

aided by Government. Each delegate has received \$370 from the City Council of Lyons, and also by subscription of workmen's societies, for his expenses during the four or five weeks of his stay in the United States.

The Yacht *Countess of Dufferin* has been duly measured for the coming race for the America's Cup, and a certificate to that effect handed to her owner. The yacht is ninety-one feet six inches in length, and twenty-three feet six inches in breadth of beam, and weighs two hundred tons according to the Royal Mersey Club standard. The *Herald* hopes, now that the formalities have been gone through of verifying the stated capacity of the *Countess of Dufferin*, that a fine race will result during the coming contest, and that the best yacht will win.

REMINISCENCES OF CUSTER.

George Alfred Townsend, the well-known "Gath," writes thus to the N. Y. *Graphic*:—
George A. Custer was one of the fine, youthful careers opened in this country to the military by the civil war. Shot out of West Point, so to speak, and precipitated into the army, he was presently in the midst of a theatre of bloodshed and exploit such as the world has not known since the fall of Napoleon. Passing through this war with his health and personal beauty unaffected, he died at last in the blank land dimly described by Bonneville in 1832 and that description given to the world by Irving. A third of a century elapsed between these two careers, and Custer, like Bonneville, was a literary reader and writer. Both were West Pointers. Bonneville related very much that he did not know except by report. Custer was the official discoverer of the Black Hills, and he explored them, to recite in his enthusiastic style their flowing streams and novelty of woods and arable slopes. His undismayed nature was never haunted by the traditions of the murdered men, wild or savage, who had lain in these hills since the Sioux of the plains suddenly possessed them and made their lastnesses demonic.

Custer and Hazen were two young men who wrote on the life of the frontier from different temperaments. Hazen was essentially a critic; he saw little or nothing of the color of rose, and denounced the process of further extension as the possession of worthless lands by different settlers at the public expense. Custer retained his youthful American fire, and beheld new possibilities of adventure, fortune, gold, and occupation in the great interior of the land. The more impetuous officer has laid down his life for vision and at the early age of thirty-five, like a Pizarro, surrounded by the bodies of his family.

Crook and Custer have made distinctive and intrepid figures in the Indian warfare of the plains. Both were Ohio boys, sent to West Point, and both, I think, married Southern belles, Custer in Kentucky and Crook in Maryland. The former's style of warfare was personal; to treat hostile Indians himself by the aid of equally sinister but friendly Indians. Custer's method was the cavalryman's, to seek, to locate, and to charge, as in the days of the Shenandoah and the Rapidan campaigns. He was on the high road to be a brigadier general, and General Sheridan, who loved him greatly, expected to have seen him promoted two years ago. Custer's implacable relation to politics may have retarded him, for he would conciliate nobody for the sake of rank. Positive in his nature, with views and affiliations nobody could shake, he would not let Sheridan or any other man choose his school of mentors. He died like an idea as well as a soldier, whilst cowards live on and make the best of the occasion and length of days.

Custer died the death of the brave. He met the same fate he had dealt at Yellow Tavern to the leading cavalryman of the rebellion, J. E. B. Stuart. His old antagonist, General Rosser, who lives in Minnesota, and who commanded Early's cavalry, shares with Custer some of the renown of exploration in the Sioux country. Rosser was chief engineer of the Northern Pacific Railroad when it stopped at the new posts on the Missouri River. Since the death of General Canby we have lost no such officer, and have probably had no such slaughter since the military days of Jessup, Jackson, and St. Clair.

