ACHIEVEMENTS OF YOUTH

Great Men Who Acquired Fame at an Early Age.

THE TIME OF EARNEST WORK

What History Teaches in Encouragement of the Young Man Just Entering Upon a Career—Extracts from an Eloquent Address.

At a dinner given in Philadelphia on March 3 to Judge Thayer, the following words were used by James M. Beck in his response to the toast, "The Junior Bar":

Secular history eloquently tells us of the capabilities of youth. It is one long, splendid, flaming record of youthful exploits. Shall we instance Alexander, who at 20 ascended the throne, at 23 won the battle of Issus, and at 25 that of Arbela, who at 30 years of age had carried Greek civilization from the Mediterranean to the Ganges, and who was but 32 when he died, unconquered save by that waste of ocean whose tumbling billows mocked his further progress? The greatest of the Caesars was but a young soldier when he compelled Pompey and Crassus to divide with him the dominion of the world. Or shall we instance that marvelous boy of our own century, who at 26, like young Samson, rent the lion of French anarchy "as though it had been a kid," at 27 he received as his wife's dowry the command of some 20,000 half-clothed and half-starved battalions, and flung his proud challenge to his adversaries, that he would make them burn their books on tactics. At 30 this modern Caesar beholds the minarets of Cairo gleaming in the rising sun, and could challenge the forty centuries that looked down upon him from the Pyramids to parallel the wonder of his career. Indeed, from 1795 until 1805 all Europe became the mere chessboard of two young men, and its kings, knights, bishops, castles and pawns, were moved almost at the will of their master minds.

The one, Napoleon, who at 25 pressed the other, young Pitt, who on entering the bar was elected to the house of commons, and who approved himself "non impar congressus Achilli." His first speech, delivered at the age of 22, was so remarkable that not only Burke proclaimed him "a chip of the old block" and therefore a worthy son of the Earl of Chatham, but Fox, when told that Pitt would become one of the greatest orators of the house, replied: "Nay, he is." A year later the ministry had dissolved and a powerful coalition, consisting of Lord North, Burke, Fox and other parliamentary giants, was formed to oppose the government. Who could cope with an opposition that was formidable beyond any precedent? The king turned to Pitt, and at 23 years of age he became chancellor of the exchequer, and from that time until his death, a few days after the battle of Austerlitz, he held supreme sway in England, a longer continuous reign of power than has even been enjoyed by any English parliamentary leader before or since. It was young Pitt who organized with untiring energy the coalition after coalition that ultimately broke the power of the young Napoleon, and thus they played for the empire of the world their chess game of nations. The latter's genius shone forth resplendent at Austerlitz, and Pitt died of chagrin at hearing the thunderous "checkmate" from Napoleon's canon, but when the smoke curled heavenward from the cornfields of Waterloo the real victor of the Titanic struggle of twenty years was not the Iron Duke, but that young lawyer, whose remains then rested in that Valhalla of the English-speaking race, Westminster Abbey.

OTHER GREAT YOUNG MEN.

If we turn from the cabinet and the tented field to the more peaceful vocations of men, the truth is not less startling. Newton was but 23 when he discovered that law as infinite and comprehensive as the universe, and which holds the innumerable starry worlds in its majestic operation—gravitation. Beethoven wrote the more famous of his symphonies before he was 32, and "Fidelio" at 55. The merry, sparkling strains of "Don Giovanni," which the gray-beards here assembled have not failed to admire, were written by Mozart at 32. Mendelssohn amazed the musicians of Berlin by writing at 17 the overture to the "Midsummer Night's Dream," of which it is the highest compliment to say that it is worthy of the text. Schubert, who filled the world with his mellifluous melody, died at 31. Wagner, the Napoleon of the orchestra, revolutionized the opera by writing "Lohengrin" at 35. Sheridan, at 22, convulsed the world with merriment—and it has been laughing ever since—by that most perfect comedy, "The Rivals." Byron, as we know, awoke one morning and found himself famous at 23 by writing "Childe Harold." Campbell, at 22, composed his "Pleasures of Hope," and Bryant, at 18, wrote that undying poem, "Thanatopsis." Shelley, at 18, made the world his lasting debtor by "Queen Mab," while Burns, with his boyish hand upon the plough sang under the blue skies of Ayr his divine lyrics of democracy.

