to destroy steamboats on the Mississippi River*, and that his operations were suspended for want of means. *I advanced to him $2,000 in Federal currency, and soon afterward several boats were burned at St. Louis, involving an immense loss of property to the enemy.* He became suspected, as he represented to me, of being the author of this burning, and from that time both he and his men have been hiding and consequently have done nothing. *Money has been advanced to Mr. Churchill, of Cincinnati, to organize a corps for the purpose of incendiarism in that city. I consider him a true man, and although as yet he has effected but little, I am in constant expectation of hearing of effective work in that quarter.*

Previous to the arrival of Lieutenant-Colonel Martin and Lieutenant Headley, bringing an unsigned note from you, all the different places where our prisoners are confined—Camp Douglass, Rock Island, Camp Morton, Camp Chase, Elmira—had been thoroughly examined, and the conclusion was forced upon us that all efforts to release them without an outside co-operation would bring disaster upon the prisoners and result in no good. All projects of that sort were abandoned, except that at Camp Douglas, where Captain Hines still believed he could effect their release. We yielded to his firmness, zeal and persistence, and his plans were plausible; but treachery defeated him before his well-laid schemes were developed. *Having nothing else on hand, Colonel Martin expressed a wish to organize a corps to burn New-York City. He was allowed to do so, and a most daring attempt has been made to fire that city, but their reliance on the Greek fire has proved a misfortune. It cannot be depended on as an agent in such work. I have no faith whatever in it, and no attempt shall hereafter be made under my general directions with such material.* . . .

During my stay in Canada a great amount of property has been destroyed by burning. The information brought to me as to the perpetrators is so conflicting and contradictory that I am satisfied that nothing can be certainly known. Should claims be presented at the War Office for payment for this kind of work, not a dollar should be advanced on any proof adduced until all the parties concerned may have an opportunity for making out and presenting proof. *Several parties claim to have done the work at St. Louis, New-Orleans, Louisville, Brooklyn, Philadelphia and at Cairo.* . . .

For the future, discarding all dependence on the organizations in the Northern States, our efforts, in my judgment, should be directed to inducing those who are conscripted in the North and who utterly refuse to join the army to fight against the Confederate States, to make their way South to join our service. It is believed by many that at least a number sufficient to make up a division may be secured in this way for our service before spring, especially if our army opens up a road to the Ohio. Some are now on their way to Corinth, which at present is the point of rendezvous. Also to operate on their railroads, and force the enemy to keep up a guard on all their roads, which will require a large standing army at home; *and to burn whenever it is practicable, and thus make the men of property feel their insecurity, and drive them out with the war. The attempt on New-York has produced a great panic*, which will not subside at their bidding. . . . Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. THOMPSON.

ABOUT THE LATE JACOB THOMPSON.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

SIR: Your special telegraphic correspondent from Washington departs widely from the truth of history in his assertion that the late Jacob Thompson left his post as Secretary of the Interior "in disgrace, after ugly transactions in connection with trust funds of Indian tribes, in which $800,000 were stolen." Believing that THE TRIBUNE does not desire to smirch the memory, unjustly, of any man, and least of all a dead man, under any circumstances, I trust to see it correct so manifest a misstatement of an historical affair as that of its correspondent regarding the embezzlement of the Indian Trust Fund.

No fact in the history of that epoch should be better known than that a committee of Congress, composed chiefly of men opposed, politically, to Mr. Thompson, fully acquitted him at the time of all blame. I knew Mr. Thompson intimately during the war and had many conversations during 1862 with him concerning the later days of his connection with the Federal Government, and feel confident that he never did aught that may be rightly construed or even easily warped into a betrayal of Cabinet secrets for the benefit of the South—as is also wrongly alleged by your correspondent. By nature it was foreign to Mr. Thompson to be virulent in any direction. What possible benefit can there arise from such misrepresentations of the dead twenty years after the surrender of General Lee?

H. J.

61 *Broadway*, March 27, 1885.

[The above is from a very capable Confederate officer, who served during the war with credit on the staff of one of the most distinguished rebel generals. If he will re-read the history of those times, he may find occasion to revise some of his judgments. The extracts elsewhere given from a letter by Jacob Thompson himself may be of some use to him.—*Ed.*]

SHARP TALK FROM McHENRY

BITTER ATTACKS ON RAILWAY MANAGERS.

CAUSES OF EUROPEAN DISTRUST IN AMERICAN RAILWAY SECURITIES.

James McHenry, the well-known English railway negotiator and the hero of a hundred legal fights with the Erie Railroad, held a press reception at his rooms in the Victoria Hotel yesterday. He declined to talk in detail of the objects of his visit here because "the time for it was not ripe," but he expressed willingness to give his views on the general railroad situation and the need of reform in many of the methods of American management.

"How do American railway securities stand abroad as regards their credit?" Mr. McHenry was asked.

"How can they be otherwise than shunned by every sensible man who has been deceived by investments heretofore, and lost confidence in the whole American system? Last year, when here, I took occasion to denounce the system of American railway management, and especially I attacked the pools, as being merely a phrase used as a disguise of fraud. I also created a great deal of ill-will toward myself by stating that most of the traffic of the country was conducted by 'ghost' trains, meaning that vast quantities of produce were transported over some of the leading lines without remuneration to those lines—the tonnage not being reported in the regular way, and the earnings being divided among the confederates. The present position of discredit throughout the whole country justifies all I said and all I prophesied. There is a universal paralysis of American railway credit. This is the more extraordinary because throughout the world railways are considered the safest of investments. The United States presents an ideal territory for the construction of railways, being larger than all Europe and having a population of 60,000,000 of the most industrious and ingenious people ever known, speaking one language, without the barriers between States, not keeping up standing armies of idlers, and every man doing his best to increase his own prosperity. I have always contended that a railway in America, after allowing it a reasonable time for it to ripen into profit, should give the safest investment and the most profitable returns of all kinds of investments.

"The wide discredit which exists," Mr. McHenry said further, "has arisen from the general corruption or general ignorance of management. I have learned a great deal of the ways and methods of railway management, and I paid dearly for my education, but my confidence in the results of a well-managed railway has not been in the slightest degree shaken. The most practical and intelligent and successful railway manager I knew is Mr. J. C. Clark, president of the Illinois Central, and to him I owe my first lesson in uncovering the mysteries of American management. The rationale

of a railway is simply this: It is constructed to transport goods and passengers, and the only thing a railway has to sell is this transportation; and the profits of a railway are based on the difference between the cost and what they receive for transportation. A full train can be run from New-York to Chicago at a cost of not exceeding $500, including depreciation, litigation, all expenses, taxes, etc. The present rates on grain are equal to about $4 a ton and this is set up as an excuse by different managers for the suspension or declension of dividends on the stock. An average train can carry 400 tons or $1,600, and I don't think any business in the world pays a larger dividend on the investment. When low rates are more profitable than high rates why not boldly follow them?

"I am largely interested in a Western railway, and under the autocratic government so popular in this democracy, the managers create indebtedness in any way they please to do without the knowledge or consent of the proprietors, and custom justifies it. They show considerable profits after debiting earnings with about 80 per cent as expenses, being about 20 per cent more than can be justified. But even this moderate percentage of profit left is seized and appropriated for what are called 'betterments.' This sort of thing has destroyed the confidence of investors. The managers have no more right to dissipate earnings belonging to the proprietors than has the manager of this hotel to create a mortgage on the house if it so please him. I leave it to imagination what Mrs. Paran Stevens would think if she found out that such a thing had been done by the lessee of this hotel. Reorganization is another rather popular theme in the United States and profitable to those concerned in it, but I fear it is like the Roman fever, if a company ever catches it, it is liable to return to it periodically.

"It is not difficult," Mr. McHenry added, "to restore the credit of American railways to the position they deserve to have. First, the past must be explained, mysteries cleared up, and the misappropriations of capital investigated and punished. Second, there must be some security for the present that all issues have been made with the knowledge of the proprietors as to the intended disposition of the funds, and statements given showing where the interest is to come from for the issues so made. Neither of these things, however, is as important as the third requirement, namely, absolute security against the recurrence of disasters, against the whole system of sinking funds, car trusts, collateral trusts, 'freezings out,' and other ingenious inventions for confiscating the property intrusted to its managers. The only security that can be given is absolute publicity. There should not be a wheelbarrow bought without estimates made and presented after due notice to the proprietors for their approval. It is the suddenness with which new issues are announced and floating debts discovered that works injury to the confidence of investors. In short an annual report of an American railway is received with the greatest doubt as to its sincerity and truth. This can be met only by an independent audit which will countersign the reports, the auditors to be appointed by the proprietors at a public meeting.

"My particular object in visiting America now is to serve the interests of the Erie, the Atlantic and Great Western and the C., C., C. and I. roads, in all of which I am more or less interested. No one has invested so much money in any one railway in America as I have provided for these three roads, and all of them are now practically unsalable. I shall endeavor while here while acting with the managers to induce them to make such changes in their administration as will lead to the recovery to their intrinsic value of these great properties. It will not be my fault if the litigation with the Erie, so virulently pursued these many years, is not ended; but it must be creditable to the Erie as well as to myself. It is well known that the $30,000,000 I negotiated for Erie was applied to other matters. What these were I have a suspicion, and I think it is to the interest of the Erie that the facts should be made known."

"Do you approve Mr. King's management?" was asked.

"I prefer to say nothing now except that I have always had a high regard for Mr. King."

Mr. McHenry speaking subsequently of the pools, said: "I have known Mr. Fink by reputation many years. He was highly esteemed when connected with the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, but I never had the pleasure of meeting him. He must be a gentleman devoid of humor, judging by the calmness with which he issues his ukases for the rising and falling of rates over companies in which he has no personal interest and with which he has no official connection, and therefore no power to enforce his orders. The readiness with which he listens to the frauds practised on him and the simplicity of his attempts to reform them reminds one very much of *Dogberry* when he gave orders to the watch to make the robbers stand, and when they would not he says: 'Let them go; they are not worthy of my solicitude.' What would be said if Lord & Taylor should enter into a pool with Macy that they should not sell any more than so many silk dresses on a certain day, and to a costumer who came in at 2 o'clock in the afternoon say politely; 'You must go to Macy's for your dress'? What would be thought of such shopping? An illustration of this is found in the coal roads. Reading, with $60,000,000 capital invested in coal lands, actually enters into a contract to limit production. Its true interest would be after making the investment to increase the production to the utmost possible extent. The corollary is to put a shopkeeper instead of a lawyer at the head of the road."

When an inquiry was made about the advisability of limiting the construction of competing lines Mr. McHenry replied: "The Midland Railway of England was built up by the energy and intelligence of one man. Its capitalization is greater than that of the Erie, the Baltimore and Ohio, the Pennsylvania and the New-York Central together; it was a competing line from England to Scotland against three old-established lines, and yet its common stock is selling at 125. When the Atlantic and Great Western was built by me, every dollar of capital furnished by me, I took the first train from New-York to St. Louis that accomplished the run. There were then less than 150 miles of railroad west of St. Louis, while now there are over 50,000 miles, and yet we are asked to believe that our earnings at the Atlantic are less than they were then. Minnesota, when the Atlantic and Great Western was opened, had a population of less than 200,000; now it has more than 2,000,000 people, producing 35,000,000 bushels of wheat alone each year, and is settling up rapidly. The population of the States west of the Ohio River has increased from 9,000,000 to 20,000,000 since my road opened, and yet we are asked to believe that there is no room for a new railway like the West Shore. The truth is, business grows faster than the railway facilities possibly can, and here is where the 'ghost' trains I have spoken of come in."

Here Mr. McHenry rose and glancing at a card brought in by his portly valet, said: "You must excuse me now, as I have an appointment with Mr. Vanderbilt." As the reporters left the parlors the great American capitalist was ushered in, walking with a springy step and looking in the best of health. It was stated that his visit concerned private matters only.

TOO MUCH WHEAT.

QUANTITIES AND CAUSES CONSIDERED.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

SIR: A letter published by you February 8, closed in these words: "Hence it would seem probable that about 76,000,000 bushels (of wheat) would remain July 1, to be carried over to another year." This estimate, made by me over six months ago, differed only 445,805 bushels from the most accurate statement that can be made, with the final official statistics of the last crop year before me. I am indebted to Mr. Nimmo, Chief of the Bureau of Statistics, for personal information of the exports and imports during the last fiscal year, the publication of these most valuable statistics having been most stupidly stopped by an act of Congress at the last session. The quantities and values are as follows:

	EXPORTS, DOMESTIC.	FOREIGN.	IMPORTS.
Flour, bbls.......	9,152,260	250	1,810
Wheat, bu.......	70,349,012	100,995	24,829
Flour, value......	$51,130,696	$1,325	$8,251
Wheat, value......	75,026,678	103,749	23,920

At four and a half bushels of wheat to the barrel of flour, the excess of exports over imports was equivalent to 111,532,182 bushels of wheat, against 145,918,947 during the previous fiscal year. The official figures of acreage, yield and exports were given in my letter of February 8 for sixteen years, and it was there shown that the average consumption for food had been 4,417 bushels yearly for 1,000 inhabitants. At the beginning of the last fiscal year, upon the estimates previously given, the population of the country was 55,325,979. Adding 2 per cent increase, and the actual immigration for the year, 509,834, we have 56,942,332 as the best estimate that can be made of the population June 30, 1884. The mean of these numbers, 56,134,155, is the consuming population for the crop year, and at the rate given above the consumption for food and the arts would be 247,944,562 bushels. According to bureau reports of acreage, the consumption for seed was about 52,000,000 bushels. Thus the net exports and the consumption for food and the arts and for seed, from the crop of 1883, amount to 411,409,120 bushels.

Now the letter already mentioned showed that 65,877,155 bushels of wheat were probably in the country at the beginning of the crop year, being left over from the crop of 1882. The final official statement of the yield in 1883 is 421,086,160 bushels. This gives a total supply of 486,963,315 bushels, and deducting the exports and consumption, as above stated, we have as the quantity of wheat probably remaining in the country July 1, unconsumed and unsold, 75,554,195 bushels. My estimate, February 8, was that 76,000,000 bushels would remain.

The course of the market has been such as to justify the suggestions made six months ago. The price of No. 2 red winter wheat at New-York, February 8, was $1 07¼. With great effort, the powerful clique managed to lift it to $1 09 February 11, but it then receded, and closed for the month at $1 08; in March it closed at $1 01, and April 5 it dropped to 96 cents. Another clique then made a great effort, and, with banks helping, the price reached $1 11½ at the end of April. But the banks discovered in May that they had been boosting speculation of various kinds too much. The closing price for May was $1 01⅝, and the price dropped to 93¼ cents June 9. Though it recovered to 95½ cents at the end of that month, and staggered through July at about that figure, it dropped August 13 to 86 bid, and it is no longer a question, as it was said to be six months ago, whether there was a deficiency of [illegible] bushels in the world's supply of wheat [illegible]

As to [illegible] particularly [illegible] that it is a very large crop, and if it exceeds 504,000,000 bushels, the largest crop yet grown, no one will be surprised. Comparison of State reports with those of the Agricultural Bureau, with due allowance for the known idiosyncrasies of each, inclines one to think that the crop may prove the largest ever raised, say 350,000,000 bushels winter and 155,000,000 spring wheat, but if some of the State reports prove reliable, it will even exceed that quantity.

In an article July 26, *The London Economist* showed that the average price of wheat in England during the first half of 1884 had been lower than for any year since 1780, and only 1s. 8d. per quarter above the extraordinary record of that far-off year. Present indications are that the abundant supplies on both sides of the ocean will cause very low prices this fall, so that the British average for the year may be nearly or quite the lowest for a century. Last year interested parties created a general but most unfounded expectation that there would be a deficiency, and such an expectation, with moderate or high prices ruling, tends to prevent expansion of consumption much above the average. But the price has now declined so far that, if it is not artificially lifted, a material increase of consumption, both in this and in other countries, seems likely to result. Only by such an increase can the farmers be saved from some loss through accumulation of wheat in this country. The bureau statement of wheat remaining in first hands March 1 showed 37,698,534 bushels in ten States—New-York, New-Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, Ohio, Michigan and Indiana. There has not been much inducement since that date to sell wheat grown in those States, while the quantity held over in the great wheat-growing States of the West, and in California and Oregon, must have been large. It is a remarkable fact, too, that, while commercial boards take great pains to get a well-nigh useless statement of "visible supply," so-called—wheat at a few points—no effort is made to ascertain the quantity of flour on hand and unconsumed. Of the two, the latter item would be the more important, but a statement of "visible" wheat, without the flour, is not worth the trouble taken to obtain it.

The obvious cause of the unnaturally low price of wheat all over the world is the extraordinary increase in railroad and ship building within the past few years. Railroads here and in India have multiplied wheat-growing acres. The cheap ships of these days have brought the most distant acre into direct competition. Truly, W. M. G.

New-York, Aug. 24, 1884.

A BRITISH CONSPIRACY.

The Way the English Talk at Home of American Manufactures.

OTTAWA, Ill., Oct. 20, 1884.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

I send you a few items from a letter received here last month, the perusal of which may be of advantage to all who will read it. It was from a brother in England to his brother residing in this country, but as the family in England are under the control of an Hon. Lord, the names are left out, to avoid unpleasant consequences.

J. COLLINGS.

DEAR BROTHER—Father desired me to write to you to let you know that England was going to make trouble with the United States, as soon as the first favorable opportunity occurred, and he wants you to sell out and come home. He heard My Lord tell an Irish Lord that is here how it was going to be done. This Irish Lord, by virtue of his father's death, becomes a member of the Privy Council, and our Lord was informing him of the policy of our Government in its relation with other nations, and more in particular to the United States. It seems that under Republican party policy of Protection the manufacturing interests have increased so rapidly in the Northern States that they are threatening our supremacy in the South American nations, and the Northern States are the only rivals that England has in the mechanical and manufacturing world. It becomes a matter of the greatest interest to England, and the question that must be settled is whether the United States shall drive England out of our legitimate markets in South America or England shall crush the growing mechanical power of the United States—you will understand what is meant by what was said better than we do. The young Lord was told that England had a good friend in the Solid South and the Democratic party, who are in favor of free trade with England; and, if they once get the President, as a matter of course, the Solid South, being really [illegible] Democratic party, are to have in their Cabinet the Secretaries of State, Treasury, and War, with the Minister to London. The rest will follow. The negros in the South will be pushed into rebellion. The white population will call on the Secretary of War for arms to put the negros down and to protect themselves against the blacks, until the great amount of munitions of war now in the hands of the North are safely stored away in the Southern States, when the South can do as they please. Through advices from London they got a law passed by Congress prohibiting the President from using the army and navy as a *posse comitatus*. Then the Southern States will call a Congress and declare for Free Trade. With a President favorable to England, England will supply the South with goods below the actual cost. That will bring on complications between the Northern States and England. The Northern States may chafe and be angry, but they can do nothing. The vast munitions of war will be in the South, the millions in the Treasury transferred South, the Northern States will be helpless. Already England has pushed the Canadian railway through to the great wheatfields of Manitoba to draw supplies from. England will make a flush market for every bushel of grain, every pound of pork, butter or cheese that Canada can produce to the exclusion of anything from the States. Thus England will have a loyal Canada in the North, the Southern States as a positive ally in the South—it would be but a short time before the large manufacturing powers in the Northern States would be crushed, and England would be without a rival in the mechanical world—because England, having the rest of the world for a market, can sell to the States at a small loss—and as a consequence the Northern States would become a second Ireland, depending upon England for their goods. But you may think that the Northern States would not submit, but rise in arms against the South. But if they did they would have to fight England also. England would be fighting for a free market on the American continent, besides she would help to secure the independence of the Confederate States—so as to make good the thousands of millions of the Confederate bonds she now holds—those bonds are not yet due—and England knows the Northern States will never pay them—does not expect them to do so. When England sent out the "Alabama" to prey upon your ocean commerce and invested in those bonds she hoped to divide the States at that time, but your statesmen, and with the dread that Russia would grasp our East Indian Empire if we declared war against the United States, saved the States at that time. But since then times are changed. England could send a few war vessels and blockade your Eastern ports, and that would keep every Southern port free and open to England; two good ships of war at the Golden Gate, and the Northern States would be securely bottled up. England would acknowledge the independence of the Confederate States and her millions in Confederate bonds would be due in four years; thus England would secure, without any danger to her stability, millions in money and an undisputed market for her goods on the North and South American continents. My Lord explained that England had no hatred to the people of the United States, but that it was the duty of our statesmen to uphold the supremacy of England if that necessitated the downfall of every other nation, and that it was necessary to the tranquillity of England that the Republican policy of Protection in the States must be broken down; a system that gives the Irish in the States so much money, over and above keeping them, to give the Irish leaders to keep up their hostile organizations to English rule, must be crushed down, and the policy advocated by what you call the Solid South to lower the duty on English goods, is the means whereby England expects to rule the States, and bring down wages to the level of English workmen, and when the wages in the States are brought down to the bare cost of living our Government will have no further trouble with Irish organizations for the independence of Ireland. Father says you must sell out before the Solid South gets control of your government, and come home before the trouble begins.

NEW YORK CLEARING HOUSE.

Special Telegram to The Inter Ocean.

NEW YORK, Jan. 1.—The transactions of the New York Clearing House for the year, compared with those of 1883, were as follows:

Exchanges—
For 1884........................ $30,985,871,170
For 1883........................ 37,434,300,871
Balances—
For 1884........................ 1,477,861,414
For 1883........................ 1,564,678,095
Transactions—
For 1884........................ 32,457,732,584
For 1883........................ 38,998,978,958
Average transactions per day—
For 1884........................ 105,775,513
For 1883........................ 128,286,115

The business of the Stock Exchange was equal to that of 1883. The par value of the State and railroad bonds dealt in was over one-third larger than in 1883. Most of the trading was in the first six months of the year during the panic and the days of the rapid decline in prices. The totals were: Shares of stock, 95,922,504; government bonds, 14,939,760; State and railroad bonds, 508,815,850. The par value of the stocks dealt in was $9,592,250,400, but the actual value is probably less than half of the nominal value. The par value of all the securities dealt in at the exchange during the year reaches the amazing total of $10,116,005,950. The 1,099 members of the exchange therefore pocketed in the shape of commissions $12,000,000, an average of over $10,000 apiece.

Jan 26/85

THE DAILY INTER OC

RAILROAD LEGISLATION.

Transportation Charges Compared with Average Value of Farm Commodities for Fifteen Years.

Freight Rates Show a Steady Decrease Amounting to More Than 64 Per Cent.

The Effect of Hard Times on the Railroads—Decreased Tonnage and Reduced Earnings.

GRAIN FREIGHTS

As far back as the memory of the proverbial old inhabitant extends it has been customary at this season of the year to send out rumors that the Legislatures of the several Western States were about to take hold of the grain-carrying roads and compel them to divide profits with the producer. These rumors appear with such regularity that if noted in the yearly calendars they would read: "January—Now is the time to prepare for granger legislation. February—Sow rumors broadcast and harrow them in. Cultivate the crop well while the Legislatures are in session." This

AGITATION AGAINST THE RAILROADS

has been carried on for years, but during the period of inflated values preceding the present depression the farmer was receiving such bountiful returns for his labor that the stand and deliver policy as applied to capital invested in railroads found little favor in his eyes. In the present year of grace, overproduction in all branches of agriculture has caused a reduction in the price paid in the markets of the world for farm commodities, and the specious claim is made that for this reason transportation charges should be lowered to a corresponding extent. The logical outcome of this demand is that railway traffic rates should be arranged upon a movable scale, to conform to the decline or advance in value of products, and that the minimum price of wheat should be attended by the

LOWEST RATE FOR TRANSPORTATION,

and vice versa. The impracticability of this theory is illustrated in the following table, which shows the average cash price at Chicago each year since 1870 of wheat, corn, oats, and provisions, and the average rate per ton per mile charged for the transportation of freight of all classes on the Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific.

*Estimated.

The decrease in rail rates per ton per mile from 1870 to 1884 was about 64 per cent. It will be seen that the decline in freight rates has been continuous, while the prices of farm commodities have maintained fair average values up to and including 1884. The only article, it will be noticed, which reached its lowest value in 1884 is wheat, and the decline in value of wheat as compared with the average of the preceding fourteen years is less than 30 per cent. Taking 1884, a period of unusually low prices, as a basis, the decline in values of farm products other than wheat as compared with the average of the preceding fourteen years is only from 10 to 20 per cent. When these percentages of decline in the value of the leading farm commodities are compared with the reduction of 65 per cent in carrying charges on the Rock Island Road it would appear that the

RAILROAD WOULD BE JUSTIFIED

in advancing rates to a point commensurate with the reduction in price of grain rather than make further concessions at a time when the road is suffering from a loss of revenue attributable in part to reductions in rates which it has voluntarily made from time to time.

As illustrating the effect of the lowering of rates it may be of interest to the public to know just how much revenue has been lost to this road in a given period by the liberal policy pursued toward all classes of shippers. In 1883 the gross earnings of the Rock Island Road were, in round numbers, $12,000,000. If there had been no reductions in rates since 1870 the earnings would have been about 65 per cent greater, a difference of $7,800,000, and of this amount

THE PRODUCING CLASSES

of the West have received their full quota.

The following statement shows the percentage of decline in rates on the Rock Island Road on the leading farm commodities for various distances from 25 to 175 miles, from 1873 to 1885:

PERCENTAGE OF DECLINE.

MILES.	Wheat.	Other grain.	Coal.	Salt.	Lumber.	Horses & mules.	Cattle & hogs.	Sheep.
25..........	58	47	23	32	5	26	17	24
50..........	56	40	18	32	7	28	12	19
75..........	64	43	15	30	8	32	22	26
100..........	66	46	18	28	11	30	24	17
125..........	46	37	22	27	17	26	23	15
150..........	37	[illegible]	22	26	18	[illegible]	24	10
175..........	37	[illegible]	22	28	21	25	26	12

These figures, which are official, show that during the past dozen years rates for transportation of grain have been reduced from 20 to 64 per cent, while rates on all other farm commodities have been lowered in almost a proportionate extent. The effect of these reductions is a voluntary surrender on the part of the railroad of nearly one-half of the revenue which would accrue under the rates in effect in 1873 for transporting the distinctively farm products. The fact is that competition, aided by better methods and improved mechanical appliances, is settling the problem of transportation in advance of legislation.

The more closely the question of grain freights is examined the more apparent the fact appears that the railways are doing their full share to

RELIEVE THE FARMER

from the effects of low prices. The railroad commissioners of Kansas and Illinois say that present enactments are sufficient for the protection of producers, and that no further reduction in rates beyond those already granted can in justice be asked. These officials are of the opinion that the railroads now bear their full share of the burden of hard times and low prices by decreased tonnage and loss of passenger traffic, and that this burden is so heavy upon the roads that they can not endure a further reduction in rates without its being reflected at once upon the labor they employ.

The farmers have been especially favored during the present season by the cut rates of the lines east-bound from Chicago. The loss to these roads

ON GRAIN FREIGHTS

during the last six months amounts to millions of dollars, and the producer has reaped the benefit of this cut in rates. The more carefully this subject is investigated the more apparent it becomes that the cause for dissatisfaction against the railroads in the West is much less than it is represented to be, and that the discontent is chiefly promoted by political demagogues and unscrupulous speculators.

The West owes everything to the great system of railways which furnishes a market for its products. Before the advent of a railroad in a community the lack of rapid transportation is keenly felt, and the most tempting offers are made to induce capital to supply the desired means for quick and rapid access to the outside world. The railroad is then esteemed a public benefactor. The interests, however, of the community and the railway are identical, and always remain so. The community is dependent on the railway for the means of transporting its people's products to the markets of the world. The railway, however, is in no sense independent. The country through which it passes is the source of its revenue, and the plainest principles of self-regard would indicate that that policy was best which most stimulated the producing capacity of the territory drained. Exorbitant rates for transporting products would have the opposite effect by making it possible for other sections more favorably situated to sell their commodities at lower figures. The policy pursued by the Western roads has been a fair one. As rapidly as the operating expenses of the roads have been reduced by improved machinery and better methods rates have

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ycerine some day when there are plenty of his fellow fiends standing round. The world would rejoice to see this gang of engineers of deviltry hoisted by their own petards.

Hartford *Courant*: The fact that Charles Francis Adams, Jr., has taken the Presidency of the Union Pacific Railroad, and is doing his best to put that great property into the condition where

been lowered. The aggregate of these reductions on the four leading roads West-bound from Chicago amounts in the last ten years to several hundred million dollars. In view of facts like these, the outcry of alleged "anti-monopolists" against the transportation interests of the West is without basis of reason, and no thinking man will be misled by it. Capital is certainly entitled to protection and a fair return on the investment, and the fact that none of the Western roads is paying more than a fair return on the money invested is the best evidence that rates are not exorbitant.

ALIEN LAND-HOLDERS.

Corr. New-York Sun.

I copy the following from a very interesting book on cattle matters generally, and particularly descriptive of the ranches of the far West, published by the New-York and Boston Cattle Company. I believe the same information was also published in the *Sun* some time ago. It was originally from statistics furnished by Congressman Lore of Delaware in his speech made in the last session of Congress. The figures are impressive, and cannot be too often brought to the notice of the thinking public. The area of a kingdom, that ought to belong to citizens only, is owned by foreigners:

Table of the leading alien holders of lands in the United States, with amount of holdings in acres.

An English Syndicate No. 3 in Texas	3,000,000
The Holland Land Company, New-Mexico	4,500,000
Sir Edward Reed and a syndicate in Florida	2,000,000
English Syndicate in Mississippi	1,800,000
Marquis of Tweedale	1,750,000
Phillips, Marshall, & Co., London	1,300,000
German Syndicate	1,100,000
Anglo-American Syndicate, London	720,000
Bryan H. Evans of London	700,000
Duke of Sutherland	425,000
British Land Company in Kansas	320,000
Wm. Whatley, M. P., Peterboro, England	310,000
Missouri Land Company, Edinburgh, Scotland	300,000
Robert Tenant of London	230,000
Dundee Land Company, Scotland	247,000
Lord Dunmore	120,000
Benjamin Neugas, Liverpool	100,000
Lord Houghton in Florida	60,000
Lord Dunraven in Colorado	60,000
English Land Company in Florida	50,000
English Land Company in Arkansas	50,000
Albert Peel, M. P., Leicestershire, England	10,000
Sir J. L. Kay, Yorkshire, England	5,000
Alexander Grant of London in Kansas	35,000
English Syndicate, Wisconsin	110,000
M. Ellerhauser of Halifax in West Virginia	600,000
A Scotch Syndicate in Florida	500,000
A. Boysen, Danish Consul in Milwaukee	50,000
Missouri Land Company of Edinburgh	165,000
Total	20,647,000

LATEST INAUGURATION NEWS.

Oneida, Madison County, corr. Utica Herald.

A shirt firm of this village secured last week an order from President-elect Cleveland for his inaugural shirts. He wears a 17½-inch collar and has a chest circumference of 47½ inches.

LIMITING THE SALE OF FIREARMS.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE TRIBUNE.]

ATLANTA, Feb. 1.—A law passed by the last State Legislature proves efficacious in breaking up the carrying of concealed weapons. In preparing the tax bill in the last Legislature, the following item was slipped in: "Upon all dealers in pistols, toy pistols, revolvers, pistol or revolver cartridges, dirks or bowie knives, the sum of $100 for each place of business in each county where the same are sold shall be levied." Since January 1, traders, on paying their licenses, have been confronted with this additional charge, and rather than pay it nine-tenths of them drop that feature of their business. The effect of the license is to limit places where arms can be purchased to a few populous points. Thus those who have pistols cannot replenish their cartridges without sending in some instances seventy-five miles, as the dealers in small towns would not sell over $100 worth of such goods in a year. The license amounts to a prohibition.

THE WHEAT SUPPLY.

WHAT MISCHIEF SPECULATION HAS DONE.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

SIR: Discussing the influence of speculation upon the foreign commerce of the country, in a communication which you published about a year ago, I presented statistics of the acreage, yield, exports and consumption of wheat each year since 1866 showed that the average consumption *per capita* yearly for food had been for sixteen years 4.417 bushels, pointed out how speculation and artificial prices had deprived the country of a part of its foreign market, and stated that, unless exports should materially improve, the country would have left July 1 about 76,000,000 bushels of wheat, or its equivalent in flour, to be carried over into the present crop year.

Some gentlemen interested in speculation strongly assailed these statements. On the basis of what was then known of the yield, however, my estimate prepared with known exports for only half the crop year, proved only 411,083 bushels larger than the result of complete statistics for the crop year. Correcting the estimate now, in the light of the later official reports, we find that the crop of 1883 was 421,986,160 bushels, according to the Agricultural Bureau; that the mean population for the crop year was 56,138,534, implying a consumption for food of 247,963,904 bushels; that the quantity taken for seed this year, at 1.39 bushes per acre for 38,500,000 acres, was 53,515,000 bushels; and that the excess of exports over imports of wheat, including flour at 4½ bushels to the barrel, during the year ending June 30, was 111,604,793 bushels.

In weight, however, according to the returns obtained by the Bureau in March, the crop was deficient an equivalent of 20,000,000 bushels. If it be supposed that the quantity of wheat and flour carried over to the new crop year should on that account be reduced fully 20,000,000 bushels, there would still remain about 53,879,618 bushels thus carried over July 1. It may be added, as indicating that this estimate is fully low enough, that the Bureau found 119,273,012 bushels in farmers' hands March 1, besides 31,000,000 bushels in the "visible supply" at lake and seaboard ports, and about 15,000,000 bushels on the Pacific coast, making over 165,000,000 bushels, besides all the grain held in railroad and other station elevators, at small towns, and in the form of flour. Out of this 115,810,185 bushels were consumed or exported between March 1 and July 1, and about 16,000,000 bushels for seed of spring wheat, so that there must have been carried over July 1 at least 33,551,727 bushels, besides all the flour in the country March 1, and whatever wheat was in local elevators and in the hands of dealers in small towns. It seems to me contrary to reason to suppose that less than 53,879,618 bushels of old wheat or its flour equivalent remained in the country July 1.

To this the new crop has added, according to the Bureau reports "about 100,000,000 bushels more than the yield of 1883," which would be 521,000,000 bushels, or "about 13½ bushels per acre," which would be 513,300,000. Taking the lowest figure, we have a supply of 567,179,618 bushels for the current crop year.

The population, 56,951,090 July 1, has been increased to January 1 about 1 per cent by natural gain, and 165,179 by immigration in five months to December 1. For January 1, therefore, the mean of the crop year, it is estimated at 57,705,780. Very low prices increase consumption when people have means with which to buy. But the depression in industry is so great that a material increase in consumption cannot be expected. At the usual ratio, the consumption for food would be 254,886,430 bushels.

A decrease in acreage sown to winter wheat is reported, but the great movement of immigration has been to spring wheat regions. Though the consumption for seed is likely to be less than it was last year, the same quantity may be allowed until returns of spring sowing are made, viz., 53,515,000 bushels. On this basis, the quantity required for home consumption during the year is 308,401,430 bushels, and the surplus left for export 258,778,188 bushels.

Of this there were exported in five months ending with November, 43,065,999 bushels wheat and 3,728,454 barrels flour, equivalent in all to 59,844,042 bushels wheat. About 10,000,000 bushels may be added for the exports in December, say 70,000,000 in the half year. There remain about 188,778,188 bushels to find a market abroad during the six months beginning January 1 this year. With higher prices, but also with smaller crops and larger needs, abroad, the quantity exported during the first six months was about 51,000,000 bushels.

Speculation has worked doubly to our disadvantage. It has checked the foreign demand for our grain, and at the same time has encouraged our farmers to believe that, without any regard to natural laws or supply and demand, they could safely reckon upon having high prices for wheat in the speculative markets at *some* time during the year, on which to sell. The consequence is that we have the lowest yearly average price in England ever known, and an enormous surplus for which no buyers at present appear. I append a table giving statistics of the wheat crop and movement since 1866.

Truly,
W. M. G.

New-York, Dec. 24, 1884.

Years.	Acres.	Wheat crop, bush.	Net exports, bush.
1867-8	18,321,561	219,441,400	25,516,919
1868-9	18,400,132	224,036,600	27,136,929
1869-70	19,131,004	287,745,600	51,347,709
1870-1	18,992,591	235,334,700	50,394,286
1871-2	19,948,893	230,722,400	36,373,210
1872-3	19,988,336	249,997,100	59,445,689
1873-4	22,171,676	281,254,700	83,474,927
1874-5	24,967,027	309,102,700	70,794,730
1875-6	26,381,512	292,136,000	72,444,801
1876-7	27,677,031	289,356,500	55,478,801
1877-8	26,887,546	364,194,446	90,055,847
1878-9	32,108,500	420,122,400	147,378,705
1879-80	35,450,333	459,483,137	180,443,872
1880-1	37,936,717	499,549,333	136,973,564
1881-2	37,709,020	380,280,090	121,732,530
1882-3	37,067,193	504,185,470	145,918,047
1883-4	38,445,593	421,986,160	111,604,793
1884-5	38,500,000	513,300,000	

Julian Hawthorne says that in England they keep their rogues in the slums and in America they send them to Washington, and he thinks America makes the best use of them. It is a poor joke for a Hawthorne. Long ages ago some wise words were current in India about this matter, and found lodgment in the "Shlopas of the Hotopadesa," which Edwin Arnold thus renders:

"Raise an evil soul to honor, and
His evil hearts remain;
Bind a cur's tail ne'er so straightly,
Yet it curleth up again.

"How, in sooth, should Trust and
Honor change the evil nature's root?
Though one watered them with nectar,
Poison-trees bear deadly fruit."

It is rumored that Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague will come from her retirement at Fontainebleau in time for the inauguration ceremonies. The same correspondent states that her beautiful hair has become almost white.—[Philadelphia Record.

The Examiner.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 15, 1885.

AN APPEAL TO CÆSAR. By ALBION W. TOURGEE. 12mo. pp. 422. New-York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert.

After elaborating views respecting Southern society that are already well understood by readers of his novels, Judge Tourgée proceeds to the statement of the problem of the future as it appears to him. This is largely a question of statistics, and the value of his views depends wholly on the use made of the figures furnished by the United States census. The conclusion reached is that before the close of this century the Southern States will become black republics—that is, the colored race will have an indisputable majority, and in several they will predominate in the ratio of two to one. On the basis of this supposed state of things, the imperative need of educating the negro by the aid of the Federal Government is urged.

The author's alarm seems to us to be very much exaggerated. Experts are agreed that the enumeration of the colored people in 1870 was very incomplete, and that no comparison of figures can be made between that census and that of 1880 without danger of great error. If the census figures of 1820 to 1860 are taken as a basis of reckoning, the conclusion will be that the white race of the South is increasing considerably faster than the colored, and that therefore the present relations of the two races are not likely to be materially changed during this century. The dire necessity of straining the Constitution in order to avert a great peril disappears with the peril, which we believe to be quite imaginary. This is not the place for an elaborate comparison of the figures of Judge Tourgée with those of the census for a term of years, but any one who takes interest enough in the subject to make such a comparison for himself will find the general result to be as we have stated it—the white race in the South has always increased more rapidly than the colored race, except during the decade between 1870 and 1880, and here the apparent exception is undoubtedly due to the under-enumeration of the colored people in 1870. This is the opinion of non-partisan experts who have no axe to grind or pet theory to maintain.

We do not underrate the ignorance of the negro, nor the peril to our institutions involved in the continued existence of an ignorant mass of voters in the Southern States. But we have ignorant voters a plenty in the North, and nobody proposes to invoke the aid of the Federal Government for their education. The South, with such aid as the citizens of the North will willingly give through private channels, is perfectly able to educate her own illiterate voters, and should be left to do so. State aid for education has already been carried too far; national aid is both unnecessary and impolitic.

TOURGEE TACTICS.

Judge Tourgee in "*The Continent*" of April 16, violently attacks Mr. Blaine as a Presidential candidate. "He is the incarnation," he says, "of all the reprehensible elements of the Republican party." "He has nothing of substantial strength in his own record" which "is of questionable character." "The qualities of his mind are the very ones best calculated to encourage doubt and uncertainty, etc." Therefore Judge Tourgee begins by concluding that if the Republican arty seeks to commit *hari-kari* the quickest and surest method for it to do so is by nominating James G. Blaine for the Presidency. Garfield called Blaine to the head of his cabinet. Does Judge Tourgee class Mr. Garfield with Blaine as "a politician in the low sense in which the term is used?" But viewing Judge Tourgee as a successful North Carolina carpet-bagger we better understand his political vocabulary. A candidate to have "substantial strength" we infer from the learned Judge, must be carried through the convention by magazine writers. The only relief for the Judge that we can prescribe is the Chicago Convention. Perhaps that may fail. Mr. Blaine can endure the strain but we tremble for the Judge. The people are of little account and conventions are uncertain, and this "incarnation of all that is reprehensible" is loose in the country, "pyrotechnic in its character" and liable to go off in a tremendous boom and leave no learned Judge.

Like certain other doctors of our body politic, Judge Tourgee is pulling one man down for the sole purpose of getting another man up. He condemns, what Mr. Arthur in his collectorship days used to term "practical politics," machine slates and cut and dried rule. At the same time he knifes Mr. Blaine with both hands while he inflates his Lincoln boom with both lungs. The DISPATCH is friendly toward Mr. Lincoln. So it is toward Mr. Blaine, or any other good Republican the Chicago convention sees proper to nominate. It is friendly toward Judge Tourgee, and therefore regrets to see him committing political *hari-kari*. He seems to forget that this is the people's year, and, with George William Curtis, goes as far in one direction as the so-called machine ever went in the other. Scylla and Charybdis are not a great distance apart.

Geo. W. Cable, who wrote the article "The Freedman's case in Equity" in the December *Century*, in speaking of the unfavorable comments thereon by the southern press says he still believes the more intelligent elements in the south favor the improvement of the colored people. He is apprehensive, unless immediate steps are taken for the education of the negroes, and the fact that they are increasing faster than the whites in the ratio of 35 to 22 render some decisive measures looking to the higher civilization of the colored people a necessity of the hour. It will be seen that Cable, a confederate soldier, southern born and bred, takes almost exactly the same view of this question, even to the imminent danger to the white population, as that given by Judge Tourgee, in the letter published recently in the TIMES-JOURNAL. The explanation of their almost identical opinions lies in the fact that both have lived in the south since the war; both are close observers of men and events; both, as patriots and humanitarians, have the welfare of the whole country, including the south, at heart; both love the truth, and better than all have the courage to speak and write their sentiments freely and fully. If the south and the Nation suffers in consequence of neglect to provide a remedy for the existing and apparent evils of ignorance and injustice, a lack of warning cannot be plead in excuse, when two such men as A. W. Tourgee and Geo. W. Cable have in season and out of season lifted up their voices in warning and protest.

A Union soldier writes to THE TRIBUNE to know how it is that Cleveland can't find any except Confederate soldiers fit to honor in the Southern and border States, if those States furnished so many men to the Union Army as *The Evening Post* tries to make out. That is a pertinent inquiry; but if our correspondent tries to find reasons to account for what *The Post* says in its attempt to rewrite history he will have a hard time of it. "According to *The Post*," he writes, "Delaware contributed to the Union Army about 75 per cent of her available military population, while Missouri sent 47 per cent, Maryland 49 per cent, and Kentucky 44 per cent. If those are facts, then there ought to be as many Union soldiers as Confederates in those States; but I have watched the President's appointments, and I can't find that he has honored a single Union soldier in any one of those States. But he has appointed scores of Confederates to responsible places. Does not that show a systematic discrimination against Union soldiers? Because if what *The Post* says is true, and the election returns in those States are correct, then these Union soldiers must be nearly all Democrats. In fact, that is what *The Post* claims, as it says, for instance, that while Kentucky gave Lincoln only 1,364 votes, yet it sent 44 per cent of the voters into the Union Army. Now I have not heard of any Union soldier in Kentucky being honored by this Administration." Well, you have heard of a good many Confederates, and we fear that you won't hear of any other kind of appointments while this Administration lasts.

HONORING AN UNREPENTANT REBEL.

WHAT IS SAID TO BE SECRETARY BAYARD'S WORST SELECTION—APPOINTMENTS.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE TRIBUNE.]

WASHINGTON, May 2.—The President to-day made the following appointments:

J. Ernest Meiere, of Colorado, to be Consul of the United States at Nagasaki, Japan.

Horatio B. Lowry, to be quartermaster in the United States Marine Corps, with the rank of major and Richard S. Collum to be assistant quartermaster with the rank of captain.

Presidential Postmasters.—E. H. Porter, at Bowling Green, Ky., vice William E. Hobson resigned; William Weeks at Wauseon, Ohio, vice Conley E. Guilford, commission expired; James McKinney, at Susquehanna, Penn., vice Isaac Jones, commission expired; John R. Parshall, at Faribault, Minn., vice E. N. Leavens, commission expired; Daniel W. Connolly at Scranton, Penn., vice E. C. Fuller, commission expired; James B. Hutchison, at Hazelton, Penn., vice James James, commission expired; Thomas H. Bayless, at Hope, Ark., vice T. M. Humphreys, suspended; John H. Golden, at Minonk, Ill., vice M. A. Cushing, resigned; Henry S. Howell, at Watertown, Wis., vice J. T. Moak, commission expired; John B. Larkin, at Pittsburg, Penn., vice William H. McCleary, resigned; William Brown, at Lake Geneva, Wis., vice Charles A. Noyes, resigned; Thomas J. Seamans, at Wabash, Ind., vice Daniel Sayre, resigned.

The appointment of J. Ernest Meiere, of Colorado, to be Consul of the United States at Nagasaki, Japan, is received with astonishment by Democrats and Republicans alike. He is the man who some time ago insulted Commodore Truxton in the lobby of the Ebbitt House. Meiere, who at the time was intoxicated, was arrested and lodged in jail, where he remained until the following morning because no one could be found willing to go his bail. He was a Lieutenant of Marines at the outbreak of the War, but resigned his commission to enter the Confederate service. He had known Commodore Truxton while serving in the Union Army and presumed upon his acquaintance with the Commodore to approach him in the most insulting manner. The Commodore resenting this, Meiere grew furious and exclaimed: "You don't want to talk with me because I am a Rebel. I wish you to know that I am proud to be a Rebel. I don't want any of you blooded Yankees to think I am sorry for having fought you."

Colorado men resent the idea that this appointment should be credited to their State. They say that Meiere does not belong to Colorado, although they admit that he might have lived at Leadville for a few weeks.

This evening a number of Navy officers met at the Ebbitt House for the purpose of preparing a formal protest against the appointment of Meiere, which is to be submitted to Secretary Bayard at an early day.

GOVERNOR CLEVELAND.

A NEW RESIDENCE.

Special Telegram to The Inter Ocean.

ALBANY, N. Y., Dec. 25.—The house which Governor Cleveland has rented in Albany, to be occupied by him during the interval between his resigning the governorship and his inauguration as President, is remote from the hotels and the Capitol, and away from the streets most frequented in winter. More accessible and quite as comfortable houses could have been had, and for that reason it is assumed that the choice of a temporary residence was determined by a desire to be as much out of reach as possible in a town of this size.

A near adviser of Cleveland is authority for saying that there have been no positive proffers or acceptances of Cabinet positions, nor are there likely to be any until after the Governor lays down his present trust. The same authority says that statesmen like Bayard who have come here to see Cleveland have done so on indirect invitations from the latter, whose sole object in causing the invitations to be extended has been to enable him to become personally acquainted with these gentlemen and to learn more than he otherwise could about the duties he is about to assume. "I know," said this gentleman, "that Governor Cleveland would be pleased to meet and talk leisurely with as many prominent men as possible who are to be in sympathy with the new administration at its outset. He has felt circumscribed in two ways since his election. One is the necessity that is on him to complete pending State business before he shall resign, and the other is the publicity that is given by the newspapers to every visit he receives from men of National reputation. The interpretations that are made of these visits have been for the most part absurd, but that is something that must be expected where there are so many newspaper reporters. I am aware of the fact that the Governor feels the need of extending his acquaintance between this and his inauguration among men who must necessarily have more or less to do with rendering his administration successful. He is an apt learner, and I am gratified at the progress he has made since he was elected. It would be more than agreeable to him if some of his most earnest supporters among the Independents would come to Albany and visit him after he shall have resigned. I would not be surprised if he should conclude it to be advisable to spend a couple of weeks or so in New York during the prelude to his inauguration, for the purpose of being more accessible to men with whom he would like to exchange views."

The authority for the foregoing is so near semi-official as to render it probable that Mr. Cleveland may spend some time in New York City between now and March 4.

One of our most venerable bank presidents still retains his wit, although he must some time since have passed his three score and ten. Just before election he was discussing the great question of the hour with some friends. Allusion was made to "the scandal," and our financial friend, who, I have neglected to state, was on the Cleveland side of the fence, expressed the opinion in emphatic language that the matter had nothing whatever to do with the candidate's fitness for the office. "Why," said he, "in the whole city of Buffalo I don't know but four men who have not at some time committed like offenses." The curiosity of his hearers was aroused and they wanted to know who the four men were. After binding his friends to strict confidence the pessimist proceeded to say that the four men he had in mind were the four bronze men on the soldiers' monument.

* * *

Civil-service Reform.

CONCERTING MEASURES TO HOLD THE GROUND GAINED AND TO EXTEND IT—ACTION OF VETERAN SOLDIERS.

The Four-years Law Must Go.

The officers of the New-York City Civil-service Reform Association are: George William Curtis, President; Everett P. Wheeler, Chairman of the Executive Committee; Ira Bursley, Treasurer and Chairman of the Finance Committee; E. L. Godkin, Chairman of the Publication Committee; Carl Schurz, Chairman of the Committee on Legislation; William Potts, Secretary. This Association has issued the following circular:

To the Civil-service Reform Associations in the State of New-York:

The Executive Committee of this association has directed this committee to concert with the various associations in the State of New-York such measures as may be necessary to maintain the ground which has hitherto been won by our movement for reform, to perfect the system already established, and to extend it to all points where it may be applicable, as rapidly as that may be done with safety. To accomplish these ends, it is expedient to continue such Associations as have already been organized, and to increase their membership, and to organize other associations wherever that can be effected.

We have now a reformed system in operation in the National service, which covers about 15,000 places, mostly clerical, and a similar system in operation in this State and its several cities, which covers about 14,000 places, also mostly clerical.

We have in addition National and State laws, prohibiting assessments of officeholders for political purposes.

What more do we need?

WHAT MORE IS NEEDED.

Of the Executive positions subject to appointment, but a very small number either in the Nation, in the State, in the city, county, town or village, have anything to do with the *policy of Administration*. Our system will not be completely established until all appointive officers excepting such as have to do with the policy of administration, attain their positions on other than political grounds, and retain them or lose them for other than political reasons. Our principle will not be fully recognized until it is conceded that money honestly earned by an office-holder is his own, and not in the nature of spoils of which a political party may safely demand a share.

We cannot accomplish all that we desire at once, but to really accomplish anything we must be consistent in our demand we must make our claim understood by every intelligent citizen and we must always advance, never retreat.

THE FOUR-YEARS LAW.

The first advance which the National League proposes, is the repeal of the so-called *Four-years Laws*, by which the terms of most of the officers who are appointed by the President by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, are limited to four years, at the end of which time the Executive may supersede such officers however valuable, without incurring the odium which is often excited by arbitrary removals. If an officer is entirely fit for his position the day before the termination of his four years' period, he is still better fitted for it the day after such termination, other things being equal, and the appointment of an untried person in his place under such circumstances is an act of folly.

The next step which the National League proposes is the extension of the operation of the Civil-service rules so as to include the chiefs of divisions in the several departments, the Mint Service, the Postal Mail Service, the Postoffices and Custom-houses employing between 30 and 50 clerks (those employing *so we state* being now covered) and to the employees in the several navy-yards. This can be done under the law upon a simple Executive order.

[illegible] them [illegible] urgent [illegible] wherever it can be secured. In addition to this National work, however, there is much which remains to be done in the interest of each locality. The problem to be solved being the method in which the public executive service can be made most honest and effective and prevented from improperly influencing, or being improperly influenced by political changes, local peculiarities must be considered, and remedies must be adopted suited to local needs. The first necessity is the acquirement of an accurate knowledge of the service as it now exists and the making public of such knowledge and of the personnel of the service. Such knowledge frequently exhibits the fact, not only that the service is inefficient, but that the employees are much too numerous. Such investigations and exposures are properly the work of the local associations.

But their peculiar function above all is that of teachers. The character and needs of the service are still but imperfectly known to many of our citizens, and especially to those who are so constantly occupied that they have very little time to inform themselves accurately upon public questions, who are often used to their own hurt, simply for the want of their knowledge. At this time especially is this a serious matter. Those who make a trade of politics, and use it for their own pecuniary or personal aggrandisement or to attain simply party ends, permitted our movement to advance so far without serious opposition in the belief that it would not be the effective agent it has proved to be, and supposing it to be put a temporary fancy which would have no lasting effect upon their fortunes. They have discovered their mistake, and the result of this discovery appeared during the last session of the Legislature in numerous attempts to destroy the vitality of the law by changes intended to relieve certain classes from its operation. All of these attempts happily failed, but they will undoubtedly be renewed from year to year as long as there is hope of accomplishing their object.

THE SOLDIERS' EXEMPTION LAW.

Especially will the "Soldiers' Amendment" reappear, a project which under the specious color of consideration for the veterans, is the most flagrant effort to stab them in the back and to make it impossible for any honest old soldier who has not sought the favor of politicians to obtain an appointment in the public service. This is an effort practically to nullify the law whose character should be so fully exposed that legislators will not dare to venture to trade upon the supposed credulity of those whom they pretend to serve.

We respectfully suggest that the Associations could serve the cause most efficiently by promptly and fully informing their constituencies upon this point; that the veterans, especially, may understand what this movement means. It seems to us also that the Associations may well interest themselves in preventing the nomination by either party of candidates for Congress or for either branch of the State Legislature, who are not ready to support in good faith, not the letter only, but spirit also of the Civil-service laws. *Now*, is the crucial period. Between this time and the November election probably the most effective work can be done for the cause which can ever be done. Let the members of every Grand Army post, of every association for mutual improvement or support or other purpose, fully understand that this is the cause of pure Government, the cause of every honest citizen, and no body of politicians will dare to trifle with it. This is our work, and now is the time in which it should be done. How it can best be done in its own district, each association knows best. We desire your counsel, and we will give you gladly all the aid which we can furnish. Let us hear what you have to suggest: tell us what you need, and let us know what you succeed in effecting.

WILLIAM POTTS, Chairman,
GEORGE E. CANFIELD,
ALEX. MACKAY-SMITH,
HENRY T. THEW,
GEO. W. VAN SICKEN,
Committee on Civil Service.

Special to THE BUFFALO EXPRESS.

ALBANY, Jan. 31.—A series of important conferences have been held between President-elect Cleveland, Vice-President-elect Hendricks, and Speaker Carlisle. The conference of last evening lasted until some time after midnight. Mr. Hendricks arrived in the city about one o'clock this morning and was driven in a closed carriage to the Kenmore, where rooms had been prepared for him. He did not register his name and every precaution was taken to prevent his presence in the city from being known. This morning Mr. and Mrs. Carlisle paid a social call upon the President-elect and Miss Cleveland. The President-elect and the Speaker had a brief final talk. Mr. and Mrs. Carlisle left this afternoon for New-York. This evening he is in consultation with prominent Democrats in New-York and will return to Washington on Monday morning.

Before his departure Speaker Carlisle said: "I passed a most pleasant evening with Mr. Cleveland. In fact (with a smile), I did not leave until very late. It was the first time I had ever met him and I was favorably impressed with him. He is a man of force, conviction, and of strong common sense. After all, that is the only kind of sense worth having. Of course it would not be proper for me to repeat just what was said last night in the conversation between Mr. Cleveland and myself. We talked generally of matters of party policy, but of course we talked also of men. There are many prominent men in the party whom Mr. Cleveland has just become acquainted with, and there is a large number of others whom he has not met. He asked my opinions of many of them, and I gave them."

Just before noon Mr. Hendricks took a closed sleigh and was driven rapidly to the residence of the President-elect. The conference between the two lasted until after one o'clock, when Mr. Hendricks returned to the Kenmore. Mr. Hendricks originally intended to leave the city at 2.40 this afternoon with Speaker Carlisle, but he postponed his departure until 6 P. M. The presence of Mr. Hendricks in the city for the first time since his election was the subject of conversation among local Democrats, and in spite of Mr. Hendricks's modesty and desire to escape notice it was ageed among a number of the leaders that some demonstration should be made in his honor. The affair, which occurred at the departure of the six-o'clock train, was wholly impromptu.

Mr. Manning Eyes a Portfolio.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 31.—A report comes from Albany, through unusually good channels, to the effect that the Hon. Daniel Manning is to be the next Secretary of the Treasury. It is supported by the statement that Mr. Manning thinks that the Democratic party in New-York State needs careful nursing in order to enable it to win victories in the near future—for example, next fall, when a full State ticket is to be elected. He thinks, it is said, that the men at the head of the Treasury Department should know something about New-York politics.

Associated Press.

Mr. Randall Non-Committal.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 31.—Mr. Randall refuses to say what passed between him and the President-elect during his visit to Albany. He told a member of Congress that Cleveland would have a Cabinet that would be acceptable to all Democrats. He, however, did not know the name of a man who was going in it. There is no indication as yet that Mr. Randall received any instruction from Cleveland regarding the policy to be pursued in Congress by the Democrats.

What Mr. Bayard Would Like.

NEW-YORK, Jan. 31.—The *World's* Washington correspondent has had a talk with Senator Bayard. The correspondent received the impression that Bayard would like to see Cleveland's administration, from a political standpoint, a thoroughly independent one; that he believes in building a new and well-equipped navy; is in favor of correcting the abuses and inconsistencies of the present tariff; and that he has a poor opinion of the charge that Senator Garland is a Federalist.

The Illinois Senatorship.

CHICAGO, Jan. 31.—Mr. Brachtendorf, a Democratic member of the Illinois Legislature, is said to be seriously ill and unable to attend the Assembly. If the report is confirmed it reduces the number of Democrats on a joint ballot by two.

Political Echoes.

DENVER, Col., Jan. 31.—The House of Representatives adopted a resolution providing for an investigation of the charges made by Senator Hill that he was defeated for the position of United States Senator by the free use of corruption money.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 31.—A host of statesmen will wait upon the President-elect when he reaches New-York. Senator Garland's friends are not as confident as they were a short time ago.

People of Washington are advertising to rent their windows on inauguration day at $10 to $50. Single seats are offered at $5.

ALBANY, Jan. 31.—The Governor gave another hearing to-day in the case of Sheriff Davidson of New-York. The record of prisoners placed under the care of the Sheriff will be transmitted to the Governor and the case will be closed next Saturday.

A Spirited Letter.

JUDGE TOURGEE EXPLAINS WHAT HE SAID AT ELMIRA, AND GIVES HIS REASONS FOR SAYING IT—SOUTHERN SUPERIORITY.

A Trip-Hammer for a Butterfly.

EDITOR BUFFALO EXPRESS:—Dear Sir: I find the following in your issue of to-day:

The most startling thing about Albion W. Tourgee's remark that "the rebel soldier, all things considered, was a better man than the Union soldier," is not the proposition itself—absurd as it is—but the fact that it should have come from Tourgee. What could the eloquent carpet-bagger have been thinking of when he admitted that even one good thing could come out of Dixie? Is Saul also among the prophets?

The individual referred to did not say that the Confederate was "*a better man*" than the Federal soldier, but that, "taken man for man, from first to last, he was, all things considered, a more *effective* soldier than his Northern opponent." The statement is not a new one, and ought not to be surprising. The North had 19,000,000 freemen; The South 8,000,000. The North had an established governmental organization; the South had to create one. We had at least the skeleton of an army and a navy; they had neither boat nor battalion. We had the markets of the world open to us; they had to run the blockade for everything they did not produce. We were a mechanical and manufacturing people; they had to conquer from us the very machinery by which the guns were made with which they fought. Our men were lavishly supplied with all the necessaries of life; theirs rarely enjoyed the luxury of a full meal. We were well armed, well-fed, and well-clothed; they were poorly equipped, poorly fed, and almost always in need of clothes. Under these circumstances it took us four years to subdue them. The conclusion seems to me irresistible, and I have never hesitated to express it. In the comparisons I have frequently instituted between the North and the South at that period, I have never shirked its acknowledgment and in an article published some three years ago, entitled "The Better Soldier," I gave my reasons for this belief at some length.

In the remarks I made at Elmira I was endeavoring to impress upon my old comrades that the discouragement of the military spirit and the cynical contempt of patriotic sentiment which is being developed and encouraged among us is a poor sort of preparation for National stability. The Northern soldier was the product of Northern life; the Southern soldier the natural result of Southern civilization. The one furnished good material to *make* soldiers of; the other furnished them ready made. Despite our material and numerical advantages, it required almost two years of conflict to prepare us to win victories. In almost every pitched battle in which our arms were successful the numerical odds were in our favor. The only successful campaign in which numbers predominated strongly against us was that of Grant below Vicksburg, the force with [illegible] from his base of supplies numbering barely one half as many as the combined armies of Johnston and Pemberton which confronted him, both of which he defeated and one of which he destroyed. Though he had 70,000 men in the siege of Vicksburg proper, the disproportion still continued, since the defensive advantages of the situation made every one of the besieged equal to two of the besiegers. Grant's genius and two years of drawn battle and defeats had at length made the Northern soldier the equal of his Southern foe. Instead of one campaign, how many victories does history show in favor of the Confederates against equal or superior numbers? From the first Bull Run to Gettysburg, almost every movement of the Army of the Potomac added another to the list of Confederate successes. I do not see how anyone can contemplate these facts and not admit that "man for man, considering the whole conflict, the Confederate soldier was more effective than he of the North."

It is not at all surprising that it should be so. The real wonder is that with so large an element of the lethargic and disaffected the country was able to continue the struggle until the disadvantages of education and development had been overcome and the Northern soldiery showed the real mettle which enabled them finally to achieve success.

Perhaps what contributed more than anything else to this superior efficiency of the Southern soldier was the substantial unanimity of her people upon the great questions underlying the struggle. There were a few who did not *believe* in the right (or at least in the policy) of secession; but practically none who did not concur with the decision of the majority. The men most prominent in opposition in the winter of 1860–61 made haste to become leaders of the revolution as soon as hostilities were actually inaugurated. A large portion of the intelligence and patriotism of the North exhausted itself in criticism and vituperation. The South stood manfully by its soldiers. No man dared assail the instruments of its will upon the tented field. The North heaped sneers and obloquy on the defenders of the Nation. The press assailed its leaders. Politicians denounced its rank and file as mercenaries. When Lee's army was almost starved before Petersburg for months; when those who staid in the bomb-proofs were obliged to share their clothing with those who went on the skirmish line, though some deserted there was no thought of mutiny and not a newspaper in the Confederacy dared to assail the Government.

The two armies were representatives of the two peoples. The Northern army was unquestionably the more intelligent, the more patriotic, and immeasurably more devoted to principle. The Southern army was the more subordinate and unquestioning. The Northern soldier was accustomed to a profusion that amounted almost to luxury. The majority of the Southern rank and file were accustomed to fare almost as plain as the soldier's ration in the field. The Southern army was from the first officered by natural leaders. The mark upon the officer's collar was only confirmation of accepted and acknowledged rank. The Northern Army was, in the main, officered by political favorites. Command was a matter of bargain and sale at the beginning. Gen. Slocum at the Elmira dinner related how he failed to get the colonelcy of another regiment because he would not promise to let others name his staff.

All these things were elements of that efficiency in which the Southern soldier excelled, especially in the first years of the War.

If your paragrapher had known anything of the facts of which he wrote he would not have intimated any surprise at my frank recognition of the personal qualities and collective efficiency of the Southern people. I have not only admitted these qualities, but from the very first have steadily insisted upon them. In half a dozen volumes I have demonstrated what a blind baby ought to be able to see, that in diplomatic skill, political strategy, and the unity, audacity, and self-reliance which assure success, both in the conflict of arms and of ideas, they are greatly the superiors of the people of the North. They have not only the ability to conquer, but that unhesitating arrogance which makes an opponent ready and willing to yield. Your paragrapher illustrates this in terming me a "carpet-bagger." To the Southern mind this term simply means a Northern man living at the South who presumes to think differently from the dominant white majority. The Southern man uses it simply as an appeal to that Southern sentiment which resents

the interference of one not born on "sacred soil" in the political affairs of the South. To the Northern mind the term is far more offensive than a charge of felony, and it is used by the Northern man with that significance. He would not think of applying the term to my face, for he very well knows what would be my answer. He only uses it to show the South how willing he is to be led by the nose. He has done it until it has become habitual and unconscious, like returning a partner's lead of trumps in whist. The South gave the name to mark its disapproval of the Northern man as a political factor at the South. It was strictly in accordance with the political development and social constitution of the South that it should resent the participation of a man of Northern birth in its political affairs. Almost all of those to whom this term was applied were men of capacity, substance, and enterprise—men whom any Northern community would have gladly welcomed. The South treated them as enemies and felons. As a consequence, some became malefactors.

The North has none of this feeling toward strangers, but if it had, and were to apply such a term of obloquy to the Southern Democrats residing at the North as they have put upon Northern Republicans resident at the South, not a single Southern paper could be found to follow its example. *Three* per cent. of the natives of the North live at the South. *Eight* per cent. of the white natives of the South live at the North. These men were rebels and Ku-klux. Many of them have the stain of innocent blood upon their hands. They are in spirit part and parcel of that "Solid South" which spurns the Constitution and defies the laws of the land. They are appointed to office in our Northern States and flaunt the infamies they have heaped upon our noblest defiantly in our faces. You dare not speak in angry denunciation of such an insult to the spirit which put down rebellion and "proclaimed liberty throughout the land," lest our masters of the South should think you uncharitable and illiberal. You are ready and willing to apply a term known and intended to be more offensive than thief or murderer to every one whom the South has set you the example of denouncing and abusing. I blush to acknowledge this unquestionable evidence of Southern superiority. It accounts in large degree for their success.

So far as I am concerned, though it is an affront that I never fail to resent, when given in my presence, I have come to regard it with a philosophy which makes it sting chiefly because it establishes the subserviency and want of spirit of my own people. Now and then, however, I meet an instance of it which cuts me to the quick. Some of those who read this may remember that one of the few cases of resistance to Confederate authority within the Confederate lines was at Dahlonega, Georgia. One of the leaders of this movement, by a curious coincidence, was my fellow-prisoner in a Confederate dungeon. He was under sentence of death, and I was held as a hostage for one likewise sentenced to die. He escaped, and I never saw him again until a few days ago. He was a gallant fellow, of irreproachable character, now engaged in business in one of our Northern cities. Of course I was glad to see him. We talked over our queer acquaintanceship, and I told him what I had afterwards learned of his life—how he, who dared so much in war, dared not live at home in peace. I desired to introduce him to some friends and tell them his story.

"Don't, don't!" he said, as his face flushed. "I have done my best to hide it for years. My children do not even know it, and I would not have them learn it for a good bit. I believe I would rather be known at the North as *a convicted thief than as a Southern Union man!* Treason in a Southern man is considered honorable and praiseworthy. Unionism has become an ineffaceable disgrace!"

This was his feeling, and I could hardly wonder at it. It is hard to decide which is most deeply cut by this Northern characteristic of deserting and defaming our friends and making humble obeisance to our foes. I suppose there is scarcely a Southern Union man who has not something of my friend's feeling; hardly a Northern-born Republican who has lived two years at the South since the War who does not feel as I do, and perhaps not a single intelligent freedman who does not wish that freedom had come to his race by some other means than as the *dernier ressort* of a people who clamorously demand the payment of all public debts dischargeable in coin, but repudiate with the utmost readiness their obligations to humanity. They must, indeed, look with a [illegible] contempt on that thrifty "Yankee" [illegible]

[illegible] solemn obligation, given in consideration of [illegible] freely shed, with the paper promises of a Constitution whose provisions have become a jest. Any one of these classes ought surely to be held excusable for doubting the inferiority of Northern life in some respects, however admirable and unmatched it may be in others.

Respectfully, ALBION W. TOURGEE.

Mayville, N. Y., July 28th.

DECEMBER 11, 1884.—V

DOWN WITH PUBLIC SCHOOLS

BUT GIVE US MORE COSTLY CONFEDERATE MONUMENTS!

Why the South is "Solid" in Possessing the Most Wretched Educational System on the Face of the Earth—Hatred of the Negro the Underlying Cause.

School Commissioner F. M. Thrasher, of the Sixth Ward, who recently returned from a two months' sojourn in the South, and who made the Southern public school system a special study during his trip, was asked by a POST-EXPRESS reporter this morning for an expression of opinion upon the subject indicated and gave his views as follows:

"No one will deny that our sensitive nerves are touched when an attack is made upon our free school system or its management under the State laws—unless it be for neglect of official duty. We who love and believe in our schools are always ready to stand guard over them with jealous care.

It is a well-known fact, the world over, that where the manufacturing centers are, there will be found the most advanced schools. Especially is this so in the Northern States. Manufacturing industries demand enlightened mechanics. It takes an enlightened mind to develop new methods or devise new inventions. The greatest designers of the age, our greatest architects and builders, are of Northern birth, or of those who received their education in Northern schools.

The records of the Patent Office show that four-fifths of the inventions come from the Northern States. All this is due to the benefit we derive from our free schools, and therefore our people demand that they be kept not only up to the average, but among the best, while we all share equally alike in the taxation. No school commissioner throughout our part of the country can comfortably retain his position, who is opposed to, or even luke-warm towards our schools. They are the bulwark upon which we build in all our agricultural or mechanical pursuits. Hence the prosperity of these populous loyal States.

What is revealed by a comparison with the Southern States?

An impartial observer, who will take the time and trouble to visit the schools of the South, and will report the facts of his investigations, will disclose an astonishing state of affairs. He will tell you that the cause for that state of affairs may be summed up in these words—hatred of the colored race.

The great amount of illiteracy prevailing there is due not so much to the alleged poverty of the South, but to the fact that the South will not be taxed for the education of the negro.

The State authorities appropriate money in many instances upon the returns of the enrolled number of pupils in each parish. The large centers get the most money, and it is used proportionately among the whites, but little goes to the colored schools. The smaller enrollment of the colored children brings in a lesser revenue from the State. Money that is appropriated by the local authorities is expended the same way—that is, it goes to repair or build what houses are actually needed for the whites. Even with this aid, funds run short, and the schools are closed from two to six months in the year.

Of course the colored children are not admitted to the same schools with the whites, but are sent to buildings ill adapted, poorly ventilated, and scantily furnished with the necessary school supplies.

No provision is ever made by the local authorities to furnish books to indigent pupils, white or colored, and it is a common thing to see a book passed around from two to a half dozen scholars, and much of the work must be transferred to the blackboards for the benefit of those without books. The whites in the cities, as a general thing, can overcome these difficulties, as most of them are able to provide for themselves; but to ask the colored people to do it puts up an insurmountable barrier to their admission to the schools, and to their getting even a poor education.

In many cities no taxes are levied for school purposes—under the plea of poverty. This is overcome by sending children to school with a tuition fee of ten cents a week, or, in some places, twenty-five cents per month, that being equivalent to the regular school tax. But the colored population are too poor to do this and the result is, that no schools are opened for them.

There are many parishes that have no schools at all. The whites live so far apart and are so few that schools cannot be maintained. The parents are generally as illiterate as their children, and thus all remain in their ignorant and unhappy condition. These people get no aid from the State, for they have no enrollment of school children.

The city of New Orleans affords perhaps a fair illustration of what the free school system is in the great centers of the Solid South. The information I give is what I get from actual visits to the schools and from conversations with the teachers and school authorities, and I challenge a contradiction of my statements by any person who has visited them of late, or by those who may do so during the Cotton Exposition this winter.

Franklin school, one of the most popular in the city, is situated on St. Charles street, near the City Hall, and in the heart of a wealthy and populous district. It is an old wooden structure, scarcely worthy of the name of school. Mrs. —— presides over the school, and is a teacher of many years' standing. She complains of an almost utter disregard of the wants of the school by the Board of Education. Maps, globes, charts, all books of reference and things most essential to the ordinary school room, are conspicuously absent. This is so apparent that it is particularly noticeable in the teacher's work, and the age of the scholars, for they are from one to three years later in graduating from the first grade work, than are the children of the North.

Not only do the teachers work under this disadvantage, but their salary is much less than what is paid North, being from $35 per month for assistants to $60 for female principals, and all salaries are in arrears since last May! Of course, but few teachers can live all these months without money, and therefore they are forced to go to the brokers and sell their checks for 80 cents on the dollar, the broker taking the chances of getting his pay from the city.

One teacher told me that in stormy weather she had two street car fares to pay each day. Having no money, she was obliged to go to the directors of the street car company with a written guarantee that her situation would be secure for the balance of this year, and next year, so as to make the company more sure of getting final payment, before tickets were given her; and then they were furnished only at the rate of two per cent. interest per month. Teachers are very glad to get tickets even at this rate.

How Southern teachers are expected to turn out as good scholars as ours of the North do, while laboring under such disadvantages, is something that cannot be satisfactorily explained to me.

The neglect of the schools by the South is on the plea of poverty. This is the hole in public opinion they slip through. We of the North are led to believe that all the schools suffer alike, but it is not the case, as facts will show.

First, there is not half enough schools accommodation for the blacks, and what there is, is situated so far apart that it is impossible for the children to get to school. The teachers detailed to them generally live in the extreme ends of the city. No records or registry is furnished, but teachers must provide a way of keeping a record for the benefit of the School Board. Two-thirds of the pupils come to school without books. They have to borrow from one another or go without. Teachers in most cases must furnish writing paper for their classes, or none is used. Blackboards are simply painted walls, worn away so as to be nearly worthless. Not half enough seats are furnished, and what they have no other city on earth outside the South would use. No maps, globes, charts, or anything of that description, purchased by public funds, ever saw the inside of a colored school house in all the solid South.

It will not seem so strange to our people of the North that the colored schools [illegible]

[illegible] lack of proper laws to enforce it. A band of music on the street at noon hour will break up the school for the rest of the day, and if the teacher undertakes to punish she not only loses her scholars but perhaps her situation. The authorities will give the teacher no assistance more than what they think the situation actually cannot get along without.

After carefully going over the whole ground of colored schools I have come to the conclusion that what life they do have is simply from the natural desire of the pupils to get an education and not because their so-called white friends of the South desire to have them educated or are willing to assist them.

The poverty plea is a fraud. It is simply to blind the eyes of the people of the North, and induce us to send aid through the general government.

Why, the city of New Orleans has expended money enough on Confederate monuments to build up all the school houses she is in need of, furnish them with the latest modern improvements, and place them on a footing with the best in the land.

Visitors to the cotton exposition will notice a grand monument and statue of the Rebel General, Lee. It is a beauty, and the Southern people rejoice in it. The site and monument cost not less than $50,000—perhaps more. Then at the cemeteries there are three others of elegant design and workmanship, also costing many thousand dollars more than the South can afford—in her poverty—while there is a mound and tomb of still another Rebel, General Albert Sidney Jonston, costing enough to build and endow a modern school for ten years to come.

There is not a city in the South to-day whose Confederate monuments are not more conspicuous than her free schools.

The city of Macon, Ga., has no free schools. There is one built and endowed by a philanthropist—not for colored children, however,—and there are several of what they call paid schools. But Macon has a grand confederate monument standing in front of the United States Post-office, and another in her cemetery. These people can find ways to impress the bravery and heroism of their disloyal sons upon their children, and teach them that the flag now waving over the land, is not the flag the confederate on the statue holds in his hand, nor the flag they pay homage to; but so long as the South is left to herself she will never, never educate the negro. All the promises of the Southern Senators to the contrary are worthless.

People who burn down school-houses and drive out the teachers under one administration will do it under another. There is no remedy, unless the government steps in and takes entire charge.

STEEL AND ITS USES.

Magical Change Wrought in Mild Steel When Pushed Through a Die—Siege Guns of Howitzer Size.

From the New-York Sun.

Following the recent developments in the use of dynamite shells in common field cannon charged with powder, is a new departure in the manufacture of cannon. It comes from the apparently endless variety of uses made of mild or Bessemer-process steel, and is probably the most astonishing application yet made of that metal.

In 1880, about the time mild steel came largely into the market, the president of a company manufacturing seamless brass and copper pipe concluded to try mild steel as a substitute in certain directions for the more expensive brass, copper, and other metals used in his establishment. The process of manufacture was simple. A plate of metal was placed over a die and a mandrel forced the plate into it—just as a lady might place a piece of tissue paper over her thimble and then force it in with her finger. The mandrel would force the metal into a shape like a deep bowl, with sides of uniform thickness. By repeating this process with other dies and mandrels, hydraulic presses being used to shove the mandrel through the die, the plate of steel eventually became a steel tube of uniform thickness and perfect bore and circumference. The steel was found to work as easily as the brass or copper, and no change of tools was necessary.

As steel was cheaper than copper, the advantage of substituting drawn steel seamless tubes for brass or copper ones was manifest. But the saving in price was altogether the smallest gain. To the astonishment of those engaged in the experiment, the steel was found to have radically changed its character in the process. It went [illegible] it came out, although drawn cold, a beautifully tempered spring. If a tube was compressed it would instantly resume its shape when the pressure was removed. If struck with a hammer it rang like a bell, while tests of the increased strength of the metal showed a change that was wonderful. To fully test its strength a boiler of the size and style used beside every range in New-York flats was made from the steel by this process. The metal of the boiler was drawn out to a thickness of about one thirtieth of an inch, and it then stood a pressure of 600 pounds to the square inch, giving way when that limit was passed.

After this and other tests the experimenters began to wonder why a gun barrel could not be made of steel by this process that would be superior to any other. They first made a tube of six inches bore and half an inch thickness of metal. This was drawn cold. Then another was made of the same thickness of metal, and of a bore that would permit it to be shoved over the first one by the hydraulic press when it was warmed, the first remaining cold. A third was then drawn over the two, and thus was completed a cannon. It was found that it would stand a water pressure of 75,000 pounds to the square inch. This cannon has been sent to Sandy Hook, and the officers of the artillery corps will try to burst it by the usual tests applied to new cannon. They have before them the astonishing spectacle of a gun that will throw a solid shot weighing 100 pounds, although the metal is only one inch and a half thick around the powder. To people accustomed to seeing the common cannon enormously thick at the breach, it will seem incredible that an inch and a half of this metal will serve the purpose better.

It is well known that one cause of the high price of illuminating gas to the consumer is the great quantity lost by leakage through the cast-iron pipes used. In Pittsburg it was found that this leakage of the natural gas was so great that serious and fatal explosions occurred. Every foot of the cast-iron mains there has in consequence been ordered out. The great size of the bore needed prevented the use of lap welded wrought-iron pipe, and the seamless pipe of paper thickness will be used, its great density being proof against any leakage of gas or liquid under any pressure. The tendency to corrode even under ground is very small, but this objection to steel will be wholly obviated by coatings either of tin or aluminium bronze within and without. The steel pipe is not only better but cheaper.

Milk cans are being made of the new steel tubing. The bottom is an eighth of an inch thick, and the sides about one fourth of an inch. The banging of the most vigorous Yankee cheese-maker or of the most reckless brakeman on a milk train cannot dent them or seriously injure them.

The experimenters have also turned their attention to clock springs, and they have found that the new process not only makes a cheaper but a superior quality of spring. Just what change the metal undergoes in this process of drawing has not been determined. That it becomes fibrous is plain. Iron drawn out into wire becomes fibrous also, but it does not become a tempered spring.

GRANT'S REDEEMER.

Story of a Romance in the General's Life with a Strong Local Interest.

SECRET OF AN APPOINTMENT

The Young Lieutenant Who was Cashiered and Saved by Women's Prayers—A Turning Point.

"I'LL NEVER FORGET A WHISTLER."

Gen. Grant's impending death has set to work the biographers of half the world, and [illegible] with reminiscences of the [illegible] not the [illegible] has lived since Napoleon. The General had little to do with Buffalo in his active life, yet it is probable that few if any persons living outside this city know the most remarkable romance of his strangely eventful career. An accident brought into the knowledge of those now familiar with the facts the story of a crisis in the great soldier's life, and the exigencies of politics gave the romance a strong local interest—for on it turned a change in the Collectorship of Internal Revenue which was so remarkable in its political bearings and so unexpected in its nature as to stun the wisest of local magnates and dumfound those who thought they were all-powerful with the administration. The events bearing on Buffalo occurred in February, 1870, when, to the surprise of everybody, Geo. R. Kibbe, a Liberal, was appointed to succeed Gen. Adrian R. Root as Collector of Internal Revenue for this district. Gen. Root was "solid" with the administration. He was backed by Senator Conkling and the straight Republican influence generally. The two Jims—James D. Warren and James N. Matthews—then partners on the *Commercial*, favored him, and Joseph N. Larned, who was editor of the then feeble *Express*, though himself a trenchant and powerful writer, was his only editorial opponent. Gen. Root was making a strong and hopeful fight for retention, backed by A. M. Clapp and supported by so close a friend of Gen. Grant as Gen. Rufus Ingalls, who was a personal friend of Gen. Root. It would have been easy to get bets of 100 to 1 against Kibbe getting the place. His friends made pilgrimages to Washington and met with a barely civil reception by the President and were flatly snubbed by Senator Conkling. In this situation Kibbe was suddenly appointed, and Senator Conkling, on expostulating with Gen. Grant on the appointment, was told plumply, "Mr. Conkling, this *must* be done!" with a strong emphasis that quite unsettled the haughty Senator's pride. A letter from a lady caused the sudden change, and its reception and the attendant circumstances showed a trait in Gen. Grant's character which even his enemies have allowed, and which ennobled many of his public acts which were sharply criticised on other grounds—he never forgot a benefit.

A REBEL.

In the winter of 1869-70, while the collectorship matter was pending and Kibbe's chances were at the lowest ebb, a lady arrived in Buffalo from the East and was taken seriously ill at the Mansion House. A prominent physician, who was called, found her suffering from a harassing and to her alarming complication of neuralgia and other troubles. The heart was affected by sympathy and the sufferer naturally feared the worst. Skillful treatment and careful nursing restored her to health, and her gratitude was unbounded. To the friend who had, in her view, brought her from death to life she told much of her history. She was the widow of a rebel and herself a rebel. Her husband had lately died in St. Catharines. He was a brother of ex-Gov. Helm of Kentucky, and had been Consul at Havana under President Buchanan. When he was superseded by an appointee of President Lincoln he did not return to the United States, but like many other rebel sympathizers went around into Canada and remained there. He had learned a good deal about the tobacco trade in Havana and started in that business at St. Catharines and Toronto and made money. His wife was a Northern woman—the daughter of Col. Whistler of the Fourth United States Infantry, but her sympathies, like those of the ex-Consul, were with the South, and always remained so. When he died, some Consular matters in Washington had to be adjusted. The widow, a clever woman of 48 years, went South to see about them. It was on her return that she was taken ill at Buffalo. While in Washington an incident occurred whose narration greatly interested her Buffalo friend. Passing along Pennsylvania avenue Mrs. Helm came face to face with the President of the United States. She was a rebel still, as she told the story, and the instinctive section-hatred controlled her for a moment, but the General was an old friend and she was pleased with his start of recognition. The taciturn Grant took both her hands in his when salutes had been exchanged, and exclaimed: "Well, Mary Whistler, it's good to see you."

"Mary Whistler no more," was her reply, and the widow told briefly the events of the years that had intervened since General Grant was a lieutenant in her father's regiment at Fort Wayne. The General listened with interest, and urged Mrs. Helm to become a guest of his family at the White House during her stay in Washington. This she promptly declined, saying:

"Gen. Grant, I'm a rebel still. I'm here on business and I'll never set foot in the White House except on business."

Urging was in vain. The General at parting again took both her hands in his and said earnestly: "Well, if you won't be my guest, let me be always your friend. Command me when I can do you any service, and remember this—I'll never forget a Whistler."

A FAVOR PASSED ALONG.