I met General Custer near the field of battle of Five Forks in April, 1865. He had been driving in the rebel right wing as it extended out from Petersburg, and was worn out and asleep at an old Virginia house on the lawn. I did not know him, but seeing an officer there guarded by a sergeant, with a fine thoroughbred stallion clamping near by, asked who it was. The sergeant said it was General Custer and aroused him. He quietly opened a pair of very blue eyes, and, although the intrusion was not wilful on my part, as I had nothing to ask, he took it as a matter of course. He was a well-made man, rather lean and lithe, with clean limbs and strong hips, and a slender, almost womanly body. His yellow hair, generally worn long, gave him the appearance of a Danish or Norwegian hero—some viking's son. Few men had less of military haughtiness and more military civility. He was wilful but not testy, and possessed so many kinds of character—lighter, amateur, writer,

speculator, and social companion—that it was a treat to get with him. McKinzie, Crook, and Custer were Sheridan's most trusty heads of cavalry.

The next time I had a long, easy acquaintance with him was at Louisville, when the Bourbon convention met there to break Greeley's nomination in 1872. Custer was a Democrat, reared in that school and confirmed in it as one of McClellan's ablest staff officers. He was doing all manner of silent but not intrusive encouragement for Greeley. The Kentucky people liked him, and he was a gentleman in his talk and habits.

He also took an occasional turn at the New York stock market, where his ready perceptions and aptness to deal with men of the world made him moderately successful—at least, kept him in pocket-money. To Custer all professions were equal if the bearer was a man of kindly, candid, genuine parts. He would have far better had he possessed no such active, sympathetic temperament.

General Custer came to the City of New York on leave of absence last winter, and took rooms in Fifth avenue above Madison square, where he entertained with his wife and prepared his magazine articles and books on the Indian region. He was as much enamored of that tract of plain as Sir Alexander Mackenzie had been in 1796, or Lewis and Clarke in 1807. Americans of daring, nomadic, or half-breed character had ventured into the Yellowstone country in Jefferson's administration. But Custer was possessed of the determination to solve the problem of the Black Hill and Montana and present a new domain to the country. He undertook the work as a soldier, poet, and politician, and yet it is sudden to hear of his youthful death. He enjoyed living and was pleasing company. His temperament was more Southern than Northern. I went with him one evening to the Grand Opera House to see Egan and Christol wrestle. He looked at them with the greatest interest and said he had attended every match. His physical health was kept to perfection. He asked me to go to the Black Hills on the present expedition. Little did I think that in a few months that glossy, yellow hair would be torn from his head and that young body piled up in a heathen tomb of slain soldiery.

The Sioux, or Dakotas, number 25,000 within the limits of the United States, and as many more in British America, whither they will probably retire if we pursue them. Many years ago they were attacked at their home, on and about Lake Superior, by the Chippewas, who had been expelled from further east. Driven over to the Mississippi and Minnesota rivers a part of them took to the plains, and those who remained East attacked and massacred our settlers in Minnesota in 1862, killing from 800 to 2,000 men, women, and children. They were pursued and attacked by the troops of Sibley and Sully; their ringleader, Little Crow was assassinated and thirty-eight of his braves hanged at Mankato, Minn. The greatest concentration of Indians yet seen on this continent was at Stony Lake in 1862, when Sibley attacked and drove the Sioux for the last time across the Missouri River. They numbered nearly 10,000. General Harney says they hold a tract of land five times the size of Ohio, and General G. K. Warren says they can put 6,000 mounted warriors in the field—and they are the best riders in the world.

The line of posts built in 1865-70 along the Missouri River was to fence in and keep to the west of that stream the hostile Sioux.

