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A SENATOR'S SCRAP BOOKS.

WASHINGTON, March 25, 1894.—I spent an evening recently in looking over the scrap books of a United States senator. In them I found a large part of the history of the United States for the last thirty-eight years. They covered the whole of the exciting six years before the war. They embraced speeches, interviews and stories gathered at Washington at the time of the great rebellion. They covered the days of reconstruction, and coming on down told the story of one noted man's life as it ran in and out, affecting the leading events of our history from that time to this. They were the books of Senator John Sherman, member of Congress, Senator of the United States, Secretary of the Treasury, presidential candidate and famous financier.

SENATOR SHERMAN'S NEW HOUSE.

It is interesting to study the intellectual life of a public man. It is more interesting when the man has for thirty-eight years been at the head of affairs of a great nation, and it is most interesting when the man has so decided a mental individuality as John Sherman of Ohio. You can get some idea of him by a peep into his workshop. He lives, you know, in his new, white stone mansion facing Franklin Square. His house stands on the site of the old brick which he built when this famous park was little more than a cow pasture, and when he was still a poor member of Congress. His present house is about fifty feet front, and it is massive and beautiful. Its walls are thick enough to outlast the ages. You could drive a wagon load of hay up the wide stone steps which lead to its front door without brushing the railings at the sides, and the hall in which you enter is so wide that the wagon could almost turn around in it. The vestibule, with its tiled floor, is seen through long doors of thick plate glass, the solid panes of which reach, with only a narrow binding of wood, from floor to ceiling, and by pressing an electric button the inner doors open and you find yourself in one of the most handsome and most characteristic of the new houses of Washington. You are struck with the genuineness of everything. All about you is solid, massive, beautiful and real. There is no varnish or veneering. The wood work, selected from the finest of Ohio trees, is beautifully carved, and it has the polish of a piano. The brass fixtures which furnish the light are strong and firm, and great globes of opalescent glass the size of a wash basin filter the electric rays, so that they meet your eyes with a soft, mellow light. At the

right side of you is the Senator's library. At the left is a great parlor, and back of these is one of the finest dining rooms in Washington. From the rear of the hall wide stairs wind their way about walls lined with pictures to the second floor, and the effect of the arrangement gives the idea of abundance of room.

SENATOR SHERMAN'S LIBRARY.

The Senator's library, on this first floor, is, I judge, at least twenty-five feet long and about twenty feet in width. It is walled with books, and it represents the accumulation of a lifetime. Senator Sherman has been a book buyer from his boyhood. He once told me that he began to buy books when he was a boy of fourteen, carrying a rod and chain in a surveying party on the Muskingum canal. He has now, all told, about 15,000 volumes, and among these are many fine editions. He likes good type, good paper and good binding, and his books embrace nearly every branch of literature. All of the famous novelists have places on his shelves, and he finds a part of his intellectual rest in novel reading. He has just finished the "Prince of India," Gen. Lew Wallace's last novel, and he describes the story as one of absorbing interest, abounding in beautiful descriptions. He is fond of Dickens and Scott, and he keeps himself thoroughly versed in the magazine literature of the day. He is a scientific student as well, and a large part of his cases are filled with scientific works. He is up in biology and astronomy, and one of the last books he has read is the "New Astronomy," by Prof. Langley, the head of the Smithsonian Institution. He is a reader of French and German as well as English, and among his volumes I noted the Iliad and many of the classics. His library of financial authorities is large, and he has everything worth owning which relates to the history of this country. In the back of the library there is a great vault, where his private papers are kept, and here is now packed away the correspondence of his lifetime. He has been keeping his letters since he was fifteen, and everything of value has been saved. This vault is packed full of unwritten history, and there is scarcely a prominent man in the world today who has not written something that is treasured in its collection. Among others there are about a score of volumes of autographs, each as big as a dictionary, and these contain personal letters from all sorts of distinguished people. The Senator's acquaintance has been very wide, and his friendships embrace the prominent men of nearly every country, and they have extended over more than a generation. The most of these letters will never be published. A number of them are personal and

private, and some of the most interesting relate to the Senator and his family. Those between him and his brother have been partially published. They covered, you know, the time from Gen. Sherman's entrance to West Point to that of his death, and they were given by the Senator to the general's family shortly after that. They form a most valuable addition to the history of this country, and have added to the reputation of Sherman the statesman as well as Sherman the general.

A SENATOR'S WORKSHOP.

It is in this library that John Sherman receives his friends. You may find him at home almost any evening, and there is no red tape in getting to him. He is a charming conversationalist, can talk interestingly on almost any subject, and is not backward in saying what he thinks. As you sit with him in this room, surrounded by his books, you would imagine him more of a leisurely student than a hard-working statesman, and for the time you would be right. The real work of his day is not done on this floor. He has a workshop bigger than his library at the head of the stairs, and it is in this that he writes his speeches, dictates his letters and does the really hard labor of his life. He has a similar den at Mansfield, Ohio, and it is in these rooms that the ordinary caller seldom goes. It is here that his scrap books are kept, and here you find many of the books which would be out of place on the ground floor. The workshop of Senator Sherman is hung with the photographs of the famous statesmen with whom he has been associated. President Hayes, Chief Justice Chase and other great Ohioans look down upon you from these walls. Book cases stand under these, and government reports and financial authorities stare at you from every side. One set of shelves is filled with books labeled "Speeches in Congress." There are a score and more of these and each of the books is as large as a family Bible, or the largest ledger you have ever seen. These are scrap books in which are pasted the speeches and addresses which Senator Sherman has delivered during the last thirty-eight years. They are bound in green leather, and are made of heavy manilla paper. The speeches are pasted only on one side of the page, and they include, in all, thousands of pages of closely-printed matter.

JOHN SHERMAN'S FIRST SPEECH.

Here in volume first is John Sherman's first speech in Congress, delivered when Frank Pierce was President, and as I look at it I remember a story which the Senator told me about it. He said: "It was in the Kansas Nebraska debate, and