

LINCOLN AT GETTYSBURG.

Interesting Historical Facts Regarding a Now Famous Oration.

A day or two before the dedication of the National Cemetery at Gettysburg Mr. Lincoln told me that he would be expected to make a speech on the occasion; that he was extremely busy, with no time for preparation, and that he greatly feared he would not be able to acquit himself with credit, much less to fill the measure of public expectation. From his hat (the usual receptacle of his private notes and memoranda) he drew a page of foolscap, closely written, which he read to me, first remarking that it was a memorandum of what he intended to say. It proved to be, in substance, and, I think, in *locus verbis*, what was printed as his Gettysburg speech.

After its delivery he expressed deep regret that he had not prepared it with greater care. He said to me on the stand immediately after concluding the speech: "Lamon, that speech won't soar! It is a flat failure, and the people are disappointed." He seemed more than ordinarily concerned about what the people would think of it. I was deeply impressed by his frank and regretful condemnation of the effort, and especially by his manner of expressing that regret, and my own impression was deepened by the fact that the orator of the day, Mr. Everett, and Mr. Seward both coincided with Mr. Lincoln in his unfavorable view of its merits.

The occasion was solemn, impressive and grandly historic. The people stood spell-bound, it is true. The vast throng was hushed and awed into profound silence while Mr. Lincoln read his brief address; but it seemed that this silence and attention to his words arose more from the solemnity of the ceremonies and the awful scenes which gave occasion to them than from any thing the President said.

On the platform from which Mr. Lincoln made his address, and only a moment after its conclusion, Mr. Seward turned to Mr. Everett and asked him what he thought of the President's speech. Mr. Everett replied: "It was not what I expected of him; I am disappointed."

In his turn Mr. Everett asked: "What do you think of it, Mr. Seward?" The response was: "He has made a failure, and I am sorry for it; his speech is not equal to him." Mr. Seward then turned to me and asked: "Mr. Marshal, what do you think of it?" "I am sorry to say that it does not impress me as one of his great speeches."

In the face of these facts it has been repeatedly published that this speech was received with great eclat by the audience; that amid the tears, sobs and cheers it produced in the excited throng, the orator of the day, Mr. Everett, turned impulsively to Mr. Lincoln, grasped his hand and exclaimed: "I congratulate you on your success!" adding, in a transport of enthusiasm: "Ah! Mr. President, how gladly would I give all my hundred pages to be the author of your twenty lines!"

All this unworthy gush, it is needless to say, is purely apocryphal. Nothing of the kind occurred. It is an afterthought—mere rhetorical bombast, gotten up to serve the purpose of baseless adulation. It is a slander on Mr. Everett, an injustice to Mr. Lincoln and a falsification of history. Mr. Everett could not have used the words attributed to him, in the face of his openly expressed condemnation of Mr. Lincoln's speech, without subjecting himself to the just charge of being a toady and a hypocrite, and he was neither the one nor the other.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Lincoln's great Gettysburg speech fell on the vast audience like a wet blanket. At that time his reputation was confessedly on the wane. The politicians of the country—those of his own party, together with a large part of the press—were casting about for an available candidate to be his successor, while a great majority of people were for him.

I state it as a fact and without fear of contradiction that this famous Gettysburg speech was not received or commented upon with any thing like hearty favor by the people, the politicians, or the press of the United States until after the death of it author. Its marvelous perfection and its intrinsic excellence as a masterpiece of English composition seemed to have escaped the scrutiny of the most scholarly critics and the wisest heads of that day on this side of the Atlantic. That discovery was made, we must regretfully see, by distinguished writers on the other side. The *London Spectator*, the *Saturday Review*, the *Edinburgh Review* and other English journals were the first to discover, or at least to proclaim, the classical merits of the Gettysburg speech.