Shall we further instance that sovereign poet, who, fleeing across Warwickshire meadows, entered London a penniless and unknown young man? A jack-of-all-trades, as Greene called him, he held horses and dreamed. He doubtless slept in the squalor of some London garret, but at the bidding of his genius the prison walls dissolved and to his prodigal imagination there arched above him the blue heavens of Verona, its "majestical roof fretted with golden fire," while across the balmy air there floated the youthful vows of ardent lovers. Thus at 27 years of age Shakespeare composed the most perfect love tragedy of literature, "Romeo and Juliet."

IN AMERICAN HISTORY.

Go back in imagination to the house of burgesses, in Virginia, in the year 1765. The members are largely lawyers, and none more quick to resent the slightest expression of disloyalty to England's king. The session is drawing to its close and no member has had sufficient courage to condemn by word or resolution the recently enacted stamp act. The youngest member of the house is a young lawyer, gaunt, ill-attired, with the cloak of a parson and a wig that knew no powder, who had just reached his twenty-ninth year. He had not imbibed what Jefferson finely called "the honeyed Mansfieldism of Blackstone," which, as Jefferson added, "had turned the old lawyers from Whigs into Tories," but had drunk deep draughts of liberty from old Coke's comments on Magna Charta. "Alone, unadvised and unassisted," the young lawyer arose and submitted five resolutions so radical, revolutionary and comprehensive as to cause a thrill of indignation to pervade that Tory body, as though blasphemy against the Lord Anointed had been uttered. Standing erect, with large sweeping gesticulations and a voice of marvelous melody, he supported his resolutions by "torrents of a sublime eloquence," as one of his auditors said sixty years later. Reaching to a climax, he uttered the memorable and daring words, the first challenge of defiance to the British crown, "Caesar had his Brutus, Charles I his Cromwell and George III—" "Treason! treason!" echoed from every part of the house. The orator faltered not far an instant, but rising with the lofty courage and prescience of youth to a loftier attitude, exclaimed: "And George III may profit by their example. If this be treason, make the most of it."

It was the "forest-born Demosthenes," young Patrick Henry, of immortal memory. By a majority of one vote the resolutions were carried. It was a triumph of eloquence great almost beyond precedent. Peyton Randolph, the king's attorney general, angrily swept out of the chamber crying, "By God, I would have given 500 guineas for a single vote!" Wythe (destined to be the law preceptor of those shining lights of the junior bar, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison and John Marshall) Pendleton and other older lawyers, opposed the resolutions. It was carried, as Bancroft says, because "Henry carried all the young members with him, and thus Virginia gave the signal for the continent."

Standing on tiptoe and listening with bated breath to his friend's sublime eloquence, another law student, aged 22 years, who had drawn his inspiration of freedom from the everlasting hills of Northern Virginia, stood on that great day in the lobby of the house. At 25 he procured by his "Summary View of the Rights of America" the honor of an attainder by the British parliament, and at 33 was selected, because his was the masterful pen of his time, to give to mankind in the Declaration of Independence its title deed to liberty.

YOUNG WARRIORS.

The men who supported in the field the Declaration with their swords were in great part young men, and conspicuous among them young lawyers. Alexander Hamilton and John Marshall were hardly out of their teens when they dragged the artillery over the frozen plains of Valley Forge. Nathaniel Green, at 34, was made a major general. Ethan Allen was but 38 when he roused from his slumbers the commander of the British forces at Ticonderoga and bade him surrender "in the name of Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress." John Sullivan was a brigadier general at 35, and our own "Mad Anthony" Wayne at 34 made his brilliant attack on Stony Point. Struck by a bullet while leading the charge and believing that he was fatally wounded, he cried: "Carry me into the fort and let me die at the head of my column." Henry Knox was but 24 when he joined the infant army before Boston, and he was but 35 when he became Washington's secretary of war. Our invincible naval hero, who sought his adversaries in English waters and won his great victory off Flamborough Point and within sight of the English coast, John Paul Jones, was but 31 when in command of his little fleet he engaged a larger one of English ships. "Has your ship struck?" called out the British captain, and Jones instantly replied: "I have not yet begun to fight." Few struggles on the sea were ever so desperate, and no victory more brilliant. Youth is a tradition with our navy, for Lawrence was but 27 when he poured out the blood of his gallant heart on the decks of the Constitution, with his last utterance of indomitable courage: "Don't give up the ship." Decatur was but 25 when he entered the harbor of Tripoli and destroyed the captive vessel Philadelphia, and but 28 when he was made a commodore; Perry but 28 when he won his memorable victory on Lake Erie and sent that historic dispatch, which can only be fitly compared to Caesar's "Veni, vidi, vici," "We have met the enemy and they are ours."

YOUNG LAWYERS.

