The North Carolinian

—BY—

Josephus Daniels

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

In Holloman Building, 212 Fayetteville St.,

RALEIGH, N. C.

Entered at the post-office at Raleigh, N. C., as second-class matter.

FRIDAY, - - - - February 3, 1893.

$1.00 A YEAR.

There ought to be twenty thousand people in North Carolina who ought to want a bright, fresh, original and honest weekly newspaper from Raleigh of the character and aims of the NORTH CAROLINIAN. Most of that twenty thousand do not feel able to pay two dollars a year for such a paper, though they know and admit that it is abundantly worth that price. But, however much we admit that an article is worth more than we have got the money to pay for it, we simply just cannot buy it if we haven't the money. There are many farmers in North Carolina who, after subscribing to their agricultural and religious journals, feel like they can spend just $1.00 more for reading matter during the year. They can get any of the Northern weeklies for that amount, and experience has shown that, though they prefer a home paper, they will take a Northern paper for $1.00 before they will pay $2.00 for a North Carolina journal. In fact the great Northern journals, by reason of their large circulation, can afford to print a large weekly at $1.00 with more profit than a North Carolina journal can at $2. But, while this is so, owing to contraction, tariff exactions, bad crops, etc., many North Carolinians haven't got that extra dollar, and have to "cut their garment according to the cloth."

What then? Must they go North or South for an article that they ought to get at home, and which they would prefer to get at home? If so, they lose sight of the great movements that go on among their neighbors, and become more interested in New York than in North Carolina. They ought to be interested in both.

THE NORTH CAROLINIAN is published to be read. Its editor cannot, in the very nature of things, expect large compensation. He is anxious to make the paper reach all sections of North Carolina, and make it responsive to the most patriotic impulse of the State. If he can make a living he is satisfied to do this if the paper can be made an engine for the betterment of the people of his native State.

We have, therefore, in order to put the NORTH CAROLINIAN within the reach of every man in the State, reduced the price to One Dollar per Year, Payable Strictly in Advance. At this rate, there ought to be 20,000 people who would subscribe, and thus help to build up a journal of which the whole State would be proud. If you have paid $2.00 you will get the benefit of the reduction.

Get Up Clubs.

Can't you get up a club in your neighborhood or village? The paper will be largely devoted to literary, historical and agricultural subjects, and will be representative of the best thought in North Carolina. We shall seek to make it "racy of the soil."

Send $1.00 and get the NORTH CAROLINIAN for one year.

A DEMOCRATIC SENATOR FROM KANSAS.

As announced last week Judge JOHN MARTIN has been elected United States Senator from Kansas by the vote of the Populists and Democrats. He was the Democratic candidate for Governor four years ago and was defeated by 80,000 majority. When the People's party became a power in Kansas, he took the ground that the Democrats, without endorsing their principles, should vote for them in order to defeat their old enemy, the Republicans. His advice was taken and the Republicans met a waterloo in Kansas.

In answer to a question as to his political policy, the new Senator said: "I am a Democrat, yet after all there are no essential differences between the principles and policies of the People's party and the Democratic party, as I understand them. I will say concerning our politics and the issues which are likely to divide the people of the country, I am unconditionally in favor of tariff reform. I am in favor of tariff reduction of the most radical character. I would place on the free list all raw materials used in building and the daily consumption of food."

"What is your policy on the money question and financial legislation?"

"I am in favor of unconditional and unlimited coinage of silver at money and without distinction as to its bullion paying power. I am opposed to national banks or any system which compels or induces a partnership between private individuals and the Government."

In regard to taxation he said: "I am in favor of an income tax in order that the wealth of the country may be compelled to pay its share of the public burdens. After you have given a better system is a graded property tax, as suggested by President Cleveland in a letter to Hon. Chas. S. Fowler, of Georgia, in 1888."

LAMAR'S GREAT SHORT SPEECH.

The death of Justice LAMAR has recalled his well known devotion to the Confederacy, and his love for the leader of the lost cause was productive of one of the most dramatic scenes in the history of the Senate. The Mexican pensions bill was under consideration and an amendment pended extending its provisions to all veterans irrespective of their course in the war between the States. It was near adoption. Congress, it was said, could best show its desire to forgive and forget by extending the benefits of the measure to those who had once borne arms against the common country. The amendment was near adoption when Senator Zach Chandler came to his feet with a short speech in which he said that while in the main he agreed to the general tenor of the amendment, yet under its provisions even Jeff Davis would be restored to citizenship. "And," he added, "I am not prepared to go so far as that." Lamar rose. His intense excitement was evident. Between him and Chandler a strong personal antagonism existed. An outburst was expected, and it came.

"Mr. President," said the Missisippian with outstretched finger pointing at his foeman, his tall form trembling with emotion, but his voice bellike in its clearness and without a quiver in it "when Prometheus lay bound to the rock it was not the king of beasts who availed himself of his distress. It was not any other of the nobler brutes of the field or birds of the air. It was the vulture, the scavenger of the animal kingdom gluttoning upon carrion, which preyed upon his vitals, knowing that in a defenseless man who could move neither hand nor foot, he had one into whose vitals he could dig his beak."

