WAKEMAN'S WANDERINGS.

Drifting Dreamily Over the Calm and Sunlit Mediterranean.

In the Balearic Isles—The Sleepy Harbor and City of Palma—Colorful Ways and Scenes.

Special to THE SUNDAY CALL.

PALMA, Majorica, Jan. 27, 1892.—In these days of strong and swift steamers plying between England and all Mediterranean ports, it is but a voyage of two nights and a day to Gibraltar and the city of Palma, the capital of the Spanish dependency and province of Balearica, comprising the Balearic Islands, or, if you are wintering in Southwestern Spain, you may journey in a night from Valencia or Barcelona to this least visited and most beautiful of all Mediterranean regions.

Your steamer is seldom out of sight of some huge or tiny Mediterranean craft, and there is always consciousness of pleasant nearness of other human interests and a quiet and restful sense of companionship

GIBRALTAR FROM GANCIN.

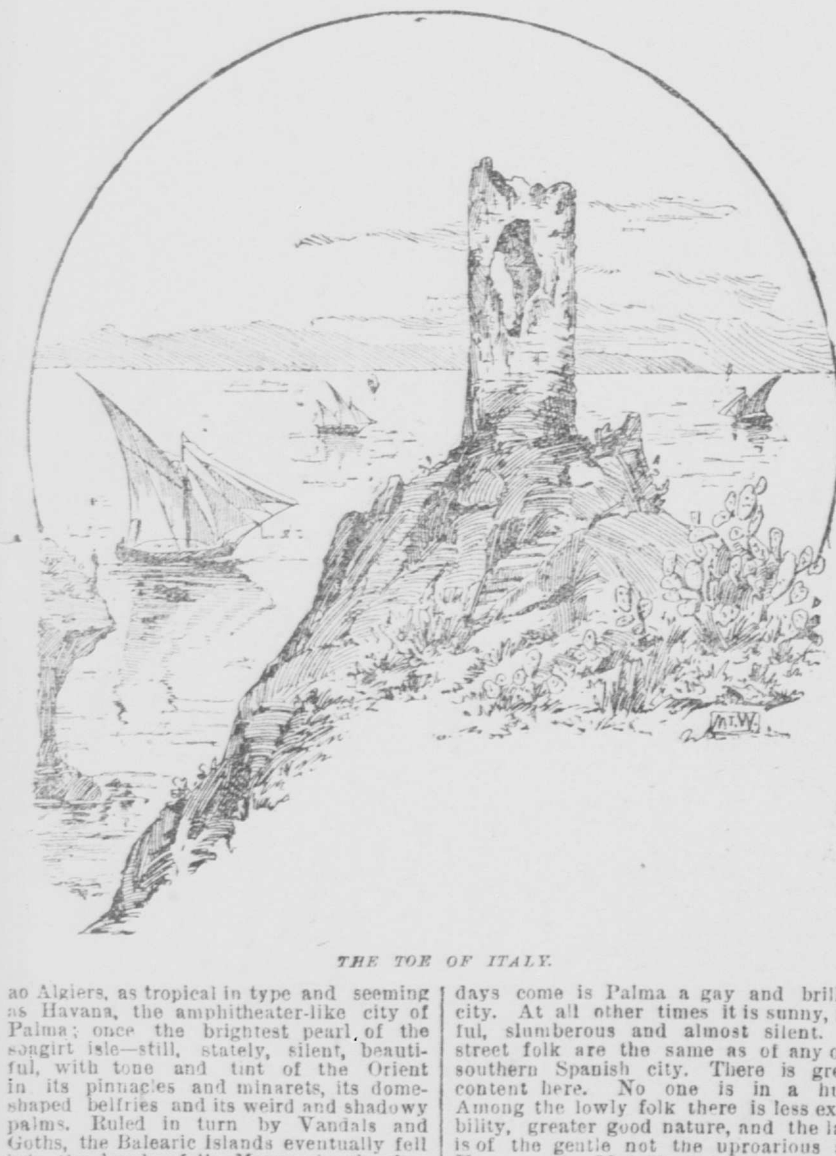
upon this great land-locked sea, although it is longer than the Atlantic is broad between Newfoundland and Ireland, I have never known or felt on other waters.

The night and sleep and languorous airs enfold and hold until the dawn has come. The great steamer, with her now silent enginery, softly tugging at her anchor chain, has drifted with the tide until her stately prow nods gracefully to the quaint city upon the port side. There are sweetest zephyrs playing through the riggings of the curious craft upon the bay. These kiss your face until your eyes open lazily, as one who awakens in regret at the dispelling of a pleasing dream. And yet they open as though you are but knowing another dream. They awaked upon morning in Palma—morning so really a dream, so dreamful a reality, that no painter's art has ever caught a single recognition of its glory.

Here, just as the sun is rising, between the sea's bed of crimson and the awakening city, are swaying on the gentle tide hundreds of strange and curious craft, a wild conglomerate of the marine architecture of the Mediterranean, their yellow spars but a moment since like giant reeds above the gloaming of a shadowy marsh, now pinked from tip to socket with the glorious sunlight, which hints in its play upon their gaudy ensigns of the far lands where their home havens lie; while far out on the water's horizon, rounding Cape Figuera behind, comes the morning fleet of fisher-boats, their sails of every striking hue, and the songs of the fishers stealing across the distance in faint but melodious rhythm.

