and so, last spring, she was sent to Chicago, and for many months there was no Diana on Diana's tower. But while its quondam occupant was swinging over the low dome of the Agricultural Building, pointing out the beauties of the Court of Honor to crowds of her quondam fellow-citizens, those who remained at home were discovering, not only how much they had cared about her, but how insistently the tower itself required a finishing figure. Where she will live in future I do not know; but she can never come back to her original place: it is filled already by a newer and smaller namesake. Diana the Second is, I think, a more thoroughly successful figure than Diana the First; she is more buoyantly poised on her supporting foot, while the other, raised less high, appears more graceful to far-distant observers; and the sweep of her light draperies is more free and supple. But every New Yorker may claim the right of private judgment as regards the question whether she proves that Diana the First was too large. And whatever the general decision upon this point may be, and whatever the general indorsement of her superior personal charms, I am sure a long time will pass before she outlives the reproach of being a usurper. How could we love any Diana the Second quite without reserve until we have time to forget that she *is* the second?

Seven stories of bachelor apartments, and then a café, are contained in the tower, above the level of the Garden roofs; but as its inner diameter is only thirty feet, and part is filled by staircase and elevator, they are not very commodious. The most important service performed by the tower is apparent only when the elevator stops as near heaven as it can go, and we climb nearer still, and enjoy the wonderful prospect to which we have come — the long, narrow panorama of the mighty city, very broken as to outline and, for the most part, red in color, but sprinkled with the green of foliage and blotched with the yellow and white of our newest tall buildings; then the streams of silver water encircling it, and then the low line of the Long Island shore, and the higher, greener line of the New Jersey hills.

Truly, it is not a panorama of high artistic beauty such as Diana the First saw this summer at Chicago; but it is so beautiful in another fashion, and so varied, that it seems only natural that Diana the Second should whisk about, facing north and south, east and west, ever pointing her arrow at some newly interesting sight. May it be long before she gets so tired of her post as to cease turning about to contemplate New York; for when she ceases, it will mean that her feet have rusted to her pedestal, that the tower and the Garden have fallen into decay, that the life and the laughter of New York have departed.

M. G. Van Rensselaer.

PHILIP KEARNY.[1]

A PERSONAL TRIBUTE BY THE COMTE DE PARIS.

DURING the last thirty years the people of the United States have become accustomed to the sight of the mutilated veterans of the war for the Union, who are to be found in all ranks of society: the reconciliation so happily brought about between former adversaries not having been able to restore to them the limbs sacrificed in the defense of their respective flags. In the autumn of 1861, however, when peaceful citizens everywhere were taking arms to decide on the field of battle the great contest which for so long had been agitating them, a one-armed veteran was noticeable. Newly enrolled in the Federal army as I was, I remember vividly my astonishment when, taking part for the first time, among the officers under General McClellan, in the review of Franklin's division, I perceived that the third brigade was commanded by a one-armed general, who proved to be Philip Kearny. This division was one of the finest as well as one of the best drilled of the great army which was then being formed along the shores of the Potomac. One may say, without disparagement to the other brigades, that that of New Jersey, the third in order of battle, would have been classed as the first by all connoisseurs who could have seen it marching by that day. The division owed its striking carriage to the excellent chiefs who had formed it — Franklin, seconded by Newton, Slocum, and Kearny, each of whom played an important part in the war. The superiority of the New Jersey brigade over the other two must be attributed to the spirit which animated it, and which Kearny had so admirably turned to account. It was composed of five battalions, all

[1] Copyright 1894 by Susan Watts Selfridge.

recruited in the same State, and every soldier felt himself in honor bound to uphold the reputation of this picked force.

