

ANECDOTES OF GRANT.

Grant as a Smoker—A Habit That Dates from Shiloh.

Senator Hawley's Recollections of the Republican Convention of 1868.

Gen. Grant's First Nomination for the Presidency.

Senator Hawley, a Washington correspondent, was asked for some reminiscence of the Republican National Convention of 1868, and Gen. Grant's first nomination for the Presidency. He gave the following: "At the Republican National Convention of 1868, all who were present will remember the absolute unanimity and enthusiasm with which Gen. Grant received his first nomination for the Presidency. It was with difficulty that the convention could be restrained and confined to the regular orderly proceedings, for the great multitude seemed determined to anticipate the proceedings and nominate the General with one great shout, while those who desired a more impressive and effective proceeding restrained all irregularities, and in due course of things the names of every State and Territory were called, and the leader of each delegation formally gave its full vote for Ulysses S. Grant, each successive announcement being received with a roll of applause, and at the summing of the whole, the convention breaking into tremendous and overwhelming demonstration that died away and rose again for many minutes. It was but recording the unanimous wish of the party; it was a result which no man contrived, and which no man could have prevented. As President of the convention, it became my duty to lead the committee that was instructed to proceed to Washington and formally notify the General.

"Arriving in Washington, the committee requested me to call upon the General and ask him for his wishes concerning the more formal proceedings. The late Senator Ferry, of Connecticut, accompanied me. Gen. Grant received us with his usual quiet and simple cordiality, and we sat with him for possibly an hour in his library. The arrangements for the next day were easily made, but the General seemed inclined to talk, and, of course, we were only too glad to listen. Some of his expressions I remember with exactness; others I can give correctly in substance.

"He said, 'If this were simply a matter of personal preference and satisfaction, I would not wish to be President. I have now arrived at the extreme limit of the ambition of a soldier. I was at the head of the army of the United States during the great decisive war. I remain the head of the army, with the country reunited and at peace, as I believe it is to be for many years—I hope forever. The people speak kindly of me, even our fellow citizens of the South, many of them. If I remain where I am, at time passes and the animosities of the war die away, I do not see why I should not be at peace with all men. The pay of the position abundantly provides for myself and my family. What more could a man wish? To go into the Presidency opens altogether a new field to me, in which there is to be a new strife, to which I am not trained. It may be that I should fail in giving satisfaction to the country. Then I should go out at the end of my political service having reduced the number of my friends and lost my position as a soldier. That is a very disagreeable possibility. But there is nothing to be said; there is no choice left for me; there is nothing else to do.'

"This he repeated several times: 'I have no choice whatever but submission.' He spoke with a serious respect for the great place and a sense of its responsibilities. It is not possible that the gratitude of the people and the unanimity with which he was sought should have been otherwise than agreeable to any man. But at that moment he seemed to be dwelling upon the pleasant things which he surrendered, in accepting the nomination, and yet to go forward with the simple obedience of a thorough soldier.

"When the committee called upon Gen. Grant the next day, I held in my hand the manuscript of the few remarks in which I made the formal announcement. The General replied without notes and without hesitation. The accurate stenographic report shows that he replied with as much promptness as though he had taken a day to prepare.

"The most precious autograph in my collection is the letter of acceptance, which was addressed to me as the President of the convention, and in which occurs the famous expression, 'Let us have peace.' It is all in his own hand, was his first draft, and contains only one correction, the change of a word, at the suggestion of Schuyler Colfax."

An Incident at The Hague.

In the popular imagination Gen. Grant has always been associated with a cigar. He has been called the greatest smoker in the world. It is a marked peculiarity of the man. When at The Hague in his tour around the world, at the dinner tendered in his honor by the Dutch King, cigars were either omitted in the menu, or perhaps it was thought disconcerting to smoke in the presence of royalty. When Gen. Grant was, therefore, observed to take a cigar from his pocket and complacently light it, in the presence of the King, there was a murmur of surprise. "But then," it was said, "he is a great man—a very great man." In the simplicity of the Dutch Court it was thought, probably, that none but the very great would dare to smoke on such an occasion. It is generally believed that Gen. Grant has been an incessant smoker ever since his boyhood. It may be news to many to learn that it is only since the famous battle of Shiloh that the General became so fond of the weed. A *Commercial Gazette* reporter, in conversation with an intimate Cincinnati friend of Grant, was told the story of the "cigar."