Here and there are Turkish vessels with tremendous single sails, square built fore and aft like a settler's log cabin. Scores of the clumsy feluccas from Crete and the Ionian Islands, the chebecs of the Arabs, and the identical great-boats of the olden pirates, lie low in the water round about, their half-naked Greek or Arab sailors, lithe of limb and nut-brown of face, vividly recalling those glorious days of Barossa, booty and blood. But quainter than all are the rare old tubs from Chioggia and Venice, with the same high prows and sterns they had in the days of the Doges. They come with the glass of Murano, and carry back the corn, oil and wine of the Soller and Valdemosa, and on the bow of each craft is painted an effigy of the Virgin, and endless supplication to the waves against every form of evil and peril at sea.

And there, facing the shining sea and colorful harbor scene, rises from the shore more gracefully than Naples, as fair



THE TOE OF ITALY.

as Algiers, as tropical in type and seeming as Havana, the amphitheater-like city of Palma; once the brightest pearl of the songirt isle—still, stately, silent, beautiful, with tone and tint of the Orient in its pinnacles and minarets, its dome-shaped belfries and its weird and shadowy palms. Ruled in turn by Vandals and Goths, the Balearic Islands eventually fell into the hands of the Moors, shortly after Southern Spain became prey to the hordes of Gebr-al-Tarek. Curiously, the people of the islands reached their highest prosperity under their African rulers, who taught them all the arts and cruelties of piracy, until the Balearicans became masters of and spread terror over the entire Mediterranean. The isles were thus merged into a clear yet terrible commonwealth, whose power was often courted and employed by neighboring sovereigns. The accumulation of treasure was enormous; so great as to invite cupidity of invasion and even to "holy" crusades; until Don Jayme I, King of Aragon and Count of Barcelona, in September, 1229, sailed for Palma with a fleet of 150 galleys and 18,000 men, principally Catalunian peasant warriors. Palma fell. The males of the mixed race of pirate Moors and Balearicans were butchered, sold as slaves, or banished to the African coast. The women became the slaves and wives of the Catalunian peasant warriors. The islands were partitioned off among the followers of Don Jayme I, founding a titled land-holding aristocracy, existing to this day, as proud, rich and noble-blooded as Europe ever knew. The then independent kingdom of Balearica, under eventful vassalage to Pedro IV, of Aragon, was finally merged with Aragon into the Spanish dominion. With mothers of pure Balearic and Moorish blood and fathers from the sturdy, sluggish and over-contented Catalunian stock, tinged and tempered by a matchless clime and fruitful soil, the 700 intervening years have molded a race fine in physique, supple of limb, cheery of temper and heart, melodic of speech and tongue, fair to look upon and truly good to find and know.

Having left the beautiful, sleepy, sunlit bay for Palma's streets, you have entered a city of nearly 70,000 souls, where Italy, Spain and Algeria seem to have formed a charming composite in architecture and people. The hugeness of walls is everywhere remarkable. Everything is constructed as if for eternal lasting. No street is beautiful, but not one fails of a picturesqueness that is often weird and grotesque. Every structure possesses in some portion, and frequently in the most unexpected position, some wonderful and ornate ornamentation. Tiny squares, with wimpling fountains, are set in all sorts of odd corners. A huge church may tower on the one side of each of these. At a corner may stand, or project from a curious and seemingly unnecessary wall, a massive carved facade or gargoyle from which the water is endlessly flowing. At another side a mass of vines and verdure, capped to the sight by far domes or spires, is only visible. Outjutting at another spot, the angle of some huge building seems to have pushed its way half across the plaza, and with its galleries, balconies and tremendous over-reaching roof is ready to pitch headlong into the open space beneath. While another sunny side shows only a roof of red tiles sloping like a tent-cover, unpierced by a single aperture, from an interminable height wholly to the edge of a stone cloister-like porch beneath.

In an open space are palm trees. And these, rising from courts, lifting their spreading fronds high above roofs from darkened thoroughfares, often leaning, like the Tower of Pisa, out of quaint old courts, and here and there being preserved by an entire building constructed around them, lend a dreamful, mystic, almost lonesome and pathetic coloring to every massing of structures upon which the eye may rest.

It is a city of steep ascents and ill-paved streets, but of witching old bits of curious architecture, and perhaps as lovely and splendid interiors as any Moorish or semi-Moorish city can show. All the houses retain features of Moorish taste and evidences of medieval forms of habitation and living. They are not higher than three or four stories at best. More have but the ground floor with an upper one, and an attic called a porcho. Invariably the entradas to the interior are studies in carved arabesques and fanciful Moorish designs. Balconies are as universal and as huge or as lace-like and as fragile as in Granada or Seville. A marked peculiarity of all structures is their huge projecting roofs, spread out into pent-houses and frequently most fascinatingly worked out and decorated. And the lowliest home in all Palma is charming in its patio or court—that loveliest of all interior arrangement around which Moslem or Christian home can be built.

Every one of these courts is a place of beauty, sunshine and song. In every one there is the melodic sound of water from running jetty or fountain. In every one, whether glittering with slender marble columns and daintily wrought arches or softened in tones with mossy stone and crumbling tiles, there are waving ferns and flowers. Vines clamor wantonly over entablature, arch and balustrade. The alcobas of all living in these abodes are within the sound of friendly calling voice. And not one is without birds of gay plumage and birds with endless songs. I often wonder why the rich of our own land do not build their homes like these. A dome of glass instead of the blue Mediterranean sky is all the change required. Banish the pall-like hangings and withering shadow-places from their stuffy homes and learn to live in the life-giving light like the Latin and the Moor. Put your great New England fireplaces opposite your arched entrances and make of these sunlit open courts places of beauty, lightsomeness, melody and homeside joy.

