BIG AMERICAN SIDESHOW FOR THE CORONATION

FAMOUS OLD CRYSTAL PALACE IS GOING TO HOLD A YANKEE EXPOSITION.

LONDON, Jan. 31.—(Special Correspondence.)—There is going to be a really big American exhibition at the Crystal Palace here, opening on May 15. Not much has been said about it yet—perhaps because it was thought to be too early—but it looks as if it were going to help American trade in Europe enough to count for a lot in the ledgers of international commerce. Anyway, it is going to be interesting for more reasons than one.

It is a foregone conclusion that there will be a bigger and a more cosmopolitan crowd in London to see the different pageants in connection with the gorgeous coronation ceremony at Westminster Abbey than ever there has been before, or, in all probability, ever will be again in our day, and the representative American business men declare that the manufacturers of the United States never before have had such an opportunity for advertising their products to the rest of the world as the Crystal Palace show offers to them. That American producers realize this is demonstrated by the way applications for space in the palace are pouring in.

Probably every American has heard of the Crystal Palace at one time or another. It is the famous building of glass that housed the first International Exhibition, held in London, in 1851. This exhibition was, of course, given in Hyde Park, but the great glass house was regarded as such a marvel that instead of being destroyed after the exhibition was over, it was taken down and rebuilt on Sydenham Hill, half an hour out from the heart of London. Since then the Crystal Palace has been the Londoner's favorite playground. All through the year different kinds of trade and other exhibitions are being held there, and there is literally no end of permanent entertainments—a circus, a theater, a roller-skating rink, a miniature lake, an immense concert hall, side shows and such things. The building alone covers over 16 acres and the grounds in connection therewith over 200. They include two fair-sized lakes, a picturesque sweep of gardens, a football gridiron, a bicycle track and a cricket-ground.

Chiefly in consequence of the remarkable "boom" which practically every type of American produce has enjoyed in England during the past year, the Crystal Palace managers got the idea of an American Exhibition and laid the plan before the American Society in London. Although this society numbers among its members practically every representative American in London, it has hitherto devoted its attention only to social matters and to looking after fellow-citizens who need charity.

Worth Doing Well.

Discussing the subject, F. C. Van Duzer, the secretary of the American Society, said: "It was merely a question whether the exhibition at the Crystal Palace should be a showing of popcorn and candy with tinned succotash and a few bottles of catsup lying around, or whether it should be an adequate, gathering of American productions that would be a credit to our manufacturers and really representative of American progress and enterprise. Probably there will be over 100,000 American tourists in London next Summer. If they know that there is an American exhibition at the Crystal Palace, nearly every one of them will go to see it and to find a poor display would be a considerable annoyance to them. This was the consideration which induced the American Society to reply to the proprietors of the Crystal Palace that if they would consent to the appointment of an advisory board, composed of prominent Americans and prominent Englishmen, empowered to see to it that the exhibition was planned and carried out on such lines as to be a credit to the United States and her industrial forces, the American Society would put its shoulder to the wheel and exert all its influence to make the fair a success.

"To this suggestion the Crystal Palace managers agreed at once, and the advisory committee which was appointed is remarkable for the standing of both its English and American members. Bear in mind that the society's interest in the show is purely a patriotic one. Our only wish is to see that the American exhibition is an adequate display of American manufactures.

"Personally I feel that this is the greatest opportunity that Americans ever had in Europe, and we are every one of us working tooth and nail to get the best that can be got from home. The society has made representations to the State Department, which is favorably disposed toward us, and a letter has been addressed to the Governors of all the states in the Union, asking them to help. The exhibition probably will be opened by Mr. Choate, and it can be said confidently that both King Edward and Queen Alexandra will visit it soon after it is opened, and that representatives of every self-governing and crown colony will be present."