It was after the review that I made the personal acquaintance of the officers with whom I was to have the good fortune to fight for a cause which was already dear to me. All made me most cordially welcome, but it was with Kearny that I found myself most at home. He it was who could speak to me of the French army in Algeria in 1840, and of the memories left by my family in that country.[1] He did so in terms which deeply touched the heart of the exile, the son of the Duc d'Orléans. Kearny had participated in one of those campaigns on African ground which brought out strongly the merits of the French soldier. He had also associated himself with the triumphs of France in the Italian campaign of 1859. His glorious wound, received at Churubusco, was doubtless his best letter of introduction to one of the chiefs of the army, Baroguey d'Hilliers, who, like him, had lost an arm on the battle-field; and by whose side Kearny had the good fortune to fight at the glorious combat of Melegnano. It was by learning his profession under the enemy's fire, among the Atlas Mountains and on the classic ground of the great European wars, that Kearny prepared himself to serve the Federal flag in the struggle which came to rend the Union in 1861.

Nearly thirty years later, on the 20th of October, 1890, my former comrades of the Army of the Potomac were united in the vast halls of the Plaza Hotel at New York to celebrate my return to America. Among the many valiant companions whose hearty hand-shakes made me feel more than a quarter of a century younger, I had the joy of finding together Franklin, Slocum, and Newton. But their presence made the absence of Kearny only the more keenly felt. Alas! less than a year after our first meeting, he had fallen on the field of honor during a reconnoissance undertaken with his habitual daring near the village of Chantilly, Virginia.

One who saw Philip Kearny recognized in him the typical soldier. As early as 1849 the young and brilliant cavalry officer had lost his left arm before one of the gates of Mexico at the battle of Churubusco. His infirmity did not prevent him from always mounting the most vigorous-looking horses, which he controlled on the march with rare elegance, holding in his only hand his reins and his naked sword. A head, the picture of energy, framed by the cape which almost invariably hung about his shoulders, a strongly marked nose, and a piercing eye, gave him the look of an eagle. His abrupt speech and his imperious manner denoted a proud disposition, and a character incapable of flattery or of dissimulation. But though at first his manner was not always fitted to attract, one soon learned to appreciate the noble qualities of his heart, the firmness of his will, the accuracy of his judgment, the truthfulness and grandeur of his soul. This man, apparently so nervous, was calmness itself in the presence of the enemy. His unerring eye, his prompt decision, his clear and concise orders, at once revealed in him the true warrior. He inspired an unbounded confidence in all those who had once been under fire with him. If he did not spare his soldiers at the decisive moment, he spared himself still less, and by his example obtained from his followers truly heroic efforts.

As I do not pretend to write Kearny's biography, I could not here recount even his most brilliant actions. They are inscribed in the history of the Army of the Potomac from the beginning of the campaign till that fatal day which cut down this noble life. It was on the evening of the battle of Williamsburg that I saw him for the first time in action against the enemy. Hooker, with his habitual tenacity, was sustaining an unequal struggle against the Confederates posted before Fort Magruder on the borders of a thick forest. The impenetrable foliage, and the smoke condensed by the rain, did not permit the combatants to distinguish either friend or foe. The incessant current of the wounded, painfully making their way toward the ambulances, gave witness to the gravity of the struggle. I can never forget the way in which Kearny's soldiers, not flinching at this sight, and led by himself, ranged themselves as if on parade, and entered in battle formation under the fatal shade where death awaited them, just at the right moment to relieve Hooker's exhausted troops, and to withstand victoriously until nightfall the assaults of the enemy. From the beginning of the campaign Kearny, called by the confidence of McClellan to a command more befitting his merit, had been obliged, regretfully, to confide to another officer the valiant troops of New Jersey.