He sat down amid a stillness so profound that the rustle of a paper sounded harshly. Chandler was deadly pale. Drops of perspiration stood upon his forehead and he clenched the arms of his chair until the strained wood creaked. It was expected that he would reply. Twice he half rose then sank back. He did not reply.

THE SPLIT IN THE ALLIANCE.

The *National Economist* contains a manifesto from a faction of the Farmer's Alliance appealing to members, in the order to repudiate the acts of the late Memphis convention, by forming a new organization on a strictly non-partisan basis. The manifesto is signed by J. E. Tillman, of Tennessee, who, along with his office, was "abolished," as far as the Alliance is concerned, at the Memphis convention. Mr. Tillman denounces the men who now control the Alliance, and reviews the origin and growth of the order, pointing out its original purposes, which he declares were in accord with the principles of the Democratic party, and which he, as a life long Democrat, undertook to carry out and impress upon its members.

Referring to and defining the action of the late national campaign, in which he is charged with treason to the Alliance by sending out, under his official signature, numerous documents appealing to the Alliance to be true to the Democratic teachings upon which it was founded, he says: "I conceived it a duty devolving upon me, both as general manager and director of the lecture bureau of the Alliance, and as an humble member of the Democratic party, to contribute to the success of a cause common to the interests of both. That the literature sent out under my signature aided the Democratic party and contributed alike to the defeat of the Republican and Third parties, I have no doubt, and freely admit—in fact, such were my desires, because the Third party in my State and other Southern States was allying with the Republicans in its efforts to defeat Democratic principles.

A SUGGESTION.

Kinston Free Press.

Now let our Legislature establish a system of oil inspection for North Carolina. The states north have such laws, and it is believed that it has caused North Carolina to be the dumping ground for all of the inferior grades of oil. Many eyes have been injured by oil that was sold for high test.—*Robesonian.*

That's a good idea, it seems to us. Anyway some miserably mean stuff has been sold in Kinston for oil, and some steps ought to be taken to see that only good oil is supplied. It is not the local dealers fault, but the fault of the manufacturers from whom they buy.

AN HONEST MAN.

The State Auditor has received a letter from a gentleman in Person county returning a pension warrant. The writer of the letter was an ex-confederate soldier, had applied for a pension and was adjudged entitled to it, but upon his examination of the law he discovered that persons owning $500 worth of property are not entitled to pensions, and he returned the warrant.

Congressman W. C. P. BRECKINRIDGE said a few days ago: "When I am asked whether I can tell who will be the members of Mr. CLEVELAND'S cabinet, I am like a certain man who attended a wedding. When the minister asked, 'who gives this woman away?' some fellow way back said in a loud voice, 'I could, but I'll be darned if I do.' Now that is the way I stand on the cabinet."

The picture of Lieutenant-Governor Broughton that has gotten into the papers would justify an action for libel. If he looked anything like the picture he would never have been what he is to-day, one of the most popular of North Carolina's State officials.—*Morganton Herald.*

Three colored children have been burned in Morganton in the last two weeks, says the *Herald*. It is said that the Legislature is considering a bill which will enable the courts to punish parents who carelessly expose their little children to danger from fire.

The Governor has appointed Col. F. H. Cameron, of Raleigh, Adjutant General to succeed Gen. D. H. Coleen, resigned. Col. Cameron was Inspector General several years, and has had long military training and experience.

BLAINE SKETCHED BY GATH.

Estimate of His Life and Traits in Public and at Home.

HIS PROTOTYPES IN HISTORY.

A NATURE WHICH CONTAINED SOME OF THE ELEMENTS OF BOTH THE SEXES, AND AN ORGANIZATION WHICH PAID THE PENALTY ALIKE OF BOYISH IMPULSE AND NERVOUS APPREHENSION—HIS ENMITIES AND FRIENDSHIPS—DEMOCRATS WRITE HIS EPITAPH.

Washington Post.

Within the life of Blaine, Garfield's and, to its civil extent, Harrison's life were contained, like a lesser within a larger drawer. Each received the Presidential nomination from Blaine and his following. In the cabinet of each he was what Cardinal Mendoza was named after Ferdinand and Isabella, "the third king of Spain."

It has fallen to the lot of few men to have been so well and widely beloved and so fiercely pursued. He corresponds in these particulars to Raleigh, Alexander Hamilton, Clay and Stephen A. Douglas, and to Mary, Queen of Scots, for there were elements of beauty and femininity, as well as of strength, in Mr. Blaine. He had the warm impulses, the warm brain, the buoyant yet suffering temperament, and the instant nervous organization which powerfully attract and finally wear themselves out by the quick ebb and flow of public life.

REALLY A SCHOOL TEACHER.

Here was a teacher by original choice, an editor by alternation, a politician by race, and all put together, a literary man, at the mercy of a great people and continent, their devotion and their desertion alike making attritions upon his affectionate, wilful, gifted constitution.

