FROSTBURG MINING JOURNAL.

J. B. ODER, Proprietor. AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER. $1.50 per annum—IN ADVANCE.

2[illegible]ST YEAR—NO. 36. FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1892. WHOLE NUMBER, 1,076.

Railroad Schedules, etc.

Cumberland and Pennsylvania RAILROAD.

SCHEDULE.

Eastward. Leave. No. 5. p. m.	No. 3. a. m.	No. 1. a. m.	Stations.	Westward. Arrive. No. 2. a. m.	No. 4. p. m.	No. 6.* p. m.
6 15	11 45	6 25	Piedmont	11 10	5 45	11 45
6 30	12 00	6 40	Barton	10 50	5 32	11 32
6 40	12 12	6 50	Lonaconing	10 42	5 22	11 22
6 52	12 24	7 02	Midland	10 29	5 09	11 09
6 55	12 27	7 05	Ocean	10 26	5 05	11 07
7 00	12 34	7 10	Borden Shaft	10 20	5 00	11 02
7 08	12 42	7 18	FROSTBURG	10 12	4 52	10 54
7 25	12 59	7 35	Morantown	9 52	4 29	10 36
7 32	1 06	7 42	Mount Savage	9 46	4 23	10 28
7 37	1 11	7 47	Barrellville	9 38	4 15	10 22
7 39	1 13	7 49	Patterson's	9 35	4 13	10 20
7 45	1 19	7 55	Kreigbaum's	9 30	4 08	10 15
7 47	1 21	7 57	Mt. Sav'ge jun	9 28	4 06	10 13
8 00	1 34	8 10	Cumberland	9 15	3 53	10 00
p. m. Arrive.	p. m.	a. m.		a. m. Leave.	p. m.	p. m.

*On theatre nights leave Cumberland at close of performance.

All trains stop at Hays street station, Cumberland.

Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4 daily except Sunday. Nos. 5 and 6 Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays only.

L. M. HAMILTON,
Superintendent.

Jan 30

GEORGES CREEK & CUMBERLAND RAILROAD.

DAILY, Sundays excepted, from Central Station, Cumberland.

OUTWARD-BOUND TRAINS.

Leave Cumberland.....	7:15 a m	1:45 p m
Arrive at Vale Summit.	8:00 a m	2:30 p m
" " Midland.....	8:22 a m	2:52 p m
" " Lonaconing.	8:30 a m	3:00 p m

RETURNING TRAINS.

Leave Lonaconing.....	10:30 a m	5:00 p m
Arrive at Midland.....	10:39 a m	5:09 p m
" " Vale Summit	11:00 a m	5:30 p m
" " Cumberland.	11:45 a m	6:15 p m

Dan's Rock excursionists take the 7:15 a. m. train at Cumberland, and return by the 5:30 p. m. train at Vale Summit.

JAMES A. MILLHOLLAND,
General Manager.

Aug 9

Baltimore and Ohio RAILROAD.

Nov. 15, 1891.

ON AND AFTER THE above date

TRAINS will arrive at and depart from CUMBERLAND as follows:

Arrive	EASTBOUND.	Leave
	....No. 10 Express....	2:45 a m
7:24 a m	....No. 8 Express ...	7:43 a m
8:05 a m	No. 14 Accom'odation	8:10 a m
9:30 a m	....No. 2 Express....	9:50 a m
12:35 p m	....No. 6 Express....	12:40 p m
	....No. 12 Express....	1:50 p m
	...No. 16 Passenger...	2:50 p m
6:40 p m	No. 72 Accom'odation	
11:10 p m	....No. 4 Express....	11:20 p m

Arrive	WESTBOUND.	Leave
12:53 a m	....No. 7 Express....	1:00 a m
1:20 a m	....No. 9 Express....	
4:20 a m	....No. 3 Express....	4:25 a m
	No. 71 Accom'odation	7:15 a m
11:15 a m	No. 13 Accom'odation	
3:50 p m	....No. 5 Express....	3:55 p m
4:20 p m	...No. 15 Passenger...	4:25 p m
7:54 p m	....No. 1 Express....	8:04 p m

All trains daily except No.'s 14, 15, 71 and 72. Trains No 46 and 47 do not carry passengers.

Pittsburg Division.

WESTBOUND.

No. 9—Baltimore Express leaves ...1:30 a m
" 63—Cumberland " " daily except Sunday....7:50 a m
" 11—Mail leaves....3:25 p m
" 5—Express leaves....4:00 p m

EASTBOUND.

No. 10—Baltimore Express arrives.. 2:30 a m
" 12—Mail " .. 1:25 p m
" 64—Cumberland Exp. " daily except Sunday.. 7:25 p m
" 6—Express leaves..12:25 p m

No. 11 is a local train from Cumberland to Pittsburg and No. 12 from Pittsburg to Cumberland. No's 5 and 6 make 3 stops each way.