Only when the feast and processional days come is Palma a gay and brilliant city. At all other times it is sunny, restful, slumberous and almost silent. Its street folk are the same as of any other southern Spanish city. There is greater content here. No one is in a hurry. Among the lowly folk there is less excitability, greater good nature, and the latter is of the gentle not the uproarious sort. Here, as in Madrid, is your lechero or milkman, who drives his cows in from the country and milks for you before your door. The dulcero or seller of sweets, with his songful call by day and his tinkling bells by night, is here. The cochero or cabman with comfortable landaulet and pretty diligence will serve you faithfully without guile. The mercanchiste or notion peddler, the aquador or water-seller, the regatero or huckster who has the sociable habit of entering shop or home with his donkeys and panier, the zapatero or archway shoemaker and the latonero or tinker whom I have found to be Spanish gypsy, are all here in their lazy, pleasant and picturesque ways.

By day Palma seems to the stranger to be continuously experiencing something like a soft dreamful buzz of activity in all human affairs. Perhaps it is the reaction after some great business tension, you ruminate. But no; each day is as the day before it. Everything is gently done. No one is astir before 10 in the morning. Then the pretty market attracts bevies of beautiful women and maids.

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AT NAZARETH.

Mary kept all these things and pondered them in her heart.—St. Luke ii:19.

She sat in her lowly doorway
White lilies beside it grew;
A circle of white doves drifted
Over the sky so blue;
The small wild blossoms about her
Gave forth their fragrant breath,
And green in their springtime beauty
Were the mountains of Nazareth;
And visions of kingly triumph
Came shadowed by thoughts of death.

Mary's sweet eyes were fastened
On the beautiful child who slept
In her tender arms enfolded;
And slowly the salt tears crept
From under her long dark lashes,
And fell on the infant's face,
Which e'en in its sleeping beauty
Was full of pathetic grace.

Her tears on his forehead roused him,
And he opened his large gray eyes
And looked at his weeping mother
With an infant's vague surprise;
And Mary kissed off the teardrops
That gleamed on his golden hair—
Ah, who would kiss off the blood stains
When the thorn crown should leave them there?

"And a sword through thy own heart also,"
She whispered the prophecy;
"My Jesus, my child, my treasure,"
She wept, "Will it come through thee?"
"For the rise of many in Israel,
The thoughts of many made known,
A kingdom that shall be endless,
A seat on King David's throne."

He told me through my heart also,
If also, ah! then through thine?
What trials, what awful sorrows,
Beset thee, thou child divine?
The angel said that thy kingdom
Should never know end nor cease,
And surely the hosts of heaven
At thy birthtime chanted, "peace."

I know it will end in triumph
For thee, O child, for thee;
And that the unending ages
Thy glory and reign shall see.
Sleep in my arms, my Jesus
(He slept, nor her soothing heard),
And Mary looked up and murmured,
"Lord, according to thy word."

She sat in her lowly doorway,
White lilies about it grew;
The leaves of a stately palm tree
Their shadows upon her threw.
A thorn bush grew beside it,
But Mary could not see
The palm-strewn road of triumph
And the crown of Calvary,
As she sat and prayed and pondered
With the child upon her knee.

Alameda, Cal., Feb. 11, 1892. ANELEH.

REDFERN STYLES.

A Spring Novelty and an Elizabethan Coat Tailor Made.

Special to THE SUNDAY CALL.

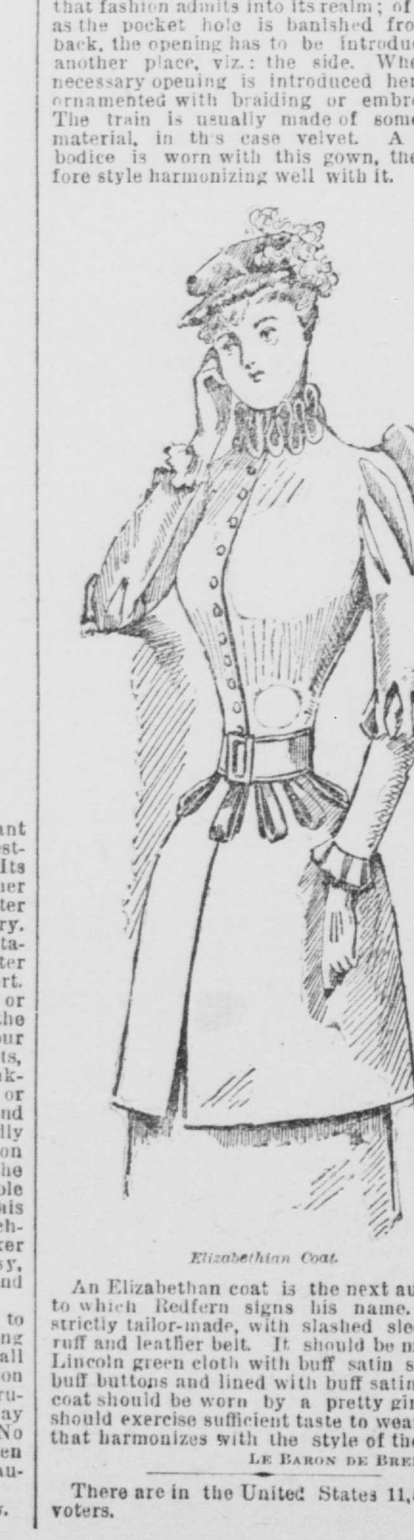
NEW YORK, Feb. 15, 1892.—Probably few travelers would see in the unreserved, energetic, "want to see everything globe-trotter," who crosses to London and Paris some two or three times a year, the noted English modiste, Redfern. I ran up against him in Paris last year, and if I hadn't known better, I might have thought he was a peer's younger son, a wealthy soap-boiler, or a novelist searching for material. He is in Paris now, and sends me fashion hints of a reliable kind that you will find acceptable. He says that capes are coming in, and that they will be short. He says that English women are stiff and Americans are gorgeous, but Parisians are angels of good taste, dreams of harmony, artistic, dainty, dear delights. "Why," he says, "can't English girls show a little originality in dress—they are fine and fresh looking and can stand it; and why can't Americans, with their undeniable prettiness, dress in a harmonious mixture of materials and tints—they are clever enough; but these monkey-faced Frenchwomen beat them both?"

