

THE JOURNAL

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THE WEATHER.

Official forecasts for to-day indicate showers and warmer weather; westerly winds.

The Board of Police Commissioners is undoubtedly in need of one or two resignations.

The Thomas C. Platt anti-wabbling movement is exhibiting strong symptoms of the wabbles.

The Colorado edition of the McKinley boom carries the impression that he would not veto a free coinage bill.

A Louisville girl revived in time to stop her own funeral, but it is not thought the Morton Presidential boom will be so fortunate.

Mr. Platt's enemies have at last found the opportunity they long have sought. The indications are they will make the most of it.

Governor Morton has probably observed that juror getting in this town is almost as difficult as delegate getting throughout the country.

Matthew Stanley Quay has been very successful in politics. He has accomplished this by being very practical in the work of looking out for Quay.

From now on the Saxton gubernatorial candidacy can be depended upon to run on orders otherwise than those which emanate from the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

It is too late for Platt to send an olive branch Cantonward. The blacklist of Mark Hanna stands in the way of all efforts Platt may make in that direction.

Secretary Carlisle is not going to Kentucky to participate in the campaign for Chicago delegates. He is doubtless afraid of meeting the Mr. Carlisle of free silver fame.

"Will McKinley choose Quay in preference to Magee?" inquires an anxious Pennsylvania newspaper. As Quay has sixty delegates and Magee but four, the chances are that he will.

If the Ohio Democrats continue at their present rate, Mr. Brice will be unable to prevent instructions for free silver in that State. Nine counties and one Congressional district have declared for the white metal. The Ohio people seem to have had a sufficiency of Brice and his methods.

"FRIENDS OF THE ARMY."

The opposition in Congress to the passage of the bill authorizing the Navy Department to construct four new battle ships has revealed a condition of affairs which can be regarded only as lamentable. It has transpired that "friends of the army" oppose the appropriation of the necessary sum of money. Whatever may be the merits of the case, it is unfortunate that there should be a contest between the supporters of the two branches of the national service on a question which ought to be decided by the necessities of the country alone, and not by the introduction of any other consideration.

"Friends of the army" is a vague phrase. But behind it lies the unpleasant fact that the military branch of the service requires the aid of a lobby to push its demands through Congress. The same thing is true of the navy. The agents of national defence are too often required to go before the national legislature in the same attitude as those of private interests. It has not yet been made known that either department rejoices in the possession of a backer with a "bar'l." Yet it is not inconceivable that some of the great contractors who are in the receipt of direct benefits from the decisions of Congress to build new fortifications or to construct more battle ships might readily provide those pecuniary arguments which are said to speak so much more forcibly than words.

Why should friends of the army oppose an increase of the navy? Why should friends of the navy unite in endeavors to obstruct the passage of appropriations for the erection of coast defenses in which every unprejudiced person admits the country is woefully deficient? It seems as if all things did not work together for the good of them that love their country. It is inevitable that practical politics should enter into the consideration of questions of this kind, yet it is beyond dispute that their influence should be reduced to a minimum.

The simple question to be answered is: Does the country need more battle ships? Experts in naval warfare say that it does, and their views are supported by the present conditions of armament among the powers of the earth. The United States possess three ships of the line—the Indiana, Massachusetts and Oregon. Double that number would not enable us to cope with those nations whose protestations of friendship we have reason to distrust. Arbitration is most desirable, but no nation which is certain of defeating us and getting all it demands will consent to arbitrate and take half. This is a plain conclusion drawn from well-established knowledge of human nature. The boy who is sure he can whip the other boy never calls for an umpire. Nations are much like individuals in these matters, and the United States will never succeed in a constant maintenance of the principle of arbitration except by making it known that they can fight if they must.

With facts like these before Congress it seems childish and absurd to hear that "friends of the army" are opposing the building of four new battle ships. The people of the country, if this state of things continues, will be justified in suspecting that discreditable motives, and not enlightened patriotism, lie behind the actions of certain members of the national legislature.