T. T. ALLEN,
Acting Agent.

Nov 21

Save Your Money
BY BUYING YOUR
RAILROAD TICKETS
—FROM—
J. H. HITCHINS.

ALL information concerning rates, routes, change of cars and time of trains cheerfully given. [March 29

Steamship Schedules.

ALLAN LINE.

ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIPS.

THE most direct and cheapest route for STEERAGE PASSENGERS from the South and West wishing to visit their native country.

The most convenient line for parties wishing to send for relatives and friends left behind in the old country.

Steamship **Carthaginian**..Capt. J. FRANCE
Steamship **Polynesian**.Capt. A. McDOUGALL
Steamship **Circassian**.. .Capt. R. P. MOORE
Steamship **Sardinian**.Capt. W. RICHARDSON

Baltimore to Liverpool and Queenstown, calling at Halifax each way.

These first-class screw Steamships will run regularly between the above points as follows:

From Baltimore and Liverpool
EVERY OTHER WEEK.

Steerage Passage

To or from Liverpool, Queenstown, Belfast Londonderry, Bristol, Cardiff, or Glasgow Scandinavian and Continental points, at lowest rates.

Very Best Accommodations for Steerage and Intermediate Passengers.

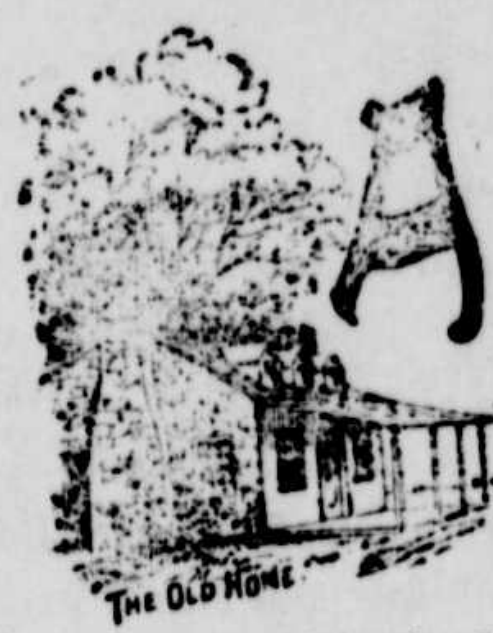
An experienced Surgeon is attached to each vessel.

Intermediate and Steerage Stewardesses carried by each Steamer for the purpose of attending to the wants of females and children.

For further particulars or Passage Tickets apply to A. SCHUMACHER & CO.,
No. 5 South Gay street, Baltimore,
Or in Frostburg to A. V. K. DEEKENS,
At the office of the Consolidation Coal Co.,
Or in Mt. Savage F. S. DEEKENS.
At the office of Union Mining Co.
Nov 21

A STRANGE WAR STORY.

HOW GOOD NEWS CAME AT LAST TO A DESOLATE HOME.



AT the breaking out of the civil war I was a mere boy and our near neighbor was a florid-faced, kind-hearted, generous old Quaker. Both he and his good wife had been reared in the South, and after liberation of their slaves from a sense of duty, still retained enough to surround themselves and family with all the comforts which the people of their simple faith care to possess. In those days their great stone house with its thick walls, broad verandas and low windows met my idea of the castles which were mixed up with my meager knowledge of mediæval times. The farm was pleasantly situated and well cultivated.

There were two sons in the family, models of physical perfection and manly courage. No handsomer could be found. They had adopted the dress and ways of the world, while retaining the highest respect for the primitive faith of their parents. One had gone West and soon established a popularity that placed him in a responsible public position. The other had remained at home and relieved Grandpa Waterson of every business care.

The startling news of active hostilities flashed over the country. Henry, the elder son, resigned his office and surprised us all by appearing one afternoon without previous notice. The warm family greetings over, Henry called his brother out for a walk and they allowed me to saunter along, dressed as I was in my rough working suit and without a coat. At last they stopped under a spreading oak tree. Henry said to his brother:

"Walk along a little way, and I will join you."

Then he turned to me, and said:

"Wait here a moment; I wish to have a short talk with Charles."

He joined Charles where he was waiting at a distance of three or four rods. They evidently had forgotten that "little pitchers have long ears," for their talk was so earnest that I could hear every word.

I almost let out a shout of mingled terror and surprise when I heard Henry say to Charles in the language they had always used at home: "Charles, I have decided to enlist."

"I have already done so."

"Thee can't mean it. Do father and mother know?"

"I promised Ruth to tell them to night. It's more terrible to me than the dread of war."

"Thee is nearer to them than I, Charles. I will break the news to father when we get back. No one can soothe mother or break the news so gently as he. I am more than sorry that thee has taken this step, for I came home to prevent it. I wanted to make sure that one son and one brother would be left. But it is too late. I have consented to command a regiment of sharpshooters, and can not honorably dissapoint them. I will have a gallant lot of boys at my back."