Worn out, was the name of his disease. Whatever other attacks he had, none of them appears to have killed him, but he died of the public career and of the popularce while still several years short of his allotted life, but not short of the fulfillment of times.

He ended the period Seward and Stevens began, the Whig or Middle State succession to the issues which survived Monroe, Adams, and Jackson. He was born at Jackson's time of power, was a young political observer and school-boy when VanBuren was defeated by Harrison, was the son of a local gentleman and country office-holder, and became a voter when the Whigs defeated the low tariff and the Polk, Dallas and Calhoun combination after the Mexican war.

Near that time Blaine went to the vicinity of Henry Clay's home to be a teacher in a Kentucky academy. His own native home, in south-western Pennsylvania, were on the stage road built by the United States, and passing through Brownsville and "Little Washington" to the outlet West of Ohio. At the latter place he had the benefit of a good country college. About the time the Democracy again prevailed, through the compromise measures of 1852, and elected Pierce, and headed its cabinet with Marcy, young Blaine made his second pilgimage and came East, first to Philadelphia and finally to Maine, following the lead of his wife, who was returning home from her school teaching romance.

He, the penniless last scion of a family once landed, official and rich, took the route of his necessities to the far Kennebec river, led, as it were, into Egypt by his babe and its mother, like Joseph of old.

All this is homely and pathetic. It accounts for Blaine as a man of humility, of anxiety, and of the people. His wife's influence has always been strong with him. His mother's was so before that.

HIS DESCENT.

The public inheritance he came by through his great-grandfather; high sheriff of old Mother Cumberland, the county of Pennsylvania which stretched from the Susquehanna to the Ohio, and who was also purveyor of supplies to Washington's army as it lay in the Jerseys and on the Hudson, with the sea closed before it, and no granary behind, but the Irish and German valleys from the mouth of the Lehigh to the Potomac. There was in that day no Western New York. Ephraim Blaine procured the whiskey, the flour and the beef which kept the army alive at Newtown, Morristown, Tappan, New Windsor and Newburg.

This Col. Blaine died at the decay of the old Federal party, a quarter of a century before his great-grand-son was born, in 1830. The posterity pushed to the wild lands of the Upper Monongahela, near Albert Gallatin's purchase, and Blaine's father married Miss Gillespie, the daughter of an Irish Catholic landholder at the national road crossing of the Monongahela, upon the farther shore, or West Brownsville. With her he received the ferry opposite Brownsville proper, the rival of Pittsburg, where steamboats were built and wholesaling was done on the coal-smoked heights. People could avoid the long boat countermarch around Pittsburg and go direct to Wheeling by the continued national road, which for years had no bridge, and Mr. Blaine once said to me, "My parents had a good income of $6,000 in silver every year from that ferry. The bridge company bought the ferry out, but the income was gone. It was a large annuity for those days."

Yet, I think it was well nigh departed before Blaine came on the scene. The immense square brick house where Blaine was born was given up soon for a smaller brick, and next for a plain frame house, and when a lad he went pricing butter and household supplies for his mother at the big, double-bluffed town across the river, with its levee like New Orleans.

Canals and railroads paralleled the national road. Mr. Blaine's father asked to be elected prothonotary, or orphans' court clerk, that he might move away and educate his children at the academic town of Washington, twenty-four miles to the west, and half way to Wheeling. There he died of a stomach destroyed by his old style of hospitality.

BLAINE'S MOTHER.

His gentle widow, one of the few well-reared Catholics in that Scotch-Irish society, lived on some time and attended the Catholic church at Brownsville, where Blaine, after he became a notable man, reared her monument in the Catholic graveyard with the monogram she loved to love and cross herself to—"I. H. S., Jesus, the Savior of men."

She was not only the mother of Blaine, but the mother of all his literary and lovely traits. No bigot, her sons Protestant, her daughter Catholic, she knew what it was to spend a whole life in a minority-cursed minority among those Scotch-Irish of the Londonderry traditions. Her cousin, I think it was, who married Thomas Ewing, of Lancaster, Ohio, perhaps the ablest man Ohio has produced—that George Pendleton said to me.

The Ewings were of the North Irish, rent and trench, and Thomas Ewing's life, by his Catholic wife, was, in a sense, that of Blaine's father. Ewing was their great relative and member of the Cabinet when Blaine was fourteen years old, the father-in-law of Tecumseh Sherman the West Pointer.

Blaine, as a boy went over to Lancaster to see his great connection, and perhaps attended school a while there. He was second or third cousin, I think, to Miss Ewing, the late Mrs. Sherman, who, as a Catholic, got in the Scotch-Irish portmanty of her father, to see that the church obtained dispensation and convents. Yet the Ewings got from their Irish-Papist mother their winning, fiery traits. They also divided, here generally Protestants, there Catholic.

This dual religious tradition tuned solemnly and sadly in the ear of the young orator in Blaine. He could see into both natures, and knew how all religious difference is moonshine in the heart. His wisdom, and suavity, and fear of injuring sensitive feelings led back to his inoffensive sect-suspected mother.

