

RELATED BY GEN. GRANT.

Chauncey M. Depew Tells of Interesting Conversations Held with Gen. Grant on the Trouble Between China and Japan, and His Relations with Andrew Johnson.

New York, Oct. 20.—Hon. Chauncey M. Depew has furnished to the press the following open letter to Col. F. D. Grant:

In answer to your request for the particulars of the conversation I had with your father, and to which I alluded in a speech before the chamber of commerce, the following is my best recollection: About four years ago I sat beside Gen. Grant at dinner. There were many courses, slowly served, and the entertainment lasted several hours. He said to me that when in China Prince Kung, who was regent and the real ruler during the minority of the emperor, told him of their controversy with Japan. War was about to be declared, and the prince thought it would be a long and bloody one, and asked Gen. Grant if he would act as arbitrator. The general declined for want of time, but principally because he was a private person and had no power to enforce his decision. He suggested, however, the terms of compromise. When in Japan shortly after, the mikado's ministers told their side of the trouble, and revealed the fact that several of the European governments were actively stirring up the strife on both sides, hoping to be benefited by the war. The same request was made to him on the part of the Japanese government to act as arbitrator, and in again declining he stated the substance of the compromise. The two nations adopted substantially the terms proposed by Gen. Grant, and a disastrous conflict was averted. The conversation drifted into a consideration of his relations with President Andrew Johnson. The narrative of this period was one of the most graphic descriptions to which I ever listened, and it is unfortunate for history and posterity that it cannot be preserved as it was told. It had the local coloring of conversations with and statements by the chief actors, and of the situations of parties and persons as the events occurred, invaluable as a portrait and estimate of the times. I said in my address that Gen. Grant performed services to his country which were unwritten, quite as important as any that were recorded, and I think this narrative will bear me out. This is the substance of the story. Johnson began the day after the assassination of Lincoln, to loudly proclaim at all times and places, with constant reiteration, the shibboleth: "Treason is odious and must be punished, and the chief rebels shall be hung." To give effect to this sentiment, as soon as he was inaugurated he insisted upon the United States courts in Virginia finding indictments against all the leading members of the confederacy. He also wanted the officers in the rebel army who had left the regular army to join the rebellion, to be summarily dealt with by court martial. These movements of the president produced the greatest consternation throughout the south. The confederate leaders appealed to Grant to protect them in the parole he had given. He saw Johnson on the subject, only to be informed that the president was, by the constitution, commander-in-chief of the army, and that anything by the commanding general in the field was subject to his approval or rejection, and he rejected the terms. Gen. Grant urged that the rebels had surrendered on these conditions, disbanded their organizations, submitted universally to the situation, and were carrying out in good faith their part of the agreement, and every consideration of both honor and expediency demanded equal good faith on the part of the government. The other course would have led to an endless guerilla warfare. Johnson obstinately adhered to his view, and assumed the authority of commander, when Grant flatly told him that, if there were to be any court martials, one must be called to try Gen. Grant first; that he would by every means in his power protect his parole and appeal to congress and the country. In the halt called by this attitude of Gen. Grant, a very remarkable change occurred in the views and policy of President Johnson. Gen. Grant discovered that the most frequent and favored visitors to the White House were the men whom the president had proscribed. In the general opinion Johnson's loyalty was subordinate to, if not entirely dependent upon his intense hatred of the slaveholding oligarchy. He was a poor white, had been a journeyman tailor, and not withstanding the distinguished public positions he had held, he could not break through the class barriers, and was treated socially with contempt by the proud aristocracy. When they plunged into rebellion he saw his opportunity. He believed in the power of the government, and thought that the time had come when he could defeat his enemies, confiscate their property, humiliate their pride, and possibly destroy them. The absorbing ambition and passion of his life had been to be received and treated as one of them by the oligarchy. Having failed in that, and

SUFFERED INSULT AND INDIGNITY

in the effort, he became one of the most vindictive of men. He saw them follow in their rebellion, defeated and impoverished, and now he wanted to kill them. While he was devising means to overcome Gen. Grant's resistance to the last purpose, leaders of old feudalism called upon him. They admitted their former treatment of him and justified it. They said that as president of the United States he became, regardless of birth or ancestry, not only a member of their order, but as a leader. Johnson was wild with delight. Ambition and pride had both been satisfied. He became as anxious to sustain and perpetuate in some form a system which had given the highest social and political distinction to a few great families as he had been to destroy it. Grant did not have long to wait for the formulation of a plan. The president sent for him and said the radical measures of congress were revolutionary and would destroy the country. The war was over and the republic at peace, and it was possible to maintain it only by a union of all sections. The provisional governments provided for the seceded states, were temporary expedients, without constitutional authority and the states had all their rights and should possess all the powers they had before the war. He had perfected a scheme to accomplish this result, and with Grant's assistance, its success was assured. He would by proclamation direct the rebel states to send to Washington their full quota of senators and representatives. He had assurances from enough members from the North, who, united with them, would make a quorum of one house at least, if not both. A congress thus formed he could recognize and install at the capital. If the other Northern members did not choose to join,