The grateful lady was at a loss how to repay the kindness that had been shown to her during her illness in Buffalo, and urgently sought to confer a gift of some kind in recognition of it. This was as strenuously refused, but when she came to this point in her story an idea struck her listener and he said: "Well, madam, if you will do me a favor, though I will not admit there is any due, you can greatly help me now." The favor he asked was the writing of a letter to the President urging Kibbe's appointment. He readily instructed the grateful lady in the plan he had. The Kibbe family had been wealthy and had been reduced. They had lived years before in the Winne mansion—later the Misit Clothing House—on the corner of Washington and Eagle streets. There George R. Kibbe was born—at a time when the Winne mansion was one of the few elegant private residences in Buffalo. The father of Mr. Kibbe had some $200,000 or $300,000 of the old French spoliation claims. The failure of Congress for half a century to pay them made the claims worthless. The character of the men advocating the appointment was shown, and the result was the writing of a letter to General Grant which brought about the appointment.

THE OBLIGATION.

The debt Gen. Grant owed the Whistler family was known to few outside, but the General never failed to recognize it at any cost. It was incurred about 1844 or 1845, when Grant was a lieutenant in the Fourth Infantry under Col. Whistler. The command was stationed at Fort Wayne, three miles below Detroit, as Detroit was then. The Colonel had a noble wife and three young daughters about Grant's age. They lived on Fort street, in the then limits of Detroit, and at the top of a long slope in the road up which Lieut. Grant used to come to the town about 11 in the morning when off duty, driving a little racking pony, returning at 3 in the afternoon. Army officers drank a good deal more then than now, especially on frontier posts, and young Grant was warned by the kind-hearted Colonel from time to time, but drank a great deal and was frequently badly out of sorts when he tore down the hill like a tempest behind his little pony in the afternoon. The girls thought him a dashing young fellow, as he was, and readily found excuses for his fault. One night Col. Whistler came home very gloomy and reserved. His daughters failed to banter him out of his mood. His wife anxiously inquired his trouble, but it was a long time before he would speak of it. Finally he said: "Mother, (his wife) I have a duty to perform which is very hard to do. I have a paper in my pocket to sign dismissing Lieut. Grant from the service for drunkenness." Mother and daughters at once began to plead for the young officer. The girls praised his riding and his gallant bearing, and thought it was too bad to disgrace such a fine young fellow. The Colonel was touched by their pleas, but would do his duty. At last the mother struck a tender spot. "Father," she said, "we have two boys growing up. One or both of them may go to West Point. Perhaps one of them might fall into bad habits. Wouldn't you plead for your son?" This was too much, and the Colonel, with tears in his eyes, said: "And if I spare him will you invite him to your house and do what you can to save him?"

"We will," was the quick reply.

"Then I will revoke the order of the court-martial. But remember, the responsibility is on you. Do what you can with him."

Lieut. Grant knew he had been cashiered. He knew the verdict had been set aside. He did not know by whom, then, and it was long after that he found how he had been saved from disgrace. He changed his habits and the shock of being so near ruin changed the current of his life for years. The Whistlers, mother and daughters, were true to their word. They made the young lieutenant a welcome guest at their home. Little parties were gotten up to entertain him, and there is a tradition that it was there he first met Julia Dent, who was afterward his wife. The debt to the kind girls who had saved him from dishonor to become the first soldier and the first civil chieftain of his day was never forgotten.

IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

The Buffalonian who took Mrs. Helm's letter to Washington had several others with it from Buffalo men. When he was shown into the White House he handed his documents to Major Dent, the General's brother-in-law and secretary. The senior Dent sat by an open fire place, dozing and dreaming, paying little attention to anything that was going on. The black-bordered envelope was the first opened, and the Major said, with an exclamation of surprise: "Rather, here's a letter from Mary Whistler!"

The old man was all attention in an instant. "From Mary Whistler? Where is she? What does she say?"

"She has been very ill at Buffalo," said the Major, "and she introduces Mr. ——, who has been very kind to her."

It was not long before the letter was in the President's hands, in the adjoining room. The visitor was accorded a very different reception from his previous one. The General asked a question or two and then said to his secretary: "Send Verplanck here." Verplanck was his appointment clerk. The visitor was dismissed with courteous assurances of the President's good will and a promise that the appointment should be made.

The appointment was made. Senator Conkling was wild when he heard what had been done, but it was of no use. The President kept his word to Mary Whistler and gave her the only favor she ever asked of him. The haughty Senator from New York, to whom all matters of patronage in the State were referred ordinarily, knew that all the politics of the case was against the appointment. In vain he protested. "It will ruin our party in Western New York, Mr. President. It will ruin us," he said. Gen. Grant gave no explanation further than to say: "It's a personal matter, Mr. Conkling; it's a personal matter. Conkling probably never dreamed of the romantic obligation which impelled President Grant to make one of the most remarkable appointments of his administration, without consulting him and in defiance of his wishes. The opposition so overcome is a good measure of the real generosity of the dying hero, who allowed no consideration to weigh against the claims of gratitude and friendship.

"Our government is founded upon the true principles of democracy, if self government is a possibility to any great nation, then it is of the utmost importance that every individual constituting the governing power in such nation should be, not only honest, patriotic, and courageous, but that he should have knowledge to inform his honesty, knowledge to sustain his patriotism, knowledge to direct his courage. The ignorant man is as the breath of life to the nostrils of the demagogue. He is the material which the ambitious and unscrupulous leader uses to promote his own unrighteous ends. While intelligence may, in some cases, lead to the abuse of power, ignorance renders almost certain its misuse. The voter who drops into the box a ballot which he cannot read, is like a blind man wielding a sword: he may slay his enemy, but is quite as likely to destroy his friend."—*From A. W. Tourgee's Appeal to Cæsar.*

New York *Mail and Express:* Several years ago General Grant uttered these earnest words about the Bible: "Hold fast to the Bible as the sheet-anchor of our liberties; write its precepts on our hearts and practice them in your lives. To the influence of this book we are indebted for the progress made in true civilization, and to this we look as our guide in the future."

Every one who has not done so should read Judge Tourgee's latest work, "An Appeal to Caesar" in which he sets forth the necessity of energetic measures to educate the illiterates of the south, both white and colored. It would seem that his demands, that a portion of the surplus revenue be devoted to this purpose, was only advising the government to adopt a ready means of self preservation. A despotism is built upon ignorance, but the very life of a republic depends on the education of the masses who are its rulers. While Massachusetts expends an average of $15.82 on the edcation of every child, Alabama only spends one dollar per capita. Thus while the rate of illiteracy in Massachusetts, even with her foreign pauper emigration, is only six and one-half per cent., in Alabama, less than one-half the voters can read the ballot they cast, and one third of these illiterate voters are white men. South Carolina is even worse than Alabama, fifty-five per cent. of her total population being unable to read or write, and several of the southern states are scarcely better off in this respect. In all the northern state the average illiteracy is only five and three tenths per cent, while the average in all the southern states is thirty-six and five-tenths, out of every hundred inhabitants over ten years of age, the same basis being used north and south.

A study of the census of 1880, reveals some curious facts, one of which is that there are nearly two hundred thousand more natives of the southern States residing at the North, than there are natives of the north living in the south, yet no southern man has had the word "carpet bagger" applied to him. On the contrary they have been received with just the same welcome that has been extended to northern emigrants and those from foreign countries. By the way those terrible "carpet baggers" constitute less than one per cent of the population of the southern states.

Boston *Herald:* It was painful fast day, when Grant's life was hanging by a thread, to see what the fire alarm from Box No. 52 caused. Rough, plain men, pretty much such men as Grant himself was not so many years ago, started out of shops and basements and engine-rooms. "Is Grant dead?" was their question. No. It was only a fire alarm. Let it burn. What cared they. If Grant could have known how many men were waiting, some with tears in their eyes, to see whether the bells were tolling for him, the abuse under which he suffered for so many years would all have been forgotten.

HONORED VETERANS.

Important Reunion of Old Soldiers in This City.

RECALLING OLD TIMES.

Meeting of the Twenty-Seventh New York and First Veteran Cavalry—Noted Men Present—Business and Pleasure United.

To-day the surviving remnants of two regiments whose history is an indelible part of the history of the war of the rebellion, have been meeting each other in Elmira, grasping again the hands that once gripped the musket and saber, recalling reminiscences of those times, nearly a quarter of a century ago, when the land was in arms and the blue coat of the soldier was almost as common as the civilian dress to-day. These reunions are peculiarly affecting, not only to the old soldier himself, but to the thoughtful citizen and particularly to the younger generation. Behind are the memories of years of battle and bloodshed, memories that bind men's hearts together closer than all others. Before is the knowledge that in a few more years—alas! how few—earth will know no more of these regimental reunions. Already the manly form that once marched into the storm of shot and shell is bending beneath the weight of years. Already the locks turn gray, the hand trembles, the eye is dim; but the same old patriotic fervor is there, and in the child of the veteran glows the same patriotism that led the sire to don the army blue. It is difficult for the younger generation to realize the scenes that were transpiring twenty-four years ago to-day. There are thousands in Elmira who have never seen a regular soldier, and more still who have never gazed upon a company girded for war. They were too young at the time to realize the nature of the gigantic struggle, or have since come into the world when only the sunlight of peace has blessed the land. To them these reunions are peculiarly interesting the old soldiers are objects of reverence, their stories almost like fairy tales, the history of those times almost incomprehensible. But to the old soldier, all comes back with the force and vividness of stern reality. They live again, for a season, in camp, in battle or on the march. They bear the proofs of their toil and dangers in the shape of empty sleeves and glorious scars. How different is the scene to-day from that in which these same men were participating just twenty-four years ago. It was a beautiful Sunday morning when McDowell in response to public clamor pushed his raw regiments southward to the battlefield of Bull Run. The sun—the same sun that shines upon us now, rose clear and bright—just as it rose to-day. It scattered the morning mists just as it dissipated the Chemung fogs this morning, but e'er the close of night, mist and vapor had given place to smoke of battle that even Sol's July rays could not pierce.

It was still to be a three months campaign. Partisans had forgotten that the rebels were still Americans and seemed to think that all men south of Mason's and Dixon's line, by some strange enchantment, had been turned to cowards. Junketing Congressmen went down to see the "fun." There were few who realized what the day was likely to bring forth. The dream was sweet but the awakening was terrible. The day opened auspiciously. McDowell's advance was successful. The enemy were pushed back, the Union troops pressed on with the zeal that victory inspires. But the summer heat and lack of water did what rebel bullets had failed to do. Re-enforcements for the rebel army arrived in time to turn the scale of battle. Many a brave fellow who went out with the 27th fell to rise no more. Its colonel H. W. Slocum who has lived to write his name indelibly upon the page of his country's history went down, the subsequent event is known to all. Such were the scenes transpiring twenty-four years ago to-day and these men who meet to-day in Elmira were among the participants.

The lessons were hard to learn but proved valuable. The battle showed that loud-mouthed politicians were not generals, nor public clamor a guide for the army to follow. It showed that the Confederates, though rebels, still possessed the courage of Americans. The folly of yielding to public clamor was proved, but the lesson, even then, was not thoroughly learned. What the army and the 27th could do was afterward clearly shown and he has a right to be a proud soldier who can say he belonged to a regiment that writes the Seven Day's Battles, Gaines' Mills, South Mountain and Antietam upon its banners.

The First Veteran Cavalry also has a proud record. It was composed almost entirely of men who had served one term in the army and not content with that had re-enlisted. It performed good work in the Shenandoah and elsewhere.

All day yesterday survivors of the two regiments were arriving in Elmira. Among the most distinguished was Major-General H. W. Slocum, who, accompanied by his son, arrived on Erie, No. 1. The gentleman had already engaged rooms at the Rathbun, and after supper was served an informal reception was tendered to the general at the G. A. R. rooms. Speeches were made by General Slocum, Lieutenant-Colonel Wells, Major H. H. Rockwell, Judge Dexter, Colonel Caldwell, General A. S. Diven and others. Refreshments were supplied and the time thoroughly enjoyed. The regular reunion observances began this morning.

TWENTY-SEVENTH REGIMENT.

The following of the 27th Regiment answered roll call: W. C. Austin, Binghamton; Andrew Allord, Binghamton; H. L. Achilles, Rochester; S. F. Black, Binghamton; E. E. Bond, North Bloomfield; James C. Bourne, Grundy, Ia.; James L. Bogart, Belden, N. Y.; Morris Blair, Castle Creek, N. Y.; G. A. Bishop, Binghamton; David Brown, W. D. Bolls, Silver Lake, Pa.; Lewis Chichester, Great Bend, Pa.; E. M. Cafferty, Binghamton; L. B. Cook, Little Genesse; I. W. Cornell, Columbia X Roads, Pa.; Nicholas Crusman; New York; Rollin Dartt, Lima; C. J. Durfee, Binghamton; R. Dennison, Morilla, N. Y.; John Dun; Waverly; John C. Fairchild, Mamaroneck, N. Y.; G. W. Fanning, Obi, N. Y.; William H. French, Susquehanna; Jonathan French, Binghamton; Aaron A. Gage, Vestal; Frank Gardner, Elmira; F. L. Gleason, Conklin, N. Y.; Samuel H. Harmon, Hornellsville, N. Y.; J. B. Howe, Nelson, Pa.; A. H. Hunt, Honeoye Falls; S. C. Hill, Clifton Springs; Thos. Hilliard, Lyons; H. Henry, Albion, N. Y.; Wm. Jay, Binghamton; Walter Kemp, Mount Morris; C. F. King, Covington, Pa.; Thos. Kelley, Waverly; James Lovelace, Lanesboro, Pa.; H. G. Mix, Proctor, Pa.; B. W. Morse, Elmira; Charles Mapes, Angelica; J. D. McVicker, Clyde, N. Y.; Edward Parker, Mt. Morris; W. B. Robertson, Elmira; J. L. Ross, Binghamton; Geo. H. Robertson, LeRoy; J. W. Rulapaugh, Elmira; W. H. Stuart, Norwich; W. P. Sampson, Binghamton; G. A. String, Covington, Pa.; Wm. Seiver, Angelica; Major General Henry W. Slocum, Brooklyn; S. Topping, Oswego; Albion W. Tourgee, Maysville, N. Y.; Chas. A. VanHorn, Unadilla; Chas. F. Wells, Warsaw; George G. Wanzer, Rochester; E. M. Watson, Lukes Places, N. Y.; W. B. Westervelt, Middle Hope; J. M. Watson, Binghamton; A. G. Hunt, Chas. L. Baker, Rochester.

FIRST VETERAN CAVALRY.

The following members of the first veteran cavalry answered roll call: O. W. Allison, Elmira; Lewis Boughton, Elmira, Benjamin F. Boyant, Odessa; W. J. Carver, Binghamton; Daniel Chase, Gilletts, Pa.; Philip Christman, Osborn Hollow; J. S. Carver, Binghamton; S. M. Dibble, Erin; Thompson Dumfee, Elmira; Joseph L. Darling, William Ellis, Elmira; John C. Freeman Madison, Wis; M. H. Fredenburg Hicks, N. Y.; C. B. Fairchild, New York; E. R. Goodell, Brockport; J. M. Guion, Seneca Falls; Chas. D. Giles, Elmira; Thos. Gillick, Binghamton; L. Goodenough. Rileyville, N. Y.; William Heller, Swartwood, Charles L. Hamlin, Great Bend; J. H. Hitcox, Lawrenceville, Pa.; E. W. Hawley, Erin; J. D. Humphrey, Elmira; Calvin Hull, Phelps, N. Y.; Charles Hill, Rochester; O. A. Kilmer, Binghamton; E. D. Lane, Harpersville; Joseph McMillan, Sullivanville, N. Y.; Albert McMillan, Erin; James Minn, Hornellsville; S. W. Patterson, Blossburg; Darius Parker, Montrose; Eugene Root, Elmira; W. H. Sliter, Waverly; Edward Tarbell, Lisle, N. Y.; Jacob Upde Graff, Elmira; H. P. Van Barriger, Union; John A. Van Wirt. South Creek; G. W. Vanderwoort, Sayre; Seth A. Wells, Binghamton; C. A. Wells, New York; E. S. Watson, Binghamton; James A. Wilkey, Theodore Van Warner, Elmira.

A business meeting was held in the armory of the 26th separate company. The assembly was called to order at 10:45 a. m. by Lieutenant Colonel Wells, president of the association. The Rev. Mr. Henry offered a prayer of thanksgiving that the nation did not lack men to come to its assistance in the hour of need, and that so many were left to assemble on this occasion. Mayor Flood then delivered an address of welcome. The Mayor spoke substantially as follows:

Mr. President and Members of this Regimental Association—The pleasant duty has

been assigned to me to extend in behalf of Elmira a hearty welcome to you. Elmira was among the first to respond to the call and the city has reason to be proud of those who went to the front. You have honored us by coming here to hold this reunion. Believe me that I express the feeling of this city when I extend its hospitality to you. I trust you will find it a pleasant place in which to recall the old companionships and to repeat the story of how you fought the battle and won the victory.

Lieutenant-Colonel Wells responded substantially as follows:

From these old soldiers comes a response of earnest thankfulness for this reception. They came here expecting nothing else than you would welcome them with open arms. They came not as strangers. This was our first rallying point. Here we received our first instructions. Here we first tasted bean soup and investigated the mysteries of salt horse. We came to show what some of the boys who about this time twenty-four years ago were making tracks for Washington can do in the way of hearty eating. Many of us followed the flag from that disastrous battle until it waved in glory on the field of Appomattox. And now permit me in the name of this association to thank you for this welcome. We feel we are among friends. We shall remember with heart felt gratitude our reception by the city of Elmira."

Captain C. B. Fairchild then arose and addressed the chair as follows:

Mr. President. Before we enter upon the regular business of the Association I want to offer the following resolution: That the President be instructed to send the following message of sympathy to General Grant.

ELMIRA, N. Y. July 21, 1885.

The members of the Survivors association of the 27th Regiment, N. Y. Volunteers, and First N. Y. Veteran Cavalry at their annual re-union to Gen. Grant at Mt. McGregor, greeting:

We come to you in your far-off mountain home with our heartfelt sympathy. Gladly would we come to your aid as of old if shot and shell would dislodge the ememy so strongly entrenched in your throat, but we can only pray that you may triumphantly pass through your present conflict, leaning on Him who explained every human pain and that in holy confidence you may be disposed to receive the orders of the Supreme Commander either for life or death.

The resolution was passed unanimously and ordered transmitted to Gen. Grant.

The minutes of the last meeting held at Binghamton were read, after which a committee from each regiment was appointed to determine the time and place for holding the next reunion. Rochester and Lyons both had advocates, but Rochester was finally selected and July 21, 1886, fixed upon as the date. The assembly had all this time been impatiently waiting to hear from their old commander, Major General H. W. Slocum, and their impatience burst into enthusiastic applause and three ringing cheers when the old soldier was introduced. His remarks were loudly applauded both during their continuance and at its close. He said in substance:

Fellow Soldiers—There was a time when I was boss, but I can't be to-day. If I were I would prohibit long speeches. Some of us have come 500, 600 and 700 miles to this re-union and we did not come to hear long speeches. We came to chat with each other, shake hands and inquire where Tom, Dick and Harry are and how they are getting along. Speech making is about the cheapest thing we have in this country. I attended a re-union of a regiment the other day from which you will all like to hear—the old Fifth Maine (applause). We have its old commander, Gen. N. J. Jackson here with us to-day. You know what kind of a regiment it was before he took command—a worthless mob, afterward one of the best in the service—fit to be associated with the 27th and that is saying a good deal. My memories of Elmira are vivid but I don't think I could find the old camp ground. I remember the nature of the field that it was stony, the lay of the land but I don't know the location. I recollect about the meat and butter. How you rebelled against it and I see one here who led your discontent, who made speeches expressing his disgust, Judge A. W. Tourgee, you must hear from him. (Applause.) Now gentlemen I am going to act on my advice and make a short speech. I congratulate you that so many are able to come back. We shall never have an opportunity of meeting so many again. I feel grateful to you. You say I gave you a start—you gave me a start in life. I had the material to make a regiment out of and what that regiment did started me on an upward course. My heart is as warm toward you as the day I left (applause) I am happy to meet you again and hope you feel the same way.

Judge Albion W. Tourgee, the distinguished author, whose works are in every household and who was wounded at the first Bull Run battle, was next introduced. His humorous remarks were intensely appreciated and loudly applauded. He said in substance:

MR. CHAIRMAN—I have been so long away from this regiment that I feel as one of its earlier children. My little misfortune at Bull Run took me early out of your ranks. It was my misfortune to be at one time under the command of General Slocum and since I have learned how I was defamed last night by the General I feel that the misfortune that took me out of his command was merely a change of evils. He charges me with making mutinous speeches while in Elmira about the butter we spread upon our bread. I remember no butter. My recollection of the fare of Elmira was never encouraging and I never found any harder fare anywhere. But I'll tell you to what the General refers. We found necessary to imprison the beef to keep it from walking off. One day we conceived the idea of holding a funeral over it. We nailed a huge piece, strongly, very strongly in a box and to the tune of the Rogue's March proceeded to inter it with the honors of war. I may be—I won't say, but it may be that I preached the funeral sermon. In the meantime Col. Slocum who had been enjoying the delights of Elmira returned. He was'nt so amiable then as he is now. His eyes were unpleasantly vivid and his mustache bristled painfully. Some very strong language was indulged in and afterward a very nice fellow—one of those genteel fellows with a gun—came to me. He was very polite and stated that the Colonel wanted to see me at his quarters. I didn't want to be rude so I went. The Colonel was smoking, not very quietly, and was talking to himself quite emphatically. He asked me if I had anything to do with "that operation." I did not know exactly to what he referred, but finally admitted that I might have been there. Then he asked me if I did not know that my conduct was defiance of authority, and that upon me rested the fate of the country. I had never looked upon it in that light and remarked that I never knew beef had any particular rank and that I thought it ought to be confined. He gave me a kind lecture for which I am thankful and afterward I found him a kind commander and nothing affords me greater pleasure than to know that he is still here."

Speeches were then made by many, among whom were Gen. N. J. Jackson, of the 5th, Maine, Gen. H. C. Rogers, chief of staff to Gen. Slocum, Lieutenant Westervelt of Orange Co; Major Wanzer, Rochester; Senator Baker, of Rochester.

The following officers were elected:

President, Major Geo. G. Wanzer, Rochester, N. Y.

Secretary, Captain H. L. Achilles, Rochester, N. Y.

Recording Secretary, Samuel A. Paine, Elmira, N. Y.

Treasurer, Lieut. Frank A. White, Rochester, N. Y.

Other routine business was transacted after which the association adjourned to the banquet at the Rathuun house.

The following is the list of toasts:

"The President of the United," to be drank standing.

The 27th Volunteers—24th anniversary. "(One toast is good as another.")—Major General Henry W. Slocum.

The 1st New York veteran cavalry—Captain John J. Carter.

The city of Elmira—Mayor Henry Flood.

The sixth army corps—General John J. Bartlett.

The career of our soldiers since the war—"If the walking is good and the water not too high."—Hon. Albion W. Tourgee.

Bench and bar—"Or looking wise."—Hon. Charles S. Baker.

Army saws—Dr. W. H. Stuart.

"Volunteers, or the tie that binds us."—Professor C. B. Fairchild.

"The Patomac army bummers."—The Rev. John A. Copeland.

"No toast unless I feel just like it."—Major George G. Wanzer.

"Recollections of the past."—Poem—Lieutenant W. B. Westervelt.

Reminiscences of the 27th at Elmira in '61—Lieut. E. S. Watson.

Army and Navy—Captain W. H. Merrill, U. S. A.

The press—Edward L. Adams.

Our fallen comrades—Colonel C. A. Wells.

NOTES.

The following was received from Chief Walker of the Fire Department:

To the President and Veterans of the 27th N. Y. Vol.:

GENTLEMEN—The Fire Department of the city of Elmira extend to you a cordial invitation to visit their quarters on Market street during your stay in our city.

The writer will be remembered by many of you as the little zouave that followed you south, especially the surviving members of Co. J.

Respectfully yours,

R. H. WALKER,
Chief Engineer Fire Department.

The chief then but a boy of thirteen was with the 27th regiment through its entire term.

Gen. Slocum said last evening that he had been invited to contribute to war papers in the Century and should do so. Gen. Johnston will write on the Confederate side for the same number.

A despatch was received from Gen. Hartsuff saying he was becoming Washington under Cleveland and hoped to be as successful as when besieging Richmond.

A committee was appointed to prepare resolutions urging the several claims to the attention of the President.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 22, 1885.

REGIMENT REUNION.

Sixth Annual Meeting of a Famous New York Regiment—Resolutions of Sympathy for General Grant.

[Special Dispatch to the Leader.]

ELMIRA, N. Y., July 21.—The sixth annual reunion of the famous Twenty-seventh New York Volunteers and First Veteran Cavalry combined was held here to-day. Two hundred veterans participated. The two regiments were recruited here twenty-four years ago, and both contained many men who have since become prominent in civil life. Of the number who were here to-day were Judge A. W. Tourgee, Major General Slocum, of New York; Major Nauzer, of Rochester; Major Guion, of Seneca Falls; Major S. W. Harmon, of Hornellsville, N. Y.; Congressman-elect Baker, Captain Kayer, and Captain Achilles, of Rochester; Captain William White and Lieutenant Colonel Wells, president of the association, of New York city; Adjutant General Rodgers, of General Slocum's staff, of Binghamton, and Lieuteuant Rogers, of New York city. A grand banquet was held at the Rathbun House, where speeches were made by Judge Tourgee, General Slocum, Mayor Flood, and others. The reunion next year will be held at Rochester, N. Y., on the 21st of July. The following officers were elected: president, Major George G. Wanger, of Rochester; secretary, Captain Achilles, of Rochester; recording secretary, Samuel A. Paine, of Elmira; treasurer, Lieutenant F. A. White.

The following resolutions were adopted and forwarded to General Grant: "To General U. S. Grant, Mt. McGreagor Greeting. We come to you in your far off mountain home with our heratfelt sympathy. Gladly would we come to your aid as of old and with shot and shells dislodge the enemy so strongly entrenced in your throat, but we can only pray that you may triumphantly pass through your present conflict leaning on him who experienced every human pain, and that in holy confidence you may be prepared to receive the order of the Supreme Commander either for life or death."

The citizens gave a warm welcome to the veterans, and the contributions of flowers were many and elegant.

Daily Gazette & Free Press.

TUESDAY JULY 21, 1885.

THE BULL RUN ANNIVERSARY.

It is 24 years to-day since the first battle of Bull Run. It was the first considerable battle of the rebellion and the Union forces were not only whipped but stampeded. They went flying back toward Washington, flinging away muskets and everything that impeded flight, in a thoroughly demoralized condition. Had the Confederates been veterans instead of raw recruits, and had they understood the completeness of their victory, there is no doubt that they might have marched to Washington and taken possession with very little opposition.

The movement of the Union forces was undertaken to satisfy public clamor. The national administration felt that some movement must be made. So General Irwin McDowell was ordered to advance, under the direction of General Scott at Washington, who was still the General of all armies. The Confederates had timely notice of the movement and General Johnston hastened from Winchester to reinforce Beauregard at Manassas Junction, which is a few miles from the Bull Run battle field. In the earlier part of the fight the Union forces had much the best of it, and at 4 o'clock on that Sunday afternoon they seemed to have won a victory. But Confederate reinforcements continued to arrive, and before dark the Union forces went flying from the field, the soldiers crying to each other that the black horse cavalry were after them. Artillerymen cut the traces of their horses, leaving their guns and galloping from the field. In some cases even the drivers of ambulance wagons did the same, leaving the wounded in the deserted ambulances. But there was no pursuit.

Some 25,000 or 30,000 men were engaged on each side. The Union army lost 481 killed, 1,011 wounded, and 1,460 missing, beside 20 cannon, 4,000 muskets, 4,500 set of accoutrements, and much ammunition. The Confederates lost 378 killed, 1,489 wounded, 30 missing. The calamity awakened the country to the importance of the business on hand. Gen. McClellan was soon set to work to organize an army, erect defances for Washington, and prepare to fight a great war. This work he did admirably well.

It is a matter of no little interest that many of the survivors of Bull Run celebrate the anniversary of that battle in Elmira to-day. Gen. Slocum, who was Colonel of the 27th Regiment and was wounded and taken off the Bull Run field before the rout occurred, is here to meet his old comrades. So is Col. Albion W. Tourgee, who has given in his book entitled "Bricks Without Straw," a very interesting description of the fight as it appeared to a private who participated in it. Many other men who won distinction in the war, if not at Bull Run, are present. Elmira greets them all and wishes them many happy reunions.

Albany *Times:* The immense public services of General Grant have not alone made this National tribute to a private citizen possible. Not in our generation has the same universal sorrow and esteem been shown to any one not in high public place; but in his case, it is not due so much to the great powers which he has held, as to the generous administration of them. As a President he had great faults and showed them, as a general he exhibited strategic ability and a stubbornness which compelled success too often at a terrible loss. But in no place which he held was he ever vindictive. The regrets which come up from the South over his agony are a touching tribute of the regard which a conquered people feel for his magnanimity. The wonderful vitality of the Grant partisans in the contentions of his own political organization is a fine tribute of devotion on the part of those who were near to him in other fields than those of battle. The sorrow of the Nation, among all grades and conditions, is a fitting capstone to the honors which have been heaped upon him.

The story of Abraham Lincoln is continued to-day in the columns of THE TRIBUNE by Judge Lawrence Weldon, and this portion of it contains, as all the previous papers on the same subject have done, many points of interest not hitherto widely known. Facts connected with Mr. Lincoln's life just as his local reputation was broadening into a national one, are particularly interesting, and Judge Weldon furnishes many which show that it was force of character and not circumstances only that made Abraham Lincoln. Incidents pertaining to the political campaigns, both State and National, which preceded the campaign of 1860 are [illegible] in an attractive manner, and [illegible] discussions between Lincoln [illegible] what the issues about is explained. Judge Weldon's paper will give pleasure to the admirers of the great President, whether of this [illegible] or another.

CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLY HERALD.—AUGUST 10, 1885.

IN MEMORIAM.—GENERAL GRANT.

No more impressive scene has ever been witnessed at Chautauqua than that at the memorial services of General Grant on Saturday. A great congregation is as varied in expression as the human face. It can be gay, thoughtful, impatient, sad. On Saturday, though so vast and made up of such different elements, the audience was distinguished by a marked solemnity of manner. There was an awe, a hush upon it, and to an observer this was one of the most affecting things about the service.

The imposing array of noble men upon the platform, the heavy black draperies, the organ dirge and solemn music completed the impressiveness. The services were arranged in perfect taste, and were carried out with quiet dignity.

Judge Tourgee, in his oration, touched a line of thought that brought out anew the idea of the divine leadership in Grant's life. The words he spoke stirred the great crowd deeply and were a worthy tribute to the dead. The memorial service in honor of General U. S. Grant will be long remembered as among "the days that stand out like mountains" in the history of Chautauqua.

GRANT MEMORIAL DAY.

Great Crowd in Attendance—Impressive Ceremonies.

The largest audience, perhaps, that ever gathered about the Amphitheater was assembled there at 4 p. m., on Saturday, to unite in the memorial services held in honor of General U. S. Grant. At 3 o'clock the gates had been thrown open to the public, and an immense throng had filed in to swell the numbers that had been coming on every boat since early morning. By the appointed hour all our people, with the hosts of strangers, had filled the Amphitheater, packed the aisles and outskirts. The choir was filled with the chorus, Prof. Case leading, and with the people who had failed to find seats in the audience. On the platform were seated Chancellor Vincent, Bishop Foster, Colonel Sprague, Judge Marvin, F. H. Root, Esq., W. A. Duncan, Registrar Holmes, Dr. J. L. Hurlbut, Dr. Berger and other distinguished gentlemen.

When the clock struck, there marched in from the entrance at the right of the rostrum, the Cleveland Grays, headed by their own band, and a large number of representatives of the G. A. R. This company took the seats which had been reserved for them directly in front of the platform. The choir gallery and platform had been heavily draped in

black, while in front were displayed the elegant emblems which loving hands had prepared. As the band ceased, Prof. Flagler began playing his voluntary, after which a dirge was sung by the choir. When the music was ended, Chancellor Vincent rose and read the following poem, written by Mrs. Frank Beard:

U. S. G.

BY MRS. FRANK BEARD.

"Ashes to ashes; dust to dust."
A nation weeps!
Each loyal heart its tribute pays
To him who sleeps.

And North and South and East and West
Honors the brave;
And hands entwine and hearts unite
Across his grave.

With folded hands on pulseless breast,
His earth-life done,
Our hero sleeps, his vic'tries won,
Beyond the sun.

His sword is sheathed, his hands no more
The blade release;
Serenely calm, our soldier rests
In realms of peace.

And we, with weak and trembling lips,
Our voices raise
To thee oh God, the mourner's help,
Ruler of days.

Oh from the life steadfastly brave
And courage stern,
May we, for the "hard march" of life,
A lesson learn.

Bishop Foster then led the vast audience in a solemn prayer. After the prayer the Schubert Quartet sang the Soldier's Song with marked effect.

Judge Tourgee of Mayville, N. Y., was then introduced and pronounced the following oration.

ORATION BY JUDGE TOURGEE.

There are few men to whom it has come to live two lives upon earth; one that precedes that act, that scene which we call death; and one which comes after death, which we sometimes call fame. The life that has passed that point is worthy of much or little value, according as that fame becomes an active instrument in the world's betterment, or not; the achievements of life—what a man does, is of little moment unless it carries with it to the future a lesson inspiring to greater endeavor, to nobler accomplishments, not in one day but in many days thereafter.

You remember that Antony, when he would sing the praises of the great dead to the Roman populace, said, holding up the parchment, Cæsar's last testament, "If I should read this the very stones of Rome would rise and cry out." It was Cæsar's last bequest. And, yet, when, after many delays, it was finally read, how weak, how mean, how utterly unworthy of any great life, of any of the great ages which latterly have crowned the world's life, was that last testament of Rome's greatest soldier; a few paltry coins to every man of Rome, and the parks and walks on this side of the Tiber to be for them in common forever.

Our greatest soldier lies dead to-day; he has bequeathed to us, the American people, to us, his comrades in arms, not to us, but to all the world in all the ages yet to be, a priceless testament; a testament not of gold, not of walks within the Tiber's limits, not of any earthly possession. Stripped as to that, he passed from earth as he entered. Even the poor privilege of giving into his country's keeping the trophies of his renown, a sad fate snatched from his dying hand. But he left us something infinitely more precious, infinitely more worthy of the age in which he lived, infinitely more worthy of the land he loved, infinitely more worthy of that future to which it must descend, he left us the name and memory of a man; a man taking up a mighty duty, a man born to a great destiny, a man rich in wonderful resources, a man forgetful of himself, a man seeking not his own glory, but remembering only the dictates of duty, and of honor, and of right.

Let us for a few brief moments, in memory of our great dead, in respectful consideration an! acknowledgment of this grand testament that he has bequeathed to us, let us, as part of the beneficiaries of his fame, consider some of the elements on which it is based, and why it is that in the future the name of Grant will be grander and stronger than in the past.

He has left us a fame that ought to be significant and especially dear to every American heart, because he came out of our American life. In some stage of earth's existence it may be, in some other greater and better world it may be, in some coming millenium it is possible that there may be found a nobler and grander, and more worthy descent for a hero, for a great man devoted to duty, than to come out of the loins of the American people, of that people consecrated to God, consecrated to liberty, consecrated to truth and justice, from the very hour of its founding, and representing in its history a new open book of human right and liberty. But if there ever shall be any nobler or grander pedigree for such a man, God has not yet revealed its place; it has not yet appeared upon the earth. Kings may reach back, and trace their royal blood back to robber clans and magnificent manhood; culture may reach back through its ages of refinement, until the man quivers with the accuracy and cleanness of finish; but God tempers his own swords, he tempers them in his own way, takes them out of his own mine, and puts before them the path of duty, where they are to cleave all obstacles, and establish right and justice.

Our dead, whom we mourn to-day, came not out of the top of life. In our common home, nursed by the Puritan traditions of two hundred years, nursed by the traditions of heroic sires, and reared under the tender and glorious influence of actual ersonal religious conviction, it was a splendid place, it was a splendid pedigree, it was a magnificent origin for a great American man. For after all that may be said and done, it is manhood that counts in the world's life. We may put up any specific, fictitious differences that we choose, but when we come down to the accomplishment of great purposes, the doing of great acts, it is the man whom God has forged that constitutes the motive power of progress. I am glad, and I know every one must be glad to-day, that out of our common American homes came this dead hero whom we mourn. He is a type of our life, and all the more a type of that life, as well as its product, because he came into its significant operations by a preparation as strange as it was effective. I said that God tempered his own swords. He prepares men in a peculiar manner for the performance of great and mighty functions. It was no ill preparation for the doing of a soldier's and a hero's task, that that youth got that preparation on the Ohio farm, nursed by the forest about him, nursed by the rude life of which he was a part, nursed by that struggle for the daily bread that go with the effective prayer, nursed by all those elements which we count, and rightly count, as the growing glory of American life. And when, by and by, he parted rom the humble home, and came under the influence not merely of educational forces, but of patriotic thought, of patriotic remembrance, and patriotic aspiration, in that school of the republic at West Point, unknown to him, unknown to the world, he was taking the form and shape which divine preparation demanded, and, as he wrote to his mother, he hoped that in some future day he might do something that should make him worthy to be remembered, and to be spoken of side by side with Gen. Scott. It was a good thing that this young boy with his clean life, out of the country home, out of the shadow of the forest, out of the loins of the republic, should come under the influences of such aspiring thought.

And then we have the next stage, beautiful in its promise, grand in its indications of the man's future power, that wonderful struggle of wrong, and of evil, and of invasion, which our republic waged with Mexico, but in which and by which the fine steel of the hero's life, which to-day we mourn, was to be tempered. It is a splendid tribute to that man, that unknown, without influence, without self-seeking, without anything but the half recognition of a brevet second lieutenant, he went through that war, was four times mentioned in general orders, was in as many battles as one human being could get in, and was twice promoted. And he showed, too, the qualities of a man when that last struggle came, and this young man, recently promoted to the quartermastership, wrote home to his mother a letter: "I have just received this promotion which my friends congratulate me upon, because it takes me out of the front, away from active service in the field; but I remember, mother," thank God he reached back in his memory always to mother or wife or home, "but I remember, mother, that you have taught me that a soldier's place in battle is at the front, and there I shall be found."

When that last struggle came, there that quartermaster himself was, without command, without rank, without right. Ah, comrades, some of you have seen quartermasters not so anxious to be at the front. There he was, not merely at the front, doing not merely a soldier's duty, but duty that belongs to the born genius, to the born hero and commander, taking away from another his command, taking that little howitzer up into the steeple of the church, enforcing his command when he had no right to command, and when the general commanding saw that he had struck the salient point of the enemy's line, having under him three officers, his superiors in rank, one a captain in the regular army, the general was making his way tnrough the body to the surface.

And then we come to consider that other period of this dead hero's life, that men have been so blind, so weak, so foolish, as to regard of no significance and of no consequence; for many men have said, even in the presence of their own children—God forgive us that we will permit the future to belittle its glorious heritage—but men have said, even in the presence of their children, that it was accident that brought from the Galena leather store the leader of the grandest struggle, in many respects, the world has ever known. God never makes mistakes and God never l.a in accidents.

After the close of the war with Mexico the young subaltern, conscious of his own merit, conscious of his own power, waited for the rewards which the soldier has the right to expect. For twelve years he served faithfully the government that had educated him, the government he almost adored; but he saw placed over him men without capacity, men that had shown no efficiency, men without the qualities or attributes of a soldier, until he felt that the duty of forbearance had ended.

God was working with a great man that knew not his greatness. He left the pomp, and pride and glitter of military life, left it for he knew not what, left it doubtful, or, perhaps, unconscious of any struggle that might be before him, but he left it to go out from under the shadow, because God designed that he should grow. It is a strange fact that no man ever grows truly great in the shadow of his fellows. The Italians, you know, have an adage that no man born under the shadow of the Alps ever gets into the sunlight. And so he that is reared in the multitude, any man that grows up where the city's richness of life overwhelms, any man that seeks to develop where others control his life and fate, is certain never to reach the pinnacle of greatness. God not only tempers his own swords, but he tempers them in his own forge, one at a time. He puts up the forge in the wilderness, in obscurity. He takes from the wilderness the prophet that is to lead Israel to her liberty. He takes from the silence of the great West the rail splitter who was the fitting companion in achievement of the man we mourn to-day. And even he that spake as never man spake, looked into the wilderness; I do not mean of the mere past, but in the wilderness of obscurity of thirty years in the carpenter's shop of Galilee. God tempers his instrumentalities one at a time in the silence of obscurity, and with unknown agency.

We follow this hero's life to a life which seems insignificant, to a life which so many are unable to appreciate, that humble life upon the poor sixty acres of Missouri land, old fields, or partly, perhaps, wilderness, much of it. We see him cut with his own hands the logs that are to make his house which is to be his family seat. We see him when the material is prepared, handling the axe and hammer, and when his friends come in for a bee to raise the log house, carrying one corner himself. He was always carrying up the corner that was heaviest. Ten, almost ten, weary, obscure years lowed, in which time he attempted to get out of the sterile soil a livelihood for himself and family, with that much more vain attempt to steel that tender heart to the performance of the duties of a collector and real estate agency. No wonder that this man collected little rent and forgot all du es, who at the end of a great day's struggle, dismounting from his horse, could pick up a little girl and kiss her for the loved ones at home. No man of such heart was ever made to be a collector.

Still we wait, and there is no change. But by and by there comes a roar of terrible convulsion, sweeping over the land, and the citizens of the town in which he dwells, meeting together, call upon him for a speech. It is wonderful how we Americans do prize tongue rather than brain or even muscle. We must have it, raw or pickled, it matters not. Tongue is a part of our intellectual nutriment. They called upon this man for a speech. He said, "I know nothing of speech making, but we are raising a company, and whatever I can do for that I will." That was all. But in the very first hour that hand which wrote its own orders a few days afterwards, and wrote so many thousands of them that it has been said that no general on earth ever left with his own hand such a record of his own acts, this man wrote to the head of the army of the Republic, "I stand ready to serve in any capacity that may be of value to the country," and stated his education. And that man standing at the head of the army of the Republic had not time to answer the letter of U. S. Grant. He went again, upon his own expense, to the headquarters of one of his old classmates, hoping to be asked to serve upon his staff, but was not, and came back again disappointed.

I remem.er the story told by one that was with him at the time, how he entered a few days after by a str.nge, unforeseen gate, into the command of men, and went to the post to which he had been assigned without waiting to put on his uniform, a piece of which went a long ways in those days. He went without any military insignia, wearing a battered plug hat, and sat down and took command of the post.

We need not consider the matter of preparation any farther. It was done. The sword was forged; the hammer was welded; and we come upon the day of achievement. We find this man, yet unconscious of power, this Cromwell just out of the fen, this power of God waiting for the work before him, eager for it, yet not assuming. We find him later making a reconnoissance, and turning it into an attack, and a few days after asking permission to visit his commanding officer, and when he received leave, going at night, and calling the next morning, and being calmly informed that the commander needs no advice. Coming back to his command, he urged an attack upon Fort Henry. Again three days afterward; again ... days afterward; again on the 28th, begging Commodore Foote to join with him and finally, seven days after, telegraphing the commander at St. Louis: "If not forbidden, I shall advance upon Fort Henry to-night," and then intimating to the telegraph operator that he would not be needed at the office any more that night. (Laughter.) At ten o'clock that night he left for Fort Henry. Two days afterward this wonderfully forged hammer reported the first victory under his command, saying: "In two days from now I will take Fort Donelson." It would take two days to get a message from St. Louis, and before there could come a reply he intended to have Fort Donelson in his grip.

Away he goes across the muddy country, fourteen miles to the attack, and there he brought his little army face to face with a greater army beh nd intrenchments. Day after day he stubbornly held his grip, and the commander at St. Louis dared not order him back, but said all the time, "Be cautious; prepare Fort Henry for an attack; see it is fitted on the land side; be very careful." And he was careful. By and by, the imprisoned enemy came out and made an attack on his own lines, in his absence on the gunboats to confer with Commodore Foote, as he came back his officers told him, "They certainly expected to overpower us, for their knapsacks were full." "Were they? That settles it." That was all he wanted to know. The gen-

eral was born in that man. He knew it was an escape, not an attack. He said at once to his subordinate, Gen. Smith, "Attack immediately with your whole force."

We know the story well. We know how the news of victory rang through the North for the first time, a substantial triumph for our arms. Ah, the sword was forged, but it was not complete. There came a time when obscurity had to teach him a farther lesson. The soldier had to yield his laurels into another's hand. He did it cheerfully, magnificently. Month after month passed, yet Grant was in his quarters, no command, no power, no opportunity for achievement. Did any of you ever know the reason? Twenty-two years passed by before his lips breathed the story of the terrible insult put upon him. Who, but Grant, in honor of the land he loved, could wait twenty-two years in silence under injustice? But he would not utter a single word that should impair the success of the great cause. But God brought the time when his sword was again unsheathed.

Hour after hour through the terrible ordeal of Shiloh, he fought until Buell came to his relief. He was asked: "What is the line of your retreat?" "I have none." "There are the gun-boats: if you are defeated, they will not take ten thousand." "If I am defeated, I shall not need transportation for ten thousand."

Then comes the struggle at Vicksburg. How our hearts thrill as we remember the terrible struggle above the place; how he took the advice of his subordinates; how he passed down the Yazoo at the suggestion of a government officer; how he made a canal at the suggestion of another; and then, by and by, setting them all aside, took his own way, and one dark night, when the thunder-cloud veiled the face of the river with its mantle, Porter's boats shot by. Then we have Fort Gibson, with the wonderful march to Jackson with the two armies in his front, united, constituting a force more than double his own, pushing them back and back and back, than the seven days of ceaseless marching and constant fighting, wheeling like a thunderbolt, striking the other back and back, and Vicksburg was hemmed in. When the nation's birthday came, the greatest army that ever surrendered to any man since the invention of gunpowder bowed its head and passed under the yoke. Ah, we can wait.

Then come the wonderful columns of Chattanooga, with its steel-clad array, stretching mile after mile, like this Amphitheater in which we are, bordered with steep, shingly hills, and there comes that sunny December afternoon, when the sinking sun lay upon the long lines, as three signal guns were fired, and a hundred battle flags contended with each other in the strife to reach that wonderful natural fortress. It was a miracle a man never forgot, a miracle that stood by him in memory.

When he came to take command of that brave, but hitherto unfortunate army of the Potomac, he found an army struggling with peculiar difficulties, and which offered peculiar difficulties to him, a strange army, a dispirited army, suspected of loyalty to him and of jealousy among themselves, and a suspected commander. And then we have day after day the struggle of this man who even in his boyhood would not go back on his track, but if he must return, pursued another. Edging by, fighting, forcing, it is not this one man against another, but it is this one man against the power of a nation. All the time he kept in view that his purpose was not the mere forcing back of Lee, or the capture of the rebel capital, but the destruction of the Confederacy, the destruction of the power that opposed the nation's power. And by and by, when he had moved the pieces, Sheridan in th valley, Thomas at Nashville, Sherman on the way to the sea, and all was ready, and the bright April morning came after the terrific storm, the word was given, and this man passed on to the achievement of his great purpose.

We need not follow him further. The picture changes now to this man as a man. The work was done. The army of Lee surrounded, pursued, beaten back at every point, was compelled to yield, and the commander of the confederate forces, arrayed in his most gorgeous robes, came forward to surrender to this typical man of our northern life. They faced each other, the one unconscious of anything except the performance of duty, the other sadly conscious of the humiliation of defeat. Without a moment's preparation the victor leaped from his horse, covered with the stains of the campaign, and met his great adversary. Not by a word, not by a look, not by a hint even, did he wound the feelings of that man. Courteous in all things, without claiming the credit of his services, he made it smooth and easy for him to yield. And when he came back to his own, and the plaudits were beginning to ring along the line, for once Grant gave an order himself. Raising his hand, he said, "No more, no more; they are our comrades now."

I would say a word, if time permitted, of the fact that we have neglected the intellectual qualities of this man.

I wish to say one word in regard to that other career that opens now before him. It has been customary with some, who have spoken upon him better than I can, to pass by this without significance. But I tel you, my friends, the man's work was not ended. The natural *debris*, the natural friction of opposing forces, left a terrible residuum in our whole nation, and this man's sword was yet a power. It was because Grant was President that no further touch at any time of civil struggle was felt. And it was because the sword of Grant went into the scale, that England was willing to submit to the arbitration of the Alabama claims.

Let me call to your minds another thing that no one in Chautauqua, no American citizen, should ever forget, that this man, first of all men in our land, publicly called the attention of the Congress of the United States, of the people of America, to the fact that emancipation devolved upon us the greater fact of preparation, and urged that this nation stretch out its hand to the impoverished South, and give to those it had enfranchised an opportunity to become free. Let this be remembered and placed upon his grave with the noblest of laurels.

We pass to think of him as a man. I do not know but my own veneration for his character, a knowledge of which accident brought to me, is so great that you may think it somewhat exaggerated. But I think it is a grand thing to remember at this time, that when the heart of our mother country is stirred to its deepest depths, when our whole Christian civilization is shocked with the terrible disclosures that come to us of the depravity and corruption, the awful iniquity of the lives of our mother country's greatest men, it is a thing in which we should take pride, and manifest gratitude, and remember, that the hero whom we mourn to-day was of husbands the truest, of fathers the tenderest, of home lovers the best. Who of you all, who of all the world, would ever have left that scene at Appomatox, mounting his horse in hot haste, not to go through the subjugated capital, turning aside from that, not counting his honors or laurels as anything, sweeping by the waiting thousands at Washington, waiting not for the greeting, or the love, or the salutation the nation was anxious to offer him, but sweeping by, as fast as tide and steam would take him, by all these scenes of glory and renown, to the little household, the conqueror's return, to give him the benediction of father and of husband?

I spoke once of an incident that occurred in my own knowledge of this man, and some one that heard it took exceptions to the fact because it was a personal one. I happened to know that at one time, a man whose personal life was of the most questionable character, came before this modest, quiet, silent man, and urged upon him the performance of a party task as a matter of duty, as he called it. And when he had passed out, the lips of the sphinx opened, and he said, "He had better be washing his own clothes than lecturing me upon my duty."

We have this man who went out from us at the close of those terms of service that we gave him, and went into the heart of London, sat down at the board with their grandest dignitaries, and when he who sat at his left, one of the highest of the noblemen of England, indulged in language in derogation of our Christian religion, the lips of our American soldier closed, and as he passed back to his lodgings, he said to his companion, "I could not enjoy the dinner because I could not see the religion in which I have been reared defamed."

Never forgetful of his duty, we have him apologizing to his pastor when President of the republic for not attending evening services, "Because," he said, "when I was a tanner, when I was a poor man, I was led to determine that no poor man should ever lose his Sabbath by working for me; and my cabinet are not yet willing that I should walk the streets of Washington at night and I will not ask my coachman to prepare my carriage." I do not know how it is with you, but I have never felt more pride in our national life than in seeing this unpretentious President walk with careful heed a little late into church lest he should disturb the assembly, and when it was over, pass out and walk down the street with his fellow citizens, unconscious that there was in or about him anything needing or attracting the world's attention.

I say he was modest. Once when some friends were gathering together, and were asking him (he was not silent with his friends), were asking him for some accounts of his triumphs that he had witnessed abroad, after describing one of them, he said, "I felt all the time that it was not for me, but for my countrymen and that wonderful army that came out of our American homes, and through whose courage and effort I won whatever of distinction I have."

I would call attention if time permitted, to the fact that among all his subordinates there is hardly one that did not fee that no more than justice had been accorded him. Any one that will read that wonderful array of brave and unmistakable reports that he has furnished to our history, will notice the fact that he always put forward the subordinates, except in cases of disaster, in which he would always take the blame upon himself. There is one that has, perhaps, stood nearer to him for the past twenty years, longer than any other, who said not long since with falling tears, "I never heard him speak ill of any man, except on two occasions a simple sentence slipped his lips and then he seemed humiliated." There are many who stood near him who never heard those lips utter any words in derogation of friend or foe.

But I must pass to that last grandest scene, that theater of accomplishment, in which we may all be prouder of him than in any other. When men have passed the age of sixty-two, when men have reached that advanced period in life, in development, when the hand of disease is upon them, when accident has broken the powers, then we say that a man has a right to cease from exertion. But it was under such circumstances, smitten not only by disease, prostrated by accident, but also smitten by that terrible humiliation which came from undeserved obloquy, and the weight and burden of poverty falling upon a burdensome and active life, it was at that time that this great suffering man took in his hand the pen of record, and for the sake of the loved ones in his home, said, "I will accomplish one more victory; stay thou grizzly shade, and let me accomplish my task." Day after day he put back the footsteps of death; day after day he wrought as few men have wrought, until he brought comfort and independence to that home again.

We may well be proud of this man, but we do not know his greatness; the ages that are to come will determine that. When our land has grown to know from what it was saved; when our people have become millions more, and have learned what it was that he achieved, then there will come a time when tongues more eloquent than any that can now be found, when hearts inspired by a fuller knowledge of the worth of that life, shall lay upon his grave fitting chaplets of eulogy.

Since that terrible day at Mt. McGregor, there has been ringing through my head day after day the refrain of a poem, a part of which many of you may remember, a refrain saddened by peculiar thought, which it seems to me deserves to be sanctified to this soldier's memory.

"With drum beat and heart beat,
A soldier passeth by;
While hearts beat and drums beat,
And tears bedim the eye,
Our quiv'ring lips breathe soft the name
By valor consecrate to fame,
A name that ne'er shall die.

With drum beat and heart beat,
A nation bows its head;
To drum beat and heart beat,
The sorrowing comrades tread,
While still he leads who led of yore,
Leads upward to the sunlit shore
Where sleep the e'er undying dead.

With drum beat and heart beat,
He climbed the heights of fame;
When drums beat and swords beat,
He won a glorious name.
While trembling millions waited,
While doubting souls debated,
When boastful treason prated
Because with steel he smote them,
Upon the sky we wrote them,
The letters of that name.

To drum beat and heart beat,
We sound his praise to-day;
And on his tomb, with loving hands,
Our tear-gemmed offerings lay.
But in the ages yet to be
The race his mailed hand made free,
Dark younger sons of liberty,
With heart beat and drum beat,
Shall nobler tribute pay.

With heart beat and drum beat
We lay the warrior low.
To drum beat and heart beat,
Friend marches now with foe;
And boastful treason wonders,
While the battered cannon thunders,
Of the time it still remembers,
Of the Nation's dark Decembers,
In the wondrous long ago.

With drum beat and heart beat,
Toss we the banner high;
While drums beat and hearts beat
Beneath its starry sky.
The patriot who adored it,
The soldier who restored it,
The hero simple-hearted,
Our Grant, shall never die."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

WARD LAMON SKETCHES A MAN OF DESTINY

AMBITION, FAITH AND HEROISM THE LEADING TRAITS OF AN EXALTED CHARACTER.

"Were I to say in this polite age, that Abraham Lincoln was born in a condition of life not only humble and obscure, but abject and squalid, and surrounded by circumstances most unfavorable to culture, to the development of great talent and the promotion of nobility and purity of that wonderful character he afterward developed, it would shock the fastidious and superfine sensibilities of the average reader and it would be regarded as *prima facie* evidence of felonious intent and subject me to the ignominious charge of being unworthily inspired by an antagonistic animus. In justice to the truth of history, however, it must be acknowledged that such are the facts concerning this wonderful man, in whose life nothing should be concealed from the public scrutiny, either in the surroundings of his birth, his youth, his manhood or his private or public life and character. Let all the facts concerning him be known and he will appear brighter and purer by the test.

Ambition was one of the ruling characteristics of this great man from the cradle to the grave. When he was about fourteen years of age, then at school—after mounting a stump in the school house yard (woods, I mean), at the time of the noon-day recess, he declaimed the sermon preached the day previous by an itinerant Methodist preacher almost *verbatim*. He astonished some of the neighbors who happened by chance or otherwise to be present. One of them asked him this question: "Abe, what do you expect to make of yourself when you grow up to be a man?" He promptly replied: "I expect to be President of the United States before I die." The writer of these pages riding over the prairies of Illinois with him long years ago, travelling from one county to another to attend the courts, was told by him repeatedly that he did not recollect the time when he did not believe that he would at some day be President. It seemed to him manifest destiny. "I will get there," he would say, seemingly in the fullest confidence of realizing his prediction.

In the year 1847 I left my native state, Virginia, and settled in Danville, Illinois; shortly after my arrival there the Circuit Court for that county met. There were in attendance at this court many lawyers from the different parts of the States of Illinois and Indiana—many of whom afterward became very distinguished men. Lincoln was the great character, the centre of the greatest attraction. During the following winter at Springfield, a very large party was given at Mr. Lincoln's residence. Being invited I attended, and after being introduced by Mr. Lincoln to Mrs. Lincoln—Mr. L. having left us in conversation—I remarked to her that her husband was a great favorite in the eastern part of the State where I had been stopping. "Yes," she replied, "he is a great favorite everywhere, he is to be President of the United States some day; if I had not thought so I never would have married him, for you can see he is not pretty—but look at him! Don't he look like he would make a magnificent President?" Mrs. Lincoln from that day to the day of his inauguration never wavered in her faith that her hopes in this respect would be realized.

At one time afterward the writer went to Mr. Lincoln's office at the White House and found the door locked; he went through a private room and through a side entrance into the office; he found the President lying on a sofa, evidently greatly disturbed and much excited, manifestly displeased

with the outlook. Jumping up from his reclining position he advanced, saying:

"You know better than any man living that from my boyhood up my ambition was to be President. I am President of one part of this divided country at least, but look at me. I wish I had never been born! It is a white elephant on my hands and hard to manage; with a fire in my front and rear, having to contend with the jealousies of the military commanders and not receiving that cordial co-operation and support from Congress that could reasonably be expected with an active and formidable enemy in the field threatening the very life-blood of the Government, makes my position anything but a bed of roses."

Then brightening up his whole nature seemed all at once to change. I could see a merry twinkle in his eye as he said: "If I can only keep my end of the animal pointed in the right direction I will yet get him through this infernal jungle and get my end of him and his tail placed in their proper relative positions. I have never faltered in my faith of being ultimately able to suppress this rebellion and of reuniting this divided country, but this improvised vigilant committee to watch my movements and keep me straight appointed by Congress and called the 'Committee on the Conduct of the War' is a marplot, and its greatest purpose seems to be to hamper my action and obstruct the military operations." With all these contending perplexities Mr. Lincoln never, up to the time of the surrender at Appomattox, doubted the ultimate success of our arms.

A short time before the fall of Vicksburg great dissatisfaction became rife at General Grant's tardiness in moving on the enemy's works; there was a pretty general feeling in favor of relieving Grant from his command and appointing some one who would make short work of that formidable stronghold of the enemy and relieve the people from their great state of anxiety. Mr. Lincoln had great faith in General Grant. He was being constantly importuned and beset by the leading politicians to turn Grant out of the command. Being in his office one day about this time he said to me: "I fear I have made Senator Wade, of Ohio, my enemy for life." "How?" he was asked. "Wade was here just now urging me to dismiss Grant, and in response something he said led me to remark: 'Senator, that reminds me of a story.' 'Yes, yes,' Wade petulantly replied; 'it is with you, sir, all story—story—you are the father of every military blunder that has been made during this war. You are on your road to h——l, sir, with this Government by your obstinacy, and you are not a mile off this minute.' I good-naturedly said to him: 'Senator, that is just about the distance from here to the Capitol, is it not?' He was very angry, and grabbed up his hat and cane and went away."

Lincoln then continued to say: "To show to what extent this sentiment prevails, even Washburne, who has always claimed Grant as his by right of discovery, has deserted him, and I really believe I am the only civilian friend Grant has left. Grant advises me [Lincoln had never seen Grant up to this time] that he will take Vicksburg by the Fourth of July, and I believe he will do it—and he shall have the chance."

Lincoln's courage was equal to his ambition. No man who ever lived had greater true courage. I doubt whether he ever felt the sensation of fear. One of the most striking instances of his great moral courage and self-reliance occurred just after the second battle of Manassas or Bull Run, General McClellan before that time had not only been superseded in command by General Pope at the suggestion of General-in-Chief Halleck and Secretary of War Stanton, but was also suspended from any command whatever. General Pope and General Scott, who was still retained as a military counsellor and adviser, united with the Secretary of War and the General-in-Chief in McClellan's entire suspension of command, the object of which was to get rid of him at headquarters. Shortly after this General Halleck ordered the withdrawal of the Army of the Potomac from the vicinity of Richmond. This movement necessarily recalled McClellan and his generals, with their commands, to the assistance of Pope. The orders to reinforce and support Pope were not perhaps obeyed with that alacrity that might have been reasonably expected had there been a better understanding and more harmonious feeling existing between the chief commander and the troops of McClellan. Under orders. The result of the impending battle was the defeat of Pope's command and utter rout and demoralization of the whole army, which made vigorous and inglorious strides without any reference to order or military discipline toward the Potomac River—which did not lie in the direction of the enemy by any means.

The loss of this battle caused great consternation, not only in Washington but throughout the whole country. Everything was thrown into confusion. All the Cabinet officers except Secretary Welles and Secretary Seward (the latter being absent at the time) signed a protest denouncing the conduct of McClellan and demanding his immediate dismissal from the service, which, however, was not delivered to the President. The feeling of indignation was very general throughout the country against McClellan, and it was greatly intensified by exaggerated reports of his supposed misconduct. He was as bitterly disliked personally by Halleck, Stanton and Pope as he was cordially loved by the troops under his command. Notwithstanding this deplorable state of things, McClellan was appointed in command of the forces at Washington. At a Cabinet meeting held on the 2d day of September (Tuesday) did the members of the Cabinet first learn of this appointment. They were thunderstruck at the announcement, and great regret was expressed. Mr. Stanton with some excitement remarked that no such order had issued from the War Department. The President then said: "No, Mr. Secretary" (and this was said with great calmness but with some degree of emphasis) "the order was mine, and I will be responsible for it to the country." By way of explanation he said something had to be done, but there did not appear to be any one to do it, and he therefore took the responsibility on himself. He then continued to say that McClellan had the confidence of the troops beyond any other officer and could, under the circumstances, more speedily and effectually reorganize them and put them into fighting trim than any other general. "This is what is now wanted most, and these," said he, "were my reasons for placing him in command."

Mr. Lincoln well knew the danger and was apprehensive of losing perhaps all except one of his Cabinet members by this action, but he felt at the same time deeper apprehension of danger to the whole country if the army was not immediately reorganized and fitted for immediate action. He knew he could replace his Cabinet from the patriotic men of his acquaintance, but he feared he could not replace the country *in statu quo* unless he took the risk of losing them.

It was with great difficulty that he could be persuaded to make that "clandestine escapade" from Harrisburg to Washington on the night of the 22d of February, 1861. He protested that it was cowardly and most humiliating to him; but as General Scott and Mr. Seward had so earnestly advised it, he yielded to it under protest. It was soon looked upon as a distressing act and an ill-advised thing. The country then did not understand the true facts concerning the dangers to his life, as the writer soon came to learn them with appalling apprehension and abhorrence! This secret passage, so unexpected, through Baltimore—where the danger was apprehended—gave weight and importance to most dangerous rumors industriously circulated by the enemies of the new Administration as to the purposed disposition to be made of the border States and particularly of Maryland. It excited a most mischievous feeling of contempt for the personal character of Mr. Lincoln pretty much throughout the whole country, the South particularly, where confidence was already doubtful or easily shaken in the man who was to preside over the destinies of the Nation.

The questions which were agitating the minds of the people were: Is he a man of law and order? Has he confidence in himself? confidence in the country and in the innate loyalty of the American people? This act told against him in all of these respects. He knew it and felt it most keenly, and more—it humiliated him. He often spoke of it afterward with regret, and to the time of his death he thought it a mistake.

To my mind, however, it was not a mistake. In my judgment he could never have gone through Baltimore alive had he attempted to go through according to the printed programme for his travel, and there never was a moment up to the time of his assassination from the day he crossed the Maryland line that he was not in danger of his life by violence, and his life was only spared until the night of the 14th of April, 1865, through the ceaseless and persistent watchful care of the guards thrown around him. He had always opposed having any particular guard over him; he said it looked silly and was ridiculous. He often said to friends visiting him that he believed the Marshal of the District had become a monomaniac on the subject of his safety; that he could be found around the premises at all hours of the night, and that whenever he would get a fresh scare he would double the guard for fear some one would come here and kill him. "It is all nonsense! What would they want to kill me for? I can't see what I have done that they would want to murder me."

And yet with all his fearless courage, his innate consciousness of the rectitude of his character, and the faithful discharge of his duties in all the relations of his private and public life, and, too, in the utter disbelief of his impending bereavial danger from assassination, he had long entertained a kind of presentiment that he would eventually come to a violent death. He believed about this as he did about his eventually becoming President. It was to him manifest destiny; it is to us a fact. Had he been permitted to live until he should have died a natural death at a ripe old age, his unfinished life would not have been, to those who intimately knew the man, in the least problematical. The sentiment we have often heard uttered in the pulpit, on the rostrum and in private conversations by misguided devotees, that "he died at the right time for his fame," is most shocking to the finer sensibilities of those of his friends who knew him well and loved him truly. The sentiment implies a doubt of his power and the potency of his real greatness. It carries with it a conviction that he would have been powerless to attain still greater honors and danger of his destroying the temple of fame he had already erected for himself, when in truth and in fact he was only in the infancy of his power and fame that awaited him as the time would progress. Had he lived, in all human probability, with all the responsibilities, snares and intricacies of government with which he would have had to contend, he would have gone onward and upward until there would not have been one niche in the ladder to fame unsurmounted, when he would have been by his admiring and grateful countrymen proclaimed the chosen among all of God's people in human greatness.

With all of Mr. Lincoln's hatred to the institution of slavery, he believed that the holder of slaves had a right of property in them which the Government had no right legally or morally to interfere with in the States unless forced thereto by the necessities of war. He gladly approved the action of Congress in providing for the payment of compensation for the slaves liberated in the District of Columbia. It is also a fact which in all probability will hereafter be recorded in a more authoritative form than can be accorded to this paper, that Mr. Lincoln proposed to his Cabinet directly after his return from the conference he and Mr. Seward had with Messrs. Stephens, Campbell and Hunter in 1864 at City Point on the James River, to submit a message to Congress he had prepared the night before, recommending to that body to appropriate $300,000,000 as compensation to the owners of liberated slaves in the insurrent States with the condition that the insurgents should lay down their arms, disband their troops, and return and renew their allegiance to the United States Government. Mr. Seward at this time was not present, being confined to his bed by injuries he had received from being thrown from his carriage. All the other members of the Cabinet were present, every one of whom opposed the proposed message. Lincoln then asked: "How long will this war last?" No reply came. He then answered his own question, saying: "It will doubtless last one hundred days longer; we are now spending $3,000,000 a day, which rate will aggregate the amount I propose to appropriate in order to put an end to this terrible blood-shedding." Then with a deep sigh he said: "Since you are all opposed to me I will not send this message," and turning round he placed the paper in his drawer. It is rather a curious coincidence that he was dictating just about a hundred days after Lincoln's remarkable interview with his Cabinet on this subject.

Mr. Lincoln was exempt from the frailties common to most men: he cast aside the remembrance of all provocations which he had to nourish resentment because of ingratitude or ambition. A notable instance—a rather distinguished man now dead, whose name for this reason need not be mentioned, was for years a respected acquaintance; his son, who was in the army, was charged and convicted of a grave offence, the penalty of which might have been death. Lincoln at the solicitation of the father pardoned the son. Time passed on until the political campaign of 1864, when a secret military organization was formed in the State of Illinois to oppose the re-election of Lincoln, and that father was at the head of this secret organization. Some time after the election the father was proposed for appointment to an important bureau office in the Treasury Department, and it was greatly wondered at that Mr. Lincoln was disposed to look favorably on the proposition. Cabinet Ministers and others remonstrated, but Lincoln said: "I can't afford to take notice of and punish every person who has seen fit to oppose my election. We want a competent man in this office. I know of no one who could perform the duties of this most responsible office better than ——," calling him by name. That ingrate father was appointed.

That the interview had by the President and Mr. Seward with Messrs. Stephens, Campbell and Hunter, the status of those in rebellion was discussed and one of them remarked to Mr. Lincoln: "According to your view of the case we are all guilty of treason and liable to be tried, convicted and hanged." "Yes," he replied, "you correctly understand my views of your situation." After a pause one of them answered: "Yes, we had supposed as much, but we have never believed that we were in much danger of being hanged while you are President."

At the time Mr. Lincoln submitted his Proclamation of Emancipation of the Slaves on the 22d of July, 1862, for the consideration of the Cabinet, before that time never having conferred with any one about the phraseology of the instrument. He read the document through without a single interruption or comment. They all concurred in opinion that it was an admirable paper. Mr. Chase then said: "Mr. President, you have invoked the considerate judgment of mankind, but you have not invoked the blessings of Almighty God on your action in this matter. I believe He has something to do with this question." Mr. Lincoln then said: "You are right, Mr. Secretary. I most humbly thank you for that suggestion; it was an oversight of mine. Do me the favor of taking a pen and paper and adding what you would have in connection." Mr. Chase wrote seven words, viz., "And the gracious favor of Almighty God." Mr. Lincoln then added them to the end of the last paragraph of the Proclamation, which made the whole read as follows, to wit: "And upon this act, sincerely believed to be an act of justice, warranted by the Constitution upon military necessity, I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind and the gracious favor of Almighty God."

WARD H. LAMON.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

TREADING THE WINE-PRESS ALONE.

THE HON. GEORGE B. LORING'S RECOLLECTIONS OF 1861 AND 1865.

Although I had been attracted by the power of Abraham Lincoln as a defender of the faith of the Free Soil and the Republican parties from the beginning, and recognized the fact that he had established, with more distinctness than all his compeers, the great issue between the advocates of the duty of Congress to protect slavery in the Territories of the United States and the opponents of that doctrine, upon which a Republican victory had been won, I had never met him until he arrived in Washington a few days before his inauguration in 1861. The story of his journey from Illinois to the Capital was full of interest, and his arrival was hailed as one step in the establishment of a new power and a new political policy for the country. He came when State after State had withdrawn from the Union; and he came with a determination that every endeavor should be made to bring those States back to their allegiance. The question of dissolution and secession had never been presented to his mind as a formidable and dangerous proposition, nor had any apparent political necessity led him to feel that the views he had advanced, as a Republican leader, should be modified or repudiated, in order to prevent the catastrophe which threatened the Republic. The contest in which he had been engaged from the time when he entered the arena against Senator Douglas had been an earnest, devoted, sincere struggle for the supremacy of social and civil theories upon which he believed free government and individual rights were founded. He had reached the seat of government more of a prophet than a politician. In the heat of his great debate he had declared, with comprehension broader than a mere intellectual effort, "I do not expect the Union to be dissolved; I do not expect the house to fall; but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other."

He reached Washington, however, to find that the trials of the crisis had apparently dissipated the faith of his followers, and to feel that he stood alone on that height from which he looked forth to survey the promised land of his hopes and aspirations. Mr. Corwin, of Ohio, had already asked Congress to declare that it was "highly inexpedient to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, unless with the consent of the States of Maryland and Virginia." Mr. Morrill, of Vermont, had offered a resolution, "that neither Congress nor any Territorial Legislature shall pass any law establishing or prohibiting slavery in any Territory thus acquired, until it shall have sufficient population to entitle it to admission into the Union." Mr. Charles Francis Adams had proposed, "that the Constitution be so amended that no subsequent amendment thereto, having for its object any interference with slavery, shall originate with any State that does not recognize that relation within its own limits, or shall be valid without the assent of every one of the States composing the Union." Mr. Winter Davis suggested "that Congress should request the States to revise their statutes, with a view to repeal all personal liberty bills, and further, that the Fugitive Slave Law be so amended as to secure trial by jury to the fugitive slave not in the free State where he was arrested, but in the slave State to which he might be taken." And a committee of thirty-three members of the House had accepted all these propositions as the basis of a plan of reconciliation and peace. The glory of Israel seemed to have departed.

Mr. Lincoln found himself left with his masterly arguments on the stump, in Illinois and at the Cooper Institute, in New-York, the inspiration of his triumphant contest for universal freedom, scattered to the four winds of political expediency and compromise. On his journey he had avoided all discussion of a policy for his Administration, with a keen recognition of the confused and unsatisfactory counsels of those who had endeavored to prepare the way for his incoming Administration. He felt the necessity of prudence and caution; and when he accepted the advice and protection of Governor Curtin and his friends at Harrisburg, and took an unexpected road to Washington to prevent every opportunity for disturbance, he recognized the importance of meeting the opponents of his party and the destroyers of his country in their stronghold, and on the very field of their treasonable operations. He knew that the skirmish line was no place for a commanding officer, and that defeat and death there meant disorganization of his forces, the overthrow of the object for which he had been elected, and political anarchy. In his journey he exercised all his prudence and his wariness against ambush; in his sudden appearance in the very midst of the enemy's camp he manifested all that courage for which he was so remarkable, and which on all occasions imparted strength and confidence to his friends, and confounded his enemies.

I saw him on his arrival and when he made his first appearance in a public place. I was standing in the upper hall of Willard's Hotel, conversing with a friend and listening to the confused talk of the crowded drawing-rooms adjoining. As we stood there a tall and awkward form appeared above the stairs, especially conspicuous as it came into view for a new and stylish hat. It was evidently President Lincoln, whom neither of us had seen before, and as soon as his presence was known, the hall was thronged from the drawing-rooms. He seemed somewhat startled by the crowd, did not remove his hat, wended his way somewhat rapidly, and with mere passing recognition, and took shelter in his room. There was a manifest attempt on his part to brace himself up to the occasion, and an evident consciousness that his situation was by no means usual with incoming Presidents. When he had reached his room and the crowd had dispersed, my friend and myself, who had opposed his election, called on him to pay our respects. He received us with great cordiality, spoke freely of the difficulties by which he was surrounded, and referred to the support he had received in Massachusetts with evident satisfaction. "I like your man Banks," said he, "and have tried to find a place for him in my Cabinet, but I am afraid I shall not quite fetch it." He bore the marks of anxiety in his countenance, which, in its expression of patience determination, resolve and deep innate modesty, was extremely touching. My old friend, formerly representative in Congress from Ohio, now the venerable and distinguished Chief-Justice of the District of Columbia who had spent at his farm near Cleveland a long summer day with Senator Douglas the year before the great Convention of 1860, discussing the important issues before the country and the prospects of the candidacy of the Republican party, and warning Douglas of the political ruin to which his views were leading him, was taken at once into the President's counsels with regard to the Cabinet. The list which was afterward decided upon, and which was made up in accordance with that spirit of conciliation to which I have referred, was submitted to Judge Cartter and discussed. "Do you not think the elements of this Cabinet are too strong and in some respects too conflicting?" said he to Mr. Lincoln. "It may be so," answered the President, "but I think they will neutralize each other." This idea of an Administration policy was certainly novel and original, so novel and original that it was considered by the very men who had distinguished themselves in the House and Senate by their extraordinary propositions of peace and compromise but a few months before, "a disgraceful surrender to the Southern." It indicated, moreover, Mr. Lincoln's confidence in himself, and substituted for the harmonious support usually expected by a President of his Cabinet, a council rendered powerless through conflicting opinions.

In the midst of this neutralized organization he managed to have his own way. And never since the organization of the Government has a President "trodden the wine-press alone" so entirely as he did during the great trials of the Administration. The amount of labor he performed was enormous. The intellectual work he accomplished, in letters, speeches, messages, replies to opposition resolutions, instructions to Army officers, appeals to belligerent States, has never been equalled in the same space of time by an American Executive. Nor were his feelings and emotions allowed any repose. Disappointed and alarmed by disasters to the Union Army, stung by harsh criticism from his friends, disheartened by the fears of the timid, annoyed by the counsels of the unwise, heart-broken by the grief of loyal fathers and mothers whose sons had fallen in battle, exasperated by the monstrous cruelties of the Rebellion, he preserved all the gentleness of his nature, and found himself ready to pass from the horrors of an unexampled war to the magnanimity of an unexampled peace with malice toward none and charity for all."

The world knows the story of his anxiety and agony during the storms of the War. The world knows also the innumerable stories of his gentleness and kindness—his quick response to the cry of a child which met his ears as he passed through the corridor of the White House, and the swift pardon he granted the condemned father of the child as it joined its wail with the piteous petition of the wife and mother—his discharge of a young man from the Army whose father and brother had died for their country, that the mother might share her treasures with the Union—his many acts of kindness to the distressed and broken-hearted around him. And these who were constantly with him know also the sternness of his judgment and his severity under a realization of offence and wrong. I can never forget the immovable air with which he listened to an earnest and most tearful appeal from the mother of a rebel prisoner from Maryland, that her son might be released and allowed to return to his home. "He has been two years away from me, exposed to all the dangers of battle and the hardships of the camp, and I can bear the separation no longer," she sobbed out. "And this, I suppose, is the first time you ever cried about it," said he stoically. "I guess he can stand it a while longer." Amid this conflict of emotion, amid the anxieties of the War and the mental trials of his intense official duty, subject to the sharp annoyances of a political campaign, he reached the end of the first term of his official career, the opening of his second Administration, and the surrender of the armies of the rebellion. And then I saw him again and for the last time.

On the 9th of April, 1865, Lee's army surrendered, and the conflict against the Government was ended. On that day President Lincoln returned from Richmond to Washington, and on the afternoon of the 10th the jubilant loyal multitudes of Washington thronged the White House and the grounds to congratulate him, and to listen to his own words of rejoicing. Anxious, as he said, "not to make a mistake," and preferring "to-morrow evening, when he should be quite willing, and he hoped ready, to say something," he dismissed the audience, who reassembled at the time he suggested. I stood beneath the porch of the White House and heard his speech. The crowd was immense, and the joy was great. On my way to Washington I had met General Banks in New-York, and had learned from him that if the Administration adopted the Louisiana plan of reconstruction all would be well—that plan by which "a number of persons not less than one-tenth in number of the vote cast at the Presidential election of 1860 might re-establish a State Government which shall be republican." This question I supposed would be deferred until the opening of Congress. But at this hour of rejoicing the President entered at once upon the issue, defended his plan earnestly and elaborately, while the people listened and wondered. "As to sustaining it," he said, "my promise is out; but as bad promises are better broken than kept, I shall treat this as a bad promise, and break it whenever I shall be convinced that keeping it is adverse to the public interest." He stood at the window over the entrance of the White House, unattended except by two young men who stood by his side and held candles for him to read his manuscript. He looked careworn and calm. The audience listened earnestly to this declaration of the next step in the great work which had fallen on the shoulders of this remarkable man. Some acquiesced, many dissented, all pondered. When he declared that "if the Constitution of Louisiana is only to what it should be as the egg is to the fowl, we shall sooner have the fowl by hatching the egg than by smashing it," the conclusion was accented with shouts of laughter. Soon the audience quietly dispersed, the President retired from the window, and the White House was again dark. Secretary Stanton afterward informed me that Payne and Booth stood armed in the crowd, measuring the distance with their eyes to the President, and considering whether or not he could be shot on that

spot. The next morning I saw Mr. Sumner and he was in despair over the "Louisiana plan."

I reached Massachusetts on the following Friday evening. On Saturday morning I learned that the President had been assassinated. I had heard his first and last words in Washington—had seen the beginning and the end of the most remarkable career recorded in history.

GEORGE B. LORING.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

ANECDOTES OF THE LAWYER, POLITICIAN AND PRESIDENT.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS BY JUDGE WELDON.

In the summer of 1854 I became a citizen of De Witt County, Ill., having emigrated from Ohio for the purpose of practising law. At that time I knew something of Mr. Lincoln's history, having known of him while he was a member of Congress a few years before. I found he had a very strong hold upon popular affection; and stood high in the confidence of the people of the State. He was the leader of the bar, Judge Logan having substantially retired from the active practice; and although he was but forty-five, he was alluded to in popular parlance as "old Mr. Lincoln"; and in that connection I recall an incident occurring while he was a candidate for the Senate against Judge Douglas in 1858. He delivered a speech at Clinton, and as we were riding in the "inevitable procession" of American politics, the "small boy" of the period said to one of his companions: "There, there goes old Mr. Lincoln." This was said in a tone to be heard by the immediate company, and Mr. Lincoln was asked how long they had been calling him old. Said he, "Oh, they have been at that trick many years. They commenced it when I was scarcely thirty." It seemed to amuse him, he was not old enough to be sensitive about his age. The first time I met him, was in September, 1854, at Bloomington; and I was introduced to him by Judge Douglas, who was then making a campaign in defence of the Kansas-Nebraska bill. Mr. Lincoln was attending Court, and called to see the Judge. They talked very pleasantly about old times, and things; and during the conversation the Judge broadened the hospitalities of the occasion by asking him to drink something. Mr. Lincoln declined very politely, when the Judge said: "Why, do you belong to the temperance society?" He said: "I *do not* in theory, but I do in fact, belong to the temperance society, in this, to wit, that I do not drink anything and have not done so for a very many years." Shortly after he retired Mr. J. W. Fell, then, and now, a leading citizen of Illinois, came into the room, with a proposition that Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Douglas have a discussion, remarking that there were a great many people in the city, that the question was of great public importance, and that it would afford the crowd the luxury of listening to the acknowledged champions of both sides. As soon as the proposition was made it could be seen that the Judge was irritated. He inquired of Mr. Fell with some majesty of manner: "Whom does Mr. Lincoln represent in this campaign; is he an Abolitionist or an Old Line Whig?" Mr. Fell replied that he was an Old Line Whig. "Yes," said Douglas, "I am now in the region of the Old Line Whig. When I am in Northern Illinois, I am assailed by an Abolitionist, when I get to the centre I am attacked by an Old Line Whig, and when I go to Southern Illinois I am beset by an Anti-Nebraska Democrat. I can't hold the Whig responsible for anything the Abolitionist says, and can't hold the Anti-Nebraska Democrat responsible for the positions of either. It looks to me like dogging a man all over the State. If Mr. Lincoln wants to make a speech, he had better get a crowd of his own; and I most respectfully decline to hold a discussion." Mr. Lincoln had nothing to do with the challenge except perhaps to say he would discuss the question with Judge Douglas. He was not aggressive in the defence of his doctrines or enunciation of his opinions; but he was brave and fearless in the protection of what he believed to be the right. The impression he made when I was introduced was, as to his unaffected and sincere manner, the precise, cautious, and accurate mode in which he stated his thoughts even when talking about commonplace things.

In 1854 and down to the commencement of the war the circuit practice in Illinois was still in vogue and the itinerant lawyer was as sure to come as the trees to bud, or the leaves to fall. In and among these Mr. Lincoln was the star; he stood above and beyond them all. He travelled the circuit attending the courts of Judge David Davis's district, extending from the centre to the eastern boundary of the State, until he was nominated for the Presidency. He liked the atmosphere of a court house, and seemed to be contented and happy when Judge Davis was on the bench, and he had before him the "twelve good and lawful men" who had been called from the body of the county to "well and truly try the issue." In every county in which he practised he was among his friends and acquaintances; he usually knew the most, and always the leading men on the jury. He was not what might be called an industrious lawyer, and when his adversary presented a reasonably good affidavit for a continuance, he was willing that the case should go over until the next term. He was particularly kind to young lawyers, and I remember with what confidence I always went to him, because I was certain that he knew all about the matter, and would most cheerfully tell me. I can see him now through the decaying memories of thirty years, standing in the corner of the old court-room, and as I approached him with a paper I did not understand, he said: "Wait until I fix this plug for my 'gallis' and I will pitch into that like a dog at a root." While speaking he was busily engaged in trying to connect his suspender with his trousers by making a "plug" perform the function of a button. Mr. Lincoln used old-fashioned words, and never failed to use them if they could be sustained as proper. He was probably taught to say "gallows" and he never adopted the modern "suspender."

In the convulsions of nations, how rapidly history makes itself. Mr. Lincoln was the attorney of the Illinois Central Railroad Company, to assist the local counsel in the different counties of the circuit; and in De Witt County, in connection with the Hon. C. H. Moore, attended to the litigation of the company. In '58 or '59 he appeared in a case which they did not want to try at that term; and Mr. Lincoln remarked to the Court: "We are not ready for trial." Judge Davis said: "Why is not the company ready to go to trial?" Mr. L. replied: "We are embarrassed by the absence or rather want of information from Captain McClellan." The Judge said: "Who is Captain McClellan and why is he not here?" Mr. Lincoln said: "All I know of him is that he is the engineer of the railroad, and why he is not here this deponent saith not." In consequence of the absence of Captain McClellan the case was continued. Lincoln and McClellan had perhaps never met up to that time, and the most they knew of each other was, that one was the attorney and the other the engineer of the Illinois Central Railroad Company. In less than two years from that time the fame of both had spread as broad as civilization, and each held in his grasp the fate of a nation. The lawyer was directing councils and cabinets, and the engineer in subordination to the lawyer as commander-in-chief was directing armies greater and grander than the combined forces of Wellington and Napoleon at Waterloo.