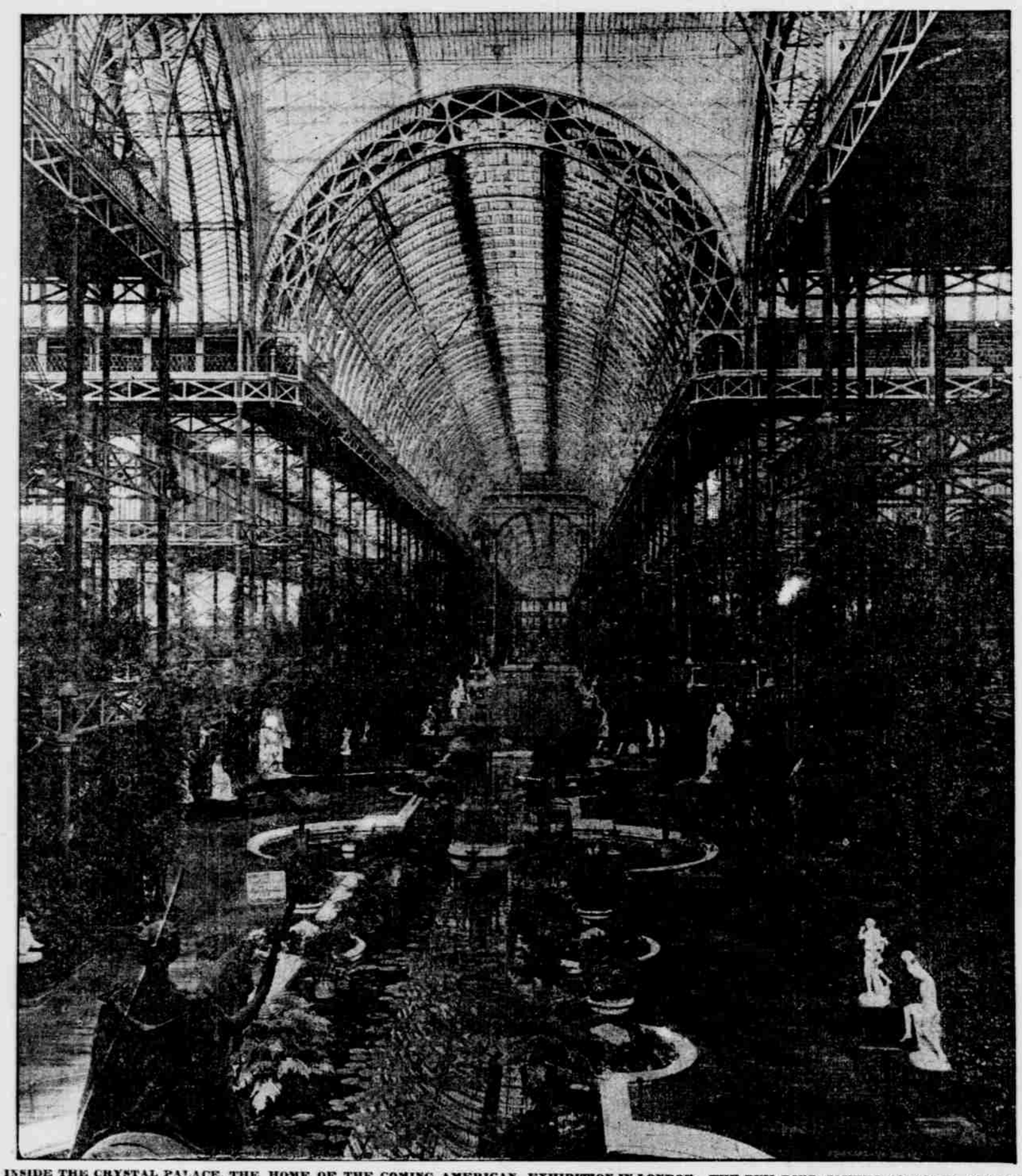
Another important member of the American Society, who is, perhaps, even more closely in touch with the details than Mr. Van Duzer, said to the writer:

"Already the success of the American show is assured. The society's representative in New York cables that he has more applications for space than he can allot, and the number, variety and descriptions of the exhibits which are secured now indicate that the fair will be representative of the best that we have in America. Taken as a whole, the exhibition is much further advanced than is usual so far ahead of the opening day. The semi-official royal patronage will give the exhibition a great boom, and the friendly attitude taken by the London press makes it certain that it is going to flourish. This attitude is largely the result of the spirit in which the project is being carried forward. Its avowed object is not 'American invasion,' but the encouragement of mutual trade between England and America. With this idea, companies working with British capital and employing British labor are entitled to exhibit in this show so long as they are making American things. I cannot imagine a better chance for our manufacturers than this exhibition will afford. They will have 12,000,000 of people passing through the turnstiles."

