

Mr. Tilden's reputation with the public at large, an exoneration by a committee of his own party would unquestionably strengthen him as a democratic candidate. It is with a view to the campaign within his own State that he wants this. He is endeavoring to do with the democratic organization in New York what Mr. Conkling has already accomplished, or nearly accomplished, with the republican organization. Tammany Hall is to him what the custom-house is to Mr. Conkling, and to regain the control of this is now his main object. Down to the time of the municipal election in New York last autumn, his chances appeared to be of the poorest. He was at that time very nearly out of the field. He had lost the control of two successive state conventions, and finally of the state committee which organizes state conventions. If the city election had turned out in favor of the "Boss," he would have been doomed. But, strange to say, Tammany Hall was defeated by a combination of republicans and the anti-Tammany factions, and this meant the control, in a great measure, of the politics of the city, and indirectly of the State, by politicians who are friendly to Mr. Tilden. In other words, as things look now (at least to Mr. Tilden), Tammany Hall and the state committee will gradually pass into Mr. Tilden's control;

with that, the state convention of 1879; this of course insures his coming into the presidential convention in 1880, with the powerful State of New York behind him. If Tammany Hall could be secured, the only thing which could defeat the success of this programme would be the appearance in the field of some candidate as strong morally as Mr. Tilden is politically. Whether even such a phenomenon would affect the result in New York may be doubted. It is a curious fact that the republican successes in the campaign of last fall have rather strengthened Mr. Tilden's power, as they have demonstrated the weakness of the Western inflationist wing of the party, and created a sort of feeling that, hard as the dose is to swallow, they have more chance of succeeding with a hard-money democrat from an Eastern State than with the most persuasive Western "expansionist."

Such is the state of the "field" for 1880 as it at present stands. It is a strange commentary on our system of nominations that between now and the summer of 1880 all these candidates may have faded from sight, and the respective nominees of the two parties may turn out to be two new statesmen of whom nobody now dreams as candidates, and who have not even reached the point of considering the question for themselves.

THE LANDMARKS.

I.

THROUGH the streets of Marblehead
Fast the red-winged terror sped;

Blasting, withering, on it came,
With its hundred tongues of flame,

Where St. Michael's on its way
Stood like chained Andromeda,

Waiting on the rock, like her,
Swift doom or deliverer!—

Church that, after sea-moss grew
Over walls no longer new,

Counted generations five,
Four entombed and one alive;

Heard the martial thousand tread
Battleward from Marblehead;

Saw within the rock-walled bay
Treville's liliated pennons play,

And the fisher's dory met
By the barge of Lafayette,

Telling good news in advance
Of the coming fleet of France!—

Church to reverend memories dear,
Quaint in desk and chandelier;

Bell, whose century-rusted tongue
Burials tolled and bridals rung;

Loft, whose tiny organ kept
Keys that Snetzler's hand had swept;

Altar, o'er whose tablet old
Sinai's law its thunders rolled!

Suddenly the sharp cry came:
“Look! St. Michael's is aflame!”

Round the low tower wall the fire
Snake-like wound its coil of ire.

Sacred in its gray respect
From the jealousies of sect,

“Save it,” seemed the thought of all,
“Save it, though our roof-trees fall!”

Up the tower the young men sprung;
One, the bravest, outward swung

By the rope, whose kindling strands
Smoked beneath the holder's hands,

Smiting down with strokes of power
Burning fragments from the tower.

Then the gazing crowd beneath
Broke the painful pause of breath;

Brave men cheered from street to street,
With home's ashes at their feet;

Houseless women kerchiefs waved:
"Thank the Lord! St. Michael's saved!"

II.

In the heart of Boston town
Stands the church of old renown,

From whose walls the impulse went
Which set free a continent;

From whose pulpit's oracle
Prophecies of freedom fell;

And whose steeple-rocking din
Rang the nation's birth-day in!

Standing at this very hour
Periled like St. Michael's tower,

Held not in the clasp of flame,
But by mammon's grasping claim.

Shall it be of Boston said
She is shamed by Marblehead?

City of our pride! as there,
Hast thou none to do and dare?

Life was risked for Michael's shrine;
Shall not wealth be staked for thine?

Woe to thee, when men shall search
Vainly for the Old South Church;

When from Neck to Boston Stone,
All thy pride of place is gone;

When from Bay and railroad car,
Stretched before them wide and far,

Men shall only see a great
Wilderness of brick and slate,

Every holy spot o'erlaid
By the commonplace of trade!

City of our love! to thee
Duty is but destiny.

True to all thy record saith,
Keep with thy traditions faith;

Ere occasion 's overpast,
Hold its flowing forelock fast;

Honor still the precedents
Of a grand munificence;

In thy old historic way
Give, as thou didst yesterday

At the South-land's call, or on
Need's demand from fired St. John.

Set thy Church's muffled bell
Free the generous deed to tell.

Let thy loyal hearts rejoice
In the glad, sonorous voice,

Ringling from the brazen mouth
Of the bell of the Old South, —

Ringling clearly, with a will,
"WHAT SHE WAS IS BOSTON STILL!"

John Greenleaf Whittier.

AMERICANISMS.

VII.

THE World newspaper of New York, taking a hint from its able London correspondent,¹ the editor of the London Week, in his management of the latter Saturday newspaper, proposed not long ago a series of questions as to authorship, — who wrote this, that, and the other passage, — with two or three trifling

prizes for the first, second, or third grade of success in answering them. As I have before remarked, I cannot understand how or why any one should take even the slightest interest in such literary mousing; but my experience certified to me what the result would be; and what it was is set forth in the following paragraph from *The World* of January 12th:—

¹ Mr. Louis J. Jennings, the correspondent of the London Times, who during the latter part of the war skillfully rectified the egregious blunders of his predecessor, and who afterwards, as editor of the New York Times, was the chief agent in exposing and discomfiting Tweed and his "ring." He is

the author of *Eighty Years of Republican Government in the United States*, a book full of the fruits of knowledge and sound judgment, and of *Field Paths and Green Lanes*, to which I have before referred, and of which the London Spectator said that it is "almost a classic."

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