Here I broke away so full of importance that I ran at top speed. I was going to tell Grandma Waterson. I would not have those two handsome fellows stopping bullets. But I met Lydia, as pretty a maiden as ever donned a drab dress or dropped a modest pair of eyes and called all her friends by their first names.

"Lydia," I shouted between breaths, "Henry and Charlie are going to enlist. It must be stopped." But by that time the girl was pale as a ghost and leaning against the nearest tree.

THE CONSULTATION.

"Don't thee say another word," she commanded in a determined voice. "Not another word. This must come from brother Henry or brother Charles. But it will break mother's heart," and I joined Lydia in a hearty cry just out of sympathy.

Only in after years did I learn what followed. Henry in his manly, straightforward way, told his father all. Pleading, argument, and persuasion on the part of the afflicted old man were in vain. Grandpa Waterson's lips quivered as he bade Henry good bye, and the broken-hearted mother clung to the neck of her eldest born until unconsciousness released her from the pangs of actual parting.

A few days later Charles rode forth on his own horse, a gallant black, of Kentucky lineage, and everybody agreed that no finer, braver boy would do battle for the Union. He joined the Ringgold Cavalry. Early in the war he was left wounded on the field and was kindly cared for by a Southern family. His chief nurse was a pretty little rebel with soft, wavy hair, great brown eyes, inviting lips and a disposition as cheery as the clear sunshine after an April shower. No woman had a right to resist that big, brave, handsome fellow, and there the Union soldier was betrothed to the bewitching champion of secession. Then Annie, for that was her name, began to correspond with Ruth, and through this intangible link of connection the whole family fell in love with the little Confederate.

Charles rejoined his troop as soon as able. After a desperate engagement his company was scattered and he was hemmed in on every side except where the rugged mountains of Virginia towered up behind him. Boldly he turned the black, went flying over foot-paths, leaping chasms, and forcing his way where few could follow. But there were bold mountaineers in the chase, and when they brought Charles to bay the gallant stand he made, drawing his saber when his revolvers were emptied, saved his life for the time. His desperate courage won the heart of the Southerners, and they persisted until he was taken alive.

He was sent to Libby prison, but made his escape. We heard the sad result afterward through Annie. He walked as far as he could, then procured a horse from a sympathetic negro, and the poor beast bore him until exhausted, and then he led it till he came to the cottage of a mountaineer, where he was kindly taken care of, but a fever set in and he died.

THE ESCAPE.

Henry's record was as brief as glorious. His regiment worshipped him. No man of them, Westerners though they were, could outride or outshoot him. He led wherever he asked his men to go. A giant in strength, he was a hero in courage. At Pleasant Hill, La., he was shot from his horse but still fought on, and, after being fatally wounded, three of the enemy bit the dust before his hand dropped senseless to the ground. His remains came home, and never was brother, son and neighbor more sincerely mourned.

The war at last was over. Grandpa Waterson and his wife had borne their sorrows with a fortitude that only people like them can understand. They talked of their lost boys and together found a sad pleasure in reviewing the childhood, the youthful experiences and the manly qualities of the dead sons.

One day came a letter from Annie, announcing that she would visit the Watersons. There was great preparation, for she would have been Charles' wife had he lived and she was dear to them in her own right, for she had never ceased to send those welcome letters, always bright and cheery save when Charles' fate forced its way into her thoughts. She came to a royal welcome.

"Thee is a great comfort to us," grandpa Waterson used to say to Annie, and when grandma got her arms around the pretty Southerner there was always a gentle kiss and a sweet-voiced assurance that Annie was just as dear as though she were a daughter.

Then came a surprise in the shape of a handsome, showy, bold-faced woman, who announced herself as having been the affianced of Colonel Waterson, killed at Pleasant Hill. Colonel Waterson had left everything to her, and she produced a will at that late day purporting to have been made by him.

She was welcomed with old-school courtesy, but there was a sober look on every face that she encountered. Shortly afterward, Grandpa Waterson's watch was missed. All of Annie's most valuable jewelry disappeared, and the adventuress complained loud and often about robberies, charging that she never could trust "niggers." Then grandma would gently chide her, and say: "Thee should not judge. All these people are old friends of mine and faithful."

The fraud would turn up her nose and put on a look of contempt that always set me boiling.

One day at the spring she leaned over to use the clear water as a mirror, and from somewhere about her person dropped the big gold watch that Grandpa Waterson prized most as an heirloom. I had it in a twinkling, and the angry shouts of the woman only added to my speed. I told grandpa, told everybody. I wanted her arrested, but "Thee must leave this matter entirely to me," checked my ardor. "There must be no talk," he continued. "I will see that this woman leaves us. Don't plead for her mother. I will dismiss her, that is all."

And he did, after everything had been recovered and the forged will destroyed. We never heard of her again.