This conversation took place at the Crystal Palace yesterday. As yet there are few signs of the coming exhibition visible in the interior of the great glass building. Even in the Winter the Palace is well patronized, and there were crowds around the hundreds of small stalls that soon will be replaced by the booths of American exhibitors, and in the circus, the skating rink, the theater and the great amphitheater, where the annual Handel concert is given. In the grounds, however, indications that something out of the ordinary is going to happen before long are not lacking. The amusement company which leases the famous "false lake" in the Palace grounds, where the Spanish-American War was fought over again last Summer with miniature cruisers, are building what they say will be the most ambitious spectacle they ever undertook. Given the immense tank, besides the "shoot the chutes" arrangement which exists already, they are putting up a marvelous contrivance by which an endless stream of boats, self-propelled, is to be shot through a maze of narrow canals, flanked with picturesque scenery. Besides this, the "bay" is being dotted with small islands topped with picturesque lighthouses and connected with rocky bridges. The borders of the lake also will be, to all appearance, of the most enduring granite, although as viewed in the making they closely resemble wood covered with cement. The water tanks and accessories all are being hidden between high mountain peaks, also of wood and cement. When the job is completed it will make a fairy picture. Boats, gondolas, and electric launches will ply among the imitation islands, and by night the scene will be made dazzling by innumerable electric lights.

The work of building this remarkable miniature of Nature was in charge of a short, stout English manager, who proved to have some shrewd opinions on the subject of international trade relations. Shaking his head dubiously he delivered this pointed observation:

"I think it's not particularly patriotic of the Crystal Palace managers to start this American exhibition in the coronation year, but I can admire the Americans for snapping up the chance to show their stuff. I suppose it serves our people right, but it seems tough to think of our paying for the circus and the Americans calmly starting the biggest sideshow. In my opinion, going into this show at the Crystal Palace is the smartest thing the Americans have done. Why, the whole world is coming to see the coronation. People from all over the Continent of Europe will be here. They all will come out to see the great palace of glass, and instead of an exhibition of British stuff here they will find an American show. Think of all those native Princes and potentates from India and everywhere else that will be here. They are all rich and they are all eager to buy ingenious devices, and they will snap up the things that come under their eyes. They will not go to showrooms to look at stuff, but everyone of them will visit this exhibition and the boom in American exports will be greater than ever. That's from my side as a loyal Englishman. But in my position of manager of this recreation ground, I'd ten times as soon have an American exhibition at the Crystal Palace than a British one, because I know that it will be ten times a better show and that everyone connected with it will coin money!" CURTIS BROWN.



INSIDE THE CRYSTAL PALACE, THE HOME OF THE COMING AMERICAN EXHIBITION IN LONDON. THE BUILDING COVERS 16 ACRES, CONTAINS 100,000 SQUARE FEET OF FLOOR SPACE, AND WILL ACCOMMODATE 10 MILES OF EXHIBITS.

SUITABLE FOR THE SCRAP BOOK

Don't Cheer, Boys.

Caspar Schenck.

The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring.
—Bayard Taylor.

Don't cheer, boys, they're dying,
—Captain Philip, at Santiago.

Don't cheer, boys, they're dying,
The battle is won;
Their ships are all burning,
And silenced each gun.

All stranded and helpless,
Their vessels are wrecks,
With the proud flag of Spain
Lying prone on their decks.

Those decks are like shambles,
Their scuppers run gore;
They who fought us like heroes
Can fight us no more.

Don't cheer, boys, but think
Of the widows in Spain
Who'll await the return
Of their husbands in vain;

Of the children and maidens,
In homes far away,
Whose fathers and lovers
Have fallen today;

Of the hearts that will break,
And the tears that will flow,
For the men who are dying,
No longer our foe.

Let your heads be uncovered,
And bated your breath;
Don't cheer, boys, don't cheer,
In the presence of death.