He says that coats are no longer stiff, straight and unlovely. They have revers of lovely materials, starting from anywhere, that look pretty and melting off into the waist-line, two sides being seldom made alike. He says that belts are on everything—coats, redingotes and gowns. He says that you must—yes, you really must—give up those great ugly baggy sleeves.

He says that corselets are to be a spring fashion, and that braided velvet basques of a material differing from the rest of the gown are to be worn very numerously. He says that the Parisian gowns are curious mixtures of simplicity and pretension. He says there is but one place to make money, and that is New York; and one place to spend it, and that is Paris.

A Spring Novelty.

Here is a gown which Redfern has introduced as a spring novelty. It is a close fitting cloth one, fitting like a skin over the hips, and with the train let in at the back several inches below the waist. A skirt like this is one of those very, very rare things that fashion admits into its realm; of course as the pocket hole is banished from the back, the opening has to be introduced in another place, viz.: the side. When the necessary opening is introduced here it is ornamented with braiding or embroidery. The train is usually made of some other material, in this case velvet. A belted bodice is worn with this gown, the pinafore style harmonizing well with it.



Elizabethan Coat.

An Elizabethan coat is the next audacity to which Redfern signs his name. It is strictly tailor-made, with slashed sleeves, a ruff and leather belt. It should be made of Lincoln green cloth with buff satin slashes, buff buttons and lined with buff satin. This coat should be worn by a pretty girl, who should exercise sufficient taste to wear a hat that harmonizes with the style of the coat.

LE BARON DE BREMONT.

There are in the United States 11,500,000 voters.

THE QUAINT CITY THAT PENN BUILT.

Old Brick Homes Where Abides the Spirit of "Brotherly Love."

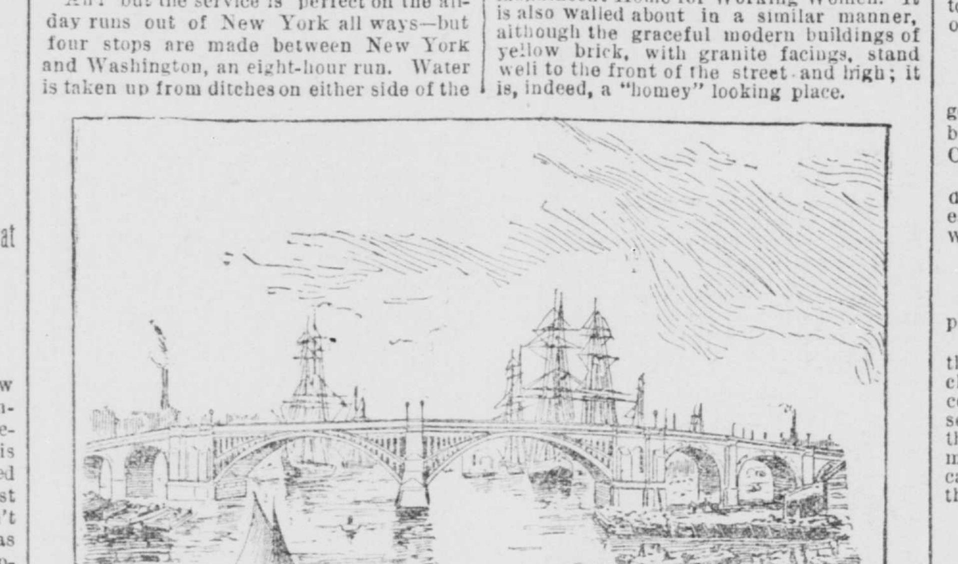
Conservative Walls—The Peal of Independence Bell Is Yet Ringing Down the Centuries.

Editor Morning Call: We left New York in the chill of an early morning, the thermometer below thirty degrees, the rumble of the carriage sounding strangely loud in the quiet of a city still asleep.

A last look out this window or the other until at the end of the side street as we pass we see the brilliant blood-red sun just rising under the Brooklyn bridge, tipping each spire and dome and blazing a fair good morning to Liberty as she stands guard over a city just awakening.

Over the muddy Hudson, alive with shipping, the wheezy ferry-boats, which cannot be compared to those on the bay of San Francisco, go skimming this way and that. Over on the Jersey side we take the limited for Philadelphia, via the Pennsylvania road. Buying your tickets on these parlor cars or Eastern limited trains, by the way, does not include seats, which must be purchased also.

Ah! but the service is perfect on the all-day runs out of New York all ways—but four stops are made between New York and Washington, an eight-hour run. Water is taken up from ditches on either side of the



CHESTNUT-STREET BRIDGE ON THE SCHUYLKILL.

road at certain distances by a curious contrivance, a huge hose with scoop attached. The road-bed is smooth as a floor.