NEW HAMPSHIRE DEMOCRACY. From the northeastern corner of the country there came on Wednesday a false note in the chorus of Democracy which is now intoning the prelude to the great Presidential anthem. The Democratic State Convention of New Hampshire declared in favor of "sound" currency and a system of tariff taxation which would not only pay the expenses of the Government, but also "afford such incidental protection as will meet the requirements of American capital and labor." The appearance of a protection plank, however narrow, in a Democratic platform is certainly a sight for gods and men, and the Democrats of New Hampshire will probably occupy a good deal of their leisure between this time and the assembling of the National Convention in accounting for their unique position. To advocate protection in any form whatever is a total departure from the doctrines of which the country recognizes the Democratic party as the champion.

Furthermore, the action of this New Hampshire convention is so diametrically opposed to the recent declarations of the representatives of the party at large, as represented in national conventions, that it must necessarily make the most casual observer of political proceedings "stand at gaze like Joshua's sun on Ajalon." It requires no large effort of the memory to recall that late in the campaign of 1888 Mr. Cleveland, as the standard bearer of the Democracy, published a document in which he defined his position in a manner leaving no possible room for doubt. There was no leaven of protection in the political bread upon which he offered to feed his countrymen. Unfortunately for his adherents, the utterance was so radical and came so late in the campaign that it was impossible to educate the timorous mind of the mass up to it, and a Republican victory was the result.

At the next Presidential convention, in 1892, an attempt was made to obscure the tariff issue, but a few bold spirits, as sound in their Democracy as they were practical in their politics, secured the adoption of a plank placing the party squarely before the country as the champion of a tariff for revenue only. The popular mind, influenced by the failure of the McKinley bill to fill the land with a flood of milk and honey, welcomed the Democratic proclamation, and placed the candidate of the party in the Executive chair by an electoral majority almost unprecedented.

It is difficult to see how the New Hampshire Democrats can sustain their deliberate repudiation of the principles for which the party has always stood, and which it then so clearly formulated. It is impossible to discover what political advantage they can expect from their action, for the party at large will not support it and the independent voter will surely distrust it. The most charitable view that can be taken will regard it as a remarkable manifestation of that pendulous condition of mind which differentiates mere politics from statecraft.

A VICTIM OF THEOSOPHY. The Mahatmas have been at it again, vicariously, as usual, and this time in Brooklyn. Two loving souls have been estranged, while heads, hearts, home and, incidentally, "a dressmaker's cutting board" have been broken, and there is more yet to come. A disrespectful chaplain of a G. A. R. post, a wife large of stature and credulity, some mildly humorous flings at Theosophy, and the deed is done. To-day there are wounds, mental and physical, while a learned Judge is called upon to straighten matters out.

It is evident that the lady with the leaning toward the occult who thus indignantly resented her liege lord's feeble witticisms at the expense of the Mahatmas is young at the entertainment. She has forgotten the example of the late high priestess, the rotund, joyous and long-suffering Blavatsky. The corpulent Helen was as silent against sarcasm as the Major is on

the question of a monetary standard. She cared not who would probe into the intelligence of her theories; she little minded the taunts of the foolish seekers who endeavored to extract some small modicum of common sense from her teachings, provided always the subscriptions came in regularly, and her life was thus soothed with good food and aromatic cigarettes.

But now, forsooth, when a perplexed physician in the City of Churches hesitates to accept offhand the bald and unsupported statement of an uncredentialed Theosophist that a passing tramp, a "Wearly Walker" of the most aggravated brand, is a reincarnated Julius Caesar, is he to be denied the privilege of a gentle tap of his wife's cheek? Surely, even the late Mr. Judge would have stopped a few moments before swallowing such an assertion at one fell gulp.