It was then that we began to realize that it was indeed a masterpiece, and it then dawned upon many minds that we had entertained an angel unawares who had left us unappreciated.—*Ward Lamon, in Indianapolis News.*

Tutor—"Tommy, what is the chief characteristic of the hippopotamus?" Tommy (who likes to go the Zoo)—"He always has his mouth wide open for peanuts."—*Philadelphia News.*

VALUABLE SHELLS.

How Mother-of-Pearl is Obtained in Various Parts of the Globe.

A cargo of about thirty-six thousand pounds of pearl from the Philippine Islands arrived in this city recently, and it will no doubt soon be converted into artistic shapes for the adornment of fashionable mansions. One of the latest affectations of the wealthy is the addition to their household gods of artistically executed sea and landscape paintings in oil upon mother-of-pearl shells. It is doubtful whether one of the hundreds who purchase them, or five out of the thousands who admire them in show windows on Broadway or elsewhere, have the remotest idea that nature formed these shells for any other purpose than to be used in this style of adornment.

A large importer of shells and a manufacturer of pearl goods, in conversation with a reporter, expressed astonishment at the profound ignorance of so many persons in regard to the different localities from which pearl shells come, and the hundred and one purposes for which they are used.

"How many kinds are there used in your business?" asked the reporter.

"The shells which possess a commercial value are known to the trade as the Manila, Australian, Bombay, Japan, East India, Trocuss, Chinese snail, black and red ear, and Panama. Several of these species are pearl-bearing shell and only obtained by professional divers at the imminent risk of their lives. Many of these bivalves are very heavy, weighing sometimes eight or ten pounds. The moment the native gets one ashore he forces it open, and, carefully removing the living inhabitant, carefully searches for any pearl it may contain. Not only the shell, and about its hinge, but the meat or fish within is thoroughly examined, lest the pearl might be secreted, as is frequently the case, in the body. This examination over, the shells are laid aside to dry, having first been thoroughly cleaned. The finest shell for manufacturing purposes comes from the Philippine Islands and is called the Manila. It ranges in price from 60 to 75 cents a pound, and is used for making dress and shirt buttons, pistol stocks, cuff buttons, parasol and umbrella handles, pen handles, studs and scores of other articles. A thin veneering is also made of it, which is worth \$12 a pound, and is used for inlaying the covers of albums and fancy cabinet work. These veneerings are fairly dazzling with rainbow hues, and when lightly polished are exceedingly beautiful. When we have got all these articles out of the shell, there is very little of the shell remaining."

"Is there any difficulty or danger attending the gathering of these shells?" "I should rather say there was. There is one species of shell, shaped like an ear, called the silver and red ear, in the sides of which are small holes, and through these, by means of long suckers, the fish fastens himself to a rock. When the tide has pretty nearly run out the natives go down among the rocks and, watching their opportunity, catch hold of the upper shell which the shellfish keeps open. Unless he succeeds in the first instance in pulling it from its resting-place, the animal will close its shell in a second and the man's fingers will be held in a vice-like grip. In that case the unfortunate pearl gatherer will have to stand up to his knees in water unless he cuts off his imprisoned fingers, for the shell can not be pried open, nor can three men, with their united strength, pull his suckers from the rock. The shell is so hard that it is next to impossible to smash it. There the poor fellow is held in agony until the tide rises, when, unless he frees himself by chopping off his finger-ends and leaving them for the animal to dine on, he is sure to be drowned."

"The business of pearl manufacturing is comparatively new in this country, and the profits are so large that there is a tendency to monopolize the industry. In consequence all sorts of devices are resorted to in order to obtain the advantage. Some time ago a large house in this city bought a cargo of pearl shells to arrive at seventy cents a pound. While the vessel was in transit the market fell about forty cents. It was a lucky thing for the house that the vessel foundered off the Cape of Good Hope, for the concern would certainly have foundered had the ship come safely to port. Manufacturers here prefer waiting for lots of pearl shells to arrive at this port direct from the fisheries, instead of ordering from London, knowing that the shells are assorted there and the choicest picked out for the English and French markets. There are several large manufacturing houses of pearl work in Newark, Philadelphia, Germantown and in this city, and since the establishment of this industry here the importation of pearl buttons from England has greatly fallen off."—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

"Yes, I'm tired of life. I've about made up my mind to commit suicide." "Good scheme, old fellow; have another cigarette."—*Washington Critic.*

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—The "Little Giant's" son, Stephen A. Douglas, of Chicago, weighs 325 pounds.