The very next [illegible] there was a clatter of hoofs [illegible] the hard road. [illegible] and we all [illegible] to see who it was. I think [illegible] everyone fainted but [illegible] [illegible] Cavalry. [illegible] All that we had heard [illegible] a false report, [illegible] [illegible] family of the poor [illegible] ner, and there he was, the picture of health, with Annie in his arms. I sprang into the saddle with a maniacal yell. I got two little darkies on behind me. We tore over the yard in wild delight, and soon all the folks about the farm were shouting, crying and welcoming Massa Charles.

"God bless thee, son," was all grandma could say then, while the good old gentleman blinked, tried to look calm as the tears rolled down his cheeks, and then he sobbed: "Charles, Henry's wish is fulfilled. Thee is left to bless our old age and thee has also brought us Annie."

HEAR THE DRUMS MARCH BY.

SARAH, Sarah, Sarah, hear the drum march by!
This is Decoration day—hurry and be spry!
Wheel me to the window, girl; fling it open high!
Crippled of the body, and blinded of the eye,
Sarah, let me listen while the drums march by.

* * * * *

Hear 'em; how they roll! I can feel 'em in my soul.
Hear the beat—b a—t the boots on the street.

* * * * *

Sarah, Sarah, Sarah, hear the drums dance by!
Blind as a bat, I can see 'em, for all that:
Old Colonel J., stately an' gray,
Riding slow and solemn at the head of the column:
There's Major L., sober and well:
Old Lengthy Bragg, still a-bearing the flag:
There's old Strong that I tented with so long;
There's the whole crowd, hearty an' proud
Hey! boys, say! can't you look up this way?
Here's an old comrade, crippled now, an' gray!
Plague o' these tears, and the moans in my ears.
Part of a war is to suffer and to die,
I must sit still, and let the drums march by.
Part of a war is to suffer and to die—
Suffer and to die—suffer and to— Why,
Of all the crowd I just yelled at so loud,
There's hardly one but is killed, dead, and gone!
All the regiment, excepting only I,
Marched out of sight in the country of the night.
That was a spectre band that marched past so grand.
All the old boys are a-tenting in the sky.
Sarah, Sarah, Sarah, hear the drums moan by!

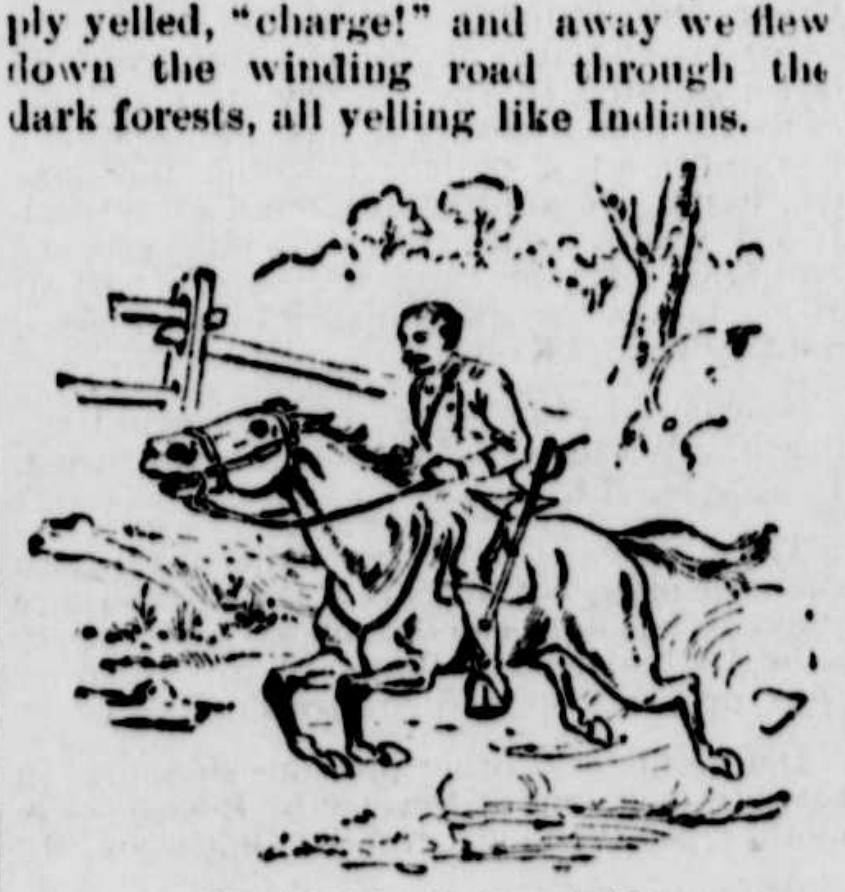
—Will Carleton.

BRAVE DESPITE HIMSELF.

A Gallant War Charge All Due to a Runaway Horse.

