HAMLIN'S OPINIONS.

We Did Not Give Them for Publication, but They Are Believed to Be Correct.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, July 16.—The late Hannibal Hamlin was personally acquainted with the most prominent statesmen, north and south, during the last fifty years—John Quincy Adams, Webster, Van Buren, Clay, Calhoun, Seward and Lincoln, and many others of less note. He often took their measure accurately, too, and had a definite conception of them, though he very seldom expressed his views publicly. By nature cautious and reticent, he was always afraid of doing men injustice by immature judgment, saying that no man could estimate another fairly and fully until he had seen him under all circumstances. Consequently he simply gave his impressions of most public men, admitting that he might be unconsciously biased for or against them. His opinions, conveyed from time to time to his friends, have percolated through various mediums. They are thought to be substantially correct, but do not pretend to be authoritative, though given for convenience as quotations.

"John Quincy Adams was altogether the ablest of the Adamses. He steadily grew intellectually until the last, showing far more power in the house of representatives than he had ever shown before. If he had died immediately after his defeat for re-election to the presidency he would have had comparatively little reputation. His passionate temper, though a defect of manners, helped him in his eloquence. He was never at his best until thoroughly angry. His most glowing phrases were forged at white heat.

"Daniel Webster was a great genius, with many grave defects. His moral endowment was not equal to his intellectual endowment by any means—in fact, the two were out of all proportion. His loose financial notions affected his whole character. A man altogether careless of debt, as he was, cannot be morally sound. He was indifferent to money, whether it was due to him or to others; he was so by constitution, and had never been otherwise. The money question is inextricably involved with the moral question. No man can afford to despise it. He who claims to despise it almost invariably wrongs his fellows. We must pay every cent of debt before we can assume to be honest. Webster was head over heels in debt throughout his whole career, and the fact never concerned him; he did not give it a thought.

"Van Buren seems to me to have been a very shrewd, perhaps a self seeking, politician for nearly sixty years, and a very conscientious, patriotic citizen for the twenty remaining years of his life. After his defeat for re-election to the presidency he made amends for his past by devotion to freedom and earnest desire to serve his country. He was always a great deal better man than he got credit for being. In the campaign of 1840 he was outrageously maligned.

"I saw Andrew Jackson only two or three times, and that when I was quite young. He made a deep impression on me as a man of extraordinary power and intense earnestness, but decidedly narrow. He appears to have been a tyrant by nature, believing there could be no other side to a question than the one he saw, and yet he hated tyranny with all his strength. He may have been fitted for his time—he was certainly the worst abused president that ever occupied the executive chair.

"Calhoun was one of the purest and most conscientious of men; but slavery, in which he sincerely believed as a beneficent, conservative and patriarchal institution, had distorted his naturally clear mental vision. He saw everything through slavery. He was a very severe logician, but his premises were all wrong. Privately he was a most amiable, courteous, genial gentleman.

"Clay was most delightful to men who shared his opinions and admired him, but he could hardly tolerate difference of view or even political independence, much as he cherished it himself. He had been injured by flattery, and his consuming desire to be president warped his perceptions.

"Seward, as a confirmed believer in peace, and full of peace theories, acquitted himself admirably during a period of war. He had no doubt any more than Chase and other members of the cabinet had that he should largely control Lincoln in important measures. He had no idea of the reserved power of the president; was amazed when it was fully disclosed, and finally came to be one of his greatest admirers.

"Abraham Lincoln was by all odds the greatest man I have ever known, the greatest American, in my opinion, that has lived. His fame will increase with years; we are too near him to appreciate him. He is, if any man ever was, booked for immortality. When I first saw him in congress I was then but thirty-seven, and he was about the same age, having both of us been born in the same year. he struck me as a singularly awkward man of remarkable ability. I did not think much more about him until the campaign with Douglas in Illinois for the United States senate twelve years later. Then I read his speeches and began to recognize his very rare capacity. But when he visited New England in 1860, and I heard him, I perceived that he was great and I was delighted at my nomination with him.

"After our election I saw him daily in Washington, and he steadily grew upon me. I soon discovered that he was the right man in the right place. I believe that he was the only man who could have carried the war to a successful issue; for he, more than all the generals in the field and all the counselors in the legislative halls, won the mighty triumph. I was present at the dedication of Gettysburg, and I thought his little speech perfect, although it was not much admired at first, and Lincoln seemed to entertain a very poor opinion of it. I was rejoiced when it acquired a world wide celebrity. It has never been equaled on a like occasion. Lincoln is to my mind the biggest figure of the century."

