

There is a current saying that of a man it is asked in Boston, what does he know? In New York, what is he worth? In Philadelphia, who was his father? The personal character and official worth of our candidate alike invite inspection by any one or all of these tests.

ROBERT EMORY PATTISON, the only Democratic candidate for governor in Pennsylvania, and the one who proposes, when "chosen for the office by the people, to perform its duties to their satisfaction," was born on the 8th day of December, A. D., 1850, at Quantico, Somerset county, Md. For the place of his birth there is no apology needed further than that he "had to be born somewhere," as Andrew Jackson, of Tennessee, said of himself, in answer to the taunt that Waxhaw, North Carolina, was his own humble birth-place, itself in name, like Pattison's, suggestive of aboriginal origin. Indian names are numerous on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, which has also been called by a recent writer in Harper's Magazine, "A Peninsula Canaan," "a land of rivers of waters." One of these gives name to the new county of Wicomico, set off from Somerset a few years ago, in which is located the little town of Quantico.

That was the first place to which the late Rev. Robert H. Pattison, D. D., for many years grand chaplain of the grand lodge of Masons in Pennsylvania, was appointed, after his marriage with Miss Catharine Woolford, of Cambridge, by the presiding bishop of the Philadelphia M. E. conference, which at that time included the peninsula within its bounds. A short time thereafter the father's appointment was to Odessa, Delaware, and next to Philadelphia when the first-born son was but six years old.

HIS EDUCATION.

Robert was at once started to school, and entering the primary, passed during the years following through the successive grades of the common schools, the glory of our commonwealth, on up and through the Penn grammar and central high school. Here young Pattison made his first speech, being called upon to deliver the valedictory address, and graduating with the highest honors of the fifty-fifth class. In this way he became known to Lewis C. Cassidy, esq., then a member of the board of education, in whose office he registered as a law student in December, 1869, with the recommendation of Professor George Inman Riche, the high school principal.

The elder Pattison had intended his son should graduate also at Dickinson college, where he himself had been educated, having named him in honor of one of the most honored presidents of that institution. Robert Emory was a native of Philadelphia, afterward a law student of Reverdy Johnson, in Baltimore, and in the end a divine of great learning and mastery in manhood. Such a man, too, was the senior Pattison, one whose knightly appearance and chivalric bearing coexisted with great kindness of manner, that made him friends in all classes of society, and caused him to be mourned in death—which came to him in 1875—wherever his personal and social worth were known. His solicitude for the future of his only son may be best expressed in words written by James Mill to Jeremy Bentham, with reference to his son, John Stuart Mill: "However, if I were to die anytime before this poor boy is a man, one of the things which would pinch me most sorely would be the being obliged to leave his mind unmade to the degree of excellence I hope for."

A STUDENT OF LAW.

Fortunately Dr. Pattison did live to see his son Robert apply himself not only to the mastery of law books in the office, but also after office hours at home, to general literature, and especially to the history of the old feudal days; so familiarizing himself with the groundwork of his chosen profession, and at the same time keeping up with the times in his general reading during half holidays, and on his way to and fro. The father lived to see him a good student of human nature as well, using the ample opportunity Mr. Cassidy's large criminal practice afforded for this; and in every way at his command thoroughly qualifying himself for admission to the Philadelphia bar, where he entered upon the practice of the law on his own account in 1872. That year the young lawyer was married to Anna, daughter of Edwin A. Smith, of Philadelphia, and settled down in the small two-story house 3247 Sansom street, where he has continued to reside ever since, and where two children, a boy and a girl, have been born to them in their happy home.

From the age of seventeen, when he was already developed beyond his years, following in the footsteps of his grandfather on his mother's side, Col. Thomas Woolford, who commanded in the Maryland line in the Revolutionary war, Pattison had been a popular member of the Fourth Regiment Pennsylvania Militia, known as the Fire Zouaves, and he was subsequently identified with the reorganization of the State Fencibles.

LAWYER, ORATOR AND MILITIAMAN.