Oh, gallant Jack Philip,
So gentle, so true;
When the battle was on
None were braver than you;

And there came from a heart
That never knew fear,
Those sweet words of mercy,
"Don't cheer, boys, don't cheer."

What I Live For.

I live for those who love me,
Whose hearts are kind and true;
For the heaven that smiles above me
And awaits my spirit, too;
For all human ties that bind me,
For the task by God assigned me,
For the hopes not left behind me,
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story
Who've suffered for my sake;
To emulate their glory
And follow in their wake;
Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages,
The noble of all ages,
Whose deeds crown history's pages,
And times' great volume make.

I live to hold communion
With all that is divine;
To feel there is a union
'Twixt nature's heart and mine;
To profit by affliction,
Reap truths from fields of fiction,
Grow wiser from conviction,
And fulfill each grand design.

I live to hail that season
By gifted minds foretold,
When men shall live by reason,
And not alone by gold;
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted
As Eden was of old.

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit, too;
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.
—G. Linneaus Banks.

Ode to the Oregon Grape.

Aura G. Haddock.

Oregon grapes in their midsummer splendor,
Clothing the forest in emerald green—
Where are the blooms that such beauty can render,
And spread such a fullness and grace o'er the scene?
Every gay tint of the sweet yellow flowers,
Every bright garland that innocence weaves,
Though culled from the fairest of Nature's gay bowers,
Is cold if not blended with Oregon's leaves.

Chorus—
Pure as the snow that is coming,
Red as the rose that is gone,
Gold as the heart of the lilies,
Pink as the flush of the dawn;
Confident, winsome and stately,
You throng in the wane of the year,
Trooping an army of banners,
When the forests are leafless and sere.

Beautiful leaves in chill Winter's blast falling;
Oft have I thought as they dropped one by one,
The grapes were obeying some mystical calling
That lured them to stay when Summer was gone.
Every gay tint of the sweet yellow flowers,
Every bright garland that innocence weaves,
Though culled from the fairest of Nature's gay bowers,
Is cold if not blended with Oregon's leaves.

Solitude.

Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone;
For the sad old earth must borrow its mirth,
But has trouble enough of its own.
Sing, and the hills will answer;
Sigh, and it is lost on the air;
The echoes bound to a joyful sound,
But shrink from voicing care.

Rejoice, and men will seek you;
Grieve, and they turn and go.
They want full measure of all your pleasure,
But they do not need your woe.
Be glad, and your friends are many;
Be sad, and lose them all—
There are none to decline your nectar'd wine,
But alone you must drink life's gall.

Feast, and your halls are crowded,
Fast, and the world goes by;
Succeed and give, and it helps you live,
But no man can help you die.
There is room in the halls of pleasure
For a large and lordly train,
But one by one we must all file on
Through the narrow aisles of pain.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Goin' to Bite.

When the shadders thicken evenin's,
An' the fireflies kinder shine,
An' the wind is softly moanin'
Through the hemlock an' the pine;
When the crickets are a-chirpin',
An' the frogs'll croak at night,
Then you'd best be gittin' ready—
For the fish is goin' to bite.

When it comes roun' time for seedin',
An' there's breakin' to be done,
An' you've got to put in garden,
An' a thousand things in one,
An' you feel a kinder itchin'
An' you can't explain it quite,
Then you'd best be gettin' ready—
For the fish is goin' to bite.

When the days are gettin' longer,
An' the bees are 'mongst the flowers,
An' the world is lookin' fresher
Watered by the April showers;
When the lilacs are a-buddin'
An' the crocus cup in sight,
Then you'd best be gettin' ready—
For the fish is goin' to bite.
—Claude Hillel.

If Death Should Come.

May Austin Low.

If death should come, with sudden step, and strong,
And dim my eyes and hush my happy song,
How loth were I to go. I gauge not heaven,
But grasp how good this life which God has given.

If death should come—oh! never deem that I
Could gladly rest beneath the gladsome sky
Somewhere afar—beyond the radiant sun—
My soul would grieve for all I left undone.

Somewhere my soul would sorrow for the earth,
And my heart's dear ones that my flesh gave birth,
And all earth's dreams, and hopes, and happy days,
The unlived rapture of life's wondrous ways.

