

election of Grant. At the last Republican convention at Chicago Sheridan was present as a spectator; and when he received a single vote for President, he stepped to the front and begged to transfer it to his "best friend, General Grant."

His influence over his men was supreme. He knew just what his troops could do and would do, and when. He led them frequently in person, and they never failed to follow. Every one remembers the famous instance at Cedar Creek, where he changed the whole course of battle by his single presence. But he possessed the same power with individuals as with masses. At the battle of Five Forks a soldier, wounded under his eyes, stumbled and was falling to the rear, but Sheridan

cried: "Never mind, my man, there's no harm done"; and the soldier went on with a bullet in his brain, till he dropped dead on the field.

His career since the war has always been conspicuous for courage, sagacity, and ability. His management of the Indians was singularly successful, and his course after the Chicago fire gained the applause of the country.

His accession to the position of general-in-chief is perhaps the last great military event proceeding from or connected with the war; for Sheridan is, in the direct line of succession, the youngest of the three great generals who came out foremost, not only in rank, but, beyond all question, in the estimation of their countrymen, their enemies, and the world.

Adam Badeau.

A SHADOW.

My Lady paces up the broad oak stair;
Men smile to see her face so soft and fair.
"Look up! She's worth a glance!" does one declare;
"My Lady there."

Tender and fine, from 'neath the cloud of lace
Crowning her hair, gleams forth her clear-cut face,
Its eyes alight, upon its lips the grace
Of smiles so rare

And gay, that those who pass her feel their light
Warm their own smiles until they grow more bright.
"She looks her best," they say — "her best — to-night,
My Lady there."

The music pulses in the rooms below;
Outside, the moon falls on the soft, deep snow;
Inside, the dancers' rhythm seems to flow
Through all the air.

My Lady paces up the broad oak stair,
The smile still on her lips so red, so rare.
"Look up!" she hears, "and smile then an you dare,
My Lady there!"

The music pulses in the room below,
The dancers to its pulsing come and go;
Out from her face is blanched all light and glow —
It fronts her there!

"I am thy Grief! I am thy Grief!" it cries,
"The Grief that darkens for thee all thy skies,
That blights thy bright life for thee as it flies!
And dost thou dare

"To smile and wear thy mask and play thy part
As though thy white breast held no broken heart,—
As though it bled not 'neath my stab's fierce smart?
When did *I* spare?

"I am thy passionate grief, thy bitter pain.
Turn on the world thy light, sweet, cold disdain,
But not on me! Here stand I — here again!
Thy fierce Despair!"