The irate lady was far too hasty. Not thus are proselytes made in this XIX. century. By no such means are doubting Thomases drawn to the yelled spirit, or gathered in for healthy subscriptions to propagate the cult. The methods are too summary. It were better to begin in the old-fashioned way: Give the gentleman a perfectly incomprehensible report of the object of the order; feed his mind with glittering gibberish about world priests in East Indian fastnesses, where he can never by any possibility go to investigate; lead him kindly and gently on through idiotic and perfectly transparent manifestations that would be obvious to the weakest intellect, and then, madame, when you have reduced his brain to a perfect vacuum, and the man is utterly and abjectly irresponsible, then only is your opportunity to rush him through the rites of the organization and is he fully qualified for a high place.

But a "cutting board" over his head, at so early a stage in the game—perish the thought! It is quite evident that the invisible spirits who hovered over this game of cards were inexperienced amateurs but recently translated, and were not yet put in proper working order by H. P. B., who doubtless is active in more important operations in that curious congregation of departed souls in Mahatmland.

Incidentally, Solomon's famous decision pales beside the settlement Justice Walsh is called upon to adjust. How far a wife may go into the depths of imbecility before a long suffering man is permitted to round her up with a good resounding smack on the cheek—or elsewhere—is a delicate question, and one of vital interest to the male of the species.

HAMLET AND THE GHOST. The workman of this country must have been profoundly affected by the cordiality of Major William McKinley. Believing, as the workman does, in his vague yet not always uncertain way, that protection is for him and for none other, he has been taught, by constant iteration of the assertion, that McKinley is the inventor, patentee and vendor of the only genuine protection now in the market. He has learned to sing an old hymn in a new version, "Do not be discouraged; McKinley is your friend."

It may or may not all be true. It is not necessary at this time to discuss this aspect of the political situation. But how cheering it must be to the workman to extend the glad hand of trustful dependence to Mr. McKinley and to find his advances received with the frosty front of silence. How anxiously the workman waits to hear what kind of a dollar his protector regards as good for the payment of his wages is something which that same workman may demonstrate in a most unpleasant way at a time when Mr. McKinley's countenance will be full of sunshine. At present, however, he stalks before the son of toll like the ghost of Hamlet's father, and it is easy to picture the laborer exclaiming, like the Prince of Denmark: But soft! behold! in, where it comes again! I'll cross it, though it blast me. Stay, illusion! If thou hast any sound, or use of voice, Speak to me: If there be any good thing to be done, That may require thee, ease, and grace to me, 'Tis mine to bid thee. If thou art privy to thy country's fate, Which, happily, foreknowing may avoid, I'll be as swift as thy shadow. Or if thou hast upbored in thy life Extorted treasure in the womb of earth For which, they say, thy spirits oft walk in death, Speak of it—stay and speak.

It will not escape the memory of readers of Shakespeare that the ghost finally consented to tell his tale at length and with full details. Perchance the Sphinx of Ohio will in good time cease to be the personification of riddles. To quote further from the Bard of Avon: "If 'twere done, when 'tis done, 'twere well 'twere done quickly."

Mark Hanna declares he is much pleased with those stories of McKinley's progress scaring the business men of Germany. As Germany believes in high tariffs, it is difficult to understand how that country is to be thrown into convulsions over the prospect of McKinley's election. Perhaps Germany fears the McKinley financial straddle.

If Tom Reed is coming to New York to practise law, he would do well to form a partnership with Grover Cleveland, another distinguished statesman who will be out of employment after March 4, 1897.

Some Topics of a Week in Europe.

London, May 14.—The act of brigandage perpetrated last week on the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Meiningen at Frascati, in Italy, has, needless to say, damaged the Italian tourist season. The Duke and Duchess carries his propaganda right up to the gates of towns most people begin to reluctantly believe there is something rotten in the state of the civilized nation which permits this state of affairs. Brigandage in Italy has always, of course, been almost reckoned by the people as an honorable profession, but I believe the laws have certain ideas which are theoretically opposed to this view of the matter. Therefore, when the Duke and Duchess fell victims there was an immediate outcry. It was such a barefaced robbery. The Duke had only been at Frascati two days, and last Monday informed the German painter, Herr Voss, who lives in the vicinity, of his intention to leave.