To Oregon.

Land where the rays of the sunset
Bid adieu to a continent vast,
And the moon in her silvery circuit
Sheds the sheen of her floodlight last,
Thou art dear to my heart, though I wander
Far away from thy golden shore,
And I turn with a thrill of pleasure
To glance back o'er the days of yore.

Land where the forests are grander
And tower the mountains more high,
And the limpid streams meander
'Neath a purer and brighter sky
Than that where the brave old Tiber
Reflects back the starlit dome,
Dear land of the West, I adore thee,
And dream of my dear old home.

My home, where the lake and the river
Commingle their waters in one,
And the bright-hued maple leaves quiver
In the rays of the setting sun.
There the song of the Spring-bird is sweeter
And the air breathes a fragrant perfume,
Richer far than the zephyrs of Ceylon,
Wafted seaward from orange-grove bloom.

While Columbia sweeps on to the ocean,
And Willamette flows sparkling and bright
Through the valleys, in ardent devotion
Will I cherish the glorious sight
Of meadow, of woodland and mountain,
Of forest; e'en Pacific's blue wave
Utters music with charms without equal,
As its waters thy fair borders lave.

Dear land, thou art mine; I inherit
All the title to call thee mine own
And share with the friends of my boyhood
Within thy grand borders a home.
And when the last summons is given,
That bids me from labor to rest,
All I ask, save an entrance in heaven,
Is to sleep on thy broad, fruitful breast.
—W. A. McPherson.

Go Where Glory Waits Thee.

Go where glory waits thee,
But, while fame elates thee,
O still remember me!
When the praise thou meetest
To thine ear is sweetest,
O then remember me!
Other arms may press thee,
Dearer friends caress thee,
All the joys that bless thee,
Sweeter far may be;
But when friends are nearest,
And when joys are dearest,
O then remember me!

When at eve thou rovest
By the star thou lovest,
O then remember me!
Think, when home returning,
Bright we've seen it burning,
O thus remember me!
Oft as Summer closes,
On its lingering roses,
Once so loved by thee,
Think of her who wove them,
Her who made thee love them,
O then remember me!

When, around thee dying,
Autumn leaves are lying,
O then remember me!
And, at night, when gazing
On the gay hearth blazing,
O still remember me!
Then should music, stealing
All the soul of feeling,
To thy heart appealing,
Draw one tear from thee;
Then let memory bring thee
Strains I used to sing thee—
O then remember me!
—Thomas Moore ("Irish Melodies").

Unbelief.

There is no unbelief;
Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod
And waits to see it push away the clod,
He trusts in God.

Whoever says when clouds are in the sky,
"Be patient, heart; light breaketh by and by,"
Trusts the Most High.

Whoever sees 'neath Winter's field of snow,
The silent harvests of the future grow,
God's power must know.

Whoever lies down on his couch to sleep,
Content to lock each sense in a slumber deep,
Knows God will keep.

Whoever says "Tomorrow," "The unknown,"
"The future," trusts the Power alone
He dares disown.

The heart that looks on when eyelids close,
And dares to live when life has only woes,
God's comfort knows.

There is no unbelief;
And day by day, and night, unconsciously,
The heart lives by that faith, the lips deny,
God knoweth why.
—Edward Bulwer Lytton.

The Tide Rises, the Tide Falls.

The tide rises, the tide falls,
The twilight darkens, the curlew calls;
Along the sea-sands damp and brown
The traveler hastens toward the town,
And the tide rises, the tide falls.

Darkness settles on roofs and walls,
But the sea, the sea in the darkness calls;
The little waves, with their soft, white hands,
Efface the footprints in the sands,
And the tide rises, the tide falls.

The morning breaks; the steeds in their stalls
Stamp and neigh, as the hostler calls;
The day returns, but nevermore
Returns the traveler to the shore,
And the tide rises, the tide falls.
—Henry W. Longfellow.

Different Minds.

Some murmur when their sky is clear
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue;
And some with thankful love are filled
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's good mercy, gild
The darkness of their night.