The Kansas-Nebraska bill having been passed in May, 1854, great political excitement prevailed in Illinois because of the connection of Senator Douglas with that measure. Mr. Douglas and Mr. Lincoln had been political antagonists as Whigs and Democrats; and when the Republican party was formed in 1854 that antagonism continued, Mr. Douglas adhering to the Democratic party and Mr. Lincoln becoming the leader of the Republican party in Illinois. In 1858, during the campaign preceding the election of Senator, Mr. Lincoln made a speech at Springfield on the 17th of June, in which he charged a purpose on the part of Mr. Douglas, Mr. Buchanan and Judge Taney to nationalize slavery. That speech is one of the most remarkable that he ever delivered; and the one in which he used the expression, "a house divided against itself cannot stand." Mr. Douglas came to Illinois upon the adjournment of the Senate and made a speech in Chicago, in which he did not take occasion to contradict the charge made in Mr. Lincoln's Springfield speech. Mr. Lincoln then made another speech at Springfield, in which he noticed the fact that he made the charge referred to on the 17th of June; that Mr. Douglas had since then made a speech in Chicago, and did not deny it; and, said he in his second Springfield speech: "I am entitled to what the lawyers call a default, and I here take the default on him on that charge, he having refused and failed to answer."

Some time in the latter part of July Mr. Douglas began his regular campaign in De Witt, that being a strong Buchanan county; Colonel Thomas Snell having organized the Danite party there, in opposition to Mr. Douglas. We wrote Mr. Lincoln that inasmuch as Mr. Douglas was to begin his regular campaign there, he had better come and hear him; and on the morning of the day the meeting was held Mr. Lincoln came to Clinton. There was an immense crowd for a country town, and the people were very much excited upon the subject of politics. On the way to the grove Mr. Lincoln said: "I have challenged Judge Douglas for a discussion what do you think of it?" I said: "The question is already settled, but I approve your judgment in whatever you may do." Mr. Douglas spoke to an immense audience and made one of the most forcible political speeches I ever heard. He spoke over three hours, in the course of which he took occasion to reply to Mr. Lincoln's Springfield speech, with reference to the "default" which he said Mr. Lincoln in his second speech had sought to make against him. As he progressed in his argument he became very personal, and I said to Mr. Lincoln: "Do you suppose Douglas knows you are here?" "Well," said he, "I don't know whether he does or not, he has not looked around in this direction; but I reckon the boys have told him I am here." When Judge Douglas finished there was a great shout for Mr. Lincoln. He stepped on the seat very much excited and said: "This is Judge Douglas's meeting. I have no right and therefore no disposition to interfere, but if you ladies and gentlemen desire to hear what I have to say on these questions, and will meet me to-night at the Court House yard, *I will try* and answer the gentleman." Mr. Douglas was in the act of putting on his cravat, and turned in the direction of Mr. Lincoln. Both became poised in a tableau of majestic power. The scene exhibited a meeting of giants, a contest of great men, and the situation was dramatic in the extreme. Lincoln made a speech that night which in volume and force did not equal the speech of Judge Douglas; but for sound and cogent argument it was superior. Negro equality was then the bugbear of politics, and the Republican party was defending itself against the charges to the extent as made by the Democracy. Mr. Lincoln said in his speech: "Judge Douglas charges me with being in favor of negro equality and to the extent that he charges I am not guilty. *I am guilty* of hating servitude and loving freedom; and while I would not carry the equality of the races to the extent charged by my adversary, I am happy to confess before you that in some things the black man is the equal of the white man. In the right to eat the bread his own hands have earned he is the equal of Judge Douglas or any other living man." When he spoke the last sentence he had stretched himself to his full height, and as he reached his hands toward the stars of that still night then and there fell from his lips one of the grandest expressions of American statesmanship. After the meeting his friends congratulated him especially on the beauty of the thought in the last sentence of the quotation. He said: "Do you think that is fine?" and when assured that it was he laughingly said, "If you think so, I will get that off again." Mr. Douglas having received a challenge from Mr. Lincoln, replied to him in a few days and the memorable discussion was the result.

In May, 1860, a State Convention was held at Decatur to appoint delegates to Chicago. Mr. Lincoln was there; and at that convention was inaugurated by Governor Oglesby the rail movement. He had formerly lived in that county, and had worked on a farm with Mr. John Hanks, who was still living, and it occurred to the Governor, in conversation with Mr. Hanks, that if they could get some of the rails that Lincoln and Hanks split, it would be a good thing for the campaign; and so on the day of the convention Oglesby arranged that just at the close of the business of the convention, Mr. Hanks should march in with one of these rails on his shoulder, which he did; and as Mr. Lincoln rose to speak his attention was called to the rail. He said: "Fellow-citizens, it is true that many, many years ago John Hanks and I made rails down on the Sangamon. We made good, big, honest rails, but whether that is one of the rails I am not, at this distant period of time, able to say." That inaugurated the rail movement. He closed his reference to the rails with a eulogy on free labor, embracing the finest thought of his theory upon that subject. At that convention the question was asked him whether he would attend the Chicago Convention, and he replied: "I am a little too much of a candidate to go, and not quite enough of a candidate to stay away; but upon the whole I believe I will not go."

Mr. Lincoln took no public part in the campaign of 1860. He attended one political meeting, but declined to speak. On the day appointed by law the Republican electors met at Springfield and were entertained at dinner by Mr. J. C. Conkling, the elector for that district. Mr. Lincoln was there as one of the guests, and talked freely but sadly as to the condition of things incident to his election. Governor Yates, who had been elected Governor, was of the party, and expressed to him the necessity of being firm and determined. He replied that he hoped he would be adequate to the responsibility of the situation; and that in his hands, as President, the Republic of Washington would not perish. How much work he did at Springfield in the preparation of his inaugural was not known by his most intimate friends. He may have consulted some of the members of his Cabinet who visited him before he left for Washington, but beyond them he kept his own counsel. That fact illustrates one of the distinguishing features of his character. As to the ordinary affairs of life he was indifferent, he listened to any body, but when the highest and most important functions of duty were called into requisition, he was one of the most self-reliant men of history. As President of the United States he was indifferent as to who was Minister to the Court of St. James or Postmaster at New-York; Councils and Cabinets might decide such questions, but when the question arose whether liberty was to be given to all, in the solitude of his unmeasured genius the problem was solved. He was advised long before 1860 by some of his more intimate friends that his positions on the subject of slavery and human rights would be prejudicial to his party and to himself personally. He paid no attention to such admonitions. The question with him was whether the thing was right and not what his friends may have thought about the expediency of it.

With all the jollity of his every-day life, in all but the surface indications of his character he was sad and serious. The poem which he so often quoted, "Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" was a reflex in poetic form of the deep melancholy of his soul. I have heard him as he sat by the decaying embers of an old-fashioned fireplace, when the day's merriment and business were over, and the night's stillness had assumed dominion, quote this favorite poem.

Another story is told illustrative of Mr. Lincoln's ability to relieve the embarrassment of his situation as President by a master stroke of wit. In 1862 the people of New-York City were apprehensive of a bombardment by some of the Confederate cruisers; public meetings were held to express the gravity of the situation, and to induce the Government to do something by way of permanently protecting the city. In consummation of that purpose a delegation of fifty gentlemen representing in their own right $100,000,000 was selected to visit Washington and have an interview with the President, and induce him to detail a gunboat to protect the city. The committee requested a gentleman then staying at Washington to arrange with the President a time when he could see them. Mr. Lincoln seemed to be much puzzled what to say or do, and remarked to the gentleman who was arranging as to the interview: "I have no gunboats or ships of war that can be spared from active service; but inasmuch as they have come to see me, I shall have to see them and get along as best I can." The committee called at the appointed time, and were introduced as gentlemen "representing $100,000,000 in their own right." The chairman of the delegation made a very earnest appeal to the President for protection, and remarked that they represented the wealth of the city. "One hundred millions in their own right." Mr. Lincoln heard them attentively, evidently impressed with the "hundred millions," and replied as follows: "Gentlemen, I am by the Constitution commander-in-chief of the army and navy of the United States; and as a matter of law I can order anything done that is practicable to be done; but as a matter of fact I am not in command of the gunboats or ships of war; as a matter of fact I do not know exactly where they are, but presume they are actively engaged. It is impossible for me in the condition of things to furnish you a gunboat. The credit of the Government is at a very low ebb. Greenbacks are not worth more than 40 or 50 cents on the dollar, and in this condition of things if I was worth half as much as you gentlemen are represented to be, and as badly frightened as you seem to be, I would build a gunboat and give it to the Government." The gentleman who accompanied the delegation says he never saw one hundred millions sink to such insignificant proportions as the committee recrossed the threshold of the White House, sadder but wiser men. They had learned that money as well as muscle was a factor of war.

LAWRENCE WELDON.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

SAVING KENTUCKY TO THE UNION.

BY COLONEL A. H. MARKLAND, LATE SUPERINTENDENT OF THE MILITARY POSTAL SERVICE.

Not long after the November election of 1860 an association was formed in Washington City for the purpose of gathering information as to the real condition of political affairs in the South with reference to threatened secession, and to organize for such remedies as might seem necessary. This association was composed of gentlemen mainly from the Southern States who were for the maintenance of the Union at whatever cost. Some were the personal friends of Abraham Lincoln, others had opposed his election. In the membership were men who had held prominent positions in the public service and who were skilled in political diplomacy. This association held its meetings for consultation daily and nightly during the winter months of 1860 and '61, and though the meetings were not absolutely secret they were not openly public. I was one of the young members of the association. It is not material to state what steps were taken or what methods were adopted to accomplish the work in view. It is sufficient to say that while the disunionists had their agents visiting State capitals and the large cities to address Legislatures and the people generally on the beauties of secession, the Unionists were educating them in a more quiet way to its folly and danger. It was through this association I became personally acquainted with Abraham Lincoln shortly after his inauguration.

My first interview with Mr. Lincoln was in company with some of his intimate personal friends who called informally to pay their respects to him as the President of the United States. When the salutations and congratulations were being made to Mr. Lincoln one of his secretaries placed some papers on his table for signature. Mr. Lincoln excused himself for the moment by this remark: "Just wait now until I sign some papers, that this Government may go on."

The papers being signed, Mr. Lincoln entered into a chatty conversation on public subjects in which he gave his views on the situation as then presented by the attitude of the Southern States. He was then hopeful that a more serious phase of the threatened trouble might be averted and that the better judgment of the citizens of the South might prevail. But he was very decided and determined as to what his duty was and what his action would be if the secessionists and disunionists pressed their case. He said: "The disunionists did not want me to take the oath of office. I have taken it, and I intend to administer the office for the benefit of the people in accordance with the Constitution and the law." The interview was of short duration but of consequence as showing that Mr. Lincoln had in no measure been inattentive to the growth of disunion sentiment in the South, nor was he in doubt as to what means should be taken to check its progress. He had said to a prominent Democratic politician of the State of Kentucky who called upon him at Springfield, Ill., immediately after the November election: "The Fugitive Slave law will be better administered under my Administration than it ever has been under that of my predecessors. If your party has been honest in its execution I will see that my party is equally honest in its execution." The gentleman said in reply: "Mr. Lincoln, if you will put that in writing that I may take it South and show it to the people, I will guarantee to save every State from secession except probably South Carolina." Mr. Lincoln said: "Sir, these are my views, given to you honestly and with good intent. You may use them as you think proper. It would be indelicate and unsalled for to put them in writing at this time, for the purpose you indicate. I have not yet been placed in charge of the Government. When the time comes for me to assume authority I will speak plainly and explicitly, and no man who is for the Union will mistake me." The gentleman with whom this conversation was had has repeated it to me within the last few days.

The persuasive methods of Mr. Lincoln and his friends for the adjustment of the differences between the Unionists and disunionists were destroyed by Beauregard's bombardment of Fort Sumter. The business of active war was inaugurated. At a consultation between Mr. Lincoln and a number of Kentuckians then in Washington City, it was determined that come what would Kentucky should not be plunged into secession and war against the Union. The importance of that State in the prosecution of the struggle for the supremacy of the law and the Union was such that it was deemed advisable to observe the most conciliatory policy in relation to it. It was, however, understood that preparations should be made for the emergency if the conciliatory policy should fail. The earnestness with which Mr. Lincoln looked to the importance and action of Kentucky was shown by his language at that conference. He said: "Kentucky must not be precipitated into secession. She is the key to the situation. With her faithful to the Union the discord in the other States will come to an end. She is now in the hands of those who do not represent the people. The sentiment of her State officials must be counteracted. We must arouse the young men of the State to action for the Union. We must know what men in Kentucky have the confidence of the people and who can be relied on for good judgment that they may be brought to the support of the Government at once." He paid a high tribute to the patriotism of the Southern men who had stood up against secession. But, said he: "They are as a rule beyond the meridian of life, and their counsels and example do not operate quickly, if at all, on the excitable nature of young men who become inflamed by the preparations of war and who, in such a war as this will be, if it goes on, are apt to go in on the side that gives the first opportunity. The young men must not be permitted to drift away from us. I know that the men who voted against me in Kentucky will not permit this Government to be swept away by any such issue as that framed by the disunionists. We need only to organize against Governor McGoffin's followers to beat them." In this consultation or conference Mr. Lincoln was the principal spokesman, and both in manner and matter he gave evidence that he was not a novice in leadership.

Immediately a campaign for the Union was begun in Kentucky. A pacific campaign it was. Warlike preparations were openly going on within the borders of every other State in the Union. What was being done in Kentucky was the work of the pen and the eloquence of the orator, for the Union or neutrality, which was only another name for secession. The State could not be dragooned into open secession, therefore the neutrality policy was adopted. That policy was more rigidly observed by Mr. Lincoln than it was by his opponents, but he was not misled by it. On the contrary, he knew its treachery and prepared for it. Lieutenant William Nelson, of the United States Navy, a native of the State of Kentucky, was detailed for a special service, a service requiring intelligence, courage and an accurate knowledge of men. Judge Joseph Holt made eloquent appeals for the Union through the columns of the press and from the forum, as did the Speeds, the Goodloes and many others of prominence. Rousseau, Jacob, Poumbaker and others stood guard in the Legislature and by their eloquence stayed the tide of disunion there. Camps for recruiting for the Union were formed on the north bank of the Ohio River. Cairo, Ill., was occupied by Union troops. The neutrality doctrine of Kentucky was fast approaching the end of its usefulness to the Confederates. It had been violated by them in the establishment of Camps Boone and Trusdale, on the southern border. Generals Pillow and Polk occupied Hickman and Columbus respectively. General Grant and his Union troops at once occupied Paducah, Ky., and the headquartes of the Department of the Cumberland were removed from Cincinnati, Ohio, to Louisville, Ky. The special service of Lieutenant William Nelson, of the United States Navy, had been prudently and faithfully performed, and the arms and munitions of war with which he had been intrusted were in the hands of

Union men in the very centre of the State. The labors of Judge Holt, the Speeds, the Goodloes, Cassius M. Clay and their followers had brought forth fruit for the Union. The patriotic men in the Legislature had done their work well. The men in the camps on the north side of the Ohio River moved over into Kentucky and the invasion of Confederates which was to sweep Kentucky into secession was at an end. Kentucky was saved to the Union by the wise counsel and pacific policy of Abraham Lincoln.

The Unionists of Kentucky who were in the City of Washington during the summer of 1861, that summer of excitement and oftentimes of positive discouragement, will remember with what faith and how earnestly and tenderly Abraham Lincoln clung to Kentucky. He was willing to commission her citizens though they had declared against him, saying "that a Kentuckian who will accept a commission from me will not betray the trust."

From the occupation of Paducah, Ky., may be dated the warm and unswerving friendship of Abraham Lincoln for General U. S. Grant. Other friends may have wavered in their friendship for General Grant and even recommended his removal from command, but Abraham Lincoln was faithful to General Grant through evil and good report. If his confidence was ever shaken he had the manliness to tell him of it and ask his pardon. May it not be that when General Grant recently said, as reported, "that he had friends on the other side," he was mindful that Abraham Lincoln was among the number. To recur to the Paducah proclamation above referred to, I heard Mr. Lincoln use these words about it: "The modesty and brevity of that address to the citizens of Paducah show that the officer issuing it understands the situation and is a proper man to command there at this time." I give the official text of it:

PROCLAMATION TO THE CITIZENS OF PADUCAH.

I have come among you, not as an enemy, but as your friend and fellow-citizen; not to injure or annoy you, but to respect the rights and to defend and enforce the rights of all loyal citizens. An enemy in rebellion against our common Government has taken possession of and planted its guns upon the soil of Kentucky, and fired upon our flag. Hickman and Columbus are in his hands. He is moving upon your city. I am here to defend you against this enemy, and to assert and maintain the authority and sovereignty of your Government and mine. I have nothing to do with opinions. I shall deal only with armed rebellion and its aiders and abettors.

You can pursue your usual avocations without fear or hindrance. The strong arm of the Government is here to protect its friends and to punish only its enemies.

Whenever it is manifest that you are able to defend yourselves, to maintain the authority of the Government, and to protect the rights of all its loyal citizens, I shall withdraw the forces under my command from your city.

U. S. GRANT, Brig. Gen. U. S. A., Commanding.

Paducah, Sept. 6, 1861.

Official, T. S. BOWERS, A. A. G.

A few weeks after the occupation of Paducah, Ky., I went to that section of the State as a Government officer, and from that time until the close of the war I was in the lines of the United States Army. My last interview with Mr. Lincoln had a touch of pathos I can never forget, and I cannot properly describe. I remember his words well, but the expression of his countenance and the modulation of his voice is far beyond any description I could give. When General Grant directed me to proceed to a point where I might possibly hear something of General Sherman's approach to the sea, he directed me also to call on Mr. Lincoln in Washington and take any message Mr. Lincoln might have for General Sherman. When I called Mr. Lincoln was engaged with some gentlemen in his office. My card was sent to him and immediately I was admitted. As I entered the door he arose and met me in the centre of the room. Extending his hand to me he said: "Well, Colonel, I got word from General Grant that you were going to find Sherman and that you would take him any message I might have. I know you will find him because we always get good news from you. Say to General Sherman for me, whenever and wherever you see him, 'God bless him and God bless his army.' That is as much as I can say and more than I can write." He held my hand during the delivery of this message, and our eyes looked into each other's. The tear drops gathered in his eyes, his lips trembled and his voice faltered. He gave evidence of being greatly affected. He shook my hand, bade me good-by, and I proceeded toward the door, when he called to me. When I looked back he was standing like a statue where I had left him. "Now, remember what I say," and then repeated the message. I passed out the door and never saw Mr. Lincoln again, but the language and picture of that meeting will never be forgotten. I met General Sherman in Ossabaw Sound on the flag-ship of Admiral Dahlgren, immediately after the fall of Fort McCallister, and as soon as I could strike hands with him I delivered him the message and by its language he was visibly affected.

It has been thought that Mr. Lincoln was controlled by his Cabinet Ministers. My observation was quite to the contrary. He was the master spirit of his Administration, and by unsurpassed tact he kept them in harmony with each other and in line with himself. Mr. Lincoln controlled others by good common sense, perfect frankness and genial nature. As President he was controlled only by law and the equities. He always had the courage to do the proper thing at the proper time.

In the summer of 1864 Mr. Blair, the Postmaster-General, desired to have a certain character of orders relating to the postal service within the lines of the army. When the subject was brought to the attention of General Grant he suggested that the proper orders ought to be issued by the Secretary of War, Mr. Stanton. A draft of the proposed orders was made in the Adjutant-General's office at headquarters, and a letter to accompany them was sent to the Postmaster-General. I was directed to go to the War Department and ask that the orders be issued. Mr. Stanton, the Secretary of War, declined to issue them to accommodate Mr. Blair, the Postmaster-General. The trouble was that there was a little official jealousy between the two Cabinet Ministers. When I returned to Mr. Blair with the information that the orders would not be issued by the Secretary of War he said, "We will see." He wrote a letter to Mr. Lincoln which he gave to me to deliver with the accompanying papers. The letter of Mr. Blair read in this way:

I would respectfully ask the President's attention to the within communication. While the mail communications with the army of the West have been satisfactory, those with the army here have not been. To remedy this I brought Colonel Markland here. He had been with General Grant and has confidence. The General, you will perceive, prepared the requisite orders, but they remain unacted on in the War Department.

June 9, '64. M. BLAIR, P. M. G.

When I delivered the letter Mr. Lincoln read it carefully and handed it back to me, saying: "What is the matter between Blair and Stanton?" I told him all I knew in reference to the proposed orders. He then said: "If I understand the case, General Grant wants the orders issued, and Blair wants them issued, and you want them issued, and Stanton won't issue them. Now, don't you see what kind of a fix I will be in if I interfere? I'll tell you what to do: If you and General Grant understand one another, suppose you try to get along without the orders, and if Blair or Stanton make a fuss I may be called in as a referee and I may decide in your favor." The orders were never issued and pleasant relations were maintained on that score all around. A. H. MARKLAND.

LINCOLN CLUB MEETING.

Presentation, Memorial Resolutions and General Business.

The Lincoln club held a meeting last evening at its rooms on West Main street, which was well attended, and at which general routine business was transacted. During the evening Sherman D. Richardson presented to the club a fine picture of Hon. Albion W. Tourgee. In his presentation remarks Mr. Richardson referred to the early work of the club among young men first choosing their political affiliations, and to its lead in holding a successful public meeting when the local committee was hesitating. In looking about for a speaker for that occasion they hit upon the talented Tourgee. For the purpose of placing before the eyes of the young men an example of true manhood he thought there was nothing more fitting than this picture.

An elegant president's gavel was presented to the club by Fred. W. Wagner.

George A. Benton offered the following, which was adopted and ordered entered upon the minutes, and a copy forwarded to Hon. Robert Lincoln:

Mrs. Abraham Lincoln is dead. The Lincoln club of Rochester, bearing her husbands name, would pay its tributs of respect to her memory. A wife's exalted ambition, her faithful counsel, her loving admonitions, her intuitive knowledge of the right have been at once the spur and guide to many a triumphant career. What the life of Lincoln might have been apart from that of Mary Todd is not for us to know. What it was with her is patent to all. Together they advanced to the most elevated station and the highest honors. Upon the threshold of the fruition of triumph the assassin's bullet slew him at her side. That bullet accomplished more than its intended purpose. Its fell force withered her life. Her life's work ended with Lincoln's. Tearfully she has waited the summons to join him. In death again united they rest in tranquil slumber enshrined in the reverent, loving homage of the nation.

BROOKLYN UNION AND ARGUS

WEDNESDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 22.

FIGS AND THISTLES. A Western Story by A. W. Tourgee. Fords, Howard & Hulbut

This is a story of a boy who, born in the bumblest life, worked his way, barefooted as it were, to the bar, then into the arm, and then to Congress. The movement is fresh and active, and full of adventure. It is a book for men to read, and yet there is for the women a silver thread of love story.

THE CULTIVATOR AND Country Gentleman

Albany, Oct. 23, 1879.

Figs and Thistles.—This is the title of a bright and readable story of American life, by ALBION W. TOURGEE, author of "Toinette," and is published by Messrs. Fords, Howard & Hulbert, 27 Park Place, New-York. The scene is for the most part laid in the Western Reserve of Ohio, and the hero is a barefooted orphan boy, who comes to be a general and a congressman. Beside his main purpose of pleasing, the author seems to have had also a moral end in view—the portrayal of political honesty under strong temptation. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he"—this phrase (and by the way, from what work is it quoted?) seems to be taken as a motto for the story; and the conclusion is: "*Man* may not gather figs of thistles, but of the thorniest life the Master's hand may garner grapes of sweetest flavor."

Montreal NEW BOOKS. Gazette

FIGS AND THISTLES: A Western Story. By Albion W. Tourgee, author of Toinette: A Tale of the South. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert; Montreal: W. Dryadale and Company.

The scene of this story, largely laid in the "Western Reserve" of Ohio, does not circumscribe the action or the interest of this fresh and delightful romance of real life. It is a representative of "American Novel," because it follows the fortunes of a barefooted orphan boy through the exciting scenes of the past thirty years—his boyhood, youth, love, successes in law, in the war, in Congress, and through the peculiar trials and temptations of a political career. Whoever has read Judge Tourgee's former novel, "Toinette," will not need to be told that he is a vivid, graphic, powerful, and skilful delineator of dramatic events. "Figs and Thistles" will please the East by its inherent novelty, brilliancy, and interest; and it will come home to the West as a worthy exponent of the wonderful possibilities which that favored region offers to its best and manliest elements. Crowded with interest, populous with strong characters, simple but ingenious in plot, rich with the humor of the West, and from beginning to end *alive* with absorbing interest, this book cannot fail to sustain and extend the author's name as a popular writer of fiction.

The Providence Press.

WEDNESDAY EVENING OCT. 22, 1879.

FIGS AND THISTLES. A Western Story. By Albion W. Tourjee. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert. pp. 538.

This is a picture of great dramatic interest and power. The scene is laid chiefly in the West, but sweeps a larger geographical circle. The time embraces the war period, while the events have to do with Congress, legislation, speculation, honor and dishonor, true integrity of character and crime, and nearly all the differing phases of human nature and life. The plot is intricate but strong in its setting; the characters are clear, pronounced, and positive, and the whole story exceedingly interesting. The element of love is not wanting but it shines more resplendently and with a steadier and more brilliant force during the thrilling events succeeding marriage than before, as all true love should. The moral tone of the story is excellent, though the chief criminal enduring the reward of his guilt through long years of devotion to the good of others, evokes our pity. The author has written

volumes, only one of which has come to our table, entitled, "*Toinette, a Tale of the South*," but these two give high promise. It is a queer title, but a brilliant picture. For sale by N. Bangs Williams & Co.

Oct 16. 1879

FOUNDED JAN. 1, 1869.

BUSINESS ADVOCATE AND *PRICE CURRENT*,

FORDS, HOWARD & HULBERT, NEW YORK—Albert Tourgee, another of "Toinette: a Tale of the South," has written a new novel called "Figs and Thistles," a title which serves very well as a title but gives no idea of the story, which is well written but over-diffuse romance of American life, the hero of which figures as a soldier in the war of the rebellion, then as a lawyer, a politician and a member of Congress, and finishes as a benefactor of humanity, leaving a fortune for a charitable purpose. The love-plot interwoven in all this is not uninteresting, and the book is really full of faithful pictures of American life, especially as it may be found in the society of a small town in the West. It is for sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

JUDGE TOURGEE'S PECUNIARY AFFAIRS.

JAMESTOWN, Nov. 26.—Judge Albion W. Tourgee, the author, has been undergoing an examination at Mayville, where his country residence is situated in supplementary proceedings brought for an accounting of his property. The inquiry shows that Judge Tourgee is wholly or nearly bankrupt. His liabilities are estimated at $75,000. He stated that he failed for $100,000 in 1872, and has since paid his creditors every penny. Afterward he became interested in *Our Continent;* and of the $150,000 stock he held only $10,000. This sum has been lost, and large debts created in addition. "An Appeal to Caesar" was written last summer while he was ill and an amenuensis took his words down while he lay in bed, sick in body and nearly distracted in mind by the condition of his financial affairs. This book was placed at the disposal of his creditors before it was completed, and was not yielding him anything, although selling well. Judge Tourgee is confident that if he is granted good health he will eventually overcome every difficulty. He will partially discontinue literary work this winter and go on the lecture platform. He has gained many friends during his residence at Mayville and has the sympathy of the entire community.

Hon. Albion W. Tourgee, now of Mayville, N. Y., has been financially swamped by his "Continent" enterprise, but is acting squarely with his creditors and is doing what he can to put them in the way of getting their money. All the profits of his new book—"An Appeal to Cæsar"—have been turned over to them. He is to lecture, this Winter, also, for their benefit. He failed, years ago, for a hundred thousand, and finally paid every cent of his indebted[ness] not but

The Nation Oct. 23. 1879

A new edition of 'Toinette,' by Albion W. Tourgee, gives an opportunity to call attention to a distinctively American novel of more than the usual merit of its kind. The subject is a difficult one to handle, as it involves in one of its phases the race-prejudice of the North, and in another the caste-prejudice of the South. But, however difficult the problem, it is clearly stated and carried out to its legitimate tragic end with much subtle persuasiveness and candor. Here, however, the author's heart fails him, and after the real close of the story, at Toinette's flight, he adds the perfunctory termination of a happy marriage. This is to be regretted not only because the literary unity of the book is impaired, but because an excellent picture of the present relations the races in the South bear to each other is obscured. The interest in novels of the 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' order is now become historic or wholly intrinsic; but 'Toinette' deals with what are called "living issues," and deals with them well enough to make one desire even better success. 'Figs and Thistles,' by the same author, is marred by occasional whimsicality of a purely American and conscious type, as in the prologue, and now and then by un-English phrases so foreign to the general style of the book as to suggest that the author might have easily avoided them if he had considered such matters important. Indeed, these blemishes change Mr. Tourgee's audience from the lovers of literature to the bright boys and girls who are devourers of stories. The story is of the temptation of a conscientious hero, who from obscure beginnings has pushed himself through college, into business success, and into Congress; this is made particularly trying, but his wife, who does excellent duty as a *dea ex machinâ*, steps in and rescues her husband in a melodramatic scene. The details are unimportant, and the actual historical properties are used exclusively as properties and have no political interest. The merit of the book consists in its showing of the conjunction of self-reliance and humorous tolerance in American character, the origin and peculiarities of which form the puzzle that so many foreign travellers set themselves to solve.

N. Y. School Journal Oct. 18. 1879 N

BOOK DEPARTMENT.

NEW BOOKS.

TOINETTE: a Tale of the South; by Albion W. Tourgee. New York: Fords, Howard, and Hulbert. Price, $1.

The author was formerly Judge of the Supreme Court, North Carolina; his "annotated edition of the New Code of Civil Procedure, N. C.," is doubtless familiar to many. "Toinette" is now printed in a new edition and has reached its fourth thousand. Mr. Tourgee says, 'Toinette' was written because its incidents in effect had passed before

From Journal d'Industrie

author [illegible] recommends the following formula as furnishing a good and cheap writing ink: French extract of Campeachy wood 100 parts, lime water 800 parts, phenol (carbolic acid) 3 parts, hydrochloric acid 25 parts, gum arabic 30 parts, red chromate of potash 3 parts. The extract is first dissolved in the lime water on a steam bath with frequent stirring or shaking, after which the carbolic and hydrochloric acids are added, and change the red color to a brownish yellow. It is then heated half an hour on steam bath and set aside to cool. It is next filtered, and the gum and bichromate, dissolved in water, are added. Enough water is then added to make up the solution to 1,500 parts. This ink is a fine red when used, but soon gets black.

regationalist AND RECORDER.

SDAY, APR. 7, 1880.

"A Fool's Errand" is ly. It is as able and he recent state of the sting. Our attention, alled by a friend, who with the South as it is, to one fact which ok must not overlook. e and vivid picture of ere some years ago, as on the ground, but dition of things has and for the better. s already are dividing cal parties upon im- as the repudiation of debt, are realizing e importance of the much more generally ucation of the blacks Especially are these aders, the representa- ite families. There is mprovement, but mat- better condition than the work in question

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When he had got through Fellows and read the following article from a ine which he held in his hand:

he republican party seeks to commit hari- the quickest and surest method for it to do y the nomination of James G. Blaine for esidency, and the next most speedy and ve method is to select some man whom he ame as a figure-head of an administration ll in effect control. * * * His followers m-wered to the call with wonderful readi- considering their previous disappoint- , and the fact that, even if his were nomi- his election would be as hopeless an un- ing as an attempt to batter down Gibraltar reen peas. His disabilities as a candidate dical and incurable.

e first place, he is the incarnation of all prehensible elements of the republican He is a politician in the low sense in the term is used. To his mind statesman- synonymous with trickery.

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Union men in the very centre of the State. The labors of Judge Holt, the Speeds, the Goodloes, Cassius M. Clay and their followers had brought forth fruit for the Union. The patriotic men in the legislature had done their work well. The men in the camps on the north side of the Ohio River moved over into Kentucky and the invasion of Confederates which was to sweep Kentucky into secession was at an end. Kentucky was saved to the Union by the wise counsel and pacific policy of Abraham Lincoln.

The Unionists of Kentucky who were in the City of Washington during the summer of 1861, that summer of excitement and oftentimes of positive discouragement, will remember with what faith and how earnestly and tenderly Abraham Lincoln clung to Kentucky. He was willing to commission her citizens though they had declared against him, saying "that a Kentuckian who will accept a commission from me will not betray the trust."

From the occupation of Paducah, Ky., may be dated the warm and unswerving friendship of Abraham Lincoln for General U. S. Grant. Other friends may have wavered in their friendship for General Grant and even recommended his removal from command, but Abraham Lincoln was faithful to General Grant through evil and good report. If his confidence was ever shaken he had the manliness to tell him of it and ask his pardon. May it not be that when General Grant recently said, as reported, "that he had friends on the other side," he was mindful that Abraham Lincoln was among the number. To recur to the Paducah proclamation above referred to, I heard Mr. Lincoln use those words about it: "The modesty and brevity of that address to the citizens of Paducah show that the officer issuing it understands the situation and is a proper man to command there at this time." I give the official text of it:

PROCLAMATION TO THE CITIZENS OF PADUCAH.

I have come among you, not as an enemy, but as your friend and fellow-citizen; not to injure or annoy you, but to respect the rights and to defend and enforce the rights of all loyal citizens. An enemy in rebellion against our common Government has taken possession of and planted its guns upon the soil of Kentucky, and fired upon our flag. Hickman and Columbus are in his hands. He is moving upon your city. I am here to defend you against this enemy, and to assert and maintain the authority and sovereignty of your Government and mine. I have nothing to do with opinions. I shall deal only with armed rebellion and its aiders and abettors.

You can pursue your usual avocations without fear or hindrance. The strong arm of the Government is here to protect its friends and to punish only its enemies.

Whenever it is manifest that you are able to defend yourselves, to maintain the authority of the Government, and to protect the rights of all its loyal citizens, I shall withdraw the forces under my command from your city.

U. S. GRANT, Brig. Gen. U. S. A., Commanding.

Paducah, Sept. 6, 1861.

Official, T. S. BOWERS, A. A. G.

A few weeks after the occupation of Paducah, Ky., I went to that section of the State as a Government officer, and from that time until the close of the war I was in the lines of the United States Army. My last interview with Mr. Lincoln had a touch of pathos I can never forget, and I cannot properly describe. I remember his words well, but the expression of his countenance and the modulation of his voice is far beyond any description I could give. When General Grant directed me to proceed to a point where I might possibly hear something of General Sherman's approach to the sea, he directed me also to call on Mr. Lincoln in Washington and take any message Mr. Lincoln might have for General Sherman. When I called Mr. Lincoln was engaged with some gentlemen in his office. My card was sent to him and immediately I was admitted. As I entered the door he arose and met me in the centre of the room. Extending his hand to me he said: "Well, Colonel, I got word from General Grant that you were going to find Sherman and that you would take him any message I might have. I know you will find him because we always get good news from you. Say to General Sherman for me, whenever and wherever you see him, 'God bless him and God bless his army.' That is as much as I can say and more than I can write." He held my hand during the delivery of this message, and our eyes looked into each other's. The tear drops gathered in his eyes, his lips trembled and his voice faltered. He gave evidence of being greatly affected. He shook my hand, bade me good-by, and I proceeded toward the door, when he called to me. When I looked back he was standing like a statue where I had left him. "Now, remember what I say," and then repeated the message. I passed out the door and never saw Mr. Lincoln again, but the language and picture of that meeting will never be forgotten. I met General Sherman in Ossabaw Sound on the flag-ship of Admiral Dahlgren, immediately after the fall of Fort McAllister, and as soon as I could strike hands with him I delivered him the message and by its language he was visibly affected.

It has been thought that Mr. Lincoln was controlled by his Cabinet Ministers. My observation was quite to the contrary. He was the master spirit of his Administration, and by unsurpassed tact he kept them in harmony with each other and in line with himself. Mr. Lincoln controlled others by good common sense, perfect frankness and genial nature. As President he was controlled only by law and the equities. He always had the courage to do the proper thing at the proper time.

In the summer of 1864 Mr. Blair, the Postmaster-General, desired to have a certain character of orders relating to the postal service within the lines of the army. When the subject was brought to the attention of General Grant he suggested that the proper orders ought to be issued by the Secretary of War, Mr. Stanton. A draft of the proposed orders was made in the Adjutant-General's office at headquarters, and a letter to accompany them was sent to the Postmaster-General. I was directed to go to the War Department and ask that the orders be issued. Mr. Stanton, the Secretary of War, declined to issue them to accommodate Mr. Blair, the Postmaster-General. The trouble was that there was a little official jealousy between the two Cabinet Ministers. When I returned to Mr. Blair with the information that the orders would not be issued by the Secretary of War he said, "We will see." He wrote a letter to Mr. Lincoln which he gave to me to deliver with the accompanying papers. The letter of Mr. Blair read in this way:

I would respectfully ask the President's attention to the within communication. While the mail communications with the army of the West have been satisfactory, those with the army here have not been. To remedy this I brought Colonel Markland here. He had been with General Grant and has confidence. The General, you will perceive, prepared the requisite orders, but they remain unacted on in the War Department.

June 9, '64. M. BLAIR, P. M. G.

When I delivered the letter Mr. Lincoln read it carefully and handed it back to me, saying: "What is the matter between Blair and Stanton?" I told him all I knew in reference to the proposed orders. He then said: "If I understand the case, General Grant wants the orders issued, and Blair wants them issued, and you want them issued, and Stanton won't issue them. Now, don't you see what kind of a fix I will be in if I interfere? I'll tell you what to do: If you and General Grant understand one another, suppose you try to get along without the orders, and if Blair or Stanton make a fuss I may be called in as a referee and I may decide in your favor." The orders were never issued and pleasant relations were maintained on that score all around. A. H. MARKLAND.

LINCOLN CLUB MEETING.

Presentation, Memorial Resolutions and General Business.

The Lincoln club held a meeting last evening at its rooms on West Main street, which was well attended, and at which general routine business was transacted. During the evening Sherman D. Richardson presented to the club a fine picture of Hon. Albion W. Tourgee. In his presentation remarks Mr. Richardson referred to the early work of the club among young men first choosing their political affiliations, and to its lead in holding a successful public meeting when the local committee was hesitating. In looking about for a speaker for that occasion they hit upon the talented Tourgee. For the purpose of placing before the eyes of the young men an example of true manhood he thought there was nothing more fitting than this picture.

An elegant president's gavel was presented to the club by Fred. W. Wagner.

George A. Benton offered the following, which was adopted and ordered entered upon the minutes, and a copy forwarded to Hon. Robert Lincoln:

Mrs. Abraham Lincoln is dead. The Lincoln club of Rochester, bearing her husbands name, would pay its tribute of respect to her memory. A wife's exalted ambition, her faithful counsel, her loving admonitions, her intuitive knowledge of the right have been at once the spur and guide to many a triumphant career. What the life of Lincoln might have been apart from that of Mary Todd is not for us to know. What it was with her is patent to all. Together they advanced to the most elevated station and the highest honors. Upon the threshold of the fruition of triumph the assassin's bullet slew him at her side. That bullet accomplished more than its intended purpose. Its fell force withered her life. Her life's work ended with Lincoln's. Wearily she has waited the summons to join him. In death again united they rest in tranquil slumber enshrined in the reverent, loving homage of the nation.

BROOKLYN UNION AND ARGUS

WEDNESDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 22.

FIGS AND THISTLES. A Western Story by A. W. Tourgee. Fords, Howard & Hulbut.

This is a story of a boy who, born in the humbliest life, worked his way, barefooted as it were, to the bar, then into the arm, and then to Congress. The movement is fresh and active, and full of adventure. It is a book for men to read, and yet there is for the women a silver thread of love story.

THE CULTIVATOR AND Country Gentleman

Albany, Oct. 23, 1879.

Figs and Thistles.—This is the title of a bright and readable story of American life, by ALBION W. TOURGÉE, author of "Toinette," and is published by Messrs. Fords, Howard & Hulbert, 27 Park Place, New-York. The scene is for the most part laid in the Western Reserve of Ohio, and the hero is a barefooted orphan boy, who comes to be a general and a congressman. Beside his main purpose of pleasing, the author seems to have had also a moral end in view—the portrayal of political honesty under strong temptation. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he"—this phrase (and by the way, from what work is it quoted?) seems to be taken as a motto for the story; and the conclusion is: "*Man* may not gather figs of thistles, but of the thorniest life the Master's hand may garner grapes of sweetest flavor."

Montreal NEW BOOKS. Gazette

FIGS AND THISTLES: A Western Story. By Albion W. Tourgee, author of Toinette: A Tale of the South. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert; Montreal: W. Drysdale and Company.

The scene of this story, largely laid in the "Western Reserve" of Ohio, does not circumscribe the action or the interest of this fresh and delightful romance of real life. It is a representative of "American Novel," because it follows the fortunes of a barefooted orphan boy through the exciting scenes of the past thirty years—his boyhood, youth, love, successes in law, in the war, in Congress, and through the peculiar trials and temptations of a political career. Whoever has read Judge Tourgee's former novel, "Toinette," will not need to be told that he is a vivid, graphic, powerful, and skilful delineator of dramatic events. "Figs and Thistles" will please the East by its inherent novelty, brilliancy, and interest; and it will come home to the West as a worthy exponent of the wonderful possibilities which that favored region offers to its best and manliest elements. Crowded with interest, populous with strong characters, simple but ingenious in plot, rich with the humor of the West, and from beginning to end *alive* with absorbing interest, this book cannot fail to sustain and extend the author's name as a popular writer of fiction.

The Providence Press.

WEDNESDAY EVENING OCT. 22, 1879.

FIGS AND THISTLES. A Western Story. By Albion W. Tourjee. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert. pp. 538.

This is a picture of great dramatic interest and power. The scene is laid chiefly in the West, but sweeps a larger geographical circle. The time embraces the war period, while the events have to do with Congress, legislation, speculation, honor and dishonor, true integrity of character and crime, and nearly all the differing phases of human nature and life. The plot is intricate but strong in its setting; the characters are clear, pronounced, and positive, and the whole story exceedingly interesting. The element of love is not wanting but it shines more resplendently and with a steadier and more brilliant force during the thrilling events succeeding marriage than before, as all true love should. The moral tone of the story is excellent, though the chief criminal enduring the reward of his guilt through long years of devotion to the good of others, evokes our pity. The author has written

volumes, only one of which has come to our table, entitled, "*Toinette, a Tale of the South*," but these two give high promise. It is a queer title, but a brilliant picture. For sale by N. Bangs Williams & Co.

Oct 16. 1879

FOUNDED JAN. 1, 1869.

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BOOK DEPARTM

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The Congregationalist AND BOSTON RECORDER.

BOSTON, WEDNESDAY, APR. 7, 1880.

We are glad that "A Fool's Errand" is being read so widely. It is as able and instructive about the recent state of the South as it is interesting. Our attention, however, has been called by a friend, who is well acquainted with the South as it has been and as it is, to one fact which the reader of the book must not overlook. Its pages give a true and vivid picture of matters as they were some years ago, when the author was on the ground, but since then the condition of things has changed materially and for the better. The Southern whites already are dividing into separate political parties upon important topics, such as the repudiation of the Virginia State debt, are realizing more than ever the importance of the Negro vote, and are much more generally favorable to the education of the blacks than formerly. Especially are these things true of the leaders, the representatives of the best white families. There is yet ample room for improvement, but matters are in a much better condition than when the facts of the work in question were collected.

ON A FOOL'S ERRAND.

How One of Blaine's Stump Speakers Was Discomfited.

Judge Tourgee is stumping for Blaine in northern New York. He spoke in Dunkirk one day last week in joint debate with Col. John R. Fellows. Tourgee spoke first and made out Blaine to be a great, able and pure man. When he had got through Fellows arose and read the following article from a magazine which he held in his hand:

If the republican party seeks to commit hari-kari, the quickest and surest method for it to do so is by the nomination of James G. Blaine for the presidency, and the next most speedy and effective method is to select some man whom he may name as a figure-head of an administration he shall in effect control. * * * His followers have answered to the call with wonderful readiness, considering their previous disappointments, and the fact that, even if he were nominated, his election would be as hopeless an undertaking as an attempt to batter down Gibraltar with green peas. His disabilities as a candidate are radical and incurable.

In the first place, he is the incarnation of all the reprehensible elements of the republican party. He is a politician in the low sense in which the term is used. To his mind statesmanship is synonymous with trickery.

In the second place, it should be remembered that Mr. Blaine has nothing of substantial strength in his own record with which to rally the disaffected or apathetic even of his own

AN EXTRAORDINARY ESCAPE OF AN IRISH MAIL.—The occurrence on the Holyhead line of the driver and stoker of a train falling asleep while on duty, and the extraordinary escape of the Irish mail, was even more serious than reported. It would appear, from inquiries made at Llandudno Junction by our Correspondent, that the signalman there, by extraordinary presence of mind, saved the Irish mail passengers on Tuesday night from what might have proved a terrible fate. The signalman at the junction received a message from the signalman at Conway, next station to Holyhead, that a light engine was coming. The signalman, knowing that the Irish mail was due, decided to run the engine into a siding in order to permit the express to pass. He accordingly put up all the signals against the light engine, but to his extreme astonishment the engine came straight for the junction at full speed, swept round the corner, dashing past all the danger signals, and disappearing from view down the line towards Chester. A moment's reflection convinced the signalman that both driver and stoker must be asleep, and that if they were not awakened an awful calamity might occur. He accordingly wired to the Colwyn Bay Station signalman, "Engine coming; driver asleep; put fog signal on line." The man at Colwyn Bay was equally prompt, for, running out of his box, he [illegible] to the [illegible] when the engine came thundering along, and an explosion followed which effectually awoke the droway men. The engine was stopped and run back into a siding, when it was discovered that the fire had gone out and the water had disappeared from the boiler, and that the men had been asleep some time. Inquiry has resulted in their immediate discharge. They had been fifteen hours on duty.

Saturday Morning, September 12, 1885.

A NOTABLE CANDIDATE.

It seems that Judge Albion W. Tourgee, the distinguished author of "A Fool's Errand" and other American historical novels, gave the politicians of the very political district composed of Chautauqua and Cattaraugus counties a genuine surprise by appearing on Thursday as a candidate for the Republican nomination for State Senator. He said nothing about previously, and it appears nobody had thought about it; though certainly nothing could be more natural or more fitting than that the district which has the good fortune to count among its citizens such a notable champion of Republican ideas should put him forward for political preferment. That the suggestion needed only to be made to be heartily received is shown by the action of the Republican caucus for the town of Chautauqua, in which the village of Mayville, in which Judge Tourgee lives, is situated. The caucus authorized the Judge to choose whom he would for delegates, those so chosen to bear the instructions of the caucus in his favor.

The *Jamestown Journal*, the chief newspaper of the district, gives the action of the Chautauqua caucus a hearty second, saying that "the town honored itself by giving him the delegates," and that "without casting any reflection upon other candidates, it is proper to say that the Thirty-second District would honor itself by sending such a man as Judge Tourgee to the Legislature. He is a man of great and acknowledged ability, a deep student of political affairs, and a man of National reputation. In the Senate he would at once take a leading position, and the people of this locality would find in him a representative to be proud of. Judge Tourgee is an earnest Republican, but he has never taken any part in local political manœuvers, and is entirely free from all political complications and alliances."

With such a send-off, and with such candidates as are opposed to him, one would naturally suppose that Judge Tourgee could not be on another "fool's errand," but must really have some show for a nomination. It is very doubtful, however, if such is the case. The lion in the way is the silly prejudice about locality. It is held in all the districts which are made up of more than one county that the people's representation must be parceled out according to county lines, no matter how often this may result in the retirement of good and able men and the promotion of those who are either bad or of small ability. Because the district's Representative in Congress lives in Chautauqua County, it is held that its Senator must be nominated from Cattaraugus County, whether or no.

No theory of representative government could be more absurd than this. The district should have the services in the Legislature of its best men, whether they live in Busti or Red House, Great Valley or Kiantone, or any other of the queerly named places in these famous western counties. If there is any man in the district who thinks he has given better proofs of ability to serve its people with distinction and usefulness than Judge Tourgee, let him stand up and state his case. If there is no such man, why is this not the best time for so inteiligent a district to break away from the ridiculous rule which makes it choose its lawmakers not because of the brains in their heads but because of the geography of their houses and lots?

CHAUTAUQUA NEWS.

Entered at the Post-office at Sherman as Second Class matter.

C. E. Sheldon, Editor.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 16, 1885.

LAST week a new development in the senatorial canvass in this district took place, by the appearing of Judge Albion W. Tourgee as a candidate. The Chautauqua delegates are elected in his interest and it would seem as though the party would make no mistake by nominating him. He is certainly able, honest and a thorough Republican, and that is the kind of material which Republican candidates ought to be made of, and especially candidates for the legislature. The Buffalo *Express* in an article on the subject, speaking of the objection which may be raised on account of his location, says:

"The district should have the services in the legislature of its best men, whether they live in Busti or Red House, Great Valley or Kiantone, or any other of the queerly named places in these famous western counties. If there is any man in the district who thinks he has given better proofs of ability to serve its people with distinction and usefulness than Judge Tourgee, let him stand up and state his case. If there is no such man, why is this not the best time for so intelligent a district to break away from the ridiculous rule which makes it choose its law-makers not because of the brains in their heads but because of the geography of their houses and lots."

This is perfectly sound, and the same remarks apply to the arguments which are being used in some places against W. J. Donnell as a candidate for Assembly.

The Fredonia Censor.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 16, 1885.

JUDGE TOURGEE FOR SENATOR.—Mr. H. Sixby of Mayville was here Monday, and says the appointment of delegates there in behalf of Hon. A. W. Tourgee for State Senator, is in earnest and they will labor faithfully for his nomination. There is no question but that Judge Tourgee would be an able Senator and he would do credit to the district in any representative capacity.

If our present very efficient Senator is to be superseded, and his successor can be chosen from this county, we should be glad to see the district honor itself by the selection of so able and honest a Republican as our Mayville friend. We confess, however, that we should much prefer seeing Judge Tourgee a candidate for Congress. His attention has been given to topics of national importance rather than state matters and in the discussion of such important issues as national education and the equal rights of all citizens at the ballot box, his services would be far more valuable at Washington than at Albany. Better wait a year, Judge, and then go in to win.

Chautauqua Democrat,

JAMESTOWN, SEPT. 16, 1885.

A DISTINGUISHED CANDIDATE.

No little excitment has been caused by the announcement that Judge Albion Tourgee, the celebrated writer and author, has consented to allow his name to be used in connection with the Senatorial nomination. At the caucus held in Mayville last Friday, the announcement was made and delegates in his favor were chosen. Judge Tourgee has almost a national reputation as a thorough Republican, and his works prove him to be a man of more than ordinary ability. He is conversant with politics and public questions, and should he be chosen to represent this District at Albany, he would at once take high rank among the best men of the Legislature. He is one whom it would be an honor to send, and who in turn would honor those who sent him. He has never taken an active part in politics, though a close observer and thinker of public affairs. Compared with our last Senator, and who again aspires to represent this District, he is as far above him in every respect as imagination can soar. There are other candidates who would make creditable representatives, and we trust the people in choosing their delegates to the nominating Convention, will be careful and select good men

houses in this city, and will guarantee to sell them

CATTARAUGUS REPUBLICAN

PUBLISHED FRIDAYS AT SALAMANCA AND LITTLE VALLEY, N. Y.

THE SENATORSHIP.

JUDGE TOURGEE'S CANDIDACY—CONGRESS THE BETTER PLACE FOR HIM.

Editor Republican:

In common, no doubt, with many other republicans of this section, the writer was very glad indeed to see the announcement a couple of years ago that so eminent a man as Judge Tourgee was to be nominally, at least, a resident of Western New York. But few men of our day have left more vivid and lasting impressions of their thoughts and ideas on the minds of their fellow countrymen. For the priceless contributions of his pen to the literature and political history of the "American conflict," and for the notable part he took in the reconstruction of one of the southern states, the entire country will ever owe the Hon. Albion W. Tourgee a heavy debt of gratitude.

In common, likewise, I venture to say, with many other republicans of the district, the writer has frequently, since the Judge located at Mayville, considered the probability that he would in the not distant future receive political recognition from the hands of the republicans of the old thirty-third congressional district.

Still it is not with, entire approval that the writer views the project of nominating Judge Tourgee for the state senate. That, it seems to me, is not exactly the most appropriate, the best way to honor our highly esteemed fellow citizen. He has resided in this state but a comparatively short time; he has no special knowledge of and acquaintance with either our state laws, interests or politicians even. Practically all his political training and experience has been in the line of National politics; substantially all his energies since reaching manhood have been devoted to National questions. That he could be of invaluable service not only to this district but to the state and nation also as a representative in congress, probably very few doubt, but that he could be specially useful in our state senate is decidedly doubtful.

One, for instance, of the principal questions which our next legislature will have to deal with is that of taxation. Valuable improvements have recently been made in our tax laws, but the system is still far from perfect, and calls for not only the highest order of ability, but also special study and experience on the part of our legislators. This is a matter where Judge Tourgee or any one else who has not given the question much study, would have to begin at the beginning, whereas Senator Vedder, if returned, will be able to go right on with the work where the last legislature left it.

There are also other reasons, that of locality for one, why it would seem much more expedient to renominate Senator Vedder now, and next year send Judge Tourgee to Congress. In the House of Representatives is where our gallant soldier, patriotic "carpet bagger," (the term is one of honor to the honest Northerner who, like Tourgee, sought a *home* not *office* in the south,) eminent jurist, faithful historian, talented author and journalist, who has made the home of his declining years among us, can best represent this republican stronghold. VOTER.

ALFRED, N. Y., Sept. 15, 1884.

New-York Daily Tribune.

FOUNDED BY HORACE GREELEY.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1885.

Judge Tourgee, the author of "The Fool's Errand," is in the canvass for the Senatorial nomination in the Chautauqua-Cattaraugus district. The Judge resides at Mayville, Chautauqua. Several of the delegates already elected to the Senatorial Convention will vote for him as their first choice.

THE announcement that the Hon. Albion W. Tourgee was about to enter politics as a candidate for State Senator in New York has called out a good many protests from the Judge's constituents in other States. These assume that if the Judge enters politics he will retire from the lecture field, and hence their protests. But the Eastern papers announce that the author of "A Fool's Errand" has already made engagements for the lecture season of 1885-6, and that applications from the West will be received up to Jan. 1. Judge Tourgee, it need hardly be said, is one of the most popular lecturers before the public. His lectures for this season are: "Give Us A Rest," "An Unsolved Problem," "Cain, Herod & Company (Limited)," "From One to Twelve, Odd Leaves from an Author's Notebook, or Personal Reminiscences of Literary Work."

GLOBE-REPUBLIC.

MORNING, EVENING, SUNDAY AND WEEKLY.

The Only Paper in the Eighth Congressional District Receiving Associated Press Dispatches.

PUBLISHED BY THE

SPRINGFIELD PUBLISHING CO.

The most formidable opponents of Judge Tourgee, in his effort to get a seat in the New York Senate, are those who think the place is not good enough for him and wish him to wait a year and go to congress.

Sunday Mirror.

SUNDAY, SEPT. 20, 1885

THE announcement that Judge A. W. Tourgee is a candidate for the New York state senate in the district embracing Chautauqua, Cattaraugus and Allegany counties seems to have caused a profound sensation among the people of all parts of the state. At first glance it would appear strange that anybody should be surprised that the most able man in a district should be put up for office but when we consider how long the elections in that as well as other sections have been manipulated by rings of political wire-pullers, whose only object is to fill their pockets at the public crib and gain notoriety at the same time, it is not so much to be wondered at. Judge Tourgee is a deep thinker and a shrewd student of political economy. He belongs to the republican party but he is an American citizen and a patriot before he is a republican. He is a fluent speaker, a close reasoner and a man who will neither be bought nor sold. He possesses all the elements of a statesman and to be represented by a statesman would be a decided suprise party to the citizens of western New York. The Judge will not prove acceptable to the party bosses but if the voters are wise they will assert their power and emancipate themselves from the yoke of the political despots who have so long tyranized over them. Sectional prejudice may also weigh against his chances but after Mr. Vedder's action in going contrary to what he must have known were the wishes of a large majority of his constituents on the United States senatorial question it would seem that the people of Cattaraugus county might break the chains of custom or at least stretch them far enough to allow them to support the best man in the field. If there were less politicians of every party and more men like Albion W. Tourgee in the councils of the nation and in the different state legislatures the people would be more contented, the country would be more prosperous and there would be less danger of the government going to the dogs.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

HIS RELATIONS TO SLAVERY.

SOME REMINISCENCES BY M. D. CONWAY.

"Slavery is wrong!" These were the first words I ever heard from Abraham Lincoln. I was walking homeward on a summer evening in 1859, through Fifth-st. market-place in Cincinnati, along the skirt of a crowd, when these words brought me to a pause. A hiss surged up against the orator, who stood on a balcony, but broke in a laugh when some listener groaned out, "Oh Lord!" "That's a Kentuckian," said Lincoln, with quiet humor, but added more solemnly, "You can't hiss down the walls of justice." I drew near, and listened to some sentences which, in that city, from whose streets slaves could be seen at their toil, impressed me as pure eloquence. When in the next year the famous debate between Lincoln and Douglas appeared as a campaign document, I looked for some of these sentences in vain; they had been pared away in the political lathe that shaped him into a cautious candidate. I tried to write some of them from memory, but could only feel certain of a few of his expressions. "Be sure that no compromise, no political arrangement with slavery, will be satisfactory or will ever last which does not deal with it as a great wrong." "Every man that comes into this world has a mouth to be fed and a back to be clothed; by a notable coincidence every man has two hands; I infer that those hands were meant to feed that mouth and clothe that back; and—mark it, brother Kentuckians!—any institution which interferes with the right of these hands so to do will be sure, sooner or later, to come tumbling about those who uphold it." "There is room for us all to be free. It cannot wrong the white man that the negro should be free, but it does the majority of white men that the negro should not be free." "Douglas's 'gur-reat per-rinciple,' as he calls it, of Popular Sovereignty amounts to this: if one man chooses to make a slave of another man, neither the enslaved man nor anybody else has a right to object. There is a real principle of Popular Sovereignty—that each man shall do as he pleases with himself, and with all those things that exclusively concern him." I often thought of the impression made upon me that evening by that man, for whom my first vote was cast, and it is now connected in my memory with an anecdote told me some years later by Emerson. After Emerson had delivered a lecture at the Smithsonian, urging the need of emancipation to end the War, he visited the President. Mr. Lincoln extended his hand cordially and said: "Mr. Emerson, I remember having heard you give a lecture in the West some years ago, in which you remarked that every Kentuckian has an air about him which seems to say, 'Here I am: if you don't like me, so much the worse for you!" He seemed to me, like Browning's hero, "three parts sublime to one grotesque," out there in the moonlight, handling a half-cavilling crowd with fine art and infinite good humor. . . .

In January, 1862, I went to Washington to give a lecture at the Smithsonian Institution, and visited the President in company with the late William Henry Channing, then minister of the Unitarian Church in Washington. Mr. Sumner prepared our way, and our appointment was at 8 in the morning. In the ante-room there was a woman with a little child, who now and then wept: the President saw her first, and she came out radiant. No doubt some prisoner was that day released. Mr. Channing having begun by expressing his belief that the opportunity of the Nation to rid itself of slavery had arrived, Mr. Lincoln asked how he thought they might avail themselves of it. Channing suggested emancipation with compensation for the slaves. The President said he had for years been in favor of that plan. When the President turned to me, I asked whether we might not look to him as the coming Deliverer of the Nation from its one great evil. What would not that man achieve for mankind who should free America from slavery! He said: "Perhaps we may be better able to do something in that direction after a while than we are now." I said: "Mr. President, do you belive the masses of the American people would hail you as their deliverer if, at the end of this War, the Union should be surviving and slavery still in it?" "Yes—if they were to see that slavery was on the downhill." I ventured to say: "Our fathers compromised with slavery because they thought it on the downhill; hence war to-day." The President said: "I think the country grows in this direction daily, and I am not without hope that something of the desire of you and your friends may be accomplished. When the hour comes for dealing with slavery I trust I shall be willing to do my duty, though it costs my life. And, gentlemen, lives will be lost." These last words were said with a smile, yet with a sad and weary tone.

During the conversation Mr. Lincoln recurred several times to Channing's suggestion of pecuniary compensation for emancipated slaves, and expressed profound sympathy with the Southerners who, by no fault of their own, had become socially and commercially bound up with their peculiar institution. I remember with what simplicity he had addressed the Southerners, in his speech at Cincinnati,—"We mean to remember that you are as good as we; that there is no difference between us other than the difference of circumstances. We mean to recognize and bear in mind that you have as good hearts in your bosom as any other people, or as we claim to have, and trust you accordingly." Being a Virginian myself, with many dear relatives and beloved companions of my youth in the Confederate ranks, I responded warmly to his kindly sentiments toward the South, albeit feeling more angry than he seemed to be against the institution preying upon that land like a ghoul. I forget whether it was on this occasion or on a subsequent one when I was present that he said, in parting: "We shall need all the anti-slavery feeling in the country, and more; you can go home and try to bring the people to your views: and you may say anything you like about me, if that will help. Don't spare me!" This was said with some laughter, but still in earnest.

It was in July of that year (1862) that I learned at Cincinnati, where I resided, that the negroes belonging to my father were wandering homeless about the woods and camps of Stafford, Virginia. Hastening to Washington, I begged permission of Secretary Stanton to pass through the lines of the Potomac Army, with freedom to search for the negroes and bring them to the District of Columbia. Mr. Stanton did not like that more negroes should be imported into the District, and raised other objections. In the end I appealed to the President. He warned me of the dangers of the journey, which had been fully considered, and then became nervous lest the incident should have some public effect. The relations of the Administration with the slaveholding Border States were daily becoming more strained. It was about this time that the *mot* of Dr. Furness became proverbial—"The President would like to have God on his side, but he must have Kentucky." It was plain to me that Mr. Lincoln had become as anti-slavery at heart as Garrison himself, and was glad to do a bit of service in that direction in a quiet way. I remember well his glee in telling the story of a fellow in Maine, a thirsty soul who found he could only get liquor from a druggist; as his robust appearance forbade the plea of sickness, he called for soda, "and," he whispered to the druggist, "couldn't you put a drop o' the creeter into it, unbeknownst to yourself." This little drop of abolitionism was just what my case required, and the authorization to proceed to headquarters on the Rappahannock was given. I was so grateful for this that when afterward the difficult question arose, how the negroes could be taken to Ohio, I resolved not to trouble Mr. Lincoln with the matter if it could be helped. I knew also that he was somewhat anxious about the incident, and had reason to be; for smallest sparks are dangerous amid such combustible materials as Maryland then contained. At a consultation held in the rooms of Senator Sumner an old Congressman declared that the only way in which the negroes could be safely carried past the Baltimore mob was to chain them together and scourge them with a cowhide. However, Secretary Chase secured me authority to call on General Wool, in Baltimore, for military protection, and we passed through with nothing worse than a good fright from a threatening crowd, now of gibbes and next of suspicious blacks.

The next glimpse I had of the President was on the evening of January 25, 1863. It was in company of a number of anti-slavery men chiefly from Boston (where I was then editing *The Commonwealth*), who feared that the President had fallen into the hands of reactionists and that his Edict of Emancipation might be rendered ineffectual. While to the slave had gone out a paper proclamation, which he might not be able to read, the epaulet proclamation was still rather on the side of his master. For a time the negroes did not stir from their plantations. The Abolitionists were no doubt too impatient,—the Proclamation had not been out a month,—but still they realized the importance that the President's great instrument should be intrusted to its friends and not to its foes. At length some North Carolinians, who, long secretly opposed to slavery, had now formed an association to make their State free, denounced the Carolinian appointed by Mr. Lincoln to be Military Governor over the recovered portions of that region, declaring that he thwarted their efforts for freedom with all his power. The severe criticisms directed against the President on this ground no doubt savored somewhat of panic. Emerson, near whom I resided in Concord, never lost his faith in Mr. Lincoln's honesty and justice, and it was largely owing, I think, to suggestions from him that a consultation was held in Boston at which those present agreed to go to Washington and talk over the situation with the President. We arrived on the 23d (January, 1863), put up at Willard's (where Wendell Phillips, J. H. Stephenson and myself had to occupy one room), and on the following evening (Saturday) repaired to the White House by appointment. The President, however, was called out by Secretary Stanton and could not see us. Of course we suspected a manœuvre on the part of the Secretary against "that Boston set," as we heard ourselves called: but Mr. Lincoln promptly arranged to see us the following evening. In the meantime Wendell Phillips had managed to secure an interview with Mrs. Lincoln which had put him in good spirits, for he found her by no means friendly to certain persons near the President whose influence he (Phillips) distrusted. The President met us laughing like a boy, saying that in the morning one of his children had come to inform him that the cat had kittens, and now another had just announced that the dog had puppies, and the White House was in a decidedly sensational state. Some of our party looked a little glum at this history; but it was pathetic to see the change in the President's face when he presently resumed his burden of care. We were introduced by Senator Wilson, who began to speak of us severally, when Mr. Lincoln said he knew perfectly who we were, and requested us to be seated. Nothing could be more gracious than his manner, or more simple. The persons present during the interview were Senator Wilson, Wendell Phillips, Francis W. Bird, Elizur Wright, J. H. Stephenson, George L. Stearns, Oakes Ames and myself. The conversation was introduced by Wendell Phillips, who, with all his courtesy, expressed our gratitude and joy at the Proclamation of Emancipation, and asked him how it seemed to him to be working. The President said that he had not expected much from it at first, and consequently had not been disappointed: he had hoped, and still hoped, that something would come of it after awhile. Phillips then alluded to the deadly hostility which the Proclamation had naturally excited in pro-slavery quarters, and vaguely hinted that the Northern people, now generally anti-slavery, were not satisfied that it was being honestly carried out by all of the Nation's agents and generals in the South. "My own impression, Mr. Phillips," said the President, "is that the masses of the country generally are only dissatisfied at our lack of military successes. Defeat and failure in the field make everything seem wrong." His face was now clouded and his next words were somewhat bitter: "Most of us here present have been nearly all our lives working in minorities, and may have got into a habit of being dissatisfied." Several of those present having deprecated this, the President said: "At any rate it has been very rare that an opportunity of 'running' this Administration has been lost." To this Mr. Phillips answered in his sweetest voice: "If we see this Administration earnestly working to free the country from slavery and its rebellion, we will show you how we can 'run' it into another four years of power." The President's good-humor was restored by this, and he said: "Oh, Mr. Phillips, I have ceased to have any personal feeling at all upon that matter,—I do not say I never had any,—as abused and borne upon as I have been."

Nevertheless, what I have said is true," replied Phillips, who then went on to submit a complaint against Military Governor Stanley (an old politician of North Carolina), urging the necessity of having in such positions men who were heart and soul in favor of his (the President's) declared policy of emancipation. The facts communicated to us from North Carolina were also submitted. The President was evidently aware of them and did not deny them. He only said that Stanley was in Washington when the Proclamation of September 22, 1862, was issued announcing that an Edict of Emancipation would be issued on the following New Year's Day for all States that had not laid down their arms, "and that he (Stanley) then said he could stand that." "Stand it!" exclaimed one of our number. "Might the Nation not expect in such a place a man who cannot merely stand its President's policy but rejoice in it?" This made the President a little retractile, and he said: "Well, gentlemen, I have got the responsibility of this thing, and must keep it." "Yes, Mr. President," interposed Phillips, "but you must be patient with us, for if the ship goes down it doesn't carry down you alone; we are all in it." "Well, gentlemen," said the President, bowing pleasantly to Phillips in acknowledgment of the justice of his remark, "whom would you put in Stanley's place?" Some one asked if it would not be better to have nobody there than an active opponent of the President's avowed policy. Another suggested Fremont, then without any command, as a substitute for Stanley,—Fremont being the natural representative of a Proclamation of Emancipation which he had anticipated in Missouri. "I have great respect for General Fremont and his abilities," said the President slowly, "but the fact is that the pioneer in any movement is not generally the best man to carry that movement to a successful issue. It was so in old times—wasn't it?" he continued with a smile. "Moses began the emancipation of the Jews, but didn't take Israel to the Promised Land after all. He had to make way for Joshua to complete the work. It looks as if the first reformer of a thing has to meet such a hard opposition, and gets so battered and bespattered, that afterward, when people find they have to accept his reform, they will accept it more easily from another man." The wit and philosophy of this remark was appreciated by us all. We urged, however, that Fremont could hardly be considered a pioneer reformer, and referred to the general welcome given by the loyal press to Fremont's proclamation of emancipation in Missouri. The President said he did not believe that the Northern people taken as a whole regarded that proclamation with favor. In the course of our further conversation the President reminded us that he had been elected by a minority of the American people, and said he felt convinced that his Administration would not have been supported by the country, at any earlier stage of it's war, in a policy of emancipation. Even now, if he should place prominent abolition Generals at the front, he did not see what they could do with the slaves, should these come in large numbers. "All I can say now is that I believe the Proclamation has knocked the bottom out of slavery, though at no time have I expected any sudden results from it." One of those present warned the President that if the course of military events should not be favorable between that time and the election, the following year might witness the return of a power which could put the bottom in again, or try to do so, and his great work so faithfully begun be overthrown; which would not merely mean a restoration of slavery but of disunion,—for never again could there be a Union with slavery. We then rose to leave, and expressed to the President our thanks for his kindly reception and for his attention to statements of which some were naturally not welcome. The President bowed graciously at this and after saying he was happy to have met gentlemen known to him by distinguished services, if not personally, and glad to listen to their views, added: "I must bear this load which the country has intrusted to me as well as I can, and do my best." He then shook hands affably with each of us. . . .

His ear was always set to the Capitol; but the Republican politicians there were preparing for approaching campaigns, and did not relish wish to commit themselves publicly to any adverse criticism of a President who had become their inevitable leader. Consequently our anti-slavery delegation returned home with a conviction that the practical success of the Emancipation Proclamation was by no means certain in the hands of its author; and that a determined pressure from the North was absolutely needed on a man so notably combined by birth and marriage of all sectional elements and accessible to influences from all parties. Yet we were all profoundly impressed by the powerful personality of the man, by his genius and character, and carried away with us the conviction that Washington had never held a man more just and more capable of patriotic self-sacrifice than Abraham Lincoln.

Soon after the death of Lincoln I was conversing with John Stuart Mill, who said of the dead President: "That was the kind of man Carlyle in his better days taught us to worship as a hero."

MONCURE D. CONWAY.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

SOME OF HIS OWN STORIES.

The election of Abraham Lincoln as President was very acceptable to the older Washington correspondents. They remembered him well in the XXXth Congress, when, as the Representative from the Sangammon district, he was the only Whig in the Illinois delegation, then but seven in number.

During the Christmas holidays Mr. Lincoln found his way into the small room used as the post office of the House, where a few jovial *raconteurs* used to meet almost every morning, after the mail had been distributed into the members' boxes to exchange such new stories as any of them might have acquired since they had last met. After modestly standing at the door for several days, Mr. Lincoln was "reminded" of a story, and by New Years he was recognized as the champion story-teller of the Capitol. His favorite seat was at the left of the open fire-place, tilted back in his chair, with his long legs reaching over to the chimney jamb. He never told a story twice, but appeared to have an endless repertoire of them, always ready like the successive charges in a magazine gun, and always pertinently adapted to some passing event.

It was refreshing to us correspondents, compelled as we were to listen to so much that was prosy and tedious, to hear this bright specimen of Western genius tell his inimitable stories, especially his reminiscences of the Black Hawk War, in which he had commanded a company, which was mustered into the United States service by Jefferson Davis, then second lieutenant of dragoons. I remember his narrating his first experience in drilling his company. He was marching with a front of over twenty men across a field, when he desired to pass through a gateway into the next enclosure. "I could not for the life of me," said he, "remember the proper word of command for getting my company endwise so that it could get through the gate, so as we came near the gate, I shouted: 'This company is dismissed for two minutes, when it will fall in again on the other side of the gate!'" When the laugh which the description of these novel tactics caused had subsided, Mr. Lincoln added: "And I sometimes think here, that gentlemen in yonder who get into a tight place in debate, would like to dismiss the House until the next day and then take a fair start."

Mr. Lincoln used to narrate his exploits in wrestling during this campaign, when he was regarded as the champion of Northern Illinois. One day the champion of the Southern companies in the expedition challenged him. "He was at least two inches taller than I was," said Mr. Lincoln, "and somewhat heavier, but I reckoned that I was the most wiry, and soon after I had tackled him, I gave him a hug, lifted him off the ground, and threw him flat on his back. That settled his hash."

Soon after the Presidential campaign of 1848 was opened, Alfred Iverson, a Democratic Representative from Georgia, made a political speech, in which he accused the Whigs of having deserted their financial and tariff principles and of having "taken shelter under the military coat-tails of General Taylor," then their Presidential candidate. This gave Mr. Lincoln as a text for his reply "military coat-tails." He had written the heads of what he had intended to say on a few pages of foolscap paper, which he placed on a friend's desk bordering on an alley-way, which he had obtained permission to speak from. At first he followed his notes, but as he warmed up, he left his desk and his notes, to stride down the alley toward the Speaker's chair, holding his left hand behind him so that he could now and then shake the tails of his own rusty, black broadcloth dress-coat, while he earnestly gesticulated with his long right arm, shaking the bony index finger at the Democrats on the other side of the chamber. Occasionally as he would complete a sentence amid shouts of laughter, he would return up the alley to his desk, consult his notes, take a sip of water, and start off again.

Toward the close of his speech, Mr. Lincoln poured a torrent of ridicule upon the military reputation of General Cass, and then alluded to his own exploits as a soldier in the Black Hawk War, "where," he continued, "I fought, bled, and came away. If General Cass saw any live, fighting Indians at the battle of the Thames, where he served as aide-de-camp to General Harrison, it was more than I did; but I had a good many bloody struggles with the mosquitoes, and although I never fainted from the loss of blood, I can truly say I was often very hungry. Mr. Speaker," added Mr. Lincoln, "if I should ever conclude to doff whatever our Democratic friends may suppose there is of black-cockade Federalism about me, and thereupon they shall take me up as their candidate for the Presidency, I protest they shall not make fun of me as they have of General Cass by attempting to write me into a military hero."

Mr. Lincoln received hearty congratulations at the close, many Democrats joining the Whigs in their complimentary comments. The speech was pronounced by the older members of the House almost equal to the celebrated defence of General Harrison by Tom Corwin, in reply to an attack made on him by a Mr. Crary of Ohio. The two speeches are equally characterized by vigorous argument, mirth-provoking irony, and orginal wit. One Democrat, however, (who had been nicknamed "Sausage" Sawyer from having moved the expulsion of "Richelieu" Robinson from the reporters' gallery for a facetious account of his lunching behind the Speaker's chair on bologna sausage,) didn't enthuse at all. "Sawyer," asked an Eastern Representative, "how did you like the lanky Illinoisan's speech? Very able, wasn't it?" "Well," replied Sawyer, "the speech was pretty good, but I hope he won't charge mileage on his travels while delivering it."

Mr. Lincoln boarded at Mrs. Spriggs's, on Capitol Hill, where he had as his messmates the veteran Joshua R. Giddings, of Ohio, John Blanchard, John Dickey, A. R. McIlvaine, John Strohm and James Pollock of Pennsylvania, Elisha Embree of Indiana, and P. W. Tompkins of Mississippi—all Whigs. Daniel Webster, who was then in the Senate, used occasionally to have Mr. Lincoln at one of his pleasant Saturday breakfasts, where the Western Congressman's humorous illustrations of the events of the day, sparkling with spontaneous and unpremeditated wit, would give great delight to "the solid men of Boston" assembled around the festive board. At one time Mr. Lincoln had transacted some legal business for Mr. Webster connected with an embryo city laid out where Rock River empties into the Mississippi. Mr. Fletcher Webster had gone there for a while, but Rock Island City was not a pecuniary success, and much of the land, on which but one payment had been made, reverted to the original owners. Mr. Lincoln had charged Mr. Webster for his legal services $10, which the Great Expounder of the Constitution regarded as too small a fee, and he would frequently declare that he was still Mr. Lincoln's debtor.

With these pleasant recollections of Mr. Lincoln, it was not strange that the older correspondents at Washington were glad to learn that he had been elected President, nor did they agree with Mr. Stanton, who indulged in tirades against Mr. Lincoln, saying on one occasion he "had met him at the bar, and found him a low, cunning clown." They remembered their genial story-telling friend, and felt confident that he would be somewhat communicative about public affairs, which President Buchanan was not.

When Mr. Seward had Mr. Lincoln smuggled through Baltimore by night to avoid assassination, there was some indignation manifested at Washington, for but very few credited the rumors afloat. Senator Sumner was one of those who believed that the President-elect was in danger of assassination, and he wrote him after his arrival, cautioning him about going out at night. "Sumner," said Mr. Lincoln, "declined to stand up with me, back to back, to see which was the tallest man, and made a fine speech about this being the time for uniting our fronts against the enemy and not our backs. But I guess he was afraid to measure, though he is a good piece of a man. I have never had much to do with Bishops where I live, but, do you know, Sumner is my idea of a Bishop."

Mr. Lincoln gave a cordial greeting to me when I called on him after his arrival at Willard's Hotel, and he indulged in some pleasant reminiscences of his Congressional career. Of course I talked with him about his forthcoming message, and after having made me promise that what he told me should not get into print, he gave me an account of it. He had written it at his Springfield home, and had had it put in type by his friend, the local printer. A

number of sentences had been reconstructed several times before they were entirely satisfactory and then four copies had been printed on foolscap paper. These copies had been locked up in what Mr. Lincoln called a "gripsack," and entrusted to his eldest son Robert. "When we reached Harrisburg," said Mr. Lincoln, "and had washed up, I asked Bob where the message was, and was taken aback by his confession that in the excitement caused by the enthusiastic reception he believed he had let a waiter take the gripsack. My heart went up into my mouth, and I started down-stairs, where I was told that if a waiter had taken the gripsack, I should probably find it in the baggage-room. Going there I saw a large pile of gripsacks and other baggage, and thought that I discovered mine. My key fitted it, but on opening there was nothing inside but a few paper collars and a flask of whiskey. A few moments afterward I came across my gripsack, with the document in it all right, and now I will show it to you, on your honor, mind!" The inaugural was printed in clear-sized type, and whereever Mr. Lincoln had thought that a paragraph would make an impression upon his audience, he had preceded it with a typographical fist, viz., ☞

At the inauguration, when Mr. Lincoln came out on the platform in front of the eastern portico of the Capitol, his tall, gaunt figure rose above those around him. His personal friend, Senator Baker, of Oregon, introduced him to the assemblage, and as he bowed acknowledgments of the somewhat faint cheers which greeted him, the usual genial smile lit up his angular countenance. He was evidently perplexed, just then, to know what to do with his new silk hat and a large gold-headed cane. The cane he put under the table, but the hat appeared to be too good to place on the rough boards. Senator Douglas saw the embarrassment of his old friend, and rising took the shining hat from its bothered owner and held it during the delivery of the inaugural address. Mr. Lincoln was listened to with great earnestness, and evidently desired to convince the multitude before him rather than to bewilder or dazzle them. It was plain that he honestly believed every word that he spoke, especially the concluding paragraphs, one of which I copy from the original print:

"☞ I am loth to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may be strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. ☞ The mystic chords of memory which stretch from every battle-field and patriot grave to every loved heart and hearthstone, all over our broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as they surely will be, by the better angels of our nature."

The White House, while Mr. Lincoln occupied it, was a fertile field for news, which he was always ready to give those correspondents in whom he had confidence, but the surveillance of the press, first by Secretary Seward and then by Secretary Stanton,—was as annoying as it was inefficient. A censorship of all matter filed at the Washington office of the telegraph, for transmission to different Northern cities, was exercised by a succession of ignorant individuals, some of whom had to be hunted up at whiskey shops when their signature of approval was desired. A Congressional investigation showed how stupidly the censors performed their duty. Innocent sentences which were supposed to have a hidden meaning were stricken from paragraphs which were thus rendered nonsensical, and information was rejected that was clipped in print from the Washington papers, which it was known regularly found their way into "Dixie."

When irate correspondents appealed to Mr. Lincoln, he would good-naturedly declare that he had no control over his Secretaries, and would endeavor to mollify their wrath by telling them a story. One morning in the winter of 1862, when two angry journalists had undertaken to explain the annoyances of the censorship, Mr. Lincoln, who had listened in his dreamy way, finally said: "I don't know much about this censorship, but come down-stairs and I will show you the origin of one of the pet phrases of you newspaper fellows." Leading the way down into the basement, he opened the door of a larder, and solemnly pointed to the hanging carcass of a gigantic sheep. "There," said he, "now you know what *'Reveuons à nos moutons'* means. It was raised by Deacon Buffum at Manchester, up in New-Hampshire. Who can say after looking at it that New-Hampshire's only product is granite?"

Often when Mr. Lincoln was engaged, correspondents would send in their cards, bearing requests for some desired item of news, or for the verification of some rumor. He would either come out and give the coveted information, or he would write it on the back of the card, and send it to the owner. He wrote a legible hand, slowly and laboriously perfecting his sentences, before he placed them on paper. The long epistles that he wrote to his generals he copied himself, not wishing any one else to see them, and these copies were kept in pigeon-holes for reference. His remarks at Gettysburg, which have been compared to the Sermon on the Mount, were written in the car on his way from Washington to the battle-field, upon a piece of pasteboard held on his knee, with persons talking all around him; yet when a few hours afterward he read them, Edward Everett said: "I would rather be the author of those twenty lines than to have all the fame my oration of to day will give me."

The foreign war correspondents who came to Washington quite outshone us resident scribes by their pretensions and the style in which they lived. The most agreeable of them was Mr. Edward Dyce, who had written a readable book on Count Cavour; the most versatile was George Augustus Sala; and the most brilliant was Vizetelly, whose clever pencil-sketches were in great demand. Anthony Trollope, who visited Washington on postal business and corresponded with a London weekly, was "English, you know"; and, overtopping all the others—in his own estimation at least—was Dr. Russell, of *The London Times*. He organized private theatricals at the British Legation, appearing himself as "Bombastes Furioso"; and he gave pleasant breakfast and supper parties. When the Army of the Potomac was at last ready to move he obtained a headquarter pass for himself and his well-stocked ambulance. But when he drove down to the steamer Canonicus, on which transportation had been given him, the provost guard refused, by orders from the War Department, to permit him to embark. He hastened to enlist the intercession of Senator Sumner and Lord Lyons, the British Minister, who appealed to Secretary Stanton, but found him inexorable. Secretary Seward said that he was powerless, and Mr. Lincoln refused to interfere, saying grimly: "This fellow Russell's Bull Run letter was not so complimentary as to entitle him to much favor." Unable to accompany the army, Dr. Russell sold his expensive ambulance and horses, shook the dust from his feet and returned to London.

After having signed the famous Emancipation Proclamation on the 1st of January, 1863, Mr. Lincoln carefully put away the pen which he had used for Mr. Sumner, who had promised it to his friend George Livermore, of Cambridge, the author of an interesting work on slavery. It was a steel pen with a wooden handle, the end of which had been gnawed by Mr. Lincoln,—a habit that he had when composing anything that required thought.

Mr. Lincoln used to wear at the White House in the morning, and after dinner, a long skirted, faded dressing-gown, belted around his waist, and slippers. His favorite attitude when listening—and he was a good listener—was to lean forward, and clasp his left knee with both hands, as if fondling it, and his face would then wear a sad, wearied look. But when the time came for him to give an opinion on what he had heard, or to tell a story which something said "reminded him of," his face would lighten up with its homely, ragged smile, and he would run his fingers through his bristly black hair, which would stand out in every direction like that of an electric experiment doll.