Accordingly, he set out from Frascati in two laundries, in one of which were he and the Duchess and Herr Voss and his wife, and in the other two ladies and the Duke's servant. They started from Frascati at 2 o'clock in the afternoon and reached Rocca di Papa one and a half hours later. Without stopping they continued their journey by the communal road which leads to Alficcia, traversing on route a forest, where the old convent of Palazzuolo is situated. One kilometer from the convent the Duke and Duchess about to enter the wood, when two individuals, with their heads covered with handkerchiefs and with cocked breechloaders in their hands, stepped from the brushwood and called out "Halt!" The carriages at once stopped dead, whereupon the Duke called out, "What's the matter?" The driver wished to explain, but one brigand ordered him not to move. Then the driver of the second vehicle adroitly exclaimed, "Your Excellency, they are poor people; give them something." The party understood what was the matter, but the Duke, however, "I haven't any money on me, therefore let us go on." The brigand, however, called out, "Throw out your pocketbook." The Duke drew out his pocketbook and took from it five notes of 10 lire each and one of 5, and three then to the men, who picked them up and disappeared into the forest. The two carriages then continued their journey, but the ladies of the party remained very much agitated, though the Duke, who appreciated the humorous side of the situation, sought to console them. About five hundred yards from the scene of the affair they came across a country policeman, who hastened up to the spot, but could not find any one. The Duke and Duchess soon arrived at Albano and there took train to Rome. The same evening the King sent an aide-de-camp to the Duke, expressing his regret for the occurrence, and the local police hustled several persons into custody, though no one is likely to be more surprised than they themselves if they have got the right man. Somehow the police in Italy always come off second best with the brigands; at any rate, in pursuing them into the country. The other day, however, a band of brigands in Sardinia had the worst of it; they attempted to attack the railway station at Nuoro, but an official had the courage to defend the place. The brigands opened fire upon him without hitting him, but he, returning the compliment, killed one of them. Then there was a rush of people to the place, and the brigands beat a hasty retreat. There is no doubt that the increasing misery in Italy is responsible for the spread of brigandage, and, unfortunately, in many places the inhabitants are in collusion with the brigands, and public administration were less corrupt and more vigorous, the position of Sicily would be much diminished, but at present there are no signs of any movement in that direction.

The remarkable drought in Europe continues, and has been productive in several countries, particularly Spain and Portugal, of very serious results. In no European country, however, save Austria and a portion of Germany, where there have been a few short and sudden storms, has serious rain fallen for many days. In Spain there has been no rain, with the exception of a few local showers early this week for some eight days; the soil is dry, vegetation burnt up, the meadows and crops destroyed, the towns short of water, and many provisions risen to fancy prices. Hence, the religious procession through Madrid last Monday with the body of the patron saint of the city, St. Isidro, made a powerful appeal to the public mind. The bones of this saint, which were taken through the streets, were enclosed in a magnificent triple locked silver coffin, which is only opened on great occasions. Last time it was opened was in 1788, when King Charles III., then on his death-bed, asked that these remains should be brought to him. Owing to the prospects of famine which may arise if the present drought continues the Government is reducing import duties on corn, which, by the way, mostly comes from Russia. Although the situation is not so bad in other European countries as it is in the Peninsula, a little more dry weather will begin to make itself seriously felt.

