

OTHERWISE AND PERSONAL.

MISS MAMIE DICKENS, the eldest daughter of the novelist, has written a brief biography of her father.

TENNIE CLAFFIN'S husband, the Visconde de Monserrata, is a rich dealer in India shawls in London.

GOV-ELECT FORAKER is reported as saying "that the American public must have either a hero or a victim."

VOGL, the famous German tenor, has a farm in the Bavarian Alps on which some far-famed cheese is made.

PRESIDENTIAL autograph seekers are never disappointed. His pen is always ready to satisfy the applicant.

EX-PRESIDENT GONZALES, of Mexico, has had articles of impeachment presented against him in the Mexican congress.

THE Countess de Rochefoucauld and the Countess de Bethune appear on the real estate assessment rolls in New Orleans for \$100,000.

MR. BLAINE is reported to have once said, in reply to a remark: "In politics there is no gratitude. Politics means ambition and success."

EX-GOV. CURTIS, of Pennsylvania, has as mementoes of his residence at the Russian court fine half-length, life-size paintings of Alexander II and Gortschakoff, presented to him by the originals.

Ferdinand Ward, according to the Boston Transcript, received his financial education at church fairs where returns of two or three thousand per cent on the original investments are not thought at all remarkable.

ELIZABETH, Empress of Austria-Hungary, is building a marvellous mansion in the forest of Schoenbrunn, a mere hunting lodge, on which millions of money will be lavished, but, then, it will cost Elizabeth nothing, as the people will pay for it.

If a man wants a handle to his name he should go to Germany and discover a new microbe. Before he came across the cholera microbe Dr. Koch was simply Dr. Koch; and now he is Herr Geheimer Medicinal-rath Prof. Dr. Robert Koch, with several counties to hear from.

SIR JAMES PAGET has traced the career of 1,000 English medical students to discover that only twenty-three achieve supreme success in their profession, sixty-six considerable success, 507 make a living, fifty-six fail utterly and so on. But isn't this about the record in any pursuit or profession?

MINISTER JARVIS writes from Rio de Janeiro that he and his wife compose a class taking lessons in Portuguese, and that he is at the foot of his class, as his wife can talk better, faster and more at a time than he can; but this is scarcely sufficiently unusual in the experience of most married men to call for especial mention.

CAPT. BURTON, the great English traveler, speaks all modern tongues, is a superb and delicious conversationalist, is cheery, frank and simple. In personal appearance he is not unlike John A. Logan, and his long residence in foreign climes, under hotter suns than ours, has lined his face and browned it to a very parchment-like but agreeable color.

The last thing at which Gen. McClellan worked on the day of his death was an account of the battle of Antietam. He was preparing a series of articles for The Century Magazine, and the first of them was to be one on Antietam. It was not finished. From between the leaves of a book lying on the general's table when he died protruded numerous pages of manuscript. The book was an authority the general had been consulting, and the manuscript was the half-written article on his most famous battle.

INDIAN COMMISSIONER WELSH, of Philadelphia, was once negotiating a treaty with the chiefs of a certain tribe, and wished to impress on them the fact of his confidential relations with the president. "I have," said he, as the interpreter rendered his remarks, sentence by sentence, into the Indian tongue, "I have the ear of the Great Father." "Stop!" exclaimed one of the chiefs, impressively; "I do not believe that." "Tell him"—to the interpreter—"if he has the Great Father's ear to produce it. Show it to us and we will believe him!"

AN American lady in Paris, declaring in company that she never would return home, and finding herself opposed, turned to the late William Henry Huntington, who was present, and asked him if he thought he would ever wish to come back to this country. "Well," said he, "after you have lived here three or four years there will come to you a great rush of remembrance of old friends and places, and a great desire to see them once more. And then—then you will be so glad to think that you are not to sail next week!"

VICTOR HUGO'S CREED.

Translated by Row in Religio-Philosophical Journal.

My soul drinks in its future life. Like some green forest thrice cut down Whose shoots defy the axman's strife, And skyward spread a greener crown.

While sunshine glads my aged head, And bounteous earth supplies my food, The lambs of God their soft light shed, And distant words are understood.

Say not my soul is but a clod, Resultant of my body's powers; She plumes her wings to fly to God, And will not rest outside his bowers.

The winter's snows are on my brow, But summers more brightly glow, And violets, lilacs, roses now Seem sweeter than long years ago.

