GHOULS ROB DEAD

Many Acts of Vandalism at Michigan Train Wreck.

DEATH LIST AGAIN SWELLED

Body of Twenty-first Victim So Badly Charred It Cannot Be Recognized--Portland Man Reported Dead Escaped.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., Dec. 28.—In a rubber blanket on the slab in a local morgue are the charred and dismembered remains of the 20th victim of Saturday night's head-on collision on the Pere Marquette Railroad near East Paris. It was at first thought these remains were parts of one of the bodies previously recovered. Investigation at the morgue, however, showed that this could not be the case. So terribly disfigured is this last victim found at the scene of the wreck today that in all probability its identity will never positively be effected.

The Coroners are inclined to the belief that the body is that of a woman, but the railroad authorities say it must be a tramp riding on the "blind baggage," as no woman passenger, in their opinion, could have been thrown where this body was found. The odor of burned flesh informed the wrecking crew that another body was under the wrecked engines. When they had uncovered the remains of this additional victim they found only fragments of a human form. There were no arms or legs, only fragments of the skull and large bones, few teeth and most of the intestinal organs intact, but literally roasted.

The unidentified body in the morgue which was supposed to be that of A. J. Kingsley, has been identified as John Metheny McSween, of Reed City, Mich., 24 years of age. The erroneous identification that was made at first arose from the fact that the young man wore cuffs marked "A. J. K." McSween was working in a furniture factory in Grand Ledge, Mich., and was boarding with his uncle, A. J. Kingsley. It was one of the latter's cuffs on McSween that led to the wrong identification. McSween was on his way back to Grand Ledge, after a Christmas visit with his mother in Reed City.

Portland Man Not Killed.

Today's investigation proved that Allen H. Wells, of Big Rapids; Peter Weiringer, of Grand Rapids, and a man named Peterson or Thompson, of Sioux City, Ia., who were included in the list of dead, were not killed. A mistake also was made in the name of F. M. Gillett, of Portland, one of the victims. It should have been William G. Smith, of Portland.

It is believed that despite the extreme precautions and watchfulness of the Pere Marquette Railroad officials and co-officers, many acts of vandalism were committed at the wreck, and ghouls despoiled the bodies of the dead.

Coroner Hilliker stated today that nothing of any value whatever was found by him when he searched the dead, and he is satisfied that ghouls robbed the remains either while they were in the wreck or were being carried into baggage cars to be brought to this city.

Relatives of Lon J. Baldwin declare he had between $50 and $60 in his possession when he left this city with his wife and son Saturday afternoon, yet not so much as a nickle was found in his clothing.

It is believed by relatives of Bert Myers, of Lake Odessa, that his body was robbed of $100 and a watch and chain.

Mrs. L. J. Baldwin is known to have had $30 in her possession when she left Grand Rapids.

Sums of money ranging from $10 up to $50 are missing from bodies of victims who are known to have been carrying money. Sheriff Chapman is authority for the statement that a gang of men was fought off the relief train when it left Grand Rapids, but the Sheriff believes these men managed to get back on the train unnoticed.

M. J. Carpenter, vice-president and general manager of the Pere Marquette, arrived in this city today from Chicago. Mr. Carpenter declined to place the blame upon any one, making the following statement:

"All the employes who might be in any way responsible are tried men who have been in the employ of the company for many years. In the absence of any other explanation, I shall believe the agent's story that the light at McCord's was blown out."

WASHINGTON STOCKMEN.

Association Organizes at Walla Walla--First Officers.

WALLA WALLA, Wash., Dec. 28.—An association of stockmen of the State of Washington, to be called the Washington Livestock Association, was formed here today with 25 charter members and the following first-year officers: President, Oliver T. Cornwell, Walla Walla; vice-president, Paul Compton, Ritzville; secretary, Grant Copeland, Walla Walla; treasurer, M. McDonald, Walla Walla; county vice-presidents, A. J. Splawn, Yakima; Fred Stokes, Lincoln; W. H. Babcock, Douglas; A. L. Hooper, Adams; John McGregor, Whitman; E. S. Waterman, Walla Walla.