LET LOOSE.

Not till 1858, at twenty-eight, did Blaine's political career open out by the ice-bound Kennebec. He knew the continent more than the men of Maine. He was in the Maine legislature between the times of John Brown's raid and Grant's advent as the Wellesley of the West, at Shiloh.

Having been speaker of the Maine legislature, Blaine came to Congress the same year with Garfield, 1862, and there stayed till 1876—from 32 to 46.

From 1869, the year Grant became President, till the centennial year, he was Speaker. In 1876 he was appointed to the Senate to succeed Lot Morrill, resigned, and was then elected.

He received 351 votes when 384 nominated Hayes, and he had 384 votes four year later when Grant had 306.

He was then, in 1884, nominated, and in 1888 controlled the convention for Harrison's ultimate advantage, and, in 1892, resigned from Harrison's Cabinet while Harrison was forcing the nomination again. He supported Harrison and both closed their career together.

FIRST INSIGHT INTO BLAINE.

In the year 1869, or that winter, soon after Blaine became Speaker, I said to him in the presence of several others, at a party he gave to the Washington correspondents, that I would like so write a sketch of his previous life. He replied that he did not care about it. I was therefore surprised the following day, Sunday, to receive his name at my door, and he came up stairs and said he would like to accept the tender I had made, and thereupon in my work-room took down an atlas and pointed out Brownsville.

The little incident, I think, was some key to his nature. He denied before strangers what he accepted in private, or, rather, had an indecision which became an infirmity.

He was then hardly forty years old, and looked like an Irish hunter. His high-planted thighs reared him, stag-like, up, and his eyes were of a round shape and protuberant, so that he seemed to look out of the side of his face and to throw his spine back as if far-sighted. Such a pair of eyes are seldom seen in public life, and most often are seen with students. They were bright, rich eyes, but conveyed to me the notion of some mental eccentricity.

He was then already growing gray. I put him down at that interview as a man shy and bashful in spite of his forced or assumed aggressiveness, and I think now that his errors never were of the heart, but of the nerves.

He consulted his decisions after he should have locked them up and thrown away the key. His alleged duplicity was only doubtfulness; he became alternately the victim of his buoyant and desponding nature.

The brute in him was very imperfectly developed. He seemed to contain within his nature both the sexes, the wooing and the flying, the Satyr and the Nymph.

To look upon his was not a harmonious nor symmetrical visage nor head. His countenance at repose was a mixture of the challenger and the disturbed one, as if to say, "Who knocks there?" But the Celtic admixture in him brought such softness and courtesy that in intercourse, especially where several were present, he seemed to be a whole party, a harp and a bard.

BLAINE'S DUALITY.

Books, after all, were his chief promoters. Teaching and country editor life had settled his original character, and to them he returned, like Raleigh and Bolingbroke after the shipwrecks of politics. Of contemporary statesmen I think he was like Disraeli nearer than any other. The polemical strain in Gladstone he never revealed, for religion was his steady enemy, and caused him, perhaps, to miss the Presidency. As the narrow and insinuating kirk would not trust the Queen of Scots any more than her closest priests would release their irritating foreclosure upon her, so Blaine was pulled in twain between Catholics and Protestants, his cousin, Mrs. Sherman, and Parson Burchard.

At his dying bed the prying, gaping provincial wizards and witches eavesdropped to know if he perished by this "communion" or that. Old Henry of Navarre, whom Blaine fairly resembled in height, port, beard, and plume of battle, joined both their churches, satisfied none of them, and was finally waylaid by a deranged fanatic, as Guiteau, the equally "inspired" one, as he said, did mean to kill Blaine.

I little guessed that morning, when Blaine showed me his birthplace and told of large undeveloped coal lands in his family there, that he would be for twenty-three years year to come the next man in the country to Grant.

He was the assembler of the minority, the civilians, against Grant.

It was not Conkling who was his rival, but Grant.

They arrived on the scene of action at Washington together, President and Speaker by the same momentum.

Colfax going on the ticket with Grant led to the Speakership falling from Colfax to Blaine.

As the Speaker, Blaine raised himself to that power in Congress through his influence over the young members by which he was the choice of the party undoubtedly, and of the convention, too, to become Grant's successor.

These two men did not like each other. Blaine had a reporting tongue, having once been a reporter, and every waggish thing he said about Grant was carried by the servitors of Conkling and other candidates to Grant, and made the most of.

Grant, indeed, was the unknown, the military quantity, dropped into the current of politics like a great stump or rock, behind which the waters rose and altered their channel. He was what Jackson and Taylor had been earlier, the "man on horseback." After Chase, Greely and others had drowned themselves trying to remove Grant the normal party element formed around Blaine. But the party had been weakened in 1872 and its subsequent victories were scratches. Finally it all came to Blaine, but it was then too late.

GATH VISITED HIS OLD HOMES.