Some weeks after, I met Kearny again, but under very different circumstances. The Army of the Potomac, having arrived, without striking a blow, almost in sight of the steeples of Richmond, the taking of which was the goal of all our efforts, had to fight unexpectedly, and under the most unfavorable conditions, the bloody battle of Fair Oaks. The advantage obtained on the second day was not followed up. The bad weather, the difficulty of communication, the expectation of reinforcements, always promised and as invariably deferred,

[1] The Duc d'Orléans and the Duc d'Aumale.—EDITOR.

the pardonable repugnance of McClellan to send his young soldiers against works which appeared from day to day more formidable, caused the ardor for battle to be succeeded by a too protracted period of inaction. We no longer heard the distant crackle of musketry, which had made the young aides-de-camp leap in their saddles. The dull voice of cannon, as monotonous as the ticking of a clock, failed to draw the army for one instant out of its torpor; for all knew the inefficacy of "artillery duels" under a heaven on fire and under clouds charged with lightning, and the morale of the soldiers was sadly disturbed by a virgin soil the pestilential emanations of which sent them by thousands to the hospitals.

Kearny, like Achilles, had retired to his tent. It was he who, at the beginning of the battle of Fair Oaks, had been the first to succor and to save the troops of Keyes, surprised and exhausted, after an honorable resistance, by the superiority of numbers and the vigorous offensive attack of Longstreet. At the moment when the Confederate battalions, like an impetuous torrent, were precipitating themselves across the glades which bordered the road, overthrowing all before them, Kearny arrested them with two brigades that, solidly posted on their right flank on the border of the forest, held out against all their assaults. By the promptitude of his attack and the firmness of his resistance he saved the Army of the Potomac from irreparable disaster.

It was Kearny's idea that the army should immediately take a decided step toward Richmond, and his opinion not having prevailed, he suffered with impatience the immobility to which he was condemned — an immobility so much the more painful, as it imposed on his troops a continual vigilance and a most fatiguing service, since they formed the extreme left wing of the Federal army, which rested in the wooded marshes of White Oak Swamp. Without doubt these impenetrable thickets guarded our left, which would otherwise have been absolutely unprotected; but they also concealed the parallel roads descending from Richmond, by which the enemy might fall upon the left, and force or surprise the lower passages of the swamp. Therefore, both these passages, and the tortuous paths formerly traced by Indian hunters and their game across the wall of trunks and foliage which lifted itself before the Federals, needed to be carefully watched. General McClellan had repeatedly desired to inspect these positions in person, and to profit by the occasion to give a proof of his confidence in Kearny, an officer whose rare qualities he greatly appreciated. But every time he had had his horse saddled, a pitiless tyrant, the telegraph, had retained him at headquarters. At last he charged me with his messages for Kearny.

The remembrance of the day passed with this valiant officer, of our ride along his lines, of his technical explanations, interrupted by the exposition of his views on the whole campaign, and by the recital of the various incidents of his military career in the two worlds, has remained deeply engraved upon my mind. Alas! it was our last interview. A few days later we engaged in the terrible struggle known as the "Seven Days' Battle." No one thought of chatting then. Every one concentrated his mind upon the execution of the duty assigned to him. There was time only for a grasp of the hand on meeting, since the safety of the whole army might depend upon an order or a message promptly transmitted. At Glendale and at Malvern Hill Kearny did not belie his splendid reputation. It does not belong to any but an eye-witness to describe the last services he rendered to his country in the dark days of August, 1862.

A sketch of Kearny's military character would be incomplete without the mention of one other trait. A man so ardent, and with so proud a temperament, must have held very decided opinions on all subjects; but he was so penetrated with the sense of duty which impels the soldier to keep himself free from political entanglements, that, notwithstanding our frequent meetings, I never knew to which party he belonged.

Philippe, Comte de Paris.

EARTHQUAKES AND HOW TO MEASURE THEM.

THERE is little or no confusion of meaning produced by the use of the term earthquake in ordinary speaking or writing, but the moment an accurate scientific definition is attempted the term comes to include much more than is ordinarily meant. Any mechanical disturbance whatever, either on or within the surface of the earth, sets up a state of elastic vibration which is propagated to all adjacent parts of the crust by elastic waves which may or may not be evident to human senses. This motion constitutes an earthquake. Scientifically, therefore, an earthquake is the result of any elastic vibrations in the earth's crust, whether they are produced by volcanic eruptions, by the sliding of