they would be powerless and hold a rump meeting in some hall. To the general's suggestion that they would start a civil war afresh, the president replied: "They who do it will be the rebels, but if you sustain me, resistance is impossible." He appealed to Grant to stay by him in the crisis and they would be the saviors of the republic. After endeavoring for a long time in vain to convince the president of the folly of such a course and its certain failure, no matter who sustained it, Grant finally told him that he would drive a congress so constituted out of the capitol at the point of the bayonet, give possession of the building to the senators and representatives from the loyal states and protect them, if necessary. He would appeal to the country and to the army, and he had recently mustered out of service. Mr. Johnson asked him if he did not recognize the powers vested in the president by the constitution, and if he would refuse to obey the commander-in-chief. Grant said that under such circumstances he most certainly would. Shortly afterward the president sent for Gen. Grant, and said to him that the relations of our government with Mexico were very delicate, and he wished him to go to the City of Mexico at once on a very important mission. The general knew this was to get him out of the way and put in the power of the president to call as his successor to Washington some officer upon whom he could rely. He replied if the appointment was a diplomatic one he declined it. If it was a military one, he refused to obey, because the general of the army could not be ordered to a foreign country with which we were at peace. The interview was a stormy one, but the subject was dropped. One day the general was sent West on a tour of inspection. He knew that Gen. Sheridan was to be his successor, and in him he had absolute confidence. The outspoken loyalty of that great soldier prevented the project ever being renewed. It is at this date needless to speculate on what might have happened had Gen. Grant actively assisted or assented to the president. No one doubts the courage and obstinacy of Andrew Johnson, and only a man of equal firmness and determination could have prevented a most calamitous and unfortunate strife at the most critical period of the reconstruction of the republic. Yours, very truly,

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

Important Decision to Settlers.

The case of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company vs. H. C. Knudson, involving southeast quarter section 25, township 147, range 58, in Griggs county, Dakota, has just been decided by the commissioner of the general land office. It is three years since this case was presented to the department and the decisions heretofore rendered have been adverse to this last ruling, and in consequence the local land offices have thrown out papers by these settlers. This decision affects many settlers who have located on indemnity land prior to the railroad company's selection. The following are the facts in the case, together with the decision: Knudson settled on the tract prior to the survey, and tendered his pre-emption declaratory statement at the local office at Fargo after the tract had been claimed by the railroad company as indemnity land. The general land office holds that "Indemnity selections are not operative to defeat the rights of bona fide adverse claimants under the general laws of the United States who settled on land within such (indemnity) limits prior to the time when selections by the railroad company had been made. As the alleged settlement antedates the company's selection, Mr. Knudson will be permitted to file his declaratory statement and in due time make final pre-emption proof."

What He Found in Scotland.

Rev. Duncan MacGregor of Chicago, president of the Scottish Land League of America, has just returned from a trip to Scotland. "I find in the highlands of Scotland," said Mr. MacGregor, "300,000 crofters, small farmers, who have no leases of their lands, and are at the mercy of tyrannical landlords. I traveled from Isle to Isle of the Hebrides, and saw all the crofters. I spoke fifty times to them in Gaelic. At Syke I held a tremendous meeting that lasted seven hours. The crofters are in the utmost destitution. Some of them have actually to gather whecks for their food. They say they will bear oppression no longer. Queen Victoria, they say, pretended to sympathize with them, but they don't see any fruits of it. They will not use violence, but passive resistance. If they are sentenced to prison they will not go, but they will have to be carried. The deer are so plentiful that they have to take turns with their wives keeping them off their crops nights. They intend to surround the deer by a cordon of men and drive them into the sea. The great cry is, 'Down with the landlords and down with the deer.'"

Death of Malcolm Hay.