A. J. Splawn, North Yakima; Paul Compton, Ritzville; Grant Copeland, M. McDonald, Walla Walla; A. L. Hooper, Pampa, and W. H. Babcock, Wenatchee, were chosen delegates from the association to the National Livestock Convention at Portland. A committee was named to draft by-laws and constitution. Circulars inviting membership will be sent at once to all the large stockmen of the state.

SAME BAD SPELLING.

Gravelle, Alleged Blackmailer, Under Cross-Examination.

HELENA, Mont., Dec. 28.—In the Gravelle case today the defendant occupied the greater part of the day, being under cross-examination. He was called upon to write many of the words and phrases used in the threatening letters. In the letters some of the words were spelled peculiarly, and this peculiarity was noticeable in some of the words the defendant wrote. The writing done by Gravelle today was much better than that in the threatening letters.

Five witnesses for the defense followed the defendant. None of them gave testimony of importance, and none corroborated the testimony of Gravelle as to his whereabouts when explosions occurred on the Northern Pacific. The defense has one more witness, the state will introduce three in rebuttal, and it is expected the case will go to the jury Wednesday.

CITY OF BELLINGHAM.

Municipalities of Whatcom and Fairhaven Go Out of Existence.

WHATCOM, Wash., Dec. 28.—The two third-class cities of Whatcom and Fairhaven tonight passed out of existence, and the second-class City of Bellingham took her place in their stead among the municipalities of the state. A. L. Black was sworn in as the first Mayor, and he named C. M. Logsdon as Chief of Police. In his inaugural address Mayor Black said that the state law making gambling a felony must be enforced, even against private social organizations. Saloons may, however, keep their back doors open on Sunday.

Bellingham is the first second-class municipality in Washington since it became a state, and as the laws governing this class of cities have never been construed, the census will be taken immediately and the city advanced to the first class, where her population entitles her to rank.

PARROTS AS POLITICIANS.

Birds Trained to Say Food Will Cost More.

London Letter to New York Times.

The reference to parrots in this impationt speech reminds me of the fiscal parrot show held on Thursday under the management of the Daily Express.

Before the tariff reform campaign had been running very long somebody suggested that the opponents of Mr. Chamberlain's scheme were like a lot of parrots, with nothing to offer in answer to the arguments for protection except to iterate and reiterate. "Your food will cost you more." The express one day remarked to the free-fooders:

"That being all you have to say, why do any talking yourselves? Have some real parrots present your side of the controversy."

A little later the Express undertook to show London that its proposition was a practical one, and to this end advertised a fiscal parrot competition, in which the parrot which could most impressively say "Your food will cost you more" would receive £25. Hundreds and hundreds of pollies in London and hereabouts were put into training, and scores of them appeared on Thursday in St. James' Hall to show how well they could voice the free-fooders' contention. There was not a bird there whose owner was not willing to take oath that his pet had qualified for the competition.

But in a strange place, amid strange people and strange parrots, few of the competitors acquitted themselves creditably. There was plenty of swearing and shrieking, but little speechmaking on the fiscal question. The winner was a gray African, and when he said his "Your food will cost you more," after five minutes' profound fiscal reflection, his judgment greatly impressed both his feathered and his unfeathered auditors excepting one, an old hen parrot from Brazil, which angrily shrieked back: "You're a liar!"

As a parrot show the Express's exhibition was not much of a success, but as a bit of clever political satire it accomplished its purpose.

FEAR HE HAS ENDED LIFE.

Young Man Leaves Hotel Barefooted and Coatless.

Friends of Walter Boardman, a young man who recently arrived in Portland from the East, fear he has ended his own life. The police were notified of his disappearance last night, and are making a vigorous search for some clew of him.

Boardman was staying at the Palmer House. He has been very despondent for the past few days, and was more so than usual last night. Shortly before 2 o'clock last night he arose from his bed and left the house. He had neither hat, coat nor shoes, and no trace has been found of him since he left the house. His roommate, as soon as he missed him, rushed to the police station, and the officers on various beats were notified to look out for him. He has not been heard to threaten his own life, but he has been so despondent that his friends fear he has ended his grief by death.