The General, in speaking to a Cincinnati friend of the popular idea that he was a lifelong smoker, said that prior to the battle of Shiloh he rarely—very rarely—smoked; that only once in a great while did he "take a smoke," and that it had never been a habit, a much less a pleasure. At the battle of Shiloh he chanced to smoke a cigar, while riding over the field, and the newspaper correspondents, seizing upon the incident, described it graphically in their accounts of the battle to the papers in the North. The idea of a victorious commander of a great army, in the midst of frightful scenes of carnage and destruction, surrounded by the dangers of battle, with a nation's life hanging on the result, looking on calmly and serenely—complacently smoking a cigar—when most men would be overcome with excitement, if not nervousness, was something that appealed irresistibly to popular admiration. Here was a man who was not to be frightened by the dangers of war, who knew that in war the mass of men are almost frantic with the fire of battle; that it meant death and destruction; that this was the business of war, and the coolness of his mind seemed to say: "The only way to do is to strike blow upon blow, thus crush the rebellion."

It was not the idea of a butcher, but the idea of war, and the mistake of the Army of the Potomac was in not recognizing it and failing to follow up a victory, or "leaving its work only half finished," as Gen. Grant expresses it, for fear there would be greater losses.

Grant's admirers and friends, reading of the accounts of the battle, supposed him to be a great smoker, and almost deluged him with cigars. Every express brought boxes of cigars as presents from his Northern friends. As the General said, "there were always two or three boxes on the table in my tent or headquarters free for the use of my staff and visitors. Having them always at hand it was but natural that I should every

little while take a fresh cigar, and in that way the habit grew upon me so that it became irresistible, and the people no doubt are right in calling me an inveterate smoker."—*Cincinnati Commercial Gazette*.

His Kindness to Reporters.

(New York Times.)

Gen. Grant has always been a hero among newspaper men. Ever courteous and kind, I have known him to spend valuable time and expend much labor to help out some poor reporter who chanced to intrude upon him. He was chary of talk about himself; he could seldom be tempted into severe criticism of anybody else, but I have known him to go far out of his way to say a good word for a brother officer, the more particularly when good words were none too plentiful in that brother's quarter. There's not a newspaper man in the land that has been brought into contact with the old commander who will not corroborate this testimony. I remember especially one night when it fell to my lot to send my card up to Gen. Grant's rooms, in the Fifth Avenue Hotel. He had just returned from a long journey, and his trunks were scarcely unpacked. A host of friends crowded his apartments. The bell-boy came back to say that the General would be obliged to ask that the call be postponed, unless it was of an urgent nature. "Brig. Gen. Emory Upton has committed suicide in California," was what I wrote back. "Can you tell me anything about his career?" "The General says come right up," was the bell-boy's salute a few minutes later. Had I owned the earth I could not have been welcomed more cordially. Mrs. Grant, at one end of the room, with Gen. Badeau, seemed to be holding an informal reception. The General withdrew from the party, and seated me before him off in a distant corner. It was the first time I had ever seen the hero indoors, which may account for what then seemed to me—and I have a pretty vivid memory of it yet—a sad display of bashfulness that jumbled up my words and sent ideas helter-skelter. I've noticed that heroes are doubly awesome in private, till you get real well acquainted with them. But this time confusion did not long remain. Gen. Grant was evidently deeply interested in the story that had come over the wires from San Francisco; he asked me for all the details. "I am sorry," he said, "that I cannot tell you much about Upton, but the fact is that I personally do not know much about him." I did get some information, though, and afterward my narrator drifted away into the most interesting reminiscences of the Mexican and civil wars that one could wish to hear. Time passed quickly by, and I still found myself deeply absorbed in the talk poured out with a strange freedom for one who will go down in the history of characteristics as the silent man. Not once did the hero speak in self-glory; it was of others wholly that he talked, and of them only in the kindest terms. It seemed to be of the inspiring things, the valiant things, bravery and dash, and dogged fighting that he spoke. There was nothing sour about him. I almost forgot my assignment, so interested did I become; and I could not suppress an ejaculation to that effect when I looked up at the time-piece. "Never mind," was my entertainer's crumb of comfort; "never mind. You've plenty of time yet, and I only hope you can get some thing out of the nonsense I've told you." I did get something out of it; only a paragraph for the next day's *Times*, but a remembrance that will enliven all my years.

His Drive with Gov. Jewell.