As I approach my earthly end Much plainer can I hear ad Immortal symphonies which blend To welcome me from star to star.

Though marvelous it still is plain A fairy tale, yet history; Lying earth a heaven we gain; With death, win immortality.

For fifty years my willing pen, In history, drama and romance, With satire, sonnets, or with men Has flowed or danced its busy dance.

All themes I tried; and yet I know Ten thousand times as much unsaid Remains in me! It must be so, Though ages should not find me dead.

When unto dust we return once more, We can say, "One day's work is done;" We may not say, "Our work is o'er," For life will scarcely have begun.

The tomb is not an endless night; It is a thoroughfare—a way That closes in a soft twilight And opens in eternal day.

Moved by the love of God, I find That I must work as did Voltaire, Who loved the world and all mankind; But God is love! Let none despair!

Our work on earth is just begun; Our monuments will later rise; To battle their summits in the sun And shine in bright eternal skies.

THE COWARD.

A Study in Psychology.

In society they used to speak of him as "that handsome Signolles." His title was Viscount Gontran-Joseph de Signolles.

Orphan and master of a large fortune, he made a conspicuous figure in the fashionable world. He had a fine appearance, a good deportment, a facility of speech sufficient to gain him the reputation of a wit, some natural grace, an air of noble reserve, a brave mustache, and soft eyes—just what women admire.

He was in demand at receptions, a desirable partner in a waltz, and he inspired men with that sort of confidence enjoyed by men who possess energetic faces. He lived happily, quietly, in the most absolute good moral standing. It was known that he was a good swordsman and a better shot.

"When we have to fight," he would say, "I choose pistols. With that weapon I am sure of killing my man."

Now, one evening, after having accompanied to the opera two young married ladies of his acquaintance, with their husbands, he invited the whole party after the performance to take some supper at Tortoni's. They had been there only a few moments, when he observed that a gentleman seated at a neighboring table was staring steadily at one of the ladies in the party. She seemed to feel annoyed, embarrassed, and kept her head down. At last she said to her husband:

"There is a man over there who keeps staring at me. I don't know him at all—do you?"

"The husband, who had not noticed anything, turned to look, and replied: "No; I don't know him at all."

The young woman continued, half-smiling, half-angry: "It's very annoying. The man spoils my supper."

The husband shrugged his shoulders: "Nonsense; pay no attention to him. If we had to worry ourselves about all the insolent people we meet, there would never be an end of it."

But the viscount had suddenly risen. He could not permit that individual to destroy the enjoyment which he had offered. The insult was to him—inasmuch as it was through his invitation the party had entered the cafe; therefore the affair concerned no one but him.

He approached the man and said to him: "Sir, you are staring at those ladies in a manner which I can not tolerate. Will you be good enough to cease this staring at once?"

The other replied: "You keep your mouth shut will you?"

The viscount setting his teeth, exclaimed: "Take care sir! You may compel me to violate politeness."

The stranger uttered only one word—one filthy word, that resounded from one end of the cafe to the other, and made every one in the house start as if they had been set in motion by a spring. All who had their backs turned looked around; all the rest raised their heads; three waiters simultaneously whirled upon their heels like so many tops; the two women behind the counter started and twisted themselves completely about, as if they were two puppets pulled by one string.

There was a great silence. Then a sudden dry sound clacked in the air. The viscount had slapped his adversary's face. Every body jumped up to interfere. Cards were exchanged.

That the viscount returned home might he began to walk up and down his room with great, quick

strides. He was too much excited to think about anything. One solitary idea kept hovering in his mind—a duel—although the idea itself had not yet awakened any special emotion. He had done just what he ought to have done; he had behaved as he ought to have behaved. He would be spoken of, would be approved, would be congratulated. Here repeated aloud: "What a vulgar brute the fellow is!"

Then he sat down and began to think. He would have to procure seconds in the morning. Whom would he choose? He thought of all the most celebrated and most dignified men of his acquaintance. Finally he selected the Marquis de la Tour Noire and Colonel Bourdin; a great nobleman and a great soldier—that would be just the thing. Their names would have weight in the newspapers. He suddenly discovered that he was thirsty, and he drank three glasses of water, one after another; then he began to walk up and down again. He felt full of energy. By showing himself to be plucky, ready for anything and everything, and by insisting upon rigorous and dangerous conditions—by demanding a serious, very serious, terrible duel—his adversary would be probably scared and make apologies.

