

WASHINGTON'S BROTHER JOHN.

THE GENEROUS RELATIVE WHO EDUCATED THE "FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY."

John Washington, George's elder brother, was the real "father of his country" in having made George what he was. John Washington was a careful, methodical business man, and he made a methodical business man of George. He taught him careful habits, to keep an account of every penny expended, the result of which is seen in numerous memoranda kept by that great man for a grateful country, which always pay the highest price for autographs. George was also put to learn surveying, not that he should become a professional surveyor, but in order to fit him for the career which his brother intended him to pursue, that of operating in lands. How well John succeeded in this may be seen by a reference to any biography of George, which will show that he had a great talent for selecting good lands, and he exercised a lively faculty in obtaining them. Say what you will, George Washington had an eye to the "main chance," and if some of the public men of this day should be found appropriating public lands as he did there would doubtless be a howl against the "monopolist" and a demand from the opposition press for an investigating committee to send for "persons and papers," and unless the members of the committee were furnished with a share of the pork, they would be very apt to get out a report of 8,000 or 9,000 pages at the expense of the tax-payers. In later life Washington had agents out in various parts of the country surveying and securing valuable tracts on his account, and he managed to get the very best that was to be had for a shilling an acre. In early life George Washington went out with his surveyors and pioneers himself and saw that they rendered honest service for their compensation. It was John Washington's training of George that made the latter a thorough woodsman and of particular value in all military operations of pre-revolutionary days, when the Indians, as well as the French, were crowding the English colonists.

John had been in the British navy, and was for some time on the West India station, but he preferred the life of a planter, for which reason he resigned his commission and settled down at home in Virginia, where he appears to have paid special attention to his brother's development. It appears that a better instrument could not have been found to fit George for the great duties which awaited him far in the future, but which John did not live to see, though he may have fancied great honors in store for the name of Washington.

The war commenced between Virginia and Canada was destined to draw into its vortex the forces of Great Britain and France, and one of its most important results was the creation of such an enmity between those two countries that France was only too eager to become the ally of the colonies when they revolted against the British government. In nothing can the hand of Providence be more clearly seen than that war which was brought on by John Washington! The active mind of this wonderful man appreciated the importance of lakes in the interest of commerce. He conceived and organized the western land company, and, it appears, adopted a practice still in vogue in this country to insure the success of his scheme. He made Gov. Dinwiddie a stockholder, and induced him to send out an expedition for the establishment of a post on the shores of Lake Erie. This post was to be made a base of supplies for the fur trade. Vessels were to cruise upon the lakes visiting all the tribes of Indians to be found on their shores for trade in furs. The furs were to be brought down to Presque Isle and from that point transported overland, and by means of canoes on water courses to Virginia. George Washington was first sent out to make a report on the country and on the best location for the chain of posts necessary for carrying out the plan. The result of these movements was to alarm the French, who were at that time trading unmolested in the western country, and they not only resisted the advance of the Virginians, but fortified their route from Erie to Venango. The Virginians' first stand was at the junction of the Allegheny and Monongahela, from which they were driven by the French. This led to the Braddock expedition, as Gov. Dinwiddie found Virginia unable to cope alone with the French opposition to the trading and colonization scheme which had been set on foot by John Washington. The mother country was called on for aid, and finally the French were driven out from the Northwest territory to Canada. Thus it appears that the origin of the Colonial war was due to a business enterprise of John Washington, who had trained up his brother George to carry out such schemes; and finally at this attempt of John Washington to take possession of that territory, with a view to monopolizing the fur trade of the lakes, created an en-

mity between France and England which caused France to give the colonies very important aid in the war for independence.

DANIEL WEBSTER'S WAYS.