One of Gen. Grant's visits to Connecticut as the guest of Marshall Jewell, who took unusual pains to entertain him, serves as a text for a timely jotting. Gov. Jewell was determined to make the visit of Gen. Grant to Hartford memorable. He rattled the dry bones of Connecticut's capital city. When the excitement had gradually simmered down he was driven to the last resort of a Sunday afternoon drive. With his fastest bit of horseflesh, his visitor and himself flew along the streets in the early evening hour. Grimly in his seat sat the General, his black felt hat flapping up and down in the current produced by the mare's rapid gait. On the outskirts of the town the General, who had been leisurely looking about him, all at once broke out:

"See here! What's that ahead of us?"

"Oh, that's a driving park—a pet project of ours."

"Can you get us through that gateway there?"

"Oh, yes," quoth Mr. Jewell, ready to show the fine park to the observant warrior.

"All right," remarked the General: "now you just sit quiet for a bit, and I'll show you what driving is."

And he did show him.

Before the Hartford ex-ranner recovered from his amazement, Gen. Grant had taken the reins into his own hands, and in a second the light vehicle whirled round and round the well-kept track. The hostlers came out to the rails, and watched and grinned as the little mare went speeding about the circle with dripping flanks. Gov. Jewell's excitement was aggravated by the loss of his high silk hat, which long ago had been swept from his head. Still the pace was kept up, and never slackened until, in genuine alarm, the Postmaster General shrieked out, as he jolted up and down on the cushion, "In the name of heaven, General, how long do you intend to keep this thing up?" As they slowly journeyed homeward a half hour later, the President, giving up the reins, remarked, "It's a good thing, Marshall, to go to church on Sunday, a very good thing. We've done that. But I do tell you there's nothing that starts up a supper appetite like a whirl along a fair-ground track behind a horse that's not afraid to use his legs." This was the last time the Hartford man ever trusted himself in a buggy with U. S. Grant for driver.—*New York Times.*

Grant's Love for Horses.

Grant's love for horses is a matter of history. He was a fine horseback rider as a boy at his little country home in Georgetown, Ohio, through which he loved to ride standing in his bare feet on a sheepskin tied to the back of his horse. The only thing he really excelled in at West Point was his riding. He was the most daring rider of the school, and in jumping the bar the officers who were accustomed to hold the bar over which the horses were to go as low as their waists for the others, put it up even with and above their heads when it was Grant's turn to jump. He saved his life in Mexico by his riding abilities by throwing himself at the side instead of staying on the back of his horse, and when he was in the White House his horses were the wonder of Washington.

Grant's Arabian horses, are, I think, on Gen. Beale's farm, near Washington. They were given him by the Sultan while he was in Turkey in 1878. The Sultan had taken him over his palaces and grounds, and finished up with his stables. He had his attendants show off his finest horses, and asked Grant to pick out the finest for himself, telling him he would make him a present of it. Grant at first was reluctant to accept so valuable a gift, but one of the Sultan's officers interposed, telling him he would offend his Majesty by a refusal. He then selected a dapple gray Arabian steed, and the Sultan formally presented it to him. The Sultan afterward sent it to him at New York, adding to his present another Arabian as black as jet, and as magnificent in form as the one Grant had chosen. The two horses arrived in New York in the latter part of the following year, and sporting men admired them greatly. They were taken to a blacksmith's to be shod, and many persons came to see them, trying to buy their old shoes or even the mauls as mementos. When the horses were taken from the boat to the stables, one of them kicked a spoke from a carriage which they passed, and it cost Grant \$12 to pay the damages.—*Carp.* in *Cleveland Herald.*

They are determined, it is said, to fight to the bitter end, several of them having expressed themselves to carriers that, as having only the alternative of being hanged or shot, they prefer the latter.

PRIZE-WINNERS.

Some of the President's Selections for the Foreign Diplomatic Service.