Exhibit From the Philippines.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 28.—Father Jose Algue, S. J., director of the Manila Observatory and an attache of the United States Weather Bureau, has just arrived here on the steamer Siberia, on his way to St. Louis in charge of the scientific portion of the Philippine exhibit at the Exposition. He is accompanied by Roman Trinidad, a Filipino assistant, and August Fuster, an artist. Trinidad is a mechanic of skill, who has been engaged in the manufacture of many of the instruments in use at the observatory, and brings with him 120 sea sheels, on which are painted different subjects, most of them connected with the characteristics and customs of the various Filipino tribes, which will be made a part of the exhibit.

THE OVERWORKED EYE.
The faded Eye, the red and inflamed Eye, the Eye that needs care, relieved by Murine. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

PROMISE A SURPRISE

ARMSTRONG ATTORNEYS STILL HAVE RESOURCES.

May Bring the Case Before Judge Bellinger on a Petition for a Writ of Habeas Corpus.

BAKER CITY, Or., Dec. 28.—(Special.)—George J. Bently, of counsel for the defense in the Armstrong murder case, has gone to Salem, presumably for the purpose of securing a stay of execution of the sentence of the court. Notice of appeal from the order of Judge Eakin, fixing the date of execution, was served on District Attorney White immediately after the last hearing before the court in this case, but no further move has been made so far as known.

Mr. White will oppose any motion for a stay of execution and will insist on a hearing of the case on appeal before the Supreme Court at once in case an attempt to secure a stay of execution is made. Mr. White says there is plenty of time to hear and determine the appeal from the decision of Judge Eakin before the time set for Armstrong's execution January 22. There is reason to believe that an attempt will be made to bring the case before Judge Bellinger on a petition for a writ of habeas corpus as a matter of last resort in the event of a failure to secure Armstrong's release by the Supreme Court. Sheriff Brown has not made any move toward the preparations for the execution, nor has he placed the death watch on Armstrong, nor will he do so until the matter of the appeal to the State Supreme Court is disposed of.

Armstrong's attorneys still insist that he will not be hanged, but up to the present time have not disclosed their course of procedure, save to give notice of appeal. It is known that some positive action is contemplated at once, but the exact nature of the attack is unknown to the prosecution. It is hinted that the next move in Armstrong's behalf will be of a startling nature, in that it will spring a surprise on the prosecution. Further developments are awaited with considerable interest.

CO-EDS AS SERVANTS.

Sought Local Color in Kitchens of Chicago.

(Special to New York Press.)

CHICAGO.—"To produce a work of literature that shall have the lasting impress of truth," said a learned professor in the English department of the University of Chicago a few days ago, "the writer must have undergone in person the experiences of which he or she writes. For instance, I understand Frank Norris worked for a grain broker in order to get the full atmosphere necessary for the writing of "The Pit." Now, young ladies, when you prepare your weekly papers, write about something of which you know through personal experience."

That impressed his hearers greatly—particularly Miss Gertrude Emerson and Miss Frances Black. Before listening to the professor they had decided to write on the always interesting topic of household servants. They didn't like to give up that subject, but, of course, they never had worked in kitchens. Then Gertrude had a brilliant idea.

"If we're going to write about servants," said she, "why, then, let's be servants."

Frances was delighted with the novelty of the plan. So those two girls got a newspaper and eagerly read the "help wanted" advertisements. They found that a Mrs. Manning, of Michigan avenue, needed two maids. Just the chance. The seekers for first-hand literary material sought Mrs. Manning and were hired. That woman thought she had found a pair of treasures, for the luncheon the girls prepared was charming. They'd practiced with chafing dishes at dormitory "spreads." They washed the dishes like true artists in that line, and when it came to dusting bric-a-brac their gentleness was the marvel of their mistress.

They might have stayed there several days getting literary material had it not been for two unfortunate slips. One was when Gertrude, carrying a tureen of soup, tumbled and let the tureen fall; the other was when the startled Frances, forgetting her companion's assumed name, cried: "Oh, how could you, Gertrude Emerson!"