All sorts of projects are in the air for the construction of new means of communication in various European countries. Germany, at present, is busied with the project of the construction of a canal from Mannheim to Strasburg, but the promoters are unable to make up their minds whether the work should be carried out on the right or left bank of the Rhine. Such a canal would be of considerable use, since its steamers go from Mannheim direct to England. Over the Swiss frontier there is also a project for a new canal which shall go from Lake to Hunningue. It will be the first canal ever constructed in Switzerland for transport work. The total cost is likely to be 4,000,000 francs, so the undertaking is by no means difficult and should be soon carried out. It would be valuable for Switzerland, and in direct connection with all Eastern France, Belgium and Northern Germany. The French, at the present moment, have a great canal undertaking on hand. They have a railway project in view, however, which is of a good deal of interest. Since the St. Gothard Tunnel was opened the Italian route to the Mediterranean from North Europe has immensely profited, and if the Simplon is successfully pierced, it will be worse than ever for France. Now the French want to get back that trade, and they can only do so by piercing the Jura at the Col de la Faucille and joining by railway St. Laurent and Geneva. This would make almost a direct route from Antwerp to Marseilles, though it is very doubtful whether it would be able even then to successfully compete with the St. Gothard route. If the French, however, think it is incumbent on them as a nation to pierce this tunnel, they will do it, and it will cost them a nice sum.

Poems of Private William Stokes.

The dusty barracks room of old Fort Hamilton shelters a soldier of the ranks who possesses a talent for barracks ballads. His name is William Stokes, and he serves as a private soldier in Company F, First Artillery, U. S. A. The man's past is more or less shrouded in mystery. He is about thirty-six years old, and is said to be a graduate of Dublin University. To Colonel W. C. Church, editor of the Army and Navy Journal, belongs the credit of the discovery of Stokes, for some of the private's verses were given space in that publication. To show the cleverness of the man it is necessary to quote but a few of his writings. One of the best is the following, called "How Private Riley Died."

The bug, red, Texas day, With parching throats and lips agape— For water we had none— Though full within our aching view, A crystal streamlet shone.

"Water," the wounded faintly moaned, But no one dared to stir. As, crouching near the long-for ground, The Serco Apaches were With wily eyes and weapons bent To sweep the space between, And he who sought the spring-side went To certain death, I ween.

"Water," they cried, with piteous moan, And, lo! the hero came— Hero as grand as ere hath worn The laurel leaves of fame— With straight salute and steady step: "Lieutenant, let me try 'em— 'An' teach the spring-it-breaks me up To bear them fellows cry."

A careless scamp from far New York, His young face scoured and brown, Who drank and swore and hated weak— A gambler of the town, His rambous life the regiment knew, Each madcap prank and brawl, But in that hour, like metal true, Hang out the hero's soul.

He went; he reached the cool, sweet brook; He stooped and filled the can, Then with a bright, dare-devil look Back to the lines he ran. My God! the air was winged with lead That shrieked and spat and tore, Until he staggered, dripping red, Into our midst once more.

"Boys, here it is; I guess I spilled A trifle as I ran, 'An' never again," he faintly smiled. "Will Riley rush 'em?" Then, sinking on the crimson sand Beside a broken drum, The godless eyes grew filmy, and The laughing lips were dumb.

The verses which he calls "Absent Without Leave," are suggestive of Kipling's "Cells." The last stanza of "Absent Without Leave" will suffice: An' here I'm to-night, lookin' out thru the bars, An' dreamin' o' eyes that knock spots out o' stars, To-morrow will find me with shovel and pick, (An' a gun an' a sentinal) doin' my trick. I'll hold; I'm disgraced; I'm sick o' it all; I'll buckle the pledge an' go straight up 'th' pole.

An' let liquor alone without th' word o' a lie, For the rest o' my life—till th' Fourth of July, 'Ten days an' ten dollars. Confine him," he said— "Ten days an' ten dollars—away I was led, With blankets an' workin' clothes over the bill, An' the 'ow McGarity got into the mill. Even the most ardent admirers of Private Stokes will admit that the above verses are strangely reminiscent of Kipling's lines ending: With a second-hand overcoat under my head, And a beautiful view of the yard, O, it's pack-dill for me, and a fortnight's C. B. For drunk and resisting the Guard."