An incident unquestionably authentic which has never before been related in print, may be told of Mr. Webster. On the way home from the convention which was held, we believe, at Philadelphia, the Mississippi delegation called upon Mr. Webster at his modest house on Louisiana avenue in Washington. It was near the close of a summer's day, when, ushered into the little front parlor, and introduced to Mr. Webster, the chairman, Judge Sharkey—the same it may be who years afterward was conspicuous in the reconstruction of politics in his State—addressed the great orator in terms of flattering eulogy, saying, among other things, how pleased he and his fellow delegation would have been to see Mr. Webster's great abilities recognized in the nomination of their party for the Presidency. As a matter of fact, the delegation had steadily voted against him in the convention. It was upon this fact that Mr. Webster's curt reply turned, "You have expressed, Mr. Chairman," said he, "the sentiment that you desire—and I must suppose that your action was in conformity with that desire—in the recent convention of the Whig party for the nomination of a candidate for the Presidency of the United States—your desire and effort was that that honor should fall upon me. In response to which I have only to say that the record, gentlemen, is the other way. Good night, gentlemen!" And bowing himself through the folding doors into the rear parlor where Mrs. Webster sat in the deepening twilight, he vanished to Mississippi eyes, leaving his visitors sternly rebuked for the lip service, to find their homeward way as best they might.

It was in the preceding presidential canvass, in 1848, when General Taylor was the Whig candidate, and elected, that the writer heard Mr. Webster make, on his farm at Marshfield, the speech in which he declared that the selection of General Taylor—who in private conversation at Washington had been characterized, but unjustly, as "only a swearing frontier colonel"—was "a nomination not fit to be made." The speech, the only one, we think, he made in the canvass, was listened to by a large assemblage who had come to Marshfield for the purpose, many "straight" Whigs from Boston and elsewhere being among the number with a considerable sprinkling of so-called "Conscience Whigs," out of whose secession from the party grew the historic condition which soon after put Chas. Sumner and Henry Wilson in the United States Senate. Many of these Boston gentlemen, we remember, wore white or light-colored kid gloves on the occasion, and their applause was diverse, as one and another of the orator's utterances affected the divergent prejudices of his auditory. The expression above quoted remained in the printed speech as Mr. Webster made it, but another, still more offensive to Whigs proper, was eliminated from the verbatim report as it stood in type in the office of the Boston Atlas. The Whig committee sent a delegation to Mr. Webster asking that the obnoxious phrase might be cancelled before the speech went to the press. "No," said Mr. Webster; "let it stand as I spoke it!" Not to be baffled in their solicitude for its expurgation, one of the committee renewed the request in a note to Mr. Webster, enclosing a check for \$500. Mr. Webster's reply to this was that the expression could as well be left out; that the speech with that omitted would sufficiently express his views on the points to which it related. So the speech went to press without it. There may be those among our contemporaries, solicitors of Mr. Webster's fame, who may be moved to dispute the substantial accuracy of what is here related. The fact in its main details and significance, we believe to be susceptible of proof, the lapse of thirty-two years notwithstanding.

ENORMOUS DIVIDENDS.

INTERESTING FACTS CONCERNING FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE.

From the Harrisburg Patriot.

A summary of the condition of the joint stock fire and marine insurance companies in this State, just issued by the insurance commissioner, is an interesting document as showing the enormous dividends earned by some of the companies in Philadelphia. For instance the Fire Association, with a capital of \$500,000, distributed in dividends \$200,000, equal to 40 per cent. of its capital; the Franklin Fire Insurance Company, with a capital of \$400,000, equal to 32 1-10 per cent. of its capital; the Girard Fire and Marine Insurance Company, with a capital of \$300,000, distributed \$60,000, equal to 20 per cent. of its capital; the Insurance Company of North America, with a capital of \$2,000,000, distributed \$400,000, equal to 20 per cent. of its capital; the Spring Garden Company, with a capital of \$400,000, distributed \$64,000, equal to 16 per cent. of its capital; the United Firemen's Company, with a capital of \$200,000, distributed \$24,000, equal to 12 per cent. of its capital. The company which earned the smallest dividend in proportion to its capital is the German Fire, which, with a capi-

tal of \$100,000, distributed \$5,518, equal to a fraction over 5 1/2 per cent., or, to be exact, 5,518 per cent. of its capital.

There are in the State forty-two joint stock fire and marine insurance companies, with an aggregate capital of \$10,525,800; gross assets, \$32,783,125; total receipts in 1880, \$11,075,705; total expenditures, \$10,258,997. The total amount paid in dividends by all the companies during the year was \$1,398,951, equal to a fraction over 13 per cent. of all the capital employed. The net amount at risk January 1, 1881, including perpetuals, was \$1,014,884,707.