—A revival of interest in the poems of Walter Scott is reported from a number of Western cities.

—Miss Flora Benjamin, of Cincinnati, is the latest musical wonder. She can play almost any instrument, and is especially proficient on the violin. She never took a lesson in music.

—Mme. Popp, the doyenne of Belgian journalists, for fifty years editor of the *Bruges Journal*, has written up to the present no less than 18,000 articles, each containing from 3,000 to 4,000 words.

—Only one Philadelphia paper can go back to its files of one hundred years ago, as the *North American* does, in its purpose to celebrate the constitutional centennial, by printing a facsimile of an issue of one of its lineal predecessors, which contained the first printed copy of the Constitution.

—Bismarck's wife is an interesting woman. She is more than sixty years of age, very tall, and very gray. Her features are prominent and her cheekbones very high. Altogether she has a strong face. She is a woman of very determined character and not unlike the "iron chancellor" himself in obstinacy. She is fond of talking and speaks in a loud and decided voice.

—Editor George W. Childs, though well advanced in years, is a wonderfully preserved man. His rosy cheeks are like the blushes of a schoolgirl of fourteen or fifteen. His eye is as clear and bright as it was twenty years ago, his step just as agile. His dress is always the same, and yet he looks as if his clothes had just come from the tailor's, they are so spotless.

—The King of Persia once ordered his Visier to make out a list of all the fools in his dominions. He did so, and put his Majesty's name at the head of them. The King asked him why, and he immediately answered: "Because you entrusted a lac of rupees to men you don't know to buy horses for you a thousand miles off, and who'll never come back." "Ay, but suppose they come back?" "Then I shall erase your name and insert theirs."—*Public Opinion.*

—Zebhr Pasha, who has just been released from a three years' imprisonment at Gibraltar, has played an important part in African politics for twenty-five years past. He has been an English prisoner ever since his capture by General Gordon over ten years ago. He was on parole in Cairo for eight years until his intrigues in behalf of the Mahdi obliged the English to shut him up at Gibraltar. Whether he will be contented to remain quietly in Cairo or will attempt to regain his scepter in Darfur is an interesting problem.

HUMOROUS.

—Chamber concerts are all the rage at present. The orchestra is usually a six-months-old infant.—*Detroit Graphic.*

—When is a ship romantically in love, and when is she foolishly in love? When she's attached to a buoy, and when she's anchoring after a swell.

—Irate Parent—"Debt! Debt! Debt!! Do you know what follows debt?" Son (laconically)—"Dunners! Here's a couple of tailors after me now."—*Texas Sitings.*

—Pastry Rhyme Dyspeptical.—She may dress in silk or may dress in satin. May know the languages, Greek and Latin. May know fine art, may love and sigh. But she ain't no good if she can't make pie.—*Merchant Traveler.*

—A citizen of Cincinnati went off to Europe and left four gas-jets blazing away in his house for four months. He has offered the gas company \$800,000 to settle the bill, but they want an even million, and he will probably have to pay it.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—After a heated debate in Congress, one of the members turned to another whom he expected would help him, and said: "Why didn't you help us out? You never opened your mouth once during the entire debate." "Oh, yes, I did. I yawned through your entire speech," was the reply.—*Farmer and Manufacturer.*

—Yes, dear children," said the school-teacher, "General Washington lied a comparatively poor man, although he might have amassed great wealth if he had been a different sort of person. Tommy Waffles may tell us why General Washington died comparatively poor." "Because he couldn't tell lies," responded Tommy, who has a bright business career before him.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—A wee maiden, as many other small children have done, had the misfortune to fall down stairs the other day, and in landing at the foot, that part of the anatomy commonly designated the "funny bone" came in contact with the wall with more force than was calculated to make a comfortable impression. On being picked up and asked if she was hurt she rubbed her arm for a moment and said: "No, but my elbow is awful dizzy."—*Buffalo Courier.*

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Evangelical clergymen say the best fire escape is a correct life.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

—The difference between religion and irreligion is a difference of principles and of conduct. Compare a godly household with a godless, and answer the argument if you can.