In a verse descriptive of an army brigadier Private Stokes denotes a keen sense of satire. Two stanzas will give one an idea of the merit of the verse: The day o' Little Big Horn, sure, We never will forget, But ye should see, at Wounded Knee, How I paid off the debt, Eight yollin' bucks passed in their checks, Before my single hair— Before I was, indeed, A divil of a man, An' many's the pretty girl around My neck her white arms flung, But, what yer sowl! they're married all, An' I must hold my tongue, My job yer boys, nie hong o' flowers— Kate, Bess an' Mary Ann, 'Tis well ye know, I was, long 'go, A divil of a man.

This is the last stanza of his protest against Colonel Waring's utterances characterizing the veterans of the war as "Bums and drunks": Drunk! Aye, with the swarveland polones, Wriggling in each shriveled leg, With the handspike and the bumper's Greasy phantoms on the brain; Drunk with blood-wound and visions Of the homes we'd see no more, Drunk with darrin' drunk with glory Of the Cause and Flag we bore!

In the Matter of a Badge.

In all the chorus of indignant appreciation directed at Mr. Crane's story of "The Red Badge of Courage," the prevailing argument used in its favor has, both here and abroad, almost invariably been founded on the text of the story's surpassing originality. Never was there so vivid a written dissection of the inside of a man in battle, say the critics. We are told that Tolstol, Zola and, in another line, Verestchagin, in an outdoor by the precocious protégé of the Philistines.

The curious part about all of this is that it is not so. That not a single critic in America should, in referring to the "Red Badge," have remembered Mr. Ambrose Bierce's "Tales of Soldiers and Civilians," and seen that Mr. Crane has merely done crudely what Mr. Bierce did most admirably, is enough to make one wonder whether the critics really read at all, or whether they merely listen to the conversation of people who think they do.

The subject of both these books is practically the same. They describe, in prose of very differing quality, the sensations, the horror, the grossness of the carnage of battle, the feelings of human beings exposed to it. It is admitted that Mr. Crane has imagination. Against that, however, Mr. Bierce has not only imagination, but also experience—for he fought through the civil war—and a mastery of one of the most perfect prose styles now being written in the English language. Throughout the Pacific Coast region this writer has long been known for his faultless and vigorous English, and in England his books have had some vogue with those finer appreciations outside of the crew of log-rollers. The Athenaeum, indeed, in reviewing Mr. Crane's book, referred to Mr. Bierce as "a somewhat neglected author."

Neglected! Well, yes! When his book of stories was sent to the critics a few years ago the Christian Union referred to him as a "new writer." Here is the contention: Mr. Crane simply has done worse and later what Mr. Bierce did in the book already mentioned. I defy any Crane enthusiast to show a passage in the "Red Badge" so vividly and so truly descriptive of the wounded crawling over a battlefield as you may find in Bierce's "Chickamauga." If there is as searching an analysis of the sensations of a man enduring the most appalling of physical tortures to be found in Mr. Crane's story as in "An Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge," I am willing to have it pointed out to me.

Crudely, with the weapons of a school-boy, Mr. Crane has attempted to do what has already been done almost flawlessly. Let us consider the matter of the English used. To those not acquainted with Mr. Bierce's fictional style, it is enough to assert that since Poe no man has so combined the ability to make terror vivid, the mastery over the element of surprise, and an English that satisfies the theory of Flaubert, while losing nothing in its effect upon the unlettered reader. Against that I choose at random some sentences from "The Red Badge of Courage": "Set upon it was the hard and dark lines. There was no obvious questioning, no fearings, no diagrams. There was apparently no considered loopholes. (P. 219.) He departed laden. The youth went with his friend, feeling a desire to throw his heated body into the stream. (P. 179.) Crane has done himself into a swammy. (P. 79.) The majesty of he who dares. (P. 68.) He could not see no more than a little anger and a revulsion from the hand. (P. 91.)