Ex-First Assistant Postmaster General Hay died at Pittsburgh of consumption. Malcolm Hay was born in Philadelphia in 1842 and was educated at the preparatory department of the university of Pennsylvania. In 1865 he removed to Pittsburgh, and was admitted to the bar of Allegheny county. He early assumed a leading position in the lay ranks of the Episcopal church. In politics he was a staunch Democrat, and was always a recognized leader in the conventions. The first public position he held was that of a member of the state constitutional convention. He was one of the Democratic commissioners sent to Florida to investigate the frauds alleged in the Hayes campaign. He was a delegate to the national Democratic conventions in 1876, 1880 and 1884; and in the latter was on the committee on resolutions, and framed the tariff plank of the platform. He was appointed first assistant postmaster general by President Cleveland on March 18 last, but the onerous duties of the position told on his delicate health, and he was compelled to resign.

Relations of Langtry and Her Husband.

The case of Mrs. Langtry, who was summoned to appear before the county court of Chelsea, Eng., for refusing to pay household debts contracted while living with her husband, came up for hearing a few days ago, and her counsel, who pleaded that his client could not appear owing to professional engagements which could not be broken without serious damage to the defendant. A number of dressmakers' bills are among the items mentioned in the summons. Mrs. Langtry claims that her husband is responsible for the debts. Mr. Langtry states that he is unable to pay the bills, as the only source of income he has at present is an annuity allowed him by his wife on condition that he does not molest her.

MY FRIEND FELIX.

The hot August sun was pouring its red beams on the world that day, but they did not penetrate to where my friend and I lay prone among the grasses, smoking our cigars and reviewing the glad days of our college life.

This beloved friend alone had come to me from that glad past, but only when five years had taught both of us that the world pours but also into open hands; we must wrest from her clasp whatsoever manhood holds worthy.

I looked at him as he lay full length in the tall grasses, shadows lying softly on his handsome Saxon face; and the love I had felt for this man, who was no kin to me, rose full in my heart, fond and true as the love of brother for brother.

"Wingar," said he, suddenly, "old fellow, you don't know how much good it does me, after my tramp over half the world, and my many struggles, to rest here in your green country with you; trust me, my boy, you have chosen the better part in settling down on your broad acres and leading this calm existence. You want but a sweet woman beside you, at the head of your table, to make this life of yours a very Lotus dream."

Such thoughts had come to me before, and there was one face in the world, fair enough in my sight to make all the world about it fair for me.

"When I bring that woman to my home—having found her—you will be my best man, will you not, Felix?" I asked; and for an answer he held out his hand.

"I believe we made that compact years ago," I went on; "and now tell me of yourself. I have a sister, you know, so the head of my table is not empty; but there is no woman's face in your old home, my friend. Have you not chosen one who will presently become mistress there?"

He turned restlessly and blew forth a cloud of vapor before replying. "I have been too busy to look closely at fair faces, and my heart is my own yet, Wingar," he said. "Perhaps I have come here to lose it. Who knows?"

Who knew, indeed? I smiled again, puffing my cigar with enjoyment and thinking of Leonore, my sweet-faced sister, who was so true and tender a woman. They were the two dearest to me save one other, in all the world; and—who knew?

He told me all concerning those five years during which we had not met, and I opened my heart to him—all, save one sacred chamber, where Vala Lee was shrined. Oh, how bitterly I have since regretted that I said no word of my hopes then! One little word—one tiny hint, and my cherished friend had surely not coveted what he knew was the treasure of my life! But the red sun sank languidly toward the West, the shadows slanted, and, rising, we walked back to my home, and in the sunset warmth we found my sister and her friend, my brown-eyed Vala, wandering among Leonore's flowers; and I, unconscious that by so doing I struck to death my last and dearest hope, led my friend forward and presented him.

I saw his eyes light gloriously as she gave him her hand; I saw her own droop, but fancied, oh, blind fool that I was! they drooped because they had seen my love, not his admiration. It was only a week later, when with a wild cry of desolation and loss in my heart, I listened to my friend's hopes and fears, and the confession of his love for Vala—Vala, whom I had thought would one day be my own. He opened his heart to me when a great love came to it. Oh, had I but opened mine to him that day, when he had not yet seen her, and my doing so might have left me—Vala.

Stunned and cold, I stood silent there while he told me how, at first sight of her lovely face, his whole heart went out to her.

"I spoke in jest that day, when I told you I might have come here to lose my heart," he said, "but I have just lost it here, and I am no boy. I know this love will be a blessing or a curse to my whole future. My dear old friend, I want your good wishes; bid me God speed in my wooing."

I tried to say it, tried to say more—to cry out that by winning Vala he would wreck and shatter my existence, but I could not speak; only when he put out his hand to me in the old friendly way, and I met his frank, honest eyes, I felt somehow as though Vala lost to me I could not lose my friend and I wrung his firm fingers in silence.