That was enough. Their mistress looked at the blushing faces, realized the truth and taxed them with their deception. They admitted it and sorrowfully doffed caps and aprons and returned to the pursuit of higher education.

"But we got lots of interesting things to write about," said Gertrude.

FULTON CAN WELL BE PROUD

His Lewis and Clark Speech Was a Great Stroke for a New Senator.

OREGONIAN NEWS BUREAU, Washington, Dec. 28. — Senator Fulton has abundant reason to be gratified at the manner in which his first speech was received by the Senate. Usually a new Senator cannot command the attention of his colleagues if he speaks early in his Senatorial career. It is an unwritten rule of the Senate that a new man shall not push himself forward during his first two years, and only on occasions when matters of special importance of his state are pending is he expected to participate in the debates or to deliver speeches before the Senate.

The Senate recognizes the importance to Oregon of the Lewis and Clark Exposition, and in view of this fact was ready to hear anything Senator Fulton had to say. Not only were many Senators present during his speech, but they were all attentive listeners and followed his remarks from the beginning to the end. There is no denying that Senator Fulton made a hit. He belongs to that class of Senators who speak freely and without notes. His manner of delivery, so well known in Oregon, appeals to the Senate. Not only are his words distinct, but his tones are loud and clear, and there is no difficulty in hearing and understanding him even in the remote corners of the Senate gallery.

Senator Fulton has confidence in himself. Notwithstanding the fact that he was speaking in the midst of orators of widespread fame, Senator Fulton experienced no embarrassment, but was at his ease during the full half hour in which he spoke.

While Senator Fulton will not be known as one of the most eloquent men in the Senate, he will be classed among those who speak forcibly, briefly and to the point. In this respect he differs from a number of the older Senators, who are too much addicted to prolonged remarks, and who tire their audiences by speeches of minute detail and unimportant incidents. Senator Fulton was complimented by quite a number of his colleagues on his Lewis and Clark speech. His speech was forceful and impressive. That it made an impression was shown by the fact that a number of Senators of long public career, who were reading papers or letters when he commenced, dropped them when Senator Fulton had spoken but a few minutes, and followed him closely to the end of his remarks.

Because of the general understanding which prevails in the Senate that new men, like children, should be seen and not heard, it is probable that Senator Fulton will make no more speeches during the present session of Congress unless it be in support of the Lewis and Clark bill when that measure comes up for consideration.

Hawthorne's Personality.

I remember once the graphic Tom Appleton, who used to say so many of the good things said in Boston, saying that Hawthorne "looked like a bonded pirate," and I remember also the grave displeasure with which Longfellow heard the phrase when repeated to him by one who was perhaps too great a lover of phrases. No doubt the poet, who was Hawthorne's lifelong friend, felt the subtle injustice which a certain aptness in the saying did the man whose gloomy presence expressed the ancestral as well as the individual personality. It is not for nothing that his forefathers lived 200 years in the Puritan atmosphere of New England, and were judges of witches before they went down to the sea in ships. Yet Hawthorne was not only a man of the past, but a man of the present. If he did not feel the tremendous wave of optimism that swept New England to a greater height of goodness than any other land has known, he knew the sweetness of living simply, purely, nobly. The evil that men too often do became for him merely the problem for a darkling imagination, and the passions yielded him the secret of their most tragical significance without first making him their prey.

Catarrh of the bladder and urethra are cured by Oregon Kidney Tea.

USE OF FINGER PRINTS

IDENTIFICATION BY THIS METHOD IS VERY ANCIENT.

Chinese Passports for Centuries Past Marked With Impression of Lines on Owner's Hand.

There is, perhaps, no more striking instance of the corroboration of old customs by modern science than in the matter of finger prints. For centuries the Chinese passport has been a government stamped piece of oilpaper on which the traveler impresses the lines of his hand, says the London Globe. Long ago the Celestials discovered that this is an effectual means of preventing the transfer of a passport, as the lines on the hands of no two persons are alike. In several recent robberies the London police have effected remarkable arrests from the simple clew of a finger-print on paint or glass. By photographing the impression and searching the records at Scotland Yard the identity of the criminal who made the mark has been discovered and his arrest has followed. Thus strangely do Eastern lore and Western science meet.