New York fades into the real morning light; Elizabeth, a city of twenty years ago, all square somber wooden houses with mansard roofs, rolls into the background; Newark, with the grime of factory smoke over it, and its block upon block covered with Edison's shops, is behind; Trenton River is on the left, a few lazy sails on its waters; the little Pennsylvania Canal creeps lazily on at our right; dilapidated farm-houses, a lonely school-house, busy quarries are seen, are gone.

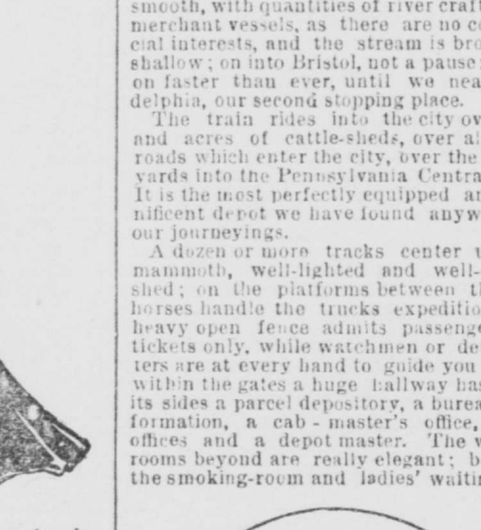
The land that was "cleared" fifty years ago for farms is abandoned and has sent up a new and stately growth—pines, birch and the white oak, as the soil is too poor, except in spots to produce much of anything worth growing. However, there are isolated sections lying near the streams that are the market-gardens of the great city behind us. A few peach orchards are seen, and over to the east a little, a trifle south, are the famous New Jersey peach orchards.

Such a thing as gardening or orcharding in these Eastern States without a very liberal use of fertilizers, is entirely unknown. And all day, as we ride, we see laden coal cars from Pennsylvania mines traveling northward to feed the fires and furnaces of the great city, and returning southward hundreds of them—filled with stable refuge or garbage from the same city—dumped at the little towns, about which are the market gardens, or carried on to the orchards further south.

Our train whirls along under all roadways or cross railroads through a cut, walled with stone on either side, a motley group of Polanders, busy on some stoned and cemented embankment, stand aside as we glide by. Over the Delaware, muddy, because of its shifting banks, but broad and smooth, with quantities of river craft, but no merchant vessels, as there are no commercial interests, and the stream is broad but shallow; on into Bristol, not a pause; on and on faster than ever, until we near Philadelphia, our second stopping place.

The train rides into the city over acres and acres of cattle-sheds, over all cross-roads which enter the city, over the freight-yards into the Pennsylvania Central depot. It is the most perfectly equipped and magnificent depot we have found anywhere in our journeyings.

A dozen or more tracks center under a mammoth, well-lighted and well-covered shed; on the platforms between the rails horses handle the trucks expeditiously; a heavy open fence admits passengers with tickets only, while watchmen or depot porters are at every hand to guide you aright; within the gates a huge hallway has along its sides a parcel depository, a bureau of information, a cab-master's office, ticket-offices and a depot master. The waiting-rooms beyond are really elegant; between the smoking-room and ladies' waiting-room



Girard College.

handsome chenile portieres are hung, Turkish rugs are on the floors; the floor is of marble, the walls are tiled, and handsome pillars support the ornate glass dome. Easy-chairs and divans are about, stained glass windows reflect a pleasant light, colored women bustle around, and railroad officials are about to keep you straight. Downstairs is the cab-stand, where carriages of all kinds can be found and are hired through the cab-master, the charges being the most reasonable found so far, from 25 cents to 75 cents an hour, according to the kind of conveyance. It is to be hoped that the railroad magnates in San Francisco, while they are building the most important depot on the Coast, have taken pattern after some of these Eastern ones and will build one that shall be something more than a pen, and will adopt a few at least of the very admirable Eastern ideas for the comfort and convenience of the traveling public, whom they are supposed to serve.

The city of Philadelphia is by no means a mixture of the old and the new as one might suppose, but like Schenectady, the new has grown up about the old, leaving it quite unchanged. To be sure here and there a modern house or block has crept in among the old, but the old are not remodeled. Wanamaker's splendid co-operative store spreads out over a couple of blocks, reaches out after this corner or that, is of all heights of brick or stone, with an elegant marble front, and is one of the things to see in this city of brotherly love, whose motto has been adopted by the Postmaster-General.

Philadelphia numbers over a million people, and spreads out over more square miles (129) than any other city in the United States, and this is easily understood when you ride through miles upon miles of avenues a couple of hundred feet wide, lined upon either side with elegant homes, each set in its own roomy garden, there is no crowding close together, no jogging of elbows, each home looks complacently upon its fellow, and all enjoy the roominess together.

The splendid thoroughfares are not cut up by railroad tracks, but genuine double-decker omnibuses, low and roomy, ride easy upon the asphaltum pavements. These 'buses are perhaps eighteen feet high, and have a stairway from the back platform to the double row of seats above, which are covered with a canopy top.

The slow-going, thoughtful city fathers in laying these asphaltum pavements prohibit heavy traffic teams from using them, and under no conditions allow street-car tracks upon them. This does not, however, prevent the city from having the greatest number of miles of street-car lines of any city in the Union outside of San Francisco, and they are of all kinds—a few cable, electric (both storage and the trolly system), and in the older part of the city are horse, or rather mule (for mules predominate in car service), "bob-tailed" cars go jogging through the narrow old streets, with pavements of uneven stone blocks, a foot square, as old as the narrow-flagged sidewalks from which rise the eminently respectable, well-scrubbed, white marble steps to the smooth, bright-red brick houses. The brick to build many of these old houses was doubtless brought from England in the early part of the eighteenth century.