Mr. Lincoln's part in subduing the rebellion will be better appreciated as time clears away the mists of race prejudice and the fogs of political intrigues. He was surrounded by able men, widely differing in opinion on the negro, but each one hoping that he would be President of the United States. To curb their ambitions, to humor their prejudices, and to make them, as he once expressed it, "pull in the traces," was no easy task, and required such a self-sacrificing man, of large brain and heart, to direct public affairs, as was Abraham Lincoln.

BEN: PERLEY POORE

AN EMANCIPATION CONFERENCE.

MR. LINCOLN AND THE PROGRESSIVE FRIENDS.

OLIVER JOHNSON, IN REPLY TO JUDGE KELLEY, DESCRIBES AN HISTORIC INTERVIEW.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

SIR: I have been much interested in the reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln to which you have given place of late. For the light they throw upon the character of that great and noble man, raised up by Providence to guide the Nation through the perils of the rebellion, they are of permanent value, and will doubtless in due time appear in book form for the instruction of future generations. For this reason it is important that any errors into which the writers have fallen should be promptly corrected.

When I saw the name of the Hon. William D. Kelley standing at the head of one of the papers here referred to, my attention was fixed at once, for I felt sure that he must have a large store of personal recollections upon which to draw for the edification of his readers, while his capacity for telling what he knew was of the best. As I began to read, however, I found, to my great surprise, that the honorable gentleman was describing a scene in which I had myself been an actor, and as I went on my curiosity gave place to utter amazement at the tone of his description and at the words he put into the mouth of Mr. Lincoln, which are in flat contradiction to my own recollections of the scene and to my knowledge of the surrounding circumstances. Mr. Kelley's recollections appear to have been of a very shadowy kind in various particulars. He was invited, he tells us, to join Senators Wilmot and Wilson and other gentlemen in "accompanying a delegation of Pennsylvanians to the Executive Chamber"; but he was unable to give the name of the religious body which the deputation represented, and could only describe it vaguely as "an independent organization which attached a higher degree of importance to purity of life and unselfish conduct than to the acceptance of theological dogmas." It was the Pennsylvania Yearly Meeting of Progressive Friends that the deputation represented, and the object was not as a formal and solemn memorial to the President, beseeching him, for the salvation of the country, to exercise his constitutional power by decreeing the emancipation of the slaves and thus removing the cause of the rebellion. That memorial, let me say, was drawn up by William Lloyd Garrison, and was of a very impressive character.

It was a brief document, but long enough to set forth a very strong argument in support of its prayer, and it voiced the sentiment of a vast body of American citizens. Mr. Kelley appears not to have recollected the name of a single member of the deputation, which consisted of the late distinguished Thomas Garrett, of Delaware; Alice Eliza Hambleton, Oliver Johnson, Dinah Mendenhall, William Barnard and Eliza Agnew. The duty of presenting the memorial was confided to me, and it was at my personal request that Senator Wilmot was asked to introduce the deputation to the President, and that Mr. Kelley and others, supposed to be in sympathy with its object, were invited to be present. So far as regards Mr. Kelley it would seem that I was mistaken, and that he held the visit both as to time and manner to be little less than an impertinence. If this had been suspected at the time, we certainly should not have obtruded ourselves upon his notice.

According to Mr. Kelley, the "minute," as he calls it, embodied a "disjointed quotation" from a speech of the President, at which the latter was "sharply aggrieved," and, having "straightened himself to his full height," replied to the same "with an asperity of manner of which he had not previously seemed to be capable." This statement is so amazing, so contradictory of contemporary reports and of my own clear recollection, that I can only account for it upon the supposition that Mr. Kelley's reminiscences of this occasion have become, in the course of twenty-three years, entangled with those of some other interview with the President. He, like myself, is an old man, and as he must have been at the White House on many occasions when the President was visited by deputations of one sort or another, it is not strange that his memory of what he saw and heard should be shadowy now. I should suspect my own accuracy rather than his, if the occasion did not stand out in my memory distinct from everything else, and if, as an actor in the scene, my mind had not been specially alert. Having read the memorial to the President, I stood directly before him when he opened his lips in reply, and I solemnly declare that his manner and his words were alike courteous, respectful and calm, manifesting no excitement save that befitting the subject and the occasion. No word of impatience or rebuke escaped him. The whole deputation was pleased and gratified by the tone of his observations, while regretting that he was not prepared at that moment to decree freedom to the slaves. It is due to Mr. Lincoln's memory that I should bear this testimony; otherwise it might appear that he was guilty of an unpardonable rudeness. If he was distinguished for any one thing more than another, it was for his patience in listening to those who differed from him, and for the unruffled courtesy with which he replied to them. In this case his sympathy with the object of the memorialists was too strong to permit him to address them in the tone described by Mr. Kelley. The interview took place June 20, 1862; the President at that very moment was more than half persuaded that the Abolitionists were right, and waited only for the growth of a public sentiment that would justify him in doing what they desired. Less than three months afterward his proclamation preliminary to emancipation was issued, and, three months later still, he did the very thing the Progressive Friends asked him to do. That he was glad of all they and others did to prepare the people to support him in the step he desired and meant to take as soon as he thought he could take it with justice and safety, there is abundant evidence. Of course, so long as any doubt remained in his own mind as to whether the right time to take that step had come, he was compelled to speak diplomatically: but that he was ever offended with those who sought to quicken his steps I do not believe.

As to the alleged "disjointed quotation" from Mr. Lincoln's Springfield speech, it had appeared a thousand times in print in exactly the same shape, and was made in perfect good faith in the memorial. Mr. Lincoln naturally desired to turn its point so far as to make it seem that it was not incompatible with his conscientious delay to strike off the shackles of the slaves. What he said to the deputation was purely explanatory, and uttered without the least appearance of heat, so far as they could discover. Turning as I naturally did, to the file of THE TRIBUNE, for a contemporaneous report of the interview, I found my own recollections confirmed. From that report I quote as follows:

The President said that, as he had not been furnished with a copy of the memorial in advance, he could not be expected to make any extended remarks. It was a relief to be assured that the deputation were not applicants for office, for his chief trouble was from that class of persons. The next most troublesome subject was slavery. He agreed with the memorialists that slavery was wrong, but in regard to the ways and means of its removal, his views probably differed from theirs. The quotation in the memorial from his Springfield speech, was incomplete. It should have embraced another sentence, in which he indicated his views as to the effect upon slavery itself of the resistance to its extension. The sentiments contained in that passage were deliberately uttered, and he held them now. If a decree of emancipation could abolish slavery, John Brown would have done it effectually. Such a decree would not be more binding upon the South than the Constitution, and that cannot be enforced in that part of the country now. Would a proclamation of freedom be any more effective?

Mr. Johnson said: "True, Mr. President, the Constitution cannot now be enforced in the South, but you do not on that account intermit the efforts to enforce it, and the emancipationists are solemnly convinced that the abolition of slavery is indispensable to your success."

The President further said that he felt the magnitude of the task before him, and hoped to be rightly directed in the very trying circumstances by which he was surrounded.

The contrast between this contemporary report of the President's remarks and that of Mr. Kelley, made twenty-three years later, is marvellous indeed. The two are no more alike than a hammer and a handsaw.

Besides the discrepancies already alluded to, there is another circumstance which convinces me that Mr. Kelley has confounded the President's interview with the Progressive Friends with some other one at which he happened to be present. He tells us that "Mr. Lincoln evidently supposed that he had terminated the ceremonies, and was turning to his desk, when one of the women of the delegation stepped toward him and begged permission to detain him while she bore a brief testimony." Mr. Lincoln is represented as saying, "with an air of ill-subdued impatience, 'I will hear the Friend.'" And then Mr. Kelley proceeds to tell us that "the testimony was ostensibly a plea in behalf of the slave, but was evidently intended as an indirect plea for the fuller recognition of women in governmental matters; for the speaker, after reminding the President that when the children of Israel had been terribly wronged for twenty years, and had cried unto the Lord for deliverance, He had appointed Deborah, who was a prophetess and judged Israel at that time, to overthrow their oppressors and emancipate them, and that Deborah had gone up against Sisera, whom the Lord discomfited, with all his troops and all his hosts, so that Sisera leaped down off his chariot and fled away on his feet." Whereupon, adds Mr. Kelley, "having elaborated this Biblical example, the speaker assumed that the President was, as Deborah had been, the appointed minister of the Lord, and proceeded to tell him that it was his duty to follow the example of Deborah, and forthwith abolish slavery, and establish freedom throughout the land, as the Lord had appointed him to do." The President is represented to have listened to this speech most impatiently, and to have insulted the speaker as, I venture to say, he never snubbed any woman who came into his presence.

Now, as I cannot believe that this story is an outright invention, I am forced to conclude that Mr. Kelley refers to something that took place on another occasion, though even in that case I must doubt that President Lincoln ever behaved in the way described. The simple truth is that neither of the three women delegates, nor any other woman, spoke a word on the occasion referred to. The only person besides the reader of the memorial who said anything was a stalwart Quaker farmer of Chester County, Penn., full six feet in height, and as little like a woman as any man ever was—William Barnard, by name. He indeed made a Scripture reference, but it was not to Deborah, but to Queen Esther and her intervention with Ahasuerus for the deliverance of the Jews from the machinations of Haman. The President listened most respectfully to this little speech, not over two minutes in length, and, according to THE TRIBUNE'S report, "responded very impressively, saying that he was deeply sensible of his need of Divine assistance. He had sometimes thought that perhaps he might be an instrument in God's hands of accomplishing a great work, and he certainly was not unwilling to be. Perhaps, however, God's way of accomplishing the end which the memorialists had in view might be different from theirs. It would be his endeavor, with a firm reliance upon the Divine arm, and seeking light from above, to do his duty in the place to which he had been called." In all this there was not, so far as I could discover, the least tone of impatience or rebuke, and, according to THE TRIBUNE, "the deputation thereupon withdrew, much gratified by the character of their reception."

I submit that if THE TRIBUNE'S Reminiscences of Lincoln are to take a permanent form in our literature, Mr. Kelley's contribution will need to be carefully expurgated and reconstructed.

OLIVER JOHNSON.

No. 104 East 23d-st., New-York, Sept. 2, 1885.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

THE GREAT REPUBLICAN.

SENATOR BOUTWELL'S REMINISCENCES.

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I was alone with Mr. Lincoln more than two hours the Sunday next after Pope's defeat in August, 1862.

That was the darkest day of the sad years of the war. McClellan had failed upon the Peninsula. Pope's army, reinforced by the remains of the Army of the Peninsula, had been driven within the fortification of Washington. Our losses of men had been enormous, but most serious of all was the loss of confidence in commanders. The Army did not confide in Pope and the authorities did not confide in McClellan. In that crisis Lincoln surrendered his own judgment to the opinion of the Army and re-established McClellan in command.

When the business to which I had been summoned by the President, strange business for the time, the appointment of assessors and collectors of internal revenue, was over, he was kind enough to ask my opinion as to the command of the Army. The way was thus opened for conversation and for me to say at the end that I thought our success depended upon the emancipation of the slaves.

To this he said, "You would not have it done now, would you? Must we not wait for something like a victory?"

This was the second and most explicit intimation to me of his purpose in regard to slavery. In the preceding July or early in August at an interview upon business connected with my official duties, he said: "Let me read two letters," and taking them from a pigeon-hole over his table he proceeded to do what he had proposed. I have not seen the letters in print. His correspondent was a gentleman in Louisiana, who claimed to be a Union man. He tendered his advice to the President in regard to the reorganization of that State, and he labored zealously to impress upon him the dangers and evils of emancipation. The reply of the President is only important from the fact that when he came to that part of his correspondent's letter he used this expression: "You must not expect me to give up this Government without playing my last card." Emancipation was his last card. He waited for a time when the facts or events should coincide. Mr. Lincoln was as devoted to the States as was even Mr. Webster, in his views of military necessity. It was the only ground on which the abolition of slavery in the States could be justified. Next the weight of public sentiment in the loyal States not only demanded emancipation, but gave full assurance that the act would be sustained to the end.

As for myself, I cannot doubt that he had contemplated the policy of emancipation for many months, and anticipated the time when he should adopt it. At his interview with the Chicago clergy, he stated his reasons against emancipation, and stated them so forcibly that the clergy were not prepared to answer them; but an accredited account of the interview contains conclusive proof that Mr. Lincoln then contemplated issuing the Emancipation Proclamation.

It may be remembered by the reader that in the political campaign of 1862, a prominent leader of the People's party, the late Judge Joel Parker, of Cambridge, Mass., said in public that Mr. Lincoln issued the proclamation under the influence of the loyal Governors who met in Altoona in September of that year.

As I was about to leave Washington in the month of October to take part in the canvass, I mentioned to the President the fact that such a statement had been made. He at once said:

"I never thought of the meeting of the Governors. The truth is just this. When Lee came over the river I made a resolution that if McClellan drove him back I would send the proclamation after him. The battle of Antietam was fought Wednesday, and until Saturday I could not find out whether we had gained a victory or lost a battle. It was then too late to issue the proclamation that day, and the fact is I fixed it up a little Sunday, and Monday I [illegible] have it."

[illegible] will entertain probably different notions of one part of Mr. Lincoln's character. He not only possessed an apparent innate faculty of comprehending tendencies, probabilities and opinions of masses of men, but he observed and measured with accuracy the peculiarities of individuals who were about him, and made those individuals, sometimes through their peculiarities, and sometimes in spite of them, the instruments or agents of his own views.

Of the three chief men in his Cabinet, Seward, Chase and Stanton, Mr. Stanton was the only one who never thus yielded to this power of the President. The reason was creditable alike to the President and to Mr. Stanton. Mr. Lincoln was frank and fearless in his opinions; devoted to duty, destitute of ambition, and uncompromising in his views touching emancipation and the suppression of the Rebellion. The peculiar sentiment of the day made no impression upon him. He was always ready for every forward movement and could never be reconciled to a backward step, either in the field or in the Cabinet. It is no injustice to Mr. Lincoln or Mr. Chase to say that they had ambitions which under some circumstances might disturb the judgment. These ambitions and their tendencies did not escape the notice of the President.

Mr. Lincoln was indifferent to those matters of government that were relatively unimportant; but he devoted himself with conscientious diligence to the graver questions and topics of official duty, and in the first months of his Administration, at a moment of supreme peril, by his pre-eminent wisdom, of which there remains indubitable proof, he saved the country from a foreign war. I refer to the letter of instruction to Mr. Adams, written in May, 1861, and referring to the proclamation of the Government of Great Britain, recognizing the belligerent character of the Confederate States.

In the greatest exigencies his power of judging immediately and wisely did not desert him. On the eve of the battle of Gettysburg General Hooker resigned the command of the Army.

This act was a painful and terrible surprise to Mr. Stanton and to the President. Mr. Stanton's account to me was this:

"When I received the dispatch my heart sank within me, and I was more depressed than at any other moment of the War. I could not say that any other officer knew General Hooker's plans, or the position, even, of the various divisions of the Army. I sent for the President to come to the War Office at once. It was in the evening, but the President soon appeared. I handed him the dispatch. As he read it his face became like lead, and I said, 'What shall be done?'

"He replied instantly, 'Accept his resignation.'"

In secret and without consulting any one else, the President and Secretary of War canvassed the merits of the various officers of the Army, and decided to place General Meade in command. Of this decision General Meade was informed by dispatch, sent by his special messenger, who reached the quarters before the break of day next morning.

It may be interesting to know the grounds on which the President decided to promote General Meade: first, that he was a good soldier, even a brilliant one; second, that he was a native of Pennsylvania, and that State at that moment was the battle-field of the Union; third, the President apprehended that the demand would be made for the restoration of General McClellan, and this he desired to prevent by the selection of a man who represented the same political opinions in the Army and in the country.

The three great papers on which Mr. Lincoln's fame will be carried along the ages are the Proclamation of Emancipation, his oration at Gettysburg, and his second inaugural Address.

The oration ranks with the noblest productions of antiquity, with the works of Pericles, of Demosthenes, of Cicero, and rivals the passages of Grattan, Burke or Webster. This is not the opinion of Americans only, but of the cultivated in other countries, whose judgment anticipates the judgment of posterity. When we consider the place, the occasion, the man, and, more than all, when we consider the oration itself, can we doubt that it ranks with the first of American classics, and that literature is immortal which commands a permanent place in the schools of the country; and is there any composition more certain of that destiny than Lincoln's oration at Gettysburg?

But if all that Lincoln did was and was should fail to carry his name and character to future ages, the emancipation of four millions of human beings by his single official act is a passport to all of immortality that earth can give. There is no other individual act performed by any person on this continent that can be compared with it. The Declaration of Independence, the Constitution was each the work of bodies of men; the Proclamation of Emancipation, in this respect, stands alone. The responsibility was wholly on Lincoln; the glory is solely his. [illegible] one can now say whether [illegible] of the Constitution

tution of the United States, or the Proclamation of Emancipation was the highest, best gift to the country and to mankind. With the curse of slavery in America, there was no hope for republican institutions in other countries. In the presence of slavery the Declaration of Independence had lost its power—practically it had become a lie. In the presence of slavery we were to the rest of mankind, and to ourselves, a nation of hypocrites. The gift of freedom to four million negroes was no more valuable to them than to us; and not more valuable to us than to the friends of liberty in other parts of the world.

In these days, when politicians and parties are odious to many thoughtful and earnest-minded persons, it may not be amiss to look at Mr. Lincoln as a politician and partisan. These he was, first of all and always. He had political convictions that were ineradicable, and they were wholly partisan. As the Rebellion became formidable the Republican party became the party of the Union; and as the party of the Union, with Mr. Lincoln at its head, it was, from first to last, the only political organization in the country that consistently, persistently and without qualification of purpose, and in the end successfully met every demand of the enemies of the Government, whether profered in diplomatic notes or on the field of battle. He struggled first for the Union, and then for the overthrow of slavery, as the natural, formidable enemy of the Union. These were his tests of political fellowship, and he carefully excluded from place every man who could not bear them. He accepted the great and most manifest lesson of free government—that every wise and vigorous administration represents the majority party, and that the best days of every free country are those days when the party in power yields power by the popular verdict, and guards itself at every step against the assaults of a scrutinizing and vigorous opposition. He accepted the essential truths that a free government is a political organization, and that the political opinions of those entrusted with its administration, as to what the Government should be and do, are of more consequence to the country than even their knowledge of orthography and etymology. As a consequence he accepted the proposition that every place of executive discussion, or of eminent administration of power, should be occupied by the friends of the Government. This, not because the spoils belonged to the victors, but for the elevated and sufficient reason that the chief officers of State are instrumentalities and agencies by which the majority carry out their principles, perfect their measures, and render their policy acceptable to the country; and also for the further reason that in the case of failure the Administration is without excuse. The entire public policy of Mr. Lincoln was the natural outgrowth of his political principles as a Republican. Through the influence of experience, and the exercise of power, the politician ripened into the statesman; but the ideas, principles and purposes of the statesman, were the ideas, principles and purposes of the partisan politician. In prosecuting the war for the Union, in the steps taken for emancipation of the slaves, Mr. Lincoln appeared to follow rather than to lead the Republican party. But his own views were more advanced, usually, than those of his party, and he waited patiently and confidently for the healthy movements of public sentiment which he well knew were in the right direction. No man was ever more firmly or consistently the representative of a party than was Mr. Lincoln, and his acknowledged greatness is due, first, to the wisdom and justice of the principles and measures of the political party that he represented; and, secondly, to his fidelity in every hour of his Administration, and in every crisis of public affairs to the principles, ideas and measures of the party with which he was identified.

To contemplate him as an historical personage, it is to be said, first of all, that Mr. Lincoln is the only American with whom eulogy can now deal who can be associated in fame with Washington; and it is by no means certain that his history will not assign to Lincoln an equal place; and this without any qualification or disparagement in any way of the friends of the Father of his Country. The measure of Washington's fame is full; but for many centuries, and over a vast space of the globe, and among all peoples, passing from barbarism or semi-servitude to civilization and freedom, Mr. Lincoln will be hailed as the Liberator.

In all governments struggling for existence, his example will be a guide and a help. Neither the gift of prophecy nor the quality of imagination is needed to forecast the steady growth of Lincoln's fame. At the close of the twentieth century the United States will contain one hundred and fifty to two hundred million inhabitants, and from one-fourth to one-third the population of the globe will then use the English language. To all these and to all their descendants, Mr. Lincoln will be one of the three great characters of American history; while to the unnumbered millions of the negro race, in the United States, in Africa, in South America and in the Islands of the Sea, he will be the great figure of all ages and of every nation. His fame will increase and spread with the knowledge of republican institutions, with the expansion and power of the English-speaking race, and with the deeper respect which civilization will create for whatever is attractive in personal character, wise in the administration of public affairs, just in policy, or liberal and comprehensive in the exercise of constitutional and extra-constitutional powers.

It was but an inadequate recognition of the character and services of Mr. Lincoln that was made by the patriots of Rome, when they chose a fragment from the walls of Servius Tullius and sent it to the President with this inscription: "To Abraham Lincoln, President for the second time of the American Republic, citizens of Rome present this stone from the walls of Servius Tullius, by which the memory of each of those brave asserters of Liberty may be associated Anno, 1865"—but it was the choicest tribute that could be gleaned from the whole history of Rome. The final and nobler tribute to Mr. Lincoln is yet to be rendered, not by a single city, nor by the patriots of a single country. A knowledge of his life and character is to be carried by civilization into every nation and to every people. Under him, and largely through his acts and influence, justice became the vital force of the Republic. The War established our power. The policy of Mr. Lincoln, and those who acted with him, secured the reign of justice ultimately in our domestic affairs. Possessing power and exhibiting justice, the Nation should pursue a policy of Peace.

Power, Justice and Peace: in them is the glory of the regenerated Republic.

GEORGE S. BOUTWELL.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

HIS READINESS AND HIS ACCURACY.

SOME REMINISCENCES BY THE HON. W. D. KELLEY.

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I.

Early in June, 1862, in response to an invitation from Senator Wilmot, of Pennsylvania, to join him and Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts, in accompanying a deputation of Pennsylvanians to the Executive Chamber, I repaired to the anteroom, where I found the Senators with from a dozen to twenty earnest people who represented an independent religious organization which attached a higher degree of importance to purity of life and unselfish conduct than to the acceptance of theological dogmas, and who had been charged by the yearly meeting of their association to present a "minute" to the President on the subject of slavery and the duty of immediate emancipation. The minute had, in accordance with the usage of Friends, been carefully inscribed and was in the hands of a member of the delegation who would read it distinctly.

At the appointed time, a messenger notified the Senators that the President was ready to receive the party. We who knew Mr. Lincoln felt instinctively, on coming into his presence, that the visit was inopportune. The air was full of evil rumors from the Peninsula, and the President had evidently passed a night of anxiety. He, however, gave the deputation a cordial though brief greeting. The guests, who were all strangers to the President, did not perceive, as others did, an unusual air of impatience in his manner, as he announced that he was ready to hear from the Friends.

The delegate charged with the presentation of the minute advanced and proceeded to read the contents of the attested document.

The President did not seem to recognize the fact that in reading it he performed a ministerial function, and apparently held him responsible for what the Yearly Meeting had prepared. I did not attempt to charge my memory with the substance of the minute. It, however, soon appeared that it had reminded the President that, while he was yet a citizen, he had said: "I believe that this Government cannot permanently endure half slave and half free," and from this disjointed quotation had deduced a suggestion of his failure to perform his duty as he had then seen it. That he was sharply aggrieved by something that was said became apparent to every one.

Having finished it, the reader handed the scroll to the President, who straightened himself to his full height, and with an asperity of manner of which he had not previously seemed to be capable, said: "It is true that on the 17th of June, 1858, I said: 'I believe that this Government cannot permanently endure half slave and half free,' but I said it in connection with other things from which it should not have been separated in an address discussing moral obligations; for this is a case in which the repetition of half a truth, in connection with the remarks just read, produces the effect of a whole falsehood. What I did say was, 'If we could first know where we are, and whither we are tending, we could better judge what to do and how to do it. We are now far into the fifth year since a policy was initiated with the avowed object and confident promise of putting an end to the slavery agitation. Under the operation of that policy that agitation has not only not ceased, but has constantly augmented. In my opinion it will not cease until a crisis shal lhave been reached and passed. "A house divided against itself cannot stand." I believe that this Government cannot permanently endure half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved—I do not expect the house to fall—but I do expect that it will cease to be divided. it will become all one thing or all the other. Either the opponents of slavery will arrest the further spread of it, and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is in the course of ultimate extinction, or its advocates will push it forward till it shall become alike lawful in all the States, old as well as new, North as well as South.' Take this statement as a whole and it does not furnish a text for the homily to which this audience has listened."

Mr. Lincoln evidently supposed that he had terminated the ceremonies, and was turning to his desk, when one of the women of the delegation stepped toward him and begged permission to detain him while she bore a brief testimony. With an air of ill-subdued impatience, he said: "I will hear the Friend." The testimony was ostensibly a plea in behalf of the slave, but it was evidently intended as an indirect plea for the fuller recognition of woman in governmental matters; for the speaker, after reminding the President that when the children of Israel had been terribly wronged and oppressed for twenty years, and had cried unto the Lord for deliverance, He had appointed Deborah, who was a prophetess and judged Israel at that time, to overthrow their oppressors and emancipate them, and that Deborah had gone up against Sisera whom the Lord discomfited, with all his troops and all his hosts, so that Sisera leaped down off his chariot and fled away on his feet. Having elaborated this Biblical example, the speaker assumed that the President was, as Deborah had been, the appointed minister of the Lord, and proceeded to tell him that it was his duty to follow the example of Deborah, and forthwith abolish slavery and establish freedom throughout the land, as the Lord had appointed him to do.

"Has the Friend finished?" said the President as she ceased to speak. Having received an affirmative answer, he said: "I have neither time nor disposition to enter into discussion with the Friend, and end this occasion by suggesting for her consideration the question, whether, if it be true that the Lord has appointed me to do the work she has indicated, it is not probable that He would have communicated knowledge of the fact to me as well as to her?"

II.

Having called one morning a little earlier than usual in the hope of having a brief confidential interview with the President, I found the field preoccupied; and, while I waited, Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts, entered the chamber, having with him four Englishmen of ripe years and dignified bearing.

The President had evidently had an early appointment, and had not completed his toilet. He was in slippers, and his pantaloons, when he crossed one knee over the other, disclosed the fact that he wore heavy blue woollen stockings. As, in the etiquette of calls upon the Executive, Senators take precedence of Members of the House, I found that my chance for anything like a private conversation was at an end; but, as I had breakfasted at the same table with the gentlemen whom the Senator was about to present, and could not avoid hearing their conversation, I felt that I would be repaid by their proposed interview with the President, and waited as others were doing.

It was an agreeable surprise to learn that the chief of the visiting party was Professor Goldwin Smith, one of the firmest of our British friends.

As the President rose to greet them he was the very impersonation of easy dignity, notwithstanding the neglige of his costume; and with a tact that never deserted him, he opened the conversation with an inquiry as to the health of his friend John Bright, whom he said he regarded as a friend of our country and of freedom everywhere. The visitors having been seated, the magnitude of recent battles was referred to by Professor Smith as preliminary to the question, Whether the enormous losses which were so frequently occurring would not so reduce the industrial resources of the North as to seriously affect the prosperity of individual citizens and consequently the revenue of the country? He justified the question by proceeding to recite the number killed, wounded and missing reported after some of the great battles recently fought.

There were two of Mr. Lincoln's devoted friends who lived in dread of his little stories. Neither of them was gifted with humor, and both could understand his propositions, which were always distinct and clean cut, without such familiar illustrations as those in which he so often indulged, and were chagrined whenever they were compelled to hear him resort to them in the presence of distinguished strangers. They were Senator Wilson and Mr. Stanton, Secretary of War; and as Professor Smith closed his arithmetical statement the time came for the Massachusetts Senator to bite his lips; for the President, crossing his legs in such a manner as to show that his blue stockings were long as well as thick, said that, in settling such matters as that, we must resort to "darkey arithmetic."

"To darkey arithmetic!" exclaimed the dignified representative of the learning and higher thought of Great Britain and her American Dominion. "I did not know, Mr. President, that you have two systems of arithmetic."

"Oh, yes," said the President; "I will illustrate that point by a little story: Two young coachmen, as we have learned to call them, were said to have been seated together, when one said to the other: 'Jim, do you know 'rithmetic?'"

Meanwhile Senator Wilson's right foot was playing a quick but quiet kind of devil's tattoo. Had he known a thousand stories he would not have told one of them to Professor Smith and his grave-looking British friends; and he was mortified that the President, who in all essential things had few men to equal him in dignity of manner, should so inopportunely indulge in such frivolity.

Unconscious of the Senator's annoyance, the President proceeded: "Jim answered: 'No; what is 'rithmetic?' 'Well,' said the other, 'it's when you adds up things. When you have one and one, and you put dem togedder, dey makes two. And when you substracts things, when 'if you have two things and you takes one away, only one 'mains.' 'Is dat 'rithmetic?' 'Yah.' 'Well, 'taint true, den. It's no good.' Here a dispute arose, when Jim said: 'Now, you 'spose three pigeons sit on dat fence, and somebody shoot one of dem; do 'tother two stay dar?' I guess not, dey flies away quickern doder feller falls;' and, Professor, trifling as the story seems, it illustrates the arithmetic you must use in estimating the actual losses resulting from our great battles. The statements you have referred to give the killed, wounded and missing at the first roll-call after the battle, which always exhibits a greatly exaggerated total, especially in the column of missing."

"But, Mr. President," interjected the Professor, "is it not very unfortunate that such should be the case: for these original reports go everywhere, and doubtless generally create the impression which led to my inquiry, whether you are not proceeding rapidly toward exhaustion?"

Admitting that it would be better, in some respects, if the statement of losses should be delayed, the President said he did not think it would compensate for the possible evil consequences of such delay. The early reports of European battles did not furnish a standard by which to judge the accuracy of ours, or to form an opinion of the fidelity of our troops, by comparing the greater number of missing shown in our early reports. The Peninsula, in which the war was then raging, had, he said, been found to be a heavily wooded, swampy, *terra incognito*, and the battles were fought by volunteers, most of whom were serving their first year, and not by veterans, such as made up the British and Continental armies. Overtaken by darkness in a swampy region, penetrated by no roads save those made by the contending armies, new men, exhausted by long marches, loss of sleep and long stretches of fighting, were hardly culpable in seeking a night's sleep to prepare them for returning to camp in the morning. The surprise to him had been, not the largeness but the smallness of the number of missing, when the final records of losses in battle had been made up. And, to the astonishment not only of his interlocutor but of all who were present, Mr. Lincoln proceeded to compare the first and the final reports of the losses at several important battles, and to inquire, with an air of quiet satisfaction, whether the record was not one which exhibited, on the part of volunteers, many of whom were little more than raw recruits, a devotion to the country of which every patriot might be proud.

Having heard Mr. Lincoln answer the Professor satisfactorily, and vindicate his resort to darkey arithmetic, I left without waiting to learn to what other topics his attention might be invited by his British guests.

It was a piece of rare good fortune that brought Goldwin Smith and his friends to my side just after I had taken my usual seat at the dinner table. The Professor was the most remote of the party, and the gentleman who sat next me had evidently parted from him before he left the Executive Chamber, and I could not help hearing the conversation between them.

"Professor," said he, "can you give me the impression President Lincoln made upon you?"

"Yes," said he; "it was a very agreeable one. Such a person is quite unknown to our official circles or to those of Continental nations. Indeed I think his place in history will be unique. He has not been trained to diplomacy or administrative affairs, and is in all respects one of the people. But how wonderfully he is endowed and equipped for the performance of the duties of the chief executive officer of the United States at this time! The precision and minuteness of his information on all questions to which we referred was a succession of surprises to me."

WILLIAM D. KELLEY.

NOTE.—In this speech to the Republican State Convention at Springfield, Ill., June 17, 1858, many have found the original of Mr. Seward's famous irrepressible conflict speech at Rochester on the 25th of the following October.

CONNECTICUT POLITICS.

LYNDE HARRISON'S LETTER—TROUP'S DEPUTY, DENNIS—MIDDLETOWN OFFICES.

(FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.)

HARTFORD, Sept. 6.—The "open letter" of the Hon. Lynde Harrison to several professional Mugwumps in New-Haven has been the subject of general newspaper comment in the State during the past week. It is said that Professor Simeon E. Baldwin, one of the persons addressed, will make a formal reply. So far as the papers which were in sympathy with the Mugwump movement last fall express any opinion regarding Mr. Harrison's pertinent questions upon the practical workings of Civil Service reform under the Cleveland administration, they seem to be satisfied with the course of events, only taking exception to the violent partisanship of Collector Troup, and, judging from their present attitude, one is forced to believe that the Civil Service pretensions of the alleged reformers in the last campaign simply disguised a hope that, if Cleveland were elected, Republican office-holders would have to go. Mr. Everett Wheeler's reply to Mr. Harrison, printed in New-York, justifies this conclusion. The letter of Mr. Harrison will probably result in a profitable discussion of the whole subject; and there is an excellent opportunity for public enlightenment in Connecticut.

The selection by Collector Troup of a young man named Dennis in Middletown for one of his deputies is the weakest point in his administration so far. It neither recognizes the call of party nor the personal fitness of things. The charge is made that Dennis has acted with the Republicans, and it is probably true that he did not assist the Democrats; but his association with the Republicans of Middletown last fall was not of general character. He seems to have professed an ability to give some assistance in Irish circles, though the Republicans of the place were not conscious that his services were of any material value.

There is authority for saying that when changes are made in the two most important Federal offices in Middletown, Charles C. Hulbard, formerly State Controller, will succeed Collector Augustus Putnam, and Mayor Northrop will take Bartlett Bent's place in the post office. Mr. Bent is an offensive partisan, and will not complain. He made, in the Jewell campaign, the best chairman of the State Committee the Republicans of Connecticut ever had.

A SURPRISED CIVIL SERVICE REFORMER.

WONDERING WHY THE PRESIDENT HAS NOT MADE MORE REMOVALS—FRESH REFORM THEORIES.

E. P. Wheeler, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Civil Service Association, to Lynde Harrison, of New-Haven.

You must ask if the removal of, or failure to reappoint, competent Republican office-holders by the President has not injured the cause of Civil Service reform. We answer no, and for the following reasons:

The theory of Civil Service reform is that of the equal rights of citizens to apply for and hold office without distinction of party and with reference solely to competency. This principle for twenty years has been persistently violated by the Republican party. From the highest judicial position to the lowest censorship its leaders have selected persons for appointment from their own party only. And in their platforms and on the stump they have persistently charged that the Democratic party—that is to say, one-half our people—were too corrupt and unprincipled to be trusted with office. So bold and unblushing was this assertion that many respectable citizens had come to believe it. So great was their apprehension on this score that they submitted to the leadership of artful knaves like Blaine and Chandler.

But in course of time we elected a Democratic President. One of his duties was to show that the Democratic party could, and would, administer the affairs of the Government as honestly and efficiently as the Republican party had ever done. One of his duties also was to redress the wrong that had been done to one-half the people of this country by their uniform exclusion from holding office under the Federal Government.

To do this it is by no means necessary that he should make "a clean sweep." This he was pledged not to do. But the Civil Service reformers who supported him wonder at his moderation. Instead of being surprised, as you affect to be, that so many changes have been made, we admire the courage of the man who has made so few, and we appreciate his fidelity to his pledges when we remember that he has done what no Republican Administration ever did—appoint men of the opposite party to high and important offices; and that, in one instance, he redressed a wrong committed by his predecessor by appointing that most faithful and efficient Civil Service reformer, Colonel Hart, to be Naval Officer of the Port of New-York, a place which he had formerly and well held, and to which President Arthur failed to reappoint him.

Our knowledge of Mr. Blaine's character and conduct convinces us that had he been elected he would have made many more removals than the President has done and with far less reason, and for this as well as many other reasons we look with unmixed satisfaction upon the result of the last election.

THE editor of the *Civil Service Record*, speaking of removals for "offensive partisanship," says:

> We shall not be sorry if the administration removes officers who have been prominent as Republican politicians, even though that prominence may not be directly shown to have caused neglect of public duties or abuse of official power. The great mass of administrative offices—the postmasterships, the collectorships, the marshalships, and so on—must be separated in the public mind from politics. People must be trained into thinking of them as having no more intrinsic connection with general politics than law offices or grocery stores.

Just how "civil service" is shown to advantage under such conditions is hard to see. Republicans are removed from office under false pretenses, and Democrats put in their places. They were removed because they were Republicans, and their substitutes were placed there because they were Democrats. How this "separates" the act in "the public mind from politics," no one but a native-born mugwump could see. Republicans have not complained of the removals, but they have criticised the false reasons given for the changes. If it does not violate any principle of civil-service reform, and lie about while it does it, civil-service rules fail to mean what they say. The whining defense of the scheme on the part of the *Civil Service Record* shows that it has been thoroughly whipped into the traces of "Democratic reform."

A SUGGESTION THAT WILL GROW.

Wellsville Reporter.

Judge Tourgee, the well-known author of A Fool's Errand, and now residing at Mayville, N. Y., was brought out at a late hour of the senatorial canvass in Chautauqua county as a candidate. There are many who would have been glad to honor the able gentleman with their votes, who could not consistently deny to Senator Vedder the courtesy of a well-deserved re-nomination. Judge Tourgee still had delegates enough to place his name third in the race. After the nomination of Mr. Vedder, many delegates who had not voted for him came personally to Judge Tourgee and urged him to be a candidate for congress next year—a position for which he is peculiarly fitted, and which he would conspicuously adorn. The suggestion is so good an one that it is likely to grow.

SENATORIAL.

The senatorial convention will be held in Jamestown Friday of this week. *A propos* of this we publish to day an extended interview with the Hon. A. W. Tourgee, which we commend to the careful perusal of every reader of THE JOURNAL. The candidacy of Judge Tourgee is creating an interest in political and popular circles unlike anything known for years in the history of local political affairs.

JUDGE TOURGEE.

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE DISTINGUISHED GENTLEMAN SPOKEN OF AS A CANDIDATE FOR THE STATE SENATE.

His Position and His Views—Timely and Pertinent Utterances.

A representative of THE JOURNAL saw the Hon. A. W. Tourgee at Mayville yesterday. The judge was found at his pleasant home, and greeted the reporter with his customary cordiality. The interview resulted in the following:

"Well, judge, what about the senatorial race? You said before that you knew nothing about it. Are you still in the same frame of mind?"

"Well, not exactly," he responded with a characteristic laugh. The judge's laugh, by the way, is worth hearing—a frank, hearty laugh that tells more than words can. One who has heard it knows at once the man behind it. "Not exactly," he continued, "two things have happened since then which materially affect my relations to it."

"What are they?" if I may inquire.

"Oh, certainly," he answered. "I have nothing to conceal and could not conceal these facts if I had. The first is, that since our former interview, what I then supposed was merely a neighborly preference among my Chautauqua friends has apparently grown into a public sentiment. Men from all over the district have written to me, scores and hundreds of them, expressing their gratification at what had been done and urging active exertion on the part of myself and my friends to secure the nomination. It has been a matter not only of the highest gratification but of profound surprise. Many of them are from men whom I never met. This is natural, of course, for it is hard to find an intelligent Republican who has not read one or more of my works and they feel acquainted with me though they have never met me. What surprises me most is the earnestness with which the matter seems to be regarded by the people. Here is one I have just received. It is as you see from one of the most influential Republicans in his town—an old soldier, by the way, who writes as he fought, in dead earnest and square to the point. He says: 'The delegates from our town were elected before your name was mentioned and are uninstructed. The sentiment of the Republicans of the town is all but unanimous in your favor, and the delegates know it. If they do not support you first, last and all the time, they will have an account to settle with those who sent them that will open their eyes to the fact that the people mean to do their own business and do it in their own way. There is talk of a meeting of the Republicans here to express their sentiment and we would like to have you present."

"Do you intend to go?"

"No, indeed; I do not think it would be a proper thing to do. The selection and instruction of their delegates is a matter for the people to attend to and I shall not meddle with it."

Are you not afraid of the "practical politicians," as they are called, Judge?

"Not a bit. The people have waked up and bosses and manipulatiors must go to the rear—peaceably if they will—forcibly if they must. The action of the state convention shows that. There the manipulators had sense enough to accept the inevitable gracefully and take in sail before the squall came. It was well they did. The time had come when they had to fish or cut bait. The result is that a ticket was nominated which represents not any man or faction but the Republican party. The Republicans of this part of the district at least have waked up and as our friend says, they will 'settle accounts" with any who balk their will. They have been ring ruled and clique ruled a good while. The bulk of the party here are intelligent and patriotic men whom apparent party necessity has sometimes made something very like slaves. This has reached its limit and such a people when they do wake to a sense of the injury that has been done them in this manner will rend them like a young lion raging for prey. It is a hard time for such men to get in their way."

"But will not the fact that many of the delegates were elected before your name was mentioned prove prejudicial to your nomination?"

"Very possibly it may. That is a matter of very little consequence. If the people desire me nominated they will find methods to inform their delegates of the fact and settle with them afterwards. I said that is their affair, not mine. They have so generally expressed a preference, however, that they have in a certain sense made me their trustee, and I do not feel at liberty to ignore their wishes. You may say to them therefore that I am in the race and in to stay. Whether nominated or not there will be no bargain or trade of any delegate's vote with my knowledge or consent, and I wish it distinctly understood that my name will not be used to save anybody else's chestnuts. I have no political debts to pay and no treaties to make."

"You said that two things had happened, bearing on this matter. What is the other?

"The other is the state convention."

"How does that effect it?"

"Well, you see the convention has given us the best average ticket that I have ever known to be nominated in any state. It is not all head nor all tail. It is not factional in the sense of representing various conflicting elements, but is harmonious because homogeneous. It represents the party and not its excrescences. This gives us a fighting chance in the state and we needed it. The Democracy make no secret that the marriage of New York to the "Solid South" is to them a necessity. So it is not the party in the state that we have to fight but the whole array in the nation. This imposes on every Republican the duty of doing his level best and the first question is for delegates to consider is, who of the candidates in the district can bring most strength to the state ticket. We shall need more this fall. Singles will count in this game. Six hundred would have turned the scale in our favor last year. Of course, if we had a bad ticket, or a factional one a good many would be indifferent. But we have one worthy of our best energies and the one thing the party in the United States needs and expects of us, is that we give it every advantage in the fight. That should override all other considerations. So far as I am concerned, nothing shall stand in the way of that result."

"Do you expect to go on the stump if nominated?"

"Oh, yes, whether nominated or not. I have already invitations to speak in some of our larger cities."

"You have not taken much interest in state politics, heretofore, I think?"

"I always take an interest in good government but I have not felt called upon to take an active part in the Kilkenny cat fights of faction. I have never had any fancy for bosses of any sort—and am glad to see them killed off. I think a boss is just as dangerous to liberty as a bulldozer and deserves the same fate. Whoever corrupts the ballot or vitiates the will of the people ought to be killed by the ballot. Really, I do not see much difference between controlling a vote with a "bull whack" and buying a delegate or packing a caucus. If there is any choice, I incline to think preference should be given to the former."

"You are not accounted very friendly to bulldozing either, I believe?"

"Well, I won't say about that," he replied with a hearty laugh. "You know the Scripture rule, 'By their *works* shall ye know them.' I am ready to be tried by that and the people have the means at hand to make the test. By the way, I understand that one of my competitors is making the point that the people of the district do not know me. I suppose I have really entered more houses in the district as an author and am actually better known to its people than any one of the lot. It is just another form of the Bourbon's argument against a man not born south of Mason's and Dixon's—the cry of carpet-bagger. I have heard it before. Like Paul I have fought with wild beasts at Ephesus and am now ready to take a bout with them at Rome."

"I believe you have 'Appealed to Cæsar,' before," the reporter ventured to say, referring to the judge's last book.

"Good for you," was the laughing response. "Yes, and I believe in *Caesar*—the multitudinous king—the people—with a fervence that amounts almost to a passion. I have made appeals to him more than once and lived to see more of the principles I have advocated wrought into forms of law than often falls to the lot of a political thinker. I never have any fear of results when the people are aroused, and I have an almost uncontrollable impulse to appeal to them when I see a wrong perpetrated upon any of them."

"I believe you really love political controversy, Judge?"

"I love putting what I believe to be truth into men's minds to germinate and fructify in good works and patriotic aspiration. When the people do their own thinking, choose their own agents and hold them to a strict responsibility the country is safe, no matter what party is in power or who is elected."

"You think this campaign in the state will have a great influence on national politics?"

"Why bless your soul, man," was the earnest reply, "it *is* national politics. What is the first great question on which it turns? Whether the country shall be ruled by ballots or bulldozers. That is the pith of the wholematter. Whether the colored voter of the south shall be allowed to vote as he chooses or let the white man vote for him. Whether a white man's vote at the south shall be worth twice as much as a white man's vote at the north, if you want to see how close it comes home. A free ballot without bosses or bull-whackers is the watchword of the Republican party in this fight and will be until the time comes which the great simple-hearted leader we have just entombed declared must come when "every voter shall be free to cast his vote, have it fairly counted and honestly returned.' Senator Miller said in his speech before the state convention: 'We do not fear the domination of the Democratic party controlled by the south because of any disloyalty to the government.' At first sight it seems a curious statement to be made by a Republican senator especially on such an occasion. I suppose what he meant by disloyalty is that the Republicans had no fear of any attempt on the part of the South to break up the government—to disrupt the union. This restricted use of the term loyalty has become quite common and is being taken advantage of by the Democrats and their Mugwump apologists who claim that the South as a political question has been eliminated from practical politics. The truth is, that there has never been any question about the "loyalty" of the South, if we mean by "loyalty" simply the absence of a desire to break up the union, since the Bourbons obtained control of the state governments of the South, by means of Ku Klux, tissue ballots and false returns. As long as they are allowed to manage the negro in their own way, prevent his voting or deprive his ballot by any sort of fraudulent manipulation, of all effective force, they will always be as fond of "the old flag and an appropriation" as any people in the world could be. If they were only allowed to suppress the colored vote and so double the power of every white vote and by alliance with a few hungry Democrats and purblind Mugwumps run the government, their attachment to the Union will continue to be of the most enthusiastic and demonstrative character. This is nothing new. In the same sense the "Solid South" has always been the most loyal and patriotic part of the country. As long as they had slavery and ruled the country by *counting* the negro though not allowing him to vote, they were content. As long as slavery was the undisputed dominant influence in the government, there was more "loyalty" to the square mile in the South than anywhere else. It was only when they saw this ascendency in national affairs seriously threatened that they though of setting up for themselves. It is the same thing now. If we will allow them to rule the country by a fraudulent suppression of the right of every voter who has a drop of negro blood in his veins or any intimation toward Republican privileges,—if we will but ignore all our pledges to the only element of the South who stood by the Union and gave their blood and life for its salvation—as long as we will do this the South will remain as loyal as a tyrant to the people who submit to his oppression.

This the convention firmly and most forcibly declared that the Republican party would not submit to, in that beautiful and pathetic resolution which refers to the charity of our late great soldier-chief. It is an appropriate and effective commentary on Senator Miller's somewhat ambiguous statement. It is not a question now of *loyalty* but of *obedience* and the Republican party will not have accomplished the prime object of its organization until it has either secured to the colored man of the south the free exercise of his privileges as a citizen or prohibited those who suppress it from deriving any advantage from the wrong thus perpetrated. This is the most important question in its immediate and ultimate consequences that has ever come before the American people. As a political problem it is infinitely greater than slavery ever was, because it indicates a defiance and subversion of national authority. There is not one white Democrat in a thousand at the South, despite their remarkable and astonishing 'loyalty' who has attachment enough for the Union to insist upon the fair, honest and equitable application of its basis principle—the free exercise of ballatonial power by every legal voter without distinction of race or color."

"What about the canal question judge?"

"There it is again—another national issue. The Republican party has acted with rare wisdom in putting itself on record in favor of urging upon the national government the necessity of a free and sufficient highway from the Great Lakes to the Sea. It is bound to act as a great safety-valve and it is quite within the range of possibility that the nation should, at no very distant day owe its preservation from international discord and perhaps civil convulsion, to the patriotic foresight of the Republican convention of New York in this off year in politics."

"Will you—" began the reporter.

"Oh give me a rest," said the judge pleasantly but in that tone which all his friends know there is no use of appealing from. "You gentlemen of the press know how interested I am in public questions and take advantage of my good nature. Good bye.'

The reporter shook hands and left, more than ever convinced that the quiet, unpretentious man of letters who has been living so quietly in the little stagnant village of Mayville, if he takes a hand in the practical politics of this region will be a "rustler" whom it will not be pleasant for bosses to oppose. He is one of those fearless men who, as he says, "do not see any sense in fussing around untying knots that can a good deal easier be cut." His good nature makes him a pleasant companion and though seemingly reserved and little inclined to thrust himself forward, he is the most genial and approachable of men. His earnestness, intensity and boldness, however, combine to make a most dangerous opponent when he thinks the right is on his side. He believes in the people and has a peculiar faculty of making them believe in him. If a vote were taken, in this county, at least, there is no doubt that the judge would secure many times the number of ballots that all his opponents could muster. With such a candidate and such a following the senatorial contest is this district becomes something more than a mere scramble for office.

Evening Journal.

SEPTEMBER 25. 1885.

GROWING IN POPULARITY.

We learn with pleasure that the candidacy of Judge Tourgee is increasing in popularity. His friends who are conducting his canvass say that he will go into the convention with at least 23 delegates, possibly more. If he has that number of votes to begin with, the chances will be good for his nomination.

SEPTEMBER 26, 1885.

SENATE FIRST, CONGRESS AFTERWARD.

A correspondent writes to the Cattaraugus Republican speaking in very high terms of Judge Tourgee but suggesting that his place is in congress rather than in the state senate. We certainly should be very glad to see the gentleman in the national legislature. He would serve the county and his district most admirably as a congressman. But we submit that there is yet time for his holding that office, and we further believe that the qualifications for the higher place are no bar to effective service in the state. Moreover, we believe that his admitted fitness for the office of congressman at once disarms all the weak criticism that has been presented regarding his ability to cope with he practical questions of New York state affairs. A man of brains, ideas, experience, and personal and political integrity is useful in any legislative capacity, whether it be as congressman, state senator or as member of the board of supervisors. Let no one who would like to see Judge Tourgee represent this county in the state senate be influenced by this suggestion of something better. It is a high and unusual compliment to a man to say that the place for which he is a candidate isn't big enough for him.

SEPTEMBER 30. 1885.

SENATORIAL.

The Senatorial convention will be held in Jamestown Friday of this week. If a popular expression of opinion could be gained from the district, and if that opinion were the nominating power, we have not the slightest doubt that Judge Tourgee would be nominated by an overwhelming majority—a majority equal to that by which he will be elected should the convention do itself the honor to put him in nomination.

THE SENATORIAL CONVENTION.

In Jamestown to-morrow the important senatorial convention for the district will be held. The convention is composed of one hundred delegates, fifty from each of the counties in the district. So far as has been announced there are but three candidates in the field: Judge Tourgee, of Mayville; Hon. C. P. Vedder, of Ellicottville, and the Hon. Mr. Barse, of Olean. It is well-known where our sympathies lie; but should the convention not see fit to nominate Judge Tourgee, we trust that it will have the wisdom to place upon the ticket a good, strong, reliable man whom Republicans will all support. A good nomination for the office of state senator will prove an element of strength for the state ticket.

TOURGEE AND THE INDEPENDENTS.

Political Slanders Answered and Refuted.

The report has been industriously circulated by the men who are trying to prevent Judge Tourgee's nomination that he did not support Blaine and Logan. In support of this, garbled extracts from an editorial in the Continent Magazine of July 9, 1884 of which he was then editor, have been called to the attention of delegates and others through whom influence was expected to be secured. We have carefully examined the whole article and find it to be a most caustic and logical excoriation of the position of the "Independents," who were then waiting for the Democratic nomination to decide upon the course they would pursue. We reproduce below the bulk of the article including the portion to which objection is made. Judge Tourgee may well say as he did when his attention was called to the matter, "If this be treason let them make the most of it." It was copied at the time almost univeisally by the Republican press of the country as an exceptionally strong argument against the course of the Independents:

"This is our first objection to such action as has been taken by the Massachusetts Independents. They say that they have 'met in conference *as Republicans* * * to take action in opposition to the nomination of James G. Blaine, etc.' The second of the resolutions adopted by them reads, 'that we look with solicitude to the nomination of the Democratic party. They have proper men, and we hope they will put them before the people for election.' If these words mean anything it is that if the Democratic party will nominate certain men they will support them. This they have the undoubted right to do; but they have no right to claim to do it 'as Republicans.' A party name is a trade-mark that no one has a right to infringe. The majority of a party acting through its authorized and regular organization has a right to define what shall be its principles, its policy, and who shall be its nominee. If individual members are not satisfied with its action in whole or, in part, they are at liberty to refuse to support it in the matter in which they dissent from its conclusions or to join the opposition. Where they become its opponents, however, they cease to belong to the party, and have no right to claim to be a part of it.

* * * * * *

"If there is any principle of party organization that is indubitable, it is that a majority have a right to shape its action according to their own ideas of policy and right. The fact that the minority differ with them does not at all render it certain that they are wrong, and it is no part of their duty to yield their convictions for the sake of success. One of our liberal contemporaries says that "as a candidate, Blaine is just suited to the wishes of probably four-fifths of the party;" and another which has openly declared its opposition to the ticket, grimly asserts that it "is time that the Republican party learned that it can not elect its candidate without the aid of one-fifth of its voters." So in this tone of dictation, assumed by a faction which openly admits and even seems to boast, that it is in a minority, that has put the liberal element at odds with the most of the Republican party, and which seems to be at the bottom of the movement we have been discussing. For this reason it is that there is no popular following of any great weight behind this movement. It does not come out of the cornfields or through the streets seeking advice and a leader. On the contrary it has its origin in the clubs, and finds its John Baptists in rich men's palaces. Such a movement may make a dangerous case, but no great party was ever hatched in a belfry. The movements that sway and flex our national polity come always from beneath. The "mudsill" is always at the bottom of every popular impulse. It may be a misfortune, but it is a fact. No body of men can lead a people by crying out, "The masses are all wrong, and prefer to be wrong, but we are right, and will force them to be right."

"It is undoubtedly true that Mr. Blaine is the choice of a large majority of the Republican party. It is also true that a considerable, intelligent and patriotic minority of those who have hitherto acted with that party think the nomination an unfit one to have been made. *They* regard him as the representative of bad political methods. They lack confidence in his integrity and statesmanship. It is quite possible that they are right. We are one of those who believed this estimate of the man to be correct, and we so declared without heat or prejudice months before the nominations were made. At the same time, *we do not believe* that this one fifth of the party—this minority, whom in this respect we believed to be right, while we thought the majority were wrong—*we do not believe that they have any higher ideal of public virtue or any more exalted patriotism than the majority of the party.*"

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

This much we have felt called upon to say in regard to the specific charge, and what Judge Tourgee actually did in the campaign is still more worthy of attention. It should be remembered that in the latter part of June he received a physical injury which re-opened an old wound received at the first battle of Bull Run, which confined him to his house and most of the time to his bed, until about the first of October. During this time, against the advice of his physicians and despite private calamities which would have overwhelmed a weaker man, his brain was busy as the pages of his magazine attest, in promoting the interests of the ticket. During this time he was visited by Gen. Logan who came especially to thank him for the magnanimity he had displayed in laying aside personal feeling arising out of a previous misunderstanding as well as his opposition to the nomination. The very first moment after he was able to stand upon his feet, he spoke for the Republican ticket at the fair at Fredonia. Those who had seen him a few days before compelled to address the veterans at Point Chautauqua sitting, wondered that he dare l attempt such an effort and his physicians positively forbade it.

On the 24th of September he wrote a letter to the New York Tribune which was copied into almost every Republican paper in the United States, and a large number circulated by the executive committee *as a campaign document*, and we would be glad to copy this also, but a few extracts must suffice:

"I was opposed to the nomination of Mr. Blaine and exerted myself actively to secure his defeat before the convention. * * * The motives that induced me to do so are precisely the same as those which now lead me to advocate his election. * * * "I have to choose between the Republican party with Mr. Blaine as its candidate and the Democratic party with Mr. Cleveland as its candidate The only criterion by which they were to be judged was the future good of the country. * * * I could not hesitate as to my duty and the course I deemed best for the country I have felt it my duty to urge upon others."

In regard to the charges against Mr. Blaine he said:

"Having since that time (the date of the nomination) carefully reviewed the whole situation and read all that both sides have to say upon the matter, I am free to say that I find in it no evidence of any abuse of a public trust. * * * I am under especial obligations to the Democratic press for publishing the last batch of these letters as, to my mind, they explain the transaction and show Mr. Blaine to be far more entitled to sympathy than blame for the part he took in it.

"I should consider it a calamity well nigh irremediable if the Democratic party and its candidate should receive the endorsement of public approval."

If the opponents of Judge Tourgee cannot find more tenable ground on which to oppose his nomination they had better get out of the road and let the people have the right of way for once. That he opposed Mr. Blaine's nomination very vigorously before it occurred is known to all. It might perhaps have been well for the party if the candidate he pushed with characteristic persistency, Robert T. Lincoln, had been selected. One thing is certain, the result justified Judge Tourgee's political foresight in a very remarkable manner. A man who has the independence to express his views as boldly as he did and do on a sick bed such work as he put into the campaign would seem to be about the style of man we want this year when all factions are being invited to the fold of the party, to support our state ticket and make accessions which may be sorely needed in the end.

SENATORIAL.

TO-DAY'S CONVENTION—THE ORGANIZATION—LISTS OF DELEGATES.

In the Hotels and on the Street Last Night.

GATHERING OF THE CLANS.

Yesterday afternoon they began to come in and by the evening there was a fair representation of Clan Sessions, Clan Tourgee, Clan Vedder, Clan Barse, and clandestine. At the Humphrey, noted resort of certain political factions, were established the headquarters of the many times and would be-again Senator Vedder, whose faithful Chautauqua supporter Dr. Fenner dispensed smiles and cigars with equal impartiality among all the callers. Dr. Van Aernam lurked mysteriously with Mr. Vedder in one corner and another, while friendly delegates and some non-partizans lounged in easy attitudes upon bed, sofa and chairs. In the hall not far from the door were seen two politicians, one who lately secured a county nomination, and one who was defeated, in very earnest converse, the purport of which the wanderer in search of surface information did not feel justified in eavesdropping. Down in the office of the hotel other delegates not so intimate in the inner circles of political sacredness, wandered listlessly about, smoked universally good cigars, generously distributed by aspiring candidates, and one by one succeeded in moving the hotel clerk and the bell boy to a realization that all that was left was the sweet slumber of delegated innocence.

On the porch enjoying the balmy air were O. E. Jones, of Jamestown, and Case, of French Creek. They looked like deep and desperate plotters of mighty moves on the political chessboard, but they may have been simply enjoying the balmy air of evening and discussing the relative chances in a game of "show-down" or a square hand of "tunk."

At the Sherman house similar scenes were enacted. In 106, Judge Tourgee pleasantly greeted the many friends who dropped in upon him during the evening, while those specially interested in his canvass discussed the prospects among themselves and moved quietly among the delegates of varying persuasions. In one corner of the office the noted chairman, Norman Allen, with the look of the Hon. Bardwell Slote, was impressing the clean-shaved and and carefully brushed Hon. Walter L. Sessions with a point of order; the solid physiognomy of Barse was in frequent juxtaposition with delegates, friends and followers.

Leaning over the safe was the other representative of the house of Sessions, Loren B., just come from the county legislature at Mayville where he keeps his hand in, looking for the time when the political tide shall bear him on its bosom through the portals of the capitol at Albany. Elsewhere was seen Benson, who is said to have more delegates than Barse [see convention proceedings for fuller information] while as at the Humphrey an occasional worn delegate fearing sickness, was ordering a prescription at the bar. All about the hotel doors were little groups of curious outsiders, political Solons who could predict with certainty the outcome of the morrow's battle, and the belated commercial traveler, inquiring for the sample room and looking anxiously for sleeping accomodations.

"What was the general talk?"

It is hard to tell, the Vedder men claimed 30 delegates from Cattaraugus and the Barse men 25. The entire delegation numbers 50. Benson was also credited with something over twenty, and the impression prevailed that the Cattaraugus men must have brought Allegany county along with them. Judge Tourgee's strength was variously estimated at from 15 to 27 delegates.

"How do the politicians regard Tourgee?" was asked.

"They don't seem to want him."

"They don't, eh! Then that's the man for me. Good night."

TO-DAY.

By noon to-day nearly if not quite, all the delegates had arrived.

THE CONVENTION.

IT IS CALLED TO ORDER AT 2:30 THIS AFTERNOON—HON. N. M. ALLEN ELECTED CHAIRMAN — HIS SPEECH—OTHER PROCEEDINGS.

The convention met at half past two this afternoon and was called to order by Chairman Stevens, of the senatorial committee. The roll was called by C. W. Terry, of Randolph as follows:

THE DELEGATES.

CHAUTAUQUA.

Arkwright—David Abbey.
Busti—Oren Stoddard, W A Frank.
Carrol—Silas W Parker.
Chautauqua—Herman Sixby, W S Gleason, John J Stuart.
Cherry Creek—Geo H Frost.
Charlotte—W D Kelly.
Clymer—Wm Phillips.
Dunkirk—S M Smith, Wm T Coleman, G T Saunders.
Ellery—Asa Cheney, E Ceder.
Ellicott—E R Bootey, J T Larmouth, L B Warner A F Jenks, E F Dickinson, H S Hall, D H Post.
Ellington—Ira Farman.
French Creek—H R Case
Gerry—C A Tracy.
Hanover—E J Swift, C Ewell.
Harmony—L B Sessions, C H Wicks, D F Cook, E H Connely.
Kiantone—Geo. B Frissell.
Mina—D P Horton.
Poland—Amos Bills.
Pomfret—M M Fenner, E A Curtis, T J Skidmore.
Portland—G E Ryckman, Josiah Holbrook.
Ripley—F A Brockway, John Prendergast.
Sheridan—James Patterson.
Sherman—W J Donnell, A B Sheldon.
Stockton—Chas Chapman, Fred Baber.
Villenova—Samuel Fletcher.
Westfield—F B Brewer, R J Wright, L P Stevens.

CATTARAUGUS.

Allegany—George Nessel, L L Burr, F H Reiser.
Ashford—A H Murphy, R A Carter.
Carrollton—E R Schoonmaker.
Coldspring—A D Blood.
Conewango—A S Lamper.
Dayton—N M Allen, John Wickham.
East Otto—L H Utley.
Ellicottville—Alex Bird.
Farmersville—W A Henry.
Franklinville—H Van Aerman, S T Morris.
Freedom—J B Lewis, W E Jones.
Great Valley—E D Ames, L Randall
Hinsdale—C Willover.
Humphrey—B Salisbury
Ischua—A Densmore.
Leon—Ira L Casten.
Little Valley—Sam'l Dunham, S N Wheaton.
Lyndon—E N Case.
Machias—Wm Follet.
Mansfield—G H Bowen.
Napoli—G A Gladden.
New Albion—F M Mosher, A E Mosher.
Otto—Fred Truby.
Olean—G L Winters, F W Higgins, L E Chapin, C A Rockwood, A H Abbey.
Perrysburg—A D Lake.
Persia—I R Leonard.
Portville—J E Dusenbury, W E Wheeler.
Randolph—B F Congdon, C W Mount.
Red House—W S Grover.
Salamanca—A E Arrow, E V Vreeland, A W Perrin.
South Valley—W H Wheeler.
Yorkshire—E C Snyder, Moses Blood.

The Hon. Norman M. Allen, of Dayton, Cattaraugus county, was elected chairman. He was conducted to the chair by J. T. Larmouth, of Ellicott, and F. W. Higgins, of Olean. Mr. Allen said: "Gentlemen of the convention, accept my thanks for this mark of your appreciation in selecting me to preside over your deliberations. I shall endeavor to preside over them fairly and to meet your approbation, and in this way can I thank you for the honor paid me. You have assembled for the important service of selecting a candidate who shall meet with the approbation of the Republicans of this district, and that when it is made it will meet with the support of the 33d district Republicans. You have met here to complete the nomination of the state ticket."

Mr. Allen spoke in high terms of the state ticket and predicted its success. "No one," he said, "has spoken other of the state ticket than that it was admirable in every way."

The chairman referred humorously to the expectation that Flowers were to be laid upon the coffin of our political enemy this fall, and referred to the excellent nominations for assembly. He awaited the pleasure of the convention.

Stanley M. Wheaton, of Little Valley, Cattaraugus, Co., and C. B. Brockway, of Ripley, Chaut. Co. were made secretaries of the convention.

The Hon. M. M. Fenner, of Fredonia, moved that the convention proceed to an informal ballot for a candidate for the office for senator.

Mr. Gleason, of Chautauqua, moved that the chair appoint three tellers Carried. The chair appointed the following: Gleason, of Chautauqua, Higgins, of Olean, and Jenks, of Ellicott. Mr. Gleason declined to serve. D. P. Horton suggested Phillips, of Clymer. Appointed by the chair.

After the election of tellers, the chair said that no excessive ballot would be announced:

FIRST BALLOT.

One vote was cast "for member of assembly." Taking that excessive vote out the proper number was left. The chair left it to the convention and on order announced the result as follows:

Vedder 36.
Barse 26.
Tourgee 21.
Benson 16.
Ingersoll 1.

SECOND BALLOT.

Ninety-eight votes were cast: Vedd 36, Barse 24, Tourgee 23, Benson 14, Allen (N. M.) 1.

THIRD BALLOT.

Vedder 42, Barse 22, Tourgee 21, Benson 12, E. M. Johnson 1, J. T. Edwards 1, N. M. Allen 1. Number of votes cast, 100.

FOURTH BALLOT.

Vedder 45, Barse 18, Tourgee 19, Benson 12, Edwards 1, scattering 3.

THE CONCERT.

AY, OCTOBER 3, 1885.

VOTES FOR VEDDER.

Renomination of the Cattaraugus Candidate—Further Account of Friday's Senatorial Convention.

THE JOURNAL'S account of yesterday closed with the fourth ballot. Another ballot was then taken which proved to be excessive, when Dr. Smith, of Dunkirk, moved for a *viva voce* vote The question was put and carried almost unanimously. L. B. Sessions asked for a rising vote, during the counting of which Dr. Smith withdrew his motion. The motion was then renewed by B. F. Congdon, of Gowanda, who asked for the ayes and noes and supported his motion in a short speech. Dr. Fenner, of Pomfret, opposed the motion, and Mr. Larmonth, of Ellicott, favored it. Mr. Fenner moved an amendment that the convention proceed to vote as before. The amendment was carried by a vote of 64 to 36. Mr. Congdon then withdrew the original motion, but was sorry, he said, that so many of the delegates were unwilling to let their constituents know how they voted. [Applause] Mr. Jenks, of Jamestown, also regretted the failure to order a *viva voce* vote. Another excessive ballot was then taken, and another trial was necessary before the vote could be announced. The result of the fifth ballot was: Vedder 48, Tourgee 20, Barse 18, Benson 14.

Mr. Mosier, of New Albion, then moved that the chair appoint the usual senatorial committee and the convention then took its sixth ballot, resulting as follows: Vedder 58, Tourgee 14, Barse 16, Benson 9. Mr. Winter, of Olean, moved the unanimous nomination of Mr. Vedder. The motion was carried, and Mr. Vedder called to the stage. After applause of his friends had subsided, Mr. Vedder said that he assumed from the chairman's introduction that he had been nominated for senator from the 32d district. For this honor he most profoundly thanked the convention. He referred to his record for the past two years, and said that if he had made any errors during that time they were errors of judgment and not of intention. He was impressed with the honor conferred upon him and promised to show his appreciation of it by so bearing himself in the future as to merit the approbation of his constituents. Continuing, he said that next to the name of American he was proud of the name of Republican. He referred to the fact that he was speaking on the twenty-third anniversary of the day when the 154th New York volunteers first set foot on the soil of Old Virginia, and said that the people were standing in presence of a grand pageant, on the picket line of a great battle, and that unless all signs failed there is a genuine Republican victory in store this fall. Senator Vedder then congratulated the people upon the position of the Republicans, in the name of the historic past and in the memory of Lincoln, Garfield and Grant, and with the familiar exhortation of Tiny Tim, "God bless us all," again thanked the convention and retired, followed by loud applause.

Calls for Judge Tourgee then began and finally increased to such on extent that the Judge was compelled to respond. He was received with applause and delivered a speech of some twenty minutes that excited the greatest enthusiasm among his auditors. [As it is expected that the speech will be printed in full in these columns, no attempt will be made to review it at this time.]

At the conclusion of the Judge's address, Mr. Congdon offered a resolution to the effect that "this convention recommend to subsequent senatorial conventions the *viva voce* rule of voting." It being evident that such a resolution could have no binding force, and as everybody was anxious to get home, the motion was promptly voted down and the convention adjourned without day.

Following is a table of the votes cast in each ballot:

Ballots	Vedder	Barse	Tourgee	Benson	C P Ingersoll	N M Allen	E M Johnson	J T Edwards	Scattering
1	36	26	21	16	1				
2	30	24	28	14		1			
3	42	22	21	12		1	1	1	
4	45	18	19	12					3
5	48	18	20	14					
6	58	16	14	9					

The chair has appointed the following

SENATORIAL COMMITTEE.

F. W. Stevens, Ellicott, chairman; C. Ewell, Hanover; W. M. Phillips, Clymer; F. W. Kruse, Olean; C. W. Terry, Little Valley.

THE RESULT OF THE CONVENTION.

A majority of the Republicans assembled in senatorial convention for the 32d district, yesterday, chose the Hon. C. P. Vedder for their nominee. We believed before the convention that it was better to nominate some other man. The convention thought otherwise, and there is no sufficient reason existing to-day why the nomination should not be supported. It *will* be supported, and Mr. Vedder's election is a foregone conclusion. Mr. Vedder is a pleasant, genial gentleman, and an experienced legislator whose record is before the people for their endorsement or disapproval.

The contest made by Judge Tourgee and his friends was a creditable one in every way, and after listening to the patriotic speech in which the candidate responded to the call made upon him, every delegate who voted for him must have felt pride in the act. The judge came into the field after every caucus in the district but one had been held. His following under the circumstances was remarkably strong. It is to be hoped and is believed that his presence will still continue to be felt in the politics of the district.

The nominations for the November elections are now, we believe, all made, from the highest to the lowest. It now rests with the people to say whether they will ratify them at the polls. We believe that they will receive the enthusiastic support of all Republicans, and we look forward with a fair degree of confidence to Republican victory. This victory can only be achieved by united, persistent and organized effort.

A WISE MAN'S ERRAND.

It is Courageously and Effectively Discharged by Patriot and Scholar Tourgee.

Judge Albion W. Tourgee lectured for the first time in Allegheny last night on "The Christian Statesman." The large auditorium of the Third United Presbyterian Church was filled to about two-thirds of its capacity. Among the audience were many ladies, principally young in years. The blue-stocking element had scarcely a representative present. Judge Tourgee stepped forward at a little after 8 o'clock and spoke for an hour and twenty minutes. The writer placed himself in that receptive mood so earnestly enjoined by spiritualists at a seance and proceeded to take a mental photograph of the renowned author of "A Fool's Errand." He proved a good subject. The public is familiar with his personal appearance, which is correctly delineated in the lithographs and photographs exhibited in show windows along the street. The first impression created by his appearance was that he is out of place in the pulpit. He is too aggressive to be a successful or popular minister; he sacrifices the proprieties whenever necessary to emphasize a point, as was illustrated by his probably impromptu expression, "played the devil," and one or two others of similar force but questionable taste; he at times displays the fondness for slang characteristic of Ingersoll, but that is the only phase in which he noticeably resembles any contemporary lecturer. He has not to any appreciable degree the quiet repose and persuasive eloquence of Beecher, and in the delivery of his discourse scarcely touches the emotions of his hearers. Delicacy and art are alike missing; force and sincerity are his distinguishing traits. His voice is full and round, but not vibratory or musical. It resembles a straight, heavy line of monotone, dotted with reverberatory explosions, and now and then narrowed to a wave line, which is a variation in degree and not in pitch. His stage presence conveys the one idea of dignified courage. His gestures are free, and sometimes flow more smoothly to the eye than his speech to the ear, but they do not always add emphasis to his words. There was no attempt at witticism. Three or four times there was a ripple of laughter and a rustle of moving forms in the seats, but it was only a momentary relaxation of the strain, as necessary to the speaker as it was welcome to his hearers. A tautly driven horse slackens his speed and takes a long breath when he feels the lines loosened by his driver. That Judge Tourgee's auditors wanted to laugh last night was evident from the eagerness with which they embraced the few opportunities afforded, but the speaker had too much on his mind to descend to mere diversion, and it is doubtful if he could have done so without showing the wires.

The lecture was a solid one—so solid that the ladies abandoned the attempt to follow the Judge in his easy vaulting over politico-economical hurdles, which to them were impassable barriers. This was probably the case with a large majority of the audience, but the men veiled their discomfiture under the convenient mask of dignified wisdom. The first half of the discourse dragged from overweight. This is a descriptive fact, and not a critical opinion. That characteristic of scholarly men which takes for granted profound historical knowledge on the part of their hearers, was plainly apparent. Toward the close, however, Judge Tourgee seemed to realize that he had dwelt longer than the limit on generalities of the past, and thenceforward to the finish his lecture was a vigorous and luminous argument by a master mind.

The effect on one who thoughtfully followed the speaker throughout was that great drops of the essence of truth had been distilled into his mind. It was impossible to forget the Judge's solemn reminder that if Christian men and women throughout the land had devoted time and attention to politics, slavery might have been abolished without the shedding of blood; that the fatal political crime of the age was apathy and a disposition to regard politics as unworthy the attention of a Christian gentleman. A seed of thought was the statement that 40 per cent. of the voters in sixteen States could not read their ballots; and that their votes represented a power equal to 84 per cent. of a majority in the United States Senate, 73 per cent. of a majority in the House of Representatives, and 75 per cent. of a majority in the Electoral College. The [illegible] the next great struggle [illegible] to the [illegible] of ignorant voters [illegible]

A POEM.

By the Author of "A Fool's Errand."

To the Editor of The Post and Tribune.

The appended letter containing a poem—"Duplessis Mornay"—which is published for the first time in THE POST AND TRIBUNE of to-day, is from the pen of Judge Albion W. Tourgee of Raleigh, N. C., author of "A Fool's Errand,"* one of the most powerful political novels which has been written since Mrs. Stowe struck the first blow at slavery in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." This book has had a remarkable sale, and is destined to bear no inconsiderable part in the impending political struggle. Judge Tourgee is a man of fine culture and rare literary ability, but perhaps his most marked feature is an upright and intense love of justice. As a lawyer he captivates by his thrilling speeches and brilliant rhetoric. When the first lady lawyer of the southern states was presented for admission before the supreme court of North Carolina, Judge Tourgee, as counsel for the applicant—a beautiful brunette of 25—made one of his characteristic speeches, which, as will be seen by the following extracts, is almost identical with the language which the Fool uses in his "Errand":

The same reason which induced the court to extend the law to colored men applies with equal force to women. The circumstances which surrounded the former had been changed by revolution. The circumstances which surround the latter are constantly changing by the progress of enlightened thought. The restrictive influence which debarred women from the practices of the learned professions are daily disappearing. A quarter of a century ago public sentiment was shocked at the idea of a woman engaging in business. This is changed. The world will move, let who will set down upon it. She has prepared herself under difficulties which not one man in ten thousand would have surmounted, and only asks of the court the privilege of using the brain which God has given her, if in their opinion the law will permit them to do so.

The diploma was granted.

DETROIT, May 7, 1880.

I send you a little poem, which is a weak attempt at justice. I think the wrong man was immortalized at Coutras.

If you will pardon me for sticking verse under your nose, with the full consciousness that you are already nauseated with that article, I will promise to make amendment at some time in the future.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
A. W. TOURGEE.

DUPLESSIS MORNAY.

BY A. W. TOURGEE.

[After Henry of Navarre had addressed his army, drawn up in battle array, just before the battle of Coutras, Duplessis Mornay, a burgher of Marseilles, stepped forth from his place and bitterly reproached the king for his riotous life which had brought great reproach upon the Protestant cause. He besought the monarch to repent and pray for mercy before the battle was joined, lest God should send them defeat on account of his wicked excesses. Henry made confession of his sins, knelt with his army in prayer and rose to achieve a victory which has been often immortalized in song.]

I.

On the right was Conde, at the head of his men,
And with him Soisson; on the left was Turenne,
While fair in the centre shone "chivalry's star,
The white crest of Henry, bold king of Navarre."
Yet bravest and grandest of all that array
Was the untitled burgher, Duplessis Mornay!

II.

Ere the breath of the battle blew over the plain,
Ere the meadows were drenched with the blood
of the slain,
"Remember," cried Henry, "whose children ye
are
And follow, unfearing, the crest of Navarre;
God send us a triumph unequalled, to-day!"
"Amen!" cried the burgher, Duplessis Mornay.

III.

Then forth from the serried battalion he sprung
And wide o'er the valley his stern accents rung.
Remember thy sins at this moment, Oh king!
Bethink what disaster this day they may bring!
Repent, ere the trumpet shall sound for the fray!
Cried the undaunted burgher, Duplessis Mornay.

IV.

Remember Louisa, the fair demoiselle,
Deflowered and deserted, in leagured Rochelle!
Remember the shame of thy riotous life
To the cause which is staked on the gathering
strife!
Down! down in the dust! my brave monarch and
pray!
Cried the unflinching burgher, Duplessis Mornay.

V.

Then down knelt the king with his brave liege-
men there,
And all the vast host heard his penitent prayer.
Then, trebly a hero, each God-strengthened man
Pressed after the white crest which shone in the
van,
And ever beside it, through all the wild fray,
Smote the unwearied arm of Duplessis Mornay!

VI.

Three times hath the suns of the centuries fled
Since the vale of Coutras ran with battle-ooze
red—
And over it rose, with the evening's bright
star,
The triumphant shout of the host of Navarre.
The white-crested Henry, in song, lives to-day—
Who honors God's hero, Duplessis Mornay?

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*A Fool's Errand. By one of the Fools. Ford, Leonard & Hurlbert, New York; Macauley Bros., Detroit.

[illegible]

OBITUARY.

The Death of Dr. S. M. Elliott.

Gen. Samuel Mackenzie Elliott, M. D., died in Elliottville, Staten Island, between 12 and 1 o'clock yesterday morning. He was born in Inverness, in the Highlands of Scotland, on the 9th of April, 1811. His father was an officer in the British army, a gentleman of education and worth, who naturally desired that his children should enjoy the educational advantages that his parents had given him. He reared all his sons to be physicians. Samuel Mackenzie was sent to the Royal College of Surgeons, in Glascow, and thence he graduated with the degree of M. D. on the 13th of April, 1828. From Glascow he went to London, and while attending medical lectures supported himself by making anatomical drawings and paintings for the profession. He pursued the ordinary course of a student in medicine and surgery, but especially interested himself in the eye, and soon determined to make that organ his special life study. He sought to learn the laws of light and the influence of atmosphere, and with a view of gaining a better knowledge of the science of optics than the books could give him he fell to work with the microscope upon the eyes of insects, reptiles, fishes, birds, and quadrupeds, expecting to find in them in life the same general mechanism that he had found in the eye of man as seen in the dissecting room. Then to learn something of climatic influences upon the visual organs, he travelled in Scotland and Ireland, paying the expenses of his journey by painting landscapes and portraits, a branch of art in which he had become somewhat proficient as an amateur.

At length he decided to make America his home, and in 1833 he sailed in the British ship Teresa Anderson as surgeon in charge. It was a season in which there was much excitement in regard to cholera, and as Surgeon Elliott brought his ship in with a perfectly clean bill of health, Dr. Hitchcock, the Health Officer, congratulated him and made him his guest at the Quarantine on Staten Island.

Dr. Elliott did not at once enter upon the practice of his profession, deeming it prudent first to study the climate of America. Accordingly he went to Cincinnati and became a student under the celebrated Alban Goldsmith, then recognized as the most skilful surgeon of the West, the father of the distinguished living surgeon, Middleton Goldsmith. At a later period Dr. Elliott embodied in a circular announcing a course of lectures, the following from the pen of Dr. Goldsmith:

> It gives me great pleasure to state that I have known Dr. S. M. Elliott since 1834, at which time he came to Cincinnati to study diseases of the eye incident to that region. He here attended my lectures in the college, and my clinique in the hospital, and has ever since been zealously devoted to that subject, and from his large practice and extensive opportunities of observation, and the studious investigations of the various subjects connected with the eye and its diseases, he is now eminently qualified to impart his knowledge to others.
>
> ALBAN GOLDSMITH,
> Late Professor of Surgery in the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York.
>
> JUNE 12, 1850.

From Cincinnati Dr. Elliott went to Philadelphia, and after attending a course of medical lectures in that city he came to New York and opened an office in William street in 1835, affixing the word oculist to his name on his sign, the first time that the word was ever used on either card or sign-board by any physician in America.

While Dr. Elliott was Dr. Hitchcock's guest at Quarantine the latter pointed out the beauties of Staten Island, and on entering upon the actual hard work of his life Dr. Elliott found on the north shore of that picturesque island precisely the conditions of atmosphere that he desired for the successful treatment of his patients, and to the green fields and pure, bracing air of Staten Island, as much as to the Doctor's knowledge of the power and uses of the medicines that he employed as remedies for maladies of the eye, the faculty of New York attributed some cures that he effected that were regarded by some of his professional brethren as little short of miraculous. But he was a specialist, and as a specialist he became the subject of innuendoes that annoyed him. Yet he kept on in his own way, not turning aside to combat anybody's theories, but bending his energies to the cure of his largely increased and increasing stock of ailing eyes, and performing some cures that astonished the medical faculty, and led a few physicians to say, whether they thought it or not, that his success was due more to chance than to his attainments as a scientist. This led him to desire an American diploma; and, after the usual formal examination, on the 28th of February, 1851, he took from the New York Medical College a diploma of M. D., bearing the signatures of R. Ogden Doremus, B. Fordyce Barker, and others. Previous to his obtaining his American diploma he had effectually silenced a rising clamor against him as a specialist by demanding an examination at the hands of his peers, and receiving the following:

> MARCH 26th, 1849.
>
> We, the subscribers, having been requested by Samuel M. Elliott, M. D., to examine him on the different subjects connected with that department of the profession which he practises, although from the fact of his holding a diploma we considered such an examination unnecessary, still we have been induced to comply with his request, and have examined him very fully on the anatomy, physiology, and pathology of the eye. In this examination Dr. Elliott has furnished us with the most satisfactory evidence of his scientific knowledge of the anatomy and physiology of the eye, and of his perfect acquaintance with its diseases, and of his qualification to practise ophthalmic medicine and surgery.
>
> VALENTINE MOTT, M. D.
> GRANVILLE S. PATTISON, M. D.
> JNO. W. DRAPER, M. D.
> SAML. HENRY DICKSON, M. D.
> Professors in the University of New York.

It was next charged that Dr. Elliott unprofessionally kept his own professional secrets instead of giving to mankind the results of his discoveries—for it had begun to be acknowledged that he had made discoveries—and as a discoverer in optical science the Castleton Medical College of Castleton, Vermont, had tendered him its chair of ophthalmic surgery, which he had declined. Therefore, to silence the men who accused him of unwillingness to make his methods known, the Doctor decided to unfold his practice in a course of public lectures, which he announced in the following characteristic

CIRCULAR.