In 1873 I was at Bismarck and saw part of the expedition about to go West under Stanley and Custer. They had nineteen companies of infantry and twelve of cavalry. General Rosser accompanied them a part of the way as a civil engineer. The Sioux are the perfection of Nature's wild men. They are red republicans, polytheists who worship every object in nature—objects being rare on their plains. They are polygamists, to whom nature contributes a wife everywhere; and Sioux infancy is spent listening to the delectabilities of war till the child precociously weeps to take a scalp. The chiefs have little or no authority and are overcome by the braves. There is no law or code of law among the Dakotas, and property is an institution of abhorrence with them. Untamable, factious, but formidable in war, treacherous and cowardly, but still in arms forever, they have survived every European innovation—small-pox, railroads, Indian agents, and rum. They all used to go afoot and now they ride as well the Comanches. They had only bows and arrows and now have Spencer rifles. They want the scalp of mankind. The Black Hills, wherein and to the west of which they hide and brood, are the dividing ridges between the waters of the Missouri, the Arkansas, and the Mississippi—savage cliffs and precipices, the retreats and lurking places for broken and predatory tribes. Here the Cheyennes, conquered by the Sioux, sought refuge as early as Jefferson's administration. If the Sioux conclude to perish, here they may choose their lava beds. Eating only meat, often raw, the wild Sioux have become jackals, and no Indian nation since our first settlement has been so wicked, so powerful, and so untamable.

MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK.

A writer the New York *Sun* says:—Who of the many thousands of Dickens's readers in this country can forget his "Master Humphrey's Clock," with Master Humphrey and the nameless deaf old gentleman, and the other members of the quiet party who used to meet at the clock side at 10, and separate as their old and trusty

companion was on the second stroke of 2? It was from the old clock case that the story of the "Curiosity Shop" was taken—the story that surpassed all that Dickens ever wrote in pathos and quaint humor. The trials and sufferings of Little Nell, the baby-heroine, who, though surrounded by all that tends to debase, retained to the last her almost celestial purity; the diabolical record of the impish dwarf, Quilp; the rascally cunning and cruelty of Sampson Brass and his sister Sarah, only more cunning and cruel than her brother; the simple fidelity of Kit, Little Nell's life-long friend; the quaint philosophy of the Marchioness, and the no less comical ethics of her companion, Dick Swiveller; the weird picture of the curiosity shop, with Little Nell awaiting amid its collection of dread figures the return of her infatuated grand-father from the gamblers' den; the long tramp through the country; Mrs. Jarley's wax works; the dinner of the giants and the dwarfs—all these and a hundred other recollections, almost life-experiences to Dickens's readers, will be once recalled at the mention of "Master Humphrey's Clock," from whose case were taken many other stories that have entranced thousands all over the world.

The old clock was not altogether a myth, a mere figment of the brain; nor was Master Humphrey altogether a creature of the imagination, any more than were Mr. Pickwick, Mark Tapley, Pecksniff, and Micawber. Humphrey was a clockmaker at Bernard Castle, in the county of Durham, England. Many years ago he aided Dickens in collecting material for his "Nicholas Nickleby," and it was a large clock in the worthy artisan's shop which suggested to Dickens a name for a collection of stories, among which were the "Curiosity Shop" and "Barnaby Rudge." There is now in the possession of the Humphrey family a letter from Dickens attesting this fact. It was Mr. Humphrey who directed Dickens and his friend Hablot K. Browne ("Phiz") to the school which the writer and the artist made infamous under the title of "Dotheboys Hall." It is related that the schoolmaster, the original of "Wackford Squeers," having been very successful in obtaining pupils, was very insulting to strangers, and that during the interview with "Boz" and "Phiz" he occupied himself in making pens. Browne sketched the features of the wretch on his thumbnail, and the likeness when reproduced in the novel was so accurate that the identity of the original could not be mistaken, and so widespread was the feeling against "Squeers" that the typical "Dotheboys Hall" and similar institutions, of which there were many in Yorkshire and other counties, soon became things of the past.

The old clock is now in the possession of Isaac H. Bailey of this city, who received it last week as a present from the firm of George Angus & Sons, leather factors of Liverpool and New castle, who had purchased it from the Humphrey family for the purpose of sending it to the Centennial. It is now in the hands of a clockmaker, who is preparing a new case for it. When this is done, it will be placed in Mr. Bailey's establishment, 17 Spruce street, where it will remain until the owner forwards it to the Centennial. It is a large clock, with a dial two feet in diameter, on which the hours are marked in yellow Roman letters, and will last much longer than many more modern instruments which have not done one-tenth its work.