He took up the man's card, which he had drawn out of his pocket as he entered and had flung on the table, and he read it over again, as he had already read it in the cafe with a glance, and as he had also read it in the carriage by every passing gaslight. "GEORGE LAMIL, 51 Rue Money." Nothing more.

He examined the letters of this name, which seemed to him mysterious—full of vague significance. George Lamil. Who was the fellow? What did he do? What did he stare at the women in that way for? Wasn't it disgusting to think that a stranger, a man nobody knew anything about, could worry a man's life in that way, just by taking a notion to fix his eyes insolently upon a woman's face? And the viscount repeated again aloud: "What a vulgar brute the fellow is!"

Then he remained standing motionless, thinking, keeping his eyes fixed upon the card. A rage arose within him against that bit of paper—a fury of hate mingled with a strange sense of uneasiness. It was a stupid mess, all this affair! He seized an open pen-knife lying beside him and jabbed it into the middle of the printed name, as if he were stabbing somebody.

So he would have to fight! Should he choose swords or pistols?—for he considered himself to be the party insulted. With swords he might run less risk; but by choosing pistols, he might be able to frighten his adversary into withdrawing the challenge. It is very seldom that a duel with swords is fatal, as a reciprocal prudence generally prevents the combatants from fencing at such close quarters that the blades can inflict a very deep thrust. With pistols his life would be seriously endangered; but again, he might be able to extricate himself from the difficulty with honor, and yet without an actual meeting. He exclaimed: "I must be firm. He will show the white feather."

The sound of his own voice made him start, and he looked around him. He felt very nervous. He drank another glass of water, and began to undress in order to go to bed.

As soon as he got into bed, he blew out the light and closed his eyes. He thought: "I have the whole day to-morrow to arrange my affairs. The best thing I can do is to take a good sleep to settle my nerves."

He felt very warm between the sheets; and still he could not sleep. He turned over and over—remained for five minutes on his right side—then he rolled over on his left side. He felt thirsty again. He got up for a drink. Then a new anxiety came upon him.

"Is it possible that I could be afraid?"

Why did his heart start to beating so wildly at the least little familiar noise in his room? When the clock was about to strike, the click of the little spring rising up caused him a violent start, and he felt such a weight at his heart for several moments that he had to open his mouth in order to breathe. He began to reason with himself on the possibility of the thing: "Am I really afraid?"

No, certainly; how could he be afraid since he was firmly resolved to carry out the affair to the very end—since he was fully decided to fight and not to tremble? But he felt so profoundly disturbed inwardly that he kept asking himself: "Can a man become afraid in spite of himself?"

And this doubt, this suspicion, this terror grew upon him. Suppose that a force more powerful than his will, an irresistible and mastering force should overpower him, what would happen? Of course he would appear on the ground, as he had made up his mind to do so. Yes, but what would happen? What if he should be afraid? What if he should faint? And he began to think of his position, his reputation, of his name.

And a strange desire suddenly seized him to get up and look at himself in the glass. He relit his candle. When he saw his visage reflected in the mirror, he could hardly recognize himself; and it seemed as if he had never seen himself before. His eyes looked enormous, and he was pale—certainly he was pale, very pale indeed. He stood there in front of the mirror. He put out his tongue, as if to certify the state of his health; and all at once this thought shot through him like a bullet: "The day after to-morrow, at this very hour, perhaps I shall be dead!"

And his heart began to thump again, furiously.

"The day after to-morrow I shall, perhaps be dead. This person here before me—this 'I' that I see in that glass—will be no more. What! Here I am; I look at myself; I feel that I live; and in twenty-four hours I will be lying in that bed, dead; with eyes closed, cold, inanimate, gone from the world of the living."

He turned to look at the bed; and distinctly saw himself lying there, under the very same covers he had just left. His face had the hollowness of

dead face; his hands had the limpness of hands that will never move again. Then he became afraid of his bed, and in order to escape it, he went into his smoking room. He took a cigar, mechanically lighted it, and began to walk up and down again. He felt cold. He started to ring the bell, in order to wake up the valet-de-chambre; but stopped suddenly, even while his hand was raised to grasp the bell-cord.