There he formed the friendship of that good old Democrat, "a man without fear and without reproach," Col. James Page, whom Pattison succeeded as president of the organization. He won his first laurels as a lawyer in an able argument in defense of some thirty militiamen of the 4th Regiment Penn-

States accordingly detached Col. Woolford, of the Maryland line, with 100 regulars, a party of artillery and two brass field pieces. On the same evening he moved with his main force to take post at a deep stream about seven miles from Camden, intending to attack Lord Rawdon or his redoubt should he march out in force to repel Sumter. Page 94, Vol. IV, Irving's Life of Washington.

During the war of the Revolution the "Maryland Line" was famous for its valor, taking an active part in most of the great battles of the war. Col. Woolford was in active service throughout the entire war, Pennsylvania Volunteers, before a court assembled by General Prevost, and so-

quitted them on a plea of jurisdiction. After this he was ever the chosen orator of the command, and never without clients. Among the cases which afterwards came to him and were prepared with the thoroughness which distinguished all of his professional and political work, were those of Orr vs. Hydraulic Works and Kehoe vs. same, leading cases in determining the law of negligence and the duties of property owners to the public.

Thus far the father lived to see the success of his son, who, with strong filial devotion, refusing to bask in other people's sunshine by acceptance of invitations to membership in the richer churches, has of preference rigidly adhered to a kind of "little church around the corner," wherein was his father's last ministry.

RECOLLECTIONS OF DICKINSON.

Previous mention of Dr. Pattison's earlier education in Dickinson College recalls a fact or two that may as well be put down right here in refutation of the assertion made here and there in staid organs, that "hitherto Pennsylvania has invariably elected governors born in the State." Now, to begin with, without hunting up the baptismal record of them all, John Dickinson, whose name that college bears, according to Jefferson "one of the most accomplished scholars the country ever produced," was himself a native of Maryland, lived for a long time in Delaware, and was in 1782 elected executive of Pennsylvania. And he was succeeded in the office of governor of Pennsylvania by Benjamin Franklin, who, until now when objection is made to the Providence that gave Pattison his birth in Maryland, was always supposed to have been born in Massachusetts, and to have walked from Boston to Philadelphia, whereunto Pattison was brought when barely old enough to walk to school, and where, ever since he was six years old he has been alike by his education, profession and public service a Pennsylvanian.

Surely the men who worked "like beavers" to put Grant in nomination for a third term at a time when he had been altogether out of the country for four years, and who applauded to the echo Conkling's exclamation "if it be asked whence comes our candidate, he hails from Appomattox" should not now make serious objection to the like Indian but less savage sounding Quantico, which Pattison bade "hail and farewell" by proxy, if at all, since he was removed from there before he could cleverly articulate. Nor is the Cameronian cry of "foreigner" against the city controller of Philadelphia, altogether consistent with even the old straight out-and-out Know Nothingism, which is sought to be relished, it seems in the coming campaign, and to be served up with an altogether new infusion of a peculiar kind of states' rights. And, what is more remarkable than this, the whole and sole objection that has been raised against Controller Pattison as a man, originates at and is sent out from the headquarters of the Cameron State Central Committee, the chairman of which, and would-like to have been candidate for governor, was himself born "out west" in Ohio.

IN POLITICAL LIFE.

Upon Pattison's introduction into political life, at the first brought forward by his friends for clerk of the court of quarter sessions, he gracefully gave way to an older and more experienced lawyer, Henry S. Hazert, Esq., whose nomination he helped to secure. Afterward when his name was presented to the State Convention in 1877, for Auditor General, although then but little known outside the city, Mr. Pattison received the next highest vote to that by which Mr. Scheil was placed in nomination.

A little later in the same year, 1877, Robert Emory Pattison was nominated for City Controller of Philadelphia, and was elected by a majority of 13,593 in a Presidential campaign that gave General Garfield 20,883 majority in the city. By way of explanation of this rapid rise, it passed into history that at the time of Mr. Pattison's first election, the business men, property holders, workmen, and the people of Philadelphia generally, were first waking up to the fact that for years they had been going behind in their municipal affairs. There had been a steady and alarming increase in the tax rate, the department expenses, and for ten years there had been an annual average addition to the city debt of \$3,622,406. Unparalleled municipal extravagance prevailed. There was reckless waste in the appropriations, criminal neglect in the collection of taxes and hideous and open corruption in disbursement.

THE REVEL OF THE RING.