THE LATEST KINK.

TISSUE PAPER PARTIES AND HOW THEY ARE GOTTEN UP.

From the Boston Herald.

Real "society" has nothing to do but amuse itself. What could be more delightful or more easy? To possess means and leisure, and to have nothing to do but enjoy one's self—and this is the ideal of a happy life, with millions of people who are outside the charmed circle of "society." But in fact these people would be greatly astonished if they knew how very difficult society finds it to be constantly amused. The young lady of fashion suffers ennui which her waiting maid never knows. The young swell of the jeunesse doree often finds his time hang heavy on his hands. Above all, the lady who aspires to lead in fashion, to entertain, to give the tone—this queen of society is often, were the truth known, entirely at her wits' end to devise some new method of entertaining and amusing the novelty-loving young ladies and the blasé young gentlemen whom she assembles in her elegant parlors.

To the fashionable world, therefore, any thing new, any entertainment which promises to be at once novel and amusing, is eagerly welcomed, and its fortunate inventor is hailed as a benefactor. Some of the devices for stirring the languid interest of these triflers have no merit beyond their novelty, but the latest one of which we have heard is distinguished as being not only new, but graceful and pretty as well, and as affording opportunity for the exercise of ingenuity, skill and taste without limit.

Some fashionable lady in *la mode de l'an dernier* not long since planned and carried out a "tissue-paper party." The public in general has, perhaps, not discovered it; but she had found that tissue papers are imported of late of a most marvelous variety and beauty of color. With a happy stroke of inventive fancy, she determined to give a party at which tissue-paper dresses should be *de rigueur*. The idea was at once recognized as a happy one, and the result was a success so complete as to surprise even the originator of the idea. In truth, the dresses conjured up out of this gauzy material are extremely beautiful. In the first place the variety of colors, shades and tints is practically inexhaustible, so that every combination and every kind of effect are possible. Then the paper can be made to imitate almost anything in the way of costume and trimming—ruffs, platings, flounces, fringes and all the indescribable but highly important furbelows which no man in the world but Mr. Worth can ever hope to understand—are all given exactly; important even in the gilded circles of which we speak, is the fact that the paper is unlike the costly fabrics which it imitates in one respect—it is not costly. Probably only a woman can know the full delight of making a dress—looking at it with ecstasy—doubting about it, concluding that it is "horrid"—and then being able to calmly throw it away, without a thought of the expense, and make another as unlike it as possible. The process of making the costume is very simple, as described to the writer by a young lady herself arrayed in a most distracting Watteau costume, charming in color and miraculous in cut, who said: "You just baste the skirt on over the skirt, and then you cut the waist out of pique"—at least this is what it seemed to be. For ourselves, however, we should say that the making, the trimming, the basting and cutting might safely be left to the taste and skillful fingers of the ladies, while the important thing would seem to be to get the "correct thing" in the material itself, which is understood to be imported by a Boston concern, upon whose wares fashion has set her seal. The richness, the variety, the wonderful delicacy of shade and tint make a "paper party" like a glimpse of fairy land, and that this really charming reform of evening entertainment is becoming more and more fashionable, and generally speaks well at once for the taste, the aesthetic perception and the good sense of "society."

To Tell the Hour.

Seat yourself at a table. Attach a piece of metal (say a shilling) to a thread. Having placed your elbow on the table hold the thread between the points of the thumb and forefinger and allow the shilling to hang in the centre of a glass tumbler; the pulse will immediately cause the shilling to vibrate like a pendulum, and the vibrations will increase until the shilling strikes the side of the glass; and suppose the time of experiment be the hour of seven or halfpast seven, the pendulum will strike the glass seven times, and then lose its momentum and return to the centre; if you hold the

thread a sufficient space of time, the effect will be repeated, but not until a sufficient space of time has elapsed to convince you that the experiment is complete. We need not add that the thread must be held with a steady hand, otherwise the vibrating motion would be contracted. At whatever hour of the day or night the experiment is made, the coincidence will be the same.