In palaces are hearts that ask,
In discontent and pride,
Why life is such a dreary task,
And all good things denied;
And hearts in poorest huts admire
How Love has in their aid
(Love that never seems to tire)
Some rich provision made.
—Richard Chenevix Trench.

A Seashell.

I have seen
A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract
Of inland ground, applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell,
To which in silence hushed, his very soul
Listened intensely; and his countenance soon
Brightened with joy; for from within were heard
Murmurings whereby the monitor expressed
Mysterious union with its native sea.
Even such a shell the universe itself
Is to the ear of faith; and there are times,
I doubt not, when to you it doth impart
Authentic tidings of invisible things;
Of ebb and flow, and ever-during power;
And central peace subsisting at the heart
Of endless agitation. —Wordsworth.

Verses Asked For.

H. S. S. asks for the verses containing:

Thus I would play the enchanter's part
In casting bliss around,
And not a tear or aching heart
Should in this world be found.

E. W. G. asks: "Whose rendering of the 'Rubaiyat' i sthe following, taken from the opening lines:

Wake! for morning into the bowl of night
Has' flung the stone which put the stars to flight.

"It is neither LeGallienе's nor Fitzgerald's, but I have seen it somewhere, though I have ransacked my books in vain."

W. T. W. asks for:

"The Blessed Damosel," by Dante Gabriel Rossetti; "He Heard Her Sing," by James Thomson, author of "The City of Dreadful Night," written about 1874 or 1875.

H. M. W. asks for verses published about 25 years ago, purporting to have been suggested by a call from Oregon to the East to send women to the West to marry Oregon men to save them. The first verse runs:

A cry comes over from Oregon
For a carload, not of women wan,
But women of blood and brain and brawn,
Come, marry these men to save them.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

A Word to Correspondents.

This department of The Sunday Oregonian is open to those who seek general information. It is not open to controversies, least of all religious disputes, nor to The Oregonian's opinion of the opinion of some one else, nor to correcting false statements in other newspapers, nor to idle questions, nor to hypothetical subjects, nor to explanations of why this is the 20th century, nor to personal views of correspondents on any topic, nor to trifling matters. Let this statement serve to explain why more than 20 letters received recently are not answered today.

No reasonable pains will be spared to secure information of general interest asked for. Indeed The Oregonian has expended much time and the service of members of its staff to get answers to questions which interested no one except those who asked them, but they were asked in good faith and courtesy prompted replies by mail. This service will not be discontinued where self-addressed, stamped envelopes are inclosed with inquiries, but be it understood that these columns are devoted to information of general interest.

Batch of Questions.

Has any boundary or other claims between Great Britain and the United States ever been settled by arbitration? If so was it satisfactory to the people of this country?

Yes to both questions.

Is it a fact that Thomas Jefferson never issued a Thanksgiving proclamation during the eight years he was President? What were his reasons for not following the custom?

Yes. It was not the custom in his day. Congress recommended days of thanksgiving during the revolution and in 1784 for the return of peace, as did Madison in 1815. Washington appointed such a day in 1789 and 1795. Since 1817 Thanksgiving has been observed annually in New York and since 1863, when Lincoln set the example, the Presidents of the United States have issued proclamations recommending the last Thursday in November as Thanksgiving day.

Is there any foundation for believing that Thomas Paine was the real author of the Declaration of Independence?

No.

To what churches did the first three Presidents belong?

Washington was an Episcopalian, Adams was a Congregationalist, Jefferson belonged to no church. He was a Deist.

After the fall of Napoleon Bonaparte what became of his stepson Eugene?

Prince Eugene, who had married the daughter of the King of Bavaria in 1806 retired, after the fall of Napoleon, to Munich, where he died in 1824.

Are there any descendants of Lord Byron through his daughter, Ada? Did she have any of her father's poetical talents?

Lord Byron's daughter Ada married Lord Lovelace by whom she had several children. She had no poetical or literary talents.

Dates of Freshets.

In what year did the last great freshet in the Willamette River occur? J. W.

In 1890. If you mean the highest water at Portland, June, 1894. But this was back water from the Columbia, not a freshet in the Willamette.

Derivation of "Oregon."