While the population of Philadelphia increased only one-fifth and the value of its property scarcely one-third, its debt was doubled and the interest on its obligations required an annual levy of one per cent. on the property. On January 1st, 1878, the annual deficiencies, counting the deficiency loan of \$5,193,877, had reached \$16,087,687. It cost the city of Philadelphia hundreds of thousands of dollars annual interest on its unpaid and overdue warrants. One-fifth of the city taxes were uncollected and went into the hands of the delinquent collectors, where enormous expenses were added for the profit of speculating politicians, who at the same time allowed political friends entirely to escape their municipal obligations. The poor and unfortunate were plundered for the enrichment of rapacious partisans; with millions of taxes collected from the people there was complaint of mal-administration in nearly every department and the city seemed to be at the mercy of the spoilsman. The reform movement which has since been organized had not yet crystallized into the committee of One Hundred, nor any other well-defined scheme. Caven was defeated for mayor and the Reformers had scarcely yet been able to effect an entrance of the wedge.

A RECORD OF OFFICIAL INTEGRITY.

Almost from his first induction into the office of Controller, Pattison invested it with a degree of importance which the law had given to it but with which none of his predecessors had measured it. He adopted and maintained a wide view of the obligations of the office and declined to hide behind the technicalities that brought disgrace upon his predecessor. He refused to consider

OUR NEXT GOVERNOR.



ROBERT E. PATTISON.

The man who possesses the courage of his convictions, and to whom reform is not an unmeaning, an idle platitude.

the office merely clerical, but investigated claims and enraged partisans by refusing to be a mere machine to deplete the city treasury. In this inflexible purpose he recognized no claimant as Democrat or Republican. How the whole atmosphere of that office changed under his vigorous, vigilant and healthy administration and what complimentary enmity he won from many whose schemes have been rendered hopeless by his relentless scrutiny and determination, is a matter of public notoriety.

He unsealed records, opened doors that had been closed, ferreted out abuses, checked fraud and stopped robbery. He determined to do the one thing that nobody else seemed able or willing to do—to see that the city of Philadelphia got a fair consideration for every dollar of the money which he spent. In the courageous, impartial and inflexible execution of that purpose he recognized neither political friend or foe, and he was daunted by no responsibility which confronted him. He left unused no privilege, he failed to exert no authority that could contribute to the result which he kept steadily in view. He discovered that money was being paid to persons for work not done, and he stopped it. He found that work actually done and materials really furnished were grossly overcharged and he ended the robbery and made the robbers disgorge. He put a stop to the illegal payment of bills and the unlawful issue of warrants. He exposed and put an end to the petty pilferings and unblushing larcenies under the guise of "contingents" and "incidentals."

He found favorites given the privilege of furnishing supplies at exorbitant figures, and he insisted upon legal advertisements for competitive bids. He called public attention to the fact that appropriations to public institutions were exhausted long before the year for which they were made, had ended. He found that fees were thievesly drawn for jurors that had not served. He unearthed frauds committed by means of bogus jury lists, and compelled a detected officer of the court to flee the jurisdiction. He ascertained that large sums of money had been paid for work never performed and materials never furnished. By stern and timely measures he was instrumental in destroying the evils of the custom of collecting claims against the city by mandamus—a system, which by its abuses had grown to be a mighty evil, fruitful of corruption and loss. In one instance he refused credit to the city treasurer for over \$50,000, not certified by the city solicitor.

He exposed the iniquities and enormities of the delinquent tax office, by which the honest collection of the city's revenues was purposely obstructed and tax-payers were remorselessly plundered to make gain for the city ring, who carried of \$100,000 annually to divide among themselves, to debauch the elections and to let their party friends escape entirely from the payment of their taxes. He strenuously sought to reduce the number of the city officials and to lop off all supernumeraries, to abolish sinecures and cut down extravagant salaries. He exposed abuses of the almshouse management and called its managers to rigid accountability. His innumerable and many efforts to stand between the people's money and those who sought to take it illegally are part of the history of the times. His controversies with the guardians of the poor, the building commission, and the water department and the beneficial results emanating therefrom are freshly and gratefully remembered by the people of Philadelphia. It is Pattison's peculiar glory that he did not fear to offend members of his own party in the fulfillment of what he believed to be his duty.