What I relate are facts which actually befell me. The greatest cavalry battle ever fought on the American continent took place at Brandy Station on June 9, 1863. At early dawn the Federal advanced guard crossed the Rappahannock and charged our outposts with such vigor that they entered our camp at their heels. Most of my regiment (Sixth Virginian) had turned their horses out the evening before, and not more than fifty of us were prepared to mount. The fifty men were quickly mounted, formed and ordered to charge. Not a moment was to be lost, as some of the enemy's advance was in our artillery camp.

I was the unfortunate possessor of an untamed Bucephalus that no rider on earth could control. I had experienced this on three former occasions. But what could I do, charge or not charge? That was the question. Although I knew full well that my wild charger would lead the van, of course I must charge. In our front was a heavily wooded forest of pine shrub and black jack, through which ran a narrow country road. No time was to be lost, therefore there was little ceremony. The usual commands—trot! march! gallop charge!—were omitted, and the gallant Shumate, who mustered the fifty, simply yelled, "charge!" and away we flew down the winding road through the dark forests, all yelling like Indians.



HIS HORSE RAN AWAY.

My horse bowed his neck, and placing his mouth against his breast I was helpless, and away he fairly flew. What could I do? Pull off the road I could not; stop I could not. Away he went, I looked around, but there was no one in sight. We had left the others far behind. I knew that in a few seconds one solitary cavalryman would be rushing into the midst of the foe. One moment more, and I saw drawn up across my path a double line of Federal cavalry. It may be, I thought, they will see my predicament and let me through; it may be that they will not fire, but how could they know that my horse was running away?

They must have thought the devil was coming, for up went at least one hundred carbines, a crash, a cloud of smoke, and with one terrific plunge and groan my steed fell in the woods, pierced by several balls. How I escaped God only knows. In a few moments I heard our boys coming down the road. A volley from the Federal line, but onward they went, and I, mounting a horse belonging to a lieutenant of Company H, who was killed here, joined in. We broke this regiment—the Eighth New York—Lieutenant Oving Alling, killing its brave commander, Colonel Davis. Then came the Eighth Illinois, and quicker than some of us came we went.

That night, after the battle was over—for it lasted all day—the boys overwhelmed me with compliments. Never saw such a dash! such courage! Charles O'Malley! Murat! and so on. But what was the laughter and merriment when I innocently remarked: "Confound it, boys, my horse ran away with me."—Richmond Dispatch.

CHANCELLORSVILLE.

O, fatal field! thou type of civil strife,
Where victor mourned with vanquished—where the gleam
Of triumph proved a swift and treacherous dream,
And all the gain was garnered with Death's knife.
In thy despair God's purposes were rife
To prove through cloud and smoke the people's guide,
To break the loftiness of human pride,
And in His way to save the Nation's life.
Ah! heroes battled there and heroes fell:
Methinks I knew a hero there, whose breath
Went out amid that smoke and flame of hell
With those who fell 'neath Jackson's charge o' death.
Full well my hero fought: yet know I well
How through the years a deep grief lingereth.

—F. R. H.

HEARING A SHELL SCREAM.

A Hideous Sound That Tries the Nerves of the New Soldier.

The talk turned upon personal courage in a conversation I had the other day with an aide-de-camp of General Alexander Hays. The veteran, who had the name of being the most daring aid on Hay's staff, said: "You ask me how I felt when I first smelt powder, so to speak—well, after the lapse of all these years I'm almost ashamed to tell you. I was panic-stricken, scared out of my senses, my courage oozed out of me in an instant, and a small boy could have captured me without trouble. This awful experience came after I had been about a year in the army. The regiment of infantry in which I was was preparing to go into camp. We were a few miles outside of Yorktown, which was in the possession of the confederates, but none of us, not even our officers, realized the proximity of the enemy. There were some cattle with the army, and somehow or other some of my comrades and I were part of the crowd that drove the beeves to the place where they were to be slaughtered. We formed a circle, a sort of bull ring, and fell to skylarking and firing our pistols at the cattle as they ran hither and thither. It was all laughter and shouting. Suddenly, without the slightest warning, a sound that we had never heard before rose above the clamor. It was a sort of whirring howl, lasting a few seconds only, but long enough to strike terror into our hearts. The men who had been as gay and noisy as schoolboys a minute before were dumb. I don't remember how they behaved. My own affairs kept me busy.

I felt as if my boots were nailed to the ground. They wouldn't move, neither would my legs—in fact I had lost control of my body. I was perfectly limp, and my knees sagged out. I never ran before or since, but, with a professional sprinter's speed, I ran then to the shelter of the woods from which our regiment had only just emerged. A second terror seized me as I reached the first scattering trees. I had selected one, a big fellow, as my refuge, and when I reached it three other men who were crouched behind it pushed me violently away, saying there wasn't room for more. Shells were still in the air, and with terror I pursued my flight. When at last I fell exhausted upon the ground beyond the range of the enemy's artillery I almost lost consciousness for a while.