After Mr. Blaine became the nominee for President in 1884, I visited the homes of his youth, and suddenly there was revealed to me a past epic of mighty travel.

As the railroads were not opened to the Ohio till after he had gone down the river to Kentucky, Blaine had lived all his youth, so to speak, upon the king's highway, the Appian road. He had seen a tide of travel go by which we shall never see again—in stages, on horseback and in wagons, in sleighs and on foot, herds, pedlays, Congressmen, highwaymen. Going from the East, much of the travel was transhipped at Brownsville, and went down the Monongahela to Pittsburg, and thence to St. Paul, Independence, and New Orleans by boat.

"Boy wise," I thought, "ought a boy to be who was bred on this great National road.

He had seen Clay, Jackson, Poindexter, Robert J. Walker he knew before Walker went to Mississippi. He had heard of Albert Gallatin, the financier, who lived at Friendship Hill, hardly thirty miles from Brownsville. Blaine stood touching the East and the West, that West that was to be all our politics for the rest of his life, and which men who dwelt only in the East know nothing whatever about.

Mr. Conkling never knew the West. He lived on the Erie Canal, but he moved to Utica from Albany after Blaine went to Maine.

From Brownsville young Blaine could pant to see that great, hoary East, as its emigrants and lawyers and speculators went past. He saw it at last, in the far sundered corner of the country, that Maine or frontier Massachusetts which did not obtain its Statehood and admission to the Union till 1820. Maine and Missouri entered the Union together ten years before Blaine was born, and he could say, life Abraham of old, as he looked at the Missouri contention: "With my staff have I passed over this Jordan, and, lo! I am become two bands."

SCENES OF HIS BOYHOOD.

I hired a little boy, such as Blaine had been at West Brownsville, who was anxious to make some money for his father, and he drove me behind two ponies to Little Washington, twenty-four miles. The country looked to have been once old. Tollgates, taverns, turnpikes, hamlets, big stone culverts, everything reminded me of some Roman road to Gaul or Germany long since disused, but full of the echoes of a tramping past. The buffalos, the Indians, Girty, Braddock, Benton, had gone that way.

And Blaine had counted the milestones many times in childhood, whose fame was now my only incentive to stray down that neglected aisle, parallel to the great nave of steam travel. Late, but at last, he had caught up with envious fortune, and was the candidate of millions for the mighty consulate. The high and bounding country took beauty and inspiration from her son, and the pleasure of pursuing such a biography by travel I felt to be the highest privilege.

Everybody spoke well of Blaine. He had left no evil memories behind him. One old lady who called him "James," thought he had jilted a young lady while at college, but, I investigated the matter and found little in it, as it takes two to be in love. The time of love came later on and Blaine has been in love with his wife all his life.

He was at college a brash debater, striding in, carrying the argument by his feet and hands as well as his head. He loved to play shinny, which is a game of getting in as you can, poking and hooking out and kicking, hitting as you go, to drive the ball home. He went to the Presbyterian kirk, among the descendants of the whisky insurrectionists, whose most willful leader, David Bradford, lived in that town. The family affairs were hardly improved and James wanted to get out and help the family to good times again.

WENT TO KENTUCKY TO TEACH.

Instead of going to Pittsburg, like Carnegie, or back to Philadelphia spoils, like Thomas Scott, or in the lobby at Harrisburg, or to Washington with his relatives, the Ewings, just then in power, Blaine embarked for Kentucky to be a pedagogue, the same as Seward and Thad. Stevens and Lyman Trumbull and Lewis Cass. His might have been the China cup they gave boys in those days inscribed "For loving a book."

By the time he returned to Pittsburg from Kentucky, in two years, he was just a man with a wife, soon to be a father, and poor and unsettled and anxious.

He once said to me: "Do you know that I tried to be a newspaper contributor? Yes, I tried it in Philadelphia in the early 50's. I sent communications to the old Pennsylvania Inquirer. They couldn't pay anything. I might have stopped there had they paid me and never have gone to Maine."

He seems to have taken his meals at the Merchants' Hotel in Fourth street. The late M. Hall Stanton boarded with him there, and did not known that he was married. Stanton went to vote for him for President at Cincinnati in 1876, but had been badged for Hartranft, a trick probably set up from New York. It was the cause of Pennsylvania several times afterward quitting the party.

TEACHER AND PUPIL MET IN CONGRESS.

In Kentucky Job Stevenson, afterward a member of Congress under Blaine, was one of Blaine's pupils at the Georgetown Military Academy. He came into collision with Blaine in Congress, and it looked like the obstreperous pupil and the slashing schoolmaster coming to blows again, but nobody remembers much about it.

I fancy that Blaine's caution at that time of life had not been grown, and that he was a child of impulse. But the sucessful man is merely a growth, and between the necessity one is partly responsible for and the adventure one must make to recover, the public being is hewed.

His wife became his guding hand and led him back to her parents and the clean, steady habits of New England. He might have gone further South like Sargent S. Prentiss and settled there and lost his habits; he might have stayed in Pennsylvania and become a tradesman, a glass-maker, or a contractor. He might have founded a town in Ohio like Charley Foster. But the genius which reserved him to love a book took him from all these earthly temptations and by a round-about way led him into public life.