It is only in these last ten years that we have discovered and systematized the knowledge of the value of finger prints which Asiatics have long dimly utilized. Purkenje, a German doctor, in 1823, was the first European to draw attention to the definite and varying patterns traced on the top phalanges of the fingers and thumb. His treatise received little notice. But working quite independently, Sir William Herschel began, about 40 years ago, to put finger-prints to practical use in India. In registering the sale or purchase of land many Hindoos who could not write refused to make their mark and insisted on an aboriginal method of signing documents by impressing their ink-bedaubed thumb on the paper. The Mikado of Japan used similarly to smear his thumb with vermilion and print it on state documents.

The Hindu custom so struck Sir William Herschel that about 1860 he began to insist on the parties to deeds affixing their thumb-prints to the documents and to the register. Then, if the transaction were repudiated, or forgery alleged, as is common in India, the disputant was required to give his thumb-print, and the comparison of this with the thumb-print in the register settled the dispute.

But to Francis Galton is due the discovery of the definite value of finger-prints. He took up their study 15 years ago, and in five years had reduced the subject to a science. He experimented and discovered the best method of taking imprints from the fingers. He collected the finger-prints of a large number of people, and examined and classified them. By comparison of the finger-prints of several persons taken at intervals of years he established the fact that the papillary ridges or lines on the finger tips are permanent throughout life. A child is born with its fingers lined in a certain unique pattern; the finger grows in size, but through boyhood, manhood, and maturity the pattern remains unchanged. From infancy to senility, and until long after death, the finger prints remain true to their first form and never change. Injuries may destroy the pattern to some extent, but never entirely. A burn reduces the pattern to a blank, but as it heals the original lines assert themselves exactly as before.

But while the individual's finger-prints never alter, no two finger-prints have ever been found to be exactly alike. Mr. Galton calculates that the chance of identity is less than one in sixty-four thousand millions.

Here, therefore, was Nature's own method of personal identification. If two finger-prints coincide exactly it is practically certain that they are prints of the same finger of the same person. Obversely, if they differ it is equally certain that the impressions are made by different persons. When in 1894 the Home Office revised its methods of identifying criminals, Mr. Galton's scheme of finger-prints was adopted in conjunction with M. Bertillon's system of anthropological measurements.

Printer's ink is spread evenly on a slab, the person inks his fingers thereon and then presses them on to a piece of white paper, not too highly glazed. The resulting imprint is a clear and definite facsimile of the lines patterned on the finger tip. The criminal thus prints each of his thumbs and fingers on a special docket. He also impresses simultaneously the first, middle and ring fingers of each hand. The resulting paper of 16 finger prints is classified and pigeon-holed by experts. Scotland Yard divides all finger-prints into four classes—arches, loops, whorls and composites—and by an ingenious system of filing makes it as easy to identify a finger-print as to turn up any given man's address in a directory. When a burglary is committed and a finger print is found on a window the impression is photographed, and if the criminal records contain that identical finger print it and its owner's name are discovered in five minutes. This is the root and branch of the system which has recently resulted in some amazing arrests.

For the last six years finger-prints have also been used in India for preventing as well as punishing crime. All military and civil pensioners must now receipt their pensions with their finger-prints, which are compared with a register of pensioners' finger-prints. In this way impersonation is prevented, and pensioners no longer live forever. In selling land the vendor impresses his left thumb on the deed and in the register. If he afterward repudiates the sale he is required to give this thumb-print in open court; and finger-prints cannot be forged in fac-simile. In the opium department, the survey and Postoffice of India finger-prints are now in constant use and of invaluable service as an infallible proof of identity. It is, of course, possible for a man to destroy the tell-tale lines on his finger-tips, but such a mutilation would be extremely painful and in itself a means of identification. Short of such mutilation, nothing avails against the witness of finger-prints; they differ in every finger and person, and from birth to death never deviate from their unique distinct individuality.