Wherever he discovered irregularities he exposed them; wherever he found extravagances and unlawful expenditures he refused to allow them. That conservative journal, the Ledger, declared: "He has been attentive, vigilant and faithful, and since his installation in the office the ORGANIZED PLUNDER BY THE DEPARTMENTS, which formerly passed there, and in some instances was carried on by collusion, has wholly ceased so far as his power extends."

A BROAD VIEW OF HIS DUTIES.

Had he done no more than thus guard the treasury, had he been simply the passive obstruction to greed and corruption, he would yet have been entitled to the regard of all honest men. But he was much more than this. His conduct discloses a broad and comprehensive view of his duties. He did not content himself with keeping vigilant watch over the money. He strove to lower the high salaries of the city's employees. He was full of intelligent and

economical suggestions upon the management of the municipal finances. He suggested to the board of revision of taxes the wisdom of a more correct assessment of the real estate. By a letter dated October 2, 1878, he advocated the payment of 4 per cent. interest on the city warrants after January 1, 1879, seeing that upwards of \$50,000 a year would be saved. "I can not see any good reason," he wrote, "why the city of Philadelphia, with its warrants 1 1/2 per cent. above par should continue to pay a greater interest than the general government." Many of the municipal reforms from which Philadelphia now reaps advantage were the results of his suggestions.

His first balance sheet was the first clear statement that Philadelphia had had for many years of its financial affairs. He awoke the citizens to a knowledge of the actual condition their municipality. He exhibited the frightful tendency toward bankruptcy and disclosed to them that a false and misleading exhibit had been annually placed before them by carrying along worthless or unprofitable assets as cash.

It was these reforms which enabled the controller to say in his last annual report: "The burdens of the tax payers are being lightened, encouragement is given for the employment of capital within its limits, and an auspicious beginning has been made in freeing the second city of the Union in population, and the first in industrial enterprise, from taxation for indebtedness."

APPROVED BY THE PEOPLE.

It is no wonder, then, that his honorable and intelligent course disarmed prejudice, swept away the barriers of political feeling and evoked universal approbation. The common council, on December 18, 1879, passed a resolution of compliment to the controller. The tax-payers of the Twentieth ward, in meeting assembled, adopted a resolution of thanks. Mr. George H. Earle, the distinguished lawyer, who for years had labored with a single-hearted purpose in the cause of political reform, wrote him: "For yourself, I meet no honest man who does not wish to take you by the hand and thank you." The press of the city were unanimous and outspoken in their commendation. The Evening Telegraph said: "Robert E. Pattison is a man of the people, for the people, and in the end they will sustain him if they are worthy such a representative." The Times called on the Republicans to endorse Pattison and not make a nomination against him. The Ledger told Mr. McManes that if, as he said, he really wished a candidate who was the equal of Controller Pattison in ability, integrity and courage, to nominate Pattison himself.

In short, after four years of experience with him as controller the people re-elected him by 13,590 majority, though he was simply the Democratic candidate, there having been at that time no Committee of One Hundred organized for independent political action.

THE OFFICE OF CONTROLLER.

The year and a half of his second term that has thus far passed has been replete with similar evidences of his comprehensive grasp of the duties of his position. The Philadelphia Star (Ind.), recently referring to his official career, thus sums up his services to Philadelphia:

"There was a time, and not very long since, either, when a great many people entertained the idea that the functions of the controller were of the simplest character—that he was, in fact, nothing more than a mere clerk, whose principal duty consisted in approving warrants drawn against the city treasury, which approval was given without investigation. When the present controller was re-nominated it was boldly declared by some of those opposed to him that there were no duties connected with the office that could not be discharged by any one possessed with common intelligence, and that, therefore, the general popular demand for Mr. Pattison's re-election, was not warranted by the facts of the case. These declarations, strange as it may seem, were made by prominent lawyers and other citizens, supposed to be familiar with the work of the office, and from whom better things were expected. Since then the people have learned how absolutely essential to honest and economical government a capable and fearless controller-ship is. As at present administered, the office is a constant check, not only to dishonesty, but upon hasty or ill advised legislation which involves the expenditures of public money. How many dollars of the public funds have been saved by the conscientiously careful investigation of the legal claim of every

warrant to the controller's approval, cannot be told, but it is safe to say that they approximate to millions. The law has been maintained with rigid impartiality, while favoritism has not in a single instance been charged. It may therefore be said with truth that as far as the outgo of public money is concerned, the controller is the most important officer connected with our municipal government, provided always he is the right man for the place. The wrong man there—and there have been wrong controllers—is an evil, the magnitude of which can be comprehended only by a comparison of the present management with that of five or six years ago."