A Peaceful Section.

Traveler—This is a famous section for feuds, I understand?

Native—No more peaceful parts anywhere than right here. No feuds here. Everything's as pleasant as pie.

"But how about the Billington-Wellington feud?"

"Over long ago. I'm Billington."

"Indeed! I haven't met any of the Wellingtons."

"No, nor you won't. The feud is over."—New York Weekly.

For Future Reference.

He—Is your father wealthy?
She—Yes.
He—Is he old?
She—Very.
He—Mother dead?
She—Yes.
He—Is your temper good?
She—They say so.
He—Well, I'll make a memorandum, and perhaps I may see you again before the close of the season.—Life.

Feeling His Way.

"Nellie," he said, with a kind of experimental, immature, early home-grown smile on his anxious face, "I—I may count on you as—as a friend, may I not?"

"Certainly, Alfred," she replied.

"As—as a good friend?"

"To be sure."

"You have no objection to looking on me as—as a distant relative, perhaps?"

"No, I have no objection to that."

"Second cousin, as it were?"

"I am willing to be your second cousin."

"Or first cousin once removed?" he persisted, mopping his forehead with a trembling handkerchief.

"Well, I have no objection to that, either."

"And I might as well be a first cousin, mightn't I?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Do you feel, Nellie," he went on, hastily swallowing something large and buoyant, "as if you could be a—be a—a sister to me?"

"No, Alfred."

The invitations are out.—Chicago Tribune.

Rather Rough on Him.

It was a pretty little country girl who rode down in a Madison avenue car yesterday morning. The city bred youth who escorted her was evidently proud of his charming companion, but there was a shade of embarrassment because she frequently displayed her verdancy. You could have told that she was a country girl by her manner. The city was new to her, and everything she did not understand she asked about.

As the car passed the Tombs she cried delightedly:

"Oh, there is that lovely museum I read about. So they keep it open on Sundays, do they?"

"Yes," replied the young man dryly, "they keep it open on Sundays."

"I remember you wrote and told me you were there twice."

There was a ripple of laughter in the car.—New York World.

The Householder's Pride.

She had just moved into her own house on Forest avenue and a friend was calling on her.

"This is a very pleasant locality," said the visitor.

"Oh, yes; I like it very much. That's why we bought the house."

"What kind of neighbors have you?"

"Really, I don't know."

"Haven't you got acquainted with any of them?"

"Oh, no," with some pride, "they all live in rented houses, you know."—Detroit Free Press.

A Modern Tower of Babel.

A hotel keeper at Lyons had posted on the door this notice: "English, German, Italian and Spanish spoken here." An Englishman arrived, and asked for the interpreter in as decent French as he could command.

"Monsieur," replied the landlord, "there is none."

"What! no interpreter? And yet you announce that all languages are spoken here."

The reply was, "Yes, monsieur—by the travelers."—London Tid Bits.

After the Wedding.

She said that she would sigh for me
" " " " " lie " "
" " " " " buy " "
" " " " " fly " "
" " " " " try " "
" " " " " die " "
" " " " " cry " "
" " " " did " " "
" " " she'd make pie " "
And when she did " " " "
Jeerusalem, Josh!!
—Detroit Free Press

Missed Her Calling.

Miss Straitlace—Do you see that poor blind beggar woman on the corner, Maude? How pitiful it is to see her sitting there in the crowd with that card, "I am blind," suspended around her neck!

Miss Follibud—Yes, it is pitiful; but, Ethel, what a delightful chaperon she would make!—Somerville Journal.

Unjust.

The Missus—You oughtn't to leave the floor in such a condition. Why don't you take your chips with you?

Carpenter—Who do you take me for—the Prince of Wales?—Life.

RATHER PARTICULAR.

The Darky Did Not Like the Mixture of Oil and Water.

A Hoboken grocer left a watermelon out on his vegetable stand until a very late hour the other evening, and when he finally went out and discovered that it was gone he hadn't a word to say. Indeed, he rather chuckled over the loss and looked pleased. During the next forenoon a colored man entered the store and looked around for a bit and then asked:

"Is de proprietor of dis place in?"

"Yes, sir. What is it?"

"You—you left a watermillyon out doahs de odder eavenin'?"

"I did."