Coal Is Plenty in Oregon.

Tacoma News.

The Oregonian has some observations to make on the "good results of free coal" and objects to the restoration after January 15 of the duty of 67 cents per ton on soft coal. Washington has abundance of coal and can supply Oregon and California with all that they need, but our esteemed Portland contemporary wants the Washington mines to compete with British Columbia for their trade. The Oregonian never did care much for the principle of protection to home industries, unless "home" meant Portland.

SENATOR HOAR'S OWN STORY:

THE RUPERT OF DEBATE AND THE PICKWICK OF PARTISAN POLITICS—BROOKLYN EAGLE'S DELIGHTFUL REVIEW OF MASSACHUSETTS SENATOR'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

Brooklyn Eagle.

One of the interesting books of the season, published by Charles Scribner's Sons, of this city, has for its title "Autobiography of Seventy Years." The author of it is George Frisbie Hoar, the senior Senator of the United States from Massachusetts. He is within close range of 80 years of age, and he has been in the Senate for well night three decades. Should his life be spared to the end of his present term, his period of Senatorial service will equal, if not exceed, that of Thomas Hart Benton, of Missouri. Senator Hoar is a man of distinguished ancestry, as ancestry is finely invested with distinction in Massachusetts. His parents, grandparents and great-grandparents and ancestors farther back were notable for personal virtue, public spirit, sincere piety, unstained civic service and consistent and persistent adhesion to clear-cut, inclastic and inclusive religious and political convictions.

Senator Hoar himself resembles his ancestors and honors them. He honors them not only in his recollections and tributes, but in his public and personal life. He a little exceeds any known quality of theirs in this respect: He is a critic—and a partisan. That is to say, he is a critic of the organization in which he believes, to which he belongs and to which he gives in equal division his intellectual and moral dissent or attack, and his final vote at the polls or on roll call. "Mr. Hoar always talks against us and generally votes with us," said President McKinley. This has made the American people take him less seriously than he takes himself. Or, rather, it has made each party take him seriously—in turn. The opposition hails him as "a recruit"—up to the final vote. Then the party to which he belongs welcomes him as "a regained prodigal." He has thus impartially paired off with himself on repeated occasions. He does not know that comedy is the condition which he creates or represents, for he is absolutely conscientious, absolutely serious, and absolutely destitute of the humor which makes inconsistency so plain that one can avoid it, and contradiction of views by votes so absurd that a saving sense of due proportion would enable one to escape it.

Aside from this, he is a fine old man. His egotism is in itself a sort of charm. It is not the ponderous and encrusted egotism of Charles Sumner, who esteemed himself superior and indispensable to Deity. It is the placid, smiling, innocent, credulous, happy, unconscious egotism of a non-humorous Pickwick. Plus that, Mr. Hoar is as learned as guileless, as industrious as peppery, as fearless as "touchy," as kind of heart as he is tart of tongue. His anger is short-lived. His kindness is constant. His malice is a devilitry which expends itself only on issues and never on persons, and his innocent conviction of his own political inerrancy is one of the most beautiful illusions in the world.

The book he has written comprises two large volumes. The printing of them is in big, clear type, with generous margins. The chapters of these volumes are not entirely sequential, though there is a filmy theory of succession in them. But every time the old man strikes a subject or an incident or a phase of opinion on which he has differed from most of his fellowmen he sets it forth with great detail, irrespective of proportion and almost irrespective of its relation to what comes before or to what follows.

We cannot better or more innocently exhibit Mr. Hoar's love of life and liking for himself than to say that the index of these volumes contains quite three pages of particulars in which he refers to himself, only five lines in which he refers to Abraham Lincoln, only two lines in which he refers to Henry Cabot Lodge, his colleague in the Senate from Massachusetts; only eight lines of enumerated allusions to Charles Sumner, only two allusions whatever to Henry L. Pierce, and so on and so on. The revelation of this is as guileless and amusing as it is suggestive. Mr. Hoar, without knowing it, has written a large book rather to give the effect which he has exercised upon public affairs by taking part in them, than the effect of the history of his country upon himself. When he drops controversy he is charming. His estimates of the men who have differed from him are bubbling, generous and affectionate. The words of the addresses in which he has shown on public subjects his difference from other men are acrimonious. Questions make him a partisan. Friendship makes him a eulogist. A difference of opinion, from a friend, somehow leads him more to admire those against whom he votes than those with whom his votes are cast. His fellow Republicans share partisan opportunity and partisan distinction with him. The Democrats of the Senate afford to him a sense of contrast which renders his estimate of them free from rivalry and which deprives them, as the case is not with Republicans, of the power to be on sharing terms with him in political claims or in Republican estimate.