THE PERILS OF THE BLIZZARD.

A FORTY-MILE JOURNEY OVER THE PRAIRIES OF MINNESOTA.

From the Minneapolis Tribune.

Few people in Minneapolis realize the extent of the snow and blizzard storms away from the city and out on the prairies within 100 miles of this city, and probably not one of our citizens has ever passed through an experience more thrilling and bitter than that of Sam Hill during the seven days of last week. On Friday, February 18, Mr. Hill left the city for Sibley, Iowa, on the St. Paul and Sioux City road, arriving there on Saturday, seven hours late. Mr. Hill proceeded to transact his business as speedily as possible, intending to return at once to Minneapolis. But he didn't return at once. Indeed, like Biles in the play, he has much to be thankful for that he arrived home at all. All day Sunday he waited patiently for a train—a la mode Enoch Arden under the palms—but none came. Monday afternoon a snow-working train came in, and Mr. Hill managed to board it and assisted the shoyelers to Worthington. There the train stopped short, and could not move an inch, despite the frantic appeals of twenty commercial travelers unable to get either way on the road. A number of these gentlemen had been snow-bound at one point or another for forty days, and their condition and position were anything but enviable. At 6 o'clock Wednesday night Mr. Hill boarded another snow-train and worked his way to Heron Lake, twenty-six miles, where it was decided to remain over night. Fuel was scarce and the town was minus anything in the shape of meat and solid food, and indifferent coffee together with dry bread, made up the provender served. On Thursday morning Peter Becker a freight conductor on the road, announced his intention to walk as far as St. James—forty long miles over the bleak, snow-drifted prairies—and called for volunteers to accompany him. Mr. Hill and five railroad men responded, and at 9:30 o'clock they set out on their perilous journey. They reached Windom about 1 o'clock, procured lunch and again started, arriving at Mountain Lake, twenty-four miles from Heron Lake, at 6:30 p. m. On Friday morning the brave little party again started, but one of the men gave up and was left at Mountain Lake while the remaining five kept on. When two miles out the travelers encountered a terrible blizzard, and for an hour or more life hung by a slender thread. But the gallant five faltered never more, despite the bitter cold, and finally reached St. James more dead than alive at 5 o'clock in the afternoon. At this point the railroad men remained, while Mr. Hill secured passage with a team going to Madalia, fourteen miles, and from there hired a sleigh and drove to Mankota, arriving there at 3 o'clock, in time for the train to St. Paul, arriving here Saturday evening, after an absence of four days and nights, fighting the elements for existence. Along the road between Mountain Lake and St. James there is not a house, fence, tree, shrub or anything of the sort, leaving the telegraph poles the sole objects of interest. In many places the travelers marched over drifts fully twenty feet high, and kept their balance by clinging to the telegraph wires. Again the snow-crust was so light as to let the weary pedestrians through, when locomotion was next to impossible—especially with feet encased in stout, heavy, flour-sacks bound about the pedals for protection from cold and in place of snow shoes.

THE NEW CZAR OF RUSSIA.

Alexander III, second son of the late emperor, who now reigns in his father's stead, was born March 10, 1845, and was married, in 1866, to the Princess Dagmar, daughter of King Christian IX, of Denmark. Of his four children, the eldest, Nicholas, born May 18, 1868, is now Czar, and heir-apparent, while two younger sons make the succession secure. His reign will probably begin by great reforms, but the Czar will be the Czar. As such he will be the representative of a system, the heir of a policy as well as of a principle, the custodian of a nation's prejudices, ambitions and hopes, a part of a grand machine, which he must work or be crushed beneath its wheels. He evidently cherishes the idea of giving the country a constitution and of sharing the cares of government with a national body of representatives. He may carry out his project, but it is doubtful whether he will persevere in his liberalism and whether he will give as much as the revolutionists demand. If he does, he may be carried away by the current, destroying his own personality; if he does not, revolution will follow, and his government may become as reactionary as that of Alexander II. His task is doubtless heavier than that of any predecessor. Alexander III cannot, if he would, be a mere nonentity.

He must leave some mark on the history of his country and of Europe. He may reconcile the largest Empire in the world with civilization and freedom.