> *To Medical Students and the Profession:*
>
> Dr. Elliott is now delivering a course of practical lectures with clinical demonstrations upon ophthalmic medicine and surgery, including the anatomy, physiology, and pathology of the eye. In the early part of the course the minute anatomy of the eye is taught by the aid of numerous drawings from nature, prepared for the purpose, by actual dissections of the organ, and by a superior compound microscope, manufactured for Dr. Elliott with special reference to this object.
>
> In the physiological department Dr. Elliott will treat not merely upon the functions of the eye and its appendages as the visual organ, but will explain minutely the office of every membrane, tissue, and humor of this complicated structure, together with their relations to each other, and sympathetic connections with other portions of the body; and the whole will be viewed in their bearings upon the science of optics, including the powers, uses, and modifications of glasses.
>
> In the pathological department all the varieties of ophthalmic disease will be exhibited to the class in their different stages, selected from his numerous patients, who will be present for actual inspection while under treatment. Several hundred colored drawings will serve for comparison and illustration, while the recorded cases which Dr. Elliott has preserved, including the history and results, numbering several thousand, will be introduced as occasion may require.
>
> The therapeutical and surgical portion of the course will be eminently practical, consisting of the rules of diagnosis, the manner of writing prescriptions, the methods of preparing the chemical and pharmaceutical remedies demanded in ophthalmic practice, including the [illegible] requiring analytical accuracy, together with the application of topical agents, the various manipulations, and all the numerous instrumental and operative proceedings in this department, all of which will be performed in the presence of the class.
>
> Dr. Elliott's extensive experience enables him to promulgate practical views, which he claims to be original and peculiar, but which for the public benefit he desires may becomes the common property of the profession.
>
> The reciprocal relations and sympathies between the structure of the eye and the vital organs of the entire body, too often overlooked, will be explained and enforced by pathological evidence, thus demonstrating the indispensable necessity of general and constitutional remedies, together with hygienic and dietetic treatment, in all forms of ophthalmic disease.
>
> Practitioners who may wish to avail themselves of the lectures will be furnished with cards of admission by being introduced to Dr. Elliott.
>
> Students or physicians from abroad are referred to the following testimonials which have been spontaneously tendered by the eminent gentlemen whose names are attached. Address, if by letter, to
>
> SAMUEL M. ELLIOTT, M. D., 498 Broadway, N. Y.
>
> P. S.—Dr. Elliott wishes it distinctly understood that he recognizes the code of medical ethics adopted by the profession in Europe and America, and conforms thereto.

In his lectures Dr. Elliott fully described the most remarkable of his cases, and frankly explained his remedial treatment, showing his hearers that many things are possible that had down to its time been regarded as impossible. For example: A man applied to him for treatment after a part of the vitreous humor had escaped, and the doctor cured that eye by injecting with an infinitesimal syringe distilled water that he had warmed to a vital heat in a cup of water heated to ninety-eight degrees. After the injection the patient lay on his back for twelve hours, and on walking forth from the doctor's house he was conscious of improved vision. The cure, in time, became complete.

The Doctor's business grew beyond his most sanguine hopes, and among his patients were some of the most distinguished men and women in the country, such as Henry W. Longfellow, Gen. Winfield Scott, John J. Audubon, William H. Prescott, Charlotte Cushman, Capt. Foote, afterward Commodore, Nathaniel P. Willis, George P. Morris, E. G. Squier, Mary Gannon, Mrs. Vernon, and Edward L. Youmans. The story of the last named gentleman, as told by himself, is interesting. His malady was an inveterate ophthalmia that had resulted in the partial disorganization of the structure of the eye, and had for a long time resisted the ordinary modes of dealing with this form of disease. With other patients in an eye infirmary he had dismissed all hope of relief in that institution, and they had decided to make a trial elsewhere. So one Sunday morning six of the eye infirmary patients, some guided by the one who had the only sound eye in the party, entered Dr. Elliott's rooms. Youmans afterward went to the Doctor's home, then on the crest of a Staten Island hill, and there he lived for more than a year, his oculist meantime being his instructor in chemical and physiological science. The result appeared in the dedication of Prof. Youmans's first work, the "Chemical Atlas," as follows:

To
SAMUEL M. ELLIOTT, M. D.,
To whose professional ability
the author is indebted
for the enjoyment of vision
and the power of effective labor,
the present work
is gratefully and affectionately
inscribed.

The entire six from the eye infirmary were cured by Dr. Elliott. Instead of bleeding and purging them and generally reducing their strength, he built them up by giving them plain, nutritious and easily digestible food and exercise in the pure air of Staten Island's hills.

With his increasing income, which at one time was about $20,000 a year, the Doctor enlarged his domain on Staten Island, at length building the little hamlet of Elliottville, since incorporated into West Brighton, and by his geniality and liberality drawing around himself some of the wealthiest of his patients: and to make the place still more attractive he erected and furnished the pretty church of St. Mary's, and gave it, with a fine organ, to the Episcopalians. The edifice having been burned, the congregation built the house in which they are worshioping a mile back from the Kill von Kull, which the original structure overlooked.

At the outbreak of the war of the rebellion Dr. Elliott was lieutenant-colonel of the Seventy-ninth Regiment, or Highland Guard, a Scoten regiment, of which he was one of the organizers and of which he was the first lieutenant-colonel. The colonel was sick and confined to his house, and the duty of filling the regiment's ranks and preparing it to respond to the call for 75,000 thirty-day men devolved upon Lieut.-Col. Elliott. He accepted the situation with patriotic ardor, with misgivings only of his own ability to command, as he had not a soldier's education, and abandoning his large and lucrative practice, and arousing the patriotism of other wealthy Scotch-born residents of the city, he speedily set the regiment on a sound financial footing that prepared it for marching upon the click of the telegraph. It was the first regiment that marched through Baltimore without being subjected to insult. Its officers were prepared for at least a cold reception, but instead they were literally covered with flowers. The Scotchmen of Baltimore had prepared the way for their fellow countrymen from New York, and as the Highland Guard sounded the slogan and showed the kilt in the Monumental City, the enthusiasm of the natives of Scotland scarcely knew bounds. The regimental band marched through the city playing "The Campbells are coming" and "The march of the Cameron Men."

On arriving in Washington the regiment was received by Secretary Cameron, the descendant of a Highlander, and as Lieut.-Col. Elliott felt his lack of military knowledge—though he had long taken interest in military affairs, having been appointed by Gov. Seward to be Surgeon of the Sixth Brigade of New York Artillery under Gen. George P. Morris in 1837, and made a Captain of the Thirteenth Regiment of Artillery in 1843—and feeling it his duty to see his regiment led into the field by an officer of military education he and his staff asked for the appointment of the Secretary of War's brother, James Cameron, and he was made their colonel.

Col. Cameron fell in the first battle at Bull Run, and four hundred of his men were killed or wounded. Dr. Elliott's horse was shot from under him, and falling on him, injured the Doctor's spine so badly that it was necessary to get a carriage to take him back to Washington. That injury materially shortened his life. More than ever before impressed with the conviction that only a soldier should assume to command soldiers, Dr. Elliott now asked for the appointment of a soldier to the colonelcy of the Seventy-ninth Regiment, and all the officers concurring, Isaac Ingalls Stevens, who had been Governor of Washington Territory, was made colonel. He was one of the five engineers who made the famous reconnoissance that resulted in the capture of the City of Mexico, the other four being George B. McClellan, Peter G. Beauregard, Robert E. Lee, and Gustavus W. Smith. Col. Stevens, after he had been raised to a major-generalship, still felt a lively interest in the Seventy-ninth, and seeing the regiment breaking in the battle of Chantilly, rushed down the field and seizing its flag, fell with the Seventy-ninth's colors in his hands, while he was trying to rally the men.

After Lieut.-Col. Elliott's injuries on the Bull Run battlefield, President Lincoln, at the instance of Secretary Cameron, commissioned him to return to New York and raise the Highland Brigade, and leaving with the Seventy-ninth, which was still at the front, three of his sons who had fought with the regiment from the first, he repaired to New York and engaged in the arduous duty of raising the Highland Brigade, a work in which he spent more than $30,000 of his private fortune. His reward came at the end of the war in the form of a commission as brigadier-general, bearing the autograph of President Lincoln.

After the war Dr. Elliott settled down to the quiet routine of his practice, spending his vacations at his summer seat on Long Point, near New London, Conn., surrounded by his astronomical instruments and other things that as a man with a taste for the sciences he had naturally provided for his hours of leisure. It is believed that his patients from first to last exceeded ten thousand. From the time of his injuries in the field the Doctor suffered with an affection of the spine; and at a later date he became conscious of a disease of the heart. Then for a long time he contemplated retirement from active practice, but his patients forbade it. About a year ago, feeling no longer able to make the fatiguing journey from Elliottville to his office in New York, he closed his office in the city and retired to his home, and as the afflicted followed him, he began to build an office there. It is still unfinished. Early last winter he took a severe cold that settled upon his lungs, and thenceforward he was confined to his house, gradually sinking until, just after midnight yesterday, he peacefully breathed his last. He is to be buried on Monday.

When should a lady call upon a desirable acquaintance?" asks *Harper's Bazaar*, and it then says: "Not too hastily. An admirable plan has now been substituted in New York for a first call, which saves the necessity of social humiliation, in the selection by some lady of a "day," perhaps "four Tuesdays in January." She sends cards to all whom she knows, and to all whom she does not know and yet wishes to know, for these days. The latter may or may not be accompanied by the card of some well-known friend. If the well-known friend thus endorses the new-comer, her introduction is perfect, and the recipient of the card feels bound to call. If these cards bring the desired visits, or the cards of other ladies, the beginner may feel that she has entered upon her social life, her society career, without loss of self-respect."

Two Points of View.

[Copyright, 1885.]

A tottering old man with snowy white hair,
Met a maiden all flushing and rosy and fair;
"Will you marry me, maid? I am old, it is true,
But I'm so much the wiser and better for you."

She took out her teeth, drew the wig from her head,
Rubbed the flush from her cheeks, and simpering she said,
"I will marry you, sir. I am old, it is true,
But I'm so much the wiser and better for you."

—*Matilda Joanna Barnett.*

BLEEDING THE CANDIDATES.

Fredonia Censor.

We mentioned a few weeks ago that Republican county committees of late years have bled candidates to the point of highway robbery, and we note that the robbery has again begun as usual. Election comes three weeks from yesterday. There is no time for an original census of the voters, no meetings are to be held, and all the expense that can be legitimately incurred is to hire say two teams at each polling place, and have the ballots printed. There are forty-five election districts in this county. Eight dollars will hire teams enough for each district, which would make the total expense for the county $360. Forty or fifty dollars will pay for the ballot printing. With $100 for distribution and incidentals, a fund of $500 might be required. In the face of such facts where is the decency in calling on Clarence Lake for $275, on Austin Stafford for $450, on Senator Vedder for $500, on the candidates for member of assembly each $200, and so on. What is wanted of the money? it is evident that three-fourths of it must either be wasted, stolen, or used as a corruption fund. We heard one say: "Give me Stafford's nomination to be county clerk and I'll put in $450." No doubt, but is Mr. Stafford indebted to this committee for his nomination or election? Could these 26 men have nominated him or do they furnish the votes to elect him? If so, the mass of Republicans who supposed they had the pleasure of bestowing this office on a worthy soldier, may as well stay at home. Or, if the assessment is to be gauged by the value of the office, making it simply a division of the spoils, why stop at $450? Mr. Stafford would probably pay $2,000 rather than lose the office! The way these extravagant assessments are enforced is well known on the inside. It is currently reported that last year our candidate for congress was abruptly telephoned to send a thousand dollars or his name would be left off the ticket. As if this committee had a right to annul the nominations of the party itself in convention assembled!

Again, if part of this money is to be used to buy votes, the candidates for senate and assembly better pause most abruptly before they pay it. There is an iron-clad oath to be taken at Albany which makes every man who takes it a most conscienceless perjurer if he ever contributed to any such fund. It will be a good time for Messrs. Babcock and Cheney to study that oath now, before they respond to the committee's circular which they have doubtless received before this. Remember, the committee is totally irresponsible, never renders an account to anybody and settles with nobody.

There is only one remedy for this growing evil and that we suggested several weeks ago. Let the candidates run their own campaign. They can get their own votes printed and distributed, and there is a town committee in every town who will take care of the votes and hire the teams. All this can be done for one-quarter the amount which they are called upon to stand and deliver to the county committee. We believe the time is coming when candidates will not add to their respect among the people by submitting to such extortion.

JUDGE TOURGEE IN POLITICS.

Cattaraugus Republican.

Judge Tourgee is likely to be a prominent factor in Chautauqua politics in the near future. He is already in the field for congress next year, in response to solicitations from many of the delegates who supported him for senator in the convention last Friday. * * *

An article published in The Continent in July, 1884, was used at the senatorial convention as an argument against Judge Tourgee, to show that his Republicanism was unsound. The article as reproduced by THE JAMESTOWN JOURNAL, is nothing the Judge need apologize for; a point can only be made against him by unwarranted garbling, using extracts out of their proper connection. The Judge in his speech at the close of the convention referred to this attack upon his Republicanism and said: "I carry in my body Confederate lead enough to buy the man who raised this base insinuation against me." The Judge was given the most indubitable evidence of sound Republicanism in his career.

BUFFALO EXPRESS.

Saturday Morning, October 17, 1885.

Our neighbor The Standard is inclined to make merry at our expense over Judge Tourgee's defeat for the senatorial nomination. No one will grudge The Standard a little harmless fun these days, if its editor can find anything to be cheerful over.

A Great Jamestown Day.

Gov.-elect Foraker of Ohio and Judge Albion W. Tourgee are to speak at a grand Republican mass meeting at Jamestown, on Wednesday of this week, both afternoon and evening.

We are glad to learn that Judge Albion W. Tourgee of Mayville has consented to address the Republicans of Chautauqua County at a great meeting to be held in Jamestown next Wednesday. Quite beyond the political significance of this engagement, it is a pleasure to know that the accomplished author of "A Fool's Errand," who was very ill some months ago, has so far recovered his strength as to be able to undertake this vigorous sort of work.

AN ADDRESS

JUDGE TOURGEE TO SPEAK IN JAMESTOWN WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 21.

A Large Number of Prominent Citizens Extend an Invitation—The Judge's Letter of Acceptance.

By the correspondence published below, it will be seen that the Hon. A. W. Tourgee is to address the citizens of Jamestown at the opera house next Wednesday evening. The invitation with its long list of signatures, and the latter of acceptance are given in full and are sufficient in themselves to convey all necessary information on the subject, except to say that the address will be free to the public and that citizens of all parties are cordially invited to be present.

THE INVITATION.

JAMESTOWN, N. Y., Oct. 13, 1885.

TO THE HON. A. W. TOURGEE, MAYVILLE, N. Y.

DEAR SIR:—Believing that your experience in and knowledge of public affairs eminently qualify you for the discussion of the great questions of the hour, and believing that such discussion must result in profit to all who may listen to it, the undersigned citizens of Jamestown respectfully invite you to address a public meeting in this village.

We suggest the evening of Wednesday next, October 21, and Allen's opera house as the time and place. We shall be pleased, however, to make such other arrangements, if necessary, as will best suit your convenience.

Hoping, sir, for an early and favorable reply to our request, we remain, Very Truly Yours,

Lewis Hall,	J H Clark,
George W Tew,	Robt Newland,
C H Tew,	W W Henderson,
Wm H Proudfit,	S G Love,
H E Siegfred,	L B Warner,
J T Larmouth,	M F Lenox,
Wm A Marsh,	John A Hall,
Chas S Baker,	M C Tinker,
A Waterhouse,	Wm M Davis,
J Whitley,	W B Webster,
Sidney Jones,	R P Robertson,
Austin Heath,	E F Dickinson,
J D Palmer,	Wm L Hyde,
C W Eddy,	Fred P Hall,
B A Barlow,	Daniel H Post,
C H Cutler,	R P Shearman,
A D Sharpe,	T A Shaw,
Wm T Bradshaw,	J M Grant,
H L Fairbank,	Chas W Morgan,
H E Brown,	Wm Mace,
E G Livingston,	C W Mace
A E Allen,	W C J Hall,
F F Hazeltine,	John Peate,
O F Price,	Chas Breed,
John Scott,	F H Burr,
L F Cornell,	M M Brooks,
R T Logan,	Silas Shearman,
W F Truby,	A P Shearman,
J N Brown,	W W Wilson,
H L Phillips,	Chas H Brown,
Fred P Todd,	F A Fuller,
A P Kelsey,	W H Keeler,
W S Carnahan,	W B Wood,
A P White,	E Green,
F M Battels,	A Hazeltine,
Geo S Tuckerman,	J W King,
Alonzo Kent,	W H Sprague,
E Morgan,	W S Cameron,
C A Breed,	S B Broadhead,
A B Fletcher,	Dan'l Griswold,
L F Camp,	John Lord,
Wm Broadhead,	F J Shearman,
A C Wade,	Fred W Hyde,
J H Chaffe,	Louis R Jones,
J B Ross,	A Sidney Dealey,
Charles P Vanderburgh,	J J Whitney,
C A Slone,	C S Hale,
W T Falconer,	John G Wicks,
Chas D Backus,	Ed R Bootey,
C A Morley,	C H Jones,
J T Moon,	Chas Johnson,
J E Airey,	T F Van Dusen,
S R Milspaw,	H A Fox,
S Ward,	Alexander Johnson,
F B Farnham,	George Knorr,
F D Farnham,	N H Hill,
S S Cady,	D Cole,
Peter Grace,	A Kibling,
E G Partridge,	C W Grant,
M S Van Scoter,	John P Pennock,
F S Eddy,	C L Horton,
M W Eddy,	W F Endress,
W P Gifford,	S N Bolton,
W M Westcott,	James Clary,
C H Howard,	H W Harrington,
S A Miles,	F L Rhodes,
John P Brown,	W T Botsford,
J J Aldrich	Augustus Johnson
J D Hiller,	Erie L Hall,
Frank W Palmeter,	M A Ford,
D C Backus,	O W Cobb,
Charles L Bishop,	J H Mead,
George R Butts,	A J Butts,
E E Woodbury,	John H Parsons,
Henry W Pitts,	A D Dewey,
J Dewey,	T T Cluney,
R Yale,	D H Grandin.
C M Grandin,	N R Thompson.
Parks & Hazzard,	C M Walt,
Alex Johnson,	Thomas A Smith.
Wm Harrop,	John Haller,
Wm Sheldon,	Walter Sibley,
G W Jones,	John Bootey,
C W Cleveland,	W H Truesdell.
R N Marvin,	A M Harrington,
Geo T Fenton,	G Bradley,
Wales Martin,	O F Heilman,
Dwight D Frank,	Porter Sheldon,
C A Ahlstrom & Co.	Ora M Davis,
George B Ford,	Rosenrantz & Price,
George O Meredith,	Thomas Meredith.
Harvey W Tew,	A N Broadhead,
M G Martyn,	H C Lay,
F C Lay,	W S Brown,
W D Shedd,	D C Breed,
M Woods.	

JUDGE TOURGEE'S REPLY.

MAYVILLE, N. Y., Oct. 13, 1885.

To Geo. W. Tew, Lewis Hall, J. H. Clark, Robert Newland, and many other Citizens of Jamestown.

Gentlemen: Mr. R. P. Shearman has handed me your letter inviting me to discuss "the political questions of the day" before the people of Jamestown and vicinity. Such a request from a body of citizens like yourselves must always be equivalent to a command to one honored thereby. Especially must it be so regarded, when, as in the present instance, it gives opportunity for the public acknowledgement of unsolicited an unexpected personal favor so striking and significant as to command not only my best services, but my warm and lasting remembrance.

The time is a most auspicious one for the thoughtful consideration of the citizen's relation to his party. The political events of the past four years have been of such a character as to compel the most narrow-minded zealot to pause and consider carefully the course he will pursue. Party lines have been relaxed, party methods modified or abandoned, and party leaders, who forgot that they were leaders only because they faithfully served, have been sternly rebuked. To-day, we no doubt stand in the calm which but precedes fresh storms. Men are choosing their places and selecting their associates in future conflicts. Popular thought is turned on public affairs with an earnestness and determination quite unrivaled in many years. New ideas of political methods are becoming prevalent, and that which yesterday was hardly tolerated by party discipline, to-day is heartily commended as patriotic duty. An army of young men singularly impressed with the idea that new duties and new relations await them, in a political sense, are to-day considering where the path of duty lies. We are in the trough between two great political waves. The issues of the present are remarkably unexciting. Men and methods rather than conflicting dogmas are on trial now. Drums and banners, bands and torches are at a discount this year. Men are thinking rather than marching. Throughout all the land there is a deep-rooted conviction that a conflict of political forces is impending such as even our country has rarely known.

I count myself fortunate, gentlemen, in having been invited at such a time to discuss before my fellow citizens of Jamestown, not merely the issues of a state campaign, but the political questions of the day. I accept your invitation very gladly in the spirit in which I believe it to have been tendered, and with sincere regards remain,

Your Obedient Servant,
ALBION W. TOURGEE.

New-York Daily Tribune.
FOUNDED BY HORACE GREELEY.
TUESDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1885.

Judge Tourgee is to address the Republicans of Chautauqua County at a great meeting to be held at Jamestown to-morrow evening.

TWO GREAT SPEECHES.

SPLENDID AUDIENCES LISTEN TO JUDGE FORAKER AND JUDGE TOURGEE.

Two of the Most Successful Republican Mass Meetings Ever Held in Western New York—Much Enthusiasm Manifested—Synopses of the Speeches

Two magnificent audiences listened in Allen's Opera house Wednesday afternoon and evening to Judge J. B. Foraker, of Ohio, and Judge A. W. Tourgee, of New York, respectively. At both meetings many ladies showed their interest in the campaign and desire to hear the eminent speakers by being present, and among the men were many notables from surrounding towns. In the afternoon at 2 o'clock Judge Foraker delivered his speech, and in the evening the audience listened to Judge Tourgee. The G. A. R. band was present on both occasions.

Judge Foraker was introduced by John L. White, who spoke of the importance of the campaign, and said that the victor of the October campaign had come to New York to aid us in winning in November. The judge took his stand at the left of the speaker's desk, as seen from the auditorium, and moved about but little from beginning to close. His manner was earnest, his voice strong, controlled, thrilling, and he retained the attention of his audience as few speakers are able to. He was essentially logical, and his illustrations were pointed and often very humorous, fixing his statements ineffacably on those who received them. The applause, cheers and laughter were frequent, and almost immoderate at times, something very unusual with a Jamestown audience and proof of the rare powers as an orator and thinker of the governor-elect of Ohio.

JUDGE FORAKER'S SPEECH.

Judge Foraker began his speech by saying that he came here voluntarily, from a sense of his duty and responsibility as a Republican, to exert such influence as he might have for the good of the party in this state. After saying that with the flag of Democracy flaunting everywhere there was little to encourage Republicans, he asked his hearers to notice the different conditions under which the Democratic party went out of power twenty-five years ago, and the Republican party a few months ago; the former leaving at the close of the official year financial deficiencies, and the worst credit of any government that was ever clothed with decent respectability. Therefore was it any wonder that the people said they wanted such agents no longer?

Instead of the Republican party going out of power on the same plane, it enjoys the unqualified approbation of the whole American people irrespective of party, for all its public measures and policies. This is a very strong statement, but let us inquire into the record. The Repub-

lican party came into power to find eleven states in secession or about to secede, and it crushed the rebellion, not only for the present, but for all time to come. This entitles it to the unqualified approval of every American, Democrat as well as Republican, and it is accorded unqualified approval. The rebellion was predicated on the heresy of state rights. This was overthrown; and while suppressing the rebellion the Republican party did more,—it struck the shackles from 4,000,000 human beings and lifted them from bondage into the rights and privileges of American citizenship. After the war this party made secure what it had achieved by passing the XIIIth, XIVth and XVth amendments to the constitution; it formulated a policy of reconstruction and carried it into effect; it met the questions of finance and made our national promise to pay good in any part of our land and on any spot on the globe. And for all these achievements there is unanimous and fervid approval. What is true in Ohio is true in New York. There the Democrats for twenty years have ratified the great works of the Republican party, and so unanimous is the approval that it seems there never could have been any opposition. But we have met opposition at every step, and from the Democratic party that now seeks to build on what we have founded. The Democrats say they helped put down the rebellion! So they did, and let me say I do not wish to decry the services of any man of that party who defended his country in her peril; but I mean to say the Democratic organization was so conducted that before a loyal boy who had been a Democrat could march forth to his country's defense he must march out of the Democratic party. While it is true there is no opposition to day to the established principles of the government, conceived and wrought out by the Republican party, it has existed in the past and we have met and overcome it whenever these measures were adopted. Why, I picked up a paper to-day that affirmed the candidate of the Democratic party for governor in this state, David B. Hill, worked and voted against the amendment which gave to the Freedman the equal rights he now enjoys. It is well to remember now that the Republican party has gone out of power, what it has accomplished. When the boys were at the front and there was no money to pay them, the Republican party made a note, and passed a law that it should be received as legal tender. The Democrats opposed the measure, and prophesied the greenback would be a vagabond on the face of the earth, with the mark of Cain upon it. Now the Democrats do not refuse them, and their satisfaction increases as their pile of greenbacks grows.

But the Democrats last fall tried to tell the people why the Republicans should be turned out of power. Thomas A. Hendricks had a good deal to say. (If he did not come to Jamestown, the Lord blessed you more than you knew.) (Laughter.) He told the people there were no issues, and that the Democrats did not want to overthrow what the Republicans had raised. But what did they want to get control of the government for? I am reminded of an anecdote. In going down the Missippippi on a steamboat I went into the pilot house and soon thought I could steer the boat. I asked the pilot and he said to wait until the bend ahead was passed, and then he wanted me to wait until several more difficult turns had been left astern. At last we came into a straight, broad, untroubled stretch of the river, when the pilot turned to me and said "Now, if you'll promise not to turn that wheel I'll let you take hold of it" (Laughter). The Democratic party asked the people for the wheel of the ship of state and now, after great troubles have subsided, they have been given the privilege of the wheel; but they are already disobeying orders and are turning it, and the people will soon place it in the steady, reliable hands, tried and true which have guided the ship through the worst tempests since she was constructed. (Cheers)

Mr. Hendricks made a general allegation of fraud and corruption against the Republican party. He said the Democrats wanted to see the books! Just as if they knew anything under the heavens about bookkeeping. (Laughter) Besides examining the books, if given a new lease of power they would count the money, and restore prosperity to the country. They were given power and have had it long enough to examine the books. They hired men to do that. Did they find fraud? No. It is a matter of record that every line and every word was all right. What a magnificent tribute to us by the Democrats at the very threshold of their coming into power! That was the most splendid specimen of book-keeping any government on the face of the globe ever exhibited. (Applause)

(At this point in the speech a man in the rear of the house interrupted the judge. The latter stopped a moment and then said quietly, "I do not understand what the gentleman says, and do not know what's the matter with him, but from surface indications I should say he is a Democrat." The offender was led out by the police while the audience enjoyed a hearty laugh.)

The Democrats were forced to acknowledge the books were all right but they said, "We'll count the money." We had no apprehension, as we knew to whom we had entrusted our affairs. What was our surprise when the telegraph bore information to all parts of the country that *two cents* could not be accounted for; but the next day the telegraph announced that the two cents had been found. The Democrats had actually lost more in counting the money, than the Republicans did in handling the vast wealth of the nation for a quarter of a century. In the light of these results there is nothing in the outcome of last year's campaign to cause discouragement to any Republican. The Democrats had one claim left—corruption. But, before being in power a year they have completely exonerated us. The Republican party has made a record to be pointed at with pride by those who were in the work, they and the many generations to come.

If civil service is to be reformed—and I will not say but it may be improved, almost anything may be—I want to say here that for twenty-four years the civil service of the United States has been the cleanest, purest, freest from fraud and dishonesty of any known since governments were first formed. This record is made up of figures and is attested to officially in a way that is not to be gainsaid. For every $1,000 handled by the government under George Washington the loss was $2.22; under Old Hickory it was $7.52 per $1,000 handled; under Van Buren it was $11.71, and under James Buchanan it was $3.81. In 1860 the Republican party came into power. Abraham Lincoln had to meet and provide for the expenses of a great war, and he had no time to choose his men carefully, yet with all the disabilities under which he labored the loss per $1,000 handled under his administration was only 76 cents; and under succeeding Republican presidents it decreased until under President Arthur the loss was only 1 8-10 mills on $1,000. If James G. Blaine had been elected, as he should have been, writers of history would have recorded the loss per $1,000 handled as one-thousandth part of one tenth of a mill. (Applause.) With these comparisons what argument was there in the cry of the Democrats to "Turn the rascals out!" Is it not barely possible that the people have made a mistake and turned the rascals in? We have set you Democrats a good example in civil service reform, but I do not believe you will reach it if you keep on as you have begun. In six weeks I have noticed among the list of appointees by the Democratic administration twenty-eight names of men who either have been indicted or ought to be indicted, or have been in jail or ought to be in jail. (Laughter.) I'm reminded of the appointee in Maine who answered urgent requests from the administration for his bonds and oath of office, by saying that if the government would wait just 15 days his term in jail would expire and he would attend to the matter. (Laughter). I do not speak of these things to wound the Democrats. I believe that the great mass of that party are honest and desire good government. This may surprise you here in New York, but I believe it. (Laughter.) But if I am right one thing is certain, they have the most infernal bad luck of any party that ever existed. You must not expect too much reform in civil service from a man like Mr. Cleveland who has to make all his appointments from the Democratic party. (Laughter.) You recall the saying, "You can't make a silk purse from a sow's ear." As patriots, as good citizens abiding by the result of last year's election we will be loyal to Mr. Cleveland while he is our chief magistrate, but at the end of four years we will conduct him and his party out of office with more applause than was made when they went into power.

I offer a proposition. The Republican party has not been morally, in any legitimate sense, turned out of power. This is a wholesale declaration but one that can be substantiated, though it may effect the nerves of some hearers, but if Republicanism is not the same here that it is in Ohio, then there is the more reason why we should come down here and work with you. I speak of a solid south. When that term is used in Ohio, and I suppose it's the same here, Democrats begin to flutter and bluster like an old hen with one chicken, claiming that we are trying to keep alive sectionalism and revive the memories of the war! Is it possible that, twenty-five years after the smoke has rolled from the fields of carnage, we in Ohio and New York are not to be allowed to speak of the brave boys who went out to maintain their country's integrity and honor, and, alas, too many of whom never returned? But in Ohio I have heard the bands everywhere I went playing Marching through Georgia. If we are not to recall the causes, the objects, the victories, the reverses of the war, you must choke off the bands on that piece, for what could be more galling to the south than the recalling of that triumphant march of Sherman to the Sea? But ours is a Republican march this year. We have carried Ohio, victory is to be ours in New York, and then we will march on the Old Dominion and break the backbone of the solid south by electing the Republican ticket in Virginia. It is the fashion to elect Republicans this year. (Cheers) Of the cry about the solid south there is more than one hearing. Down in Virginia they are not chary about calling up recollections of the war. Who but Fitz Hugh Lee is the Democratic candidate for governor of that state? He was a general in the Confederate army. I do not refer to this on account of secessionism, but to make apparent the reasons for his present course. He has had made a Confederate major general's uniform, next pictures of himself in this uniform were struck off and sent to the four winds of heaven. That was not all. Another member of the Lee family in an ostentatious manner presented him with the saddle and bridle used by General R. E. Lee. A cavalry company was organized and at the head of it rides General F. H. Lee, and the company follows a Confederate battle flag that was in the charge at Cemetery Hill in the battle of Gettysburg. What's all this for? Nothing else than to revive the recollections of the war. If there is anything we should not recall about the war it is the wrongs, the disloyalty, the dishonor. Rather keep in memory the gallant deeds, the heroic sacrifices and the patriotism of that period when the unior was preserved and established for all time. (Cheers.) Republicans are not seeking to revive recollections of the war, but what grew out of the conflict. We all want to see the chasm that divided north and south closed up. We want to see every American citizen protected on every inch of soil dedicated to American citizenship. At the close of the war we did not try to subjugate the south, but to bring it back into the fraternity of states, the union our fathers founded. We set about on a work of reconstruction. We gave to all, the black and the white, the loyal and the disloyal, the right to vote. In the last electoral college there were 38 votes which the people whom they represented were prevented through fraud and violence from choosing. The proofs that the Freedmen are intimidated, that they are driven from the polls and denied the rights guaranteed them by the constitution, are on every hand and are incontrovertible. In North Carolina with 91,000 votes cast seven members were sent to the electoral college, while in Ohio 87,000 votes only sent two members. The result is that the man who followed Robert E. Lee exercises two or three times the influence that the man does who followed Grant or Phil. Sheridan. We as Republicans say this is wrong, that it has not an element of right. We Republicans do not complain merely because you Democrats do not vote with us. You have a right to do as you please. We put it on a broader basis, one of principle. We have dedicated this Union to liberty, to justice, to humanity and equal rights under the constitution. When these principles are set at naught and openly defied, we Republicans say it is an outrage, and it must and shall be remedied. These people have the rights that the nation has conferred upon them. If you do not let them vote we Republicans say you shall not exercise the powers which has been conferred upon them; you shall not profit by the thirty-eight votes apportioned them. If you deny them the right to vote and take from them what the constitution confers, then the results in the way of representation will be taken away from you. You are enjoying a power that you gained through unfair means and which you are not entitled to, and we Republicans propose to take it away from you.

There is another phase of this question. If you permit the right to vote to be outraged in one state of the Union, you will be called upon to permit it in New York and Ohio. This is not a formulated opinion. It is substantiated in all history. You recollect the election frauds last year in Ohio, in which U. S. Marshal Lott Wright and Policeman Mullen were concerned. The Democrats determined to adopt the methods of Copiah and Danville. Voters were imported. One man testified to bringing 46 from Pittsburg. Another scheme was the imprisonment of colored Republicans on the charge that they came from Kentucky, and 152 of them were placed in jail on election day, and allowed to go after election was over. Mullen was arrested, tried and finally plead guilty. Sentenced to imprisonment for a year, he was pardoned out after six months by Mr. Cleveland; the Democrats sent him to the state convention, in the interest of purity and reform, (Laughter) and he is now on the police force of Cincinnati, and last Tuesday he repeated the outrages of a year ago. This illustration is given to emphasize the fact that if you allow outrages in North Carolina you will have to permit them in Ohio and New York. So intimate are the relations of the members of the union, so quickly are all affected by what influences one, that an evil in one must be crushed or it spreads and extends to the others. The people are the source of all right and all authority in this country. (Applause.) The people are the rulers. The people are the government, and the people should not be denied the right to cast their ballots freely and have them counted honestly, on every foot of American soil. That is what the Republican party stands for, and God help the party which says nay to the proposition. (Applause.)

There is yet another strong reason why the Republican party should be returned to power. The Democrats last year said they wanted to restore prosperity to the country, and with the election of Mr. Cleveland prosperity would prevail. Well, Cleveland is in, the Democrats are in and where is the prosperity? Is the same old fashioned Democratic, James Buchanan kind of prosperity that we had before the war. We have had in Ohio, and I suppose it's the same here, since the Democrats got into power, a decline rather than a revival of business. Has there been an improvement here since the Ohio election? There has been in our state, for the people have restored confidence by demonstrating that they repudiate Democracy, and will not further prostitute industry to Democratic folland free trade. The people have said that it shall not continue so for we will return to the senate the man who has fought the battles of right and defended the constitution—John Sherman (Loud and long continued cheers.) We have got the senate and as long as we have that the Democratic waves may roll high but they will buffet in vain against the bulwarks of the constitution, and can never totally effect the destruction of our government.

But why is everything not prosperous? We have had large harvests, we own great manufactories, we have thousands of skilled workmen. The decline began in 1882, and why? For the reason that a Democratic free trade congress was elected that year. At this the people said, we thought we were safely and securely established under the great American policy of protection. We invested our means, we branched out into vast enterprises, we risked all to build up and expand the industries of the country. But the chill came when the Democrats gained control of congress. The blight intensified when in 1883 Ohio elected a Democratic legislature, for the people said it presaged a Democratic national victory in 1884, which was true. But where is the prosperity that was coming in with Mr. Cleveland? There is this difficulty in the way—what has Cleveland or his administration done for the permanent benefit of the business interests of the country? It does not make any difference who is made postmaster here, or in some village in Michigan or Illinois, so far as the country's prosperity is concerned. What the business interests want to know is what is to be the policy of your administration? Is it to be free trade or protection?" As yet Mr. Cleveland has not signified what he intends to do. If he pronounces for protection, and congress adopts his measures, then we may prepare for the longed for and looked for prosperity. But if he goes back to the ancient Democratic party doctrines, and tinkers with the tariff, and amends import duties, then the decline will grow worse, depression will be intensified and we will be brought to the verge of financial ruin.

In Ironton, O., I saw a furnance that cost hundreds of thousands of dollars. It was built in 1882, but a fire has never been started in it. When Ohio went Republican last year the owners bought costly material, engaged men and intended to start the furnace if Blaine was elected, for they knew that with him at the head of government the grand American policy of protection would be carried on and strengthened, (applause.) But Cleveland's policy was not known, he had never given utterance on questions of national importance, and the owners, after nearly bankrupting themselves with the investment, decided to wait until the policy of the present administration is announced. That furnace has never seen a fire yet unless it was a match used to light the pipe of a laborer and thrown in the river close by. What have the Democrats done in New York for labor? I learn that you here in Jamestown are doing well, but in your neighboring town of Dunkirk the locomotive works with room for 1,800 workmen, has three hundred employed and they are on half-time. That is the situation in Ohio. In Portsmouth a big, brawny mechanic called on me and said he had voted for a Democrat for the last time. Naturally I was interested in him and asked him why his determination. He said he had just found out that all his life he had been voting against his own interests, and the last vote, the one for Cleveland, had nearly taken the roof off his house. Sticking out his leg towards me he said, "Do you see that." I said I saw a good sized patch on his breeches. "Begorra," said he, "that's what we used to call 'em, but now we call 'em Cleveland badges." (Laughter and cheers.) Portsmouth with its manufactories and its furnaces is filled with monuments to the stagnation of business and depression of trade.

There are other reasons why we do not like free trade. We do not like its origin. It came from southern Democrats who cared nothing for us up here. They said cotton was king. You have heard the expression before. At the south cotton was raised with almost no expense by slave labor. The southerners wanted the products of the north cheap, and said if they could prevent the springing up of industries in the north, they would obviate competition, and northern producers would be obliged to take such prices as the south saw fit to offer. The doctrine of free trade was put into force. The result—the burning of corn in Iowa for fuel. Then eggs sold for 3 cents a dozen, and calico for 18 to 25 cents a yard. The ladies of the north did not wear many pull-backs to their dresses in those days. (Laughter). When Abraham Lincoln was elected president there was not a trace chain made anywhere between the Atlantic and Pacific. When a million loyal men offered their services to the government it was a national humiliation that we had no cloth for their uniforms, and could only give them muskets, of which it is a question if they were not more dangerous to the men in the rear than the enemy in front. (Laughter.) But in two years under Republican administration the Union soldiers were provided with better equipments than ever furnished the warriors of any nation in the history of the world. When Lincoln was elected president $14,000,000,000 represented the wealth of the country, the accumulation of two hundred and fifty years. At the end of twenty-four years of Republican administration and Republican policy the valuation had increased to $45,000,000,000. The policy that achieved this result should be continued. (Applause.) You have a magnificent state, the Empire state, yet it is one of the smallest members of the Union. When we come to think of the vast area of our national domain, of the resources and capabilities of our country and of its possibilities in the future for wealth, business and enterprise, we can get an idea of the high duties and great responsibilities that devolve upon us as citizens. When you vote, consider all these things, and put men into power who will perpetuate our greatness, who will increase our wealth, who will revive our industries. We in Ohio believe that Davenport and Carr are the men you want in this state. (Loud cheers) We have sounded a boom in our state which will, we hope, kill off the Democratic, and all the so-called parties, and look to New York Republicans to carry on the good work.

In Ohio we have had to fight a third party, one with a "high mission," claiming it was called of God to kill the Republican party. Let me say to you, do not make a mistake. The good Lord never has and never will forsake you, as long as the Republican party continues to represent the highest aspirations and impulses of men. Mr. Finch, of Nebraska, said in this village that the Prohibitionists had killed off the Republican party and were after the Democrats. I guess he had not then heard from Ohio. (Cheers) It is a serious thing to desert a party which has been the mainstay and hope of the national union, and of all that we hold most dear as a people. I am a Methodist, and a while ago I had some Methodist ministers at my house. One of them told a story that illustrates is pretension of the Prohibitionists, of being "called." A young man presented himself at conference and asked to be authorized to preach. His looks were not prepossessing and the conference endeavored to dissuade him, asking him why he was prompted to seek the ministry. He replied that in a vision he had been told told to "Go P. C.," which he had interpreted to mean "Go Preach Christ." The bishop listened patiently to the young man and then told him his vision was all right, his aspiration

commendable, his readiness for self-sacrifice worthy of praise, but his interpretation of the sign was wrong. It meant "Go Plough Corn." (Laughter and applause.)

Do not imagine, my friends, that you have a call from on high to kill the Republican party. It is irreverent impertinence on the part of those who do. The thing for you is to keep your place in the Republican party. It is a good year to be a Republican. Do not imagine that you can carry your influence as a Republican into another party, especially when it is the small tail of the Democratic party. (Laughter.) My friends, I would like to talk longer to you, but I must bid you good-bye.

The audience cheered, the band played Marching through Georgia, and scores tried to shake hands with Judge Foraker as he struggled into his overcoat, and through the crowded house to the carriage that was to take him to the train. At the station good byes were said, the crowd gave three hearty cheers which the judge acknowledge by raising his hat and bowing. So eager were those who had heard him for an introduction that the train had started before they would leave. The judge went from here to Rochester by way of Buffalo. He will speak in the first named city to night, and at the great meeting in New York Friday night.

THE EVENING MEETING.

ANOTHER LARGE AUDIENCE—JUDGE TOURGEE'S ADDRESS.

Another immense audience assembled in the opera house last evening, to hear Judge Tourgee, of Mayville. Every seat was taken and the stage was well filled with prominent citizens. J. T. Larmouth presided and introduced the speaker in well-chosen and felicitous words. Following are extracts, substantially literal, as taken from the reporter's notes of the address. Judge Tourgee said:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—I rarely stand before an American audience assembled for the discussion of political questions, but I am reminded of an incident which occurred a few years ago, and was related to me by an American friend who had just completed the building of a railroad in Russia. After the railroad was completed the czar and his escort passed over it in a special train, accompanied by the American contractor. Court etiquette demands that no one shall be seated in the presence of the czar. Save the American no one violated the rule. Remonstrance was made at the exception, but the czar interposed and said, "this man has a right to be seated in my presence, for in his country every man is a sovereign."

It is no stretch of imagination to speak of us as a nation of kings. On every man's brow is the coronet of sovereignty, in every man's hand is the sceptre of power.

It is the fact of an equal partnership in governing functions that makes the American citizen the first man on earth.

That man among us who is not a politician should be ranked among the dangerous classes. He cannot be a man doing a citizen's whole duty, unless he puts himself in cordial relations with one of those powers which we call parties, and one of which is likely to have control of government at one time or another.

Our government is a partnership, based on a contract betweeen one citizen and every other citizen who lives under it.

The man who does not do his whole duty, deserves not the encomium of the czar; deserves not the title of good citizen. The man who fails to exert an influence for good, exerts an influence for evil.

We have a strange feeling among our young men. They say politics is a dirty pool; the struggle between parties is something in which they cannot take part. But that man who does not give of his influence, his power, his personality to good government, by his very silence becomes its enemy.

To the collisions of parties we have to look for the salvation of our liberties. There is no truth in the idea that the man who simply goes to the polls and votes does his whole political duty; he only does part of it.

But at the fifty-ninth minute of the eleventh hour comes the question, to which party shall I give my strength as a man?

Parties are reformed periodically.

Because a man is a Republican to-day it does not necessarily follow that he is a Republican to-morrow. The man gives a poor reason for being a Republican when he can give no other except that he has always been one.

Next to a good Republican I like a good Democrat. I have little consideration for the man who thinks he can go it alone.

The man who does not believe in something strongly enough to be willing to work for and, if need be, die for it, is not worthy of the name of American citizen.

There is no higher tribute to be paid to the Republican party than the fact, that during the last twenty five years, that most wonderful period of the world's history, it has been the constant object of the hostility, armed or disarmed, of the Democratic party of the United States. The Republican party of the state of New York; the Republican party of the United States; the Republican idea of the nation are entitled to the respectful consideration of all people.

The Republican party is a party of to-day as well as of the past. We differ from the Democratic party in this: we bury our dead; they carry their corpses along with them. We have not one old idea which we are eternally carrying along with us. We do not come before the country with the pitiful wail of, "give us a chance," or as they say in the south, "turn us loose." We do not come limping in on the faults of our enemies.

On all the great progressive questions of the day the Republican party has spoken without waiting to be told. As we have gone ahead our Democratic friends have followed. We went without pushing; they had to be dragged. I do not blame them; in the march of progress somebody must ride behind. They have ridden there gracefully and persistently, for the last quarter of a century. A party that has lived on negation so long ought by this time to say something positive.

I do not reproach the Democrats for that pernicious doctrine that "to the victors be long the spoils."

I do not reproach them because for years they declared that the slave power was the home of the brains of America.

I do not count it against them because they declared the war a failure.

I do not mean to recall the fact that during that period of legislation out of which were distilled the crystals of equal liberty, they were its constant enemies.

But we do not look for successful, for good administration from a party with such a record, unless it comes before the people with a new declaration of principles. The Democratic party of the present comes into power without such a declaration.

The Republican party ought to receive the support of every intelligent citizen.

Governor Foraker represents something more than a mere party triumph in Ohio. The magnificent result in that state is closely linked with the national destiny. The campaign was fought out upon one issue: the thought of equal liberty and equal power for every man.

I may be accused of waving the bloody shirt. I know something about that remarkable garment.

I have seen, not a score, but many hundreds of the citizens of the United States whose backs were bloody with the scourgings inflicted to prevent them from exercising the power which you are proud of having.

The bloody shirt is dyed with the blood of patriots shed by Democratic hands.

I come not to forget the indignities of the past, but to say that, for myself, I have forgiven them. But in forgetting them I should be recreant to my duty as a man.

This question of the bloody shirt is pertinent to day, because the country is the victim of the most monstrous fraud that was ever perpetrated upon a civilized nation. I do not care whether there are now forcible acts of oppression in the south. When a man is bound and gagged, and laid low in the dust, he is under duress; he is the victim of compulsion.

A friend told me that in the whole city of Savannah there was only *one* polling place. Do you know what that means? It means that there was just one polling place for white Democrats and *none* for Republican niggers.

What is the use of a Ku Klux where you have the law?

In every voting precinct in the south but two, I believe, the law says that the ballots shall be destroyed before the vote is announced. No going behind the returns there.

It is not a question now of what might have been, but a question of a right conferred upon a whole race.

Republicans did not keep the bitterness of the war alive.

I do not share the indignation of the gentleman who addressed you this afternoon over Fitz Hugh Lee's conduct in the Virginia campaign. I honor the *honest* Confederates who revere the cause for which they fought. We hear much in our northern talk, read much in our northern papers of the fact that the school books of the south teach the history of the civil war from the Confederate standpoint. It is but natural. Can you expect the mother whose weeds are yet worn in sorrow to teach her child that his father was a traitor; that he was anything but an honorable man fighting for what he believed to be right?

But, understand me. I am ashamed of that man of northern birth, of northern education, of northern thought, who can stand by and listen to or utter the sentiment that it is an insult to those who were wrong to say that we were right.

That northern man who, as soon as victory has perched upon our banner, begins to waver in his faith, begins to say that the south was right and the north was wrong, sits so low upon the inverted apex of his own meanness that it will take the greatest genius to raise him to a height worthy of a decent man's contempt.

So far as I am concerned, I never will admit that a party which holds power by the suppression of the vote of one-fifth of the entire country, holds its power honestly. The Democratic party in the north may have had no part in the crime, but it accepts and enjoys its results.

A plank in the Republican platform of this state pays tender regard to the dying utterances of the grand soldier who has just left us, and who spoke in words of charity for the south; but in the same sentence it manfully refuses to recognize a sincere repentance unless it be shown in a free and honestly counted ballot.

We find ourselves to-day on the skirmish line of 1883, fighting out a battle that may last a life time. The contest in Ohio was a contest for liberty; such is the contest in New York.

The birth of the Republican party was in the hard hands and hard heads of the common people.

The declaration of the Republican party in New York is a declaration for reform—a reform that cuts up evil wherever it is found.

The revolt in 1882 was a protest against unworthy political methods, and the clean, splendid ticket nominated by the Republicans at Saratoga this year is the result of that movement.

The instinct of the people is better than the cunning of the politicians. The rebuke to the party in 1882 is what makes us strong to-day. The Republican party is honest and true enough to amend our errors As I said before, we bury our corpses.

I am of the opinion that President Cleveland thinks it would be a good thing to steal a Republican idea before it is dead and buried. But around his reform professions hangs the scant cloak of hypocrisy "offensive partisanship."

"Offensive partisanship." Is it reform to shoot out a Republican postmaster in Jamestown, because he is a Republican and put in his place the most "offensive partisan" of all—the chairman of the Democratic county committee, and a man who cannot even keep at peace with his own party friends?

"Offensive partisanship!" It is an insult to every Democrat and an attempted insult to every Republican—which only fails because of the weakness of the brain that lays behind it. A Republican that would sneak into a Democrat's place under such a plea ought to be tarred and feathered and rolled in the mud.

I do not object to the president's turning out Republicans and putting Democrats in their places. I object to the hypocrisy under which it is done. President Cleveland in his good bye letter to Dorman B. Eaton said he believed in the spirit of the civil service law, and yet in his acts of every day openly falsifies the words of his letter.

But this sham reform, shallow as it is, is too much for the Democratic party in New York to stand, and they come to-day arrayed against this so-called reform.

Compare the two tickets in this state. On the Republican ticket five out of the seven men have shown their devotion to the cause of the Union on the bloody battle field against rebel bullets. Not every patriotic man in the north went to the front; but the average of patriotism is higher and better among those who were at the front than among those who remained at home. The Republican party has thus commended itself to the support of every patriotic citizen.

What is offered on the other side? I honor the reply of Gen. Slocum when asked to take the second place on the Democratic ticket. "I who was second in command to Gen. Sherman," he said, "in his march to the sea cannot consent to take a position at the foot of such a Hill." A better soldier, a better citizen than Gen. Slocum does not live. God only knows why he is a Democrat.

Right behind Hill's face rise the features of the "foreman of big 6." Our Democratic friends say that the statute of limitations ought to apply here; that Hill was but a boy when he nested with Tweed. Good God! If as a boy Hill was was a fit partner for Boss Tweed, what is he as a man!

Tammany, rejuvenated and hopeful looks forward to the re-establishment of power through the partner of the Boss.

Every party that is a progressive, growing party has to cast its shell once in a while and get a bigger one.

We are told that the Republican party has held power so long that it should give place for a party that will give the people an honest administration.

With which party lies the probability of honesty?

The Republican party is the only party that has never advocated a sectional issue.

The Democratic party is sectional in the fact that it uproots out of the southern territory which it holds all freedom of thought and all freedom of action. The great duty of New York to-day is its duty to the colored man of the south.

You cannot debase the colored man of the south, you cannot leave him an oppressed laborer without injury to the labor of the north. If you degrade labor in one part of the country, you degrade it in another. If the eight millions of negro mouths to feed and eight millions of negro frames to clothe are so degraded that they cannot buy the necessities of life, you lose just so much in a market for your wares and products.

At the conclusion of the speech, J. B. Fisher moved a vote of thanks to the speaker, which was seconded by the audience and the meeting broke up.

Following the address a large number of ladies and gentleman called at St. Luke's rectory to pay their respects to Judge and Mrs. Tourgee.

Evening Journal.

TWO NOTABLE ADDRESSES.

Reports of the Republican addresses delivered yesterday afternoon and last evening, by Judge Foraker and Judge Tourgee appear elsewhere. There is no ground for making any invidious distinction between, though they were strongly contrasting in character. Both men are earnest, sincere Republicans; both men spoke their honest convictions, and each in his way made his influence felt.

Judge Foraker made an address that was full of the pertinent facts in the political history of the past twenty-five years. Admirably collated and systematically arranged, they formed a columbiad of argument absolutely unanswerable. In plain, homely language, that yet was in no way commonplace, Judge Foraker pressed his argument home to his hearers, gaining and holding their closest attention. His address was an effective campaign speech. Its character was such as to carry immediate force and conviction and exert at once an influence upon those who heard it. He, as well as the speaker of the evening, based the campaign in this state upon national issues and in so doing put it upon the highest possible plane. Having an extensive and practical knowledge of political history he touched upon the various points of difference between the two great parties, and closed with a masterly treatment of the tariff question, from a protection standpoint.

Judge Tourgee's address was not calculated to draw applause or excite enthusiasm. But the attentive listener who left the hall after it was over, found that the speaker had dropped into his mind a seed of thought that if properly nurtured must fructify into ideas, into principles, and finally into living deeds. Probably no man in the country is better fitted to speak of the southern question than Judge Tourgee. He knows whereof he speaks by bitter experience; upon the subject he has thought much and feels deeply. The central though, of last night's address was, the responsibility of the people of the north toward the southern negro. Sooner or later this great question must be settled, and the power to settle it rests with the Republican party.

Judge Tourgee in his remarks was thoughtful and scholarly.

Judge Foraker in his address dealt sledge-hammer blows of fact and logic that were felt when they fell.

Judge Tourgee gave a political lecture.

Judge Foraker delivered a campaign address.

Each was effective in its way, and neither necessarily suffers by comparison with the other.

CATTARAUGUS REPUBLICAN

An article published in the *Continent* in July, 1884, was used at the senatorial convention as an argument against Judge Tourgee, to show that his republicanism was unsound. The article as reproduced by the Jamestown *Journal*, is nothing the Judge need apologize for; a point can only be made against him by unwarranted garbling, using extracts out of their proper connection. The Judge in his speech at the close of the convention referred to this attack upon his republicanism and said: "I carry in my body confederate lead enough to buy the man who raised this base insinuation against me." The Judge has given the most indubitable evidence of sound republicanism in his career.

Judge Tourgee is likely to be a prominent factor in Chautauqua politics in the near future. He is already in the field for congress next year, in response to solicitations from many of the delegates who supported him for senator in the convention last Friday.

JUDGE TOURGEE IN POLITICS.

Cattaraugus Republican.

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THE DAY STAR.
An Independent Liberal Family Journal

OUR DEAD YORICK.

By Albion W. Tourgee.

The death of H. W. Shaw, generally known as "Josh Billings," seems to me to call for a more distinct and earnest recognition of his peculiar merit as a thinker, than has yet fallen under my notice. In something like a quarter of a century, during which he has been constantly before the public, not only as a lecturer but as a writer under a score of unsuspected pseudonyms, there cannot be found a single instance, so far as I have ever known, in which he has yielded to the temptation which always besets the professional humorist, to raise a laugh at the expense of decency or good morals. At a time when wit has become sadly debased, and humor has taken on a peculiarly gross and degrading flavor, this quaint minded maker of homely proverbs has coined maxims by the thousand which enforced with singular appositeness those common virtues which the age seemed in danger of forgetting. A contemporary says of him that "he will be remembered chiefly as a humorist whose success was dependent largely upon his defiance of the rules of orthography." In a sense this may be true. He no doubt attracted attention and moved men to laughter by a skillful mimicry of homely errors. But he very rarely forgot to barb the shaft of his wit with some wholesome truth which thereby found lodgment in many natures otherwise unassailable. Hypocrisy, chicanery, and pretentiousness were favorite marks for his ridicule; but humble faith, common honesty, and patriotic devotion never received a stab at his hands. He resembled Æsop not a little in the stern rigor of his morality, but instead of withering with a comparison that burned and stung, he forced even his victim to laugh at his own folly or admit, with an almost involuntary grin, his shame. As an apostle of rugged manhood and of the virtues of humble life he has no peer among the humorists of our day, and, I fear, few imitators. Probably no other man ever uttered so many curious proverbs, or clothed so many common truths in such quaint and attractive guise. So many of them have become a part of the current coin of our common thought that one hardly thinks of crediting him with them.

During the past summer I heard a noted orator use three of his homely adages with telling effect to point his own periods. He made no reference to their source, and, I am inclined to think, was quite unconscious to whom he was indebted for these keen bits of polished raillery.

"Josh Billings" is not often regarded as a polished writer, yet there are few men who have ever spent more labor in the perfection of their work. He had a cordial contempt for the arrogance of that self-styled culture which accounts all literary workers, Philistines who do not follow after specific methods. He had a noble scorn of that literary skill which contents itself with painting merely the sores and scabs of humanity and giving no thought to the rectification of life's ills. He scorned to make himself a mere buffoon for the sake of winning either money or applause. Perhaps few men ever disappointed the preconceptions of more hearers. People expected a humorist of such note to provoke them to a continuous "guffaw." His wit was of too sly and subtle a quality for boisterous approval. He never wielded a claymore and one never thought of a flashing lance in connection with his lectures. His serious face and unaffected gravity of manner disarmed suspicion and his jokes were usually almost unnoticed until he had gotten well beyond them. Instead of laughter and applause, appreciation usually showed itself among the keener-minded of his listeners in quiet chuckles or curious, expectant smiles, and with the heavier-witted in a sort of wondering watchfulness for the point of the joke which they were ludicrously uncertain whether they really apprehended or not. To laugh or not to laugh, was always a serious question with the major part of his audiences. His jokes were like hard-shelled nuts that needed to be cracked before their sweetness was appreciated. Yet there are few men whose good things are so long remembered. I recall one instance in which I delivered the closing lecture of a course which had included Mr. Shaw. In speaking of the various lectures, one of the committee referred somewhat disparagingly to "Josh Billings." He had evidently been disappointed and I thought I could readily understand why. Leading him on with some pertinent inquiries, I was amused and I may say surprised to find how many of his quaint sayings had found lodgment in the grumbler's memory. If he did not appreciate the lecture when delivered, he certainly gave it the far more excellent measure of approval in that he remembered and almost unconsciously used its thought and phraseology.

As a moralist, he was of the most unobtrusive character. He did not make his fun a mere vehicle for wisdom, but made his wisdom intrinsically funny. He did not tell a story merely to float a moral, but made the moral the attractive feature of his little sententious sayings. One contemporary calls him the "Tupper of Humorists." There could not be a more absurd misnomer. In every sense he was the antipode of the dismal dullard who called his attenuated lucubrations "Proverbial Philosophy," which are neither proverbial nor philosophic. He condensed columns into sentences instead of expanding sentences into columns. His proverbs are a thesaurus of funny ideas from which other humorists have drawn very freely.

His sympathy with common life was as genuine and thorough as his knowledge of its conditions. He relished homely wit and saw that it did not need its too common garb of coarseness in order to be appreciated. He saw, too, that the wisdom as well as the wit of the chimney-corner, owed something of its attractiveness to its homely garb. The sort of cryptographic disguise with which he hid the point of every epigram was not only a work of genius in itself, but was managed with exquisite skill.

I doubt if any other writer in any language has been such a consummate master of the art of making every sentence end with a "cracker." This is the true art of the proverbialist, and is the rarest of all literary qualities. Indeed, proverbs, which are the concentrated wisdom of the ages, derive much of their merit from the rarity of this quality. Story tellers have always been abundant. The art of printing only transferred the skill of the novelist from his tongue to his pen. Philosophers have always abounded—men whose didactic monologue sparkled with every shade of mental light. What the parable is to fictitious narrative the proverb is to philosophic disquisition. There are few men who can write either. They are the nuggets which sink down through the drift of ages and lodge on the bed-rock of the world's life. So highly are they prized that a book of them, gathered no man knows how, out of the traditions of man's early life, has been adopted as a part of the sacred canon.

"Josh Billings" not only worked the gulches of common thought with success, but he had an intuitive perception of the truths that would be found there. His success was not the result of accident, but of a most carefully cultivated literary art as well as a genuine philosophic bent. His study was not only seen in his individual and collective character, but in the most delicate and elusive phases of human life—the subtle springs of motive. He saw and fixed in phrase so quaint that one is half at a loss to know how far his knowledge reaches, the very impulses that a man hides even from himself.

There is a culture that has no appreciation of "Josh Billings." As a rule it may be said that few men love proverbs as a steady diet. They are either too rich or too hard for the ordinary digestion. Beside that, a man does not exactly like to find himself a subject of vivisecting wit, and proverbs are relentless things. Especially is this true before the rough edges of their wit have been worn off by the attrition of ages. Thousands of those who will speak half-sneeringly of the simple-minded, manly humorist who has just died, will go into raptures over the "sweetness and light" that lay hidden in the Vedic lore. Yet the proverbs of the Orient are neither more profound nor more skillfully phrased than may be found on every page which he has written.

It is a general impression, judging from the utterances elicited by his death, that his fame will be evanescent. Whatever may be the fact as regards himself, his proverbs will not die. They have the true diamond edge which no time can dull. He may be forgotten, but the influence he has exerted will not die. His future fame will depend very much on the fate which shall befall his writings now that he is dead. Should some discriminating and unrelenting friend, have the patience and the courage to do for him what lapse of time has done for other proverbialists, to wit, select the best of those proverbs which he wrote under so many pseudonyms, weighing and choosing with the same care that he weighed and chose his words, making the number small enough so that the volume would not be tedious because of its bulk, I do not hesitate to predict that "Josh Billings' Proverbs" would become as lasting a fact in literature as many of them have already become in common speech.

However, this may be, one thing is sure: the American platform has lost in him an element and an influence it can ill afford to spare. With all his eccentricity he would not be a clown; with all the disadvantage of early association he hated whatever was low and mean; with all the temptation of the humorist to debase his powers, he culled only honey from the very garbage of life, leaving its foulness to be dissipated by oblivion. He sweetened thousands of lives with kindly humor which will not be wanting in its influence on coming generations. His laughter was a scourge to meanness and an unconscious spur to honesty. The world is all the better for his having lived and laughed. Few jesters have had a finer wit; not one a more manly nature.

Judge A. W. Tourgee pays a fitting and well-deserved tribute to "our dead Yorick" H. W. Shaw, better known as "Josh Billings." The article is so well written that it will interest the general reader aside from its higher merit; which is that the author evinces a clear perception of what "Josh Billings" was to the not very large number who regard his spelling as an incident and found in his sayings ripe knowledge of his fellow men; deep regard for what was just and true, and who successfully embellished with genuine wit and quiet humor the homely truths and lessons he gave to the millions who heard him gladly. His spear was truth, the words were only the tassels that hung upon it; his sword was wisdom, the scabbard was but the shining thing that enclosed the trusty weapon. Both did battle for Right and Justice, and when some one, as our author suggests, shall have gathered the best of "Josh Billings" from Time's threshing floor, the world will have a book that will not be lost, and the fame of its author will be preserved and not forgotten among men.

ILLINOIS.

R. C. Smith, a Jacksonville artist, has completed a large historical painting, depicting Paul before Agrippa. The canvas is 9x15 feet, and contains ninety figures.

Rock Island *Union*: Mr. William Taylor, of Hazen, Prairie County, Ark., arrived in Rock Island on Monday in consequence of having received the following postal card, which bears a postmark of March 14:

"Sir: We give you forty-eight hours to leave this country. You d——d Yank, you ought to be hung, and all the rest, [and] will be if [you] don't leave this country. So Git!"

Mr. Taylor has lived in that country since the year 1882, and has behaved himself as a good citizen should, though he has never concealed the fact that he was a Northern soldier, (his regiment being the One Hundred and Sixty-first New York) and a Republican. He had rented a farm of twenty-eight or thirty acres for $120, and began his spring work, when the invitation reached him and he had to leave. He came to Rock Island because he was here for some time shortly after the war. Seventeen years ago he was in the employ of General Rodman as foreman of laborers at Rock Island Arsenal. He proposes to locate here, and send at once for his wife and four children. He says that three-fourths of the white Southerners are as bitter against the North as ever, and as intolerant toward the Northern men in their midst. He had been among them too long to hesitate as to obeying the mandate. To stay meant death.

A Pretty Story of Prison Life.

From the Albany Times.

Even from such a horror as the plague of typhus in the penitentiary, one pleasant incident has sprung. When the fever was at its height, and the authorities were at a loss to know what was to be done, two prisoners, sentenced for life, volunteered to become nurses. They were Samuel J. Pipes and Albert J. Herndon of Texas, United States prisoners, sentenced for life for robbing a stage coach carrying the United States mail. They are both young men, only a little over 30, and had already served about seven years. It so happened that they were both in the hospital at the time, being ill with some minor disorder. What induced them to thus take their lives in their hands, can only be imagined. Doomed never to come outside those gloomy walls, perhaps they courted death; but whatever their motive, their services were accepted and they worked faithfully and efficiently. When, however, the patients were removed to the new hospital outside the walls, it was not deemed prudent to allow these nurses to go there, but Pipes himself was taken ill with the dread disease and was removed there as a patient. Then it was decided to risk it, and allow Herndon to attend him. He did it, and although there were plenty of opportunities for him to escape, he stood by his friend, and, like him, remained a prisoner. Pipes was a very sick man, but he reached the turning point and began to recover. He is now out of danger. What is equally good news, he and his friend will soon be free men. This heroism, for it was nothing less, was appreciated, and Dr. Balch, Commissioners Herrick and Battersby, Supt. McEwan, and Chief Willard combined to see if it could not be rewarded. District-Attorney Herrick went to Washington, and in person laid the case before President Cleveland and Attorney-General Garland. Last night the news came ticking over the wires that the pardons had been granted and that the papers were now on the way to Albany. This is believed to be true, although the penitentiary authorities recognize nothing but the official documents. The young men received the news calmly; they had been told recently that the effort would be made, although they had no intimation of such a thing when they volunteered for their perilous duty. They are to-day in charge of the outside hospital, although it will be two or three weeks before Pipes is able to leave the institution. They have always been excellently well-behaved prisoners, and the influence of the pardon upon other convicts must be of the very best.

Gen. Hancock's Little-Girl Story.

Halston in the New-York Times.

Two stories that Gen. Hancock told me on that day I recall with distinctness still. One was an incident at Gettysburg, just before his famous charge. Passing near the outskirts of his lines he came upon a child only half a dozen years or so of age, and hardly yet old enough to speak plainly. She somehow had strayed near to the Union pickets, bringing an old rifle heavier than she could well carry without showing that she was overburdened. When she saw Gen. Hancock she held the load in her arms a little higher and fairly ran into his arms, crying:

"Papa's dead, but here's my papa's gun."

There was something like a tear in Gen. Hancock's eye as he recited this heroic little incident. "I never recall that brave chit of a child's offering to our cause," he said, "without feelings of deepest reverence. Her half-lisped words voiced a sentiment that was sublime."

GOD'S TIME.

President Garfield: "It can not be; God will not permit
it to take so long a time".
Judge Tourgee: "What has God to do with time".

I marvelled at the century's Plant of crime,
Thick sown with blossoms like the Upas-tree,
Casting its deadly shade from sea to sea
And dropping hateful fruit of poisonous slime.
"Is there, I asked, oh is there any clime
Not fertile with sin's bitter misery?
Why does not God with force of whirl-wind free
The world of such a monstrous growth of time?"

A Voice replied: God knows no time; a day
Is worth a trousand thousand years with him.
A trousand thousand years a day. His way
Is not as your way. E'en the Cherubim
Can only marvel with you and obey;
So vast His scheme, their sight divine is dim.

Nathan Haskell Dole.

Philadelphia: Oct. 21, 1884.

THE GREAT HEART OF LINCOLN.

How a President Gave Way to Irritation and Temper and How Nobly and Amply He Made Reparation.

John R. French, ex-Sergeant-at-Arms United States Senate, in North American Review for September.

It was the summer of '62, and McClellan's sojourn in the swamps of the Chickahominy had filled the hospitals, far and near, with the sick. Col. Scott of a New-Hampshire Regiment lay low with fever at Newport News. One of the noble women connected with the Sanitary Commission, in attendance at the hospital where the Colonel was being nursed, had sat by his bed while he had told her of his home among the cool mountains of New-Hampshire, and of his noble, brave wife, and precious children, and how he felt as if he could rally from this scorching fever if only he could reach that home and sit for a day in the shade of the maples where his children were playing—grand big trees, planted all about the old house, and on both sides of the road, up and down, as far as his farm ran, planted by his father when he came home from the War of 1812. Or if he could only bathe his fevered brow in the mountain brook that runs in the pasture close by; or, if his wife could come to him, her cool hand upon his burning forehead would stop this throbbing. And then, he whispered through his tears, if he was to die, he should die so much easier if he could only have hold of her hand. The good nurse wrote to the wife of the condition of her husband, and told her that the doctor in charge of the hospital remarked that morning, as he visited her ward, "that special care must be given Col. Scott, for he was a very sick man, and the country could ill spare so brave a soldier."

The very day that the wife received this letter she started for Virginia. In Washington, she found some difficulty in getting permission to go to the front; but her love and anxiety made her persistent, and, finally, she secured a pass and transportation on a steamer which was taking supplies to City Point. She found her husband alive, and her courageous spirit and loving assiduity soon began to tell in his improving health. In a week, leaning upon her loving arm, he was able to walk a little about the hospital. And then, when she could lead him out-doors, and under the shadow of the trees, where he could get the invigorating breath of the ocean as it came up Hampton Roads, he gained rapidly. A great battle was daily expected, so a steamer was to take to the hospitals at Washington such of the patients as could bear removal, that room might be made for the expected wounded. Mrs. Scott found no difficulty in getting her husband designated among the several score that were thus to be sent north.

That evening, just as the steamer turned from the bay into the Potomac, she came in collision with a transport coming down, was badly stoven, several state-rooms being carried away with their sleeping occupants, and some twelve or more of these sick men and their attendants were drowned, among the number the faithful and noble wife of Col. Scott.

A few who were thrown into the water were rescued, but when all hope of saving others was at an end the steamer proceeded on her way. The next day a telegram was received at the War Department, telling that the people residing in the neighborhood had found the bodies of several of the victims of the collision, and had given them burial in such manner that they could be identified if friends called for them; that among these rescued and buried bodies was the body of Mrs. Scott. This information coming to Col. Scott, he naturally was anxious to return down the river, that he might receive the body of his devoted wife and take it to New-Hampshire for sepulture.

A grand forward movement at the front then being in contemplation, for a day or two there had been an order at the War Department that no passes or transportation down the Potomac should be allowed anyone, save those actually engaged in co-operating with the movement. So, when Col. Scott applied to Secretary Stanton for permission to go down the river, he was refused, and no time permitted him for entreaty. From Mr. Stanton Col. Scott hurried to the White House. It was late Saturday afternoon, and Mr. Lincoln had left, wearier even than was his wont, for his retreat at the "Soldiers' Home," in the hope of an undisturbed evening, and a quiet Sabbath, that he might gather some strength for the coming week, expected to be one of stirring events.

Col. Scott soon found a New-Hampshire friend, who knew Mr. Lincoln, and the way to the "Old Soldiers' Home." When they reached the gray stone cottage, where Mr. Lincoln spent his weary nights and thoughtful Sundays of that anxious summer of '62, it was in the deepening twilight. The house was still and dark—not a lamp lighted; not a sound, save the "Katydids" in the old elm calling to the "Katydidn'ts."

The servant who answered the bell led the way into the little parlor, where, in the gloaming, entirely alone, sat Mr. Lincoln. In his escape, as he had supposed, from all visitors, and weary with the care and heat of the day, he had thrown off coat and shoes, and, with a large palm-leaf fan in his hand, as he reposed in a broad chair, one leg hanging over its arm, he seemed to be in deep thought, perhaps studying the chances of the impending battle.

Uninterrupted by a single word from Mr. Lincoln, the Colonel told his sad story, his sickness, the coming to him of his wife, her terrible death, the finding of the body, and his desire to reach it and take it to his home. Then he added that he had been to Mr. Stanton, been refused permission to go down the river, and so, in his despair, had come to him.

At this point, Mr. Lincoln rose to his feet, and in a voice of mingled vexation and sadness, asked: "Am I to have no rest? Is there no hour or spot when or where I may escape this constant call? Why do you follow me out here with such business as this? Why do you not go to the War Office, where they have charge of all this matter of papers and transportation?"

The Colonel repeated the fact of his going to Mr. Stanton, and his refusal.

"Then, probably, you ought not to go down the river. Mr. Stanton knows all about the necessities of the hour; he knows what rules are necessary, and rules are made to be enforced. It would be wrong for me to override his rules and decisions in cases of this kind; it might work disaster to important movements. And then, you ought to remember that I have other duties to attend to—heaven knows, enough for one man!—and I can give no thought to questions of this kind. Why do you come here to appeal to my humanity? Don't you know, Col. Scott, that we are in the midst of war? That suffering and death press upon all of us? That works of humanity and affection, which we would cheerfully perform in days of peace, are all trampled upon and outlawed by war? That there is no room left for them? There is but one duty now, that is to fight. The only call of humanity now is to conquer peace through unrelenting warfare. War, and war alone, is the duty of all of us. Your wife might have trusted you to the care which the Government has provided for its sick soldiers. At any rate, you must not vex me with your family troubles. Why, every family in the land is crushed with sorrow; but they must not each come to me for help. I have all the burden I can carry. Go to the War Department. Your business belongs there. If they cannot help you, then bear your burden, as we all must, until this war is over. Everything must yield to the paramount duty of finishing the war."

Col. Scott was terribly disappointed and crushed by this totally unexpected rebuff. He knew that there was no hope in returning to Mr. Stanton, so he retired to his hotel and walked his room until morning, when, throwing himself upon his bed, he had scarcely fallen asleep when he was awakened by a hurried footstep in the hall, and a sharp rap at his door. He opened it, and was seized by both hands by Abraham Lincoln, who, in a voice as buoyant and sympathetic as last night it was weary and ceremonious, exclaimed: "My dear Colonel, I was a brute last night. I have no excuse for my conduct. Indeed, I was weary to the last extent, but I had no right to treat a man with rudeness who had offered his life for his country, much more a man who came to me in great affliction. Col. Scott, I honor you for your attachment to the memory of your wife, and for your desire to take the dead body to your home and kindred. She was a devoted, heroic wife, worthy of your love; and to think that I should have made any criticism as I did last night, upon her being away from her home and in the place of danger. This war, Col. Scott, has shown great qualities on the part of our people; but in my soul I have no higher admiration than for the nobility of our women, in the patriotic ardor with which they give up husbands and sons for the service, and the tender devotion with which they follow and care for them in the hospitals. That I should have had any but words of warm consideration for such a woman, hurrying to her husband's sick bed, or been seemingly indifferent to the terrible grief, my dear Colonel, which crushes you, I cannot understand. I have had a regretful night. Now, my good man, hurry and get ready. I have seen Secretary Stanton, and he has arranged all. They are getting up the fires on a boat at the navy-yard, which will take you down the river. An undertaker, with his assistants, in the service of the Quartermaster's Department, has been ordered aboard the boat, to give you all needed help. You will find everything aboard necessary for your sad errand. Now, get ready; don't stop for breakfast, you can get that on board the boat after you start, and I have my carriage here, and will go with you to the wharf. And, Colonel, when you get home don't tell your children of my conduct last night; but tell them that I beg permission to share in their sorrow for the loss of so good a mother. And, Colonel, notwithstanding my apparent indifference last night, I honor you from the bottom of my heart for your manly love for your wife and devotion to her memory."

The President, in his carriage, took Col. Scott to the steamer, and seeing that every needed detail had been attended to, stood by until the boat cast off, and then rode back his six miles to his breakfast.

Such was the great, true, warm-hearted Abraham Lincoln. He was our countryman—and God be thanked that when the most terrific war of history beat upon our Government he was our President.

"JUDGE" ALBION W. TOURGEE, last editor of the late *Continent*, was a Grant man as well as a verse writer. Are there no black plumes in the pinions of his muse?

WILL JUDGE TOURGEE WRITE THE POEM?

To the Editor of THE DAILY NEWS:

SIR: Your suggestion that Judge Albion W. Tourgee should pay his tribute to the memory of General Grant in verse is a most felicitous one. Should he adopt it, his ardent nature, which in its best expression is essentially poetic, his enthusiasm for the leader whom he followed in war and in peace, heightened by grief to a tension under which Judge Tourgee always produces his best, would combine to produce no unworthy eulogy.

But why do you quote his title, and call him "Judge" Tourgee, as though he were no judge? This title is properly his, and was earned by honorable and faithful service in the Superior Court of North Carolina, at a time and place when a rigorous administration of justice by a carpet-bagger required the kind of nerve that goes for a good deal in this part of the world.

H. W.

Philadelphia, August 3, 1885.

By request of the *Observer* the DISPATCH informs its readers that Hon. William Purcell of the Rochester *Union*, the man who gave Cleveland the sobriquet of "moral leper" and who left his place on the *Union* rather than support that leper, is said to have written a letter saying he desires Democratic success from the Presidency downward. Mr. Purcell's action simply proves what the DISPATCH has many times reiterated that Democrats and the Democracy are not to be trusted; that no matter what they profess beforehand, once in power they will support any body and any measure for partisan and personal ends. One vision of spoils makes all Democrats akin. Now will the *Observer*, which some time since noted Judge Tourgee's preference for Lincoln and dislike for Blaine, tell its readers that that distinguished gentleman is now a strong supporter of the Republican nominees, declaring the Democratic party, both north and south, wholly unfit to be trusted?

Register Rec'r Sept. 5
Evening Post Sept. 22

MORE EXAMPLE FOR YOUNG MEN.

WE have more than once commented recently on the probable effects on the morality of young men just beginning to take part in politics of the remarkable, and, we are glad to say, novel spectacle of insincerity and tergiversation now presented by those Republican leaders and journals who, after bitterly opposing Blaine's nomination on the ground of the badness of his personal character, are now advocating his election on the ground that his character is very good. One of the worst examples of this variety of falsehood has just been made conspicuous in the person of Mr. Albion W. Tourgee, commonly called Judge Tourgee, the author of 'The Fool's Errand' and editor of *The Continent* magazine. This gentleman, in the May number of the magazine, before the Republican Convention had met, sat down and wrote the following as his deliberate belief about James G. Blaine:

"If the Republican party seeks to commit *hari-kari*, the quickest and surest method for it to do so is by the nomination of James G. Blaine for the Presidency, and the next most speedy and effective method is to select some man whom he may name as a figure-head of an administration he shall in effect control. . . . His followers have answered to the call with wonderful readiness, considering their previous disappointments, and the fact that, even if he were nominated, his election would be as hopeless an undertaking as an attempt to batter down Gibraltar with green peas. His disabilities as a candidate are radical and incurable.

"In the first place, he is the incarnation of all the reprehensible elements of the Republican party. He is a politician in the low sense in which the term is used. To his mind statesmanship is synonymous with trickery. While this characteristic gives him great strength with the 'heelers' and 'strikers' who manipulate conventions, it is a source of incalculable weakness with the people, especially in a struggle so close and doubtful as the present one. If he were nominated, a great part of the liberal element of the party (except such portions of it as the Cornell faction of New York, whose sole object is the defeat of President Arthur) would swing over to the Democracy, should they happen to make a fair selection for a candidate.

"In the second place, it should be remembered that Mr. Blaine has nothing of substantial strength in his own record with which to rally the disaffected or apathetic even of his own party. He was one of the few young men of his own party who, at the very climax of his manhood, while enjoying the most robust physical health, was able to resist the infectious glow of patriotism during the nation's great ordeal. During that time, when even the plough-handles burned the clod-hopper's hands so that he was perforce compelled to drop them and catch up the musket, Mr. Blaine resolutely withstood the temptation to serve his country in the field, resisted the example of so many of his associates in the halls of Congress, and sedulously kept a soft seat warm and filled his purse by the opportunities which a period of war always offers to men of thrift, coolness, and sagacity.

"In the third place, it should not be forgotten that his legislative record is of that questionable character which is the hardest of all things successfully to justify or defend. 'Not proven' is unquestionably the public verdict in regard to the charges that have been made against him. Further than that no one can go. Even charity can offer no more tenable hypothesis in regard to them. Such a record is a poor bait to catch voters with, especially at a time when so many of the most sincere and reliable of those of his own party are nauseated at the alarming prevalence of disgusting political trickery. . . .

"Fourthly, the man who clamors for Mr. Blaine's nomination, even in the face of assured defeat, should not forget that the qualities of his mind, even admitting the immaculateness of his intentions, are the very ones best calculated to encourage doubt and uncertainty in regard to an administration controlled and directed by him. As one of the leading business men of this city, a Republican of the most honorable record, recently said of him: 'One might as well attempt to calculate the course of a sky-rocket.' That he would do brilliant things there is no room to doubt. His whole career has been pyrotechnic in its character. His chief object seems to have been to produce astonishment in the beholder. In this he has very generally succeeded. Even those who were unable to perceive any reason for the display have been compelled to admit the brilliancy of the coruscations attending the climacteric. The attack upon the rebel brigadiers was even excelled in brilliancy by the magnificent audacity displayed before the Mulligan Committee, and the celebrated South American policy was itself fairly put in the shade by the series of veracious telegrams from the bedside of the stricken President. All these things, and many other events of his life, are of astounding brilliancy; but, unfortunately, they are not the material out of which the fabric of confidence is woven. Under Mr. Blaine's control the Government would no doubt have a policy, but it would be a policy which no one could forecast, and of which every one would ask, 'What next?'"

This is pretty plain speech, but it has not prevented Mr. Tourgee from taking the stump for Blaine. He actually appeared as his defender and advocate in a joint discussion before a large audience at Dunkirk in this State the other day, and was overwhelmed with confusion by the production of this article by his Democratic adversary, and retired from the platform amid the derisive cheers and laughter of his audience. Spectacles of this sort are both humiliating and discouraging, for they indicate a growing readiness, even on the part of men who claim the position of moral leaders, to place not only their wills at the disposal of any corrupt band who may obtain control of a convention, but to silence their consciences for any party purpose, however base.

Capacity of the Horse's Stomach.

The capacity of the horse's stomach is three gallons. The capacity of that of the ox is five gallons. The horse must, from the size of his stomach, receive food in small quantities and frequently. The ox does not require to be fed so frequently, for he can take a very large meal at a time, and then employ a considerable time in remasticating it. The capacity of the pig's stomach is comparatively small—two gallons; and the pig, therefore, requires to be fed frequently. The capacity of the sheep's stomach is in proportion to the ox's, and it must be fed similarly. Professor Dick found that a horse not working could be kept in fair condition on twelve pounds of hay and five pounds of oats, but if a good amount of work has to be done he should receive fourteen pounds of hay and twelve pounds of oats and two pounds of beans. We know of many horses that receive twenty pounds of oats and two pounds of beans, and hay *ad. lib.*, but they are used for fast work, and are kept in prime condition. The quantity of sustenance in food depends on the nature of the animal; some require very little, others a great deal. Young animals require far more than old animals; fat animals more than lean ones, and so on. Two pecks of steamed potatoes, with nine pounds of barley meal and a little salt, given every day to a pig weighing twenty-four to twenty-eight lbs., will make it prime fat in nine weeks.—*Farm, Field and Stockman.*

Hon. A. W. Tourgee, whose residence is at Mayville, is a candidate for senator in the thirty-second district, composed of the counties of Cattaraugus and Chautauqua. He is a man of brains and force and of national reputation, whom the republicans should delight to honor.

The Observer.

Washington, Pa., Thursday, Nov. 5.

Barometer and Thermometer.

For week ending Wednesday, Nov. 4, 1885.

CORRECTED BY A. A. POOLE.

THE INSTITUTE.

BY the REV. J. R. JOHNSTON.

EDITORS OBSERVER: I at once obey your command to write my "impressions" of the late institute. I do this the more readily because of the interest I had in the meeting and its proceedings and the very little I shall have to say by way of criticism and censure. Though not able to attend all its session, s I was at enough of them to get a pretty correct idea of the work of the Convention and to understand the aims and purposes of the instructors.

The meeting was a large one, 317 teachers being reported present and enrolled. These came from all parts of the county and represented schools of many grades. They included, also, a great variety of teachers. I noticed among them several elderly persons who have grown venerable in the service and who came to the meeting bearing the experience of many years. Others on the other hand, were quite young, and were making their first appearance among their associates. Between the youthful and elderly ones, there were those of all ages so that it may fairly be assumed that the meeting had, so far as this goes, as good character as could have been given it. There were in proper proportion the elements that gave it at once gravity, thoughtfulness, energy, sprightliness, with that abounding hope that accompanies true conviction and courage. The Superintendent was prepared to keep good order, but had little to do in this way. The teachers seemed to be possessed of the sentiment that their personal dignity required them to be orderly and well behaved.

