

They became acquainted while he was attending a boys' academy at Walnut Hills, Ohio, she being an attendant of a girls' seminary at the same place. He was then nineteen and she seventeen years of age. Later on they went to Oxford, where the acquaintance ripened into love and marriage was the natural sequence. "There was not much style" about the wedding details, only a few immediate friends being in attendance; no bridal presents were given (such a custom not being in vogue then—October 20, 1853), and a brief railroad ride was the only bridal tour. It has been the custom of the family to observe the anniversary of the wedding day from the first one, and on Thursday last they were present in force in the Executive Mansion—four generations congregating beneath its roof, including Mrs. Harrison's father, son, daughter and three grandchildren. It is needless to say that there were no festivities, no congratulations, no enlivening words or actions; all felt that they were standing within the shadow of the reaper and that his work would soon be complete. Sadness was marked on every countenance and gloom prevailed in every quarter. How much deeper and darker must that gloom be now—how much more poignant that sadness, being confronted, as the loved ones are, with the impending separation forever in this life from her whom they all hold so dear!

TWO GREAT MEN.

There are now but few survivors of the fateful field of Waterloo left, and they are scattered far and wide. To find one or more in an obscure town or hamlet of England would be looked upon as a matter of course, and even if one should be heard from in a remote corner of the continent, or in any of the English or German dependencies far away from Europe, it would occasion no surprise; but how many, if guessing at the present abiding place of any of the veterans, would select a town in Missouri as such a location? Yet there is one there, Richmond being the locality having that honor. John Baird is the man's name and he has reached the advanced age of ninety-two years. He was in the British army and talks freely, interestingly and in such a manner as impresses one with their exactness, of some of the incidents of that great battle, of which the world's readers will never tire.

Mr. Baird relates an incident of Waterloo that sheds a different light upon the character of Wellington than what most people, especially those on this side of the water, know of. He says that on the first morning of the great battle, when his command had formed into a hollow square before going into action, Wellington came among them and offered up a prayer. "I can see him yet," says Mr. Baird, "just as he prayed there in that hollow square. He stood with his hat off, his hands clasped in front of him, and his kind, good, soldier face bent a little forward. I never saw a man pray as he did. Not a man of the thousands around him moved a muscle during the three or four minutes he

stood praying. When he stopped we pretty near all had tears in our eyes. He seemed almost a father to us."

There was at least one distinguished American commander in speaking of whom not one word of the above quotation need be changed. It fits him as well as if it had been written regarding him instead of one who died before he had made his fame. The general referred to was on the losing side in the war of the rebellion and in less than a year after that sanguinary struggle began he was known far and wide, at home and abroad, wherever civilization prevailed, as Stonewall Jackson. Of this great leader many such incidents as that related of Wellington have been told; in fact, he seldom went into battle without placing himself and his command in the hand of Him who gave it life and asking Him that that life might be preserved in severalty—"if it was His will," but if not, then "His will be done." While being "every inch a commander," both in his person and demeanor, he was at the same time one of the humblest and most unpretentious of men—brave as a Spartan, skillful as a Hannibal, companionable as a school-boy and as gentle as a child; his soldiers idolized him and his enemies had never a word of reproach for their gallant foe. The reference made to him by Henry Watterson in his admirable speech at the dedication ceremonies was one that struck the right chord and found no dissent anywhere.

POLITICAL WISDOM.

The concluding portion of Hon. James G. Blaine's political article, which appears in the November number of the *North American Review* and a synopsis of which will be found in our telegraph columns today, contains a statement that will meet with great favor by the masses of the people, and a suggestion that is in all respects worthy of consideration and acceptance everywhere. Says the ex-Secretary:

"It is interesting and suggestive to look over the platforms of the two parties, and see how much they are alike in several vital measures, after the real and decisive issues have been stated. If the parties would aim to discover and define the issues on which there is a vital difference of opinion, and would confine discussion to them, it would not only simplify the contest and be a welcome relief to the two candidates, but would also greatly help in arriving at the truth, which is the ultimate object of popular discussion and popular election."

If it were not for the exaggerations with which the stump-orators and the partisan press fill the air, especially during national campaigns, there is not an observer who would dispute the correctness of the view here taken. Judged by their platforms, by their promises, and even by their performances, the two great national parties are not nearly so far apart in their ideas of promoting the common welfare as the radical politicians on either side would have the public believe. After all, it is the country's prosperity that both are aiming to enhance, and the effect of the policy of either will not be, as the

opponents of each party are forever shrieking, the utter ruin and destruction of all our interests.

Instead of endeavoring to simplify and in the plainest manner to delineate the vital differences between the parties—a course which would at once assure and fortify the voter in his espousal of either—the object of the partisans, at least the effect of their methods—is to completely mystify and mislead those to whom they appeal. The result is that even "smart" men find themselves compelled to change allegiance frequently, while in the country at large there is an evergrowing floating or fickle vote that is not governed by conviction but is captured by the freshest sensational appeal if not by a less creditable factor.

It ought to be the pride of every American, whether a candidate for office or not, that the expressed will of his fellow citizens at the polls should be the result of intelligent conviction after a thorough understanding of the issues involved. Under the present method of conducting elections this can scarcely be. And in pointing out one method—and a very simple one—by which so worthy an end may be accomplished, Mr. Blaine proves himself not only a statesmanlike politician but a sagacious patriot as well.

BARON HIRSCH AS A JOURNALIST.

Baron Hirsch, the eminent Israelite, is probably the richest man in the world; he is by some called a billionaire, but this is of course a great exaggeration, and is used simply because he is so many times a millionaire that the last named phrase would be as inadequate as the former is superlative. However that may be, he is undoubtedly in comfortable circumstances, can pay as he goes and have plenty left to speculate upon and be charitable with. In respect to this latter there are few men in the world, especially rich ones, who are any more so than he, if indeed as much so. And because of his goodness and the benefits conferred and promised to be conferred by him upon his race, there is a general hope that he will not become reckless and make injudicious investments for no other reason than that he can afford to do so and may not feel the loss in case they should prove disappointing. For this hope there is now immediate cause. The Baron has recently bought out the *Pall Mall Gazette* of London, paying therefor the big price of \$250,000, which, good judges say, is considerably more than it is ever worth. It has failed oftener than any other great paper in the British empire, if not in the world, and may now, therefore, be considered an expensive luxury, one that requires subsidies and bounties as well as patronage to keep afloat.

The Baron should go slow. We all wish him well; but when he recklessly embarks in the newspaper business, and that too with an unlucky one for a beginning, the question is, how much of a shrinkage will his gains have to undergo before he calls a halt and lets go of the business with something of a prejudice against the whole journalistic fraternity lingering within his otherwise hospitable breast?