He was useful in Maine to show its men of capital the path of investment in his native districts, the Colburns and others. The basis of Blaine was still Pennsylvania, and while he has been a pleasing, graceful writer and general reader, and a delightful conversationalist, he has never passed from prose to poetical illustration. Understanding, this earthly footstool, have been his domains.

More cultured than any of our Presidents except John Quincy Adams, or any of our statesmen, perhaps, except Webster and Seward, he had neither Webster's Miltonian march of rhetoric and figure, nor Seward's pure idealism, nor Quincy Adams' poetical emotion and power of monody.

Observer, preceiver, reporter, leader writer, and deliverer of orations, Blaine has followed the National pike, kept on the stones and bridges, and charmed the country by his sense, perspicacity, and brightness as our *companion du voyage.*

HIS CAREER AT AUGUSTA.

Maine was a State, like a white sheet of paper, for the young stranger to write his name. They knew him only as Hattie Stanfield's good-looking husband heard that he was well connected, and were not surprised that he got upon the newspaper "down to Gustie," the capital, away off half way to Bangor and the lumber hills. Far behind him were the older Massachusetts settlements, whence went William King, Jonathan Cilley, and the shipbuilders, cotton-spinners, and bigger merchants on to Boston. Further still was Portsmouth, N. H., where Webster started upon his career. Portland was the emporium, the city of Neal Dow and the Congressman Longfellow, father of the poet, and it was sixty miles to the South. But Blaine lived at the capital, and the Legislature soon knew him, and he had a keen scent for local, topographical, and personal history.

The basis of all strong careers in America is historical sympathy and passionate love of country. There were many things to be picked up in Maine. Knox, the first Secretary of War, lived and died there. Vaughan, Lord Sidburn's secretary, who steered us clear of French intrigues at the final treaty of peace, came to the Kennebec and settled. Neal Dow had framed his model liquor law about that time, and Hannibal Hamlin who had been in the Senate, was the Solon of the Penobscot lumbermen.

He saw the rise of the Republican party at the Philadelphia convention of 1856.

The State was a compound of Massachusetts and Western, or pioneer, character. Beauty in the women, courage and sturdiness in the men, large families, small careers, few fortunes, nearly pure English blood, not much clannishness, a wholesome life with the main chance closely to be watched, and respect for her public men, made the private and the public life of Maine nearly the same. How different from the life he had seen in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Virginia and Kentucky!

There is a tradition that in Blaine's stock somewhere was a Virginia progenitor, a schoolmistress. His native part of Pennsylvania was long considered to be included in Virginia and Wheeling, Va., was only about thirty miles from Little Washington. The superior suavity of Blaine from such beginnings, his Irish softening, his perfectly correct habits, family gentleness, and party fidelity, with ready and growing talents and self-watchfulness, the result of his, till now, uncertain employment, won him that foundation in the State, no distant hostility has affected. Maine has been his gallant, last and second mother, and no accusation comes to her in this hour of her Senator's, her Speaker's and her Secretary's dissolution. *Dirigo* is her motto, and he has confirmed it, and even of him she could repeat the song of 1840:

She's gone hell-bent
For Governor Kent;
For Tippecanoe
And Tyler too.

Yet Maine was long a Democratic State like New Hampshire and Connecticut.

A MAN WHO MATURED SLOWLY.

Blaine would have made a great editor in a larger field, probably one of the greatest and most courteous of the world's journalists. Toward the close of his life he inclined to the press as better than politics; for then the rewards of literary composition were one result of his general fame; but in that tentative time in the Augusta paper his rewards were but livelihood, and he had opportunity to read and to get discipline.

The day Harrison was inaugurated I spent near five hours in the Capitol with Hannibal Hamlin. He told me that Blaine did not mature fast; that he gave no greater promise than many other young men; that his moral life in Maine was faultless, and that he had good, gentle, and orthodox inclinations. He said Blaine was uncertain in his fulfillments of political promises.

I suspect that Blaine in that commonwealth of small temporalities held himself back.

Age counted far more there than youth and he knew the termerity of the stranger would awaken resentment. His wife, no doubt, played the part of *Dirigo*, and directed him from her native grasp of her native society. Mr. Elkins once said to me: "She is one of the last and best of the Puritan dames."

Blaine went to the Legislature, presided subsequently over the popular branch, and came on to Congress. He saw the transformation of the State after the Kansas-Nebraska betrayals of the North by Pierce, Douglas and Buchanan, when the Democratic Senator, Hamlin, carried Maine for the Republican governor. Fessenden entered upon his career. Lot Morrill was no unaccomplished political actor. The Washburnes had Brother Israel in the State—a vigilant, single-eyed man. That tact in which Blaine became an adept when he was in his healthy prime that ice-bound province taught him. He handled the pen and the gavel with that caution which finally became a defect in his nature.