"The servant would see that I am afraid." And he did not ring. He made the fire himself. His hands shook a little, with nervous tremblings whenever they touched anything. His mind wandered; his thoughts began to fly in confusion, brusque, painful. A sort of drunkenness came over him, as if he had been swallowing liquor. And over and over again he kept asking himself: "What will become of me?"

His whole body shuddered with spasmodic quiverings. He rose, and, going to the window drew aside the curtains.

The dawn was breaking—a summer dawn. The rosy sky made rosy the city, the roofs and the walls. A great glow of soft light enveloped the awakening city, like the caress of the sunrise; and with its coming there passed into the viscount's heart a ray of hope—nervous, quick, brutal! What a fool he was to allow himself to be worried by fear, before anything at all had been decided; before his seconds had seen those of George Lamil; before he so much as knew whether he would have to fight at all. He made his toilet, dressed, and walked out with a firm step.

As he went along, he kept repeating to himself: "I must be energetic—very energetic. I must prove that I am not a bit afraid."

His witnesses, the marquis and the colonel, put themselves at his disposal; and, after a hearty shake-hands, they began to discuss the conditions.

The colonel asked: "Do you insist upon a serious duel?" The viscount replied: "Very serious."

The marquis asked: "You wish pistols?" "Yes."

"Well, we leave you free to regulate the rest."

The viscount articulated in a dry, jerky voice: "Twenty paces—to fire at the word—to fire on the rise, instead of on the fall; balls to be exchanged until one or the other be seriously wounded."

The colonel exclaimed, in a tone of satisfaction: "These are excellent conditions. You shoot well, and all the chances are in your favor."

And they departed on their errand. The viscount returned home to wait for their return. His excitement, temporarily appeased, now began to increase every minute. He felt all along his legs and arms, in his chest, a sort of sinking—a continual quivering; he found himself utterly unable to remain quiet in one place, whether sitting or standing. His mouth felt dry, as if wholly devoid of saliva, and he clacked his tongue loudly every once in a while as if trying to unfasten it from his palate.

He wished to breakfast, but could not eat. Then the idea came to him to take a drink, in order to give himself courage; and he ordered a decanter of brandy brought in, from which he helped himself to six small glasses, one after another.

A heat, as of a burn, passed through him followed almost immediately by a sort of mental numbness. He thought: "Here's the remedy. Now I am all right."

But at the end of an hour he had emptied the decanter, and his excitement became intolerable. He felt a mad wish to roll upon the floor, to scream, to bite. Evening came. A sudden pull at the door-bell gave him such a sense of suffocation that he could not find strength to rise to receive his seconds. He did not even dare speak to them—not even to say "Good evening," or anything else—through fear that they might discover everything from the alteration of his voice.

The colonel said: "Everything has been arranged according to the conditions you stipulated. Your adversary at first claimed, as the insulted party, his right to the choice of weapons; but he almost immediately after waived his claim, and accepted everything you wished it. His seconds are two military men."

The viscount said: "Thanks."

The marquis exclaimed: "You must excuse us for only coming and going again, but we have still a thousand things to do. We must secure a good surgeon, since the duel is to end only on the serious wounding of one of the principals—and you know bullets are not things to joke about. Then we must settle upon a good place—near some noise or other, to which we can carry the wounded party if necessary—and all that sort of thing. In short, we've got two or three hours' work before us."

The viscount the second time articulated: "Thanks."

The colonel asked: "Well, you feel all right?—you are cool?" "Yes; very cool, thank you."

The two men retired.

When he found himself all alone again he felt as if he were going mad. When his servant had lighted the lamps he sat down at the table to write some letters. After having traced, at the head of a blank sheet of note-paper, the words: "This is my last will and testament," he rose to his feet with a sudden start and walked away, feeling incapable of putting two ideas together, of making any resolution, or deciding about anything whatsoever.

So, he was going to fight. There was no getting out of it now. What was the matter with him? He wished to

fight; he had the firm intention of fighting; he had resolved upon it; and nevertheless he clearly felt, in spite of his utmost determination, in spite of the utmost tension of his will, that he could not possibly find the force necessary to enable him to go as far as the place of meeting. He tried to picture the scene in his mind—his own attitude and the deportment of his adversary.

From time to time his teeth chattered with a little dry noise. He wanted to read, and took up Chateaubriand's "Code du Duel." Then he asked himself: "Does my adversary frequent the shooting-galleries? Is he known? Is his name published anywhere? How can I find out?"