Again, if we take the Constitutional convention, which framed the wisest instrument ever struck off by the brain and purpose of man at a given time, we cannot but be reminded that the three master spirits of that convention were James Madison, who at 25 was a member of the general assembly of Virginia and at 28 became a member of the continental congress, and at 36 entered the constitutional convention; Alexander Hamilton, who was but 30 when he sat in the constitutional convention, and Gouverneur Morris, who was the same age as Madison. These three young lawyers were most instrumental in shaping the constitution, and they, with young John Jay, of New York, most ably supported it by the Federalist. The latter was only 29 when elected to the constitutional congress, and at 32 he became chief justice of New York. What a galaxy of genius! Alexander Hamilton, Patrick Henry, John Jay, Thomas Jefferson, Richard Henry Lee, Charles C. Pinckney, Robert R. Livingston, John Marshall, Oliver Ellsworth, Elbridge Gerry, all young lawyers, whose fame will ever shine resplendent as stars of first magnitude. To this list should be added, if need were, Joseph Story, who at 32 was an associate justice of the supreme court; William Wirt, who at 25 was employed to prosecute Aaron Burr; John C. Calhoun, who at 30 was chairman of the committee on foreign relations of the house; Henry Clay, who entered the senate while under the constitutional age—being only 29—and at 34 was speaker of the house. Daniel Webster, who entered congress at 30, and at 36 argued the famous Dartmouth college case. Stephen A. Douglas, who at 20 was made attorney general of Illinois, and William H. Steward, who at 37 became governor of New York. Nay, if we look in our own state, we cannot but remember that the wisest of our judges, such as Gibson, Black, Sharwood and the lamented Allison, have been recruited from the ranks of the junior bar.

GRANT AS A TEAMSTER.

His Widow Indignantly Denies the Impeachment, but Is Effectively Answered—To Have Been a Teamster Involves No Disgrace—Other Great Men Who Were Teamsters.

Some months ago Captain Watrous, of Milwaukee, in the course of some army stories in the Chicago Times-Herald, told an anecdote or two of General Grant, which had to do with the period of his life when he was a teamster at Galena. To these anecdotes Mrs. Grant indignantly demurred, alleging first that Grant had never been a teamster, and secondly, that if he had been, it would be unkind to rake the fact up against his memory. To this objection Captain Watrous rather aptly replies: "Supposing it were to develop that General Grant had, at a certain period in his life, been a professional teamster or driver? Could that hurt Grant? I have not seen anything that went to prove that that ever was his regular business, but I have heard many things, backed by the most positive proof, that in the transaction of his regular business he had performed the duty of driver, and on various occasions taken the position of driver in an excursion, both of pleasure and business, as in the case of his trip from Galena to Janesville in 1860. Not a soul who has read the history of Grant will think any the less of him because of that. No one would think any the less of him were it established beyond a doubt that for a year, or for years, he had been a professional teamster. A man who is great enough to command a million of men and be president is not hurt by a teamster record, nor can his family be hurt by it. The fact that in the short space of four years he could rise from the rank of a retired captain to that of lieutenant general and be crowned with greater military achievements than any other man of modern times, and then serve eight years as president, is the best of proof that if he were a teamster he had metal in him for something else.

OTHER TEAMSTERS.

"By the way, other pretty good men have been teamsters. One of the grandest governors Wisconsin ever had was a stage driver for years. It did not hurt grand old Jerry Rusk later on to have it known he had been a stage driver. He was pleased to hear the fact mentioned. Who thinks any the less of the great war president because Mr. Lincoln, to keep the pot boiling, split rails; or of George Washington because he once carried a chain for a surveyor? Who thinks less of Garfield because he rode a mule that hauled a canal boat? Garfield was a professional teamster, in a way, but it didn't hurt his reputation when he was great enough for president. Who thinks less of one of Wisconsin's grandest characters because, when he first came to the state he had to chop cord wood at 25 cents a cord or go hungry? Who thinks less of ex-Governor W. D. Hoard because he was a wood chopper? Men speak of it as a compliment. Who thinks less of John M. Thurston, Nebraska's senator, because he was a drayman in Chicago at one time? Or of ex-Governor and General Alger, of Michigan, who drove a team in the pineries? Who thinks less of Minnesota's senator, Cushman K. Davis, because he drove his father's team and held his father's plow? Who thought less of Henry Ward Beecher because, when he first began his ministerial career, he was obliged to milk the cow and do the stable housework? Does anyone ever hold it up against Daniel Webster because he earned needed shillings as a chore boy? Who thinks less of Benjamin Harrison because, when he first began housekeeping, he was his own chore boy and his wife the kitchen girl? Look back into the life of almost any successful merchant, manufacturer, railroad official, lawyer, doctor, educator, publisher, and you will find that some time he was glad to do work for a living that was not better than being a teamster. The teamster has an honorable calling. If it is in him to graduate from that calling to the head of a college, a nation, a railroad, a great paper, why, of course, it is not against him."