He had to differentiate between his Scotch-Irish dash and his State of Maine method. Even in Congress at first he lay low. The same man was there, but he wanted to be sure.

Senator Cullom says that Mr. Lincoln once said to him: "There is a new man coming forward—Blaine, of Maine."

What a pity that Blaine could not have lived to tell us with his own pen, and without the qualification of the candidate, the secrets and rumors of those times!

BLAINE AND CONKLING.

Near the close of the war came the Conkling incident, where the Maine member, hardly 35 years old, drew and returned the fire of one of the most combative and implacable men of the century, and yet, as many will be astonished to hear, I think Blaine and Conkling had as many points of resemblance as of difference.

Each was the superior in tone and self-esteem, official descent, and high-marked ambition of the great body of constituency servers around them.

The flavor of hayseed and of trade was in neither. Blaine had cultivated deference as much as Conkling defiance, but in either case the purpose was to prevail, and Blaine, if forgiving, was as quickly touchy as Conkling.

Defeated for Congress after one term, Conkling returned with the revenges of the contest still smoldering against the provost marshal general's bureau of the Army. That bureau, having yielded to Blaine's tact what Conkling's compulsion could not procure, selected Blaine to read its letter of defense. Swords were at once out and sparks flew.

But Blaine had a little State and Conkling a big one. He laid New York across the path of Blaine to the Cabinet and the Presidency. He controlled the Senate and Blaine the House, and each got a President away from the other. It is a pity that such barbaric chronicles lie upon the page of our history, more worthy of narration by Froissart or Philip de Comines than the civil historian.

Yet I heard each of those men admit the ability of the other. "Conkling is as smart as he can be," said Blaine in 1869. In 1877, when Conkling was fighting to keep Arthur in the collectorship, I said to him: "Don't you think Blaine is a growing man?" He nodded his head silently "yes." Blaine had supported Conkling as against Hayes, whom neither of them liked.

As social courtiers Blaine and Conkling were equally accomplished. None need ask where MacGregor sat when they were at the head of the table. Both had a Scotch streak, but there was no Puritan in Blaine, while Conkling was of old Salem stock, the witch-burning place.

Both men were cautious, anxious, desirous of financial independence, and ambitious. Neither knew the way to happiness, if that can ever be in ambition. Both at times were profoundly morbid and lonely, but Blaine reserved his family nook as a spot for peace, and never was harsh there.

He was made to make others happy, if he could not be happy himself. What are called Christian conciliations, a heartfelt amnesty for his persecutors, dignified, if they also weaked, Blaine, and here, eminently, he was like Henry Clay.

Conkling was rather like De Witt Clinton. He had the advantage of Blaine in being a trained lawyer and the comparative disadvantage of having no origination nor fertility of suggestiveness, nor scientific convections. He was a stiffer partizan than Blaine, but Blaine would not bolt.

In the end Conkling left the party when Blaine was adopted by it, and Blaine would have supported Congling if himself had been omitted.

Conkling was Bismarck as we all lived to see him. Blaine was Cavour.

The business grasp of Conkling upon his patronage and his promises was better than Blaine's, but he distributed them more feudally and parsimoniously. Utica was big enough for Conkling, Maine too small for Blaine.

From the seat which he had held three years in the Senate, Conkling beheld Blaine raised to the rostrum of the lower house. Blaine beat a pure, not brilliant, but successful man, Henry L. Dawes. Dawes was angry, but I saw him at Blaine's door, an inquirer of sincere good feeling, when Blaine was about to die, and by that time Dawes' Massachusetts was also for Blaine.

AS SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE.

When Blaine made his speech in 1869 at taking the gavel, I leaned over the galary and looked upon his carefully prepared notes. He was a little nervous, altogether effective.

As an orator he had a very loud, clear, slightly nasal, but not unpleasant voice, often appearing to proceed out of the corner of his mouth. He was not an orator, but a quick, lucid, cogent, debator, and a good reader of his own thoughtfully considered essays. His countenance had the hungry grimness of fighting thought like Dunois or Bayard when he faced an antagonist before the House. Proctor Knott ceased to be a humorist or to smile after he jostled against Blaine with Mulligan as Knott's Sancho Panza.

Had Blaine lived he could have earned a hundred thousand dollars this year by lecturing.

He made a great Speaker, great in impartiality, great in friendship, inclining uniformly, to kindness. Congress was again his class in school.

He held it in hand like an educator. From it his popularity radiated over the land. Colfax had been glib, Banks mainly deportment, Blaine was a real man, easy, discerning, reciprocal, with joy dispatch and elegance.

Grant was a long time displaying his really great qualities of courage and confidence. Colfax faded away in the Vice Presidency.

Blaine was to many of us a new revealment.

Soon he lost his State of Maine primness and became a continental Pennsylvanian again. Who could forget the opening of his reception of the King of the Sandwich Islands: "It happens auspiciously that the first sovereign to be received by the American Congress comes not from the East but from the West."