In other words, this writer, who does not know singular from plural, the nominative from the genitive, the negative from the positive, has been hailed as the most successful American writer of fiction appearing on our horizon for years. If to pose with impossible poetry and write bad prose are to become the requisites for success, it should be easy of attainment. In fact, one can think of but few of the gentlemanly beings that preside over ribbon counters that might not so succeed. It is true that they might find it hard to gain the all-powerful aid of a large publishing firm, or the laughter-exciting admiration of East Aurora, but—there are doubtless others.

As between the English of the two men, no comparison or argument is possible. In the matter of the effect gained, the truth mirrored, I hold that the San Francisco writer is first, Mr. Crane nowhere in particular. Another point. The fact that Mr. Crane has given the popular notion of courage a blow in the face has also been accounted to him for surpassing originality. Have the critics never heard of Mr. Bernard Shaw's "Arms and the Man?" Mr. Barnum's famous sentence seems still to hold good. And what is more, most critics seem determined to help that good thing along. PERCIVAL POLLARD.

Books at Auction.

At the last sales of books by Bangs & Co., the following prices were realized: De Soto, Hernando, "La Florida del Reino, Historia del De Soto de areas heróicas cubiertas Españoles, a Indios," escrita por Garcilaso De La Vega, folio, original vellum, Madrid, 1723, brought \$6.25; Doddridge, Dr. Joseph, "Notes on the Settlement and Indian Wars of the Western Parts of Virginia and Pennsylvania, 1763-1783," with the Society and Manners of the First Settlers of the Western Country, 8vo, 4 vols., sheep, Warburg, Va., for the author, 1824, \$8.50; Ebeling, C. D., "Friedrichsberg und Geselechte von merika," 5 vols., 8vo, original calf, gilt, marbled edges, very scarce, Hamberg, 1793, \$13.13; "Poems" of Philip Freneau, first edition, Philadelphia, 1794, \$4; Baskin, W., "History of the West Indies," 4 vols., 8vo, rare, London (A. Hebb), \$20; Le Hennepin, "Louisiana," folding map, 12mo, original vellum, with clasps, Nurnberg, 1680, \$8; Hotten, J. Camden, "Lists of Emigrants, etc., to America, 1900-1700," thick small 4to, half bound, Roxburghe style, gilt edges, scarce, New York, 1874, \$15; "British Monthly Magazine," conducted by James Hall, complete, from No. 1, November, 1830, to September, 1831, in 1 vol., 8vo, half calf, very scarce, Vandallia, 1831, and Continuation, 4 vols., \$15.50; "Pioneer History of Illinois, Containing the Discovery in 1673, and the History of the Country to 1818, the Origin of the State Government," 2 vols., large 8vo, full gilt, gilt edges, very rare, New York, 1846, \$12; Morgan, Lewis H., "League of the Ho-De-No-Sau-Ne, or Iroquois," plates (margin of one damaged), 8vo, scarce, Rochester, 1851, \$6; "New England Church Government in an Answer to Two and Thirty Questions sent over to the General Government," 8vo, scarce, 4to, Tippecanoe to the Peace," 8vo, sheep, Lexington (Ky.), 1816, \$16; "Constitutions de la real y Pontificia Universidad de Mexico," folio, original vellum, Mexico, 1775, \$11.25; Monette, J. W., "History of the Discovery and Settlement of the Valley of the Mississippi," etc., folding small 8vo, 2 vols., large 8vo, full gilt, gilt edges, very rare, New York, 1846, \$12; Morgan, Lewis H., "League of the Ho-De-No-Sau-Ne, or Iroquois," plates (margin of one damaged), 8vo, scarce, Rochester, 1851, \$6; "New England Church Government in an Answer to Two and Thirty Questions sent over to the General Government," 8vo, scarce, 4to, half bound, London, 1643, 3 title pages, \$8.

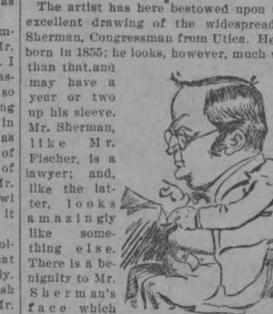
Brief Pen Sketches of Our Rulers.