The Philadelphia Times said that millions of dollars were stolen from the city treasury under Pattison's predecessors because they conducted the office of controller with the idea that the controller "does nothing more than approve city warrants, if they are drawn legally." Because Pattison took the higher view millions were saved to Philadelphia.

NOMINATED FOR GOVERNOR.

In view of all this and of the fact that during his term a complete administrative reform had been inaugurated in the second city of the Union and the first in Pennsylvania, it was not strange that the Democratic State Convention found in him its nominee for governor. Year by year the political issue of administrative reform has become the supreme concern of intelligent men. Recognizing his special fitness to embody this issue, the convention gravitated toward him on the sixth ballot and without any adjournment after it began to ballot. His nomination was no personal nor factional triumph or defeat. It was accomplished without "management" or "trade." It was the well considered action of an unusually earnest and intelligent body and that no mistake was made is assured by the universal approbation with which it has been received, not only by the party press of the State but by all independent journals of any standing, while it has challenged the opposition press, and for seven weeks has been almost absolutely free from unfavorable criticism from any source.

Possibly never before in the history of the Democratic party of Pennsylvania was a nomination ratified with such unanimity. From every quarter of the State this is the unvarying report, and present indications point to its ratification at the polls, not only by the largest vote ever polled for any candidate of the party in this State, but also by an increase upon that cast for Gen. Hancock by the addition of the suffrages of tens of thousands of Independent Republicans and conservative citizens who are willing to aid the election of an honest and capable man for governor, pledged by a platform which declares against the spoils system and bossism, for good government and an honest appointment.

The Baby's Hand.

Mrs. Arnold was showing a friend through her pretty new house which was undergoing a second and final coat of inside paint, and gave promise of being as aesthetically beautiful as the decorative fervor of the age demanded, the color being a delicate shell pink like the inside of a rose.

"Isn't it lovely," said Mrs. Arnold admiringly to her friend. "You see that is an east room, and so it is to have the tints of the morning. Some might think it too delicate for every day use, but I shall make that very delicacy a means of education. I have taught baby already that she cannot touch it. 'Come here dimple' to the little one toddling behind her. 'Baby won't touch the pretty paint.'"

"Baby won't," cooed the little one in its sweet idiom, and giving it a kiss and admiring caress, the young mother pointed out to her friend the beauty of the window embrasure and the view it commanded.

"I shall sit here Summer afternoons with baby. Won't it be lovely? Lace curtains within and green vines without. It will be a picture and a poem both."

And they strolled on, leaving the two-year-old baby looking with far seeing eyes through the pretty window, and it was not the rosy tint of the paint, nor the flush of healthy childhood that spread slowly over the little face, and sent a tired little head to seek in vain for rest on its mother's bosom. All thought of the tributaries of beauty or art passed from the mind of the young mother as she saw her darling's fever flushed face, and she looked the beautiful east room and left it to the gloom and solitude until the crisis was past!

"And the dear little hands, like rose leaves Dropped from a rose, lay still. Never to snatch at the sunshines That creep to the shrouded sill."

Yes, it came to that! and an awful emptiness of all life, and then a hard, rebellious acquiescence in the decree of fate, and one bright day the mother went into the pretty east room, and with her friend lived over that day when they had last stood there, and looked with exceeding bitterness on the tinted color that was to have made all her Summer bright. And what could brighter it now?

Ah, me! how strange that when the voice of redeeming love says: "My peace I give unto you," we will have none of it. If Mrs. Arnold had read on the walls in letters of light. "Let not your heart be troubled" she would never heeded, and when her friend pointing through the window to the blue sky beyond said tenderly, trustingly, "she is safe," the mother cast down her heavy tear-dimmed eyes, and with a cry of joy kissed again and again one single blemish in the smooth painting of the window sill. What was it? Only the dear, dear hand of her baby imprinted there—the little hand, which had been laid one moment on the wet paint that had moulded it into this perfect shape, and that now seemed to

point and beckon the way she had gone; a baby's sinless hand that would some day be reached out to welcome her—

"With the light of Heaven thereon."