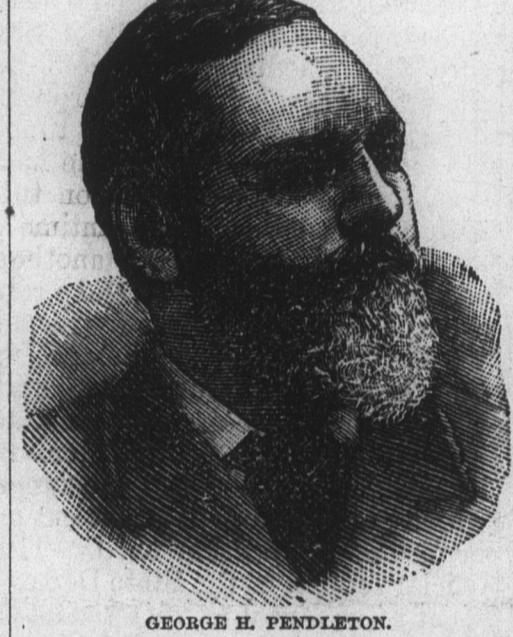
Edward J. Phelps, the newly-appointed Minister to the Court of St. James, was born at Middlebury, Vt., in 1822, graduated at Middlebury College in 1840, taught school in Virginia for a year, studied law with his father, and was admitted to the bar in 1843. His reputation as a lawyer grew rapidly, and he and Senator Edmunds have for years ranked as the two best lawyers in the State. In 1851 Mr. Phelps was appointed Second Controller of the



EDWARD J. PHELPS.

United States Treasury, which position he held until the close of President Fillmore's term. For several years Mr. Phelps has been Professor of Law in Yale College. Several times he has been the Democratic nominee for Governor of Vermont, his last candidacy being in 1880. In personal appearance he is a man of fine presence, is a gentleman of accomplished manners, a fine conversationalist, is a thorough American in sentiment, has given much attention to the Irish question, and is possessed of ample means.

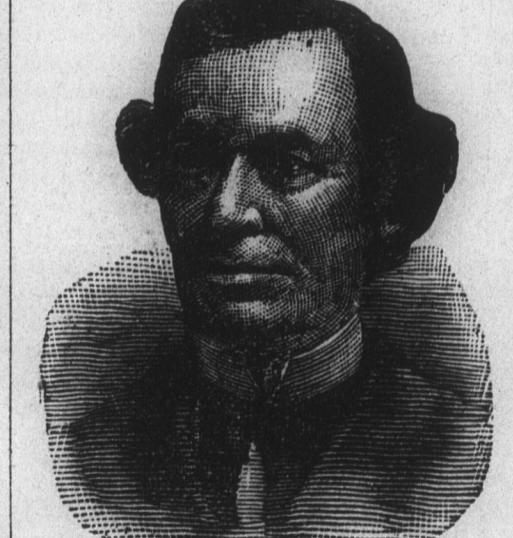
Hon. George H. Pendleton, of Ohio, whom President Cleveland has appointed as Minister to Germany, is a native of Ohio, having been born at Cincinnati in 1825. He is a lawyer by profession. In 1854 Mr. Pendleton was elected to the Ohio State Senate, and two years later was chosen a member of the National House of



GEORGE H. PENDLETON.

Representatives, in which body he served four consecutive terms. In 1864 he was nominated by the Democrats for Vice President on the ticket with Gen. McClellan. In 1869 he ran for Governor of Ohio on the Democratic ticket and was defeated. In 1879 he was chosen United States Senator for Ohio, his term expiring last month.

Robert M. McLane, the new Minister to the French Court, is a native of Delaware, and is 70 years of age. He was educated at Washington and Baltimore, and graduated from West Point in 1837; served with the



ROBERT M. MC LANE.

army in Florida and the Northwest; resigned in 1843; was admitted to the Baltimore bar the same year; was a member of the Maryland Legislature 1845-47; member of Congress 1847-51; Minister to China 1853-55; Minister to Mexico 1859-60; member of the Forty-sixth and Forty-seventh Congresses; and was elected Governor of Maryland last fall.

RIEL'S REBELLION.

Indians Joining the Insurgents. Messengers from the north, who have met and conversed with insurgent half-breeds, say that the half-breeds are now encamped on both sides of the river at Batsches, the larger force being on this side, and that having large quantities of provisions, a number of half-starved Indians have joined them. So far as can be learned Riel has 250 half-breeds and between 300 and 600 Indians, including Sioux from the Prince Albert district. The insurgents have forty Winchesters, twenty Sniders, and 500 rounds of Snider ammunition, captured in the Duck Lake fight, and a large number of shotguns. They will have the advantage of heavy woods in which to fight unless shelled out by artillery, and, with their knowledge of this style of warfare, may prove formidable foes.

They are determined, it is said, to fight to the bitter end, several of them having expressed themselves to carriers that, as having only the alternative of being hanged or shot, they prefer the latter.

The Liberty Bell.