He remembered Baron de Vaux's book on the expert pistol shots; and he went through it, from one end to the other. George Lamil's name was not mentioned in it. But still, if that man was not a good shot, he would never have been so prompt to accept a duel under such fatal conditions, with so dangerous a weapon.

As he walked up and down, he stopped before a little round table, on which lay one of Gastone Renette's well-known pistol-cases. He took out one of the pistols, placed himself in the position of a man about to fire, and raised his arm. But he trembled from head to foot, so that the barrel of the pistol quivered and pointed in all directions.

Then he said to himself: "It is simply impossible. I shall never be able to fight as I am now."

He looked down the muzzle of the barrel into the little, deep, black hole which spits out death. He thought of dishonor, of whispermings in the salons, of laughter at the clubs, of the contempt that women can show, of allusions in the newspapers, of the open insults he would receive.

Still he stared at the weapon, and, pulling back the hammer, he suddenly observed a cap shining under it: like a tiny red flame. The pistol had remained loaded by some chance, some forgetfulness. And the discovery filled him with a confused and inexplicable joy.

If he could not maintain before the other man the cool and dignified deportment which behooved him, then he would be ruined forever. He would be stamed, branded with the stamp of infamy—driven out of society! And that calm, fearless attitude he would not be able to have; he knew it; he felt certain of it. Yet he was brave enough, since he wanted to fight! He was brave, since—

But the half-shaped thought never completed itself in his mind; for suddenly opening his mouth as wide as he could, he thrust the muzzle of the pistol in, back to his very throat, and pulled the trigger.

When the valet-de-chambre—startled by the report of the pistol—ran in, he found his master lying on his back dead. A gush of blood had spattered over the white paper on the table and formed a great red blot immediately underneath the words: "This is my last will and testament."—Times-Democratic translation from the French of Guy de Maupassant.

An Afterpiece in a Circus.

A New York special to the Philadelphia Press, says: Among the animals on exhibition at the new Grand street museum in Brooklyn are a large elephant, which formerly belonged to Comp's circus, and a magnificent lion, which, for some time, has occupied a cage adjoining that of the elephant. The fact that the lion had already killed two keepers within as many years had caused the proprietors to construct a cage which they considered much stronger than any of the others. The elephant never seemed to like his black-maned companion and often evinced his dislike by putting his trunk through the iron bars of the cage in which the lion was confined and literally fulfilling Representative Richelieu Robinson's advice by twisting the latter's tail.

The elephant repeated this performance several times, and the managers feared that he meant mischief. When the exhibition was closed the elephant was removed to another part of the building, where the lion could not be seen. Keeper George Goodwin remained in the building after the gas had been shut off, quietly smoking a cigar. Suddenly he was startled by the clanking of chains on the lower floor, and, hurrying down stairs and glancing in the direction of the elephant, he found that he had snapped the chain which held him, and was carrying on just as he pleased.

He was trying to batter down the bars of the lion's cage. In the dim light Keeper Goodwin could see the crouching form and glaring eyes of the lion as he sprang forward against the bars. He had seized the elephant's trunk and a fierce fight ensued. The lion suddenly released his hold and the elephant quickly grasped his opponent's leg with his trunk in a vain attempt to pull him out of the cage. In the meantime all the animals were aroused by the light and their roars were plainly heard a block away.

Seizing his sharp steel hook, Goodwin sprang at the elephant and, striking him again and again, succeeded in forcing him back from the cage. Another keeper rushed at the cage to beat back the lion. The great beast on the outside was not, however, to be quickly subdued. With a powerful lunge he again dashed his massive weight against the bars. Keeper Goodwin was thrown down and badly bruised, but, seizing his prong again he forced the hook into the elephant's jaw, which so enraged the animal that it at once turned upon the keeper, who with difficulty escaped beyond the reach of the huge tusks, which were forced into the wall behind him.

The elephant was finally secured by ropes and chains, but not before both his tusks had been broken and his trunk and head severely lacerated. The lion's leg is thought to be broken, and he lay bleeding and unable to stir. Goodwin is confined at home from the bruises which cover every part of his body.

Runaway.

A well-to-do farmer in one of the best counties of Middle Tennessee owned a large number of slaves, and among them a negro about his own age. The latter was one of the "old family negroes" brought from Virginia. His name was Sam, and he was a faithful, docile creature, a great favorite of his master, and rather a privileged character on the plantation.