The old householders were very chary of land in those days, with a whole continent unoccupied, and so crowded close together, mayhap, for company's sake.

Brick is still a favorite building material, or has been until within a very few years. A favorite form of ornamentation for these square four and five story buildings, which is extremely effective, is the use of handsomely embossed sheets of metal, many of bronze, to cover the finish of the doorways or windows or divide stories, or even occasionally to encase great round, roomy bow-windows. There is an individuality in every city, a sort of fitness of things to people.

The reserve and conservativeness of Philadelphians is nowhere so well exemplified as in their manner of walling in certain public grounds and buildings, nor is it possible to obtain admission, either, without a deal of red tape.

The State Penitentiary covers about four squares in the heart of the city, has walls 20 feet high of rough unhewn gray stone, with gray watch-towers on the corners and over the massive gateways.

Girard College, with its many handsome white marble buildings, is well hidden in its acres of beautiful grounds, all well walled about with its massive stone walls 15 feet high.

Near neighbor to Girard is Mary Drexel's magnificent Home for Working Women. It is also walled about in a similar manner, although the graceful modern buildings of yellow brick, with granite facings, stand well to the front of the street-and high; it is, indeed, a "homey" looking place.

Another well walled-in place is the Reformatory, with slender chimney tops showing over the rough wall top.

Here and there a quaint ivy-grown church, safe hidden from prying eyes, behind its walls tolls each Sabbath day a gentle call to the living, just as it has done for two centuries, perhaps, for the generations now sleeping in quiet about it.

Drays are broad and short, express wagons (democrats) are broad and hung low. Carriages are in endless variety and everywhere. Colored people are seen more frequently, and "for hire" dangles over the heads of the colored drivers of divers and various kinds of rigs. Great scoop-shaped canvases cover them, patched in odd colors; a gay tassel hangs within reach of the driver, who may pull the front of the canvas over like a hood.

One may be crammed full of household movables, another running over with colored folk of all ages and sizes, smiling from under the flapping edges, or dangling over the wheels; or another, as your correspondent saw, packed with tired sheep, the jolly jehu hanging tight to the tassel to keep the bleating cargo inside, and leading an immense band of sheep, straggling through the smooth, broad streets.

The city is laid out very regularly, is well lighted, its business portion is most substantial; the buildings average, perhaps, six stories in heighth, and awnings stretch over almost all the walks. Like New York it is bare of trees or shrubbery, except in the newer portions.

It is almost unnecessary to mention the fine libraries, the art schools, the medical schools, the Franklin Institute for Fine Arts, its many public buildings of all kinds. The foundations for all these were laid in Franklin's time or before, and many of them are the direct result of his small beginnings. Probably no city in the Union has so much public spirit, does so much for its people or has more libraries or scientific societies and does so little talking on the subject.

Without doubt the most interesting building in America to-day is the State House in which is Independence Hall, where the Declaration of Independence was signed in July, 1776.

Here every visitor finds himself sooner or later. Inside are valuable relics, all connected with the history of a nation's birth or of the men who thought and planned and worked for her.

Several of the rooms are still used for offices, but the two large rooms on either side the main hall are reserved for the public; the one on the left of the old Senate chamber is filled with things that really are of no intrinsic value, but merely from association have become so: A small piece of the wampum belt, which was used when Penn made his original Indian treaty; a mantel-shelf upon which Washington laid the Constitution when he first received it; the pew in which both Lafayette and Washington sat; personal relics from the homes of almost all the public men of the time; banners, flags and battle relics, rare old books, or papers or letters, State documents, or Indian curios. In this place is also found the hand-hewn rough oaken framework, with its rusty old chains, from which the Liberty Bell hung, splintered and worn, brown and chipped by relic-hunters, until to-day it is railed in to keep it safe.

Just opposite is Independence Hall, not very large, perhaps thirty feet square; the original table and chairs still on the low small rostrum, back of which hangs a duplicate of the Declaration of Independence. About the walls are fine portraits of the signers of the declaration and members of the first Colonial Congress. Around the room are chairs, which it seems were the individual property of the members and not alike. The building is long and narrow with a second story over the center only, and over all the cupola, from which the first tones of Liberty Bell sent peal after peal through the land ringing out the proclamation of independence. It now hangs from the dome over the winding stairway, ten or twelve feet high, symmetrical and shapely, the watchword of the nation graven upon it.

Cracked and useles and silent? No. Its peal is heard ringing down the centuries over a mighty land. "Proclaim liberty throughout the land unto all the inhabitants thereof." MRS. L. E. THANE.

February 8, 1892.

The late Mr. Spurgeon used to say that he always smoked a good cigar every night to the glory of God.

IN MEMORY OF WASHINGTON.

Sentiments of Well-Known Men Appropriate to His Birthday.

Twenty-one of the Governors and Others Who Toast the Father of His Country and Awaken Patriotism.

Special to THE SUNDAY CALL.

In reply to the request for a patriotic sentiment for Washington's birthday, Governor Ladd of Rhode Island sent the following:

The anniversary of the birth of Washington may well direct the attention of our youth to the example of a man whose position is established in history among the great soldiers and the great statesmen of all time, and—which is of the highest value to us—he was a typical American.

HERBERT W. LADD.

Governor Pattison of Pennsylvania.

Governor Pattison of Pennsylvania replied thus:

Permit me to commend to your consideration one of the thoughts expressed in his farewell address, which lay near his noble heart, viz: "Promote, then, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened."

ROBERT E. PATTISON.

Governor Mellette of South Dakota.