HIS PATENT IN PERIL.

Attorney Garrett McEnery recently appeared as counsel in a case before a justice of the peace at Suisun, according to the San Francisco Post. McEnery found it necessary to make frequent objection to the evidence that opposing counsel was attempting to introduce. The justice, whose first rule of evidence is "everything goes," looked first annoyed and then indignant. Finally, he could contain himself no longer, and, as a ruling on one of Mr McEnery's objections, roared:

"Mr. McEnery, what kind of a lawyer are you, anyway?"

"I am a patent lawyer," replied the attorney, facetiously.

"Well, all I've got to say is that when the patent expires you will have a hard time getting it renewed. Go on with the case."

OLDEST OF ITALIAN CITIES

Four Sights One Always Goes to See in Pisa.

FIRST IS THE LEANING TOWER

Then Comes the Cathedral, the Campo Santo and the Baptistery—What an American Traveler Saw to Interest Him in Pisa.

Special Correspondence of The Tribune.

Pisa, March 2.—There were three Italian cities that became, in the early middle ages, great naval powers. These three cities, Genoa, Venice and Pisa, grew rich and luxurious. To their efforts the preservation of Europe from the Mohammedan is largely due. If it had not been for the almost ceaseless war they waged with the Saracens, there is little doubt that that race of warriors would have overrun Europe, but harassed as they continually were by the fleets of these three cities their efforts were diverted. It is the habit to say that these cities maintained their fleets only to protect their own commerce, but we must remember that in protecting that commerce they protected Europe.

The first of these cities to rise to power, and also the first to fall was Pisa, and its decay has been the most complete. Its old-time rivals still retain some of their old-time importance in the world, but Pisa has gone to sleep, as it were, and the world has run away from her. Since that memorable August day, 612 years ago, when the Genoese destroyed their naval power, the Pisans have, generation after generation, seen their city slip further and further behind its neighbors. As a consequence of that great sea fight Pisa lost Corsica, and soon after Sardinia was taken from her. Thus reduced in power she fell an easy prey to the rising city of Florence, and the town that had single handed, driven back the Saracens, and had held at one time a large portion of the Italian peninsula, became a dependency.

OF INTEREST TO STUDENTS.

As a natural consequence of this early decay as an independent growing city, the group of buildings by which Pisa is mainly known to us belong to the earlier Italian period, having been either built or designed between the years 1000 and 1100. They were the first of the renaissance buildings of Italy, and are thus of great interest to the student aside from their great beauty.

The structures are four in number, and are situated close together in one corner of the town, and not in its center, as is usual. They are the cathedral, considered by some critics the most beautiful in Italy, the Baptistery, the Campo Santo and the far-famed Campanile, or Leaning Tower. They are in excellent preservation, in fact are now kept up by the city as a sort of public institution. Their being a public institution, however, does not prevent the ever present guide from intruding his services upon you. To ascend the leaning tower it is necessary to have a companion, and this gives him his opportunity. The ascent of the tower is well worth the effort required. At one's feet lies sleepy old Pisa, shrunk inside its old walls, which still stand, now some distance from the town in nearly every direction. The level plain on which Pisa is built stretches away to the Apennines, and if, as happened when I made the ascent, the sun is setting, the effect of its rays on the snow-covered mountain tops is superb.

Away to the west the sea is visible, with a steamer making its way along the coast. Just under the sun rises a rocky island, and the whole scene is one which once seen, is not soon forgotten.

The inclination of the tower at the top is very noticeable, and when on its lower side one automatically clings to the inner wall. This inclination, however is not so much on the top as it is about two-thirds of the way up, as it was at this point it was discovered that one side of the tower was sinking, and from there on it begins to bend back, the bow being quite noticeable if one looks carefully at it.

THE LEANING TOWER.

Aside from its great peculiarity of structure, the tower is very beautiful and would have always been celebrated for that alone. The marble of which it is built is still white, Pisa having no modern manufactories to fill the air with smoke and dust.