One cannot look upon the open face of the old clock, at the mention of whose name so many tender and touching memories are recalled, without hearing once more the sadly cheerful words of hope addressed to it by Old Master Humphrey when his friends had departed, and when the heart leaves taken from the old clock case were on their way to carry messages of peace and comfort to thousands of homes, and to arouse in thousands of hearts more tender feelings toward the poor and the suffering of earth.

"Friend and companion of my solitude, mine is not a selfish love. I would not keep your merits to myself, but disperse something of pleasant association with your image through the whole wide world; I would have men couple with your name cheerful and healthful thoughts; I would have them believe that you keep true and honest time; and how it would gladden me to know that they recognize some hearty English work in Master Humphrey's clock!"

THE LATE BISHOP FIELD.

Bishop Field was born in Worcester, Eng., in 1801, and had therefore completed his 75th year before his death. He was educated at Rugby, and graduated with high honors in Oxford in 1823, and became a Fellow of his College. He was presented by his College to the living of English Bicknor, in Gloucestershire, on the banks of the Wye, in the midst of the magnificent scenery between Ross and Chepstow. While here he twice discharged the duty of Inspector of Public Schools, and in this way was brought under the notice of the Bishop of London who on the translation of Bishop Spencer, in 1844, from the See of Newfoundland to that of Jamaica, appointed Bishop Field as his successor. During his long episcopate he spent the summer of each year voyaging in "the church ship" round the two thousand miles of our coasts, visiting the churches, supplying localities that were spiritually destitute, confirming and consecrating churches and cemeteries. The hardships and perils of such voyages were very great. The self-denying labours thus endured would have prostrated a man of less energy and perseverance. After the great fire which, in 1846,

destroyed the town of St. Johns, a new cathedral had to be erected, and though still unfinished, it is a very handsome and substantial edifice. During his episcopate, a theological college was erected, schools for boys and girls, and orphanages were founded and set upon a secure basis. Of the 96 churches now erected, the greater number were consecrated by Bishop Field. He also took measures to establish a Diocesan Synod, the good results of which are already apparent in the increased interest taken by the laity in church affairs. His last illness was brought on by the discharge of the duties of one of his clergy who was absent, during a very severe winter, and when his health did not warrant such exertion. It was his earnest wish to die in the land where he had laboured so faithfully; but on visiting Bermuda, a part of his diocese, his health began rapidly to decline, and there he died on the 8th of June, and there his remains have been interred. His successor in office is the late Coadjutor Bishop Kelly.

HUMOROUS.

THERE is something wonderfully grand and impressive about the roar of thunder, until you discover it has soured the last half pint of milk in the house.

A minister travelling through the West some years ago, asked an old lady on whom he called what she thought of the doctrine of total depravity. "Oh," she replied, "I think it is a good doctrine. If the people would only act up to it."

Alexander Dumas is responsible for the following:—On his first visit to the Salon his attention was called to the superb portrait of the ethereally thin Sarah Bernhardt as "L'Étrangère," with her great Russian greyhound lying at her feet. "Ah, yes, I see," he said, thoughtfully, "a dog keeping guard over a bone."

An old farmer says of his boys:—"From sixteen to twenty, they knew more than I did; at twenty-five, they knew as much; at thirty, they were willing to hear what I had to say; at thirty-five, they asked my advice; and I think when they get to be forty, they will acknowledge that the old man knows something."

ONE day, two royal dukes walking up St. James' street, met Sheridan, and the youngest thus flippantly addressed him: "I say, Sherry, we have just been discussing whether you are a greater *fool or wiser*—what is your own opinion, my boy?" Sheridan having bowed, and smiling at the compliment, took each of them by the arm, and instantly replied, "Why, both, I believe I am between both."