Washington, May 21.—This is Congressman Fischer, of Brooklyn. Although a lawyer, Mr. Fischer has a mercantile proclivity, not to say a hand-me-down cast of visage. These characteristics might delude you into the notion that Mr. Fischer maintains a shop. He does not; he is a scientist of law and has worn all his hair off thinking and setting deep legal traps. In the picture Mr. Fischer's countenance has a look of un-studied pain. He had just heard of the Greater New York bill, and it creates that impression in Mr. Fischer's mind that Brooklyn is utterly sunk and lost, never to be seen again. Our hero's politics are Republican, as might be known by his serious girth. Republicans are always men of big belts, while Democrats are as Falstaff bath it, scarce a talon's span in the waist and can crawl through an Alderman's thumb-ring. Mr. Fischer was born in New York City in 1858. The hot-weather cut to his hair, however, makes him look more remote than 1858. The world has not been thrown into convulsions by Mr. Fischer since his coming to Washington. So far he has not caught the Speaker's eye. Should he ever succeed, he declares that he'll make a speech which his constituents will set up nights to pore over.



MR. FISCHER.

The artist has here bestowed upon us an excellent drawing of the widespread Mr. Sherman, Congressman from Utah. He was born in 1855; he looks, however, much worse than that, and may have a year or two up his sleeve. Mr. Sherman, like Mr. Fischer, is a lawyer; and, like the latter, looks a mazingly like something else. There is a benignity to Mr. Sherman's face which would fit into the flour and feed business much better than the law. Mr. Sherman is a dresser of taste and fashion. He does not affect garish costumes, like Mr. Bennett. He is not that frivolous, but wears a shirt of the sort which Mr. Fischer calls "negligent," and buckles on a belt. Mr. Sherman's belt is an over-worked garment and has much more depending on its integrity than the binding pole of a load of hay. Mr. Sherman mounts glasses and imitates Senator Hoar, whom he knows to be scholarly. Like Mr. Fischer, Mr. Sherman is a bet which the Speaker seems standing to overlook. He is broad, deep and fond, like all true Republicans, and is said to be the picture of McKinley, with whom, should that tongueless statesman be at last hanged into the White House, Mr. Sherman expects to make the hit of his life on the twin-like resemblance which he bears to him.



MR. SHERMAN.

Now we have Mr. Poole. This statesman hails from Syracuse. By a chilling, curdling coincidence, Mr. Poole looks much like Poole, the London tailor. Our Mr. Poole is a bank director and wears, as you note, whiskers of financial cut. The sound money cast to his countenance does not deceive; Mr. Poole is an original gold-bug—what you might call an old-gold bug. Speaking of "old," Mr. Poole signs the Clerk's books as of the vintage of 1840. There is no disposition here to discourage Mr. Poole, but he seems more antique than that. It is a marvel how coy and kittenish Congressmen become about their age. They no doubt look forward to some White House possibility which may open to them about the middle of the next century, and are arranging to be as young as they may. The careworn expression which inhabits Mr. Poole in the picture is due to much brooding over the Morton boom.



MR. POOLE.

This sad and time-bitten face belongs to Congressman McCormick, of Jamaica. He looks with indifference on the lighter joys of life, and is anxious only to tow the nation ashore and moor it in a place of safety. Mr. McCormick looks much younger than Mr. Fischer or Mr. Sherman; yet he gives his quotation as sixty-four. Much of Mr. McCormick's life has passed in Wall Street, where he was known as a bear of a buck and fury. He is an urbane ferret of the course. The Brooklyn bridge is at his back, and Mr. McCormick stands on the Mr. McCormick status in the picture has been captured behind him a 40,000-word speech on finance, which he mediates getting leave to print. But Mr. McCormick doesn't want that known. A. H. L.



MR. MCCORMICK.