

MISCELLANEOUS.

FIFTY YEARS OLD AND A STAR ON THE FLAG.

We will greet fairest Utah on "Jubilee day,"
With music and loyal cheers ringing;
And awaken the echoes of times passed away
With the deeds of her Pioneers singing.
Proud of her station, we cannot help brag,
She's fifty years old and a star on the flag.

Back fifty years and what was she then?

Like a romance, her "quaint relics" showing
How a brave little band of women and men
The seeds of her empire were sowing.
Grand is the harvest; well they may brag,
he's fifty years old and a star on the flag.

No truer star our nation will boast.

When history once gives the fair story;

Our army and navy will honor the toast;

"To Utah;" "a gem in Old Glory."

Now is the time for her people to brag;

She's fifty years old and a star on the flag.


ANON.

Written for this

AROUND THE WORLD WITH GRANT.

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WASHINGTON, D. C., April 22nd, 1897.



SPENT an afternoon this week in chatting with John Russell Young about his experiences with General Grant and with some of the other famous men whom he has known. Mr. Young is the most eminent newspaper correspondent of the day. He is one of our best writers of pure English, and he has for years been one of our chief molders of public opinion. For the past generation his relations with the leading

men of the time have been very close. As a boy he knew President Lincoln, Seward and Stanton. While he was correspondent for the New York Herald in London he saw much of Gladstone, Salisbury and Beaconsfield, and also came into contact with Prince Bismark, Gambetta and other famous men of that time. As our minister to China he made a strong friend of Li Hung Chang, and when the great viceroy made a visit to this country last year he came to Philadelphia and spent a day with Mr. Young's family. It was during his tour around the world with General Grant that John Russell Young first met Li Hung Chang, and today there is no man living outside of General Grant's own family who has sustained such close relations to our greatest military hero. Mr. Young is now fifty-six years of age, but his blue eyes are as bright as they were when he began his newspaper career as a copy bolder at the age of fifteen in the office of the Philadelphia Press, and his brain is as active as it was when he rode out to the battlefields to report the occurrences of the late civil war. Mr. Young is a delightful talker. His words flow as smoothly in his conversation as in his writing, and his talk is full of striking comparisons.

Our conversation opened with a word

about John Hay, who has just gone to England to take Bayard's place as ambassador to Great Britain. Mr. Young said:

"I have known Colonel Hay since he came to Washington, now about thirty-six years ago. I had been sent here by the Philadelphia Press. John W. Forney was then the editor. He was also secretary of the Senate, and I was here as his assistant to write for the paper and to do whatever he asked me to do. One of my duties was to carry the papers from the Senate to the White House. John Hay had been brought to Washington by President Lincoln on account of his friendship for Hay's father. Mr. Lincoln wanted to give John the educational advantages of the position, and he had him made one of his private secretaries. I remember well how Colonel Hay looked in the early sixties. He had cheeks as rosy as those of an Irish milkmaid, and he was a rather girlish-looking fellow. President Lincoln, who was quick to discover what there was in men, had seen that Hay had considerable literary ability, and he gave him the answering of such letters and notes as needed especially good wording. He would tell Hay what to say, and would generally sign the letters without changing them. Even in those days John Hay was fond of writing poetry. He often showed me verses which he had written, and now and then he would read them over to me."

"How did President Lincoln impress you, Mr. Young?" I asked.

"He did not seem as great a man to me then as he does now. The canonization of Lincoln did not begin until some time after his death. He had some little idiosyncrasies of pronunciation and action which hid to a certain extent his real greatness. His wonderful modesty and simplicity was partially the cause of his non-appreciation. He was perfectly simple in all of his ways. I can give you an incident which illustrates what I mean. Colonel Forney owned in addition to the Philadelphia Press the Washington Chronicle, and I was sometimes left in charge. One night when this was the case we received a Richmond paper, which in some way had been smuggled through the lines, which contained a dispatch stating that Charleston had been taken. It was very difficult to get such papers, and they often gave us important advance news. This paper came in about 2 o'clock in the morning. As I read it it seemed to me that the President ought to know of the capture of Charleston. I was only a boy, but I decided to go to the White House and tell him. So I took the foreman of the office and together we walked to the White House. We rang the bell, and after a time a messenger opened it. He told us in response to my request to see Mr. Lincoln that he had long since gone to bed and was now asleep."

"But," said I, "we have important news for him. I have received information which he should have, and I am sure he ought to be waked up to hear it." After a while the messenger said he would go to the President's bed room and awaken him. He went. A few moments later the President came down clad in nothing but his night shirt. He

asked us to step into the east room. I remember as he walked in front of us that his long shirt flapped against his legs and that as he sat on the sofa and listened he threw one bare leg over the knee of the other and scratched at the hairy calf. I told him that I had a Richmond newspaper stating that Charleston was taken, whereupon he asked me for the date of the paper. When I replied he said that he had advices two days later than that, which stated that the "bombardment" was still going "zealously" on. I remember noticing that he pronounced bombardment as though it was spelled bombardment, and zealously as though its first vowel was a long "e." Well, the result was that we found our news to be of no account. The President's spies had given him information in advance of mine, and I was, of course, much mortified to find that I had disturbed the President for no purpose. He put me at my ease, however, saying that he was glad to be awakened at any time to hear good news, even if it was at 4 o'clock instead of 2. He went with me to the door and said good bye without showing any feeling whatever about being aroused from his sleep after midnight."

"What were the relations between President Lincoln and General Grant?" I asked.

"They were perfectly friendly," replied Mr. Young. "President Lincoln appreciated Grant's ability, but Grant's military reputation was such that for a time he feared that he might be a candidate against him for renomination as President. I was present during a conversation at the White House, in 1864, which showed me that this was the case. I was not well at the time, and I had called at the White House with Col. Forney, that I might get an order from President Lincoln to go South. When we arrived we found Secretary Stanton and ex-Senator Morgan of New York, with the President. After a time the conversation turned to Grant, and President Lincoln said:

"I am curious to know what that man Grant is going to do down at Vicksburg. I have feared for some time that his success might make him a presidential candidate, but I have just received news that he has no ambition in that direction. I feared that he might have the presidential grub in his brain. That is a curious worm, and if it once attacks a man it is hard to get rid of. I have suffered from it for four years, and it still sticks to me. In order to learn how Grant stands I sent for Russell Jones, the marshal for the northern district of Illinois. He is, you know, one of Grant's closest friends. I asked him if the presidential maggot had yet attacked Grant."

"No, Mr. President," was Jones' reply. "I can assure you that Gen. Grant is free from that ambition. He has only two ideas. The first is to put down the rebellion, and the second is, to see you re-elected President of the United States. I know of what I am speaking, and you can be sure I am right." At this Mr. Lincoln threw himself back in his chair and concluded:

"That statement of Jones' is a great relief to me."

"Did Grant really desire a third term as President of the United States, Mr. Young?" I asked.

"No," replied John Russell Young. "General Grant had no idea that such a