"I seed it out dar an' reckoned you had left it fur me."

"Well?"

"I dun took it home. It was a green millyon. You had poured a quart of kerosene into it an' put de plug back."

"Yes. What of it?"

"Nuffin, sah—nuffin 'tall, 'cept dat I wanted to ask you if you was gwine to keep right on doin' dat way all summer? If you was, you know, an' I should see any mo' watermillyons reposin' out dar', you know, why, I'd jist walk right on an' not stop to fool wid 'em. I doan' want to seem too pertickler, sah, but de troof is I doan' like to hev things mixed up dat way."

The grocer said it was too early in the season to make any promises, and the caller went away saying:

"Den it's all right, sah. De next watermillyon dat I see reposin' out dar won't be fur me, but for some odder cull'd man—somebody who doan' know dat millyons grow on vines, 'stead of bein' pumped up by de Standard Ile company."—M. Quad in New York Evening World.

He Was Dissatisfied.

"I have brought this thermometer back," said a man to the storekeeper of whom he had purchased the instrument.

"Is it inaccurate?"

"That's what it is. Why, Mr. Gubbins, next door to me, has a thermometer which registered 92 degs. in the shade yesterday afternoon, while mine couldn't get a bit higher than 88.

"Yours probably hung in a cooler place than Mr. Gubbins'."

"No, sir. They both hung on the porch, and our porches join. There oughn't to be any difference in the temperature of the two porches, for they both face the same way."

"Then I think Mr. Gubbins' thermometer must have been wrong, for we guarantee ours. See, I place the one we sold you by the side of this expensive imported thermometer, and it registers the same temperature exactly."

"That may be, but Gubbins' thermometer is 4 degs. warmer than mine."

"Well, if you are dissatisfied I'll give you your money back, but you can see for yourself that the thermometer is an accurate instrument. Shall I refund what you paid for it?"

"Yes, sir. Gubbins is always crowing over me in one thing and another, but I'm blamed if I'll keep a thermometer on my premises that lets him beat me 4 degs. right in the hottest part of the year. I'll see what I can do elsewhere in the thermometer line."—William Henry Siviter in Harper's Bazar.

Literary.

A young man from Pittsburg was recently visiting a girl in Detroit, and she introduced him to some of her literary friends here, as she had a leaning that way; but she will not do so any more, nor will he ever come back again. And it was a very little thing that did it too. She had introduced him to the presidentess of her club and that lady remarked to him:

"Ah, you are from Pittsburg? I understand you have a Browning club there?"

"No," he replied hesitatingly, as if not quite comprehending, "no, but we did have before the Cincinnati league hogged Pete and put him in left field for the Hamburgers."—Detroit Free Press.

Irish Wit and Urbanity.

During a viceregal tour in the west of Ireland, one of the suite, who had been told that the natives would be sure to agree with anything and everything he said to them, determined to test the truth of the assertion. Accordingly, in one of the coasting trips with which the tour was interspered, and in which the wind was blowing half a gale, he shouted to the Irish pilot:

"There's very little wind." The answer came back at once:

"Thrue for you, sir. But what little there is is very sthrong."—London Tit-Bits.

Did He Mean What He Said?

Bjenks—I want you to come up to my house, doctor, right away.

Dr. Bolus—Who's sick?

Bjenks—Oh, Mrs. Bjenks and the baby are both ailing. I thought you might as well kill two birds with one stone.—Somerville Journal.

A Bumptious Wooer.

Banker—To what happy accident am I indebted for the honor of your visit?

Lieutenant—To come to the point at once, Herr Kommerzienrat, I appear before you as your future son-in-law.—Dorfbarbier.

A Chance to Get Even.

Summer Hotel Proprietor—My dear, I've got a piece of good news.

His Wife—Do tell me, quick.

Proprietor—Your dressmaker has engaged board with me for a month.—Life.

Have to Pay for It.

"You have come down to the shore for peace and quiet. But if you stay here you certainly expect to pay for it, don't you?"

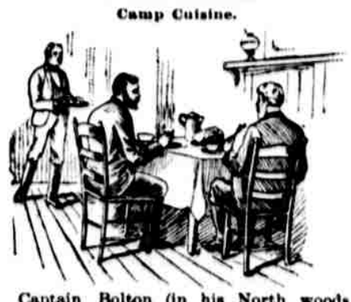
Saying these words the Jersey mosquito sent in his bill.—Philadelphia Times.