A Reader's Complaint.

I have never wished that I had been born in some other century than the nineteenth. Our age, if not a picturesque one—and I think it has its picturesque aspects—is without doubt the most comfortable to live in, take it on the whole, the world has yet known. It seems to me that persons of rational mind and humane disposition cannot be too thankful to belong to it, for it is hard to see how such persons could ever have enjoyed life in earlier times as we of the latest days can. The world has certainly gone forward, and the feature of its progress that I chiefly rejoice in is its advance in humanity. The elder world—the world but a very little older than our own—was such a terribly cruel one! The only objection to living in the present time that I know of, is the increased quantity of things one must know or would like to know. Eighteenth-century people didn't have to read Lecky's history of their times in four volumes, or a hundred thousand other books it now seems obligatory upon all cultivated persons to acquaint themselves with. Nowadays one is required to read a small library every year, if one would have even a smattering of knowledge on the various subjects that invite an intelligent man's interest. The specialists in the abundance of whom we glory, carry investigation so far forward, each in his own line, that the general reader can not hope to do more than accept a number of things at second hand, or be content to have no understanding of them at all. It is hard to resign one's self to ignorance of so many interesting matters, and yet that is what one seems driven to. One finds that the first thing to learn is "how much need not be known," which is perhaps a sort of sour grapes wisdom, but apparently the only wisdom attainable.

A Cross Legged Question.

The neatest way to modestly display a foot is to cross the leg which it belongs to over the other. This lifts the foot about six inches from the floor, and lets it hang in easy, graceful suspension.

The lower edge of the skirt should lie across the instep, so that not only the front half of the foot is shown, but that is sufficient in the present fragmentary state of slippers and sandals, to show a good bit of the finely embroidered or delicately woven stocking.

The position is a common one to the most elegant and refined girls in the politest society, not only here, but in London and Paris. It is not in the least bold, nor is it at all awkward.

Still, my grandmother—dear old lady—says it is vulgar for a woman to cross her knees. She was taught so when she was young, and she stoutly maintains that the law on the subject has never yet been changed. She well remembers a week spent in the same house with Mme. Jerome Bonaparte in Baltimore, than whom she believes no more ladylike person ever lived; and she recalls that madam always sat with her knees two inches apart—no more and no less. She declares that no girl with pretensions to delicacy should sit cross-legged. I have thus stated both sides of the subject, leaving my readers to decide whether they will practice a pose that is both comfortable and artful, or avoid it because there is a tradition that it is impolite. I suppose that the sticklers will pretty soon object to women crossing one foot over the other. Even that feminine habit of sitting on one foot, to the peril of getting it caught in the bustle and making the owner go hop-scotch on rising, will next be assailed.—From Clara Belle's Letter.

Managing a Husband.

The next best thing to pleasing a man's stomach is for his wife to dress up a bit, for his especial benefit; he is so hungry that it would need but a spark to kindle a flame, but when he enters and sees the appetizing dinner in the act of being dished, his little woman smiling, neat and tidy, it acts upon him like a dose of soothing syrup. The dust might be an inch thick on the mantel piece—he would not see it; broken crockery and cobwebs might fill every corner—he would look upon them with all the complacency imaginable. While washing, he tells his wife how pretty she is, how becoming her hair is arranged in that fashion, says no other man ever had such a dear little love of a woman for a wife, asks what she has for dinner that smells so good, and though he is literally starving waits upon the table with all the grace and politeness of a Chesterfield, and selects the best of everything for his little wife's plate. During meal time he tells her all about his work, asks her advice in regard to his plans, tells funny stories, propounds conundrums, cracks jokes, and renders the dinner hour a very enjoyable affair. After it is over he makes love to his wife, plays with the children, sings comic songs, then goes off to his work, whistling merrily, at peace with all the world, thinking he has the happiest home in the land, while his wife follows him to the door, saying within herself, "What a blessing it is to have such a dear, good, cheerful, loving husband."