The instructions were, for the most part, of the highest order. I suspect that what is most advanced in teaching in the country was set before the teachers on the blackboard and in the addresses. We have learned to know DR. WHITE, for he has been here frequently. He is an agreeable gentleman and is well known as a man of skill in professional teaching. No one could be more at home than he on the platform. His most effective address is to the teachers. Having a real enthusiasm in his calling, and a deep interest in the teachers who are engaged in it, with a large experience in many positions to assist him, he is well adapted to the institute work. But he has more than this—a genial and attractive way of giving his instructions. Hearty good cheer is part of his gospel. Professor SCHAEFFER is equally fitted for his duties, and his impressions upon the teachers could not have been less happy. Some of them, indeed, were eager to say that he is without a rival in incisive statement and in keen and close analysis of the teacher's moods and functions. The public would readily take sides with them in this. No lectures were more eagerly heard than his, and "I wish to be in when Professor SCHAEFFER talks," was a common remark upon the side-walk.

About the only criticism I heard upon the instructions was this: That they were almost too constantly theoretical, with not enough in them of the practical. It was suggested that while the more advanced teachers could profit by them, and those who are employed in advanced schools, such of them as are but beginning, and are engaged in primary work, would not get so much good from them. "It does very well", some one said, to lecture the teachers on Psychology and such things, but how is that to help us when we come to teach our little boys and girls their lessons in arithmetic?" The person making this criticism seemed to want something closer to his practical duty and something that he could take hold of immediately upon returning to his work. How far the criticism was deserved I do not pretend to say. Perhaps it was needed, and then again, perhaps it was not. If the institute is to be taken by itself, it was right enough, but if it is regarded as one of a series it should have at least less force. In former years some such instruction was given: it will likely be given in years to come. I suspect, taking the teachers as they are and considering the changing that is going on among them, a little more mixing of the primary with the "Psychology" would have been an improvement.

I had pleasure in noticing the great improvement in the appearance and habits of the teachers over those of ten and fifteen years ago. The intervening period has been one of real growth. There has been a marked increase in care as to dress and address. Both on ladies and gentlemen, taking them as a whole, there seems to have come a breath of nobler culture. If any one think of this as a little matter, he is mistaken. Educated society has no toleration for rudeness and vulgarity. The pupils in our schools need to have before them, in the persons, of their teachers, a constant example of neatness and good manners. The courtesies and proprieties of life have so much to do with the comfort and success of it, and the teachers of the little children have so much to do with providing them, that growth in such matters should be specially commended. As between the teacher who knows a great deal of arithmetic and is dowdy in her dress and the other one who knows less but is tidy and polite, I should choose the latter. To have the boots blacked and the hands clean, and an appearance of care showing itself in personal attire and bearing, should be esteemed a moral pre-requisite in all who aspire to occupy the rostrum of the school-room. It was pleasant, therefore, to hear so many persons remark upon the improvement that has gone on in this direction. To be sure, the teacher is still extant who spits on the floor. The other one who chews tobacco in the public meeting has not yet perished from the calling. I was told, also, that one night fifty of the young ladies were at the rink instead of the lecture. But among so many, some imperfection must be looked for. The improvement is marked and unmistakable.

Some of the other features of the institute should not pass unnoticed The music was of a high order. It not only pleased the ear, but touched the heart. Persons who bought tickets for the "Course" of lectures, certainly got the worth of their money in the singing, of which there was so much. The lectures, also, though not of equal merit, were entertaining, and some of them very instructive. The first one by Professor SCHAEFFER was as pleasant in many respects as any that followed. Professor WHITE spoke well on "Character"—a little too long, however. Mr. CUMBACK gave some good lessons on the habit of evil speaking. Mr. TOWNSEND discussed "Dublin" and its product of celebrities, and Judge TOURGEE told of the bad consequences of our too rapid American life. It was worth something to see all these gentlemen, especially those of them who are so widely known. "Gath" has his distinction as a newspaper correspondent, in which field he is preeminent. He will not be likely to quit it for the platform. Judge TOURGEE is so distinguished as an author that there was considerable curiosity to have a look at him. His lecture was the strongest of all, and made the deepest impression, it was not without serious fault. There was a tendency to exaggeration in some of his expressions: a sign of pessimism showed itself here and there, and without meaning it, I am sure, the speaker used language that was not far from irreverent. Some friend should do him the favor of telling him that his very able address is only marred by the use of language that, if it is not profane, is yet too rude to be spoken to a company of teachers.

And this leads, by way of counter reflection, to the remark that the institute showed us how much good character and real religious interest has to do with the work of our common schools. I knew but few of the teachers, but as many as I did know were persons of the highest character. I am led to believe that nearly all of them, both men and women, belong to christian families. The instructors, also, are as earnest in the church as in the school room. There was hardly a time when a minister was not on the platform, and it was the religious part of the community that showed the deepest and most constant interest. We may bid a hearty God-speed to the teachers and their work, not only in the name of common education, but in that of the religion of Christ.

The citizens of Washington should feel that it is a privelege to have the institute meet among them. They should hereafter give it hearty support. They know from it what the work of education is, they get the benefit of its exercises, its success is their's as well. The hall they offer it is the best they have. They might have a better; this one, at least, might be kept more clean and be so repaired as to hide some of its ruder blemishes. Mr. SPINDLER, the Superintendent, should have the thanks of all for the energy and good judgment he displays, and for the use he makes of his opportunity to commend and ennoble the cause to which he devotes himself. He makes the annual institute one of the most interesting occasions and institutions of the community.

THE HERALD.

F. C. MCGINLEY. R. T. WILEY.

McGINLEY & WILEY, Publishers

ELIZABETH, NOV. 6, 1885.

—AT WASHINGTON.—We had the pleasure of attending the Washington County Teachers' Institute two days last week, attracted by the many excellent features provided through the energy and nerve of the efficient County Superintendent, Prof. Geo. A. Spindler. Such an array of prominent lecturers, educators and musicians probably was not gathered together in any other institute in the whole country this year. One gentleman who had a prominent part told us that he had been at fifty-five institutes since last May, and saw nothing that would at all compare with this one. It was pleasing to see that the people of the community appreciated the enterprise of the Superintendent, and packed the large town hall full at each evening lecture—for which an admission was charged—as well as at the free day sessions. Geo. Alfred Townsend, the famous newspaper correspondent, whose letters over the signature "Gath," are so familiar, lectured Thursday evening on "Dublin." On Friday evening Judge Tourgee delighted an immense audience with his lecture, "Give us a rest," in which the fact was pointed out that Americans of to-day live too fast and do not take take enough rest. He also sharply criticized some existing educational methods—particu-

larly the stuffing and cramming of many facts into young minds. Judge Tourgee is a brilliant conversationalist and made himself thoroughly entertaining to a little group in which he was placed before and after the lecture. The musical features of the Institute of course had peculiar charms for the writer. Mrs. Juvia Hull of New York, a noted oratorio singer and the possessor of a soprano voice of great power, richness and sweetness, ways a leading attraction, and sang grandly. Prof. E. O. Excell of Chicago, the noted composer and institute man, had charge of musical instruction, and appeared frequently in solos. His voice, is at once powerful and musical, and he became a great favorite. Mr. Todd, a fine cornetist, also appeared frequently. We found our former townman, A. R. Fergus, doing a flourishing drug business, and Ward Douthett in his position of clerk in the Auld House is well liked. Natural gas is in general use for heating houses in Washington, and at present the oil excitement runs high.

—The pronunciation of the name of Judge Tourgee, the author of "A Fool's Errand," Brick's Without Straw," etc. has been a matter of controversy in some quarters. We are enabled to give it correctly, on the authority of the gentleman himself. It is accented on the last syllable and pronounced as if spelled Toor-zhay.

A LETTER.

In Which Judge A. W. Tourgee Replies to Certain Interrogations.

Shortly after Judge Tourgee's recently delivered address in Jamestown, a citizen of this village wrote to him, stating that some misapprehension existed in regard to the speaker's utterances upon the southern question, and requesting a reply. Judge Tourgee's answer appears below:

MAYVILLE, N. Y.
Oct. 24, 1885.

MY DEAR SIR:—Your letter of yesterday informing me that there is a difference of apprehension as to what I said in my recent address at Jamestown about "the Southern Democrats marching under the rebel flag, teaching the children in the schools the rebel view of the war and Fitzhugh Lee wearing the rebel uniform," is received. You wish to know just what I did say. I do not suppose I could recall the words, but I could not possibly fail to recall the thought. The subject of the contrasted sentiments and ideas of the north and south is not a new one to me. I have written more than one volume in explication of different phases of this question, which some millions of my countrymen have read. What the south is; in comparison with the north, and how it came to be so, has been, it may be said, the study of my life, and that life has been passed under conditions which ought to have enabled me to arrive at just conclusions, as I certainly did arrive at very positive ones, upon this subject. What I said at Jamestown was not anything new but simply an epitome of what I had often said and written before. The reason is plain. The things you mention are not new to me. Fitzhugh Lee's campaign has not developed any novel attribute in the southern people. The "Confederate grey," the "rebel yell" and the recollections of those four years of conflict, have been the stock-in-trade properties of every Democratic campaign in the south since the close of the war. I do not remember ever to have listened to a Democratic speech at the south, and I have heard many hundreds of them, that did not contain some laudatory allusion to the part taken by the bulk of the auditory in the war of rebellion. At first these things seemed little less than sacrilege to me. They seemed an insult to the flag and nation. Study and observation taught me that this was not only folly but injustice. Why should not a man, who followed "the flag of Pickett's division" through the fiery hell of battle up to the very crater's edge on Cemetery Ridge at Gettysburg, be proud of the achievement? Why should not the son who lost a father there exult as he listens to the story of his magnificent courage? Why should not the south remember proudly the achievements of Lee and Jackson and the fortitude and daring of the men they led? Evidently there is no good reason why they should not. Men do not do such things unless impelled by an overmastering conviction that they are in the right and men having that conviction naturally feel no sense of shame in what they have done or attempted to do, however it may be regarded by others.

It is natural and proper that a "Bourbon" meeting should be a place where these memories and associations are revived and aired. In a political sense, the spirit which animates the southern Bourbon of to day is precisely the same as that which underlay the Confederacy. The southern idea has always been the right of an oligarchy to rule. Before the war, this took the form of an assertion of the right of the slave holding and land owning aristocracy to control the several states of the south. In all but one or two of these the right to vote was wholly or partially abridged by requiring the voter to possess a freehold. None but land owners, and in some cases none but slave holders could sit upon a jury. None but land-owners could hold office and in some of them none but slave owners were eligible to certain places. The distinctive principle was that a specific class had the right to govern the many—that the slave holding and land owing aristocracy, two pretty nearly co terminous classes had the right to govern the landless whites and the voiceless blacks of the south.

The same principle was extended to their federal relations and the power of this aristocracy was enhanced in two distinct ways.

(1.) By allowing the state to define the qualifications of the federal elector and the conditions under which he shall exercise the power vested in him.

(2). By increasing the representation of the states in which slavery existed, both in congress and in the electoral college, by three-fifths of the number of slaves

By this means the power of the individual members of the land-owning and slave-holding oligarchy of the south was greatly enhanced in comparison with the individual voter of the north. This enabled them to perpetuate their power and suppress all movements looking to an extension of popular right or equality of privilege in those states. The basis principle of southern political organization, in contradiction to the development of the north, has always been a restriction and limitation of the governing function to a class, rather than its extension to the whole people. Their specific ground of contention was that a class had the right to rule. It was an oligarchy, thinly veiled—if veiled at all—under the flimsy forms of democracy.

Of this political idea, slavery was only an incident and a nursling. The difference between north and south was not the fact of slavery but the political idea—the governing principle, by which slavery was protected and maintained. The simple fact is that the "solid south," of the revolutionary and formation era of our government, outwitted the representatives of free thought and equal right, just as they have done ever since. By means of these constitutional advantages, the southern oligarchy—the owners of lands and slaves, in whom alone political power at the south was vested—ruled the country with a rod of iron. A vast majority of our presidents, vice presidents, justices of the Supreme Court, speakers of the house of representatives and foreign ministers, during the first eighty years of our national life, or up to the war of rebellion, came from this active and unflinching minority. I can not blame the southern oligarchs for this fact. They only did what the greater and stronger north permitted, weakly permitted, them to do.

The basis principle of the "solid south" of the olden time—the fundamental idea of the Confederacy—the right of a class to rule, even though it be a minority, is the basis principle of the "solid south" of today. Now, it is true, it is not a slave owning and slave-holding oligarchy. It is the white man's right to rule which is now the shibboleth of Democracy everywhere south of the Potomac. It is this idea which Fitzhugh Lee and his associates represent as against Mahone and his followers, who are stigmatized as negro lovers and enemies of southern tradition. The theory and traditions of the Confederacy are being upheld and perpetuated by the Bourbon forces which naturally and properly look with veneration upon the relics of its brief life. It is fit and proper that this related idea should use these emblems of a cause which, though lost upon the field of battle, yet remains, in its essential elements, active and vital in the hearts of its supporters. As a rule, the man who believed in the doctrines underlaying the Confederacy—that the land-owner and the slave owner had a right to control the life and labor of the slave and deprive the poor white of all political power—believes to day that the white man of the south has the inalienable right to rule the states of the south without any regard to the negro's will or wish. He also feels no compunctions at the idea of using this usurped power to enhance his own representative strength in the national government. He is protected by the same constitutional limitations which were the bulwark of the slave oligarchy, pursues the same methods and seeks to accomplish the same political results—to wit—the reduction of the colored race to political nonentity and the use of the power conferred upon them by the constitution as a weapon with which to secure and maintain predominance in the councils of the nation. I do not think it worth while to waste indignation on the methods employed to fire the southern heart while we remain apathetic as to the results.

I no doubt also said (because it is my sincere belief) that it was a commendable feature of the ex-confederate's character, that he should stubbornly insist, not only that he believes the confederate cause to have been right in 1861, but also in 1865. Victory does not settle the question of right or wrong. I know of no reason why one who believed the fundamental principles of the Confederacy to be right on the eighth day of April, 1865, the day before Lee's surrender, should on the day after that event have believed them to be wrong. The Confederates surrendered men and material of war. They did not surrender principles or theories, and we had no right to expect them to do so. Their excuse for making war lies in the fact that they *believed* that they were in the right. Our justification is precisely the same. We believed we were right then; we believe it still. Why should they not do likewise? The fact that they almost universally still adhere to the belief that the cause of the Confederacy was a just one, is the strongest evidence that can be given of their sincerity. Knowing this I do not blame them for exulting in the achievements of the Confederate army, or insisting that the Confederate theory of the cause and conduct of the war is the correct one. I cannot but honor the son, who loyally defends his father's memory, whether I believe that father to have been in the right or not. I do not therefore feel at all surprised or aggrieved at the fact that they teach in southern schools the southern "rebel view," not only of the war but of its causes and results. The man who believes a doctrine strongly enough to induce him to face the hot blast of war for its perpetuation has earned the right to keep on believing in it as long as he chooses and to teach his son or have him taught that he was right as well as brave.

This is the very thing *we* ought to do, but dare not. The younger generation at the north are growing up in absolute ignorance of the causes and issues of the war. We are afraid to insist and teach that we were in the right, lest some one's feelings should be hurt by the resulting inference that they must have been in the wrong. One of our juvenile histories of the war sets out with the declaration that the reader "need not busy himself with the political controversies that preceded the war." Yet it is upon these very controversies that the whole question of right and wrong hinges. We shrink from teaching our children the right lest some one should think us uncharitable. The southern people are not troubled with any such squeamishness. They insist not only that they thought that they were right, but that they actually were right and they teach their children the theory on which this belief is based.

For me, I honored them for the courage they displayed in fighting for what they believed and I honor them for their consistency in teaching their children the justification of their acts. I thought them wrong and was willing to fight them with the sword. I believe them wrong now and would fight them with their own weapons. Instead of whining because they display the relics of the war, to stimulate attachments to Confederate principles. I would appeal to the same spirit in the defenders of the union and aim the ballot as we did the bullet twenty odd years ago—not at men indeed, but at animating principles. Instead of teaching our children that it was a matter of no consequence who was right and who was wrong, I would imbue them with the thought that the principles for which their fathers fought were the highest and holiest that can govern humanity and must be guarded with ceaseless vigilance by them as citizens and voters. I said that I commended and honored the people of the South for honoring and defending the heroic elements of the past. It is an example which should commend itself to every soldier and every soldier's son at the North as worthy of emulation. I said also, and meant it too, that in my opinion, the Northern man, who from a squeamish fear of hurting the feelings of such earnest men as these who make the memory of confederate achievement an inspiration to Bourbon victory, was willing to trample the past into oblivion, forget the lessons written by the finger of God in the blood of patriots and condone the most enormous crime against liberty and law that the world has ever known—the ravishment of a people's right to the free exercise of ballotorial power.—I said that for *such* a man my contempt was too profound to be expressed in words. I think I said—if I did not I certainly *ought* to have said—that any man who believed in the righteousness of our cause, in the injustice and wickedness of slavery, in the sanctity of law and the inalienable right of self government; who remembers who were our allies in the day of peril and how the claim of right was cemented by the commingled blood outpoured upon a score of battle fields—I said or meant to say, that any SUCH person who was willing to sit silent and abashed, while eight millions of his fellow citizens were debarred the free exercise of the right of suffrage, snatched from them by violence and withheld by fraud, lest some one should point at him the finger of ridicule and sneeringly say "Bloody shirt," that *such* a man sits so low on the inverted apex of his own insignificance that no effort of genius can lift him high enough to face a decent man's contempt!

I do not think, sir, that any one really misconceived my meaning. My language is not often ambiguous or at all difficult to apprehend. I have reason to believe, however, that there are some who are not unwilling to misconstrue my words. What purpose there could be in this unless it was thought possible to represent me to the unthinking as a "southern sympathizer," it would be hard to determine. Such an attempt, considering my life and my works, seems too ludicrous to be believed, but there are men to whom the very absurdity of any specific hypothesis seems to give it a very peculiar charm.

You are at perfect liberty, my dear sir, to publish this whenever and wherever you may feel inclined. While it was very courteous of you to inform me that you desired it only for your personal satisfaction. I beg to assure you that I never make any utterance upon any public question that I am not willing to have receive the widest possible publicity. I am, sir, with the highest respect, Your Obedient Servant,

ALBION W. TOURGEE.

The Inter Ocean.

THE INTER OCEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY
PROPRIETORS.

CHICAGO, TUESDAY, OCT. 13, 1885.

OHIO TO-DAY.

The Democratic vote for Governor in Ohio was 271,625, in 1877, 319,132 in 1879, 288,426 in 1881, and 359,693 in 1883. The Republican vote for Governor was 249,105 in 1877, 336,261 in 1879, 312,735 in 1881, and 347,163 in 1883. In 1877, the year after the Presidential election, the Democrats elected their candidate for Governor. In 1879 and in 1881 the Republicans elected their candidate, and in 1883 Hoadly was elected over Foraker.

In 1876 the Republican vote for President was 330,698, and the Democratic 323,182. In 1880 the Republican vote was 375,048, and the Democratic 340,821. In 1884 Blaine's vote was 400,082; Cleveland's, 369,280; Butler's, 5,179, and St. John's, 11,069. In the Legislature elected in 1881 the Republicans had a majority of 46 on joint ballot. In the Legislature in 1883 the Democrats had a majority on joint ballot of 36.

The election this year follows in the line of the thorough Republican organization of last year. The Republicans having redeemed the State last October have a special incentive this year. There are no dissensions and no factional fights, and with a full vote the Republicans ought to have a plurality of 15,000 for Governor, and ought to elect a working majority in the Legislature. The prohibition excitement will cut down Republican majorities as a rule in the strong Republican counties. For this reason, fortunately, the third-party vote will cut less of a figure in the legislative contest than in the contest for Governor. Mr. Leonard's own county, for example, gave Blaine a plurality of 2,313, and Greene, a county in which the Prohibitionists have done considerable work, gave Blaine a plurality of 2,290. It would require in such counties a very large Prohibition vote to defeat the Republican candidates for the Legislature. In the counties in which large cities are located the Prohibitionists will not have proportionately as much influence, and in all the counties the Republican prohibitionists will not be likely to cast votes that will count against John Sherman for the Senate.

Since 1860 the Republicans have carried Ohio at twenty-four elections and the Democrats at six. The Republican pluralities were: 52,203 in 1861; 100,882 in 1863; 54,771 in October, 1864; 65,055 in November, 1864; 39,836 in 1865; 42,696 in 1866; 2,983 in 1867; 17,383 in October, 1868; 41,546 in November, 1868; 7,501 in 1869; 16,685 in 1870; 20,168 in 1871; 14,050 in October, 1872; 37,531 in November, 1872; 5,544 in 1875; 6,636 in October, 1876; 7,516 in November, 1876; 3,154 in 1878; 17,129 in 1879; 19,005 in October, 1880; 34,227 in November, 1880; 24,309 in 1881; 11,242 in October, 1884; 31,802 in November, 1884.

The Democratic pluralities were: 5,560 in 1862; 817 in 1873; 17,202 in 1874; 22,520 in 1877; 19,125 in 1882; 12,529 in 1883.

IS THIS RIGHT OR IS IT WRONG?

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 22.

Alton B. Parker, Chairman State Executive Committee.

DEAR SIR: I send with this a contribution toward defraying the expenses of the Democratic campaign in the State of New York. * * *

Yours truly,
GROVER CLEVELAND.

This is an extract from a letter said to have been delivered at the Democratic State head-quarters lately by Col. Dan. S. Lamont, President Cleveland's private secretary. The President, it is reported, has been seriously annoyed by the flings against his Democracy and the charges that his support of Hill is cool, and that he would not grieve over Democratic defeat in New York. To prevent possibility of any further misrepresentation, he sent Colonel Lamont to New York to assure the State Democratic leaders and to carry his contribution to the cause. The contribution is $1,000. In addition to the above sum, Secretaries Manning and Whitney are reported to have sent checks for $1,000 each, and Assistant Secretary Fairchild and Private Secretary Lamont have also contributed $500 each to elect the Democratic ticket in New York State.

The above statements seem to be true, and if they are how will they affect the Mugwumps? Will not these contributions by the President and his secretaries be regarded by them as an attempt to influence voters in favor of a particular party and against another, by men in official position? As we understand Mugwumpism, it is directly opposed to anything tending to such a result. We are not informed that the Mugwumps would object to any one, except a public officer, using his money and influence as he pleases. Such are private citizens and should enjoy, in the judgment of the civil service reformers, all the rights and privileges, political and otherwise, which may be exercised by any man

of full age and sound mind, memory, and understanding. But their contention is, unless we are mistaken, that when a man accepts public office he should forego the exercise, during the time he is in office, which we believe the Mugwumps claim should be for life, or good behavior, he ought not to exercise of the full rights of a citizen in the respects pointed out.

If this be true, then those who supported Cleveland last fall may be offended because of his alleged action now and that of his secretaries in giving the $1,000 to the Democratic Committee of this State and of publishing the letter above, both of which might and probably will influence some at least to vote for Hill. We should be pleased to know what the Mugwumps, as they call themselves, really think about this matter. Four thousand dollars and a letter from the President are naturally influential. Is it right or wrong that they were sent to the Committee? There is such a difference of opinion about such matters now-a-days that it would be interesting and perhaps instructive to know whether Mugwumps pronounce this action of the President and those under his immediate control, politically right or wrong.

BUFFALO EXPRESS.

DAILY—SUNDAY—AND WEEKLY.

Office, 179 Washington Street.

THE LARGEST, BEST, AND CHEAPEST REPUBLICAN NEWSPAPER IN WESTERN NEW-YORK.

Friday Morning, November 18, 1885.

Glorying in His Shame.

POLITICAL CORRUPTION IN CHEMUNG—A MAN FOUND WHO SOLD HIS VOTE AND BRAGS OF IT.

Election the Poor Man's Chance.

Cor. Elmira Telegram.

Numbers of so-called reformers have been howling "corruption," "bought-up," "boodle," etc., since last Tuesday. Men have stood up in public places and said that the use of money at elections was a public curse, a disgrace to free America, and should be stopped by the adoption of a strict, severe law, and at the same time I know that many of these men are none too good to sell their own votes. No attempt has been made by either of the great parties to deny that money was freely used to buy votes. In fact, it is conceded that more money was used for this purpose in Chemung County than was ever known before. It being stated that the Democrats had $40,000 in little Chemung, while the Republicans, with the same object in view, had but $30,000. Think of that. Nearly $70,000 paid out in this county alone, and that to poor men to whom it has been a great help. I do not think that it is a bad thing to sell your vote. There are many reasons for thinking so. To explain my position I will describe my own case. I am a laboring-man, and work in a certain manufacturing place and receive $[illegible] I have a [illegible] three children [illegible] to pay [illegible] month once [illegible] bill, [illegible] my wife [illegible] with me. Last Monday my wife was ill, my coal bin was empty, and the flour barrel nearly so. My groceries were nearly exhausted, and I had no money, for it had been two weeks since pay-day. Tuesday I went to the polls, and one of the leaders of my own party came to me and said: "Mr. ——, here is a set of our tickets. Take these ballots and vote, and we'll give you just as much as the other side will offer you." The other side offered me $11—$1 more than my side had been paying. Then the man on my side made it $15, and the other man made it $20. They kept on bidding until my man offered me $28 to vote my own ticket. Who can blame me? There was the money—some one had to have it. Both sides said it had got to be spent, and I thought I might as well have it as any one else. Now to show how much good that money did me, I have drawn up the following statement to show what I did with the $28, which would have taken three weeks for me to have earned at my trade:

Ton of coal	$4 00
Barrel of flour	7 00
Groceries	10 00
Shoes for my wife	2 50
Shoes for my children (three pairs)	4 50
Total	$28 00

Thus you see my vote secured necessaries for my family and was really a blessing to them. Hundreds of men in this city sold their votes, and although all did not receive as much as I, yet the majority of them spent their money in a similar manner. See how much suffering has been relieved by this money and how many merchants have had increased sales for cash on the strength of it.

When I bought my groceries the man said trade had not been so good before this year, old customers were paying back bills and laying in more groceries. A dry goods merchant on Water Street said trade "boomed" all day after election and bills were paid and new purchases made. It is well enough for some people to cry "corruption," but if the voters, the men who need the money, do not accept it when they get a chance, the men who have the handling of it for the politicians, use it up and it does no one any good. No man should be denounced for selling his vote. The money shoveled out here came from men who could afford to give it. It came from millionaires all over the State and from big politicians in New-York and elsewhere, and its distribution was an actual business. Better spend it that way than hoard it up or lose it in speculation. Now in view of these facts I say that it is honorable and even commendable in a man to sell his vote when he gets a chance. The money received is of benefit to the man, and is almost invariably paid right out to our merchants, who in turn are enabled to pay it out for new goods or in settling for those they have had. I hope you will give space to this communication, for it voices the sentiments of hundreds of men who do not care to openly express their opinions.

ONE WHO SOLD HIS VOTE.

Elmira, Nov. 7.

DEMOCRATIC DEAD ISSUES.

Some of the Measures Democrats Have Advocated Which Are Now Dead.

From the Cleveland Leader.

Slavery was Democratic, and it is dead.

Inflation was a Democratic doctrine, and it is dead.

State rights was a Democratic doctrine. It is dead.

Secession was a Democratic doctrine, and it is dead.

All purely Democratic doctrines are dead or dying.

Nullification was a Democratic doctrine, and it is dead.

The Dred Scott decision was Democratic, and it is dead.

Free trade has long been Democratic, and it is dying.

Squatter sovereignty was a Democratic doctrine. It is dead.

An absolute free whisky traffic is Democratic, and it is dying.

Repudiation of the public debt was Democratic, and it is dead.

"The war is a failure" was a Democratic doctrine, and it is dead.

The fugitive slave law was a Democratic measure, and it is dead.

[illegible] opposition to specie payments was Democratic, and it is dead.

Piracy among negroes was the cornerstone of Democracy. It is dying.

The Knights of the Golden Circle was a Democratic organization, and it is dead.

The Southern Confederacy was a Democratic institution. It is everlastingly dead.

John Morrissey and Boss Tweed were great Democratic leaders, and they are dead.

"This is a confederacy and not a nation" was the Democratic doctrine, and it is eternally dead.

The idea that one Southerner could whip three Northerners was Democratic, and it is dead.

Jeff Davis and Sam Tilden are both distinguished Democratic leaders, and they are almost dead.

The opinion that Union soldiers were "Lincoln dogs" and "hirelings" was Democratic, and it is dead.

The law forbidding the carrying of abolition papers in Southern mails was Democratic and it is dead.

The idea that a human being is not a man because he is black was a Democratic doctrine, and it is dead.

The business of breeding negro babies in Virginia, Maryland, and Kentucky, and selling them down the river for $8 per pound was Democratic and it is dead.

Tissue ballot frauds, ballot-box stuffing, carrying elections by murder and intimidation, the killing of men on account of their political opinions, are Democratic practices which must cease with the growth of education in the South.

NO LIGHT FOR THE BLACKS.

NORTHERN MISSIONARIES NOT WANTED.

Special Telegram to The Inter Ocean.

CENTRALIA, Ills., Oct. 27.—After attending the synodical meeting of the Society of Home and Foreign Missions, which convened here last week, Miss Gertrude Cunningham, a lady of Centralia, who has in late years been identified with mission work in company with a Chicago lady, engaged in the same work, left their comfortable home in the North to shed rays of enlightenment among the benighted blacks of the South. They stopped at Birmingham, Ala., which they selected as the field of their labors. They at once applied at a private house for board, and were about to be taken in when they happened to mention the nature of their calling, whereupon the people refused to receive them. An entire day was spent in searching for a boarding place. At each house the people would be very willing to take them until they found out that the blacks were to become the beneficiaries of their presence, when they were turned out. They finally were taken into the house of a Northern family. The pastor of the white Baptist church refused to receive them into his church, although they were members of that denomination in the North. The ladies were told that if they chose to work among the blacks they could confine their associations to them. These are some of the difficulties which beset the women in the way of their lifting the [illegible] of illiteracy from the benighted blacks of the South. Education to the South is their most deadly foe.

Artillery should not only be the administrative head, but the commander of his corps. He shows that when the command of the artillery was withdrawn from its chief, as it was in the Army of the Potomac, just before Chancellorsville, that confusion resulted, and that, in order to reduce the chaos which threatened disaster, it was found necessary to re-invest the chief with the full functions of command on the battle-field. The real difficulty seems to be a legal one. The Chief of Artillery has no legal status in our Army, and he must content himself with such crumbs of command as are dropped from the Commanding General's table.

In chapter IX., we learn that the artillery carriages of the Revolutionary period were not French, as is generally supposed, but American copies of English carriages; and that this was due to the admiration in which General Knox held the English system. Soon after the close of the war, the Gribeauval system was introduced, and held its ground until 1829, when its superiority began to be questioned, and, after much experimenting and many Boards, it was finally superseded by the Stock Trail system in 1836. Recent experiments have been directed chiefly toward determining the best material for carriage construction. The three pages devoted to siege, garrison, and sea-coast carriages contain an admirably clear sketch of their development in this country.

In chapter X., the author sketches the history of gun-metal in the United States. Bronze, he says, was the great gun-metal during the Revolution, but about 1800, when 24- and 32-pounders were introduced, considerations of economy compelled the adoption of cast iron, which continued to be the gun-metal for all calibres up to 1836. In 1838, a fierce contest was carried on in the Ordnance Board between the advocates of bronze and the advocates of iron, which resulted practically in a victory for bronze, as far, at least, as field guns were concerned. For heavy guns, however, cast iron was exclusively used down to 1861.

The introduction of rifled cannon reopened the question of gun-metal, and wrought iron superseded bronze for field guns, and also to reinforce cast-iron rifles of large calibre. Rodman's improvements in the method of casting, however, has prolonged the life of smooth bores and cast iron, and it is by no means unlikely that it may again become the principal gun-metal—at least for heavy guns. In later years, steel, and steel in combination with iron, have come into favor for gun construction, and perhaps take precedence over all other material to-day.

Chapter XI., in which the author traces the history of the development of the various systems of cannon which have prevailed in this country, will repay careful study. It calls for no comment, and is already condensed to its lowest terms.

In the XII. and XIII. chapters, the author reviews, with much acumen and fairness, the various drill-books which have been authoritatively issued to the artillery of the United States Army. His criticisms on the present field-artillery "tactics," as they are called, will find a hearty response from most artillery-men. There is one defect, however, which he has overlooked, and it pervades the whole system. For infantry, commands should be short, sharp, and expressive. "Right, Front, into Line" is admirable as an infantry command, but for a battery it is abominable. The *direction* of the movement is indicated by the very first syllable of the command, and any light artillery-man knows how almost impossible it is to catch that syllable half the time. Now, the old command, "Forward into Line—Right Oblique," is admirable. The direction of the movement is indicated in the second clause of the command, when every ear is likely to be strained to catch it. Light-battery commands should not be short and sharp: they should be long and musical, and they should be sung. Infantry-men laugh at the sing-song tone of light-battery commands, and think them absurd. They are not; they are necessary; and if the objectors were to drill a few

times under a crusty commander, with the battery at a trot on a hard field, they would find out all about it.

We have now reached the end of the volume. We have enjoyed its perusal, and been benefited by its contents. It contains the genealogy of American artillery, and will be read with interest by every officer of the arm who cares to know about its remote ancestors or contemporary vein. "C."

TOURGÉE'S "APPEAL TO CÆSAR." *

Judge Tourgee, the author of "A Fool's Errand" and "Bricks without Straw," has now witten a book which will probably have fewer readers than his delightful truth-telling fictions, not because it has less merit, but more; for many quite intelligent persons can better appreciate the works of a romancer than those of a statesman and philosopher. This book gives assurance that its author may claim a place in both classifications, while it shows that the framers of the reconstruction which followed rebellion had little claim to either.

The metaphorical title means an appeal to the people, to the mighty heart and brain of the nation, which, however prone to error, the author hopes will never persist in it long enough to render it fatal. The argument of the work is that since the nation has thrust the dangerous right of suffrage upon a vast illiterate mass of people but a few generations removed from the lowest state of barbarism, a right which their late masters have kept them, by force and fraud, from exercising, a right which has brought on them persecution with no benefit, the nation is in duty bound to remedy, at its own expense, the evil it has wrought, by educating that ignorant mass up to the mental condition which is alone compatible with the right they nominally possess. How this is to be done in the most effective and least expensive manner, the author points out. It is a work not for States or a geographical section, but for the nation.

The author depicts the idiosyncrasies of the South in vivid colors, but without prejudice or bitterness, while he exposes the short-sightedness of the North without partiality, and both in a way that betokens the deep study of a master-mind, while he brings into view all the redeeming traits and conditions of the emancipated race, showing that in many things they have disappointed the hopes of their enemies and the fears of their friends. They are, to say the least, no more depraved than antecedents and changes would lead us to expect; they are self-sustaining, and many, if not most of them, have augmented their little means, while some of them have acquired wealth. They are not dying out, but increasing, and in numbers are gaining on the whites in all of the cotton States, which are threatened with becoming in time Africanized. The danger of this growth, if allowed to grow in ignorance, is clearly pointed out. But the labored research and deep reflection evinced by every chapter cannot be properly dealt with in a brief review.

How the great difficulty might have been avoided in the beginning of reconstruction, the author of the appeal does not discuss; but I venture to give a few words to the sad theme of *might have been*. We must remember that the amendment of the Constitution which brought about negro suffrage did not make it universally imperative. It demanded no universality, but only equality of right between races. Authority competent to frame a constitution for a State lately in rebellion could have made illiteracy a bar to the right of voting, if applied alike to white and black. But no such authority could then be exercised by the subjugated, nor did it come within the scope of normal Congressional powers to form State constitutions. Besides this, too many discordant heads, not over-gifted with discretion, could never have agreed on a sensible plan. But the military authority of the President, still in force over

* "An Appeal to Cæsar," by A. Tourgée. New York: Forde, Howard, & Hulbert.

THE BUFFALO EXPRESS, SUNDAY MORNING, JANUARY 24, 1886.

One of the Men we Know.

REMINISCENCES, ANECDOTES, AND ILLUSTRATIONS IN THE CAREER OF A SUCCESSFUL AUTHOR AND LECTURER.

Sincerely Yours
Albion W. Tourgée

There are many more pretentious residences, but there is no pleasanter home, in all Western New-York, than is a good-sized frame house which stands well up the hill at Mayville, perhaps half a mile from Chautauqua Lake and 200 feet above its Assembly-sanctioned waters. There are pleasant grounds about the house, with a carriageway running to stables in the rear. Down this carriageway the observer is very likely to see a span of fine, nervous black six-year-olds come trotting; or, if it be a fine morning, one of the horses saddled and bestrode by an easy and experienced rider, while two frolicing spaniels, answering to the distinguished appellations of "Dom" and "Pedro"—two dogs with but a single name—attend as excited but highly important companions. On the south side of the house, looking towards the lake, a view of which is cut off by intervening structures, is a large bay window, with tiny "rose windows" above each side, set with colored glass. Just within is a desk, the most important point in a study, which with its wide couch, its shelves of books, its many pictures, vases and other attractive furnishings, is the pleasant literary workshop of the aforementioned rider, the Hon. Albion W. Tourgée.

It matters little in writing of a man like Judge Tourgee what the present and immediate environments of his life may be. To them pertains but a local or at least a limited interest. It is the story of his life that has the wide interest, and few there be of all "The Men We Know" whose story is better worth the telling.

This seems to be the place to state, however, that Judge Tourgee has not complacently sat for a biographical portrait. It was under good-natured protest that he allowed the writer to procure the leading data for this sketch. Even for that, he submitted rather than consented.

"I don't believe in posing," said he, stoutly. "I am down on it, and until now have always managed to keep clear of having my 'obituary' written. Some time ago—just after 'A Fool's Errand' appeared, I guess it was,—I received a letter from one of these fellows who is in the obituary business, demanding that I send him immediately 5,000 words regarding my life. I took no notice of him, and in a few days a second and somewhat more subdued request came. However, I persisted, and neither he nor any one else has yet written my obituary."

Nor will THE SUNDAY EXPRESS, as it hopes, trusts and believes, these many years. What is undertaken in this sketch, is simply to pay proper recognition to some of the noteworthy services with which Judge Tourgee has crowded his years. And it is frankly confessed at the start that the tale isn't told nearly as well as Judge Tourgee himself told it, or told such portions as were obtained from him.

The family is French, and traces back to Brittany. In "A Fool's Errand," wherein much of the author's life is reflected as in a mirror, he writes of his hero's ancestors in words evidently very nearly applicable to his own:

His father was descended from one of those Gallic families who abandoned the delights of *la belle France* for an Arcadia which in these latter days has become synonymous with bleakness, if not sterility. It is supposable that his ancestors, before they adventured on the delights of Canadian winters in exchange for the coast of Normandy or the plains of Bordeaux, may have belonged to some noble family, who drew their blood, clear and blue, from the veins of a Martelian progenitor.

In Baird's "History of the Huguenot Immigration" we have an appreciative record of the family, the name being spelled Tourgee, Targe, and Tourget.

On his mother's side the family is Wurtemberg German. The family name is Winegar. They settled early in Western Massachusetts, at Lee, Berkshire Co., the Tourgees living in an adjoining town. Eben Tourgee, the famous director of the Boston Musical Conservatory, is a cousin of the subject of our sketch.

Albion W. Tourgee was born in the town of Williamsfield, in Ashtabula County, Ohio, in 1838. His father was a farmer, and the subject of this sketch grew up on the farm, living in what is perhaps the most fortunate condition for an American youth — the life of the average farmer boy. When Albion was about eight years old the family moved to Kingsville. There he attended the Kingsville Academy, going thence to the Rochester University, in which Baptist stronghold (although he was of a Methodist family) he pursued a thorough classical course, graduating in 1862. In 1880 this institution conferred upon him the degree of LL.D.

There was an interruption in his college work which was probably of vaster importance, as affecting his after life, than was all his study at the university. In the spring of 1861 he enlisted in the 27th New-York Volunteers, and was carried into active service at once. He received an ugly wound at the first Bull Run, which disabled him for service and kept him on crutches for a year. During that year, however, he continued his legal studies and was admitted to the bar at Painesville, O., in May, 1862. His wound, which entirely disabled him for eleven months, is seen to have had a shaping influence on his after life. In 1862, being sufficently recovered, as he thought, he re-enlisted in the 105th Ohio, and was made Lieutenant. He saw rough campaigning and hard fighting through Kentucky and Tennessee; and was at Richmond, Ky., Perryville, Missionary Ridge, Chickamauga, Murfreesboro, and other hot places.

At Murfreesboro he was captured and held a prisoner of war for six months, during which time he was compelled by circumstances to inspect the interior of the rebel prisons at Atlanta, Milan, Salisbury and Libby. His invincible good humor kept him up through hardships that killed stronger men. "I was in pretty good shape when I got out," he says, recalling the experience with grim humor. "I ran away once or twice, and was shot, caught and penned up again. Oh, I had quite a variety." He was also wounded at Perryville and once after at Hoover's Gap. "I know how it feels to get a charge of buckshot in my leg." He left the service in 1864, his old wound affecting him badly. He was afterwards appointed Major of a colored regiment, but the War was so nearly at an end that he was never mustered for this service. He was on his way to join the regiment when the War closed.

He had married, ten days after leaving Libby Prison, Miss Emma Kilbourne, a daughter of an excellent family living at Ashtabula. Mr. Kilbourne was afterwards associated with Judge Tourgee in business ventures in North Carolina.

Now begins another and well-marked era in his life. As he says through *Comfort Servosse*, the hero of "A Fool's Errand": "I come out of the War a little the worse for what I have been through. . . . I find my practice gone and am a bit afraid of our cold winters." These considerations, and certain strongly-fixed ideas about a coming era of prosperity for favored nor-

THE SOLDIER-STATESMAN.

He said quietly, "I have decided." "Well?" emphatically. "I will accept." "Good!" with a hearty hand-shake.—p. 338.

From "Figs and Thistles."

tions of the South, induced him to settle at Greensboro, county seat of Guilford Co., North Carolina. There he invested such resources as were at his command in a plantation, a hard-woods manufactory (for making ax-handles and the like), and continued his practice of the law. Of the peculiar life which he and his family led during their fifteen years' residence here, it is impossible to write fully or fairly in this article. It was a life that was faithfully reflected in "A Fool's Errand," the facts for which remarkable narrative are drawn from personal experiences of the author, from his own observation or from authenticated reports. Not that everything set down as happening at "Verdenton" actually occurred at Greensboro; but the story faithfully reflects the temper and the tone of the life which was actually experienced during those hard, brave years. The most tragic and terrible episodes in the book are facts, under the thinnest guise that the novelist may use. The character sketch of *Jehu Brown*, the "Old Unioner" who gave "The Fool" (that is to say, the author) such an insight into Southern bravery and its peculiar style of "exemption papers," is one of a legion personally known; the thrilling melodrama of the midnight horseback chase, in which the pursued checkmated the pursuer and sent the latter to self-destruction by "A Two-Handed Game," is almost a literal account of a personal experience of Judge Tourgee. The death of old *Jerry* at the hands of the Ku Klux is a fact. Throughout the book, the most tragic things are the truest, and in several of the strongest acts the author has told his own story. Perhaps harder to bear during all these years than the constant danger of violence was the ostracism that came to their social life. Of this side of their Southern life, the best glimpses are given in "A Fool's Errand" in the letters written by *Mrs. Servosse*. Even they do not tell the half that came to Judge Tourgee's home, and was bravely borne. Not in his books has he told of a night when he stood guard at his own door. It was no passive post, and the ability to cock and rapidly fire a revolver with his left hand as well as with his right came in good play. But it is not of such hours as these that Judge Tourgee will talk; nor of the hours whose horrors did the work of years, and whitened his young wife's hair in a single night. But her courage and her helpfulness never failed. The question is often asked, Is the *Lily* of "A Fool's Errand" the author's own daughter, and did she make her daring midnight ride to save her father's life? The Judge has a daughter, now in the early years of young-womanhood. She was but a child at the time referred to. The original of the *Lily* was a brave young Yankee school-teacher, who made just such a ride as is described in the tale, and saved Judge Tourgee's life thereby.

Mr. Tourgee, "the little smooth-faced Yankee," as they called him then, built up a good law practice. "I suppose your clients were mostly 'niggers' and unionists," somebody asked him once. On the contrary, they were mostly Southern sympathizers and political enemies; his political friends dared not employ him, for fear of the effect on their own standing in the community. In 1868 he was elected member of the Constitutional Convention of the State. "And there is the only valuable work I ever did," is the Judge's estimate of his labors. The youngest man in the Convention, he did more than anyone else to shape the Constitution, which is called "Tourgee's Constitution" to this day. Judge Sharswood said, in the last Constitutional Convention of Pennsylvania, in 1874: "The judiciary system of North Carolina is the simplest, most effective of any I have ever observed—of any in the United States."

In the spring of 1868 Mr. Tourgee was elected Judge of the Superior Court of the Seventh Judicial District of North Carolina, and served until 1875. In the meantime he was appointed Code Commissioner of the State and with Judges Rodman (now of the Supreme Court of North Carolina) and Victor Barringer (now of the International Tribunal at Cairo) prepared the Code of Procedure for the State and drafted most of the laws adjusting the State to its new relations. His term expired in 1875 and he was not a candidate for re-election. In the fall of that year he was again chosen to represent Guilford County for another Constitutional Convention, called by the Democrats for the purpose of overthrowing the Constitution of 1868. An equal number of Democrats and Republicans were chosen, Judge Tourgee being the leader of the latter party, who were opposed to any considerable changes. They kept up the fight for ten days or more, the Convention being unable to organize until one of the Republicans sold out. The minority was so strong that little was done by the Convention except to abolish the township system, which was the bone of contention.

The above bare outline of official labors gives little idea of what Judge Tourgee accomplished during those years. His circuit included ten counties, giving him much journeying, mostly on horseback, and also a wide acquaintance and corresponding increase of danger. Usually he rode alone, rather than carry a servant into danger. Holding and freely expressing views bound to win him enemies, he made his way unscathed through plot after plot laid for his destruction. He made his will at an early period of this life, and for years closed up his business accounts every two weeks. His intrepidity, his absolute fairness and honor, and his keen sense of humor combined to help him on in a community where boldness and humor are appreciated. As a citizen, he defied the keenest of snubs, and as a judge stood squarely for justice, though the heavens fell. An endless number of incidents might be given. Room allows but two or three, in briefest form.

SATAN CAME ALSO.

"You have not asked about Satan," said Mr. Le Moyne suddenly one day. "Why should I?" she replied. "If that personage will be equally forgetful of me, I am sure I shall be very glad."—p. 298.

From "Bricks Without Straw."

In any community some measure of Christian kindness may be expected from the Church. When Judge Tourgee and his family attended service, people in the near seats would get up and

leave. The Judge instituted service at home, and in a summer-house on his grounds used to gather his black people of a Sunday afternoon, for simple worship and singing. On one occasion a minister had agreed to come and speak to the people. When he came he noticed a little American flag twined in some faded decorations overhead, where they had been from some former occasion.

"You must take that flag down. I cannot speak under it."

The Judge, who is about the last man in the world to do that sort of thing, got along that afternoon without the preacher.

On one occasion he went to an Episcopal church. Service had begun. The people, the soul of kindly courtesy to their own kind, looked at him, as he paused at the door. None offered a seat. The Judge walked slowly up the aisle and stopped by a stove. They let him stand. The sacred words of the Litany were being repeated.

"From envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness," read the minister, and "Good Lord, deliver us!" responded the people.

"Amen!" said the Judge, standing by the stove.

Everybody looked up.

"From hardness of heart and contempt of Thy Word and Commandment," read the minister, and "Good Lord, deliver us!" prayed the people.

"Amen!" said the Judge, more earnestly than before, and then quietly walked out of church.

If he met ostracism at church and in society, on the bench he met defiance. The juries were intelligent and respectable. Often while charging a jury, the jurymen would ignore the Judge with offensive inattention, gazing at the ceiling, or the like; and then bring in a verdict as far as possible from the showing of the facts. The Judge never lost his temper, but bided his time. By and by there came a case where the jury were at a loss. They were helpless to make a decision until the law had been explained to them. When the Judge rose to make the customary charge every eye was fixed upon him. The usual inattention had vanished.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he said, "you have heard the case. With a jury so competent and discerning I am sure it is quite unnecessary for me to assume to explain the law involved in this case. You will now retire and make up your verdict."

Twelve nonplussed men marched to the jury-room, and in due time the Judge went to his lodgings. After some hours an officer came with a note from the foreman asking the exact status of the law on the troublesome matter.

"I have no instructions to give," said the Judge, and the officer went back.

Late at night the sheriff came. The Judge was firm. The sheriff went back.

It took many hours of confinement to break the pride of that jury. But something had to give way, and Judge Tourgee would not. At length came a humble note from the foreman, acknowledging their lack of respect, apologizing therefor, and begging that they be brought into court and instructed. The Judge was not troubled any more with contemptuous juries.

In a certain case a lawyer kept calling the prisoner a "nigger." The Judge warned him that he must not use so prejudicial a term. The lawyer sneered and pretty soon referred to the "nigger" again.

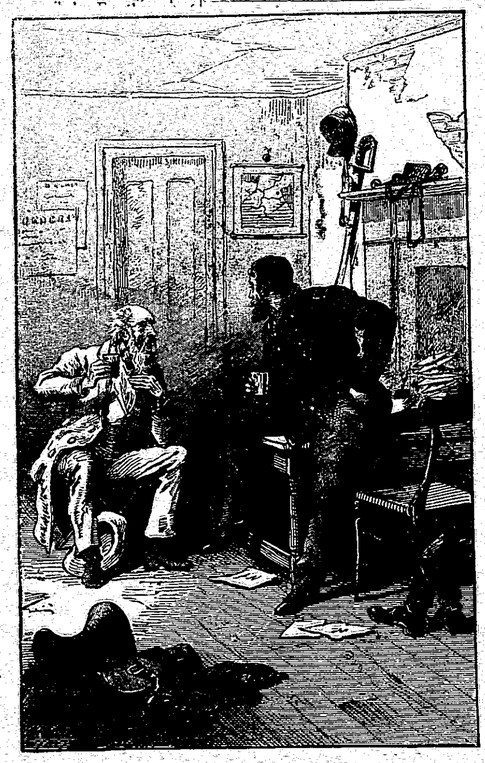
"Mr. Clerk, enter a fine of $10 against Mr. Blank for contempt of Court," said the Judge. The latter had mettle, and continued to say "nigger." For every time the word was used the Judge doubled the fine. The sum got up to $200, and the lawyer quailed. For the rest of the trial it was "the prisoner," "this negro," or some proper equivalent. Moreover, the "nigger"-hater paid his fine.

The reader, unless he is better posted than most well-informed people are, is not likely to fully realize the peculiar position in which Judge Tourgee stood. The Judge himself has but partially defined it in "A Fool's Errand." When the citizens of Guilford County, in October, 1867, asked him to be a candidate for the Constitutional Convention, he accepted and announced his platform in a printed handbill. To most of those who read it, tacked up in the Greensboro court-house or elsewhere, it must have seemed little short of revolutionary. In it he declared that if elected he would favor the following reforms (the reader will doubtless recall a similar declaration in "A Fool's Errand"):

1. Equality of civil and political rights to all citizens.
2. No property qualifications for jurymen.
3. Every voter eligible for election to any office of trust or emolument.
4. All legislative, executive and judicial offices of the State to be filled by vote of the people.
5. A criminal code humane and Christian, without whip or stock.
6. An ample system of public instruction, reaching from the lowest primary school to the highest university course, free to the children of every citizen.
7. A uniform advalorem system of taxation upon property.
8. The tax upon the poll (or more properly tax upon the value of labor) not to exceed three days' work upon the public highway, or its equivalent.
9. In addition to the provisions of Section IV. of the Constitutional Amendment, the assumption or payment by any county, city or other political corporation within the State, of any debt contracted in

A TWO-HANDED GAME.

From "A Fool's Errand."



THE OLD UNIONER AND THE FOOL.

From "A Fool's Errand."

aid of rebellion, directly or indirectly, should be prohibited by Constitutional enactment.

10. The rights of citizenship to be extended to the present excluded classes whenever the Congress of the United States shall see fit to remove their disabilities, and not before.

It is no wonder, after all, that the bar held a meeting, when he was elected Judge, to decide whether it should practice before him, or run him off the bench. What use had they for a man who declared for "Manhood, Equal Rights, Free Schools, Free Juries, Free Offices, Free Press, Free Speech, Free Men"? And yet, as Judge, they were bound to admire his ability, his fairness, his intrepidity. When occasion seemed to warrant, he promptly put the oldest member of his bar under contempt. They found they couldn't scare him, and they couldn't walk on him. Personal violence was always imminent. Warned once by friends that protection could not be guaranteed, his reply was, "damn protection." He knew the people he had to deal with. In his contagious humor and a boldness which if sometimes rash was always unfailing, doubtless lay the great sources of his security. He bluntly told his grand jury on one occasion that he knew there were members of the Ku Klux Klan among them. "At least two of you, gentlemen, are known to me as officers of the Klan," he said sternly; "and I know of a certainty that there is blood upon your hands." whereupon one eminently respectable citizen who was on the jury fainted away.

It was Judge Tourgee, practically alone and single-handed, who exposed Ku Kluxism. He ferreted out its secrets and brought the principal offenders to justice. He has never told the writer the story of this affair, though the following account is from a trustworthy source. The story has never been published, and the people of North Carolina do not know to this day how the secrets of the Klan were discovered.

Before Judge Tourgee, at one of the courts of his circuit, two brothers were brought, charged with whipping a minister. The lash had been laid on the victim's back in true overseer fashion, leaving a ghastly checker-board of gashes. The minister's offense was that he had preached a sermon over the dead body of the prisoners' father, which had incensed them. The minister was made to repeat the sermon in court. It proved to be a most outrageous assault on the deceased, who was pictured as writhing in hell's hottest flames. As the Judge listened he grew indignant. The men were found guilty and brought up for sentence. Instead of giving them a very heavy punishment as he might, he gave them the lightest the law allowed, a few days imprisonment and fine, or something of the sort.

That for a prelude. Long after, the Judge, riding alone, as was his custom, on a journey over a forest road, was overtaken by night and missed his way. After a disagreeable time of it he blundered into a clearing where was an isolated house. Some one gruffly challenged him. The Judge explained the situation and asked lodging for the night. It was refused, point-blank. The traveler however had ideas of his own on the subject. In the South, if a white man himself attends to the details of caring for his horse, he loses caste.

"Well, stranger, I reckon it don't much matter where I sleep, but my horse is going to eat hay from yonder stack to-night." So saying the Judge vaulted from the saddle, tossed the rein to the astonished man and turning to the house without another word bounded up the steps and suddenly burst into the room. Opposite the door was a great fire-place and on either side sat men in the full Ku Klux garb, with the spooky masks over their faces. However much astonished the intruder may have been, he did not lose presence of mind. Going straight up to the fire he squatted and began to warm his hands before the blaze. Looking up in a dare-devil way at the still motionless figures he said:

"You cut a handsome figure in that rig, don't you! You're damned fine looking specimens! Don't you feel proud of yourselves?"

Then, before a move was made, he sprang to the opposite side of the room and with his back to the wall drew from his belt the ever-ready revolvers, one in each hand.

"I shoot the man who moves!"

At this juncture the man who had been astonished at the visitor's boldness out of doors, entered the room, only to be more astonished at the scene within. He tried to speak, but no; the Judge was master of the situation.

"Put yer weepons on that thar table, gentlemen, and be right smart about it," commanded the Judge, in the vernacular that the South knows.

"Don't shoot, Judge, don't shoot, Judge! Why, Judge, don't you know us! We're the Haines brothers," cried the last comer, who now for the first time recognized the Judge.

"Why, don't you know us, Judge? We're the men what was tried for whipping the parson."

The Judge neither remembered nor recognized until every man in the room had laid his "weepons" on the table. Then he saw that the unmasked man and one who was masked were indeed the men he had dealt with so leniently.

The best the house afforded was not good enough for the guest that night. The next day he was taken to a remote tobacco barn and while a guard was posted was initiated into all the secrets, passwords and devilry of the Klan. Subsequently, donning the Ku Klux garb, he penetrated a camp of the Klan, where he recognized by their voices many leading citizens of the county, his own sheriff among them. A result of this work was that warrants were served on 139 of the most prominent men of the county, and over 60 were in jail at one time. The breaking up of the Klan is a matter of history.

These are such episodes as come to the lives of not very many men in a century. "And yet," said Judge Tourgee, "I liked it; by George, I did! The insight, the inspiration gained are priceless. But it was a terrible life, terribly exhaustive. You can't make the North understand. But I wouldn't go through it again for the fee simple of the United States. I would sooner serve in the Russian army ten years. It was five or six years after the close of the War before I gave up the idea that there might be a magnificent free civilization there. But I planted seeds. Some time they will fructify."

So Judge Tourgee came North, in 1880. After a rest with family friends at Erie, Pa., and a longer sojourn in Denver, for his health, he in February, 1881, made his home at Mayville. Literary work occupied him until February, 1882, when *Our Continent* was established at Philadelphia by Mr. R. S. Davis, now publisher of the *Philadelphia Call*. From June, 1882, until its publication ceased, September, 1884, Judge Tourgee was its editor and a stockholder. During this time, alike as novelist and editor, his work was eminently noteworthy. *Our Continent* swept away a fortune.

Judge Tourgee's first three novels were unacknowledged. In 1875 appeared "Toinette," promptly stolen in England; afterward, "A Royal Gentleman." In 1876 he published the first edition and annotation of "The Code of Procedure of the State of North Carolina"; in 1878, "Digest of Cited Cases of North Carolina," a very unique legal work which is to be found in every lawyer's office in that State. In 1879 appeared "Figs and Thistles" and "A Fool's Errand"; 1880, "Bricks without Straw"; 1883, "Hot Plowshares"; 1884, "John Eax"; 1885, "An Appeal to Cæsar." "Hot Plowshares" appeared as a serial in *Our Continent*. "An Appeal to Cæsar" was composed while on a sick bed at Mayville, dictated by the hundred lines, or so, daily. Among the author's unpublished MSS. are some which may see print soon. The public knows nothing of some of his most arduous labors. One novel, complete in manuscript, was rejected by the author, who set out to rewrite it. When 850 pages were again written, the whole was thrown into the fire. "I have burned more books than I've printed," is Judge Tourgee's comment.

His novels, taken together, reveal a unity of plan and purpose which the careless reader may overlook. They have met with astonishing success; "A Fool's Errand" reaching the high-water mark of 600,000 copies sold in this country, and of this and others of the author's works the sale is still steady and remunerative. "A Fool's Errand" has been translated into German, French, Italian, Swedish and Russian. In the last language it was suppressed, for it told the universal story of liberty too boldly for Russian toleration. Numerous pirated editions have appeared in England and Canada. From the known sales in many languages, it is estimated to have been read by twenty millions of people. Several others of Judge Tourgee's works have also been translated into European languages.

Recently Waldemar Churberg, M. A., eminent as a publisher and literary man, of Helsingfors, Finland, has issued an edition in Finnish. Judge Tourgee had good reason to feel gratified, not long since, on the receipt of a handsomely-bound copy of a work published at Helsingfors whose title page bore the words "A Fool's Errand" in this attractive "Hullen Yritys." To reflect that the words one has penned are stirring the blood of many nations, even such as dwell remote under the dark fir forests of a frozen North—is not this Fame's rarest reward?

In these novels the author disclaims any political advocacy. His purpose was to illustrate the era following the War, to note the commingling of elements and to point out results. Along with these purposes, he has found and used romantic material of a new kind. What he has accomplished in an American field is in kind not unlike the work of Victor Hugo in illustrating the economic and political questions of France just before the Revolution.

In the fall campaign of 1885, Judge Tourgee's Chautauqua County friends presented his name as that of a candidate for State Senator from the 32d Senatorial District. It was in no sense a defeat

THE CHRISTENING OF "AMITY LAKE."

The Colonel steadied his little hand as it poured a wine-glassful of water on the soil.—p. 109.

From "Hot Plowshares."

or a disappointment to Judge Tourgee that the Hon. C. P. Vedder received the nomination, for the former had been simply passive in the matter. "I am willing to bear the name of politician," he said, lately, "but I do not regard a struggle for office as politics, and with that struggle I do not care to have anything to do." When Garfield (whose life is known to have furnished no little material for "Figs and Thistles") was elected President he asked Judge Tourgee "what he wanted." Judge Tourgee wanted nothing; but on such occasions as the Judge felt warranted in recommending other men for office his recommendation was invariably heeded, and the applicant appointed. The Judge was numbered among Gen. Grant's friends. When Grant was President an office-seeker went to Judge Tourgee and asked for a recommendation to the President. The Judge held off; the man was persistent. One day they met in Grant's presence. The office-seeker boldly urged his application and appealed to Judge Tourgee for a "character." "I will appoint you," said the President, "if Judge Tourgee recommends you." The Judge went home and wrote: "I think Mr. So-and-So eminently unfit for the office." Judge Tourgee's word for an applicant was as good as an appointment with Grant, ever after.

As a lecturer, Judge Tourgee has in one or two brief tours, won a popularity second to none. Especially in the West is he a prime favorite. Fond of young people, and the best of story tellers, he always manages to spend an hour, when in a college town, with the students. In his lectures he has shown the same talent for "taking" titles that he has in the names of his books. Last season's lectures were: "Give Us a Rest, a Lesson for Our Neighbors"; "An Unsolved Problem," wherein it was asserted that "it is a curious fact that the world keeps moving even after our pet projects are accomplished"; "Cain, Herod & Company (Limited)," "the true story of an ancient and honorable concern, with some account of present business"; and "From One to Twelve," consisting of personal reminiscences of literary work. A new entertainment announced for this season is called "A Story-Teller's Story."

Like every lecturer, Judge Tourgee has had interesting experiences. Once he was "snowed in" in Wisconsin. He was booked to lecture at a town several miles distant that night. The only possible way of getting there was to drive. On application at the only livery in the town he found the boy in charge stubborn as a mule. The weather was too bad, and no team was going out on the road that night. All bribes and persuasion were useless. "Well," said the Judge, "I've got to lecture there to-night. You wouldn't make me walk, would you?" The boy didn't care how far he walked; but as he continued cleaning a harness he kept thinking. "Going to lecture, are you?" "I reckon." "What might be your name?" "Tourgee." The boy thought a minute. "Are you the man that wrote 'A Fool's Errand?'" "I reckon I am." "Well, mister, you can just have that team, weather or no weather, and I reckon I'll drive you ever myself."

With celebrity comes the autograph hunter. Judge Tourgee has not escaped. His signature is a striking one, and much sought after. At times his mail is loaded with applications. An assistant or some member of his family opens them. Now and then the request is reasonable and the Judge grants it. Always a joker, he has hit upon various devices to head off the fiends. One plan has been to have his daughter write the answers. The young lady, entering heartily into the joke, practiced her father's signature until her writing of it could scarcely be detected from his. When the demands from the collectors come she writes her father's signature on a card, and to make the joke double-edged adds under it, "per E.," no doubt to the great satisfaction of the collector.

Once or twice the Judge has been checkmated. In good-natured exasperation, he had a quantity of cards printed with a couplet denouncing the autograph-hunter. These he signed and sent in response to demands, thinking that they would head off the collectors. Instead, however, they brought in a flood of requests for his autograph on that particular card.

One day a dainty note came, with the usual request. Evidently the writer was a dainty little lady still at school. In a jolly vein the Judge wrote on a card: "Good for one kiss on presentation," and signed his name. Long after, lecturing in a Western town he was surprised at the extreme good humor of the audience. They laughed at all his anecdotes before he had fairly told them, and at the close of the lecture kept their seats. Before the Judge could leave the stage a gentleman accompanied by a rosy-cheeked miss stepped out from the stage wings, and introduced the young lady as his daughter, who he believed, had a claim to present. Whereupon the damsel, with cheeks rosier than ever, gave the surprised lecturer the card, and demurely claimed the kiss, which was given to the intense delight of the audience and no doubt to the satisfaction of all concerned.

In this article glimpses of the lights and shadows of a busy life have been given. Judge Tourgee is a man whose only rest seems to be in work. During the past few months at his pleasant Mayville home, he has improved needed minutes of rest from literary work by inventing. He handles tools at his work-bench like a master carpenter. An outcome of this work is a half dozen patents, not all recent, on various parts of harnesses and wagons. He has invented a steel harness, claimed to be lighter, cheaper, and more durable than leather; hollow steel carriage poles and thills; metal carriage wheels with hollow felloes; a patent buckle; and, among other things, a patent button-hole. Some of his patents are in remunerative use; others it is proposed to manufacture ere long. They mostly pertain to horses, and furnish further proof of what his books have amply shown, that he is fond of a good horse.

In spite of illness and dread reminders from his old wound, his productive activity has been marvelous. Productive as his past life has been, there is little doubt that the coming years will bring a constant and worthy fruitage.

The writer has compared his literary work, in one aspect, to that of Hugo. There is one other with whom he may be worthily compared. In his trenchant mode of expression, as well as in the character of the work which he has done for the Spirit of Liberty the South may well recognize in Albion W. Tourgee a second and a more effective William G. Brownlow, "the fighting parson."

Judge Tourgee in "The Express."

EDITOR BUFFALO EXPRESS:—It has seemed to some of Judge Tourgee's admirers that The Express used to delight in stray flings at the distinguished author. But it is a pleasure to know that such impressions could have had no foundation. As one of the many admirers of Judge Tourgee, I wish to thank The Express for my share of pleasure derived from the sketch in the Sunday edition. It is not only a just tribute to a great man, but a credit to The Express, which never does things by halves.

The writer has no personal acquaintance with the judge, is not a "welcome contributor" or a "distinguished citizen." Yet, he might say for the judge's benefit, that there are voters in this end of the 32d district who would be glad to support him for either state or national honors.

Cattaraugus, Jan. 25. E.

BUFFALO EXPRESS

JUDGE TOURGEE'S LECTURE.

The Story of a Story Teller Told in an Entertaining Manner.

The lecture of the Hon. Albion W. Tourgee at the Central Presbyterian Church last evening was very well attended. The subject, "A Story-teller's Story," proved to be most appropriate, as the celebrated novelist drew largely from his personal recollections and his early attempts at literary achievements for the substance of his remarks. Judge Tourgee impresses his hearers as a man of genius and force of character, although not perhaps as possessing great powers of elocution and description. He speaks slowly, with distinct enunciation, and uses simple language, two admirable traits in a public speaker of whatever description.

The Judge began by observing that the author, the soldier, or the philosopher, in producing his narrative tells only of his personal achievements; to the story-teller alone it is reserved to tell the story of others, and to draw out from unwilling hearts the secrets they would hide from all the world. Between the story-teller and the novelist there was supposed to exist a magic line of demarkation, but where fiction ends and the narration of facts began he could not pretend to say. All these questions only folly asked, and folly sought to explain. Fiction has ever been the handmaid of truth. Columbus didn't discover the new world when he had sighted the Antilles. Logic was lifeless without the company of imagination. Fiction was not only the better, but the greater part of truth. When the prophets of old spoke to the people it was always in parable.

Why any one should seek to become a story-teller he would not undertake to explain. He had never prepared himself for that profession, and felt assured that what little he had accomplished in the domain of literature was the result only of an inborn desire to express in words the ideas which were in the days immediately following the War forced upon his imagination. "At the conclusion of that great struggle I found myself in a strange position. A mighty civilization had just left the earth. The condition of the South was never so clearly apprehended by the North as when slavery ceased to exist. A conviction I had never before dreamed of was then forced upon me—the fact that two great laws, two great civilizations, had existed side by side with a gulf between them as broad as any chasm which could divide two human hearts."

The speaker then gave a few of his personal recollections of incidents occurring in those unsettled days, which went to show the wide difference of opinion between the slave-owner and the Abolitionist. Some of these were very ludicrous and showed the almost pathetic reverence in which certain slave-holders regarded the divine right which made them the lawful possessors of these "human chattels." There were those who never allowed the use of "sugar to sweeten their outlook upon life," because it was the product of slave labor, and others who, with quite as true a religious sense, prayed every night that their property might not be delivered into the hands of the enemy.

"I suppose that with all good Americans I had at that time an idea that I should sooner or later write a story, but I concluded after my first attempt that literature was not my avocation; and, while I am in the confessional, I will go further and admit that I even perpetrated a poem; but it met its deserved fate of incineration." The lecturer gave a number of amusing instances of his early attempts in the literary arena, and let his hearers fully into the secret of the circumstances underlying the production of his first book, a selection from which he read with good expression.

This evening Judge Tourgee will treat of habits of work, facts in fiction, critics and criticism, literary larceny, an unintended murder, the K.K.K., some of the pleasures of renown, illustrative readings. There should be a large audience to welcome him.

Commercial Advertiser

"A Story Teller's Story."

The Hon. Albion W. Tourgee, now a resident of Mayville, Chautauqua county, and one of the most successful of American story writers, made his first appearance as a lecturer before a Buffalo audience last evening at the Central Presbyterian church under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association. The audience was a large and cultivated one, including many of our best people, and the eminent author of "A Fool's Errand," had reason to be well pleased with his reception. He is a gentleman of dignified appearance, and speaks with clearness and deliberation, without attempting any oratorical flights. In telling a humorous anecdote he is apt to use a drawl not unlike that of Mark Twain. Judge Tourgee's lecture or entertainment, was entitled "A Story Teller's Story," and was given for the first time in public. After an introduction, in which he dwelt on the relation of fiction

to actual life, the lecturer proceeded to speak of the influences of Southern civilization, and his own experiences, which first led him to become a writer of stories. He gave, incidentally, a series of pathetic and humorous anecdotes, illustrative of his main argument, and closed with extended selections from his own works, including a review of the character and political genius of Martin Van Buren.—

The second and concluding lecture will be given this evening, when Judge Tourgee will speak upon his habits of work, facts in fiction, critics and criticism, literary luxury, and some of the pleasures of renown. He will also tell of the K. K. K., give illustrative readings, and close with a graphic story of an unintentional murder.

THE COURIER.

JUDGE TOURGEE.

The First of His Two Lectures in the Central Church.

The brilliant audience which gathered at the Central Presbyterian church last evening to greet the author of "A Fool's Errand," Judge Albion W. Tourgee, exceeded in size any gathering at a purely literary lecture in this city since the night when the general desire to see the celebrated English churchman, Canon Farrar, caused the North church to overflow. The successful story-teller ascended the platform at 8 o'clock sharp, accompanied by N. S. Benedict, and was at once introduced. Judge Tourgee is somewhat above the medium height, of muscular build, with coal black hair, fine and glossy, a heavy, dark moustache which, parting, discloses a mouth denoting great firmness, and deep-set eyes overhung by brows so heavy as to make the forehead appear almost retreating. One would set him down at a glance as a keen observer, inclined to delve below the surface of life to determine the animating principles. In speech he is deliberate, throwing considerable spirit into his narratives, using dialect and mimicry but sparingly and always with good effect, but throughout depending for his success upon the polish of his diction and the force of his thought rather than upon any elocutionary attainments. As a reader, however, Judge Tourgee is a disappointment. He begins each selection faultlessly, but gradually his tone grows lower and more indifferent, the speed increases as though the chief desideratum were to get through, until finally what might have been made deeply interesting grows monotonous and the attention of the audience becomes distracted. Apparently this proceeds from that mistaken delicacy and modesty which make it difficult for some authors to give the proper spirit to their own productions lest they be accused of affectation.

The speaker opened by saying that the soldier, the sailor, the explorer—in short, everybody tell of achievements save the story-teller. He is never a hero but a worshiper of heroes. There are two forms of creative art, the ornamental and the significant; the art of story-telling belongs to the latter. He then went on to state the difference in the popular mind between the novelist and the story-teller, and to show how important an office imagination fills in the affairs of men. Thus by easy degrees he led up to theme of his own development into a story-teller, amid all the turmoil of popular feeling concerning the slavery question. He wrote poetry, the major portion of which was providentially incinerated and the remainder printed under a *nom de plume* as a matter of self-protection. He wrote a book for which he had no higher aspiration than to see it reviewed. It was printed at his own expense and an edition of eleven copies sold.

His first successful literary achievement was a report of a prize fight. The beautiful poem beginning with "Bring flowers, bright flowers, to garnish the tomb," was the product of his pen, and was sent anonymously to the orator of the day selected to pronounce a panygeric upon some confederate dead. The author of "Maryland, my Maryland," reviewed it to the extent of half a column of unstinted praise, closing with the assertion that without question the heart of the unknown writer had beat true to the cause of the confederacy. The speaker then described how he was led to write "A Fool's Errand" and other works dealing with the same theme. The entertainment closed with extended selections from his published works.

In his lecture this evening Judge Tourgee will speak upon the habits of work, facts in fiction, critics and criticism, literary luxury and some of the pleasures of renown. He will likewise tell of the K. K. K., give illustrative readings and close with a graphic story of an unintentional murder.

AN EVENING WITH TOURGEE.

He Tells Some of the Secrets of the Novelist—His Second Lecture.

Judge Tourgee again entertained a very large audience at the Central Presbyterian Church last evening, and as before took everybody into his confidence and simply talked to them. There was no far away effort to charm, no attempt at oratory. He discarded all manuscript and began with an apologetic reference to his having used notes on the previous evening. The apparent secret of his success is that he talks as though to every one personally. He is never caught addressing the corners of the room or trying flights above people's heads.

He supposed, he said, that it was a matter of curiosity to learn the modus operandi of making a novel—with him the question of characterization of a novel was the last things in the story. He must first fix on the time and the place. He must know of the peculiarities of the region he is to write about, how the streams ran, and where the boulders were to be found in them. He had once been brought severely to task by a reviewer because he had written that a certain bird had sung in a certain spot on a certain day. But a reference to his notebook proved that the bird had sung on the spot named at the time indicated.

Next comes the matter of names. "The selection of names has been one of the pet abominations of my life. You may think there is no difference whether a character is named Tom or Jack, but I tell you that the name Tom will run you entirely off the track if you have fixed it for Jack." And the speaker confessed to the use of directories and similar works when on a hunt for eligible names.

Those who have read "Daniel Deronda," he said, remember that in the middle of the work the author takes a sudden turn, and there is no doubt that George Eliot from this point had taken a new impulse which carried her story away beyond anything possible to it as first conceived. So it was with me in the character Boaz Woodway in "Figs and Thistles." When I was well on with this book I found that this character wouldn't work any longer, and so I left off writing the story for a year, and when my family asked me why I had stopped I replied that I was having it out with Boaz. When the struggle was over I threw away a good deal of the manuscript and began again.

I was asked through the post to-day how I came to write "A Fool's Errand," and how much of it was true? It was, I think, on May 15, 1877, that I conceived the idea of writing it, and for some time revolved it in my mind. When part of it was written I offered it to the editor of the *New-York Tribune* for $1,000. On reading it he declined the offer, and I have always had a very high opinion of him since that time. The statements in the book were all relations of facts that either came under my own observation or that of people well known to me. There were sometimes objections raised to the authenticity of some of the letters found in that book, as though the thing were impossible; yet they were all copies of real ones. So with the proposed burning of a victim on a bridge and the leaving of the body of Old Jerry hanging all day Sunday by the roadside. I wish some of them were not true.

Some people are asking to-day what K. K. K. stands for. I wish all the evils in the world would fade out of it as completely as that has. The Ku Klux Klan was a revolt of the Southern civilization against the new order of things. There was in it an admixture of patriotism and sectional pride. This organization once numbered 500,000 of the best of the South. All were well trained and well mounted, showing them to be the best and most influential men of the South, for the ragged and the poor do not ride on good horses there. I presume I have seen 1,000 lacerated backs whose owners had suffered the ills will of this organization, and I shall never forget that when 92 of them voted that I should die, there were two who swore that I should never suffer if they could prevent it.

Judge Tourgee spoke at some length of the colored people in the South, entered a plea for the poor Southern white man, and read several selections from his books.

The lecture ended with the reading of an unpublished poem which gives the story of liberty in America.

THE LEADER AND HERALD

TWO CIVILIZATIONS.

A Story-Teller's Story Related by Hon. Albion W. Tourgee at Case Hall.

The Judge's Early but Ineffectual Attempts to Enter Upon a Literary Career.

Grant Said a Nation That Had Done Wrong Must Pay the Penalty.

For over two hours last night Hon. Albion W. Tourgee held the rapt attention of a good sized audience at Case Hall. The lecture, "A Story Teller's Story," is an account of the early literary struggles of the novelist, together with the work that drew him into the peculiar field of literature of which he is the master. It was interspersed here and there with readings from his books and stories of personal encounters. At 8 o'clock the lecturer and Mr. E. R. Perkins walked upon the stage. A minute later Mr. Perkins, advancing to the front of the platform, said "Ladies and gentlemen: the orator is too well known to require an introduction. Born here upon the Western Reserve, he has had a long and varied experience upon the lecture platform and in the literary field. I know that you, who have braved this winter's cold to-night, in listening to "A Story Teller's Story," will not feel that you have come upon 'A Fool's Errand.' I present, without further words, Judge Tourgee."

The lecturer met with a hearty reception, and as the applause subsided stepped to the side of the desk and began: "A great Italian once said that the first duty of a great talker was to explain to the people why he talked. In 1879 I called at a book store in Cleveland and picked up a volume that I had never seen excepting in the proof sheets,

CALLED 'FIGS AND THISTLES.'

The accommodating book-dealer stepped from behind the counter, went over the pages with me, and pointed out the specific characters in the work, finding some one in his vicinity to fit each one. I questioned him on his familiarity with the persons until he became disgusted and said, 'Well, sir, if you had lived all your life upon the Western Reserve and knew enough of the people and life in this district, you would recognize the characters yourself.' I bought the book. It was the first time I ever purchased at retail one of my own works. For specific preparation in literary work I had only that which belongs to life in Northern Ohio. I had only the benefit of that life upon the Western Reserve during the studying of the great problem that forty years ago was thrilling the heart of the nation. I do not know that it was that life that gave to me my literary education. I do not know when it was that I began to write stories, and I feel that I have earned the gratitude of the reading nation, because I have burned more than I have ever published. I know, as a fact, that there were in this region not a few men who would not allow the cotton goods, sugar, and other products of slavery into their homes. They boycotted the principles of slavery. I remember seeing my good old father in tears because of the defeat of Henry Clay, while a neighbor stood by and thanked God that the brilliant orator could not lift his voice and use his magic words in defense of the traffic in human souls. I remember one man who prayed that the great black cancer that was eating life should be forever stamped out of existence. My young friend who would not

WEAR A COTTON SHIRT

because it was the price of slave work, was afterward standing over me with a musket upon his shoulder, a guard in a rebel prison in which I was confined. With such changes as these going on around me as it strange that after I went out into the world I should change and do something of scribbling. When the war was over I thought it had been nothing but a family quarrel, and that the little disturbance in the tide of human affairs would be of short duration. I cast my life and fortune into this new civilization, and thought that nothing else than the willennium of my life would be found in the land. I soon saw that there were two diverging and great civilizations. Of course I looked into and studied the phases of the question to find the cause and the result. The cannon had not ceased to roar when I began my studies. I will give you some of the pictures. I had a neighbor who hid in a cedar tree near his home while the rebels were hunting for conscripts. He afterwards said to me: 'Well, I made up my mind that the Confederates should not get me as long as the Cedar stood there.' My other neighbor was a Quaker, who, when captured and sent as a conscript into Virginia, said he could fight, but he did not know how to load a gun. A charge was to be made upon a Union breastwork. The officer in command when near the works cried, 'Halt,' and 'Fire.' The Quaker had no fire and did not know what 'halt' meant, and so marched on. He was the only man that scaled the Union works and got safely on the other side. A graduate of a Northern college showed me a barrel of fetters, and said he had no use for them as he now had no slaves to shackle. I had occasion to examine a good Christian lady's will. In it she had bequeathed to the church her man John and woman Jane. These two had sustained the relations of husband and wife to one another. The church sold them on the block, with Christian charity

KNOCKING DOWN THE WOMAN

to the man who bought her husband, and with the proceeds sent a missionary to China. Our life was a separate, distinct growth from that in which I had lived. Why we were what we were—what made the South the South and the North the North I had to learn. It became the problem of my life and the keynote of my thought. I had had some connection with the press before that time, a compound of a reporter and city editor hack upon a paper, but soon I found that I was not cut out for newspaper life. I had a way of cracking jokes at the expense of the editor. I have reported a battle, but I have learned that history must be like furniture—of oak and not of pine. I wrote the description of a battle before the war. At that time I was a devotee of muscular Christianity. When this conflict occurred I wrote from a leafy maple while the battle waged before me. The conflict raged hotly, when suddenly the police arrived and parted the combatants and arrested the principals, seconds, referees, spectators, and reporters, thus punishing the innocent with the guilty. The grounds were searched, but they did not shake the tree, and I was secure. I had faithfully reported each round, and as everyone was jailed I telegraphed a metropolitan journal and asked if I should send my account. I received a favorable reply, and for the first time found myself covered with glory in a display head and small cap subheads. It was the proudest moment of my life, for it was the first pay my pen had ever earned. I had previous y written some effusive lines in rhyme. The paper that published them died soon afterward. I wrote an anonymous serial for another paper but the editor and the suffering public know not to this day who was the author. At another time I wrote a book, hoping that it might be well reviewed. I did not care what the critic would say, as long as he deigned to mention it. I found an agreeable publisher who brought out the book at my own expense,

THE PRICE OF BLOOD MONEY

that I had earned by receiving wounds in my country's service. The number of volumes was limited, as was my purse. I did not publish my name, and until a few days ago I never told my wife who wrote it. I am sorry I told her at all. A year later I called to settle up with the publisher, and found he had sold eleven copies. Others had been sent to the press, but not one notice had been received. The publisher was sympathetic, and said that it was not as bad as it might have been. I asked him to try and buy back the books he had sold. The last time I heard from him he had received nine copies, and there are two still unheard from. I think the power of the newspaper is illustrated by the Scripture, where it says, 'Many sought to come with him, but could not for the press.' You may imagine that I was not inclined to literature, but when these surroundings came upon me I could not help writing sketches. The problem kept growing in its attractiveness and I saw the underlying forces that were at work and their growth. I saw suddenly that the growth had been gradual and that the war was nothing but the foam of these two great waves coming together. I then saw the whole of it and thought to make a story outlining my thought. I drew my plan to cover three phases, the history for forty years back, the conflict between the exponents of the two civilizations, and what came after. I vowed that I would write some sketches for my own amusement but one day I heard in a neighboring town a story that came from unseen lips that had been closed so long in the life of a slave. My house was empty when I arrived at home, and I wrote all night. I completed that first volume almost without sleeping or eating. I did not think of publishing it, and for six years the manuscript lay until a friend found it and insisted that it be sent into the world. It was a year later before it made its appearance. From that time volume followed volume in rapid succession. All that shaped my thought was not of myself, but of my surroundings and the life in which I lived. Fact is the sand upon the shore; fiction is what packs it and makes the beach. History gives but a bare outline; and

THE NOVELIST FILLS IT OUT;

not by guess work, but by rule. The morrow fulfills the past.

"I did not know that I was a novelist until the question was discussed by the critics. I do know that the novelist is the greatest bulwark of civilization, and the greatest and the noblest deeds from Homer's age down to the present are fostered and recorded by the writers of historical fiction.

"I do not know that I have ever used, under a fictitious name, a new life, but I have taken different characters and blended them into one personality. I suppose that the novelist makes a marvelous whole from several characteristics. The character of Boaz Woodley is attributed to several different men in the Western Reserve. I gave him a character and after writing twelve chapters found he would not follow in the line laid out. I argued with the old rascal; he sat at the table with me, scowled at me, stared at me, stormed at me, and finally after a year had passed he won the day and I finished the book. I wove the characters in so that they would come home to some people, but six hundred critics looked the book over and never found it out. It came home to one man, but he wrote and asked me if there was such an institution in Ohio as Woodley endowed. 'The Fool's Errand' is founded upon specific facts. I went to my room one day and sketched a plan that I eventually filled in. That fall nine chapters were sent to the editor of the New York *Tribune*, and I offered to finish the rest of the book for $1,000. My offer was declined. I have had a warm place in my heart for the *Tribune*, for in the first three months of its publication I netted $998.15. A literary man always finds fault with critics. I find no fault. They are more kind to me than I am to myself. In every case where they have criticised, that which seemed impossible to them has been the most true. The story of the colored man hanging while people passed to and fro from the sanctuary is absolutely true. I saw it myself. I have the sworn testimony of a student in theology as to the truth of the story of the theological student. When the war was over the people of the North thought that all was done, because 6,000,000 of slaves were loosened. We forgot that the greater problem of civilization was yet to come, a greater problem than slavery itself. When they were freed, the colored men were not worth a "quarter" apiece. A whole community did not have implements enough to build a log house. We expected that they would be as wise as Solomon and as pure as St. John. We required it of them. We said, 'We have given you opportunity and liberty

NOW ROOT HOG OR DIE.'