The Philadelphia *News* gives some interesting particulars of the history of the Independence Bell:

The order for the bell was given in 1751. The State House of Pennsylvania, in Philadelphia, work on which had been suspended for a number of years, was then approaching completion. The lower floors were already occupied by the Supreme Court in the chamber, while in the other assembled the Freemen of the Province of Pennsylvania, then consisting of one body. A committee was appointed by the Freemen, with Peter Norris as Chairman, and empowered to have a new bell cast for the building. The commission for the bell was in the same year awarded to Robert Charles, of London, the specification being that the bell should weigh about 2,000 pounds and cost £100 sterling. It was to be made by the best workmen, to be examined carefully before being shipped, and to contain, in well-shaped letters around it the inscription: "By order of the Province of Pennsylvania, for the State House in the City of Philadelphia, 1752." An order was given to place underneath this the fatal and prophetic words from Leviticus xxv: "Proclaim liberty throughout the land and to all the inhabitants thereof."

The reason for the selection of this text has been a subject of much conjecture, but the true reason is apparent when the full text is read. It is as follows:

"And ye shall hallow the fiftieth year and proclaim liberty throughout the land and to all the inhabitants thereof."

In selecting the text the good Quakers had in memory the arrival of William Penn and their forefathers more than half a century before.

In August, 1752, the bell arrived, but though in apparent good order, it was cracked by a stroke of the clapper while being tested. It could not be sent back, as the captain of the vessel who had brought it over could not take it on board. Two skillful workmen undertook to recast the bell, which, on being opened, revealed a bell which pleased very much. But it was also found to be defective. The original bell was considered too high, and a quantity of copper was added to the composition, but too much copper was added. There were a great many witticisms on account of the second failure, and the ingenious workmen undertook to recast the bell, which they successfully did, and it was placed in condition in June, 1753.

On Monday, the 8th of July (not the 4th), at noon, true to its motto, it rang out the memorable message of "Liberty throughout the land and to all the inhabitants thereof."

For fifty years the bell continued to be rung on every festival and anniversary until it eventually cracked.

An ineffectual attempt was made to cause it to continue serviceable by enlarging the cause of its dissonance and chipping the edges. It was removed from its position in the tower to a lower story, and only used on occasions of public sorrow, such as the death of ex-Presidents and statesmen. Subsequently, it was placed on the original timbers in the vestibule of the State House, and in 1873 it was suspended in a prominent position immediately beneath where a larger bell presented to the city in 1866 now proclaims the passing hours.

Blue Eyes Going Out of Fashion.

As a rule, the first thing a lady does when she meets a stranger is to notice what the color of his or her eyes may be. This is somewhat eccentric on the part of the ladies, but it is a fact, nevertheless. Now there comes the statement from a Frenchman, named Alphonse de Candolle, to the fact that blue eyes are becoming rarer as time rolls on. He has for a long time been studying heredity in the color of the eyes in the human species.

It occurred to him, he says, in investigating, that the color of the iris offered the best outward visible sign. It is conspicuous. It can not be made by artifice. After early childhood it does not vary with age, as does the color of the ball; and the character is, on the whole, distinct. For, according to him there are only two sorts—black (or rather brown) eyes and blue—gray eyes being recognized as mere varieties of the blue.

From the working up of the statistics, in part from the series of observations made for the purpose, it appears that, when both parents have eyes of the same color, 88.4 per cent. of the children follow their parents in this feature, and of the 11.6 per cent. of children born with eyes other than the parental color, part must be attributed to avatism, that is, to intermittent heredity. But the curious fact comes out that more females than males have black or brown eyes, in proportion, say, of 49 to 45, or 41 to 39. Next, it appears that, with different colored eyes in the two parents, 53.9 per cent. of the progeny follow the fathers in being dark-eyed, and 46.91 per cent. follow their mothers in being dark-eyed. An increase of 5 per cent. of dark-eyed in each generation of discolored unions must tell heavily in the course of time. It would seem that, unless specially bred by non-colorous marriages, blue-eyed belles will be scarce in the millennium. Thus the fate of the "blue-eyed beauty" may be calculated by any of the possessors of that slowly vanishing variety.—*Hartford Post.*

A Fine Reason.

"Papa, why do they call our police men 'the finest in the world?'" said a New York girl to her father.

"I presume, my dear," replied the parent, "it is because when you look for one he proves so fine you can't see him!"—*Yonkers Statesman.*

GOLD AND SILVER.