He was very industrious, and exemplary in his behavior excepting during that period when the time when roasting ears began to ripen, and the first appearance of frost. At this period Sam was always seized with an uncontrollable desire to "run away."

It occurred as regularly as a fit of "hay fever," was as incurable, and, like that disorder, could only be treated by change of air and locality. Sam declared that he "jess couldn't help hisself," and it became a settled and understood arrangement that he should go, and that the neighborhood should condone his raids on corn-fields and potato-patches. After many such escapades, his old master asked him on one occasion, when the matter was under discussion:

"Sam, do you really enjoy running away?"

"Deed, Marshe John," said Sam, "I does. Hit's de moos' fun in de worl'. Coon-huntin' aint nohowers to hit."

"Well, then," said Marshe John, "just let me know the next time you take a notion to start, and I'll go with you, and try it awhile myself."

Sure enough, in due season, Sam came up, saying—"Old Marshe, de time's mighty high when I blegged to lie out. Ef you gwine wid me, you better begittin' redly, for when de times comes I got to go quick."

Old Marshe kept a bright lookout, and when Sam started he was on hand. They had a delightful time. They fished occasionally, caught possums, picked blackberries for recreation, and haunted the greenest and shadiest nooks of the forest, all of which Sam knew well. "Old Marshe" had never enjoyed a summer so much. In fact he was so much pleased that he regularly afterward accompanied Sam when he went into annual retreat. At length Sam died. The old Master grieved for him sincerely. He was sad also over the reflection that his summer pastime would in future be denied him. But, to the amazement of all his friends, and not less his own, when roasting-ear time came again, the fit of restlessness seized him as strong as ever, and he ran away by himself.—Southern Bivouac.

An Interesting Point in Timber Growth.

Mr. W. W. Gullett, a Connecticut manufacturer who uses large quantities of oak and hickory annually in his business, has contributed to the October Outing some very interesting statements regarding the cultivation of timber. With regard to the amount of growth to allow before cutting timber, he says:

There is a proper time to cut a tree as there is a proper time to harvest a crop of corn or grass. If any one, in cutting an aged tree, will observe the concentric rings or grains, he will usually notice that there has been a period of rapid growth succeeded by a period of very slow growth; and, in the case of a very aged tree, it often happens that, for the last score or more of years, growth has come almost to a standstill, the grains being so fine as to show that the tree had but little more than held its own for a long time. Now, for all purposes requiring strength, this fine-grained timber on the exterior of the tree—the growth of twenty or thirty years, perhaps—is about as nearly worthless as anything could well be. And when we consider that the interior of the tree, which twenty or thirty years ago was vigorous and strong, has been waiting all this time to be put to use, until its vigor is exhausted and its strength decayed, it will be seen that it would have been better to cut the tree and obtained the benefit of its good qualities years ago. Much good ink has been wasted in deploping the destruction of our "primeval forests," but there are acres upon acres of trees in Connecticut that have been allowed to stand until their usefulness has been greatly impaired, sometimes destroyed, because we have not given sufficient attention to the proper time to harvest the crop after we have got it raised. Our hope of a future timber supply does not lie in the direction of preserving the old, which cannot be preserved beyond certain limits, but in producing the new.

McClellan and His Soldiers.

Worcester (Mass.) Spy. That he was a gallant, high-minded, courteous gentleman all who knew him personally will testify. He had the affection of his soldiers, and aroused their enthusiasm as no other commander of the army of the Potomac ever did. One reason for this was his uniform courtesy and the gracious manner of its manifestation. An example of this is related by an eye witness. Taking leave of the army of the Potomac in November, 1862, General McClellan with his staff rode rapidly along the front of the army drawn up in line to greet their commander for the last time. As the brilliant group swept by, the regimental colors of the 15th Massachusetts caught his attention. They had been out in many a shower of lead and had suffered especially at Antietam. Only a few rays fluttered from the shattered staff, which was patched with a band of tin ridely nailed on where it had been broken by a shot. No other color, in that part of the line at least, was so badly torn. Riding rapidly, McClellan had passed the regiment before he could check his horse, but then he wheeled, returned, and halting, saluted the color, pathetic symbol of valor and sacrifice, by slowly raising his cap. The thunder of cheers that acknowledged this act of gracious courtesy revealed one of the secrets of McClellan's popularity with his army.