Just His Luck.

Burke—Do you think your uncle will die?

Smirke—I'm afraid so. It's the poor one.—Life.

Camp Cuisine.



Captain Bolton (in his North woods shanty)—Well, my boy, how do you like this Shakesperean life "under the green wood tree?"

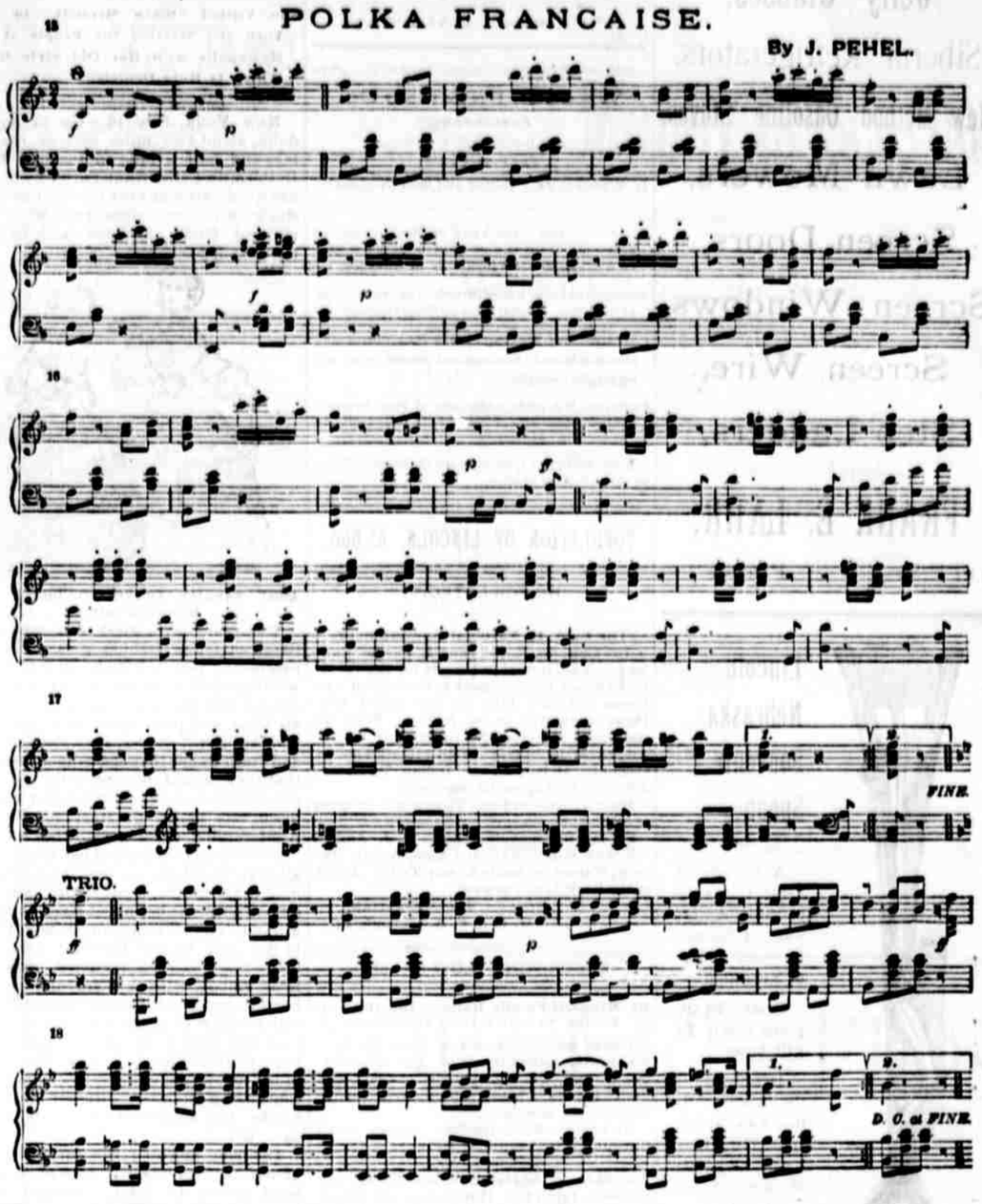
His Guest—There's too much bacon about your Shakesperean existence to suit me.—Munsey's Weekly.

IN THE VALLEY.

IM PELINER THALE.

POLKA FRANCAISE.

By J. PEHEL.



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