That great leader who but lately was laid away writes in his book, 'No nation can do wrong without paying the penalty.' Every wrong done must be paid for, and the people of the South must pay the penalty for the great injustice done the slave. We received the products of wrong, and we must pay for it. We must pay for it in money, and we may pay for it in blood. God gave the slave life. We gave him back what we took from him, and say we gave him liberty. Slavery brought the slave on, on, up to our civilization. Are we entitled to anything for this? The slave got this because we could not help it. Like smallpox, he got it from exposure. What did we give him for religion? We told him that God put the shield over the white man's head, and left the cabin door of the colored man open for the ravisher. We said that God sanctioned the white man's marriage, but the colored man could not be bound by so holy a tie. There must come, sooner or later, a settling of the balances between these two civilizations." The lecturer then spoke of the colored dialects, saying there were two kinds—one the conventional African dialect, as unlike the original as the Chinese found on the stage, and the other wonderful in its flexibility and smoothness. Judge Tourgee then continued: "I dislike to speak of the kuklux 'scare.' Everybody in the North laughed at it, and it looked funny in the illustrated papers, but to us who saw it was not so funny. It was not funny when our neighbor on the right was taken from the house and whipped and the men on the left found murdered. For five years my life was in jeopardy, and by turning into different roads while traveling I often saved my life." Several incidents of narrow escapes were related, and the speaker closed with the reading of a poem, "Bring flowers, bright flowers," and his story of "John Brown's interview with the colonel."

PLAIN DEALER.

A STORY TELLER'S STORY.

The Lecture and Readings by Judge Tourgee at Case Hall Last Evening.

Judge Tourgee appeared at Case hall last evening in "A Story Teller's Story" before a rather small audience. It was hardly a respectable reception to a novelist and public man of so great note. The author gave a very interesting dissertation upon the condition of the south since the civil war and the great topic which called forth his series of novels on the subject. The judge speaks in an easy, flowing and conversational style. With no pretensions to oratory he speaks with force and vividness of narrative. He spoke of the events and incidents which brought out his various works and gave several selections in his felicitous style. The conversation between the fool and the old union soldier was especially commendable.

THE CHRONICLE.

WARREN, FEBRUARY 5 1886.

Judge Tourgee's Lecture.

Whether it was a lecture, a talk, a series of recitations, an evening of story-telling, or by whatever name one may choose to designate the effort of Judge Tourgee, at the Opera House, last evening, the occasion was certainly a rare, pleasant and instructive entertainment. Those of our citizens who remember the days of the Polemic Club, when Warren was favored with lectures by the most eminent literary men in this country—Emerson, Philips, Tilton, Bayard Taylor and others of that class, and can call to mind the character and size of the audiences which generally assembled to hear these notable and intellectual men, will not be surprised to know that the audience last night was not as large as it might have been, but was one in point of appreciativeness, at least, that was creditable to the enviable reputation of the lecturer as a writer of fact and fiction.

Judge Tourgee, last evening, prefaced his "story" by commenting briefly on the peculiar characteristics of the people of the Western Reserve, showing that this section became a center of New England ideas, energies and predilections transferred to a wider and broader field than occupied under the old home roof-tree. A radical position assumed by the speaker was that in this country existed two distinct civilizations, one North and the other South. His experiences in both sections enabled him to discern the lines of difference very clearly, and it would take a long time to eradicate the deeprooted prejudices which have obtained on either hand. A number of interesting stories were told of the dangers, the trying situations, the savage threatenings, and the brutal treatment to which Union men, himself being of that number, were subject, by the Ku-Klux bandits of North Carolina. Those days of terror were illustrated by graphic accounts of adventures, some full of danger, and others overflowing with amusing delineations of peculiar Southern characters. A number of sketches and poems written by the Judge, were read by him, and the subjects or occasions inspiring them related. Judge Tourgee speaks to an audience in an easy, fluent, conversational style, and there is scarcely any attempt at impassioned oratory, yet his manner attracts and holds the hearer with a charmed power, which neither admits of a thought of tediousness nor allows the interest to relax. The only disappointment that any one could have felt last evening, could only have been because their were not a larger number present to enjoy a literary feast so ample and so excellent.

The Daily Beacon.

AKRON, OHIO, FEBRUARY 6, 1886.

A LITERARY FEAST.

THE ELOQUENT AND LEARNED JUDGE TOURGEE ENTERTAINS AN AKRON AUDIENCE—THE MEMORIES OF THE REBELLION.

It was not a very large out a well pleased audience that assembled in Columbia Hall last night, to listen to "A Story Teller's Story," as told by Judge Albion W. Tourgee, the eminent author, soldier, jurist and statesman. No doubt the intense cold prevented the hall from being filled; cold as it was, the hall was about half filled, and was very nicely warmed and quite comfortable. About 8 o'clock, Judge Tourgee appeared, accompanied by Capt. E. Fraunfelter, Commander of Buckley Post, who introduced the Judge, after a few pleasant preliminary remarks, saying: "It affords me extreme pleasure in presenting to you Judge Tourgee, a gallant soldier and illustrious author," Judge Tourgee is a man of about medium height, rather heavy set, black hair, piercing black eyes, and wears no beard, but supports a heavy moustache. He is a slow, deliberate, easy speaker and from the first word he uttered to the last one, held the closest attention of his hearers. The principal portion of the lecture last night consisted of reading selections from his works which were extremely interesting and humorous and kept the audience laughing. At the commencement of his talk, the Judge, referring to his introduction, said that this was the first he knew that he was a gallent soldier, but that he had spent the day with Col. Geo. T. Perkins in whose regiment he had served during the rebellion; that they had fought their battles over again and slain as many of the enemy as Sampson did of the Philistines, and with the same weapon. The Judge spoke very highly of Sergeant Holtzworth, who lectures at the Academy of Music to-night on the "Battle of Gettysburg," and expressed the hope that he would be greeted by a large audience. He said the young people of the North should be taught the history of the great rebellion, the cause and the result. He said the Southern people taught their children of the war from a Southern standpoint, and they are all familiar with its most minute details concerning the lost cause I don't object to this, but I do most emphatically object to the indifference manifested in the North concerning the enlightening of their children about this war which caused so much suffering and accomplished so much good. He hoped that the young people of the North would be encouraged in posting themselves concerning the war for the Union. He gave an instance of a son of one of the general officers of the North, who overhearing his father telling some incident of the war, asked whether the war of the Rebellion occured before or after the Mexican war. It is said that we should not stir up these old memories, but I say to you stir them up, keep your children well posted on the subject. Our enemies surrendered at Appomattox, and we have surrendered to them ever since. He said he did not know just when the inspiration came to him to write, but he thought it was in 1840. He was a native of the Western Reserve and from his youth up he was an earnest admirer of the Abolitionists for their earnestness in behalf of humanity. He believed he got his inspiration from them and especially from old John Brown. He said the cause of the war was not merely on account of the slavery question so much as it was the question of individual rights. The Judge told of a good woman in the early days of slavery, who in her will bequeathed her man John and woman Ann, man and wife, to the church. Upon the death of the woman the black man and his wife were put upon the block and the money they brought was used for sending a missionary to China. The Judge gave a graphic account of the workings of the Ku Klux, of their depredations and untold horrors. How the brown locks of his young wife were turned white in one night from the effects of these horrors. No one, said the Judge, can realize the reign of terror of those five years the Ku Klux were in operation excepting those who felt their power. As above stated, the greater part of the lecture last evening consisted of readings from his works, and read, too, in such a perfect, natural manner as to bring the subjects befor ehis audience so vividly as to make them almost visible. The lecture is one of those kind that cannot be reported in brief space and do it justice, and should be heard to be appreciated. It was the universal verdict that Judge Tourgee fully sustained the reputation which had preceded him here, and no doubt his books will be more sought after than ever by those who listened to his interesting "Story" last night. At the conclusion of the lecture Judge Tourgee, by request, read in a beautiful manner his poem which was read at the funeral of Gen. Grant, and which was greeted with enthusiastic applause.

Before the lecture commenced Prof. Fraunfelter announced that the prize, seven bound volumes of the Judge's works, for selling the greatest number of tickets for the lecture, had been won by Eddie Taggart, son of Adjt. E. F. Taggart, he having sold 104 tickets, and that the Judge would also give two more prizes, to the persons selling the second and third highest number. The second prize, a full set of the Judge's works, was awarded to Alice Reading, daughter of John Reading, the decorator, she selling 98 tickets, and the third, a choice of one of the Judge's books, was awarded to John McGregor, he having sold 74 tickets. These prizes were awarded by the Judge at the conclusion of the lecture.

A FAMOUS AUTHOR.

An Interview with Judge Tourgee, the Story Teller.

A Foretaste of the Treat which Awaits His Audience Tonight.

He Says the North and the South are Two Distinct Nations which will Soon Separate.

Buffalo people for the past week have been pulling Judge Tourgee's books down from the shelves and reading them over again in order that they may the more enjoy that author's lecture. The judge makes his first appearance before a Buffalo audience in the Central Church tonight, under the uspices of the Y. M. C. A., when he will tell "The Story Teller's Story." Tomorrow evening he lectures again, giving a sort of continuation of the previous lecture.

Judge Tourgee was found at the Mansion last night in a comfortable smoking jacket looking over his manuscript. He is a heavy built man of medium height and about 40 years of age. His face is clean shaven with the exception of a heavy black mustache. He is probably one of the most wonderful talkers that ever lived. When once seated it was almost impossible to get away from him. He talks with the slow deliberate drawl of

A TRUE HUMORIST

which he is in his own quiet way. "Why, yes," said he, "I believe I'm going to lecture tomorrow night, but what I'm going to say I'm sure I can't tell you. That is something I never know about myself till I get on the platform. I lived in the South a long time and I wrote some books. I shall tell why I wrote, why I wanted to write, and—why I couldn't help writing. I can't tell any personal experiences because I haven't had any, but I've seen some things though that are worth telling about perhaps. Why, now, I've had men come to me and tell me in a kindly way that they have written before me, the very things I've had in my books. I'll have to tell about them, you know; and then I'll have tell about the autograph fiends. They bother me a good deal. It will only be a medley, only a medley. I use the first person singular because I think it's the only modest way for a man to talk. Emperors and men that have tapeworms can say "we" all right enough though. I shall want to read some from my books, too. Those books are not six books, they are six parts of one book which was written to show that the south and the north were and are

TWO SEPARATE NATIONS.

Why, Charlestown and Boston are no more alike than Constantinople and St. Petersburg. You yourself don't look and talk like a Southerner any more than like a Muscovite. Now, just between you and me, and not to be proclaimed on the housetops either, I tell you that in twenty five years the north and the south will be two separate nations. They'll just drop apart without any civil war or anything of that kind. A boy who was deaf, dumb and blind, would know the difference as soon as he crossed the line; it's in the atmosphere.

All this I'm going to tell about. I am not an elocutionary pyrotechnic and I can't orate. I should rather like to if I could, but I can't.

Am I engaged in writing any books now? Well, strange to say, I don't know. I always have work on hand, but it is quite possible that the day before the manuscript is ready for publication I shall

THROW THE WHOLE INTO THE FIRE.

I've done such things before. The public owes me a great debt of gratitude for what I haven't published."

The author to show the difference between the north and the south which he had been telling about, read two extracts from his works. One showed the lightheartedness, absence of foreboding, and even merriment with which the south went to war, while the other from "Hot Plowshares" portrayed the sadness, anxiety and heaviness with which the north entered into the conflict. His reading though not in the smallest degree elocutionary, showed the meaning and true pathos of the passages in a way that could never be brought out by any but the man who wrote them.

A great treat awaits the people who gather in the Central Church tonight and tomorrow night, and a treat of which people will not be slow to take advantage.

A RAIN OF FIRE.

The Recollections of a Georgia Man of the Falling Stars of 1833.

Blackshear (Ga.) Georgian.

I have read many descriptions of what was called the falling stars or meteoric shower of 1833, and recently the account of an old man, who saw the shower or meteoric rain in Alabama, an account of which was copied from the Birmingham *Age* by the *News*. I do not call myself old, yet I was five years old when the event alluded to occurred, and witnessed it, as I remember, without fear. The impression is still fresh in my mind, though I have never read a description that agrees with what I saw, except when spoken of as sublimely grand! I will try to describe it as seen by me in Beaufort district, South Carolina—150 miles up the Savannah River, and about six miles from Matthews Bluff. At the residence of my aunt, at some hour before day (the date I do not remember) Uncle Fred came to my bed, took me in his arms to the front piazza, where he stood me on my feet to witness the rain of apparent liquid fire. I had no fear, for he was with me, and I had no appreciation of the terror it might have for those who dreaded the judgment.

It was a rain of fire, not stars. The stars, or sparks, only occurred at the end of the lines of fire. Imagine a rain of molten iron striking the earth, each drop bursting into sparks. Nothing else will compare. I could not now describe it, if experience with foundries and smiths' shops had not afforded the comparison. The fire fell in streams like the heaviest fire rain I ever witnessed, and swayed to and fro just as the water is by the motion of the clouds or wind. The only stars I saw were just as one sees when molten iron is rushing to or from the ladle, or when iron with a welding heat is withdrawn from the forge, or such as seen when the liquid metal drops upon the earth, or such as is seen in the wake of an exploded rocket. The strangest feature to me was, no such sparks or stars appeared except at the end of the line of fire rain, which stopped about five feet from the earth, as near as I can judge. The piazza had three steps from the ground. I could not have been more than three feet high, and the line of fire rain burst into sparks on a level with my eyes. None that I saw struck the earth, but after sparkling on this line, disappeared, to be succeeded by others in quick succession. I recollect distinctly observing the scene around the yard, and the road led directly from the gate, and wondering why none of the fire or sparks reached the earth. It was not as light as day, but a lurid light greater than I have ever seen since. Objects were perfectly discernible, though not so well as by daylight. I heard of many persons being terrified, but saw none. I do not recollect of seeing anything above the line of my vision—such as the tops of trees and houses. The fire rain was too thick to see through. After staying as long as was deemed prudent in my night clothes, my uncle returned me to bed. How long it was before daylight I do not know. I do know I slept until called to breakfast. I met an old gentleman some years ago who was in camp on the Texas prairies, who witnessed the meteoric shower of falling stars and whose account tallied more nearly with mine than any I have ever read or heard. He did not have my experience with molten metal, but when he heard my comparisons with the sparks or from a smith's forge, heartily indorsed me.

A CHURCH ARRAIGNED.

Old Trinity, of New York, the Alleged Owner of a Few Vile Tenements.

NEW YORK, Jan. 7.—The *Herald* this morning says: Last November the Constitution Club appointed a committee to examine into the condition of the tenement houses of New York City. Last night Dr. Gunn, Chairman

Church has the universal reputation, I find, among the wretched people who are forced to live in such places, of being the hardest and the meanest landlord in New York. The policy of the Trinity Church corporation is to never make repairs on a tenement they own, but to let it actually fall to pieces until no one, however wretched, can live in it. Then the corporation tears it down and builds a store or warehouse or a comparatively inexpensive flat house. It never spends its money to improve the condition of the poor. I may seem to be making sweeping accusations, but I know whereof I speak. Let any one who wishes to verify my statement go the building No. 34 Laight street, which is owned by Trinity Church, and is

INHABITED BY 200 PERSONS.

On the ground floor on the Laight street side is a liquor store, although Trinity Church professes never to rent to liquor dealers. The building is in the most terrible condition imaginable. The floors of the halls are covered with filth from overflowed sinks and closets. The halls are so dark that it is almost impossible to see one's hands before one's face. The stairways are broken; the skylights on the top floor are kept fastened, and how any human being can live in such a den it is difficult to imagine. No. 63 Watts street is another tenement house owned by Trinity Church and rented to its occupants directly from Trinity Church office. My attention was called to it by an outbreak of scarlet fever some months ago. The father of the sick children went to Trinity's office and complained of the defective plumbing. He was told that if he didn't like it he could get out. The cellar, gentlemen, was filled a foot deep with sewage that had leaked from the broken sewer pipes. The floors of the halls were so covered with filth from the same source that it deadened the sound of one's footsteps. The Board of Health was notified and was forced to order Trinity to make some repairs, as scarlet fever was a contagious disease."

NEW YORK, Jan. 7.—Colonel S. V. R. Ruger, Comptroller of the Trinity Church Corporation, says of the places mentioned by Dr. Gunn, only one belongs to Trinity; that the church keeps its property in repair and does more for its tenants than most of owners of tenement houses.

THE NORTH STATE.

GREENSBORO, N. C.

THURSDAY, DEC. 24, 1885.

THOS. B. KEOGH, JAMES E. BOYD, } Eds. & Prop'rs.

Who is to Blame?

Speaking of presentments of road overseers by the grand jury, the Pittsboro Home relates the following incident:

When Tourgee—long may he live in some other land than ours—was on the bench in this district, and was holding court in the good old county of Chatham, he was fierce upon the road overseers and directed the grand jury to present all the roads, and for the Solicitor to indict the overseers. Towards the conclusion of the week the grand jury filed into the court room and asked to be discharged as there was no other business for them to do, whereupon the following colloquy ensued:

Judge—"Mr. Foreman, have you made a presentment of the roads in your county?" —in a drawling tone.

The foreman, a worthy and honest old gentleman who could beat the judge two in the game at a drawl, replied; "We have not Mr. Judge."

Judge:—The court refuses to discharge you; you will return to your room and resume your duties." Slowly and solemnly the venerable foreman filed out of the court room followed by his associates.

The next day when the jury came in and asked to be discharged Tourgee again asked: "Mr. Foreman have you made presentments of the roads in your county, none of which are in a lawful condition."

"We have not Mr. Judge," came drawling back to the drawling judge. The scene became interesting. The judge is in a "wall-eyed" rage. The foreman stands with impurturable gravity. "The court refuses to discharge you. And further, Mr. Foreman if you continue to disregard the instructions given you, the court will take the whole of you with it around the circuit till you become willing to obey its orders."

The foreman replied, "We'll go with you, Mr, Judge. I've got enough in my wagon to last the boys till Saturday night. I'll send my wagon by home and get some more. Yes, we'll go Mr. Judge."

The roads were not prosecuted. Mr. Henderson and his jurors were not carried around the circuit either, and it was not because Tourgee did not want to do it.

It is not needful that we defend the Judge in his course with such grand-jury, or even to justify it as most prudent under the circumstances. He is beyond the reach of such misrule as this paragraph and it does him no hurt although dipped in venom.

We have other purposes in reproducing the article and would direct attention to juror morality, as well as give a reason for North Carolina's condition as respects her highways. Every one knows that "the public highways" of North Carolina are a disgrace to its people—that they for a part of the year at least impede travel and always repel the immigrant. Every one who cares to know does know that our Statute Books are burdened with stringent laws that demand good, safe and convenient public roads, and that they be kept in good repair, and providing the men and means to make the laws effective.

Those who attend our Superior Courts also know that an item in the Judge's charge almost invariably is on opening the court, to direct the attention of the grand jury to the law and the condition of the public roads. Every one who is competent to be a grand juror also knows that he is sworn most solemnly to make due presentment of all infractions of the laws of the State. A grand jury consists of not less than twelve citizens of the county, supposed to be "good and true men," who come up from all sections of the county and who are cognizant of the doings of the people and also of the state of the public highways. We make due allowance for the rhetorical embellishment of the legend given above, and yet receive the collision between the Judge and the grand jury.

What have we then before us? A road law mandatory and stringent, with overseers appointed under penalties.—A judge's charge directing attention to the violations of this law. A grand jury sworn to make return of the violations of this law. A grand jury that defiantly refuses to make returns of such violations of public law. And a newspaper that indirectly, at least, commends this grand jury for its conduct in the case. Under such condition is it any wonder that the roads should be a nuisance and degrade the State? If grand juries and magistrates had done their duty under the laws we have, North Carolina would not to-day need to be ashamed of her highways. But when juries are lauded for the refusal to perform a sworn duty —when officials under the law neglect to enforce the law—what but confusion and disgrace can follow? When week after week doleful complaints are made of lawlessness and crime, is it any wonder having grand juries of the character of the one given? Who out of hate or prejudice against the court, or of fellow-feeling with the violators of the law, refuse to perform a sworn duty, and make presentment of the offenders. What must be the moral sense of a community that can see a hero in a man such as this foreman shows himself to be? Why should the people of North Carolina be burdened with heavy taxes to have a General Assembly enact laws to be set at naught by every grand jury? What feeling of security can the good people have in a community that has her "good and true men" of no higher sense of the obligation of an oath than here given? If men, such as these are represented to be in this article, are the "good and true men," what must be the morality and the citizenship of those citizens who fall below this standard? Is it any wonder that there is distrust of the jury system expressed on all hands? Is it any wonder that lynching is the order of the day in Chatham county?

Then these men, "good and true," as we apprehend the case, were not niggers, scallawags, or carpet-baggers.—Does it not argue a vitiation of the good old stock of native Carolinians? Is there not need that in school, the press and the pulpit take heed to their teaching? When men have no more respect for the law of the land and make no account of their oath, are placed on a petit jury, what possible security has a man for property or life?

We are writing and talking about education, manufacturing, agriculture, immigration, &c., as mighty engines with which to build up the State, but while public morality is below par—while the oath is a mere sham—when the courts set an example of the violations of law and justice—as long as the press makes heroes of law-breakers and commends their deeds: so long North Carolina will not grow in greatness—so long business will have no securtiy under which to grow—so long life will be at the mercy of the lynchers.

What good law—what effort for the ennobling of the State can be put in force or realized, as long as men make no account of their public, civic duties, and admit no absolute binding authority in the exaction of an oath. We have public schools, graded schools, industrial schools, colleges and a university, but do we not need some agency which shall teach men to be truthful and honest? To fear God and obey the law of the State? Without fear, favor or affection perform their public and their private duties as men and citizens?

THE REPUBLICAN:

ST. LOUIS, SATURDAY

LOGANSPORT, INDIANA

FEBRUARY 11, 1886.

DAILY JOURNAL.

TOURGEE'S LECTURE.

Judge Albion W. Tourgee spoke very pleasantly about literary men and their experiences for nearly two hours last night to a small audience in Memorial hall.

The novelist's principal difficulty while composing, Judge Tourgee said, when he had appeared upon the rostrum in a dress suit and had dived without introduction into the middle of his subject, was the selection of a proper and harmonious name for his characters. Dickens found curious names and shocked the reader by making the names fit the characters badly. We should all have liked Dombey better if he had had another name. Walter Scott was a contrast to Dickens. Dickens sometimes made the name overshadow the character. Scott always made his character support the name. Zola selected names ill-suited to the character. The authoress of "One Summer" and "When" gave her characters names which they bore easily and which helped them to be agreeable to the reader. Sometimes the novelist numbered his characters and took them through composition until the end of the work when he gave them names. Dickens named one character three times before he finally called him Sam Weller. No writer had been able to invent names except John Bunyan.

Judge Tourgee said that no critic had even been able to write as badly about his books as he felt, and that he liked them all, and didn't join in the assaults by authors generally upon them. The most satisfactory criticism of his works he had ever read had been written by a St. Louis critic.

Of the profits of his writings Judge Tourgee said that he had once offered the "Fool's Errand" to Whitelaw Reid for $1,000. It was refused. The author's royalties on the book for the six months after it was published amounted to $24,000.

The autograph collector, literary thieves and international copyright were discussed at some length and some selections from his own works were read before he concluded.

St. Louis Globe Democrat.

A Story-Teller's Experiences.

Mr. Albion W. Tourgee last night addressed an audience that looked insignificant even in Memorial Hall, which never was intended to rival the ark in capacity. His lecture was of greater interest than that of the preceding night, but failing in elements of popularity. He said of "A Fool's Errand" that it was written because he saw and felt. He could not help it. The greater part of the book was written in three days. He went home one evening and found his family had gone to the country. He sat down to meditate; wrote; and when, the next day, his wife returned she found him still writing. The manuscript was laid by and not touched for six years. Then the first chapters were offered to Whitelaw Reid, of the New York *Tribune*, with the information that he could have the completed work for $1,000. He refused it, and, said the lecturer, "I think very wisely and justly. I realized from the sale of the work in the first six months after its publication $2,400." The nomenclature of a novel was, he said, the most important feature in the consideration of an author's method. A name was sometimes all and everything to a novel, or a character. He found strong objections to the names of some of Dickens' characters and a remarkable harmony between the names Blanche Willis Howard uses in "Guenn" and "One Summer" and the people she dubs with them. For himself he carries his characters through a third, a half or the whole of a volume by numbers, never christening them until he has found a name to suit. Of peculiar circumstances connected with the uses of names, and incidents he had a great number. A critic once condemned him for defaming American womanhood in writing a description of a courtship on horseback, at the end of which the girl suffered herself to be kissed, though on a public road and in daylight. The critic said this was wildly unnatural and could not have happened. The next day after reading the criticism the author received a letter from Gen. Custer containing the inquiry: "Say, old fellow, where did you learn the story of my courtship."

Of the motive of "A Fool's Errand" and the five novels following he had much to say. On critics he was more just than the average, and as a sop said the most discriminating, though not a laudatory, criticism of his first novel was written in St. Louis, by whom he knew not. Self-depreciation put him always in advance of any thing defamatory a critic might say. The English critic was an animal he did not care to cope with, that individual knowing more than the Lord could have learned at the same age. Readings from a published work and another poem closed the lecture.

INSULTED ON THE STAGE.

A Cowardly Fool Gets in His Work at the Opera House Last Night—The Opera House Attaches in the Scheme.

Manager Dolan Owes it to the Public to Fire the Whole Gang.

An attempt was made by some brainless ass to publicly insult Judge Tourgee in the midst of his lecture at the opera house last night. After the lecturer had been speaking for probable a half hour, two small boys, with their faces blacked and their coats turned wrong-side out, appeared on the stage carrying a broken pitcher and a goblet with the handle knocked off. They placed these articles on the stand by the speaker's side and withdrew. Judge Tourgee was doubtless as much at a loss to know the meaning of the strange proceedings as was the audience, but not the least disturbed, he dismissed the youngsters. The audience could not see the point, but supposed it was "in the play" and that they would be expected to laughe, and consequently they laughed. In the course of a half hour the two little "supes" appeared again, and interrupted the lecturer. He turned, and in language that could not be misunderstood, ordered them from the stage, and they lost no time in taking their departure. The audience at once saw that the boys had been used by some brainless fool to embarrass the distinguish gentleman, and everybody was indignant.

Last evening the Journal reporter made an attempt to run the matter down and see who was responsible but was not successful. Mr. Chase, Judge Torgee's manager, went behind the scenes and found the boys in the wash room attempting to get the black off their faces. He states that the attaches of the house were standing around laughing over the affair and assisting in putting the youngsters in shape. He says that the stage manager and fireman were particularly conspicuous, and that one of the boys was dressed in the fireman's clothes. Everybody claimed to be in ignorance as to the responsibility of the abominably conceived, miserably executed, and highly indecent piece of business, and the two boys who figured in the matter said they had been induced to play the part by "some one down on the street."

Judge Torgee was seen at the New Barnett last evening and stated that the only way he could explain the matter was from the hypothesis that some dwarfed and misshapen partisan fool, supposing that the lecture was a speech on behalf of the emancipated negro, took this means of embarrassing him. This is the only explanation that can be offered. It failed in its object and the gentleman whom it was expected to annoy simply laughed abou the matter.

The people of Logansport cannot afford to treat the affair as generously as did the gifted lecturer. He came here as our guest, and that there are in our midst such low and degraded whelps as the individuals who originated this affair, should cause all respectable people to blush. One thing is certain, the attaches of the opera house, if they did not originate the scheme, smiled on it and winked at its execution. They assisted the boys in the plot by tearing their clothes. Manager Dolen can't afford to let the matter pass unrebuked. Every employe about the building who stood by and saw those youngsters deliberately insult the speaker by twice forcing themselves upon him, should be unceremoniously driven from the house. It was a flagrant outrage on respectability, a cowardly insult to the audience as well as the speaker, and could have originated only in the head of a pitiable fool and coward. The public demands an explanation.

THE DAILY COMMONWEALTH.

The Lecture Last Night.

Those who went to the opera house last night, expecting to hear a political speech, were disappointed. Judge Tourgee's reputation in this part of the country was built up on "The Fool's Errand," and from the mere fact that this book was written to impress the people of the country with the importance of taking hold of the question that brought into existence the Ku Klux of the south many people supposed that this distinguished gentleman was simply going around over the country making Republican speeches. This idea is foolish and absurd, as a lecture was never delivered in this city that was more widely divorced from politics.

The speaker was introduced by Judge Baldwin in a short, neat speech and he at once launched out upon his theme, "The Story Teller's Story." The lecture is just what it purports to be—an author's trials and tribulations, his joys and rewards, in short an author's experience. Judge Torgee told of his first venture in print, of the first time when he had the inexpressible pleasure of seeing his name in the papers. It was when, as a college boy, he left the college halls and skipped to Canada to witness the celebrated prize fight between Morrissey and Heenan. He watched the battle from the top of a small tree that stood near the ring and carefully noted the various rounds. Just as the fight was finished the police swooped down on the crowd and gobbled it up, prize fighters, their backers, newspaper reporters, spectators and all. He was not observed, and as soon as the officers were hid from view climbed down from the tree, posted off to the nearest telegraph station and wired a graphic description of the various rounds to the metropolitan papers, which was the only account that appeared in the papers the next morning. The delicious sensation he experienced by seeing his name in print, was only exceeded by the checks he received for the timely service performed.

Judge Tourgee's first attempt at novel writing was made during the war, while lying upon his back in the hospital. The book was published at his own expense, but he never heard of any man who had the nerve to read it. Over 1400 copies were printed, and but two copies are yet extant. This first child of his imagination died in its infancy, in fact, was never born—not even still-born. Copies of the book were sent to the various newspapers of the country and none of them ever deigned to notice it. He never saw its name it print, and calling all the copies in, cut them up and sold them for old paper.

The lecturer, in a facetious vein, paid his respects to the literary critic, and to the autograph fiend. The most exquisite pleasure the author experiences is that which comes with the perusal of the first delicately tinted note from a femenine hand, requesting an autograph. This is to the book writer a sure sign that his fame is boundless, and secure for all eternity. In time, however, the joy

caused by this first autograph request turns to dispair, for scores of letters from these fiends come in by every mail. The speaker touched incidentally on the thought that called out "The Fool's Errand," and in its discussion showed himself to the audience as the author and thinker, with whom they were familiar.

Judge Tourgee's style of oratory is decidedly original. He carries his hearers with him and they never lose interest in the speaker and his theme. His thoughts upon the platform are clothed in the same choice language that adorns his various writings. The G. A. R. have a right to congratulate themselves upon the success of their venture.

THE FUTURE OF THE BLACK

Wonderful Growth of the Negro Since He Was Made a Freedman.

Judge Albion W. Tourgee's Interesting Talk at Meridian-Street Church—Facts To Be Considered by the White People.

Judge Albion W. Tourgee, the well-known author, spoke at Meridian-street M. E. Church yesterday morning, his subject being, "The Relations of Christianity to the Future of the Negro Race." He said:

Christianity is the only religious system having a universally active voice. Its command may be embraced in two words—"go" and "do." The spirit of Christianity is the spirit of our American civilization. It has not only shaped it, but it is responsible for it. If there is to be found in our aggregated general relations, evils, it is American Christianity that has been to blame. If there is good there, it is to American Christianity that the credit must be given. "Go and do"—not as proselyters, not as seekers for individuals, nor even as givers of alms, nor as what we mistakenly term benevolence; not as giving crumbs to beggars and asking them to be satisfied, but doing good and doing it right straight forward, not pausing by the way for formal salutations from any man.

If our American Christianity or American civilization, which is the same thing, has been wrong in the past, its first great duty is to right that wrong. Our great leader, whose soul went up from the heights of Mt. McGregor, in those last days when his trembling hand almost refused to obey the heroic will, wrote one sentence, an immortal heritage to the American people: "No Nation can do evil and not pay the full penalty." Our history in the past has brought this truth very vividly to our mind, but the question may yet arise whether the penalties for the past have been fully worked out. Our American Christianity, if it have any relation to the fate of the colored race in America, is, therefore, an active relation; not of a purely benevolent or beneficial character, but based upon justice, upon righteousness, and the questions we must answer today or to morrow, or in some near to-morrow, are "What does justice demand of us to them?" and "What does righteousness demand of us to them?"

With the advent of the African negro in America—and I use the term advisedly, for I shall wish to call your attention hereafter to the fact that our negro is an American—there came to our civilization two great questions. One of these was recognized instantly by the Christian church. Three years after the first negro was landed in America, and became a slave by the voice of the law, the church raised its voice against slavery. The cry was raised that no man upon whom the water of baptism had once dropped could be held by another Christian in bondage, because the vows taken to the Lord made him a free human soul, and no human band might touch him without unpardonable sin. The church stood manfully by this until afterwards, when the law interfered, lest the church should shatter the shackles of the slave. The name of the great dissenter Whitefield was greater than that of any other person in this new land. He sent back word to England that the colony of Georgia did not want slavery; that men who had owned slaves had set them free; that they had felt the curse, and stain, and danger that it brought to white and black alike. This man spoke God's word, and demanded that slavery be abandoned in the colony of Georgia. Here we see the church spoke out first on both sides of this question.

If there was evil in slavery, Christianity and civilization in America were responsible for it, and the time came when we paid the penalty. We reached that point in our development when it became necessary that this question should be settled, striking off the form and husk of slavery, and we did it at the fifty-ninth minute of the eleventh hour. We waited as long as we could wait. We said it is true this is terrible, but we have tied ourselves up and we cannot help it. But there came a time when the knot was untied. The sword of the Lord touched our bound hands and made us, against our will and purpose, the instruments of divine justice and mercy. And then we said, "It is settled, we will think no more about it;" we have paid the penalty, all men stand free in our land, the golden gate of opportunity is opened to all men in our land.

We have answered the cry of the freedman as the primal murderer, "Am I my brother's keeper!" When it is suggested that these inexpressibly ignorant people be educated by the government of the United States, we answer, in a phrase of classic slang, "root hog, or die," and we mean it too. We don't desire to hear any more of our duty in that respect. It is the tendency of our American life to believe that we are a peculiar people; that we have a luck that passeth all understanding and will bridge over any Rubicon that we may come to. We are apt to forget that yesterday always shapes to day, and to-day puts on its brand of identity and stamps to morrow. The question we now have before us is greater than slavery, as a man's heart and brain are greater than his hands. Slavery was a condition of life; this question is the life itself. Bondage was stricken out of existence; color remains as a fact. The African is not so easily bleached. The effect of the condition of his life may be changed; but not in an hour, not in a generation, not in many generations can men be changed from what we found them. The growth of a man, white or black, is a slow thing. These people cannot change in a mere breath of circumstances. The question that confronts American Christians to-day is the relation of color in the southern part of our Republic. Two-thirds of the colored life of the United States is to be found in six States. Of the 8,000,000 of these people, five and a half or probably six millions are in eight States, and in these eight States the white and black populations have not 100,000 between them. Is the colored population going to stay, and if it is going to stay is it going to stay where it is, or spread over our whole land? Will they stay where they are growing thicker and closer, and blacker and darker year after year, as the future goes on? The question seems to me so curious. They are on the very ground where a former civilization died and a new one is springing into life. Why should the colored man not stay there? He was reared there, and three hundred years of habitat in bondage have not prepared him for migration. Just think what it took to get the Israelites out of Egypt, with the Lord and Moses and Aaron all working together, and they seem to have had their hands full. Even after they had crossed the Red sea they desired to return to Egypt. They were weakened by 430 years of bondage. They were afraid to face the dangers of the wilderness and the strong people they were to meet and overcome. This feeling is true individually and collectively of the colored people of the United States. Trained as a laborer, given a perfect knowledge of the life, and sun, and soil, all that he learned in bondage, and the great Northwest is not only terra incognita to him, but terror which he cannot face with fortitude or any hope of success. In a free country it is only the best and strongest that dare go away from home. Slavery never shaped a migratory people. There is but one instance in history where a slave people have been forced out of their habitat. Our negro feels the debilitating effects of slavery, and will feel them for many generations yet. There is the hope among many that there is coming a great exodus that will sweep the colored man out of the great eastern States of the South, and our eyes turn back to the exodus of years ago. I have no doubt you believe that made its impress on the colored race. It did not; and it needs exceedingly fine mathematical powers to find any trace of that exodus at all. It is like looking for a bottle of ammonia in the Atlantic with a litmus paper. We can see him a great way off, even in a crowd, for his is a fast color; but in our vital statistics we find that all this is nothing. He is going to stay where he is because he cannot go away from home, and because no people ever got a foothold on the bottom of the ladder until they jostle those at the top. They are at the lowest round now. We think he has not been making much progress. We feel a desire that the slave who came out of bondage should be a little wiser than Solomon and a little whiter than St. John. We were angry at him because he was not better than an ordinary white man. We turned our backs on him.

Can he be developed? He can not be. No man can be developed. You cannot put Christianity, or soul, or power into another man. You can only give him an opportunity—a fair, free show at it—and let him go and get it himself. As to the question what may be his ultimate development I know nothing; I care nothing. He is either able to rise to be the peer of the white man, or he is not. If he is, he is entitled to the right to try. If he is not, he has a right to be something better and nobler, and the Anglo-Saxon race has no right not to give him a chance. I thank God he does not stand before us any more as a pauper. He stands as a man appealing to sense of duty and right. There is much talk about the survival of the fittest. The survival of the fittest may mean the survival of the toughest. Slavery was a terrible hard master, but it taught the slave to suffer and to wait. It taught him to endure what a higher form of life could not endure.

[The speaker here gave an interesting series of figures, showing the rapid increase of the colored race in the Southern States, and that the white race there was falling behind in numbers. He also showed that these States of the South were favorable to only two kinds of northern emigrants, capitalists and consumptives.]

There has been an increase of 35 per cent. in the colored population of these States in ten years. The simple fact is that slavery toughened the slave.

You don't know what this freed man started upon. The whole six millions that were freed were not worth six millions of dollars outside the poor clothes they stood in. They had literally nothing. They were as bad off as Cain when he started to farming—when he had only a sharpened stick, perhaps. It was the greatest mass of absolute poverty ever known on earth. In the State of Georgia to-day the negro is assessed for nine millions of dollars—as per gross, I venture to say, that no race in history has shown; and under such difficulties—250 years of slavery—during the last twenty years their advancement has been marvelous. They are making better progress to-day under their opportunities than any like number of Northern men. The census tells us that 17 per cent of them can read and write. I do not believe it. I think 5 per cent. would be nearer the truth. If there is anything the colored man is inclined to lie about it is his acquaintance with the Cadmean mystery. A colored boy who assumed to know his alphabet was show the letter h. "Well, ma'am," said he, "I know it but I done gone forgit its name." If 5 per cent. can write, it is a miracle that Christianity may well congratulate itself upon.

Two years ago I rode through the States of North and South Carolina and in that whole distance I found only five white blacksmiths. The colored man had taken up the hammer and the sledge because he could work longer and cheaper and trust longer than the white man. He is learning the tricks of the white man. "Buck," said I to a negro smith, whose shop had burned down—he kept his account with customers in chalk upon the door in a system of hieroglyphics that would have done honor to Egypt—"Buck, how about your accounts?" "Oh," was the reply, "they are all right, and on a heap better men than afore."

1865 there was not a colored man in the county of Guilford, North Carolina, that held a paint brush. Now there is not a white painter there who can make a living out of it. The colored man, toughened by many generations, is working his way up the ladder by his own hand and his own power. Out of these eight States the white man is moving away with a rapidity that would startle you. The negro is gaining 1 per cent. a year by his faculty of staying at home and minding his own business. It has only been recently that he has had a name—two names. He was born and lived, was tried and hanged under his Christian name of Jim or John. There were no marriages. He had no wife, no child. No father dared claim his child, no husband his wife. There was not a tie that went to make manhood worthy and womanhood beautiful. Under every possible disadvantage they have formed congregations, built churches, paid ministers, supported bishops, paid for publications and, besides that, showed a power and vigor that no other Christian organization ever showed. They have even sent missionaries to India, to China and to Africa. With civilization hanging like a millstone round his neck instead of lifting him he is going to rise.

But, unfortunately, slavery could not die in an instant. It could no more die in the master's heart than in the slave's. I do not desire to say anything offensive to the slaveholder. It was our national evil. The man who says, with the master, nothing can get into the slave's heart, never saw into the slave's heart. I suppose Pharoah would have said the Hebrews were worthless, shackling creatures. But that people who met them afterwards and were wiped out of existence between sunrise and sunset thought differently. The master knows him only as a nigger. He does not know him as a man with a soul and with human aspirations. He knows no more of him than if he had been reared in an inaccessible island in the Atlantic. The two peoples of the South are separated, in this way and by the gulf of color. The struggle that must come between those who are going up the ladder and those who don't believe in going down—no man can tell what it will be. Five billions of days of the negros' work went into our national existence. It went into our treasury. It was a part of every tradesman's capital, of every manufacturer's profit. And we have to pay it dollar for dollar, with interest. We may pay it in blood—God only knows. In giving him liberty we only returned to him what God had given him before. We cannot come here with the thief's plea of restored property.

If there is one miracle on earth it is the colored man's religion. What did we give him that should sanctify the white man's religion to him? If the slave got anything of Christianity from us, let us thank God he took our teaching and not our practice. The question stands against us, the question of righteousness and justice; shall we pay it? The time may come when the race that is going up and the one that is going down will come in collision. It is an American negro, not an African. The only hope for the peaceful solution of this danger is to give in charity, in kindness. Let us give them light in place of darkness, knowledge in place of ignorance, right in place of wrong, justice in place of oppression. Sometime ago I spoke to him who was then President on this subject. I said if the government of the United States would put into the education of the whites and blacks at the South ten millions a year for a few years, it would all be paid back within fifty years. We would get it all back in postage stamps alone. We can help these people to make men and women of themselves. Out of a record of 300 colored girls, who were educated, and whom I have known, looking upon their lives, but five of those were not good—and that of a race we declare has no inclination or tendency to virtue. This question of educating the blacks of the South should appeal to every American heart. We are considering where to find a market for our manufactures. Right here are 8,000,000 people at our doors—a home market. With every ounce of knowledge going into their minds would go a million dollars' worth of our manufactures for their consumption.

A collection was then taken up, the members of the congregation contributing as they chose to the Freedman's Aid Society or to the educational fund of DePauw University. The collection was a generous one.

rival of the fittest. There was no such thing, it was a survival of the toughest. The colored race had been hardened and toughened by four hundred years of bondage, and could and would outlive the Anglo Saxon under similar circumstances.

He said that it had been suggested that emigration from the North to South would counterbalance the increase of the colored race. That also was a mistaken idea, for but two classes of Northern people could live in the South—capitalists and consumptives. He said that the people of the North had gone upon the idea that when they gave freedom to the negro they did all they ought to, and were mad because the negro, after a most degrading bondage, did not at once blossom out into the best class of citizens, strong and wise. He gave facts to show what the colored man had done, when he was turned out for to do for himself, without a hoe to dig with or a foot of land to dig; yet in Georgia alone they are now assessed as the owners of $9,000,000 worth of property. When the war ended there were no colored blacksmiths, carpenters, painters or mechanics in the South; now nearly all the work of that kind is done by the blacks.

He said that history disclosed the fact that no servile race had ever got hold of the lower round of the ladder that did not sooner or later jostle those at the top. The blacks were now on the lower round. When the war ended there were no black wives at the South, no fathers, no children who could call for a father's protection, but now charity and virtue were the rule and not the exception. These people were here, they could not be got rid of; they were poor, struggling with poverty, with ignorance. Enlightened Christianity pointed out the only remedy. It was the duty of the whites to educate them that they might become in all things good citizens. He had once told the President of the United States that $10,000,000 or $20,000,000 annually expended for twenty years by the General Government to educate the blacks would be a paying investment, and the Government would get the money all back in fifty years in postage stamps alone. We talked about finding a market for our surplus manufactures. In the South were 6,000,000 consumers, who would become large purchasers if they could once get a stand in the struggle of life.

FUTURE OF THE NEGRO

ITS RELATION TO CHRISTIANITY.

Lecture at Meridian Street Methodist Church by Judge Tourgee—What the American Owes the Slave—How the Latter Must be Taught.

The audience room of the Meridian Street Methodist Church was filled to overflowing yesterday morning, notwithstanding the muddy streets and lowering sky, to hear Judge A. W. Tourgee speak on "The Relations of American Christianity to the Future of the Negro." He was introduced to the congregation by the pastor as "a Methodist himself," and spoke for upward of an hour, declaring that christianity was the only religious system having an universal active voice. "As far as its work is concerned," he said, "it may be embraced in two words: 'Go' and 'Do;' not for any class, not for any specific people, but 'do good to all men.' The spirit of christianity is the spirit of our American civilization; it has not only shaped it, but it is responsible for it. If there are to be found in our aggregate general relations evil, it is American christianity that is in the blame; if there is good there, it is to American christianity that the credit must be given. If our American christianity, or American civilization—which is the same thing—has done wrong in the past, its first great duty is to right that wrong. Our great leader, whose spirit not long since went up from the heights of Mount McGregor, in his last days when his trembling hand almost refused to obey the heroic spirit, wrote one sentence which, if he had written no other, would have been an immortal heritage to the American people. 'No nation,' he wrote, with characteristic simplicity, 'can do an evil and not pay the full penalty.' Our history in the past has brought a proof of this saying very vividly to our mind; and the question may yet arise whether the penalties for the past have been fully worked out? Our American christianity, if it have any relation to the future of the colored race in America, has an active relation; and it has a relation, fortunately, not of the purely benevolent or beneficial character. It has a relation, and must have a relation, based upon justice, and based upon righteousness. The questions we must answer as American Christians today or tomorrow, and in some near tomorrow, are: What does justice demand of us and them? and, What does justice demand of us and them toward each other? When we have answered these questions we shall have arrived at the solution of the greatest problem that God has ever put upon the treesel-board of time for humanity to solve. If there was evil in American slavery the Christian church of America—the Christian civilization of America—is responsible for it; and the time came when, as a Christian people, we reached that point in our development when it became necessary that this question should be settled by stripping off the form, the husk or the shell of slavery. We did it at the fifty-ninth minute of the eleventh hour. We waited just as long as we could wait, but there came a time when we were made against our will, or half against our will, an instrument of divine justice and righteousness and mercy. And then we said: It is settled; it is all settled; we will do no more, we will think no more, we will write no more with regard to this question; we have paid the penalty; all men stand free in our land; opportunity is open alike to all, and our responsibility to all for the African, or any relation to the African, is gone! When an appeal was made for the education by the Government of the United States of these poor, ignorant people it was answered by one of the leaders of American thought in words that have become almost a classic phrase, 'Root hog or die.' And we meant it, too. American christianity meant it; and American civilization meant it. We don't wish, we don't desire to hear anything more of our duty, if we have any duty, in that respect. Underneath the question of slavery there lay another question, as much greater than the question of slavery as man's heart and soul and brain is greater than his hands. Slavery was but a form or condition of life, while this question is life itself. The form of slavery was stricken out of existence; but the people remain. Their condition of life may be changed, but not in an hour; not is a generation; not in many generations can they be reshaped different from what we find them. So the question which confronts American christianity today is the relation of our American christianity, white christianity, to the living colored christianity of our southern republics. The first thought that came to your pastor when talking with him on this subject was: Are they going to stay here? Two-thirds of this colored life is to be found in six States. There are about eight millions of colored men and women in the United States, and of these six, or five and a half, millions are in eight States lying between the Potomac River and Texas—Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi and Louisiana—and in these eight States there are only 100,000 either way, probably 100,000 more white people than colored. It may be possible the excess of color is above that limit. Doubtless every honest Christian man is asking the question: Are they going to stay where they are growing thicker and closer and blacker year by year, or will they spread out over the whole community and become a reduced fractional portion of the United States? After fifteen years intimate study, day by day, of this question," the speaker said, "they are going to stay; unfortunately there are too many of them to kill. If there were no more of them than there were of the Indians we might proceed, as the Christian statesman's policy was, and kill them off, as we did the Indians, and get them out of the way. It would be a cheap method and save a great deal of trouble. I suppose there is no man, white or black, who does not honestly wish there was not a colored man in the land; I know I do. Henry Clay said he wished the foot of a negro had never touched American soil. They are going to stay because there are too many of them to kill—it would shock the civilized world, and the future would be shocked by a christianity that would wipe off

JUDGE TOURGEE'S LECTURE.

An Interesting Discussion on the Relation of Christianity to the Negro.

Judge Tourgee spoke at Meridian Street Church yesterday morning on the "Relation of Christianity to the Colored Race of the South." The large audience room and gallery of the church were packed with people to listen to him. The Judge possesses a great many of the elements of the orator, and his full, rich voice, reached to every part of the house, and he spoke with such deep feeling and earnestness as to convince his hearers that he was fully informed with the topic which he discussed.

He said the question had often been asked him, what was to be done with the colored people of the South, and it was a difficult problem to solve. There were too many to kill, or they might do with them as they had been doing with the Russians, for there were too many of them. They were there and would not migrate. No slave race was ever known to migrate, except in one instance, and then it took the power of God, through persuasion of Moses and Aaron to get them to go. And even then Pharaoh had to drive them away. They were in the South, and would remain there. He gave statistics to show that they were increasing much more rapidly than the whites, and that more whites than blacks migrate from the South. There had been a great deal said of the sur-

the continent in that way 5,000,000 of people. The negro is going to stay where he is for the reason that he was reared there, and 300 years in bondage don't prepare him for emigration. Our American negro feels the enfeebling effects of slavery, and will feel them when our children's children have been multiplied into many generations. You can see a colored man a great way off—he is fast colors—one in a crowd shows his character, and three or four make a big enough crowd to read the riot act to."

Touching upon the questions: Can the negro be developed? and, can he develop himself? the speaker insisted that one of two things are true: "He is," said he, "either able to rise to the hight and become the peer of the white man, or he is not. If he is, he has a God-given right to a free path and a 'go-as-you-please' race for it. If he is not, he certainly has the power to become a better man than he is today. But when we come down to that Mighty Revealor of modern life, the facts that come in statistics or the census, we find all this is nothing. This strange colored life is a tough life; it lives on so nearly nothing a day that one wonders how it does exist; yet it goes on and makes a healthy growth, and increases thirty-five per cent. in ten years. No race in the world's history has grown so fast, under such difficulties, as the colored race during the last 250 years, and during the last twenty years the growth has simply been marvelous. They are not all Vanderbilt's, but they are making better progress in their operations than any like number of northern men. The census tells us eleven per cent. can read and write; but the census is mistaken; if there is anything he will lie about, it is acquaintance with letters. Let us not forget, that at the close of the war there were 6,000,000 of them with only one name. He was born, lived, indicted, tried and hanged under a christian name only. He was 'Jim' or 'John'—that was all the name he had. And not only was he poor, but he was without the graces that keep up the Christian institution of marriage—there was not a wife in all the six millions; not a child that could appeal to a father's protection; not a father that dare claim a child; they had none of those ties that go to make manhood and womanhood beautiful. Now let us come down to actual Yankee figures. In the first place our American life owes the slave 5,000,000 of day's works. We got it into our national assets. It went into the Treasury, and went out of it. It was part of every manufacturer's profits. We owe them for it, and we have got to pay it, dollar for dollar, and probably with interest. We may have to pay it in blood—nobody knows. We may say that we gave the colored man his liberty; but we lie in saying so. We gave him what God gave before—we only restored what was his by right, and which we had taken away. We gave him liberty only because that was the only way we could save our own liberty; and he attested the truth of our plea by coming into our ranks 225,000 strong, and offering his life for our nationality and our liberty; and more of that 225,000 were slain in battle than of any equal number of white soldiers. And so the account stands against us—an account of righteousness and justice. Will we pay it as a Christian people? Will we put in their hearts a knowledge that will possibly save from evil? Will we enlighten their ignorance, which if not enlightened may develop into savage violence? The time will come when the one going up and the one coming down will come in collision; because that which is underneath is of the spirit of the one above—it is the American negro filled with our impulses, and with our blood, too. After twenty years' study of this question the only solution is to put light in the place of darkness, knowledge in the place of ignorance, right in the place of wrong, and justice in the place of oppression. We are, as a Nation, questioning where we shall find a market for our manufactures. At our very door are 8,000,000 of consumers. Every ounce of knowledge given to them means $100 or $1,000 of consumption. It is our open door to reconciliation, knowledge and prosperity."

In closing, Judge Tourgee said: "Day and night, year after year, in every possible stage of development, I have watched this question as if it were the one thought of my life, and I stand ready to say that the duty of American christianity to the American negro is that of helpful, kindly, honorable assistance to self development; and I am glad to say the church has been better in its heart than in its head; for while it has said it would not touch this question, thank God out of northern civilization there has gone into that darkened southern land, almost ever year since the great conflict ended, almost a million of dollars to develop and make men and women of this people."

The pastor, Rev. Mr. Gilbert, indorsed every word the Judge had said, and directed the taking up of a collection in aid of the forty-five educational institutions for colored people supported by the Methodist Church, where 600 pupils are now enrolled, and where over one hundred thousand have received instructions.

TOPEKA DAILY CAPITAL,

A STORY-TELLER'S STORY.

Judge Tourgee told his "Story-Teller's Story" at the Grand opera house last night, being introduced in appropriate form by Judge John Guthrie. The audience was not large; in fact was small in comparison with the crowds that have flocked to the theatres all winter to hear dime novel plays of the "Prairie Wolf" order, and variety shows which travel under the assumed name of comedy. An author and lecturer of such prominence as Judge Tourgee should have had an audience of 1,500 people at the capital of Kansas, or in any community of progress and culture.

The lecture proved very entertaining, and the audience early manifested an interest, which was not lost to the close. He first spoke of the prominent story-tellers known in our literature, detailing some of the personal characteristics of Scott, Shakspeare, Victor Hugo, Charles Dickens, Jules Verne and others. He thought the literature of the present day was being built upon a substantial basis, and that American life presented a grand field for romance. He said American life was peculiar, and the rush and bluster of it was tremendous. His illustrations of the activity of the American people were very much enjoyed. He wondered what an able-bodied citizen of a hundred years ago would do if he were suddenly placed in the midst of the present go-ahead age, and if John Wesley would have founded Methodism and grown in grace if his library had contained a telephone with the usual inconveniences of operation.

A part of the lecture was explanatory of story-writing, the selection of a theme, the mounting of characters, and the incidentals of construction. Of his own novels he spoke rather disparagingly, but seemed to retain a very tender recollection of his first story—an unsuccessful one in print—written while he was prostrated from a wound received at Bull Run. There was a delicate vein of satire through the lecture which gave it the proper seasoning, and the audience several times testified their appreciation of a good point in generous applause.

DAILY COMMONWEALTH,

TOURGEE'S LECTURE.

The Treat Given Our People at the Grand Last Night.

Unfortunately the people of Kansas, as a rule, are not a lecture-loving people, but to the honor of Topeka, be it said, a large portion of the city's populace attended the Grand last evening to hear the famous author, Judge Tourgee, in his lecture the "Story of a Story-Teller." It was mainly a rebuke to the English idea that American life has no basis at present for successful novel. The lecture proved most eloquently, however, that the reverse is the case, and that nowhere exists in as great a degree the varied elements that go to make up what the story-teller of to-day should portray. The lecture was interspersed with anecdotes illustrative of his own struggles as an author, and what must at first come to all who attempt literature. The interest never flagged and a pleasant two hours was enjoyed by an appreciative audience.

KANSAS CITY JOURNAL,

MONDAY, MARCH 1, 1886.

CAIN, HEROD & CO.

Although the weather was very unpleasant last evening, a fair audience was present at Music Hall, to hear Hon. Albion W. Tourgee deliver his lecture, entitled "Cain, Herod & Co., (Limited) or Civilization, Society and Crime." The lecture referred to is characterized by Judge Tourgee's usual forcible methods of thought, and the pithy and humorous passages were equally appreciated and applauded. Judge Tourgee said: "Perhaps no man ever had a better right to complain at the treatment received at the hands of fame than the first gentleman of whom I shall speak to-night. It seems almost necessary that we should regard Cain as the least guilty and most bungling of criminals. In the first place he was a man of good family and very fine estate. Besides that the rough part of that early life fell entirely on Cain. I suppose, too, he had to work with the worst set of tools ever a farmer had, having no sulky plough, nothing in the line of the reaper, and even had to use a sharp stick for a hoe.

"Then came his brother Abel, not only putting Cain's nose out of joint, but dividing the inheritance, and it may be readily seen that even Abel's arrival was exasperating to the first born. Under these circumstances is it a wonder that he had a feeling of anger to ward his brother who was also the Lord's favorite? As near as killing becomes excusable at all, the slaying of Abel by Cain is worthy of mitigation.

"Now, referring to the second member of the firm, Herod was again of the first families of the day, and none stood higher than he; a monarch of broader views than had occupied the throne of Mesopotamia for centuries past. He has been represented to the people of to-day as inhuman, but the slaughter of the innocents was an act by which a brave, determined earnest man thrust himself between what he believed to be danger and his kingdom. Certain, I am that as an infanticide, he cannot hold rank with any civilized Christian community of to-day for we know that in the city of New York alone one-half of those who die under 38 years are children under 2 years of age. I doubt if the entire record of Herod from the time the slaughter of the children began until his death could show such a result as that. Hardly has the breath of that slaughter ceased polluting the air than we find the church slaying so many thousands of its followers on the fair fields of France, so many that even the mention of it, despite the years that have passed, brings a thrill of horror to those who hear it.

"I doubt not that when Cain made his famous answer, 'Am I my brother's keeper?' he thought he had entered an all sufficient plea. As time went on the religious idea grew broader. From the hamlet of Germany came the principle, long agitated among the people of the Alps, that each man had a duty to perform toward every other human being, and that idea was brought to still greater magnitude by the great disciple, standing by the waters of the Tiber at Rome—'There is no Jew or Gentile, no different sects of religion in heaven—all are one.' Then for the first time in human life the great thought came into the minds of people that every living man on earth, to a great or less extent, is responsible for the salvation of others.

"The trouble with us is that we want to take care of our brother in our own way, and we want him to be satisfied with the way, too. We don't want him to be disturbing our peace of mind by venturing to disagree with the measure which we have taken for his benefit. We stand to-day responsible for the lawless instrumentality with which the use of forces for which we are held responsible is carried on. The responsibility comes with that civilization which thrusts upon us the charge, in a measure, of each others lives and we have not only the souls but the souls' bodies in keeping.

"In the lower part of New York, where evil is concentrated more than in any other portion of the land, there are only sixteen places of Protestant worship, and of the 560 places where souls are saved all but sixteen are situated in that portion of the city where salvation comes through the stock market. Sunday school teachers and missionaries are sent to the low haunts of society, but they never seem to think that white effort must be made to save souls, it is equally necessary that on earth those souls must have bodies which should not be starved ones.

"In 1826 an American missionary reported that the people of the Sandwich islands were the most religious people of the world, that each Sunday the church bells rang from hill to hill, but he closed by saying that there were 480,000 souls on the islands still to be converted. What a lesson to this country that with Christianity there must be imported common sense. I had almost said that the importation of trousers would have a better effect than the general class of imported Christianity."

Referring to the condition of the red man in this country Judge Tourgee said it was pretty far west to talk about the poor Indian. "Perhaps the Indian is a bad egg. Perhaps, too, the only good Indians are dead ones. But it is true that the people of the United States are waking up to the fact that there is a better method of reaching the Indian problem than slaying the red man. I don't suppose a contractor would think so. No, indeed. I make no plea for the Indian. But I do say that we should make the Indian self-supporting now, that he may be self-supporting in the future. I think the Indian should be educated at least to an extent that he could appreciate being arrested, tried and hanged. I am not sure but that the best way to dispose of the Indian is for the legislatures to pass acts to exterminate him. I may be mistaken. I acknowledge I am liable to error. But I make the suggestion and you are at liberty to accept or reject it as you see fit. At present the proceedings characterizing the treatment of the sons of the prairie are not calculated to inspire either admiration or respect.

"Our lives must be shaped to those new conditions which surround them. The better life, the life of to-day and the life that is to come after us, must be so remembered that the burden of it all shall fall squarely on the shoulders of every one. We must so regulate our lives that these things will enter into and make part of them, for we must not, we cannot forget them. I shall never forget some things I learned in a six weeks' study of the lower life in New York city. I remember going into a room that was thoroughly clean. The woman occupying it was scrupulously clean. I have no doubt the blood of the Puritans ran in that woman's veins, but she lived on the earnings of her little grandson, and told me of the privations they were forced to endure. "But," said she, "thank God, I never have got so low as to attend the Mission church." It may be seen from this the obstacles Mission churches encounter among poverty stricken humanity, yet I am glad to say they are succeeding better and better every day.

"But the world is changing every day. We cannot mark out its courses, but must acquiesce with the changes which time is constantly making, and the longer we live the more we realize that Cain, Herod & Co. is not a limited corportion, but unlimited, and with the world for its field of operations.

The Daily Journal.

LAWRENCE, KAS., FEB. 26, 1886.

"Judge Tourgee."

This well known writer and lecturer lectured last night in the opera house to a good audience. All were anxious to hear the "Story Teller's Story." It was interesting and contained many statements about the condition of the negro in the south that are rather startling to a northern audience. He did not believe in giving the people of the north credit for freeing the negroes and claims that it was only done when it became absolutely necessary. He said the negroes of the south are increasing more rapidly than the whites and that they are also accumulating property at a more rapid rate and that unless it was averted sooner or later, a conflict would arise between the white and colored races. He thought education would do more to settle the question than any thing else.

After the lecture, Judge Tourgee was tendered a reception at the residence of Mr. W. W. Nevison, which was attended by some twenty-five or thirty of the leading attorneys and prominent citizens.

EMPORIA, KANSAS, MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 8, 1886.

Emporia Daily News.

JUDGE TOURGEE—AS SEEN BY A NEWS REPRESENTATIVE.

Hon. Albion W. Tourgee, the gentleman whose works and writings have made his name a household word from one end of the continent to the other, arrived in the city late yesterday after noon.

A representative of the NEWS found him in his room last night busily engaged in writing, but was received with courteous attention and made to feel perfectly at home and at his ease.

The Judge is a man of splendid figure, with a massive head and a kindly eye which lights and flashes as he talks until the listener becomes completely magnetized and *en rapport* with the speaker.

The Judge paid a visit to the Normal school this morning and, after visiting a few of the class rooms and examining into the modes and methods of our western schools, he was persuaded by Professor Taylor to make a brief address to the pupils who were assembled in the chapel and who received the Judge with a round of applause and with their customary salute.

The Judge spoke about fourteen minutes, holding the rapt attention of pupils and teachers from his first sentence, which was only broken by applause, or laughter at the keen wit and humorous manner of the speaker. After a few words of commendation regarding the appearance of the school, with one or two stories, the Judge congratulated the school that they were beginning to study the great questions of the day. That they were considering the labor question. "It is," he said, "a great question, and one of the greatest that has ever come before this people. It is not however a question between labor and capital as so many are apt to term it, but rather between the man who labors and the trafficer upon the results of his labor. Political economy cannot teach us how to solve this question, because the conditions of the present have no parallel in the past. Political economy, if it is a science at all, is a science only of the past and not of the present, or the future. Like criticism, it finds fault with what has been done, but never gives reliable directions how to do. Like history, it may give the statesman hints, but can never teach him how to govern.

Mobs and strikes, land and labor, are the questions which the civilization of to day has developed that of to-morrow must decide. The practical statesmanship of to-day is forever overturning the theories of yesterday.

Political economy as a theory demands unquestioning adherance to certain principles which are fondly supposed to be immutable and irrefragable. Political science in practice—practical statesmanship—is forever requiring a nation to adopt the safest, surest and quickest way out of some new dilemma. Ordinarily the course adopted is declared, by those wise men who know all things from the beginning, to be in direct and ruinous conflict with the immutable principles of political economy. After a hundred years or so of discussion we find out that it was only a new application of the old principle, or a new principle then, for the first time, discovered.

Study political economy by all means; study it, but do not think of it as a practical science. Fill your minds with the wisdom of theoretical philosophers, but do not dream of regarding them as infallible rules of life. The political philosopher is almost as often a political fool as otherwise. Locke was the greatest philosopher and most practical theorist of his day. He drew for the Lord Proprietors the first constitution for the colony of North Carolina. It was a splendid constitution, a beautiful specimen of philosophical theory, but there never was power enough on earth to make any community conform to its strait-jacket articles.

The Judge will give our citizens his lecture "Give us a Rest" at the opera house to-night and our readers will miss one of the greatest treats of their lives if they fail to attend.

The Judge is without exception, not only one of the greatest writers and thinkers of the day, but he is one of the finest orators of this country and age as well.

THE DAILY REPUBLICAN,

EMPORIA, KANSAS,

Judge Tourgee.

Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather the Whitley opera house was well filled last night with people, drawn thither by the promise of an intelligent treat in the shape of a lecture to be given by Hon. A. W. Tourgee. In this they were not at all disappointed. The subject of the lecture was from the "Give Us a Rest." He demonstrated the great mistake that is made by parents in sending their children to school too early, and endeavoring to force into their tender brains a motley mass of chaotic facts of no material benefit outside of successful competition with their fellows, thus instilling at the start the headlong plan of existence so characteristic of the American. He called attention to the fact that we were wearing ourselves out and living the very lives of our children before they were born. Rest, he maintains, is essential, not the day or two at the sea side or the watering place, but a relaxation at home where the cares of a day can be thrown off long enough to enable us to receive a new impetus from the sweet innocence of childhood, and thus get acquainted with our babies. He spoke of the utter helplessness of the college bred man when first thrown into the turbulent stream of life to battle for himself, and the lack of courage to take hold with the hands of manual labor, thus giving the knowledge obtained a chance to take root and grow to a sturdy plant, being watered by thought and developed in the sun of bodily health. He did not speak disparagingly of education, either in the school or college, but of the uses to which it is put. Judge Tourgee is forcible and a pleasant speaker, having the rare power of riveting the attention of the audience without wearying them. His

lecture last night showed the depth of thought and breadth of intellect that is so characteristic of his works which have proved him to be a man of comprehensive and powerful brain. His lecture was listened to with attention and was thoroughly appreciated. A great many tarried, after it was over, to become acquainted with him. The judge goes from here to El Dorado, where he will undoubtedly have a full house.

FORT SCOTT, KANSAS, SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 6, 1886.

"Give Us A Rest."

To hear Judge Tourgee lecture under this curious title, a good-sized audience gathered at the opera house last night, and they were richly rewarded for their going. The speaker was introduced in a few well chosen words by Hon. Eugene Ware.

"A few years ago when the muse of American history, as to her duties distracted, and as to the facts bewildered, placed her pen behind her ear and ran her fingers dreamily through her golden curls, there came a young gentleman, then of more than state reputation, who told her what were, and what were not facts and telling, wrote.

That which he made was history and least of all it made a president; and time will read the history when the president it made is forgotten."

The lecture of Judge Tourgee was not a learned disquisition on an abstruse subject, but a plain, strong, trenchant talk upon a simple subject which everybody understood, but few heed—that of taking rest. His lecture consisted of a continuous chain of interesting and humorous incidents illustrating the necessity of the American people adopting his motto "Give us a rest."

It was with a feeling of trepidation that he approached the subject, particularly here in the centre of the continent, where the maxims and methods of the bustling business men and women were just the reverse. He sometimes wished we had more of the slumberous and sleepy systems of the Orient mixed up with our institutions.

The subject of rest received but little consideration from us. It has no place among the medical men of our country, for these disciples have not learned that rest is the element of power. The impulse to do has ever been uppermost in the mind of the philosopher. Rest has received but little consideration from anybody. Our American life has been so earnest, that the thought of taking a rest has only received consideration within the past few years. Untiring energy has become so much a part of our life that a good man will sometimes lie rather than admit he has nothing to do.

Our country, from its very incipiency, has been one impetuous impulse. We take in the old world at our front door and send it out the back door, reanimated and imbued with our own restless spirit. We build more to-day between the cradle and the grave than was accomplished in centuries by our ancestors, though our life is ended before half spent in doing it. The business man of to-day does more in a month than his father did in a lifetime. The boy of twelve knows more than his father did at thirty. But this is because of our conditions, our surroundings, of which we breathe the inspiration and know it not. We have the printing press, the telegraph, the locomotive, the telephone, the electric light, which annihilate time and space, and make the most remote regions of the earth our near neighbors. The important events of Europe yesterday is our table-talk at breakfast this morning. We breathe the inspiration of all these surroundings and they have a corresponding effect upon our natures.

A man couldn't even steal a sermon now-a-days. A minister preached a sermon in Chicago the other day and the next day he was charged with stealing it by the author in London.

In a few minutes after the death of Garfield the condolence of the Queen of England was in the hands of his widow.

As a contrast to the present condition of things with the days when he was a boy he told an amusing incident of his father weeping over the defeat of Clay, which he learned from a newspaper three weeks after it had happened.

Now days if we were to have a collision with a comet or some other heavenly body, and did not learn of it until three weeks afterward, it would be entirely to stale to talk about.

With all this rush and rustle, however, we are wearing out our bodies for the want of rest. Our bodies are neglected, with the exception that they are simply used as an old clothes rack, to throw our duds upon. The effect of this upon our life a hundred years to come will not be the "survival of the fittest" but the "survival of the toughest."

He said it took Washington thirty-two days to go from one given point to another to inform them of a victory.

What would Washington think of himself now with a telegraph in his adjutants office and 36,000 newspapers in the country. In speaking of Stephen Girard, with all his industry, he said he never did as much in six days as a business man now does in one.

He said there is no sunrise nor sunset any more. Lamplight is cheaper than daylight, and we utilize it to the detriment of the body.

Our great American school system, too, is likely to become our great American system of destruction. As soon as our babies are able to walk we kick them out of our homes and out of hearts into the school house and into the arms of the teacher to take care of. Then they are taught a little of this and a little of that, from a dozen different sciences, without regard to the truth that it is knowledge, and not learning, that makes a man. Facts, not learning, that count. It is only that which is digested and assimilates that makes mind. All this is done, too, at the expense of the body. Johnny is told when he goes to school: "Get to the head of your class, my boy, and stay there. Don't let that smut-nose Smith boy get ahead of you. You are better than he is. You may get to the White House some day";—or to the poor house. The public will have to keep you, anyhow.

The teacher's work of to-day is more than he can do. He has too many scholars to care for. The dying words of the great Paschall were, that "six pupils are enough for a man to instruct." To-day, one teacher has six hundred to look after, and if the accommodations were large enough he would probably have six thousand.

In this vein the speaker talked for nearly two hours, illustrating his ideas with side-thrusts of wit and humor, and holding the strictest attention of his audience to the close. He wound up with a most eloquent plea for more rest in our daily lives and avocations.

WICHITA DAILY EAGLE.

JUDGE TOURGEE'S LECTURE.

Notwithstanding the bad condition of the streets, coupled with disagreeable weather, there was a good audience at the Presbyterian church last night anticipating an intellectual treat, and they were not disappointed. The Judge is perhaps the most interesting speaker who has appeared before a Wichita audience. His style is peculiarly his own. His oratory savors not of Fourth of July pic-nic nor political stump oratory, but is at once pithy and polished, and there is a vein of dry humor running through it. He leads his audience into numerous unexpected positions that are at once quaint and pleasing. The hearer is led, as it were, through an impenatrable wilderness when suddenly and unexpectedly a grand vista confronts him, and anon one follows him through apparent darkness until he suddenly comes up against a stone wall. The audience evinced their appreciation by frequent hearty outbursts of applause. His discourse was clear, comprehensive and beautiful. It requires a man of peculiar mould to be at once a great author and a great orator, and Judge Tourgee is that man.

THE WARREN TRIBUNE.

KATRINKA'S LETTER.

DELIGHTFUL, Feb. 7.—My young man took me to Judge Tougee's lecture, at the Theatre Royal, the other night. We sat as close together as we could, but we were nearly frozen. However, the lecturer looked warm, and interested, and he took as much pains to advertise his books as though there had been a big audience, instead of a little clump of freezing people, with the men on one side of the centre aisle and the women on the other, just like a Quaker meeting. I never saw such a splendidly egotistical man as Judge Tourgee. It was I, I, I—first person, singular number, in every sentence, and he got the people all interested in *him* and in what *he* had done. They even endured to hear him read his own poetry, which is a great deal, in an age when no one cares for poetry, when all the good poets are old and ready to die, and no new ones are coming up to take their places, and when the best magazines can get very little rhyme that isn't trash—in a time when the novel is everything—at least, that's what my my young man says, and he's a newspaper man, and ought to know everything. I only know that Judge Tourgee is handsome and delightfully egotistical.

We have in Delighful a Damon and a Pythias. Damon is pastor of the Congregational Church here, and Pythias is in charge of the Congregational Church at Warren. They can't possibly be separated. So Pythias lives here with Damon. I don't know how he attends to his pastoral calls, but here he lives. There is a cloud ahead, however, for these bosom friends. It looks very much as though Damon were entangled with a young member of his flock. Now, polyandry is not to be thought of, and I can't for the life of me see how the course of true love is to run on smoothly between the young ministers if one of them gets married. KATRINKA.

ED. WARREN TRIBUNE:—I see in "Katrinka's" letter in your issue of the 9th that it is pretty broadly intimated that Judge Tourgee is lecturing principally to advertise his books. It might be well for "Katrinka" to know that not one cent of the income of these books comes to Judge Tourgee or any one of his family, nor has for some years. This income, which has amounted at times to many thousands of dollars, yearly, is all mortgaged to secure debts, which were incurred by Judge Tourgee in trying to keep "The Continent" from financial failure. It might be well if the public as well as "Katrinka" were a little better informed about these matters, and then perhaps such unjust criticisms would not be made. ONE WHO KNOWS.

[Which reminds one of the woman who got angry because the newspaper called her a "denizen." Suppose Judge Tourgee's very interesting lecture *does* advertise his books? They are good books, and the people are all the better for reading them. The more the books are advertised the sooner will the debt which Judge Tourgee incurred in trying to make a good magazine a success be paid, and the sooner will he get the profits of his dear-bought knowledge and his brainwork for himself and family, so the distinction in the matter doesn't amount to anything.—ED. TRIBUNE.]

G. A. R.

Dansville Advertiser.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1886.

Hon. Albion W. Tourgee has recently started on his western trip telling A Story Teller's Story, a novel entertainment consisting of readings from his published and unpublished works, anecdotes of literary life, etc. The Springfield Globe-Republic in a long and complimentary editorial says:

Scarcely any announcement could be made of greater interest to the lovers of good literature and good lectures, than that the author of "A Fool's Errand" has sufficiently improved in health to engage for a tour of fifty nights, in what he terms a "lecture-reading," which is entitled "A Story-Teller's Story." The privilege of ancient-friendship secured to the writer a foretaste of this unique and charming production. It is an autographic picture showing in vivid outline the man, his books and the epoch of which they treat. It consists of selections from his works, read as only the Judge can read them, interspersed with, or rather incorporated into, a narrative of the circumstances attending the production of each and pers inal anecdotes concerning their conception and publication. Its scope is the whole of that grand epic of which each of his works forms a distinct chapter. His own relations to it are so simply and naturally told that one seems to be listening to a traveler's account of journeyings in a foreign land rather than an author discoursing of his own works. Never was there richer material for fascinating discourse and those who know the Judge's powers as a narrator can imagine with what engaging frankness the story is told.

We had hoped to have this story told at an early day in Dansville, where the author has many admirers and friends, but as Judge Tourgee may make across the continent before his return, we must wait until next summer, fall or winter.

THE BUFFALO EXPRESS says Judge Tourgee has copyrighted his lecture, "A Story Teller's Story," and "this makes it reasonably sure that newspapers will not publish the lecture in full the day before its author arrives in town to deliver it." The judge is an excellent gentleman and a talented writer and speaker; but it looks as though he had gone to unnecessary trouble and expense. There is very little danger of a live newspaper in these days publishing anybody's lecture in full the day before the author delivers it—or the day after, either.—*Troy Times.*

THE EXPRESS TERRE HAUT

Judge Tourgee's Lecture.

To mention the number of the audience last night would not seem complimentary to this well-known author, and certainly would not be a flattering notice of public taste in this vicinity; yet the audience was a good one as quality goes. It is quite probable that the lecture would not have been as much appreciated by a more general audience as some of the anecdotal compilations known as popular lectures. Judge Tourgee was briefly introduced to his audience by Judge Mack and spoke on the story teller's art for about two hours to hearers who followed him with very earnest attention. For an hour he discoursed on the part played by imagination in its association with history and science, and the development of story-telling from Homer to the modern novelists. Then followed the more entertaining, and it was very entertaining, analysis of the novelists' methods and purposes—a sort of inside view of the romancer's literary life, illustrated by numerous incidents from the speaker's own experience, or references to other writers. The discourse can be called an admirable chapter on English literature. In conclusion the lecturer read from the Fool's Errand the passage which introduces the quaint Jehu Brown. Anybody with such a cough as good Mr. Brown's would usually be a horrid bore—but not Jehu, who in Mr. Tourgee's chapters rises superior to cough and whisky, making good use of both. A poem, a valentine, closed the lecture, which certainly did not seem two hours long. Tourgee's lectures vary, as he cannot repeat a written discourse, and it was noticeable that as he grew acquainted with his audience and realized that it was a rising audience

ling dramatist, a contributor to cyclopedias, the essayists of literary society, travelers from Egypt and Tampa Bay, etc., etc., he warmed up and buttonholed all of them, conveying the impression that this was positively the first time this little point was ever mentioned, and please don't mention it. The impression left was good and the audiences will remember Judge Tourgee with interest enough to read some of his books—if they can be borrowed.

THE DAILY VISITOR

BY WM. M. ALLISON.

"Give us a Rest."

A very large audience greeted Judge Tourgee last night at the Opera House and were well entertained with his lecture, "Give us a Rest." This lecture is one of the best that has been delivered in our city, being a budget of facts and truths, clothed in beautiful language, all tending to show that the American people crowd too much business in their days and that what they need most of all is a rest. Not that rest of a few days or weeks at the farthest, which Americans indulge in, if they take any at all, but that rest which will give a man more time to get acquainted with his family, to care for and educate his children, to keep himself in good health and lengthen his days. He argues with force that the average American is over-worked from the time he leaves the cradle till he breaks down a prematurely aged man or fills an early grave. He arraigned of the practice of putting a child in school before it can hardly lisp its own name and there letting it be stuffed with rubbish or educational lumber, which it will never need in after life, losing all sight of its thin legs, weak arms, hollow chest and wan cheeks, in the pride in its ability to take and retain the stuff with which its young mind is being crammed. He spoke with much feeling of this and certainly must have started a train of thought in the minds of parents, who had not before thought of this, which will bear good fruit. His entire lecture was replete with passages, which, while they were splendidly clothed in words were more remarkable for their hard hitting qualities than for their brilliancy, but which exactly suited our people, who frequently gave expression of their appreciation by liberal applause.

We wish that every passage of the lecture, or could be reproduced in all the papers of America, and be read at every fireside and in every office or counting room in the land. It contains lessons which every man and woman, every father, mother and teacher in the land should profit by.

WELLINGTON, KANSAS,

FRIDAY, MARCH 19, 1886.

Judge Tourgee's Lecture.

Judge Albion W. Tourgee, the distinguished literateur, did not have the inspiration of a crowded house before him when he appeared on the opera house stage last Saturday evening; nevertheless he addressed himself to the task of interesting and amusing his limited audience in the style of a veteran lecturer, and with more than ordinary success. For some reason he had selected a different subject from the one first announced, "A Story Teller's Story," which we learn is a collection of scenes and incidents of his own literary career, and used instead the phrase "Give us a Rest" as the text of his remarks.

The American of to-day, the lecturer said, lives in a rapid age, when marvels of invention permit him to crowd so much into his brief span of life that body and mind alike are worn out ere either has reached its prime. Upon himself he imposes tasks and activities that would have killed his father or grandfather, and exacts of his children even more than he would be willing to bear. The minds of children are crammed with facts and forced, like hot-house plants, to an unhealthy development that wrecks thousands of their precious lives. Thrust out of the cradle into the school, pulled and pushed up the rugged path of knowledge, the insane asylum and the grave mark the results of the parents' mistaken zeal. Our educational system, the judge claimed, is based on the foolish and criminal plan of straining the child's tender powers to the breaking point simply to flatter the vanity of ambitious parents or teachers. Unless our people can be made to realize the danger the working of the inexorable law of the "survival of the fittest," will sweep the native American off the face of the earth. In nature the fittest is the toughest, not the man of the best education, intellect or character, but the man of the sturdiest sinews, the one best adapted to the conditions in which he lives. The American would never attain to his highest development until he had learned to preserve both mind and body in the state of joint efficiency which nature and reason both enjoined.

The lecture was interspersed, and its serious side set off, with humorous incidents and amusing touches that added much to the pleasure of the lecture. The judge is an easy and graceful speaker, perfectly at home on the rostrum, and quick to establish and maintain cordial relations with his audience. So strong a hold did he secure that he might easily have prolonged his two-hours' talk without wearying any. We hope our people may have an opportunity of hearing him lecture in Wellington again.

THE gifted author and brilliant lecturer, Hon. Albion W. Tourgee, is one of the most agreeable companions it has been our pleasure to meet. As a conversationalist he excels. Last Saturday afternoon it was our pleasure to spend an hour in his genial presence. We were particularly interested in his recital of experience in North Carolina during the "reconstruction" period. Some of his adventures during the days of kukluxism were indeed of a thrilling character. It certainly required a man possessed of the bravery of Julius Cæser to face the dangers he did, when, to use his own words, "for near five years when I left home on every second Monday to hold court at some point in my district I closed up all my earthly affairs, never expecting to return home alive." As a story-teller he has no superior, and some of the incidents of his army life and professional career were really irresistibly funny, but must be heard falling from his lips to be appreciated. Hope we may in future be permitted to cultivate his acquaintance further.

DETROIT FREE PRESS:

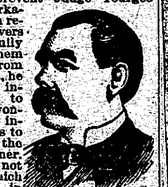
"A STORY WRITER'S STORY."

Lecture by Judge Tourgee on Fiction, Its Aims and the Methods of Its Production.

"A prophet is not without honor save in his own country," saith the Scriptures. A few months ago Mr. Cable, the novelist of the South, stood on the stage at Whitney's and read—very badly—selections from his own works to a large audience. Last night Mr. Tourgee, a famous author of the North, stood on the same stage and delivered well a thoughtful and interesting discourse to a few dozen people. If the lecturer had given his story in a Southern city instead of in Detroit, the chances are that he would have had a large audience to hear it.

The Opera House presented a dismal appearance at 8 o'clock, when the sanguine agent had to admit that there was no hope of even that microscopic audience which the papers vaguely refer to as "small but select." There were too few even to select from. Every one seemed hushed and saddened. A person in a very small audience cannot help feeling a certain sense of shame that his city doesn't show up to better advantage.