A touching interview was recently witnessed between a cabby and a porter who had not met for years. The following dialogue ensued. Cabby: "Well, I'm best if I should ha' knowed you!" Porter: "No, I ha' knowed me, Bill! Wouldn't you, though?" Cabby: "Well, how should I? Yer see, since last I seed you you've been and put the nose-peg on!" Indicating the moustache and beard, of which his friend had cultivated an abundant crop.

A thorough purist in language, Lord Wellesley once objected to the word "personal narrative." While entertaining Lord Plunkett, the then recently appointed Chief Justice of the Common Pleas at the Viceregal Lodge, he said to him, "One of my addresses has written a personal narrative of his travels; pray, Chief Justice, what is your definition of 'personal'?" "My lord," was the neat reply, "we lawyers always consider personal as opposed to real."

THERE was a fox-hunting parson, Mr. Radford, in the north of Devon some years ago, who was fond of having convivial meetings in his parsonage, which often ended uproariously. Bishop Phillips sent for him, and said, "Mr. Radford, I hear, but I can hardly believe it, that men fight in your house." "For my dear," answered Parson Radford, in broad Devonshire, "doan't y' believe it. When they begin fighting, I take and turn them out into the churchyard." The Bishop came one day to visit him without notice. Parson Radford, in scarlet, was just about to mount his horse and gallop off to the meet, when he heard the Bishop was in the village. He had barely time to send away his hunter, run up stairs and jump, red coat and boots, into bed, when the Bishop's carriage drew up at the door. "Tut! his Lordship I'm ill, will ye?" was his injunction to his housekeeper. "Is Mr. Radford in?" asked the Bishop. "He's ill in bed," said the housekeeper. "Dear me! I'm so sorry! Pray ask him if I may come up and sit with him." The housekeeper ran up stairs in some dismay, and entered the parson's room. The parson stealthily raised his head above the bed-clothes, but was reassured when he saw his room was invaded by his housekeeper, and not by the Bishop. "Please, your honor, his lordship wants to come up-stairs and sit with you a little." "With me? Good heavens! gasped Parson Radford, "No; go down and tell his lordship I'm took cruel bad with scarlet fever; it is an aggravated case, and very catching."

LITERARY.

Those who have admired the exquisite character of *Sheila* in the "Princess of Thule," will be interested to know that Mrs. Black is the original from whom this pen portrait was drawn.

THE following story is told of George Sand. A visitor, M. Baker, had passed a week at her home, and had exhibited an inordinate love for cabbage. About to depart, he begged a souvenir of his visit. She looked at him a moment in surprise, and then calling her gardener said, "Baptiste, one of your finest cabbages for this gentleman."

WE know a man who invariably reads while eating his dinner. The table is never set unless a book is placed beside his plate. When he leaves the house in the morning, he tells his housekeeper to have "Tennyson and tomatoes for dinner, or Shakespeare and 'smothered chickens'; Bacon and pork and greens; Burton and buttered beans; Carlyle and calf's head; the *Edinburgh Review* and grouse, &c. He is so ardent an admirer of the "Rylstone Doe," that he can't get a venison without a copy of Wordsworth beside him.

THE publishers of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY propose as their special contribution to "the glories of the Centennial year," the publication of the most beautiful number of a popular magazine ever issued in the world. The ambition is a laudable one, the promise is made in good faith, and the power to fulfil the promise will hardly be doubted by those who have watched the history and progress of the SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE. This special number of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY, which will be entitled "The Midsummer Holiday Number," will comprise one hundred and sixty pages, contributed by the most eminent writers; among these are Bryant, Stoddard, "H. H.," Sidney Lanier, Bret Harte, E. H. Hale, Col. Waring, John Burroughs, T. B. Aldrich, Gail Hamilton, Tourguénief, the Russian novelist, Gail Hamilton, Henry James, Jr., and others only less distinguished. The illustrations will be profuse in number, and specially notable as specimens of the designer's, engraver's, and printer's arts. All that culture and skill, developed by a fruitful experience, can do to make this number of the magazine attractive, will be done. The edition will be 75,000 copies.