It was in the business management of his promises—his committee—that he made his earliest mistakes and enmities. He disappointed Butler and Garfield, the former a potent personality in the House, with abundant resources and audacity, the Mirabeau of that body, and Garfield was the hope of the free traders, who thought they had extorted the promise that he should have the Ways and Means Committee. He put Dawes there instead and gave Garfield Appropriations.

Had Blaine given Garfield what he wanted—Ways and Means—Garfield would never have been Psesident, for he came to me soon afterward and said "They are just standing on their heads in my district at the news that I am a member of the Cobden Club." Garfield had been put there by the same influence which in the fullness of days, twenty-four years, beat protection through its own immodesty put there by a small bevy of men without craft or profession or physical property, whose apostle was David A. Wells. "I tried to give them free coal," said Blaine to me.

AN INDEPENDENT FACTOR THEN.

This agitation, in fact, was factitious, and the schism it set up in 1892 was meant to catch Blaine, but he had too sensible a constituency to wander from it. The amateur free traders destroyed both their candidate, Greeley, and all hope of tariff revision till late in Cleveland's term, and in the interval there was no barrier against the most rapacious bounties.

Grant came to his second term with Conkling, Edmunds, Morton, and Carpenter heading an intolerant majority, and Blaine was the sole independent power left.

He had preserved himself through the excesses of the impeachment trial, taking no notable part in it. He, now grew eminent by his moderation and brilliant conduct over a Congress that was soon spotted by exposure, a Senate full of hatreds, and a President who was the victim of his appointees. Panic supervened in 1873 and lasted till 1877-'78, and Tilden carried New York with the cry of reform.

The St. Louis whisky cases, the District of Columbia extravagance, Credit Mobilier, and back pay caught almost everybody but Blaine. The Vice Presidents Colfax and Wilson, Garfield, Patterson, and Brooks went to the wall.

It became necessary in time to catch Blaine, and Mulligan was found in time to affect his nomination by a convention pitched in Mr. Hayes' State of Ohio.

While Blaine was being crucified in Washington the alliance of bullies at Cincinnati, reformers and assassins in the same caucus, were dividing his affects.

Morton, Bristow, Conkling, Hartranft, or the Cameron, Hayes were all required, with a big State behind them, and the aid of that other Spangler, the Gaslight Man, to beat this pestiferous school teacher from Maine.

He uttered a cry of pain as he went to church and fell unconscious upon the steps.

When Bristow called at his house, he express regrets Mrs. Blaine gave a repetition of Oliver Cromwell's daughter, Bridget, fetching her father Oliver from his height.

Since that time the wounded remnant of Blaine has been upon the stage, but they had to remount Grant as a candidate to beat him in 1880, and then only landed him in the State Department, as they had previously landed him in the Senate.

He was defeated by a union of the military and the office-holders, but he shivered New York in Mr. Conkling's mailed hand, broke Sherman in Ohio and Cameron in Pennsylvania, and when Garfield died Blaine was the most popular man in the new world, and so was nominated over Arthur and the Senate in 1884.

While Garfield went in pursuit of Blaine to be his heart's ease and Cabinet head, Harrison seemed to desire to be rid of Blaine and to put in that still lonely, too popular man's place a parcel of subordinates who could be labelled Blaine men. This parsimony of discharging obligations the sensitive country felt, tired of having Mr. Blaine made use of and backeapped.

Garfield was a more verdant, and heavy-hoofed Blaine, the domestic line of the Afabian strain. He was as good a student and reader as Blaine, possibly a little higher in literary finish, a more professional orator and pulpiteer, and a tender-hearted fellow; but in many things he never rose above being a big, soft boy and in Cabinet iniative and worldly and social presence his moral bore no proportion to his physical courage. Blaine made an admirable chamberlain to this man of no aplomb, but it was not hard to prick Garfield against his Mentor.

Arthur, in like manner, had resolved to sacrifice Blaine in order that he might propitiate and get rid of Conkling, like Richard. If banishing Norfolk and Hereford at once. Both went into the opposition, and Mr. Harrison seems to have regarded himself as a smarter man than Blaine.

It seems a singular fact that, while prime minister to three Presidents, Blaine never had a full chance and yet kept the public admiration above them all. Each of these Presidents broke Blaine's household menage up. Garfield lost him a life term in the Senate: Arthur the proprietorship of Blaine's beautiful house, which he added manfully to Washington's architectures, and before Harrison's term was out Blaine's official residence in the Rogers residence had become a private one.

POPULARITY WAS HIS CRIME.

So in the Senate.

The Senate had long been the semi-corrupt participator in the executive patronage it confirmed, and through every State thus licentiously usurped was a Blaine recruitment. With a few exceptions these Senators resolved upon a policy of cold, deaf and dumb snobbery for the man whose crime was popularity; but whenever Blaine was to speak they had the mortification to see the galleries crowded, and at one of these occasions when the statue of William King, of Maine, was to be received, Mr. Blaine gave way to his pique against Massachusetts, which had been weaned away by Edmunds, by reciting her crabbed guardin