Nobody was killed by those shells, but the 'Rebs' must have laughed to see us run, and laughed louder yet when our cattle ran into their lines as they did. I felt more or less uncomfortable alway in going into battle afterwards, but never again lost my nerve as I did at my fire-baptism before Yorktown."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

ANECDOTE OF GRANT.

Corn Beef and Cabbage a Dinner for the Gods.

An unpublished anecdote of General Grant was recently told at the Grand Pacific Hotel, Chicago, by Paul Gores.

"I was steward at the Palmer House," he said, "when the ex-President stopped there on his return from the tour of the world. One noon I was all but stupefied at seeing General Grant slip in at the kitchen door as though escaping from some one. 'I am sorry to trouble you,' he said, as though asking a great favor, 'but may I have a little corned beef and cabbage?'

"'Why, certainly,' I replied, 'but shall I not send it to you out in the dining-room?'

"'No,' he answered, 'I'll eat it right here, if you let me sit down at this table.'

"So I cleared a place on the rough board table where the cooks had been fixing the meal, drew up a stool, and the way he got away with that corn beef and cabbage made my eyes bulge. When he had finished he laid down his knife and fork with a funny sigh of satisfaction, put one hand on my shoulder and said: 'Young man, I suppose you don't care for that at all, but if you had had to eat what I have for the past few months it would taste like a dinner for the gods.'

"He had dined with every one from the Queen down, and that cabbage in my kitchen did him more good than all the rest together."

THE INTERRUPTED DUEL.

BY J. S. RANDALL.

I am getting old now. In the evenings I like to sit in my easy chair and think of the scenes of the days of civil strife through which I passed, while my wife sews beside the lamp on the table. As I watch her, I note the still youthful face—it can never grow old to me—and a series of visions pass like pictures before my eyes.

The first vision is a stirring one. We are a group of young officers on General Blank's staff. Sherman has come and gone, and we have left the sandy trenches of Fort Wayne and occupied Charleston. Our quarters are in one of the broad verandahed old Southern mansions that face the Battery. It has been a home of wealth and luxury, with marble floors, and handsome fittings, and we live like young lords.

Perhaps the idleness and good living has affected our blood. It is a drowsy, sultry April day. Our blouses are thrown off. We sit on the broad verandah, and watch for furtive glimpses of the Southern widow's pretty daughter in the adjoining house. A remark is made by one of the young men. Another rises hastily, with flushed face:

"I will allow no such remark to be made about a lady in my presence," he says.

"Who gives you authority to stand up for a rebel's daughter?" retorts the other.

More hot words pass. Fists are clenched. Then the others rise, and the threatened fight is stopped. It is only for the while, however. A little later the two angry young men meet at the foot of the staircase.

"If you do not apologize for that remark I shall thrash you here and now," says one.

The other whips out a pistol, and says: "Advance a step, and you are a dead man."

"Ah," says the first, "you are brave now, for I am unarmed. You dare not meet me to settle this with equal weapons."

"I dare and will."

"What shall the weapons be?"

"Sabres."

"Alone or with seconds?"

"Alone."

"When shall it be?"

The time is named. The two young men part with glances of mutual hatred. The vision has passed.

Another vision appears. In a pleasant room, looking out upon Charleston harbor, sits a maiden fair enough to adorn any vision. A young Union officer kneels at her feet.

"How can I marry you," she says, "an enemy of the South? You think you love me, but there can never be anything but hatred between your people and mine."

"There never can be anything but love toward you in my heart," says the young man. "To prove it, I shall die for you to-morrow."

Then he leaves her presence, and the vision passes.

Still another vision comes before me. In a field along the railroad that leads south from Charleston, two young men face each other, sabers in hand. Scattered scrub live oaks conceal the place of meeting from observation. Already their blades have crossed, when a voice cries, "Halt!" They stop, and a young officer in uniform breaks in upon the scene.

"Gentlemen, you are under arrest," he says. "I have here the written order of General Blank. Put up your swords and accompany me."

Again the vision passes, and I laugh aloud.

"What is it?" asks my wife, looking down tenderly at me.

"Oh, I was only living over again the scenes of '65 in Charleston. I just saw Jack and Plympton facing each other again with those wicked sabers in hand. By the way, dear, they neither of them yet know that it was you that set on foot the movement that stopped their duel. They knew I peached on them, but I never told them that you gave me the information that led me to suspect there was blood in prospect. Now, we must get them here together some time, and tell the whole tale."

"Poor Jack!" sighs my wife. "He really loved me. I did not know then I could ever marry a Yankee."

"No," I reply, "You found that out afterward. Your conduct was slightly inconsistent, but it carried out one of the sweetest of Divine texts."

"What is that?"

"Blessed are the peacemakers."

Then my wife kissed me.

THE GRANT MONUMENT.

