

Montgomery, once of the U. S. navy, a commanding officer of a confederate fleet during the civil war, and the man who raised the frigate afterwards the ram Merrimac, was very emphatic today in declaring the sinking of the battleship Maine in Havana harbor to be the result of treachery and an act without parallel in the world's history. In his opinion war must inevitably follow.

"When the divers go down and examine the hull of the vessel, said Comadore Montgomery, 'it will be found stove in by a torpedo exploded under the bow with diabolical intent. To be sure an accident may occur on shipboard; a magazine or battery may explode. But consider all the circumstances and you will not entertain the theory of an accident. In the history of our navy there never has been such an accident. Why should the first one occur in so perfectly equipped a vessel as the Maine, and under so capable a commanding officer as Sigsbee?"

"Why should it occur in Havana harbor, where the vessel was at the mercy of an enemy capable of treachery, as we know the Spaniards is and has been as long as he has figured in history? Why should it follow so closely the recent exposure of the Spanish minister to the United States as a despicable time server who wore an affable demeanor in Washington while giving vent to his hatred of our chief executive and our people in private letters to compatriots? The combination of facts is too strong to leave a doubt. I miss my guess if retribution will not be swift."

Commander Montgomery is familiar with Havana harbor. It would be comparatively easy, he says, with small boats or otherwise to set a torpedo to destroy the American vessel. This is the theory of how the Maine was wrecked.

Washington, Feb. 15.—The Maine is a battleship of the second class, and is regarded as one of the best ships in the new navy. She was built at the Brooklyn navy yard, and is 318 feet long, 57 feet broad, 21.6 mean draught and 6,682 tons displacement. She has two ten-inch vertical turrets and two military masts, and her motive power is furnished by twin-screw vertical expansion engines having a maximum horse-power of 9,293, capable of making a speed of 17.45 knots.

She carries four 10-inch and six 6-inch breech loading guns in her main battery and seven 6-pounders and eight 1-pounder rapid-fire guns and four Gatlings in her secondary battery and four Whitehead torpedoes.

Capt. Sigsbee was in command. The other officers were Lieutenant Commander Richard Wainwright, Lieuts. G. F. Holman, John Hood and C. W. Yungon, Lieuts. (junior grade) G. W. Blow, J. T. Blandin, F. W. Jenkins; Cadets J. H. Holden, W. T. Cluverius, Amos Bronson and D. E. Boyd Jr.; Surgeon L. G. Honeberger, Paymaster Ryan, Chief Engineer C. P. Howell, Passed Assistant Engineer E. C. Bowers, Assistant Engineers J. R. Morris and D. R. Merritt, Cadet Engineers Pope Washington and Arthur Cronshaw, Chaplain J. P. Chidwick and Lieutenant of Marines A. W. Catlin.

Washington, Feb. 18.—The navy department has compiled the following summary showing the total results of the Maine disaster from available official information up to tonight: Total officers and men on board Maine, 355; total officers, 26, total men, 329.

Total officers saved, 24; total officers lost, 2; total men lost, 246; total officers injured, none; total men injured, 57; total men saved, 76; doubtful (men), 7.

The seven men appearing as doubtful probably represent that number or less whose lives have been saved but who cannot be identified at present on ac-

count of the errors in the transmission of telegrams. The fifty-seven appearing as injured are included in the seventy-six appearing saved. Two men reported as having died in the hospital are included in the total of 246 appearing above as having been lost.

RECOLLECTION OF THE CARLYLES.

[From the New York Independent.]

In the summer of 1865 I had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Carlyle at a friend's house on the outskirts of London. She remained in charge of her house, as was her usual custom, while her husband's library was in the hands of painters and decorators. Times were changed since the early days when, in similar circumstances, she took refuge in her back garden from workmen, having put up there a tent by means of clothes-props, with a light carpet thrown over them. Her gypsy instincts failed her on this occasion, and the erection fell to pieces upon her. Now there was a trusty housekeeper at Cheyne Row, so all that was incumbent was an occasional visit to note progress. Mr. Carlyle was with his relatives in Scotland. Letters came from him every day, and they were read with eagerness. My place at the luncheon table was always beside Mrs. Carlyle, and one day a letter from her husband being opened by her, I could not avoid seeing the first words, "My own dearest." One of those letters contained a small pattern of tweed cloth, which she showed me, saying: "He wants my opinion of this, and to know whether I advise him to have a suit made of it." Generally, she said, such matters were entirely settled by her; so much so, that when the tailor's man came to try on a frock coat, he always asked for her decision. Turning to her he would say: Should you like a velvet collar, madam?"