The stage manager had given a beautiful home-like effect to the stage by shoving together the scenes that have done duty at many a society play—a parlor interior—by placing in a stiff row two blue chairs and two yellow ones, and a sofa that matched with neither. A reading desk stood in the center with a gas lamp and green shade on it, and an additional air of cosy comfort was lent to the charming scene by a reporter, who sat on the right of the stage at a "property" marble table with an oil cloth top. The reporter's pencil was sharp and he was ready for any emergency. In the left hand box was an upright piano and in the right a cabinet organ. To prevent Judge Tourgee from seeing these remarkable instruments in such remarkable places, the covers of each were gracefully draped, so as to shut them as much as possible from his view. Nevertheless, he looked nervously at the instruments from time to time and doubtless wondered what crazy freak induced theater managers to fill up the only boxes in the house in such a manner. Unfortunately he could not see the explanation which appeared on the wall in larger letters than those which terrified Belshazzar, that the piano would be given to the holder of the most white coupons for seats and that the organ would be given to those who held the biggest hand of another color. If Judge Tourgee had known that it took such inducements, together with the offer of an occasional hog, as was the case last week, to get the people of Detroit to patronize the drama, he would have been more frightened than Belshazzar was when he knew he was to lecture [illegible]



This lecture was a failure. A few minutes before 8 o'clock James F. Joy appeared on the stage with the novelist close behind. The thoughtless gas engineer behind the scenes suddenly sprang on the startled audience the full blaze of the central chandelier. The two gentlemen on the stage gave one look at the "house" and immediately sank on the old-gold sofa. It made them tired to look at the empty benches. Finally Mr. Joy arose with much dignity and with great gravity approached the reading desk on which he placed his right arm. There was for a moment a solemn pause, during which the fourteen watches could be heard ticking audibly. Unfortunately Mr. Joy is not a happy introducer, whether his victim is a doomed Presidential candidate about whose initials he is not quite certain, or a novelist whose name he is not just sure how to pronounce. But Mr. Joy is at home on one thing. He knows how to strike the sectional chord. After the somewhat remarkable statement that there was nothing more striking, nothing more beautiful to be found in the English language than some passages in the books of Mr. Tourgee, he went on to say that the negro was still in the terrible state that the novelist had described, and that every man and woman in the land should read the Judge's books, presumably just to see how badly used the colored man was down South. There were no "tidings of comfort and joy" in the learned gentleman's introduction. The long settled issue seemed still to be a burning question among the Northern people according to Mr. Joy. He certainly has not much sense of humor or he would have seen that the question didn't burn very strongly in Detroit, or more people would have turned out to hear the man whose fame rests almost entirely on one of the most partisan books ever written.

Judge Tourgee then came forward and requested those in the dress circle to come down to the parquette and occupy some of the vacant benches. It is doubtful if any lecturer ever made a sadder request.

A pathetic smile flitted over the face of Mr. Joy. The junction of the dress circle with the parquette seemed to remind him of the disastrous union of the Tribune with the Post.

The genial interviewer has marked Mr. Tourgee as his own, and the result appears in another column of this paper, and so will be unnecessary here. The novelist's manner on the stage is quite unaffected and he attempts none of the orator's tricks. He tells his story without flourish and with great modesty. He referred little to his own works and humorously claimed forbearance for the books he had not published. He said that only once had he faced so small an audience. That was in a place called Providence. (He evidently saw little of Providence in small audiences.) There were five people there at the smaller meeting. The Whitney audience was larger, as there were more than five free tickets out.

Books were like babies, he continued. After they had left parental control their lives were their own.

Fiction is one of the greatest of all factors of civilization.

Liberty has been kept on earth by good deeds nobly told.

Fiction is the better part of truth.

The story teller is like the naturalist. Give him a bone or a foot-print even and the whole animal is constructed.

There are four periods of creative literary labor. First, there is preparation. This preparation is unconscious. It consists, according to Mr. Tourgee, in the effect that the surroundings have on the youth who is to be a novelist of the future. The effect of a level, flat country is to give a man wide ideas. The reaching out after a far-away horizon—the influence of a great silence—has had a marked effect on many men. Cromwell, Moses and Lincoln were cited as instances. As the Italian proverb has it, "He who is born under the Alp always bears its shadow in his heart." Mr. Tourgee had at first no desire to be a story teller. He sort of drifted into it. His first appearance in print was a report he sent to the papers about the celebrated fight between Morrissey and the "Benicia Boy" in Canada. He was up a tree viewing the fight, as he is an admirer of what Pinafore calls "the knock-down blow." The police gathered in the reporters and the rest, but did not notice the future novelist up the tree. Mr. Tourgee has been "up a tree" several times since, but never to such good advantage as that time. In defending the manly art he said he saw by the morning papers that the ladies of Detroit had a club where they practiced—he did not say the manly art—but swung the dumb bells although they, likely enough, were not dumb belles themselves. Mr. Tourgee is not responsible for that atrocity, but he will have to stand sponsor for the motto which he proposed for the athletic ladies of Detroit. "Arms and a man" is the translation of the Latin phrase he would have inscribed on the club coat of arms—"Arma virumque," the two words with which Virgil commenced his great epic.

Perhaps the best story Tourgee told was of the first book he published. A philanthropic publisher got it out, he taking the honor and the novelist paying the expense—a division of responsibility that Mr. Tourgee has never had to make since. His great desire was to have a press review of it. Unfortunately the press did not review it. "They might," said the mild publisher, "at least have noticed it." On account of this silence of the press the novelist did not get at the people. "It reminded me of the Scriptural quotation," said the Judge. "Many thought to come unto him, but they could not because of the *Press*."

A second requisite in the making of a story is [illegible]

[illegible] Joy [illegible]

[illegible] lecture was necessary to their understanding the second, although they will probably regret that they did not hear both.

The Judge will deliver the rest of it, even if he has to do so in the old joke did, address his audience as "Dear sir."

The Judge finished his lecture by the reading of three selections from his books, which he read very well indeed. It was a long time before the audience could muster up the courage to applaud, but towards the last a brave man made the attempt, and if the echoes did startle the the people a little at first, they did not do so badly as the end approached.

It seems a matter of regret that Judge Tourgee's books have been of so bitterly partisan a nature. The fame of work which widens, instead of closes, a deplorable breach between different sections of the same people appears to be very ephemeral if the success of last night's lecture is any criterion.

[illegible] laborious. It required one [illegible] Carolina to research to study the surroundings of this city for a work in hand, and he went for but three lines. The Judge ought to see how Detroit returns good for evil for it gives him hundreds of lines to his one.

On another occasion he studied 624 volumes to get the materials that went into six pages of a book. Once he wrote that on April 17 a certain bird sang at a certain place on the Hudson. A naturalist wrote him that that kind of bird did not warble at that particular time of the year. His note book, however, showed that the bird had done just as he said it did. Again he stated that at such a time the japonica was in bloom. A similar uneasy naturalist, who had been in Japan, said the crab had not been imported at that time. The indefatigable writer went to the place where the oldest japonica had been planted; counted the rings on the stump and confounded the naturalist, as everybody will be glad to know, for there are no greater nuisances than people who think they know too much.

The other two requirements to literary production will be told to-night.

The story teller, with the story teller's instinct, has his lecture "to be continued." Those who go to-night will not find that the hearing of the first

ANS. SATURDAY, 3, 1886.

"Give us a Rest."

A very large audience greeted Judge Tourgee last night at the Opera House and were well entertained with his lecture, "Give us a Rest." This lecture is one of the best that has been delivered in our city, being a budget of facts and truths, clothed in beautiful language, all tending to show that the American people crowd too much business in their days and that what they need most of all is a rest. Not that rest of a few days or weeks at the farthest, which Americans indulge in, if they take any at all, but that rest which will give a man more time to get acquainted with his family, to care for and educate his children, to keep himself in good health and lengthen his days. He argues with force that the average American is over-worked from the time he leaves the cradle till he breaks down a prematurely-aged man or fills an early grave. He arraigned of the practice of putting a child in school before it can hardly lisp its own name and there letting it be stuffed with rubbish or educational lumber, which it will never need in after life, losing all sight of its thin legs, weak arms, hollow chest and wan cheeks, in the pride in its ability to take and retain the stuff with which its young mind is being crammed. He spoke with much feeling of this and certainly must have started a train of thought in the minds of parents, who had not before thought of this, which will bear good fruit. His entire lecture was replete with passages, which, while they were splendidly clothed in words were more remarkable for their hard hitting qualities than for their brilliancy, but which exactly suited our people, who frequently gave expression of their appreciation by liberal applause.

We wish that every passage of the lecture, or could be reproduced in all the papers of America, and be read at every fireside and in every office or counting room in the land. It contains lessons which every man and woman, every father, mother and teacher in the land should profit by.

JUDGE TOURGEE—AS SEEN BY A NEWS REPRESENTATIVE.

Hon. Albion W. Tourgee, the gentleman whose works and writings have made his name a household word from one end of the continent to the other, arrived in the city late yesterday after noon.

A representative of the NEWS found him in his room last night busily engaged in writing, but was received with courteous attention and made to feel perfectly at home and at his ease.

The Judge is a man of splendid figure, with a massive head and a kindly eye which lights and flashes as he talks until the listener becomes completely magnetized and *en rapport* with the speaker.

The Judge paid a visit to the Normal school this morning and, after visiting a few of the class rooms and examining into the modes and methods of our western schools, he was persuaded by Professor Taylor to make a brief address to the pupils who were assembled in the chapel and who received the Judge with a round of applause and with their customary salute.

The Judge spoke about fourteen minutes, holding the rapt attention of pupils and teachers from his first sentence, which was only broken by applause, or laughter at the keen wit and humorous manner of the speaker. After a few words of commendation regarding the appearance of the school, with one or two stories, the Judge congratulated the school that they were beginning to study the great questions of the day. That they were considering the labor question. "It is," he said, "a great question, and one of the greatest that has ever come before this people. It is not however a question between labor and capital as so many are apt to term it, but rather between the man who labors and the trafficer upon the results of his labor. Political economy cannot teach us how to solve this question, because the conditions of the present have no parallel in the past. Political economy, if it is a science at all, is a science only of the past and not of the present, or the future. Like criticism, it finds fault with what has been done, but never gives reliable directions how to do. Like history, it may give the statesman hints, but can never teach him how to govern.

Mobs and strikes, land and labor, are the questions which the civilization of to day has developed that of to-morrow must decide. The practical statesmanship of to-day is forever overturning the theories of yesterday.

Political economy as a theory demands unquestioning adherance to certain principles which are fondly supposed to be immutable and irrefragable. Political science in practice—practical statesmanship—is forever requiring a nation to adopt the safest, surest and quickest way out of some new dilemma. Ordinarily the course adopted is declared, by those wise men who know all things from the beginning, to be in direct and ruinous conflict with the immutable principles of political economy. After a hundred years or so of discussion we find out that it was only a new application of the old principle, or a new principle then, for the first time, discovered.

Study political economy by all means; study it, but do not think of it as a practical science. Fill your minds with the wisdom of theuretical philosophers, but do not dream of regarding them as infallible rules of life. The political philosopher is almost as often a political fool as otherwise. Locke was the greatest philosopher and most practical theorist of his day. He drew for the Lord Proprietors the first constitution for the colony of North Carolina. It was a splendid constitution, a beautiful specimen of philosophical theory, but there never was power enough on earth to make any community conform to its strait-jacket articles.

The Judge will give our citizens his lecture "Give us a Rest" at the opera house to-night and our readers will miss one of the greatest treats of their lives if they fail to attend.

The Judge is without exception, not only one of the greatest writers and thinkers of the day, but he is one of the finest orators of this country and age as well.

Jamestown Journal

Chautauqua county people will be glad to learn of the success this season on the lecture platform, of Judge Tourgee, of Mayville. He lectured twice in Buffalo this week to crowded houses, and the press of that city speaks in the highest terms of the character of his addresses. Judge Tourgee is everywhere received with favor, and his new lecture seems to be a delightful departure from the stereotyped form.

Iowa casts a vote of 375,000 and is entitled to eleven Congressmen. South Carolina casts a vote of 91,623 and has seven Congressmen. Mississippi casts a vote of 120,993 and has seven Congressmen. Georgia casts a vote of 142,179 and has ten Congressmen, and thus the three States have twenty-four Representatives in Congress upon a vote of 355,095, while Iowa, with a vote of 20,745 more than all three, has but eleven Representatives. They have no reason to complain of the radicalism of Iowa. If, however, shot-guns were less numerous in their own territories these Southern States might count more ballots.

Judge Tourgee's Lecture.

There is a charming suggestiveness about the title, "A Story Teller's Story," that failed of realization in Mr. Albion Tourgee's address at Memorial Hall last night. Judge Tourgee is wholly lacking in that indefinite quality called magnetism. But the exceptional vigor, and at times satiric insight which characterized this lecture interested his audience deeply and made them glad to listen to him till he read an imitation poem of his own composition, "The Old and the New," some 200 lines in length, written upon a plan furnished in part by N. P. Willis and in part by Walt Whitman. The first half hour of the evening was devoted to a consideration of the progress and aims of story telling, from the Mosaic serial story to Christ's wonderful tale, through Dante, Boccaccio, Cervantes, Scott, Honore Balzac, down to the time of Victor Hugo, the King of all story-tellers, and Charles Dickens. There was ever an endeavor to limit story-telling, and the art made progress when those limitations were overridden. It was a habit, custom, a delight among Americans to belittle their own progress in art and literature, yet he thought that there was being built up a most substantial literature in this country, and there was the vigor of progress in its art. Fiction is now going into new fields, and there is an attempt at the delineation of American life. He did not think any of the "international" novels depicted American life, but there had been successful efforts in that direction. American life was peculiar; the rush and bluster of it was tremendous. Fiction of the strongly realistic sort could have little chance of flourishing in such atmosphere. The people demanded trifles for their amusement. He wondered if "that great big, splay-footed, tough-hided Washington," who stopped an hour outside New York to have his horse's hoofs blacked, and remembered three months later to charge it against the Government, would be able to fight successful battles in this day, with a brigade of reporters in his camp ready to tell the whole truth about his army and position to the world. And if John Wesley would have founded Methodism and grown in grace with a telephone in his study. Of his own novels he said little, telling of his first and unsuccessful book, put out while he was recovering from a wound received at Bull Run, and some other incidents. If this country was not to have a literature, he said, it would not be because of lack of writers, for he estimated the postage on rejected manuscripts alone amounted to $30,000 per year, and he had found St. Louis was a fertile field. To-night he lectures again, presumably advancing the subject into his own work.

Judge Tourgee at Ellington.

Dec. 9, [Correspondence].—The lecture delivered here by Judge A. W. Tourgee, a few evenings since, on the subject, Give Us a Rest, deserves more than a passing comment. The appearance of so prominent a man in a village where there is so little to attract public attention is always made the subject of much conversation, both public and private. So it has been here in regard to the judge and his lecture. Without stopping to discuss the public spirit (?) in our quiet little village, further than to say that it might be mightily enlarged, and still not injure public interests, we will say for Judge Tourgee that his lecture was very highly appreciated by everybody who heard it. The judge is an easy, thoughtful, calm, yet energetic speaker. He occupies a prominent position in the foremost rank of sound thinkers of the age.

Every one who heard him carried away information that is useful to himself, and may be made useful to those about him.

The lecture bore heavily upon the fast living of the American people, the apparent desire to live out our allotted years in half-time. He pictured in strong terms the evil results of the cramming, killing process followed in most of our public schools. All this pushing, crowding, fighting for fame and money is wearing out and degenerating the race, and reason and justice cry out, "Give us a rest." Should Judge Tourgee come here again he will have a large and appreciative audience.

THE PARK IDLER.

Judge Tourgee's lecture at the Opera House last Thursday evening recalled most forcibly a day designedly forgotten by many at the North—a forgetfulness punished, and justly, perhaps, at the polls a year ago last fall. It was a day when the Southern leaders, who now sit in congress, occupy foreign missions or consulates, or hold other honorable and lucrative positions at the hands of their government, were riding about at the head of armed bands, with masks and gowns, calmly calculating whom they should kill and whom whip, in order to accomplish the desired intimidation. They voted Tourgee's death, not because they disliked him—many of them were his brother Masons, whose Master he was at the time, after repeated re-elections; not because they disliked him, but because his position was such that his death would more intimidate than the deaths of several other Northern men. They were not wasteful of human life—these Ku-Klux.

* * *

This the Idler had from Judge Tourgee in conversation. In his lecture the judge had mentioned the night when he heard a stumbling footstep at his door, and had awakened his wife to tell her, "My dear, they have come," and that was enough, for the visit had long been expected. That was the night when the "Fool's" wife's hair turned gray; but of its horrors the lecturer had given no description. So the Idler asked him what had happened then? The "Fool" had argued with them through the window, emptying two Spencer repeaters; they had fired some shots into the room, and had gone away. "Had his shots taken effect?" "One of them had; and an assailant had gone lame ever since, but so dark was the night that he would never have known it had not the man in after years told him of it."

* * *

The visit of Judge Tourgee was the topic of conversation between the Idler and Mr. C. C. Adams, when the latter, after speaking of his school days with young Tourgee and the girl who afterwards became the judge's wife, told how he happened to become a business man.

* * *

He was at Conneaut, trying to study, and at the same time to fulfill the duty of assistance which he owed to his mother and two sisters. His cash had fallen pretty low, when one evening J. B. Lyon, then a merchant at Conneaut, since a great grain dealer at Chicago, came to his house, and asked him what he was doing, and how he was getting along. Charlie admitted that he was having a pretty hard time of it. Mr. Lyon said he had an order from Chicago for all the dried apples he could ship, at a good price, provided he got them off by a certain day, and he wanted Adams to go out and buy some.

* *

JUDGE A. W. TOURGEE.

The Celebrated Author Pays a Visit to Topeka.

Judge Albion W. Tourgee, author of "A Fool's Errand," and other novels, arrived in the city yesterday and lectures this evening at the Grand opera house. He is probably America's ablest novelist, and is one of the clearest thinkers and most eloquent orators in the country. He was seen last night at the Windsor by a CAPITAL representative, who found him an exceedingly fascinating conversationalist, and a man full of philosophic and sometimes humorous sayings. He is about 45 years of age, strong and robust, and has the appearance of a man who enjoys every day of his life. "Newspaper men, I believe," said he, "are hard workers, and if they would only learn to always tell the truth, they would be a pretty nice lot of fellows. I never made but one newspaper man mad, or rather he was scared. I made a trip to a city not a great way from here a few weeks ago, and after a long wearisome journey I reached my destination. I went to the hotel and registered, and while doing so noticed a long, lean-looking chap glancing over my shoulder and eying me rather closely, but I paid no more attention to him. I went immediately to my room and was using the soap pretty freely on my dusty face, when this same individual bounced into my room and flourishing a lead pencil and note book, exclaimed, "I would like to know your views upon Cleveland's position!" "Great Lord," I exclaimed, "has he got one?" I was out of humor, and I didn't treat the fellow very courteously. And that reminds me that they say that a newspaper man needs an abundance of "gall," but I don't believe it. I think the less 'gall' a newspaper man has the more popular he will be. People soon get tired of the cheeky reporter. Now, a courteous reporter, like these Topeka—" But this was too much for the reporter and he interrupted by asking the judge what he thought of the west. "The west is a rather new country to me, still I have learned enough to know that it is a rising, growing country; it is pushing ahead; the best people of the east and the north have come to the west; your young men and women are more intelligent than in the east. I once visited a normal college in New York and asked the scholars to name me five senators and five members of congress, but it was an utter failure. I had a young lawyer come to me once and ask if colored people were really bartered and sold twenty-five years ago. The young men of the east are giving comparatively no attention to politics, government and political economy; their sole object in life appears to be to make money and they seem to think that the highest honors can be obtained with money. It seems to me this government is losing its distinctiveness. I believe the gulf between the north and south is growing wider.

"The colored people have been treated outrageously; they have been left to themselves; justice demands that when they were taken out of slavery they should be protected; they will in time rebel."

TO ALBION W. TOURGEE.

By C. G. B.

To me a stranger, save as public man,
Your worth is still to admiration known;
This high regard I care not to disown,
It grows with time and long ago began.
Yet know, that had you not been in the van,
This high regard to other men had flown.
You led! not on the battle-field alone,
But where your life thro' greater dangers ran!

Unflinchingly, with courage most sublime,
Duty was served as never yet was gold—
A high resolve was mightier than crime!

You would rejoice, would jangling bells but chime—
None more than you!—could perfect peace enfold
The South too fiery, and the North too cold!

Stockton, N. Y., Feb. 1886.

...vesgo corps.

St. Louis STORY-TELLING. Republican Feb 19

JUDGE TOURGEE'S FIRST APPEARANCE BEFORE A ST. LOUIS AUDIENCE.

There were fifty-two of the 500 chairs in Memorial hall occupied last night at 8 o'clock when Maj. C. M. Whitney stepped out on the small vaulted platform followed by a rather tall man of medium strength of build with straight black hair and heavy, dark mustache. The rather tall man was Judge Albion W. Tourgee, who was making his first appearance before a St. Louis audience in the role of a lecturer. Mr. Whitney said, "I take great pleasure in introducing to you to-night, Albion W. Tourgee, author of 'A Fool's Errand,' who will lecture to you. Mr. Tourgee said, by way of introduction, that he always sympathized with small audiences, and glancing at some manuscript continued, saying "The story-teller is never a hero, never a man whose counsel is sought and who is considered a weight in the world's advancement. In the world's history he is counted as chaff. Homer was not considered a power in his time, yet the life of Greece was shaped by his measure. She owed much to him. He was the mirror of Greece in his time, but in his time he was counted as all story-tellers are counted.

PLATO

was held in the same appreciation by his fellows. The story-teller was regarded as a man who worked for the amusement of his fellow-men, just as the clown in the circus does. In the age of chivalry he who sang before princes would not be exchanged for a horse.

"In our present, which is a wonderfully weak and depreciating present, we are told by the political guild and by the philosophical guild that the story-teller is only one that can weakly imitate what has gone before him. That he, perhaps, has no function to perform. But story-telling was the early development, the start of all religious truth. The ancient Oriental teachers were story-tellers, and the doubts and guesses, the hopes and fears that throbbed through the systems of the people were given rise to by the story-teller. He who walked in Galilee and thought as man never thought before, and spake as man never spake before, put his teaching in the form of a parable. In later times we find Dante, the great religious story-teller, wielding an unseen influence of wonderful magnitude—but he was a story-teller. Then came Boccaccio, a writer of fictitious narrative, producing his corrupt but highly fascinating stories, the real reflection of the time in which he lived. He was speaking the language of his day and shaping character imperceptibly by his power as a story-teller. The hero of the novel Don Quixote, though not a reality, represented the character of the people of his time and his country in an exaggerated way. I have no idea that the heroes who fought about the walls of Troy were such heroes as the story-teller made them appear, but he pictured the character of the time. He painted the lives of those around him as his imagination saw them, and the imagination is ever the right hand of truth, nay, its soul and body. Columbus did not discover the New World when he sighted the Antilles, but he learned new truth, his imagination stretched out, and he saw the world as it is in shape

"History tells us that here is a great leader that lead armies, fought and lost; and then lead, fought, and gained, but it does not tell why people fought, what their real characters were. Fiction in the hands of the story-teller steps in and fills out the lives that history leaves unrelated. It delves into the depths of an ancient civilization and tells why men fought. The story-teller fills out the lives in his imaginary work; he gives the story of an imaginary life under certain conditions, and these are the conditions of the period when his story was founded.

"But story-telling has undergone changes, and it was left for Walter Scott to demonstrate that the life that the story-teller assumes to paint may not be an imaginary life, but may be a life of the past. All London jeered at the treasure field of Scotland being made the scene of fictitious narrative. The aristocracy of the royal families were then considered the only types fit to be dealt with by the story-teller. They were the field to which the story-teller must confine himself. Next the

BALZAC BROTHERS

overleap the domain of the story-teller. But the great rebellion, the great upheaval came when Victor Hugo began to tell stories. Lives in individual character had perhaps been better delineated before, but he excelled in exhibiting a class in one character. He foresaw a better future, and he delineated a future in the light of the past. He told stories of life as it was, and the people said that he has passed the domain. In his wake came Charles Reade, and Anthony Trollope, who both passed beyond the domain as it had been, but it was being extended.

The judge will lecture again at Memorial hall to-night on another subject.

Judge Tourgee's Lecture.

To mention the number of the audience last night would not seem complimentary to this well-known author, and certainly would not be a flattering notice of public taste in this vicinity; yet the audience was a good one as quality goes. It is quite probable that the lecture would not have been as much appreciated by a more general audience as some of the anecdotal compilations known as popular lectures. Judge Tourgee was briefly introduced to his audience by Judge Mack and spoke on the story teller's art for about two hours to hearers who followed him with very earnest attention. For an hour he discoursed on the part played by imagination in its association with history and science, and the development of story-telling from Homer to the modern novelists. Then followed the more entertaining, and it was very entertaining, analysis of the novelists' methods and purposes—a sort of inside view of the romancer's literary life, illustrated by numerous incidents from the speaker's own experience, or references to other writers. The discourse can be called an admirable chapter on English literature. In conclusion the lecturer read from the Fool's Errand the passage which introduces the quaint Jehu Brown. Anybody with such a cough as good Mr. Brown's would usually be a horrid bore—but not Jehu, who in Mr. Tourgee's chapters rises superior to cough and whisky, making good use of both. A poem, a valentine, closed the lecture, which certainly did not seem two hours long. Tourgee's lectures vary, as he cannot repeat a written discourse, and it was noticeable that as he grew acquainted with his audience and realized that before him was a rising novelist, a budding dramatist, a contributor to cyclopedias, the essayists of literary society, travelers from Egypt and Tampa Bay, etc., etc., he warmed up and buttonholed all of them, conveying the impression that this was positively the first time this little point was ever mentioned, and please don't mention it. The impression left was good and the audience will remember Judge Tourgee with interest enough to read some of his books—if they can be borrowed.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE TO-NIGHT.

Judge A. W. Tourgee, whose acquaintance nearly everybody has made through the medium of his books and published writings, will lecture at the Grand opera house this evening, his theme being "A Story Teller's Story." Judge Tourgee deserves a hearty welcome at the capital of Kansas, and the welcome ought to assume the shape of a crowded house to-night.

We clip the following notices of the lecturer from the papers named:

"Judge Tourgee possesses the rare power of keeping up the interest and holding the attention of his audience to the close of his lecture."—*St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

"Judge Tourgee possesses charming social qualities and rare conversational powers. He is emphatically a man of ideas, and this fact accounts for his popularity as a lecturer. Public audiences are both entertained and instructed by his utterances."—*Lancaster (Pa.) New Era.*

CRAWFORD'S OPERA HOUSE.

The Boston Double Uncle Tom's Cabin company is at the Crawford on Thursday and Friday evenings of this week. The company has been playing through the state to immense business and is considered the best on the road.

On Saturday evening of this week Mr. Crawford has the Daly's New York theatre company in "A Night Off," a new and very entertaining comedy.

ALBION W. TOURGEE.

The Famous Author of "A Fool's Errand" to Lecture in This City—His Life in the South.

Hon. Albion W. Tourgee, the distinguished author and lecturer, will deliver at Music Hall next Wednesday evening "A Story by a Story Teller." He is so well known that the mere announcement of his appearance will be sufficient to insure the attendance of a large audience. The fact that Judge Tourgee is a native of Ashtabula county, and spent the earlier years of his life on the Western Reserve causes him to be regarded with more than usual interest by the people of the city. As the author of "A Fool's Errand" Judge Tourgee became known in every household in the country and through it and his other novels he has achieved fame that will live long after him. He took up his residence in North Carolina at the close of the war. His life in the South was faithfully reflected in "A Fool's Errand," the facts for which remarkable narrative are drawn from personal experiences of the author, from his own observation or from authenticated reports. Not that everything set down as happening at "Verdenton" actually occurred at Greensboro; but the story faithfully reflects the temper and the tone of the life which was actually experienced during those hard, brave years. The most tragic and terrible episodes in the book are facts, under the thinnest guise that the novelist may use. The character sketch of Jehu Brown, the "Old Unionist," who gave "The Fool" (that is to say, the author) such an insight into Southern bravery and its peculiar style of "exemption papers," is one of a legion personally known; the thrilling melodrama of the midnight horseback chase, in which the pursued checkmated the pursuer, and sent the latter to self-destruction by "A Two-Handed Game," is almost a literal account of a personal experience of Judge Tourgee. The death of old Jerry at the hands of the KuKlux is a fact. Throughout the book the most tragic things are the truest, and in several of the strongest acts the author has told his own story. Mr. Tourgee, "the little smooth-faced Yankee," as they called him then, built up a good law practice. "I suppose your clients were mostly 'niggers' and unionists," somebody asked him once. On the contrary, they were mostly Southern sympathizers and political enemies; his political friends dared not employ him, for fear of the effect on their own standing in the community. In 1868 he was elected member of the constitutional convention of the State. "And there is the only valuable work I ever did," is the Judge's estimate of his labors. The youngest man in the convention, he did more than anyone else to shape the Constitution, which is called "Tourgee's Constitution" to this day. Judge Sharswood said, in the last Constitutional convention of Pennsylvania, in 1874: "The judiciary system of North Carolina is the simplest, most effective of any I have ever observed—of any in the United States."

Judge Tourgee's Lecture.

To-night this distinguished gentleman will lecture at Catron's ball under the auspices of Carleton post, G. A. R. He had intended going on to the Pacific coast, but his printers are crying "copy" back in New York, so that his Santa Fe engagement will close his labors in the lecture field for a time and from here he goes to his home in Chatauqua county, New York, to prepare Mss. for his new publication. Of Judge Tourgee's Las Vegas engagement the Gazette says:

From the moment when Judge Lee introduced the speaker till the lecture was brought to the close, a period of nearly two hours, the entire audience was charmed. Wit, humor, eloquence, pathos, succeeded each other in an unceasing flow. To complete the charm, the descriptive powers of the speaker are excellent, his voice musical, and his manner agreeable. No mere outline could give any idea of the lecture or do justice to the lecturer. The gist of the matter was that the American of the present day is sadly in need of rest, and to enforce the thought, he compared people of one or two hundred years ago, in their easy, quiet going ways, with the man of the present feverish, pushing, striving, toiling, and dying of over work. His points were well taken and forcably applied.

Clevland Feb 3

THE LEADER AND HERA

A PERTINENT "AMEN."

How Judge Albion W. Tourgee Rebuked a Church Congregation That Refused Him a Seat.

Breaking the Pride of a Contemptuous Jury—An Impudent Attorney Taught a Lesson.

The Story of the Story-Teller to be Told at Case Hall This Evening.

A "Story Teller's Story" will be related at Case Hall this evening by no less a personage than Judge Albion W. Tourgee, the author of "A Fool's Errand," "Bricks Without Straw," "Figs and Thistles," etc. If the hall is not packed full by an enthusiastic audience the Cleveland public will deserve the name of being cold and unappreciative. What Judge Tourgee did for his country and the South, after the war, is just becoming appreciated. Immediately following the end of the great struggle he moved to North Carolina. He was elected Judge of the Superior Court of the Seventh judicial district of North Carolina, and served until 1875. In the meantime he

WAS APPOINTED CODE COMMISSIONER

of the State and with Judge Rodman (now of the Supreme Court of North Carolina) and Victor Barringer (now of the International Tribunal at Cairo) prepared the Code of Procedure for the State and drafted most of the laws adjusting the State to its new relations. His term expired in 1875 and he was not a candidate for re-election. In the fall of that year he was again chosen to represent Guilford county for another Constitutional convention, called by the Democrats for the purpose of overthrowing the Constitution of 1868. An equal number of Democrats and Republicans were chosen, Judge Tourgee being the leader of the latter party, who were opposed to any considerable changes. They kept up the fight for ten days or more, the convention being unable to organize until one of the Republicans sold out. The minority was so strong that little was done by the convention except to abolish the township system, which was the bone of contention. The above bare outline of official labors gives little idea of what Judge Tourgee accomplished during those years. His circuit included ten counties, giving him much journeying, mostly on horseback, and also a wide acquaintance and corresponding increase of danger. Usually he rode alone, rather than carry a servant into danger. Holding and freely expressing views bound to win him enemies, he made his way unscathed through plot after plot laid for his destruction. He made his will at an early period of this life, and for years closed up his business accounts every two weeks. His intrepidity, his absolute fairness and honor, and his keen sense of humor combined to help him on in a community where boldness and humor are appreciated. As a citizen, he

DEFIED THE KEENEST OF SNUBS,

and as a judge stood squarely for justice, though the heavens fell. An endless number of incidents might be given. Room allows but two or three, in briefest form.

In any community some measure of Christian kindness may be expected from the church. When Judge Tourgee and family attended service, people in the near seats would get up and leave. The Judge instituted service at home, and in a summer-house on his grounds used to gather his black people of a Sunday afternoon, for simple worship and singing. On one occasion a minister had agreed to come and speak to the people. When he came he noticed a little American flag twined in some faded decorations overhead, where they had been from some former occasion.

"You must take that flag down. I cannot speak under it."

The Judge, who is about the last man in the world to do that sort of thing, got along that afternoon without the preacher.

On one occasion he went to an Episcopal church. Service had begun. The people, the soul of kindly courtesy to their own kind, looked at him, as he paused at the door. None offered a seat. The Judge walked slowly up the aisle and stopped by a stove. They let him stand. The sacred words of the Litany were being repeated.

"From envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness," read the minister, and "Good Lord, deliver us!" responded the people.

"Amen!" said the Judge, standing by the stove.

Everybody looked up.

"From hardness of heart and contempt of Thy Word and Commandment," read the minister, and "Good Lord deliver us!" prayed the people.

"Amen!" said the Judge, more earnestly than before, and then quietly walked out of church. If he met ostracism at church and in society, on the bench he met defiance. The juries were intelligent and respectable. Often while charging the jury the jurymen would ignore the Judge with offensive inattention, gazing at the ceiling or the like; and then bring in a verdict as far as possible from the showing of the facts. The Judge

NEVER LOST HIS TEMPER,

but bided his time. By and by there came a case where the jury were at a loss. They were helpless to make a decision until the law had been explained to them. When the Judge rose to make the customary charge every eye was fixed upon him. The usual inattention had vanished.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he said, "you have heard the case. With a jury so competent and discerning I am sure it is quite unnecessary for me to assume to explain the law involved in this case. You will now retire and make up your verdict."

Twelve nonplussed men marched to the jury-room, and in due time the Judge went to his lodgings. After some hours an officer came with a note from the foreman asking the exact status of the law on the troublesome matter.

"I have no instructions to give," said the Judge, and the officer went back.

Late at night the Sheriff came. The Judge was firm. The Sheriff went back.

It took many hours of confinement to break the pride of that jury. But something had to give way, and Judge Tourgee would not. At length came a humble note from the foreman acknowledging their lack of respect, apologizing therefor, and begging that they be brought into court and instructed. The Judge was not troubled any more with contemptuous juries.

In a certain case a lawyer kept calling the prisoner a "nigger." The Judge warned him that he must not use so prejudicial a term. The lawyer sneered and pretty soon referred to the "nigger" again.

"Mr. Clerk, enter a fine of $10 against Mr. Blank for contempt of court," said the Judge. The latter had mettle and continued to say "niggar." For every time the word was used the Judge doubled the fine. The sum got up to $200, and the lawyer quailed. For the rest of the trial it was "the prisoner," or some proper equivalent. Moreover, the "nigger"-hater paid his fine. The reader, unless he is better informed than most well read people are, is not likely to fully realize the peculiar position in which Judge Tourgee stood. The Judge himself but partially defined it in "A Fool's Errand."

"Siva" Letters Employing his Time.

Judge Albion W. Tourgee was seen in Buffalo yesterday by a *Republic* reporter, and was told by the Judge that he had no more books in contemplation at present. Would it be presuming too much if the NEWS should intimate that the "Siva" articles in the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* were occupying all of the Judge's spare moments of thought for the present?

Judge Tourgee's Lecture.

The people of Cleveland will lose an occasion of rare and instructive entertainment if they fail to hear the lecture to be given by Judge Tourgee at Case Hall to-morrow evening. No citizen of a Northern State has given more time and attention to the condition of the South than Judge Tourgee, and his books upon that subject have been widely read, and occupy a high position among the literary productions of the last decade. His "Fool's Errand" stands next to "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in the literature touching upon the status of society in the Southern States. He spent several years in the South after the war, and devoted his time to an assiduous study of the condition of that section. In his writings he relates that which he actually saw, and he tells nothing from hearsay. He passed through many dangerous adventures in his encounters with the rebellious element of the Southern States. Alone he had the courage to attack the kuklux organizations when they were in the height of their power and by undaunted courage and ability he always succeeded in carrying his point. It will be intensely interesting to listen to his personal experience as he relates it. He was formerly a citizen of Ohio, Ashtabula county being his birthplace, and he therefore has a just claim upon the people of the Western Reserve. We hope to see Case Hall crowded to-morrow evening, and from the notices of Judge Tourgee's lecture in the papers of other cities, the LEADER feels confident in predicting that the audience will be well repaid for their attendance.

JUDGE ALBION W. TOURGEE, well known throughout the entire country as an eloquent speaker and a clear and forcible writer, lectures to-night at the Grand opera house. Probably no northern man ever had greater opportunities for studying every phase of the southern character than Judge Tourgee during his residence of fifteen years in the south. He sturdily maintained his principles and his manhood, surrounded by a menacing and hostile majority that never forgot for a moment the lost cause. A "Fool's Errand," drawn from his experience, was widely read and created, when published, a sensation throughout the country. It was followed by "Bricks Without Straw," and after the failure of that splendid weekly, the "Continent," in which Judge Tourgee lost every dollar he was worth, a sum exceeding $100,000, he gave the people from a bed of sickness that masterful political work, "An Appeal to Cæsar." It is beyond question the most profound study of the southern question ever published. The lecture to-night: "A Story-Teller's Story," is a literary production free from politics. We wish it was possible for Judge Turgee to give the people of Topeka a lecture upon the southern question, or the relation of the white race to the black race, upon which he can speak with force and knowledge. The CAPITAL urges its readers who can possibly do so to hear this distinguished gentleman to-night.

SECRETS OF THE LITERARY SHOP.

Judge Tourgee Tells of the Work and Worry of Authorship.

The audience at Plymouth Church last night was extremely small, but this, however, did not prevent Judge Tourgee from being as entertaining as to a crowded house. He was introduced to the audience by Hon. William H. Woods. He stated that he had seen some queries propounded to him in an evening paper by A. S. Kingsley, whom he would give an answer after his "Story" was disposed of.

He went as far back in the history of story-tellers as Homer, and spoke of the rewards of story tellers. Homer, he said, was an object of pity and charity. He mentioned Aristrophanes, who, believing himself to be a fool, assumed that role, but was soon made the pet of the people. He spoke of Milton and Shakspeare, who when looking toward subsistence in his dying days was forced to become manager of a second class theater, so that he might, in his will, leave his wife a second-hand bedstead, which was the only thing he left her. What did men know of ancient English history until the Wizard of the North portrayed it in real life? What did they know of the marvelous Egyptian wonders until the fertile pen of Ebers turned labor into light? What would be the situation of George Washington if, instead of fighting an army of soldiers, he had to do with a corps of modern newspaper reporters, who would report the truth, if no convenient lie was at hand? He said the story-teller must first find a place for his story, and then he must choose his character. And then, possibly, the hardest part was the naming of the characters chosen. A great deal depended upon the selection of the name, and he instanced how Dickens, in the original edition of one of his works, had given three names to the same character, but that the character lived upon the third name. Then great care must be taken as to facts, where the story was located, where the scene was set. Great care must also be exercised when stating actual facts—where dates and circumstances occur. He instanced the fact that he had once visited five cities and consulted 624 volumes, after which he wrote six pages on the subject.

The next great desire of the author was to see himself in print. When the speaker wrote his first book he found a kind publisher who offered to publish the volume if he (Tourgee) would bear the expense. The edition was limited—his purse being somewhat limited—and only eleven copies were sold. After appearing in print, the story-teller's misery had just begun, for then came the autograph fiend, who used all manner of ways and means to extort an autograph.

In answer to Mr. Kingsley's queries, he said that first he disliked his books when they were written because after he had done all in his power, all that could be done, he found on every page some error. He said, in answer to the second query, that Mr. Kingsley, in assuming him to be a partisan, had taken a false assumption. He had never written one word in partisan hate or malice. He concluded his story by reading two selections, one "Jehu Brown," the other a "Valentine."

"GIVE US A REST."

A fair audience of the refined and intellectual people of this city greeted Judge Albion W. Tourgee at the opera house last evening. In a neat speech Judge Fletcher introduced the noted writer and lecturer. In personal appearance the noted Albion can hardly be said to have received the lion's share of beauty, although it was remarked by a number of the people present that "it a looked different from the common lot." "Give Us a Rest" is a rambling lecture—a rare treat—abounding in keen satire and true wit. The orator can scarcely be called eloquent, but he has a peculiar and impressive style of delivery. The lecture comprises many beautiful thoughts and startling facts, the chief point of which is to prove that the circumstances of condition make the man. The Judge gave his opinion that if George Washington was alive in these times, he would not be able to make a record as the father of his country; if John Wesley had lived to-day and been tormented with the telephone, the Methodist church would never have been heard of. The cramming system of our schools received a scathing rebuke and nearly every class of people and profession received a generous donation of sarcasm that exposed their weaknesses. Every young man was advised to have the courage to learn a trade in preference to a college education; if both could be had, the man was better to battle with the world. Lincoln, Garfield and Grant were given as instances of success to prove his point. He said that a great German, in a recent speech in Cincinnati, said that the "Germans and Scandinavians would eventually rule this country, not because of their nationality, but because they performed the labor and constituted the different trades of the land; that the average American acquired no trade but printing." The Judge concluded his highly pleasing and spicy lecture with the beautiful prayer, "Give Us a Rest."

Judge Tourgee.

Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather the Whitley opera house was well filled last night with people, drawn thither by the promise of an intellectual treat in the shape of a lecture to be given by Hon. A. W. Tourgee. In this they were not at all disappointed. The subject of the lecture was from the "Give Us a Rest." He demonstrated the great mistake that is made by parents in sending their children to school too early, and endeavoring to force into their tender brains a motley mass of chaotic facts of no material benefit outside of successful competition with their fellows, thus instilling at the start the headlong plan of existence so characteristic of the American. He called attention to the fact that we were wearing ourselves out and living the very lives of our children before they were born. Rest, he maintains, is essential, not the day or two at the sea side or the watering place, but a relaxation at home where the cares of a day can be thrown off long enough to enable us to receive a new impetus from the sweet innocence of childhood, and thus get acquainted with our babies. He spoke of the utter helplessness of the college bred man when first thrown into the turbulent stream of life to battle for himself, and the lack of courage to take hold with the hands of manual labor, thus giving the knowledge obtained a chance to take root and grow to a sturdy plant, being watered by thought and developed in the sun of bodily health. He did not speak disparagingly of education, either in the school or college, but of the uses to which it is put. Judge Tourgee is forcible and pleasant speaker, having the rare power of riveting the attention of the audience without wearying them. His lecture last night showed the depth of thought and breadth of intellect that is so characteristic of his works which have proved him to be a man of comprehensive and powerful brain. His lecture was listened to with attention and was thoroughly appreciated. A great many tarried, after it was over, to become acquainted with him. The judge goes from here to El Dorado, where he will undoubtedly have a full house.

Interstate Commerce.

THE STORY TELLER.

He Will Appear at Case Hall Tomorrow Evening.

How Judge A. W. Tourgee Inspected Most of the Southern Prison Pens—His Life.

The noted author and lecturer, Hon. Albion W. Tourgee, will tell at Case Hall, Wednesday evening, "A Story Teller's Story." That it will be well told cannot be doubted by any one who has read his powerful novels on the reconstruction of the South. Case Hall should be well filled Wednesday evening, for the opportunity to hear a man like Judge Tourgee speak does not come often. In the Western Reserve, if nowhere else, he should be warmly welcomed, for he is one of her most distinguished sons. Few men have gone through the thrilling experiences that crowded the most active years of Judge Tourgee's life. The following is an extract from a recently published

SKETCH OF HIS LIFE:

Albion W. Tourgee was born in the town of Williamsfield, in Ashtabula county, O., in 1838. His father was a farmer, and the subject of this sketch grew up on the farm, living in what is perhaps the most fortunate condition for an American youth—the life of the average farmer boy. When Albion was about eight years old the family moved to Kingsville. There he attended the Kingsville Academy, going thence to the Rochester University, in which Baptist stronghold (although he was of a Methodist family) he pursued a thorough classical course, graduating in 1862. In 1880 this institution conferred upon him the degree of LL. D. There was an interruption in his college work which was probably of vaster importance, as affecting his after life, than was all his study at the university. In the spring of 1861 he enlisted in the Twenty-seventh New York Volunteers, and was carried into active service at once. He received an ugly wound at the first Bull Run, which disabled him for service and kept him on crutches for a year. During that year, however, he continued his legal studies and was admitted to the bar at Painesville, O., in May, 1862. His wound, which entirely disabled him for eleven months, is seen to have had a shaping influence on his after life. In 1862, being sufficiently recovered, as he thought, he re-enlisted in the One Hundred and Fifth Ohio, and was made lieutenant. He saw rough campaigning and hard fighting through Kentucky and Tennessee; and was at Richmond, Ky., Perryville, Missionary Ridge, Chickamauga, Murfreesboro, and other hot places. At Murfreesboro he was captured and held a prisoner of war for six months, during which time he was compelled by circumstances to inspect the

INTERIOR OF THE REBEL PRISONS

at Atlanta, Milan, Salisbury, and Libby. His invincible good humor kept him up through hardships that killed stronger men. "I was in pretty good shape when I got out," he says, recalling the experience with grim humor. "I ran away once or twice, and was shot, caught, and penned up again. Oh, I had quite a variety." He was also wounded at Perryville, and once after at Hoover's

Gap. "I know how it feels to get a charge of buckshot in my leg." He left the service in 1864, his old wound affecting him badly. He was afterwards appointed major of a colored regiment, but the war was so nearly at an end that he was never mustered for this service. He was on his way to join the regiment when the war closed. He had married, ten days after leaving Libby Prison, Miss Emma Kilbourne, a daughter of an excellent family living at Ashtabula, Mr. Kilbourne was afterward associated with Judge Tourgee in business ventures in North Carolina. Now begins another and well-marked era in his life. As he says through Comfort Servosse, the hero of "A Fool's Errand": "I come out of the war a little the worse for what I have been through. * * * I find my practice gone and am a bit afraid of our cold winters." These considerations, and certain strongly-fixed ideas about a coming era of prosperity for favored portions of the South, induced him to settle at Greensboro, county seat of Guilford county, North Carolina. There he invested such resources as were at his command in a plantation, a hard woods manufactory (for making ax handles and the like) and continued his practice of the law. Of the peculiar life which he and his family led during their fifteen years' residence here, it is impossible to write fully or fairly in this article. It was a life that was faithfully reflected in "A Fool's Errand."

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LEADER AND HERALD

THE JUDGE'S NERVE.

How Hon. Albion W. Tourgee Broke Up the Kuklux Klan in North Carolina.

He Gains the Secrets of the Lawless Order Through His Coolness and Bravery.

The Lecture of "A Story-Teller's Story" to be Delivered at Case Hall Wednesday Evening.

"A Story-Teller's Story" will be the lecture delivered by Judge Albion W. Tourgee at Case Hall Wednesday evening. Judge Tourgee is too well known to the American public as the author of "A Fool's Errand," "Figs and Thistles," "Bricks Without Straw," "Hot Plowshares," and "A Royal Gentleman," to need a formal introduction. The exciting adventures of "the fool," so graphically related by him, are in a measure his own. Like "the fool," he moved South after the war, thinking that immense possibilities lay undeveloped beyond Mason and Dixon's line. His talent as a lawyer secured his election as judgde in North Carolina. The following account of how he helped to exterminate the Kuklux Klan appeared in an excellent sketch of his unwritten life recently published in the *Buffalo Express*:—

It is no wonder, after all, that the bar held a meeting, when he was elected judge to decide whether it should practice before him, or

RUN HIM OFF THE BENCH.

What use had they for a man who declared for "Manhood, equal rights, free schools, free juries, free offices, free press, free speech, free men?" And yet, as judge, they were bound to admire his ability, his fairness, his intrepidity. When occasion seemed to warrant, he promptly put the oldest member of his bar under contempt. They found they couldn't scare him, and they couldn't walk on him. Personal violence was always imminent. Warned once by friends that protection could not be guaranteed, his reply was, "damn protection." He knew the people he had to deal with. In his contagious humor and a boldness which, if sometimes rash, was always unfailing, doubtless lay the great sources of his security. He bluntly told his grand jury on one occasion that he knew there were members of the Kuklux Klan among them. "At least two of you, gentlemen, are known to me as officers of the Klan," he said, sternly; "and I know of a certainty that there is blood upon your hands," whereupon one eminently respectable citizen who was on the jury fainted away. It was Judge Tourgee, practically alone and single-handed, who exposed Kukluxism. He ferreted out its secrets and brought the principal offenders to justice. He has never told the writer the story of this affair, though the following account is from a trustworthy source. The story has never been published, and the people of North Carolina do not know to this day how the secrets of the Klan were discovered. Before Judge Tourgee, at one of the courts of his circuit, two brothers were brought, charged with whipping a minister. The lash had been laid on the victim's back in true overseer fashion, leaving a ghastly checker-board of gashes. The minister's offense was that he had preached a sermon over the dead body of the prisoners' father, which had incensed them. The minister was made to repeat the sermon in court. It was proved to be

A MOST OUTRAGEOUS ASSAULT

on the deceased, who was pictured as writhing in hell's hottest flames. As the judge listened he grew indignant. The men were found guilty and brought up for sentence. Instead of giving them a very heavy punishment as he might, he gave them the lightest the law allowed, a few days' imprisonment and fine, or something of the sort.

That for a prelude. Long after, the Judge, riding alone, as was his custom, on a journey over a forest road, was overtaken by night and missed his way. After a disagreeable time of it he blundered into a clearing where was an isolated house. Some one gruffly challenged him. The Judge explained the situation and asked lodging for the night. It was refused, point blank. The traveler, however, had ideas of his own on the subject. In the South, if a white man himself attends to the details of caring for his horse, he loses caste.

"Well, stranger, I reckon it don't much matter where I sleep, but my horse is going to eat hay from yonder stack to-night." So saying the judge vaulted from the saddle, tossed the rein to the astonished man and turning to the house without another word bounded up the steps and suddenly burst into the room. Opposite the door was a great fireplace and on either side sat men in the full Kuklux garb, with the spooky masks over their faces. However much astonished the intruder may have been, he did not lose presence of mind. Going straight up to the fire he squatted and began to warm his hands before the blaze. Looking up in a dare-devil way at the still motionless figures, he said:—

"You cut a handsome figure in that rig, don't you! You're damned fine looking specimens! Don't you feel proud of yourselves?"

Then, before a move was made, he

SPRANG TO THE OPPOSITE SIDE

of the room, and, with his back to the wall, drew from his belt the ever ready revolvers, one in each hand.

"I shoot the man who moves!"

At this juncture the man who had been astonished at the visitor's boldness out of doors, entered the room, only to be more astonished at the scene within. He tried to speak, but no; the judge was master of the situation.

"Put yer weepons on that thar table, gentlemen, and be right smart about it," commanded the Judge, in the vernacular that the South knows.

"Don't shoot, Judge, don't shoot, Judge! Why, Judge, don't you know us! We're the Heines brothers," cried the last comer, who now for the first time recognized the Judge.

"Why, don't you know us, Judge? We're the men that was tried for whipping the parson."

The Judge neither remembered nor recognized until every man in the room had laid his "weepons" on the table. Then he saw that the unmasked man and one who was masked were indeed the men he had dealt with so leniently. The best the house afforded was not good enough for the guest that night. The next day he was taken to a remote tobacco barn and while a guard was posied was initiated into all the secrets, passwords and devilry of the klan. Subsequently, donning the kuklux garb, he penetrated a camp of the klan, where he recognized by their voices many prominent men of the county.

HIS OWN SHERIFF AMONG THEM.

A result of this work was that warrants were served on one hundred and thirty-nine of the most prominent men of the county, and over sixty were in jail at one time. The breaking up of the Klan is a matter of history.

These are such episodes as come to the lives of not very many men in a century. "And yet," said Judge Tourgee, "I liked it; by George, I did! The insight, the inspiration gained are priceless. But it was a terrible life, terribly exhaustive. You can't make the North understand. But I wouldn't go through it again for the fee simple of the United States. I would sooner serve in the Russian army ten years. It was five or six years after the close of the war before I gave up the idea that there might be a magnificent free civilization there. But I planted seeds. Some time they will fructify." So Judge Tourgee came North in 1880. After a rest with family friends at Erie, Pa., and a longer sojourn in Denver for his health, he in February, 1881, made his home at Mayville. Literary work occupied him until February, 1882, when *Our Continent* was established at Philadelphia by Mr. R. S. Davis, now publisher of the *Philadelphia Call*. From June, 1882, until its publication ceased, September, 1884, Judge Tourgee was the editor and a stockholder. During this time, alike as novelist and editor, his work was eminently noteworthy. *Our Continent* swept away a fortune.

REEKING WITH FILTH.

Terrible New-York Tenement Pestilence-Breeders Owned by Trinity Church.

NEW-YORK, Jan. 7.—At a meeting of the Constitution Club last night Dr. K. A. Gunn made a report on the condition of the tenement-houses of New-York. He said Trinity Church was the owner of the worst tenement-houses in the city and was the meanest landlord in New-York. The policy of the Trinity Church corporation is to never make repairs on a tenement they own, but to let it actually fall to pieces until no one, however wretched, can live in it. Then the corporation tears it down and builds a store, warehouse, or expensive flat house. But it never spends its money to improve the condition of the poor.

The building at No. 34 Laight Street is owned by Trinity Church. It is inhabited by 200 people, and on the ground floor there is a liquor store. The building is in the most terrible condition imaginable. The floors of the halls are covered with filth from overflowed sinks and closets. The halls are dark and the stairways broken. No. 63 Watts Street is another tenement-house owned by Trinity. There was an outbreak of scarlet fever some months ago. The father of the sick children went to Trinity's office and complained of the defective plumbing. He was told that if he didn't like it he could get out. The cellar was filled with sewage that had leaked from the broken sewer-pipes. The floors of the halls were so covered with filth from the same source that it deadened the sound of footsteps. The Board of Health was notified and ordered Trinity to make repairs.

Dr. Gunn pointed out several other wretched tenements which are owned by Trinity. George D. Goden and W. W. Chandler, superintendent of the Calvary Mission, corroborated Gunn's statements. The latter arraigned Trinity Church for its "barbarous policy." Trinity, said he, has an income of $4,000,000 a year, drawn mainly from tenement-house property. It was resolved to send the report to the rector of the church.

GRANT THWARTED JOHNSON.

"TREASON IS ODIOUS, AND THE CHIEF REBELS SHALL BE HUNG."

Consternation Throughout the South—Confederate Leaders Appeal to Grant for Protection—Grant's Firmness—A Stormy Interview—Depew's Narrative.

NEW YORK, Oct. 20.—Hon. Chauncey M. Depew has furnished to the press the following open letter to Col. F. D. Grant:

NEW YORK, Oct. 12, 1885.—MY DEAR COLONEL: In answer to your request for the particulars of the conversation I had with your father, and to which I alluded in a speech before the chamber of commerce, the following is my best recollection:

About four years ago I sat beside Gen. Grant at dinner. There were many courses, slowly served, and the entertainment lasted several hours. We discussed many matters suggested by his travels around the world, and among other things he said to me that when in China Prince Kung, who was regent and the real ruler during the minority of the emperor, told him of their controversy with Japan. War was about to be declared and the prince thought it would be a long and bloody one, and asked Gen. Grant if he would act as arbitrator. The general declined for want of time, but principally because he was a private person and had no power to enforce his decision. He suggested, however, the terms of compromise. When in Japan shortly after, the mikado's ministers told their side of the trouble and revealed the fact that several of the European governments were actively stirring up the strife on both sides, hoping to benefit it by the war. The same request was made to him on the part of the Japanese government to act as arbitrator, and in again declining, he stated the substance of the compromise he had advised for China. The two nations adopted substantially the terms proposed by Gen. Grant and a disastrous conflict was averted.

The conversation drifted into a consideration of his relations with President Andrew Johnson. The narrative of this period was one of the most graphic descriptions to which I ever listened, and it is unfortunate for history and posterity that it cannot be preserved as it was told. It had the local coloring of conversations, with statements by the chief actors, and of the situations of parties and persons as the events occurred—invaluable as a portraiture and estimate of the times.

I said in my address that Gen. Grant performed services to his country, which were unwritten, quite as important as any that were recorded, and I think this narrative will bear me out. This is the substance of the story:

Johnson began the day after the assassination of Mr. Lincoln to loudly proclaim at all times and places, with constant reiteration, the shibboleth, "Treason is odious and must be punished and the chief rebels shall be hung."

To give effect to this sentiment, as soon as he was inaugurated he insisted upon the United States courts in Virginia finding indictments against all the leading members of the confederacy. He also wanted the officers in the rebel army who had left the regular army to join the rebellion to be summarily dealt with by court-martial.

These movements of the President produced the greatest consternation throughout the south. The confederate leaders appealed to Grant to protect them on the parole he had given. He saw Johnson on the subject, only to be informed that the President was, by the constitution, commander-in-chief of the army, and that anything done by the commanding general on the field was done subject to his approval or rejection, and he rejected the terms. Gen. Grant urged that the rebels had surrendered on these conditions, disbanded their organizations, submitted universally to the situation, and were carrying out in good faith their part of the agreement; and every consideration of both honor and expediency demanded equal good faith on the part of the government. The other course would have led to an endless guerrilla warfare, conducted in a country admirably adapted for it, by desperate and hopeless men. Johnson obstinately adhered to his view, and assumed the authority of commander, when Grant flatly told him that if there were to be any courts-martial one must be called to Gen. Grant first; that he would by every means in his power protect his parole and appeal to Congress and the country. In the halt called by this attitude of Gen. Grant a very remarkable change occurred in the views and policy of President Johnson. Gen. Grant discovered that the most frequent and favored visitors to the white house were the men whom the President had proscribed. In the general's opinion Johnson's loyalty was subordinate to, if not entirely dependent upon, his intense hatred of the slave-holding oligarchy. He was a poor white, had been a journeyman tailor, and notwithstanding the distinguished public positions he had held, he could not break through the class barrier, and was treated socially with contempt by this proud aristocracy. When they plunged into rebellion he saw his opportunity. He believed in the power of the government, and thought that the time had come when he could defeat his enemies, confiscate their property, humiliate their pride, and possibly destroy them. The absorbing ambition and passion of his life had been to be received and treated as one of them by the oligarchy. Having failed in that, and suffered insult and indignity in the effort, he become one of the most vindictive of men. He saw them foiled in their rebellion, defeated, and impoverished, and now he wanted to kill them. While he was devising means to overcome Gen. Grant's resistance to this last purpose, the leaders of the old feudalism called upon him. They admitted their former treatment of him, and justified it. They said that in all ages and countries where caste distinctions existed, conditions were always possible which promoted men who had achieved success from the lower into the nobler order. As President of the United States he became, regardless of birth or ancestry, not only a member of their order, but its leader. Johnson was wild with delight; ambition and pride were both satisfied. He became as anxious to sustain and perpetuate in some form a system which had given the highest social and political distinction to a few great families as he had been to destroy it. Grant did not have long to wait for the formulation of his plan. The President sent for him, and said that the radical measures of Congress were revolutionary and would destroy the country. The war was over and the republic wanted peace, and that was possible only by a union of all sections. The provisional governments provided for the seceded states were temporary expedients without constitutional authority, and the states had all the rights and should possess all the powers they had before the war. He had a perfected a scheme to accomplish this result and with Gen. Grant's assistance its success was assured. He could by proclamation direct the rebel states to send to Washington their full quota of senators and representatives. He had assurances from enough members from the north, who united with them would make a quorum of one house, at least, if not both. The Congress thus formed he would recognize and install at the capitol. If the other northern members did not choose to join, they would be a powerless rump meeting in some hall. To the general's suggestion that this would start the civil war afresh, the President replied:

"They who do it will be the rebels, but if you sustain me resistance is impossible."

He appealed to Grant to stand by him in the crisis and they would be the saviors of the republic.

After endeavoring for a long time in vain to convince the President of the folly of such a course, and its certain failure, no matter who sustained it, Grant finally told him that he would drive the Congress so constituted out of the capitol at the point of the bayonet, give possession of the building to the senators and representatives from the loyal states, and protect them. If necessary he would appeal to the country and to the army he had so recently mustered out of service. Mr. Johnson asked him if he did not recognize the power vested in the President by the constitution, and if he would refuse to obey the commander-in-chief. Gen. Grant said that under such circumstances he most certainly would.

Shortly afterward the President sent for Gen. Grant and said to him that the relations of our government with Mexico were very delicate, and he wished him to go to the City of Mexico at once on a very important mission. The general knew that this was to get him out of the way and put it in the power of the President to call as his successor some officer upon whom he could rely. He replied that if the appointment was a diplomatic one he declined it. If it was a military one he refused to obey, because the general of the army could not be ordered to a foreign country with which we are at peace. The interview was a stormy one, but the subject was dropped. One day the general was sent west on a tour of inspection. He knew that Gen. Sherman was to be his successor, and in him he had absolute confidence. The outspoken loyalty of that great soldier prevented the project ever being renewed.

It is at this date needless to speculate upon what might happened had Gen. Grant actively assisted or passively obeyed the President. No one doubts the courage and obstincy of Andrew Johnson, and only a man of equal firmness and determination could have prevented a most calamitous and unfortunate strife at the most critical period of the reconstruction of the republic. Yours, very truly,

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

COL. FREDERICK D. GRANT.

NEW YORK, Oct. 20, 1885.—DEAR MR. DEPEW: I am in receipt of your letter and thank you for your response to my request. I have read your account with great interest. It is substantially correct, and I have been able to verify the facts from documents, letters, and personal recollections. Yours, very truly,

F. D. GRANT.

HON. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

The Race Problem.

The assembly hall of the Ball school-building held a rather slim audience last night to listen to the lecture delivered by Professor T. J. Girardeau. Notwithstanding this, he was regarded with much attention and interest. Though the subject he undertook to analyze has lost much of its flavor from constant and unceasing discussion, his remarks upon the same last night were sufficiently interspersed with originality of thought and conception to render it at once instructive and entertaining. His enunciation was clear and deliberate, with alternate flashes of warmth and feeling. The same course that others have traversed, however, was not lost sight of in his remarks; which dealt with the great and unsolved question of the age—the race problem. In language scholarly and refined, he took his hearers back through the labyrinth of mighty ages to dwell upon prehistoric man and the foundation of the human race. This at best is a difficult subject to properly handle, involving as it does so much of the vague and uncertain. However, he served to illustrate the matter to the audience clearly and comprehensively, showing a most exhaustive research on the part of the lecturer. The question discussed last night, however, concerned more particularly the destiny of the negro race in America, or more properly the United States. He unhesitatingly stated that the future citizens of this great continent would undoubtedly be negroes. Time and progress had evinced this fact in a startling manner. The negro population was increasing yearly. But whatever is the solution of the race problem, he claimed, it could never come through the gates of miscegenation, although the negro was undoubtedly the future of the great American race. He dwelt at some length upon the political, civil and possible social rights of the negro in this country. Though this country, he said, entitled the negro to as much citizenship as his white brother, the social right was entirely a different institution, and could not be violated with impunity. To reward the negro, he said, is to impoverish the state; to dishonor him is to put the American flag at half-mast. But he believed in the motto, let the best man win, and said though the destiny of the negro race in America is shrouded in dim uncertainty at present, that it will eventually emerge from the bitter house of despair to shine in the light of heavenly day.

All were much pleased with the lecture.

8

PEACE OR WAR.

Rev. Dr. Washington Gladden's Lecture on the Conflict Between Capital and Labor.

Competition the Life of Industry, But Combination Brings Forth Resentment, Ill Will, and Distrust.

An Appeal for Arbitration—The Strike and Boycott Justified as War Measures.

About 1,000 persons went to Music Hall last night to hear Rev. Washington Gladden, D. D., of Columbus, lecture on "Peace or War, or the Conflict Between Capital and Labor." Dr. Gladden, accompanied by a number of leading ministers of the city, mounted the platform shortly after 8 o'clock. Rev. H. C. Haydn, D. D., of the Stone Church, introduced the lecturer, who was warmly greeted as he stepped to the desk. Dr. Gladden's manner as well as dress bespeaks his clerical calling. He is above the medium height, and full gray beard and heavy hair do not hide the kindly face. The lecture was a plain straightforward talk, without attempt at oratorial effect, although interspersed with terse sentences and flowery expressions that brought forth rounds of applause. In opening Dr. Gladden said: "I thank you, my friends, for this kind welcome. My subject is a broad one, with many problems, many sides, and many angles. The question of peace or war between capital and labor involves a number of minor questions that I will strive to answer to-night. The question, 'Is there peace or war now?' is easily answered and should not detain us long. About ten years ago a little book on this subject was published declaring that war was raging even though bricks and stones were not being hurled by mobs. Capital and labor must work together. Labor is necessary for capital, and labor cannot subsist without capital. The war then is upon the division of profits. Whether or not there was war ten years ago, there is war to-day. Such a state of things might not exist where there is fair competition.

THE ONLY INDUSTRIAL PRINCIPLE

is competition. It is the theory of political economists of both the old and new schools. Throw a lot of pennies in the air and see the boys scramble for them. Some will get none, while others will not be content with gathering up or snatching away one or two coppers. Competition means strife and conflict. As the strongest animal kills the weaker ones, so under a competitive industry the strongest strive to kill off the weakest. Bad as unrestricted competition is, there may be something worse. Competition is literally broken down and combination has taken its place in industrial society. It began with the formation of corporations and grew into combinations of small firms that try to fix prices. The corporations are combined within themselves and prices of labor as well as prices of products are fixed by pools and syndicates. Five or six men met in New York, day before yesterday, and agreed upon the quantity of anthracite coal that should be mined in April and the total quantity that should be mined during the coming year. On the other side there are combinations of workingmen trying to fix wages, hours of labor, and demanding certain privileges and rights. To-day then there is no competition, but combination. Competition might give peace, but combination is sure to bring war. It is the bitter struggle of civil war and the side wins that can hold out longest without work. The second question is, 'What are they fighting about?' Fighting over the profits of industry. The laborer claims that he must have certain wages, that the hours of labor shall be a certain number, and that his union must be recognized. I cannot see how the workmen will win without a union, and I am certain that the employers cannot win without they break up the unions. Is it right to coerce men to join unions? Right it war is right. Is it right to discharge men that join unions? Right if war is right. These are war measures. Many of these things are justified if war is raging. Is war right? We agree that war is not the best state of affairs under which to live. I would like to echo Jeannette's cry in the poem commencing

"If I were King of France,
Or better, Pope of Rome.'

"Such a warfare as this destroys the moral wealth of the country more than national wealth. It turns neigh or against neighbor and engenders resentments and bitter feelings in the breasts of friends. Ill will and distrust are growing more and more between employers and employes. This thing is destroying human character. I am sure that this state of affairs cannot last long without disaster. There are

SOME THINGS WORSE THAN WAR.

Slavery is worse, and if the laborer sees that this is the steady drift of his career as a workingman then war is right, and the laborer had better die than submit to it. The certainty that laborers are losing ground socially, and that they are sinking into degradation is why they find a place for unions. If they feel that they are going down hill they are justified into warfare. In 1860 the wealth of the country was $16,000,000,000, and in 1880 $43,000,000,000. This shows that the United States is rapidly growing rich. The people ought to receive 50 per cent increase in wages over 1860. Do they? Ministers, lawyers, physicians, teachers, bookkeepers, actors, and musicians receive higher salaries than in 1860. How is it with the wage laborers? The actual wages of English laborers during twenty-seven years increased 20 per cent. In America it is true that they have risen slightly, but have they increased 50 per cent? From 1860 to 1881 laborers' wages increased 31 per cent and the expense of living 41 per cent. Laborers then are falling behind and the wage-worker is not getting his share. He is sinking in the social scale. [Applause.] People who do not live by their hands live much better to-day than twenty-five years ago. Capitalists and employers show evidence of increasing wealth. The luxuries of 1860 were plebeian compared with the magnificence of to-day. One per cent of the people of the country own half its wealth. These rich men are getting control of our courts and legislative bodies, and tax the poor to keep the wealthy. Their plan seems to be to enrich the rich and pauperize the poor. Such is the theory of the wageworkers at least. Since this is the age of and day of combinations of capital, who will deny the right of the laborers to form combinations. War is a great evil, but degradation is a greater evil. [Applause.] The industrial world is in a state of war. While the conflict is raging you must grant to both parties the right to form combinations. Political economists all recognize the rights of workingmen to form unions. Two weeks ago I heard a manufacturer at a banquet in Chicago read the by-laws of the Knights of Labor section by section. He generally agreed with it all, and in indorsing it said: 'I think the man who will discharge a man for joining that organization is himself a boycotter.' [Applause.] Both capital and labor stand against one another, and the question is, which will win? A week ago it was said on good ground that capital would win, but now the Knights of Labor, with

THEIR WEAPON OF THE BOYCOTT,

are wielding a powerful influence. Is the boycott right? Is it a weapon and is right if war is right. The Gatling gun is a bad machine but you will admit that it is right to use it in war. Things have now assumed such shape that much damage can be done by either side. Is it the best way in which capital and labor can employ their time? It is well for each class to find out if they wish to subjugate the other. I am sure as a rule the employers want no such thing. They know that without prosperity business is dull. Besides this the wageworkers are consumers and if they have not money to use, trade will be poor. Capital is not such a fool as to want to subjugate labor. Neither do the wageworkers wish to subjugate capital. Socialism calls for that and demands that the State hold the capital, but the country is not ready for that. Such doctrines would be suicidal at present. Is not capital sufficiently impressed by labor? Is it not time for both parties to shake hands, sit down, and talk it over in a friendly way. It is a sorry comment that grown men, sane men, men whose wealth depends upon the result, should try to despoil one another. It is monstrous and ridiculous as well as suicidal. Employers, are you not ready to admit that laborers should receive enough to live, and that they have a right to combine? With the marvelous improvements in machinery cannot the world be supplied by working eight hours a day for a year instead of ten hours for nine months. The men would be benefited, and you would receive good work on account of the enlarged opportunities. Some laborers cannot bear prosperity—some employers cannot. [Laughter.] Some of you chafe under the demands of labor. This is the result of the war. You say it is a pity that you cannot manage your own affairs to suit yourself. If you try to run your business solely in your own interest, I say no, you cannot manage your own affairs. The men that do your work are in a certain sense your partners and you must look to that. You can have hell in your factory or you can have heaven. Why not follow that divine precept 'Love your neighbor as yourself?' If it is peace that you want then put your

BUSINESS ON A PEACE BASIS

with your men. I do not pretend to tell you how to do it. The plan of giving a portion of the profits to the employes is working well in Europe and in the Lorrilard's factory, with the Century company, and other firms in this country. Your business will be more prosperous on a peace basis.

"And now, you men of toil, what reply shall you make to this question? Is it peace or war? The employing class is not your worst enemy. It is the gamblers and political schemers. The net profit of industry is not excessive, but the stock jobbers and political thieves bleed your employers and you. This is your fault as well as your employers'. If you did not elect these parasites to your city councils you would not have been bothered now. [Applause.] You can remedy it yet. [Laughter and applause.] You can overthrow your employers. Samson destroyed the Philistines with his strength, but what became of Samson. If you want peace say so. If you want arbitration say so. If you want profits say so. Production on any basis requires capital. Capital to those not born rich is accumulated in two ways—by saving and by stealing. Finally, let me say to you that the present seems a very critical time. While in the past few months you have gained a great power, you can use it to build or destroy. Your welfare depends on keeping your heads cool. Vengeance is not yours, you are strong enough to be magnanimous. You are in danger of using the weapons of the strike and boycott too freely. You have tremendous power, but you must be moderate and keep the sympathy of the middle classes with your side. Tyranny over a martyr is no more out of place than tyranny over an autocrat. This war is dangerous business. Oh, brother men, is it well to fight; is it not better to be friends? Are you not brothers of one Father? Your war is not only fratricidal, but suicidal as well. Have we not had enough of war, more than enough of cold forges and silent looms, of sunken cheeks and starving children? Oh, my brethren on both sides, try to bring the day when war between labor and capital will be over, and peace reign forever more."

EDUCATION AND THE GOVERNMENT.

The letter published in THE INTER OCEAN of yesterday from Judge Tourgee on National education is one of the most timely and important publications of the season, for it points out a specially needed amendment to the pending Blair educational bill, and just now that measure is working its way through Congress, undergoing various modifications. The principle of the bill is, as we have always maintained, eminently wise and statesmanlike. The only danger is that blunders will be made in the details of its application.

The bill makes no discrimination as to color or race, in theory and purpose treating black and white alike, but, as a matter of fact, the greater part of the illiteracy of the country exists in States which maintain distinct schools for both races, and this fact is one too grave to be overlooked. Undoubtedly Judge Tourgee has investigated the statute books of the Southern States and knows what he is talking about when he says that "in all the Southern States the schools for the two races are distinct, and the funds for their support are now distributed according to the number of each race in the separate school districts, or else according to the number of children of each race within the school ages, as prescribed by the laws of the respective States." This is a fundamental factor in the problem. It is not within the power of the General Government to insist that a State shall maintain mixed schools, and it certainly should not by any sort of implication approve of a distinction on the color line, which is at variance with the spirit albeit not in conflict with the letter of the Constitution; but it would be a great mistake to allow any theory of the races to interfere with political steps to remove illiteracy, or to allow invidious distinctions to work injustice to the colored people. Judge Tourgee shows that under the bill, as it now stands, the white schools would get the lion's share, to the proportionate loss of the colored schools.

The remedy is a simple one, provided by an amendment that if any State maintains separate public schools for colored and white children, then this fund shall be divided between the schools of the two races according to the illiteracy of each, as shown by the latest census. That would be fair, and obviate entirely the objection in question.

There are, at the lowest calculation, 5,000,000 of people in the United States above the age of 10 years who can not read, and still more who can not write. It follows that there are more than 1,000,000 of citizens who can vote without being able to read the ballots they deposit. The only safety of the country is in their wide dispersion, but in some States illiteracy is almost in the majority. Until this peril is in process of removal, no appreciative citizen will account the subject of education and the general government threadbare, faded or fraded.

Both Senators from Texas have taken somewhat prominent parts in the discussion, opposing the bill. The last census gave the per cent of the population of that State as unable to read as 24.1, nearly a quarter of the entire population. "The State is almost solidly Democratic," said Senator Coke, "and the last Democratic convention denounced the Blair bill." There is a natural affinity between Democracy and ignorance, which finds fit exemplification in this bit of confession.' Mr. Maxey, of the same State, had more to say than his colleague, and in the same strain. He would be willing, however, to vote for an appropriation of the proceeds of the public land to be devoted to this purpose. It would become a citizen of Texas to be rather modest in urging any public land policy, owing to the exceptional position of that State as regards public domain and the wasteful prodigality of the Legislature in disposing of it. Instead of contributing its wild lands to the common stock, Texas held on to hers and has used it to suit herself. She has over 1,000 school-houses and a very considerable school revenue, derived from lands, but, as a whole, the State has made a very bad mess of its public land.

The best speech thus far made in favor of the pending bill came from Senator Jackson, of Jackson, Tenn. He brushed away the cobweb arguments of its opponents spun out of old and exploded theories of constitutional law. He would invoke, he said, no narrow, technical, and long abandoned construction of the Constitution on a measure to aid education. This is peculiarly refreshing. Mr. Jackson is a Southerner and a Democrat, but these words show that he has outgrown the moss-back Democracy which draws its inspiration from Calhoun. It is an occasional outcropping like this that gives especial assurance that the war was not in vain and that perhaps a new South is growing up.

WASHINGTON'S FEATURES.

His Personal Appearance as Described by David Ackerson in 1811.

Albany Express: Washington had a large thick nose, and it was very red that day, giving me the impression that he was not so moderate in the use of liquors as he was supposed to be. I found afterward that this was a peculiarity. His nose was apt to turn scarlet in a cold wind. He was standing near a small camp fire, evidently lost in thought and making no effort to keep warm. He seemed six feet and a half in height, was as erect as an Indian, and did not for a moment relax from a military attitude.

Washington's exact height was six feet two inches in his boots. He was then a little lame from striking his knee against a tree. His eye was so gray that it looked almost white, and he had a troubled look on his colorless face. He had a piece of woolen tied around his throat and was quite hoarse. Perhaps the throat trouble from which he finally died had its origin about then.

Washington's boots were enormous. They were No. 13. His ordinary walking shoes were No. 11. His hands were large in proportion, and he could not buy a glove to fit him and had to have his gloves made to order. His mouth was his strong feature, the lips being always tightly compressed. That day they were compressed so tightly as to be painful to look at.

At that time he weighed 200 pounds, and there was no surplus flesh about him. He was tremendously muscled, and the fame of his great strength was everywhere. His large tent, when wrapped up with the poles, was so heavy that it required two men to place it in the camp wagon. Washington would lift it with one hand and throw it in the wagon as easily as if it were a pair of saddlebags. He could hold a musket with one hand and shoot with precision as easily as other men did with a horse pistol. His lungs were his weak point and his voice was never strong.

He was at that time in the prime of life. His hair was a chestnut brown, his cheeks were prominent, and his head was not large in contrast to every other part of his body, which seemed large and bony at all points. His finger-joints and wrists were so large as to be genuine curiosities. As to habits at that period I found out much that might be interesting. He was an enormous eater, but was content with bread and meat, if he had plenty of it. But hunger seemed to put him in a rage. It was his custom to take a drink of rum or whisky on awakening in the morning.

Of course all this was changed when he grew old. I saw him at Alexandria a year before he died. His hair was very gray and his form was slightly bent. His chest was very thin. He had false teeth which did not fit, and pushed his under lip outward.

MR. TOURGEE found awaiting him when, at 8.45 p. m. he came upon the stage of Opera Grand, the largest audience which our city ever turned out to listen to a lecturer, and he proceeded at once to interest, instruct and amuse it. His lecture was a protest against the modern American, high-pressure, rapid-transit, get-there-at-any cost mode of life; against the sacrifice of all the graces and amenities—all the comfort and enjoyment of life; of length of days and of strength, in a mad struggle for mere wealth; against the dethronement of every god in the pantheon except Mammon and the sacrifice to that meanest of deities of not only ourselves but our children; against the idea that brains and brains only, are worth cultivation. It was a bit of healthy thinking put into nervous English, and it can but reproduce its kind—breed thought in other minds. We wish he might make it heard by every individual of our sixty millions or more of hurry cursed people.

—We do not ask the reader if he has read thus far the chapters of *Pactolus Prime;* but we will say that, if he has not he will do well to read them, at all events the one given in this number of the ADVANCE. These are terrible realities that are being shown; these are judgment-day truths by which the Christian churches of our time, specially of our own denomination, are about to be vitally tested. Those solemn words of our Lord, in the closing part of the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew are not obsolete. If Christ were again on earth, and he were not "white," where is there a "white" pastor of a "white" church in the South who would dare ask Him to his table? Alas, the inhumanity of it; the essential meanness of its tyranny; the wickedness of it; the profound oursefulness of its domination.

—Union

THE SOUTH'S LITERARY RENAISSANCE.

The Forum of the past month contained a very readable paper by Judge Albion W. Tourgee on "The South as a Field for Fiction. Besides taking a hopefully prophetic view of the literary movement in the South, it invites reflection upon the present literary status of the South.

It is not difficult to see that some of the writers most popular and successful among Northern readers are natives of the South, and those Northern writers who have won the highest degree of fame and money are those who selected Southern life and character for treatment.

Among the latter number probably the

Besides being widely known as the author of the works named, and several not contained in the list, Judge Tourgee was the editor of THE CONTINENT MAGAZINE, and is a well-known contributor to other first-class periodicals. His lectures partake of the character of his published works, his style upon the platform being altogether original, and his manner piquant and striking. His lectures are usually upon subjects of present popular interest, which he elucidates with peculiar force of expression and quaintness of illustration; his humor, which is abundant and irrepressible, being of that subtle character, which always rewards attention. As a lecturer, his oratory fixes the thought of the hearer not so much on the speaker as upon the ideas he enunciates.

For rates and dates, apply to

E. K. TOURGEE,

Mayville, Chautauqua County, N. Y.

This well known author and lecturer presents the following list of subjects for the season of 1887-'88.

"Give Us a Rest."

A plea for growth instead of waste, cram and overwork. This lecture is a prime favorite, having been delivered several hundred times, and is yet in constant demand.

The Christian Citizen.

The relation of Christian morality to civic duty in our Republic.

The Law and the Learner.

A plea for the popular study of Law by the people, who are both the source and the subjects of Law, as a cure for unlawful tendencies and dangerous theories.

Yours and Mine.

An attempt to trace the boundaries of two great kingdoms.

Heroism as an Investment.

The unpopular side of a popular fallacy. National wealth not to be measured by dollars and cents.

Shop Talks.

Incidents in an author's life—not biographic, but illustrative of literary work and experience—interspersed with readings from the author's works.

most prominent is Judge Tourgee, whose "Fool's Errand" had a remarkable popularity immediately after its appearance. It will be remembered that the scene of this novel was laid in North Carolina, where the Judge had lived through Reconstruction days, and was treated from the standpoint of a Republican carpet bagger.

While the book was scathed by Southern critics, it nevertheless contained some broad views, and its author took frequent occasion to pay some very high tributes to the character and civilization of the South. Judge Tourgee, as is well known, wrote a number of additional novels, in all of which he described life and scenes in the South.

We believe that the books of Judge Tourgee did much to give a vigorous impulse to literature peculiarly Southern and provincial in their character, because they revealed to our own writers a rich mine of practically untouched themes about which to write, and they being "to the manner born," were fitted to treat with more ease and familiarity than the visitor from the North, who could not fully adapt himself to Southern manners customs and opinions. Of those literary artists from other sections who essayed to paint the South and her people, Judge Tourgee was the most successful, both in point of financial profit, and in nearness to accurate delineation.

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Another era of phenomenal progress began to dawn when Miss Murfree, of Tennessee, George W. Cable, of Louisiana, Joel Chandler Harris, Thomas Nelson Page, of Virginia, took their places in the galaxy of Southern writers, and were followed soon after by Miss Amelie Rives, since married to Mr. Chanler, Richard M. Johnson, Miss McClellan, of Virginia, Miss Grace King, of Louisiana, and a good many others, with new aspirants continually appearing upon the field.

In addition to those mentioned are Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson, Mrs. Bellamy (who was Mrs. Rives-Chandler's former schoolteacher), and Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, who with a few others stand out distinctly to themselves in this Southern literary renaissance, and who cannot properly be classed among the writers of any particular period by reason of the fact that their writings have have appeared in each of the different periods alluded to.

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JUDGE TOURGEE'S ADDRESS.

At Mayville the Washington centennial was observed. Judge A. W. Tourgee made an address and among other things said:

"It was not to great men, but to great forces that we were indebted for our government. Washington had been overrated. Not one idea in our constitution came from him. He was not an originator—not a leader of thought. He was the hand, a great and mighty hand if you please, that wrought. One reason why he was chosen for our leader was that he represented great wealth. Our civilization did not owe so much to England as some claimed. We grew from a greater and nobler impulse. Our constitution grew from our experience as colonies, and during the eleven years we formed a confederacy, bound only by a rope of sand. Then we could not pay our soldiers or the man who had wasted his private means to carry us through the war of the revolution. England did not plant colonies to carry forward great ideas, but that they might minister to her own greatness. England's great wealth had grown out of her colonies. Our government was a new thing shaped by Providence.

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This well known author and lecturer presents the following list of subjects for the season of 1887-'88.

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A plea for growth instead of waste, cram and overwork. This lecture is a prime favorite, having been delivered several hundred times, and is yet in constant demand.

The Christian Citizen.

The relation of Christian morality to civic duty in our Republic.

The Law and the Learner.

A plea for the popular study of Law by the people, who are both the source and the subjects of Law, as a cure for unlawful tendencies and dangerous theories.

Yours and Mine.

An attempt to trace the boundaries of two great kingdoms.

Heroism as an Investment.

The unpopular side of a popular fallacy. National wealth not to be measured by dollars and cents.

Shop Talks.

Incidents in an author's life—not biographic, but illustrative of literary work and experience—interspersed with readings from the author's works.

Besides being widely known as the author of the works named, and several not contained in the list, Judge Tourgee was the editor of THE CONTINENT MAGAZINE, and is a well-known contributor to other first-class periodicals. His lectures partake of the character of his published works, his style upon the platform being altogether original, and his manner piquant and striking. His lectures are usually upon subjects of present popular interest, which he elucidates with peculiar force of expression and quaintness of illustration; his humor, which is abundant and irrepressible, being of that subtle character, which always rewards attention. As a lecturer, his oratory fixes the thought of the hearer not so much on the speaker as upon the ideas he enunciates.

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most prominent [illegible] "Figs," "Figs," rose immediately after its appearance. It will be remembered that the scene of this novel was laid in North Carolina, where the Judge had lived through Reconstruction days, and was treated from the standpoint of a Republican carpet bagger.

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