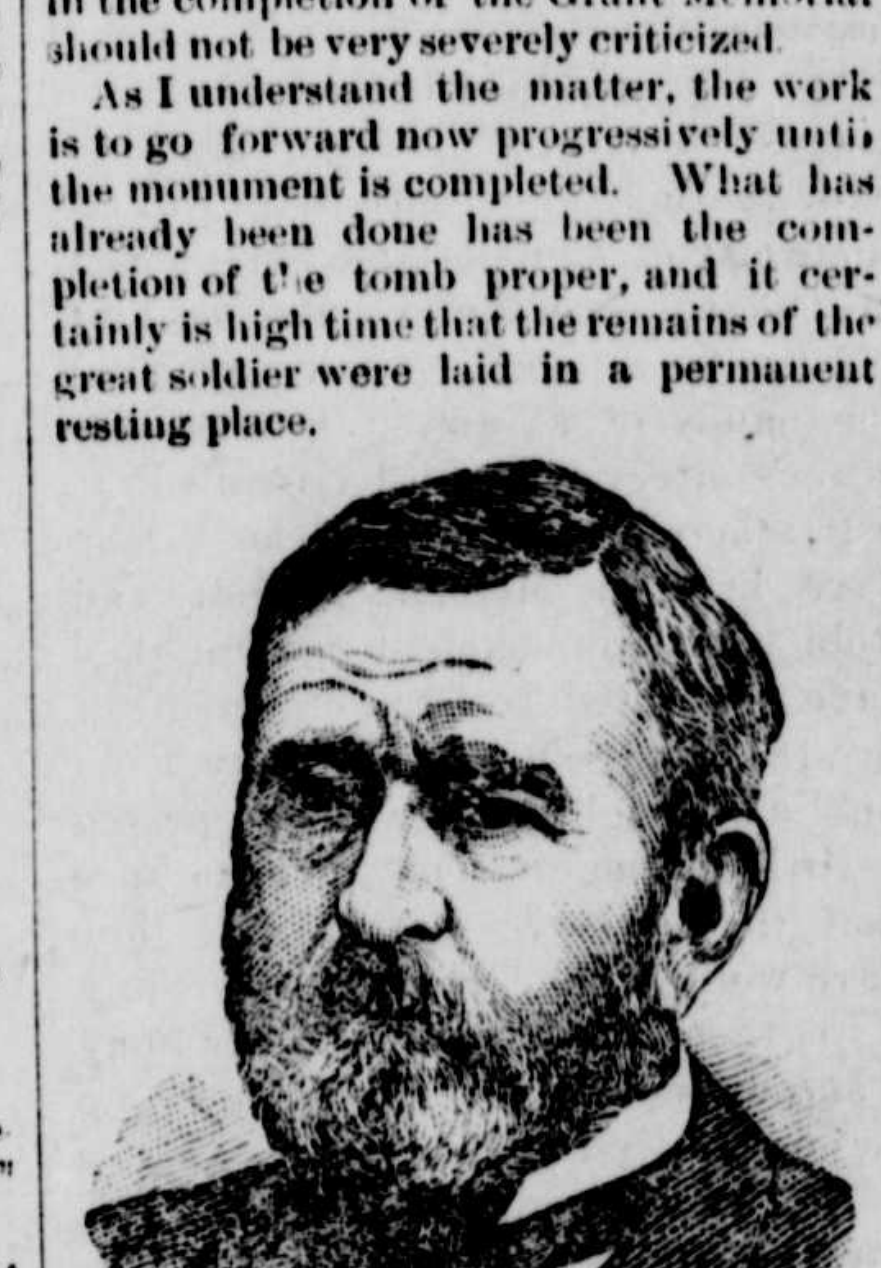
IT WILL BE DEDICATED AND PUSHED TO COMPLETION.

Interesting Proceedings to be Held on Decoration Day—An Architectural Success—The New Committee to Attend to Business—Theory as to Why Grant Wished His Tomb to be in New York.

[Special New York Letter.]

Perhaps the most interesting proceedings to be held anywhere on Decoration Day, 1892, will be those in connection with the Grant monument, in Riverside Park, this city. There will be a great dinner, at which General Porter, the president of the new commission, will preside. The monument is at last to be finished. It was a great undertaking from the outset—too great for the committee that had it in charge. Still, when it is remembered that it took nearly 100 years before an appropriate monument to Washington was completed at the national capital, and that Congress had to take hold and complete the work after it was one-third finished, the delay in the completion of the Grant Memorial should not be very severely criticized.