Railroads of United States and England.

The railway system of England is so much more nearly complete than any other that it may be taken as a standard of comparison. On January 1, 1880, there were in England 17,000 miles of railway, and in the United States there were 84,233 miles, or nearly in the proportion of one to five. But the square miles to be covered by the roads were about as one to thirty-six, and the population to use them were about as three to five, or, to state it otherwise, there is in England 1 mile of railway to every 6.3 square miles of area, while the United States, with five times as many miles of road, has only 1 mile to every 43 of area. These proportions are reversed, however, as regard population, for there are 1,900 persons to every mile of English road, and but 610 to each mile in the United States. From this point of view it is hard to avoid the conclusion that we are overdoing railroad building, for these figures are eloquent of large operating expenses, and a disproportionately small constituency from which to collect revenue. But there are powerful counter arguments. The future increase of revenue in England must be comparatively small and slow, if any, while in this country nearly every week sees a step in advance, and measured by years the net gain is expressible only in leaps and strides. Moreover, the gross capital charge is much over a billion dollars in favor of this country. The cost of a mile of railroad in England was \$292,750, while the average cost of this country has been but \$57,000, so that the total cost of railroads in the United States is but \$4,862,510,000, as against a total of \$3,588,020,000 for England. These are figures large enough for the boundless prairies, and the traffic totals are not less well adapted in American idiosyncrasies. In England last year there were over 500,000,000 passengers, and in the United States there were over 200,000,000. As regards tons of freight, the total is actually smaller for England than for the United States, the figures being respectively 212,000,000 and 280,000,000 tons. The receipts were, in England, \$17,450 per mile, and in the United States, \$6,280, the gross receipts being, for England \$388,960,000, and for the United States \$529,000,000. Altogether, the account is a difficult one to balance, even were not some items wanting, as they are. But one thing seems clear, if our railways suffer so little by comparison now, and hold their own for but a few years, the whole future is hopeful.

Longest Story Ever Published.

A correspondent of the Louisville Courier-Journal tells the following story of Cornwall on the Hudson, well known as a Summer boarding place: "I once knew a very ridiculous thing to happen there. Several years ago I was coming down from Poughkeepsie by boat. It was a bright morning in midsummer, and we stopped at Cornwall to take aboard the few gentlemen who went early to business in New York. Instead of the usual number there were a great many people who rushed aboard in various stages of indignation and disgust. It was a perfect exodus, and we soon learned the cause. The night before, light bread was made up and set in the pantry to "rise." Bed time came and all retired—all, at least, save a pet kitten, who prowled about seeking a comfortable bed. Kitty got into the pantry, and finding the pan of bread, which she mistook for a nice soft cushion, laid thereon and went quietly to sleep. The soft dough yielded gradually, and slowly but surely poor Kitty was engulfed, the batter closing over and leaving no sign. When morning came the bread was baked and brought in hot to breakfast. Imagine the scene—all the boarders seated at the table—when the loaf was broken open! They left in a body."

Division of California.

Southern California is desirous of setting up in business of its own account. It complains of the 500 miles' journey to the Capital, Sacramento, and finds fault with the legislation enacted there because it fails to take the climate, soil, pursuits, and needs of the Southern part of the State sufficiently into consideration. There is a wide difference in these respects between different parts of the State. In the south there is little rain, often not more than a few inches throughout the year. Bee culture and sheep raising, the orange, lime, vine, almond, and various other semi-tropical fruits flourish there. In the north there is usually rain enough in winter, and sometimes too much. Mining and grain-growing are largely conducted there. These interests exercise more influence in the legislature than those of the south do. The southern part of the State would like to, but cannot get State aid for artificial agitation. For these reasons a secession movement has been under way, and mass meetings are being held. One obstacle to success in the movement is the lack of population. A State of South California would have less than 70,000 inhabitants, and its government

would be an expensive luxury to the people. But it would be a good thing for office-seeking politicians.

MEN OF MILLIONS.

AMERICANS WHO ARE ROLLING IN BOUNDLESS WEALTH—THEIR NAMES AND WHERE THEY LIVE—HOW DARE FORTUNE LAVISHES HER FAVORS.