We do not believe that this scholar, gentleman, essayist, orator and bi-lateral politician realizes the superiority of his heart to his liver. But his readers will realize it, and will gladly recognize that nature or God has contributed to his moral constitution more than Massachusetts and Republicanism have contributed to his intellectual storage. He is probably wholly unaware of that powder of vitrol in his intellectual preference, for out of his heart there are the issues of life, and this man's heart is as the heart of a little child. Debate excites him. Questions inflame him. Controversy arouses him to verbal heat. But when he has delivered himself of a public address, the bile is gone, and the love of his fellow men has a chance to reassert itself.

This is especially shown in these two volumes. There are more criticisms in them of Republicans than of Democrats. The criticisms of Republicans are more bitter than those of Democrats. But the criticism of Democracy is much more acrid than the criticism of Republicanism. For his party and with it Mr. Hoar votes. Against it in many of his speeches he holds a brief. We do not think there is another state in this Union that would have continued in the Senate a man who so long and so ludicrously has contradicted, in so many instances, his views by his votes, or his votes by his views. But that is the Massachusetts of it. And that is the generosity and the largeness of it. That state informally appoints its Senators for life, unless they voluntarily decline re-election. Sumner supported Greeley against Grant, but Massachusetts was on the verge of re-electing him, when he died. It did re-elect Mr. Hoar, when he opposed the policy of the Republican party under President McKinley in the matter of the treaty of Paris, and it gave to him carte blanche for life. To be "different" rather than "right" is his fate or choice. That is why these volumes abound with sweetness and light, for political opponents, in larger measure than for political supporters. We know of no book in which inverted proportions are more apparent, in which advocacy is more superlative, in which dissent is more bitter, or in which personal tributes, especially of political foes, are more generous, even to fulsomeness, or more charitable, even to "softness." He's a dear and a queer old man, whose bark is the roaring of a lion, whose bite is the caress of a bird, whise infuriation of temper, in the discussion of questions, goes to the extreme of intensity, and whose loveliness of feeling, toward his Senatorial associates, is as weet as Summer, as clear as light, as innocent as infancy, and as undiscriminating as an idolator of language—or of feeling—could exploit.

We advise readers to obtain the volumes. They will find the statements of events inside the Senate vivid, vital and illuminating. They will discern what we may advisedly call the beauty of the life of the Senate. The friendships of that body will strongly impress them. The fellowships of it will explain to them many things which neither published debate nor acrimonious editorials will ever explain. The love which all of the Senators have for Mr. Hoar will be insensibly appreciated. The love which he has for nearly all of them will be apparent. Those of them who are dead, who in the past rubbed him the wrong way, come in for rather spiteful scratches. Grant and Conkling, for instance, and Schurz, just a little. Toward Butler especially he has no toleration and for him no patience. But the trend of the book is toward charity. The spirit of the book is the spirit of praise, and, in places, of unconscious patronage. The literary style of it is a union, or, rather, an alternation, of sentiment and stiffness. Where the old man writes carefully, the style is a model. Where he shovels in old speeches or extracts from splenetic debates, he is controversial and acid.

But we are not going to praise or dispraise the book. We are not going to count its merits or its faults. We would merely be thankful that Mr. Hoar has written it, for it is an unedited exhibition of his pure, his queer, his intense personality. His countrymen will be glad that he has made this exhibition of himself, for they like him not a little, and wish to him an unbroken enjoyment of the happiness which he takes out of politics, out of literature and out of life.

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