Governor Mellette of South Dakota suggests as a character study for Washington's birthday the picture of the Father of His Country. He says:

There is no face like it. Beaming with dignity, strength, courage, tenderness, modesty and goodness, it seems to bear the words, "Father," "Country."

C. C. MELLETTE.

Governor Fleming of Florida.

Governor Fleming of Florida gives this patriotic sentiment:

Washington—soldier, statesman, patriot—the great figure of the Revolution. As we cherish his memory and celebrate each succeeding anniversary of his natal day, let it serve as a reminder that the perpetuity of the system of government, to the establishment of which his great talents contributed, can only be insured by a strict adherence to the principles upon which it was founded.

FRANCIS P. FLEMING.

Governor Chase of Indiana.

Governor Chase of Indiana replied at length. He said:

If my boy should ask me for a rule of action in life that would unite him to God I would say to him, "Read the New Testament, my son, with great care."

After having perused it if he should cast about for an exemplification of its teachings and were to ask for a perfect model, I could not point him to even a "beloved Apostle," but would point him to Jesus Christ as the only model, perfect and complete.

So, if he were to ask me for a rule of life as an American citizen, I should urge him to study the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States.

After he had passed an examination satisfactory to both of us and should express a desire to be informed as to a perfect model of American citizenship, I could point to scores of men who would exemplify the claim and be entirely satisfactory to me in all respects, and yet I know they would not be acceptable to thousands of others, and so I would be forced to call his attention to one man, to whom no possible exception could be taken by any one, north, south, east or west, and would say:

"My son, your model of true citizenship under our 'Declaration of Rights' must be George Washington, of whom it has been truly said that he was first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

IRA J. CHASE.

Governor Ferry of Washington.

Governor Ferry of Washington sends a strong sentiment, as follows:

At the close of the present century the United States will be the greatest and most powerful nation in the world. May the intelligence, virtue and patriotism of her citizens be commensurate with the greatness of the nation.

ELISHA P. FERRY.

Governor Toole of Montana.

Governor Toole of Montana expresses the following wish:

The birthday of Washington is pregnant with the hopes, aims and ambitions of a republic that reflects the image of liberty robed in law. May the memory of the day and the magic of his name be a constant menace to the enemies of liberty abroad and inspire them to emulate the virtues of a nation that glories not alone in industries or arts or arms, but in the light which Washington shed around his path.

JAMES P. TOOLE.

Governor Willey of Idaho.

Governor Willey of Idaho sends this response:

Because we reverence the greatest and the best of men, therefore we honor his natal day, which is a part of him.

NORMAN B. WILLEY.

Governor Buchanan of Tennessee.

The sentiment of Governor Buchanan of Tennessee is short, but impressive. He says:

I believe that the burden of the struggle for liberty which Washington bore, the victory for human government which he won, has placed his name not only "first in the hearts of his countrymen," but among the immortals who must ever live in the history of the progress of humanity.

JOHN P. BUCHANAN.

Governor Tuttle of New Hampshire.

Governor Tuttle of New Hampshire thus expresses his views on the subject:

Much as the Old and New Testaments are the light and guide of the world in religion, the Declaration of Independence and the constitution of the United States, growing out of that religion, are the light and guide of the world in civil liberty.

As our country stands at the head of all free Governments in the world's history, so our Washington, its deliverer and founder, rightfully stands at the head of the patriots and statesmen of all time.

Christianity, aided by the influences which follow in its sweep, had in the last half of the eighteenth century so well developed men that our unequaled Washington and unparalleled republic were produced. They were indeed a new world created in the New World and the best fruitage thus far in human history. One of our transcendent duties, not only to man but to God, is so to conduct our republic that it shall be the light and leader of the world simply by its merits, and the desire for its like among all civilized nations become as universal as is the admiration of Washington among all enlightened people. HIRAM A. TUTTLE.

Governor Reynolds of Delaware.

This is from Governor Reynolds of Delaware:

It is a sad reflection to remember the hardships endured by our forefathers that we might be free, and as we assemble on the birthday of the great Washington—the father of our country—to commemorate his memory, let us renew our efforts to preserve untarnished that freedom, and transmit to all coming generations that noble sentiment so dear to every American heart. "Union and liberty now and forever, one and inseperable."

ROBERT J. REYNOLDS.

Dr. John Hall Toasts Calvin and Washington.

According to Bancroft, the reformer John Calvin inspired the party of republicans in England who found their asylum in New England.

The same principles animated the Scotch-Irish who aided the Puritans in making the United States. I can wish nothing better for our nation than the maintenance of these convictions in our political, social, religious and national life. JOHN HALL.

From the Assistant Treasurer of the United States.

In the olden time nations raised the leaders to whom they owed their creation or safety in vital crises to the rank of gods and demigods. Washington was more to this republic than was the most famous hero of antiquity to his country. While he was the most potent single factor in establishing American independence, he has left in his teachings and example most valuable guides and guarantees for its preservation. On his birthday the lessons of his life should be revived and taken home. As his military genius is studied his eminence among generals is better understood. His writings endure, worthy to be part of the creed of the republic. His example as commander and statesman shines with growing luster. The debt due him for breaking the line of precedents of chiefs who, having saved a country by the sword, used the weapon to make themselves dictators, rests not upon this land only, but upon all the world.

To commemorate all he was and all his career teaches is the privilege and the duty befitting the anniversary of his birth.

ELLIS H. ROBERTS.

To Keep Vital His Lofty Sentiments, Says Dr. Thompson.