The richest man in America and nearly the richest man in the world is William H. Vanderbilt. His fortune is set at about \$200,000,000. Next to him comes Jay Gould, who is reaching towards \$100,000,000. The immense estate of the Astors is worth much over \$50,000,000. Fortunes ranging from \$10,000,000 to \$15,000,000 are almost common—so frequent, indeed, that the term "millions" has almost lost its immensity as a figure of speech, and is employed now where that of thousands used to be. Our fathers spoke of a man worth his hundreds of thousands, and we, the children, heard them with the same awe as that with which we listened to the description of the fabled treasures of a fairy tale. Our children to-day do not call a man rich unless he has passed the goal their grandfathers only considered in such names as the Rothschilds, who were regarded as types of a wealth no man would ever peer. Even David Jones, the brewer, who died worth \$10,000,000, did not receive a half-column obituary notice in any morning paper.

The man who wanted to make a census of the millionaires of New York for the year 1881 would almost need a whole newspaper to do it in. Their name is literally legion. There are scores of them whose wealth can not be known, because it is invested in such a way that it is not required to pay taxes, and leaves no annual record of itself that can be arrived at. Denis Kearney called these men bloated bondholders, and they are, in so far as the latter is concerned. They are men who invest their vast accumulations in government bonds, draw the interest regularly, and add it to the principal, and so go on heaping up a monstrous capital with no labor on their part, and without expenditure except the original one. But they are lavish with their wealth in spite of all that may be said to the contrary, and that lavishness has made the name of New York a synonym for the open-handed beneficence which makes it in charity, science, arts and commerce the metropolis of the western hemisphere. Apart from the fluctuating fortunes of the speculative rich men, the Jim Keenes and his like, which may be millions to-day or thousands to-morrow, there are merchant princes and quiet men of fortune who, when they die, will leave wills to run into the seven figures, and make people wonder why they never heard of such rich men before.

Nor are these colossal capitals restricted to the metropolis. Cincinnati has several well-to-do people, although forty years ago she had but three who counted their fortunes by millions. These were Nicholas Longworth, who died in 1862, leaving about \$10,000,000, and Jacob Burnet and James Ferguson, who died in 1853, each leaving about \$2,000,000. Of the opulent people now residents of Cincinnati, David Sinton is worth \$10,000,000; G. H. Shoenberger, \$5,000,000; A. D. Breed, \$5,000,000; estate of James W. Gaff, \$6,000,000; estate of Oliver Perin, \$5,000,000; R. R. Springer, \$5,000,000; Joseph Longworth, \$5,000,000; estate of S. N. Pike, \$5,000,000; Emery Bros., \$3,000,000; A. D. Bullock, Charles and John Kilgour, W. P. Hulbert, Samuel Fosdick, William S. Groesbeck, Jacob Seasongood, Friberg & Workum, John Shillito's estate, Timothy Kirby's estate, Judge D. K. Esté's estate, J. C. Short's estate, General James Taylor's estate, and R. B. Hopple are each worth \$2,000,000, while the list of single millionaires is too numerous to mention.

Philadelphia, Chicago, Pittsburg, Boston, all make a similarly splendid showing in the matter of figures. Philadelphia and Boston are very much alike, in the fact that, though there are fewer millionaires in them in proportion to their population than there are in our other great cities, there are proportionately more men of solid fortune. This is to say, while the business man in New York and Chicago, having won his \$100,000, tries to double it, and, having doubled it, to duplicate it again, the sober-sided citizen of the Hub and the Quaker City are content to settle when they find themselves at ease financially. It would quite start these conservative commercial persons to think of a collateral investment of from \$1,000,000 to \$6,000,000 in mines to get coal from to run iron foundries with capitals of much greater bulk, as a score of Pittsburg iron founders do, or to hold a reserve of \$2,000,000 for grain operations, like half a hundred of Chicagoans.

If you want to study the immense variety of the human face in expressions you should bend your gaze upon the mobile countenance of a deaf and dumb man when he reaches under the plank walk for a lost nickle and picks up a raw bumble bee.

It is a great pity that some people grow bitter as they grow old. It seems as though the more teeth they lose the more they want to bite.