Unfortunately, long years of bad health had left her very much an invalid. It was an effort to walk much, and her hands were weakened by rheumatism, so that it was impossible for her to make any return for the letters daily received. She was woefully thin, and the charm of her early days could only be imagined. But she dressed in a rich, quaint style, and bright glowing eyes lit up her face. I never saw her enter a room without thinking that some graceful figure had stepped out of an old Spanish picture. One could understand why it had been said to Mr. Carlyle that his wife was extravagant in dress, the more so that she was known to employ a court dressmaker. His reply was: "My wife is the most economical woman in London." On such subjects husbands are not always the best judges; but we may give him the benefit of the doubt. As it was difficult for her to ascend the stairs, I, then young and active, was on the watch to save her this trouble and to get for her anything she had forgotten. In acknowledgment of these services she gave me her photograph when she said good-by, kindly expressing the hope that should I ever become feeble like her, I might also find a willing helper. This photo recalls her vividly, a delicate piece of rare lace being the charming substitute for a cap.

When speaking of her husband, Mrs. Carlyle never made use of his name, but only of the pronouns, he and him, and very amusing were some of the stories she told. "I like," she said, "to give people presents anonymously so that they may guess from whom they come; once I gave him an umbrella as a birthday gift, but he is so stupid he used it for a whole year without knowing who was the giver."

A pathetic tale was told of a little dog that shared their home shortly after their settlement in London. Carlyle seemed to hate this dog, and was

in the habit of showering epithets on it, so much so that every endeavor was made to keep it out of his sight. In order to insure its having sufficient exercise, the postman was in the habit of taking it with him, by its mistress' request, on his morning rounds. One day, alas! it was run over, and was brought home sadly injured and near death. The sight of it thus hurt affected its master so deeply, that he shut himself up in his room for the remainder of the day, for, notwithstanding all assertions to the contrary, he had dearly loved the dog. If Carlyle could thus decide his wife as to his feelings, it was no wonder that he deceived others, and led them to see only the affection of indifference that covers deep feeling, as snow often covers the volcano. This is characteristic of his nation. To betray one's inmost emotions is to a Scotchman an unpardonable and unmanly sign of weakness.

Having so long struggled to obtain quiet for her husband, Mrs. Carlyle declared that she had become as sensitive to sounds as he was. Proof of this was not long lacking. A terrier, belonging to our host, of most pacific and friendly nature, happened to bark a little on the night of her arrival. Next morning she said she must return home for a night in order to recover from the effects of sleeplessness, banished to a safe distance during the remainder of her visit.

Her carriage came daily that she might call at Cheyne Row. On one occasion I accompanied her, and thus had an opportunity of seeing the interior of the house. It had the cosy, old-fashioned air which is given by Scottish furniture in middle-class English houses, everything seeming too large for the general proportion. What struck me most was Mrs. Carlyle's bedroom on the third floor facing the front. On entering you saw nothing but a large four-post bed, with scarlet curtains. It had been made for a large room with high ceiling, such as are common in Scotland, and it seemed ludicrously out of place in this small low-ceiled London room, where there was barely space to walk around it. Fortunately, a tiny dressing room opened off it, so one's mind was set at rest as to the space needful for comfort.

The brightest time for Mrs. Carlyle's talk was during dinner. Day after day she poured forth witty stories, most of which I have almost forgotten; but in any case, it would be desecration to attempt to repeat almost any of them. The characteristics of living men and women were often dashed off in a few pithy words, not without satirical touches. George Henry Lewes was not one of her favorites; but I noted with pleasure the way in which she spoke of the wonderful transformation effected by the influence on him of George Eliot.

One of her experiences was when visiting a shoemaker's shop to make a purchase, at the time when sandaled shoes were worn, like those represented in the original illustrations of Dickens. The sandals were of black ribbon, uncut until the shoes were worn by the purchaser at home. Mrs. Carlyle tried on many shoes, and each time that a shoe proved unsuitable, she unconsciously slung it on to her left arm. Being at last suited, and, having paid her bill, she left the shop, and had walked a little way when she heard a shout behind her. Looking back, she saw the shopman running after her, much excited, and insisting on her returning the stolen shoes. Looking down she saw, to her surprise, a number of shoes dangling from her arm. The man indignantly asked her name and address. Her astonishment was such that her name was obliterated for the time from her memory, and