—How easily some of the active members take cold! After being warmed in a good prayer-meeting they afterward sit down in a draft of worldly conversation, and before they know it they are chilled through.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

—The disestablishment of the Roman Catholic State Church at Pondicherry is now an accomplished fact, and the ecclesiastical affairs of the ancient capital of French India will henceforth be administered by a foreign missionary society, independent of local control and free of cost to the Government.—*Chicago Advance.*

—Rev. and Mrs. William H. Gulick, who have for some years been missionaries of the American Board in Spain, are attempting, with the approval of the Prudential Committee, to raise \$100,000 for the school for higher education of girls at San Sebastian, of which they have for some time had charge.—*United Presbyterian.*

—The Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions has issued a tabular statement of Catholic schools among the Indians. There are twenty day and thirty-five boarding-schools, with 2,190 boarding pupils and 870 day pupils. For these 3,060 scholars the Government allows \$231,880, besides \$40,000 for subsistence, clothing, etc.—*N. Y. Independent.*

—It is said that in the first ages of Christianity Satan sought to destroy the church by persecution and failed, but that when he joined the church and patronized it with worldly power and prosperity, he succeeded in well-nigh smothering the life out of it. It looks much as though he had succeeded in retaining his membership in some of the churches of the nineteenth century.—*Words and Weapons.*

—Dr. Mary Taylor Bissell, sister of the president of Vassar, who is in charge of the girls' gymnasium in New York City, is interested in the project of a college of physical training for girls. Whenever the college is ready to receive pupils they will be measured on entering, and an average gain of two and a half inches about the chest, five inches about the waist, one and a half inches about the arm and an inch above the forearm is what is looked forward to as the desirable result of the first year's bodily training and exercise of the typical slim girl of seventeen.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

Soft Gurglings of a Couple Whose Spoonery Traits Were Well Developed.

I am a married man, and was, I do not blush to say, spoonery enough myself in the days of my courtship; but I am gratified to remember that there were limitations to my weakness in the spoonery direction, and there were none in the case of the young couple near whom I sat in Central Park the other night. They didn't know I was there, but their rapture was too deep for them to care if they had known. She was pretty enough to make it tantalizing to see her embraced by the glorified youth who sat by her side. With a beatific expression he gurgled out:

"Who's sweet?" Her pretty hand caressed his downy cheek gently as she sweetly replied:

"My Willie."

"Who's my pet?" "I?" she asked.

"My little girly! Need you ask?" "I'm so glad, Willy!"

"And you love me just a teeny bit?" "A 'teeny bit'—now, Willy!"

"More than that, then?" "A billion, trillion times more!"

"No!" "Yes, indeed, indeed!"

"What makes you love me?" "Oh, because you're so—so—so—sweet!"

"You dear, sweet, little birdie!" "You precious, precious old boy!"

"Precious to whom?" "To me!"

"Ever and ever so precious?" "Yes, indeed, ever and ever and ever so sweet and precious!"

"Oh, no, I'm not; I'm awfully wicked."

"No, you're not!" "Yes, I am, too. Just as mean and bad and—"

"No, you're not!" "Oh, but I just am; I'm too horrid!"

"Now, Willie, I'll cry hard if you go on talking so about the sweetest old boy in all this world!"

"Am I sweet?" "Sweet? You're just as sweet as you can be."

"But no one loves me?" "Yes, they do!" "Who?" "Who?" "You know!" "No, I don't." "I do!" "Ever so much?" "Bushels!"—*Tid-Bits.*

BUCKWHEAT STRAW.