Will you kindly give the derivation of the name Oregon, and how this came to be called the Oregon country?
L. M. B.

The derivation of "Oregon" is unknown. Probably it was invented by Jonathan Carver, in whose book of travels it first appears coupled with "River of the West." This came to be called the Oregon country from the river (Columbia) which Carver named and Bryant popularized in "Thanatopsis."

Newspapers Not Ordered.

Is there a law compelling any one to pay for a paper after the subscription has expired and it has not been renewed and it continues to come?
G. W. BAKER.

The Oregon law on the subject, passed in 1889, is:

That whenever any person, company or corporation owning or controlling any newspaper or periodical shall mail or send any such newspaper or periodical to any person in this state without first receiving an order for such, same shall be deemed a gift, and no debt or obligation shall accrue against such person or persons, whether said newspaper or periodical is received by the person or persons to whom it is sent or not.

Allotments of Land to Indians.

Was it intended by law for an Indian to hold timber land as allotment? If not intended to have such land, what steps could there be taken to have such land thrown open, or any portion thereof?
J. H.

So far as allotments are concerned, there is no legal distinction between timber and prairie lands; both kinds are and have been allotted to Indians. If there is any irregularity about an allotment, suit may be brought in the United States Court to set the same aside.

Homestead Exemption Law.

What is the Oregon homestead exemption law, and has it been decided unconstitutional?
T. H.

One block, or 160 acres of land, not to exceed the value of $1500, and it shall not be reduced by reason of levy under legal process where the value exceeds $1500 to less than one lot or 20 acres, irrespective of value. This means that a house and lot, or a farm of 20 acres used by the family as a homestead, is exempt, even if worth more than $1500.

Punctuation.

A is writing or printing a notice for a special meeting of the Commercial Club, and signed the president's name, placing a period after each initial and after the name. B contended that this isn't correct. Please let us know the correct punctuation
S.

"J. J. Jones, President." is correct. See the meeting notices published every day in The Oregonian.

Ink Stains on Paper.

What process, if any, will remove ink from paper without damaging paper?

Any good bookstore sells a liquid preparation (25 cents a bottle) which will remove ink without showing except on very fine glazed paper. We do not know what it is made of, but it is unhesitatingly recommended by reliable dealers.

Good Templars.

Is there an I. O. G. T. organization in Oregon, and if so please give location and name of worthy chief templar.
G. G. M.

There are only a few such lodges left in Oregon. Rev. G. W. Grannis was their last chief, but he has gone to Pennsylvania.

Dutch Merchant Marine.

Will you please tell, through your columns, the cause of the decline of the Dutch merchant marine. At one time the Dutch flag was to be seen in every port, but now you never see one.
C. J. WILKINSON.

The Dutch merchant marine, while not growing as rapidly as that of some of the other nations, is still making slight gains each year, and more vessels flying the Dutch flag have appeared in Oregon and Washington ports in the past two years than ever before in the same length of time. The status of the Dutch merchant marine for the past three years according to Lloyd's Register, is as follows:

Year.	Number of Vessels.	Net tonnage.
1901	423	578,109
1900	406	530,277
1899	383	444,450

Lord Kitchener and Prince of Wales.

GOLDENDALE, Wash., Feb. 5.—Please answer the following questions: First—Where was Lord Kitchener born? Second—Is there a Prince of Wales?
T. C. FLANNERY.

1. Ireland.
2. Yes.

No Smoke on Mount Hood.

Has Mount Hood been known to send out columns of steam or smoke, visible from Portland and points in the Willamette Valley, within the last 25 years.
E. G. H.

No. Occasionally a current of air charged with moisture passes across the summit. The moisture is condensed by the cold and floats away, giving exactly the appearance of steam or white smoke issuing from the summit.

"S" Dime of 1894.

Will you please inform me if the 10-cent piece or dime of 1894 has any premium, and if so, how much?
G. U.

If it has the "S" (San Francisco) imprint on it, it is worth $5 premium.

Atlanta's Population.

What was the population of Atlanta, Ga., at the time it was besieged during the Civil War?
G. M. P.

The population of Atlanta in 1860 was 9554. Probably it was less in 1864.