Perhaps I yet hoped that the girl whose girlhood I had hesitated to startle by a word of love might not be won from me by him; now I know I might as soon expect a daisy to turn its white face from the sun as expect a woman who had not been won to resist the wooing of Felix Glenn—and I had not won Vala!

I, somehow, felt it then; I knew it when, a month later, he came and told me she loved him, "mine own familiar friend."

"We will be married at Christmas-tide," he said jubilantly. "Wingar, from my soul I hope to see you one day as happy as I; and you have not forgotten the old compact? You will be my best man?"

"Do not ask that of me, Felix," I faltered. I give you every wish for

your future, but I have loved her all my life."

He was silent so long that I looked up, at length, and his frank, strong face was pale with such sorrow, as I had never seen there since I saw it first.

"As God hears me I did not dream it, my dear old friend," he said very softly, and he said no more, but held out his hand, which I took as I might the hand of a beloved brother.

When the holly was gathered and the mistletoe hung I was far from the peaceful country town, in which I knew bells would ring for Vala and the friend whom even rivalry had not parted from me. When I returned to my home, my labors and my studies, they had long been gone, and Leonore, bewailing the loss of her friend, would sometimes turn wistful eyes on me, wondering why I said nothing. How can we talk of it when pain has taken our lives in its hands and is breaking them.—Philadelphia Call.

Garrick as Seen in His Own Time.

Hamlet appears in black attire, the only one, alas, which is still worn in the whole court for his poor father, who has been scarcely dead a couple of months. Horatio and Marcellus accompany him in uniform. They await the Ghost. Hamlet has folded his arms and pulled his hat over his eyes. It is a cold night, and just 12 o'clock. The theatre is darkened, and the whole audience as still and the faces as motionless as if they had been painted on the walls of the house. At the extreme end of the theatre one might have heard a pin drop. Suddenly as Hamlet goes rather far up the stage somewhat to the left, with his back to the audience, Horatio starts. "Look, my lord, it comes," says he, pointing to the right where the Ghost is standing immovable, ere one is even aware of it. At these words Garrick turns suddenly round, and at the same moment staggers back two or three paces with trembling knees, his hat falls to the ground, both arms—especially the left—are nearly extended to the full, the hand as high as the head, the right arm more bent and the hand lower, the fingers spread out and the mouth open. There he remains standing, with legs far apart, but still in a graceful attitude, as if electrified, supported by his friends. His features express such horror that I felt a repeated shudder pass over me before he began to speak. The almost appalling silence of the assembly, which preceded this scene and made one feel scarcely safe in one's seat, probably contributed not a little to the effect. At last he speaks, not with the beginning but with the end of a breath, and says in a trembling voice, "Angels and ministers of grace defend us," words which complete whatever may yet be wanting in this scene to make it one of the sublimest and most terrifying of which, perhaps, the stage is capable. The ghost beckons him; then you should see him, with his eyes still fixed upon the ghost, while yet speaking to his friends, break loose from them, although they warn him not to follow and hold him fast. But at last, his patience exhausted, he faces them, and with great violence tears himself away, and with a swiftness which makes one shudder, draws his sword on them, saying, "By heavens, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me." Then, turning to the ghost, he holds his sword out: "Go on; I'll follow thee;" and the ghost moves off. Hamlet remains standing still, his sword extended before him, to gain more distance; and when the audience have lost sight of the ghost he begins to follow him slowly, at times stopping, and then going on again, but always with his sword extended, his eyes fixed on the ghost, with disheveled hair and breathless, until he, too, is lost behind the scenes. You may easily imagine what loud applause accompanies this exit. It begins as soon as the ghost moves off and lasts until Hamlet likewise disappears.—Lichtenberg, in Longman's Magazine.

Shall Immigration be Checked.

St. Louis Republican Washington Special. "I am in favor of doing something to check immigration," said a prominent republican from a great middle state. "The theory that this country is the land of the free and holds out its arms to welcome everybody from anywhere is very beautiful in theory, and was once well enough in practice. But the problem of existence is becoming too serious. Then why should we welcome the dregs of creation?"

"How do you propose to control it?" he was asked.

"I think congress should take the matter in hand. I know that the states have held that this question was their peculiar province but it seems to me that congress can do this as properly as it can regulate commerce between the states. The evil is growing, and something must be done to check it. The number of persons now out of employment is simply startling. It used to be that any man or woman who really desired to work could find it but it is so no longer. I believe everybody will recognize the propriety of such legislation. It is a pretty serious matter when honest men can not find the labor that will give them bread. There is something seriously wrong in our system. It's no use to discuss it, but there is serious cause for alarm in this condition of things, and I mean to do something toward remedying it next winter in the house."

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