The Views of a Farmer Who Considers It an Article of Value.

I have grown more or less buckwheat every season since I began to farm for myself, now more than forty years ago. I always—save one season—threw the straw out to be trodden under foot by the stock, supposing it was fit for nothing but manure, and very little of that—as "daddy" used to do.

I had noticed, however, from year to year, that when buckwheat was out before frost, and the straw cured free of nastiness, that stock seemed to relish it.

I, therefore, scattered some damp, bright buckwheat straw in the mow of my barn, thinking I would get it cured without mold. But, alas, wherever it was a foot thick it became musty and came out smoking enough to nearly stifle the stock. This discouraged me, and thereafter I sent it out to the back door of the barn as a thing vain to attempt to save for stock. But, being scarce of straw a few years since, I concluded to try another experiment.

I thrashed out the seed in the barn, hauled the straw to the stable and stacked it around poles twelve feet high, laying chunks and pieces of rails on the ground to let air under. I made the stacks about nine feet in diameter at the base, and laying the green straw around the pole without tramping it, to give it free air to dry. I reared it in a slim stack to the top of the pole.

There was a side shed to my stable, and I turned sixteen lambs into the shed to winter, building a pen so as to take in the buckwheat straw sticks. It was not long till the lambs went to eating the straw and lingered around the stack till they eat through to the poles, within a couple of feet. I noticed the straw was bright and clear all around, save a foot or two of mold in center next the poles. This I took away, and let the stacks slip down the poles to give the sheep another chance.

So I kept on till the lambs eat up my straw, thriving well with the addition of a little bran and chopped oats and corn, which I fed them twice a day. I have since come to believe that if buckwheat is cut before frost and the straw cured without mold, it is as good for stock as wheat or oats straw.—*Cor. Detroit Free Press.*

A VALUABLE VEGETABLE.

The Proper Way of Cultivating and Storing Parsnips.

When well grown, the parsnip is considered to be one of our most valuable and desirable garden vegetables, and it is to be regretted that so little care and attention has been bestowed upon it by our amateur cultivators, for it well deserves a place in all gardens, no matter how small. It prefers a deep, moderately enriched sandy loam, one that has been well worked for a previous crop, although any other will answer, if thoroughly and deeply plowed as early in the season as possible. It is best to give a liberal dressing of decayed manure, and this should be well and deeply incorporated with the soil by means of the plow. A good harrowing should then be given, so as to level it off nicely, when it should be marked off into drills about two feet apart and an inch and a half in depth. In these drills the seed should be sown rather thinly, and covered to the depth of about half an inch. The seed should be sown early in the spring, just as soon as the ground can be properly prepared. As soon as the young plants are strong enough to handle they should be thinned out, so that they stand five or six inches apart, then a thorough hoeing should be given. After this all the attention they will require is to keep them well cultivated and free from weeds, and at each hoeing let a little fresh earth be drawn up around the plants. As they are best after being touched by frost, it is customary to permit at least half the crop to remain in the ground until toward spring, when it can be dug and used. The portion of the crop intended for winter use is dug in November, the later the better, and stored in sand in a cool cellar. The long, smooth or hollow crown is the variety most generally grown, but the Student is, in my opinion, a much better variety; but one will not go astray in selecting either of them. An ounce of seed will sow one hundred and fifty feet of drill.—*Vick's Magazine.*

—A little dot of Duluth's feminine humanity who has not yet learned to put all the corners on the English language, went on a Sunday-school picnic excursion up the bay this week. At dinner she was given an adult piece of custard pie, and in her infantile gyrations succeeded in falling down and getting a plaster cast of her hand. Rising with ruffled feelings and disheveled locks, she lifted the unfortunate member to an attitude of invocation and exclaimed: "Mamma, take this cussed pie!"—*Duluth Paragapher.*

—Fix up your farm if you want to sell it—and if you don't.

—Use powdered starch to take fresh stains out of table linen.