

51—Father John B. Tabb is a poet with whose workmanship the readers of the best American magazines are well acquainted. *Poems*, by John B. Tabb, is a volume of lyrics, all short and daintily wrought like those of Herrick. Father Tabb has brought conciseness to a fine art. He is a thinker of much more than ordinary power, and an observer of great acuteness. The results of those personal qualities he has put into small verses, rarely exceeding the length of a sonnet, usually shorter, and frequently a mere quatrain. The late John B. O'Rielly had something pertinent to say concerning carvers of cherry stones, but it does not apply to Father Tabb. The latter is a carver and a polisher it is true, yet he does not work with cherry stones but with diamonds, emeralds, and sometimes rubies. Perhaps, he is a touch too much of the artist to be a moving singer even in little. "Many of the conceits are attractive," says *The Atlantic Monthly*, alluding to the poetic "swallow-flights," "and the work is nearly always skilfully polished, but the little poems are things best read where many of them first appeared, at the end of a page of prose in a magazine. There they are welcome bits of fancy; here their effect is to leave one feeling as if one had risen from a dinner of crumbs." There is some truth in this; but the poems are fanciful little fellows well expressed in choice language moulded into suitable stanza forms—in a word, works of art that deserve our attention.

52—Brig.-Gen. Adam Badeau, soldier and historian, died suddenly, on the night of March 19th, in the Herbert House, Ridgewood, N.J., of apoplexy. He had been in poor health for some time and had submitted to several operations on both eyes for cataract. He lived at Ridgewood with his adopted children, George Corsa and Miss Chillman, and was talking with Mr. Corsa when he was stricken.

General Badeau was born in New York on December 29, 1831. After leaving his father's boarding school at Tarrytown, he engaged in newspaper and literary work, paying special attention to the drama. At the outbreak of the war he went to the front as a correspondent. During the engagement in front of Port

Hudson, noticing a Zouave regiment in disorder on account of the death of its officers, Badeau rallied the men and led them on a charge. He was shot in the foot and taken along with General Sherman, who was also wounded, to New Orleans. Sherman had him commissioned captain and made him an aid on the general staff.

When Gen. Grant made his memorable trip around the world, Badeau accompanied him. On its completion Badeau went to Havana as Consul-General, and there accused the State Department of corruption. His resignation followed a refusal to permit him to substantiate the charges. Then he returned to literary work. "*Military History of Ulysses S. Grant*," "*Conspiracy—A Cuban Romance*," "*Aristocracy in England*" and "*Grant in Peace*," are among his best known works.

General Badeau was married to Elsie Niles by Cardinal McCloskey.

53—The youthful Sir Galahad whose martial genius presides over *The Catholic Register*, a weekly newspaper published in Toronto, informs his readers that I became "incensed at a local Catholic paper"—for which gratuitous information, by the way, I thank him—and does me the honor of supposing that some of my remarks in the Note (No. 42) on the manifold and manifest shortcomings of our Catholic press were meant for his Journal. He adds, that of two "nick-names" *Proser and Poser*, to wit, used by me, he is at a loss to determine which was meant for his publication, owing to a purely fanciful superabundance of "cuteness" with which his spring-like urbanity prompted him to endow me; so he calmly arrogates both of them, poises as a martyr as is the habit of his class—a St. Sebastian riddled with arrows of air—and winds up the performance by misquoting Dickens, to show his scholarship. "So spake the cherub, and his grave rebuke severe in youthful beauty, added grace invincible." The man in Dickens was noted for "slyness" not "cuteness," but "this does not matter," as the editor of the *Register* would word it. The editor might have referred to his master at greater length withal. I shall strive to make this point clear. Once upon a time, as the children say, Charles Dickens drew a picture of a