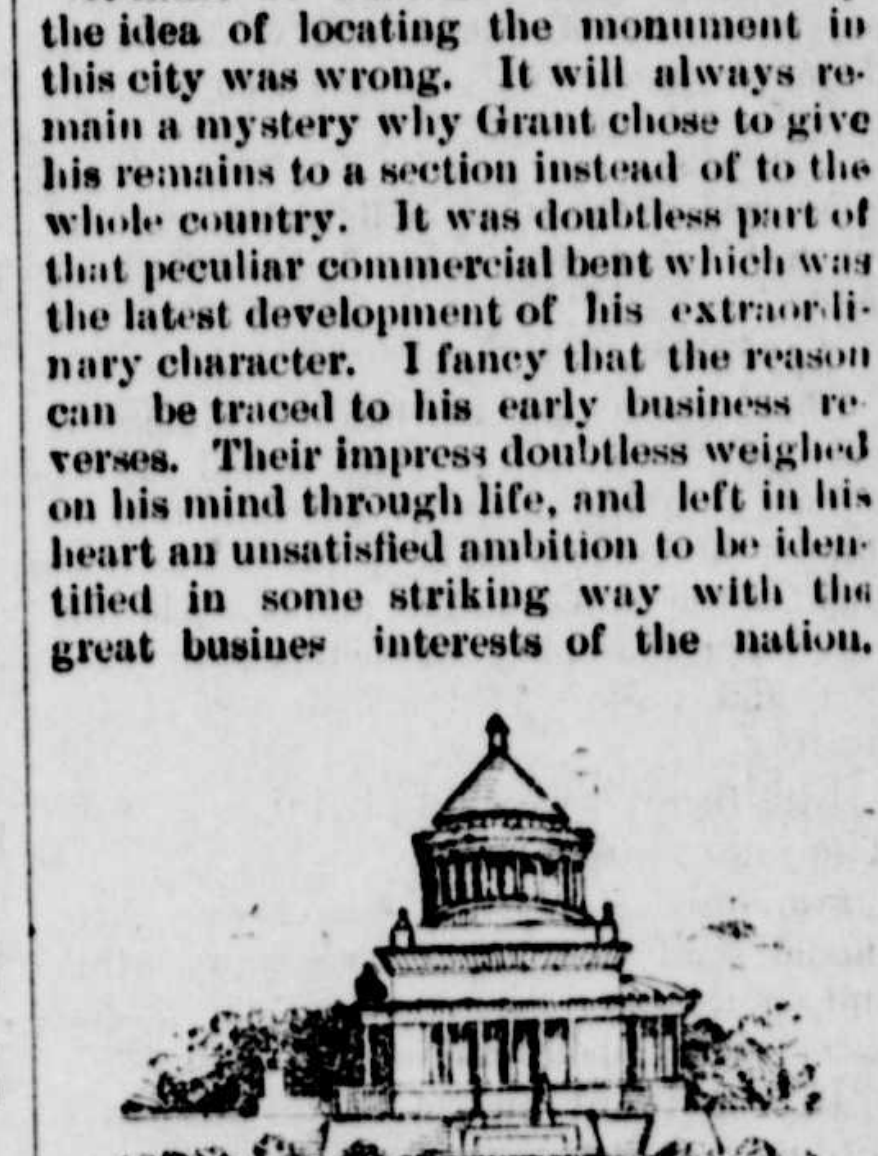
As I understand the matter, the work is to go forward now progressively until the monument is completed. What has already been done has been the completion of the tomb proper, and it certainly is high time that the remains of the great soldier were laid in a permanent resting place.



In regard to the old committee, let one thing be said. They certainly showed rare taste in the selection of a design. The Grant Monument when completed will be one of the great mausoleums of the world. So far as architecture can dignify a great subject, the work has been well done. As seen from the Hudson River, where thousands will view it daily, I do not see how a better or more impressive character could have been given to the work. The architect was John H. Duncan, one of the most successful of our local designers, and it is in every respect a happy result that no blunder was made in the crucial matter of the enterprise.

The original committe having the enterprise in charge was undoubtedly too ideal, but it was the time for æstheticism. Let it be admitted that they committed the work to admirable results from an art standpoint. The present committee is devoted to business. Its work is to finish the monument as designed. That it will succeed there is no doubt. There is plenty of money to be devoted to the object in view, but it awaited the time when the work would be undertaken by men who could handle the work in an economical manner.

It must be admitted that essentially the idea of locating the monument in this city was wrong. It will always remain a mystery why Grant chose to give his remains to a section instead of to the whole country. It was doubtless part of that peculiar commercial bent which was the latest development of his extraordinary character. I fancy that the reason can be traced to his early business reverses. Their impress doubtless weighed on his mind through life, and left in his heart an unsatisfied ambition to be identified in some striking way with the great business interests of the nation.



THE MONUMENT FROM THE RIVER.

Neither military glory nor political success seemed to satisfy the longings of his heart. He wished to be classed with the giants of the commercial world—to send his name down to posterity without even the cloud that rested upon it because of early business failure. That is my idea of it. And, when the collapse came, after the disastrous failure of his schemes as a financier, the idea of perpetuating his memory in the great marts of trade seems still to have prevailed.

It must be remembered that the most striking point of Grant's character was his persistency. He did not know what

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