There has been no time in the history of our country when it was more important that the memory of Washington should be kept alive and the principles announced by him should be emphasized than at the present time. A variety of perils from without and from within seriously menace our country. I know of no stronger counteraction than a vivid sense of the patriotism of our first President and a disposition to keep vital among us the lofty sentiments which inspired his life and actuated his official conduct. It will be a sorry day for us when the 22d of February shall be lightly esteemed. CHARLES L. THOMPSON.

A Cherished Anniversary, Says Mayor Grant.

The glorious 22d of February should be a cherished anniversary in our land. Whatever serves to inspire patriotic feeling in the younger generations or revives it in the older is a benefit to our free institutions. To my mind nothing could be of more service in this direction than the observance of the 22d, which direct attention to the lofty patriotism, great statesmanship, high ideals and wonderful foresight of the father of our country. His devoted efforts to secure the blessings of liberty to those of his time and their posterity are made plain to us in the story of those days, and the ability with which the men of that time disposed of the problems in hand and provided for those to come are equally apparent in the Declaration of Independence and in the constitution of the United States. The anniversary of Washington's birth and these documents are the fitting foundation of ceremonies of celebration. Then let the superstructure be as festive and joyous as possible.

HUGH J. GRANT.

F. R. Coudert Quotes Latin at George.

Washington's fame is almost unique in this, that it grows with the lapse of time. Party prejudice and blindness obscured and dimmed some of his greatness while he lived, but the voice of detraction and rivalry has long since ceased to vibrate even as a distant echo. The generations that have passed since he retired from public life have taken up the swelling anthem with ever increasing approval. His majestic and serene figure symbolizes our national greatness and stands as our ideal of American liberty. There is nothing but sweetness in the fragrant memory of his services. Perhaps he builded more wisely than he knew, for it is certain that in serving and saving his country's cause he served the human race. Whatever doubts may rise as to other chiefs among men, it is now adjudicated by the unanimous consent of mankind that Washington towers conspicuously and unchallenged among the benefactors of his kind.

May we not say of him as Horace of Jupiter, Nec vigil quicquam simile aut secundum?—nor flourishes any being similar or even second to him. F. R. COUDERT.

From a Grandson of Patrick Henry.

You ask for a sentiment for the birthday of Washington. I would respond that he was beyond doubt the father of his country. Without Washington at the head of the Continental Army and his influence over Congress and in France, our independence would not have been won; without his influence in the Federal Convention of 1787 the United States Constitution would not have been agreed on; without his influence over the States it would not have been adopted, and without his strong will and patriotic purpose it would in all probability have never been successfully launched. To him we are indebted for the inauguration of a policy distinctly American, under which we have had a truly great development. The more I study him the more I am impressed with his greatness. When we as a people cease to revere his memory we will have become unworthy of the free institutions he established for us in camp and council. Nor can we duly honor him except by taking as our chart his noble and patriotic words and deeds.

WILLIAM WIRT HENRY.

"Falling Into Desuetude," Says Hamlin Garland.

I believe Washington's birthday should have a more general and definite observance. It looks as if the celebration of the day were falling into desuetude. Now, as much as any other time, we need the concentration of public attention on a figure in the world's history associated with the most pregnant epoch in the development of the history of human liberty. Washington was peculiarly a man fitted for the admiration and veneration of posterity. In no other character of history whose life was crowned with glittering success was there such a combination of military sagacity, civil pride and patience in distress as in his.

HAMLIN GARLAND.

Governor Russell of Massachusetts.

From the old "Cradle of Liberty" Governor Russell of Massachusetts sends this sentiment:

George Washington, patriot and statesman. His life and works are a living inspiration for us to-day. In his career were exemplified the words of Channing: "Government is a divine institution, essential to the improvement of our nature, the spring of industry and enterprise, the shield of property and life, the refuge of the weak and oppressed. WILLIAM E. RUSSELL.

Governor Page of Vermont.

The world has come to value breadth of character more than brilliancy of effort. How comprehensive? How successful? These are the all important questions. These are the tests which should be applied in estimating character.

Napoleon was the more brilliant general, but would he have brought the issues between the colonies and the mother country to as successful a termination as did Washington?

Webster was the more brilliant statesman, but would he have piloted the frail bark of the colonics through those unexplored seas of the first quarter of a century of their existence with that unerring judgment which characterized the administration of Washington? Not America alone, but the civilized world answers an emphatic No.

However great the emergency he rose to it grandly. However important the position he filled it in a manner which commands growing admiration. As a matter of practical statesmanship, of unselfish patriotism, of public integrity, of organizing executive force, no character, ancient or modern, is so profitable for the study of the youth of this generation as that of George Washington, and it is eminently fitting that we keep green the memory of his grand achievements by honoring the anniversary of his birth. C. S. PAGE.

Governor Fleming of West Virginia.

Washington is nearer the heart of a greater number of Americans than any other man of the past or present. Nothing in politics or party strife loses him the affection of any. His achievements, considering his surroundings and resources, have never been equaled. May the day never come when he will cease to be regarded as "the father of our country." A. B. FLEMING.

John Swim, a Columbus (Ohio) miser, aged 97, whose relatives are suing for a guardian to care for his $300,000 estate, has received a proposal of marriage from a widow, who says she is only 67; that her heart has been moved to pity by reading of his troubles, and that she thinks she "could comfort, cheer and lighten the lonely hours" of his remaining years.

Judge Botkins, the magistrate whose life has been threatened in the Seward County (Kans.) war of factions, and who holds court with his rifle within easy reach, is a dead shot. One of his feats is picking off a ten-cent piece at a hundred yards. He is a man of very large frame.

A Quebec tonsorial artist advertises himself as a "physiognomical hair-cutter, capillary abridger and cranium manipulator."

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