In the cathedral hangs the lamp whose swaying is said to have suggested to Galileo the idea of the pendulum. It hangs there still, from the flat roof of the nave, (for the church is in the basilica style) which roof is borne by sixty-eight antique Roman and Greek columns which the Pisans captured in war. It may be said that the whole church is the result of war, for it was begun after the great victory of the Pisans over the Saracens by which they acquired possession of Sardinia.

One of the most interesting things in Italy is the way one comes across old Greek and Roman columns in the churches. Perhaps some of them originally stood in Greece supporting some temple of the gods, and were brought thence by the conquering Romans, from whom they have descended to the Italians. A good column has a long life, and perhaps some of these old travelers will make yet another journey before they return to their original, primeval dust.

IN THE CATHEDRAL.

The effect of the interior of the cathedral, with its copper gilded roof, its many colored marbles, its old stained glass windows and its fine paintings, is very rich, made all the more so by the subdued light which, however, prevents one from fully seeing the fine Audica del Santos of which the church is owner. Just opposite the facade of the cathedral stands the fine circular domed Baptistery, built a hundred years after the cathedral and occupying the same relative position to it as does the one in Florence to the cathedral there. The interior is bare and desolate now, except for the celebrated marble pulpit by Nicola Pisano, regarded as one of the finest works of its time. Like the tower this building also leans out of the perpendicular, but of course not to the same extent. Some parts of the cathedral are also "out of plumb"

PRESIDENTS OF CENTRAL AMERICAN REPUBLICS.

RAFAEL IGLESIAS, of Costa Rica.
GEN. GUTIERREZ, of Salvador.
GEN. BARRIOS, of Guatemala.
PRESIDENT ZELAYA, of Nicaragua.
POLYCARPO BONILLA, of Honduras.

—From the Chicago Times-Herald. By the Courtesy of H. H. Kohlsaat.

for the whole ground was flat and marshy, and at the time the buildings were erected the science of foundation was probably not well understood.

THE CAMPO SANTO.

The Campo Santo, or burial ground, is the fourth building of this group. Fifty-three ship-loads of earth from Mt. Calvary were brought hither when the Crusaders were compelled to evacuate Palestine, and as a consequence of the possession of this holy ground, the cemetery was known all over Italy. If such a thing can be said of a cemetery, positions there were much sought for.

The walls of the enclosing Gothic arcades are covered with frescoes, almost obliterated, but of great interest to the student as many celebrated pictures are traced back to suggestions received from these paintings.

These are the sights of Pisa. The city itself is a strangely quiet, sleepy old town, with quaint, deserted streets. There seems to be no especial industry there, and the shops are hid in under dim old arcades. My chief recollection of the people of Pisa is that there I first encountered what may be termed the Tuscan toga. This is an ulster of a peculiarly vivid shade of red, something between orange and brick color. It is trimmed with heavy cuffs and collar of fox-skin, and usually lined with green. To a limited extent they are worn at Florence and Sienna, but Pisa seems to be the main seat of the fashion. One is very likely to think on first catching sight of a man in one of them that a comet is coming around the corner.

But every people to its own fashion, and these are perhaps popular there because they are both warm in color and texture. Or perhaps the Pisans wear them to counteract the quietness of the town.

Winford J. Northup.

ABOUT FAMOUS MEN.

DEPEW'S LATEST.

Chauncey Depew, as the President of another very important railroad, came down to his dinner with one of his inimitable speeches, says the Washington correspondence of the New York Sun. He is looking thin. James Husted, now dead, once told me that he was a college mate of Depew at Yale, and that Depew even at that time was striving for the laurel of oratory, and finally did get the valedictory. Depew's gentlemanly nature had had much to do with his high promotions. He is both a good fellow and a courtier. He delivers speeches just as Oliver Wendell Homes wrote poems, because they are in him, and bubble out like the springs of water under pressure. He has a fine capacity to invent anecdotes or to adapt old ones, as when at this dinner he convulsed the house by describing a new member of Congress seated in an old black barber's chair, and saying, "You have shaved many other statesmen in the past, such as Clay and Webster?"

"Yes, sir," replied the barber, somewhat frigidly; "you look somewhat like Mr. Webster."

"In my brow?" inquired the statesman, who has in the meantime been rendered helpless in the barber's chair.

"No," replies the negro, in "your breath."

This anecdote, shaped by Mr. Depew himself, is of the character of the newspaper comments on public men which several speakers that night appeared to reprobate. Democracy makes sport of itself. While Mr. Depew was thus referring to Mr. Webster's bacchanalian breath, some of those very invited guests were having their will of Mr. Depew's constitution. He got credit for being everything but a railroad man, yet I heard him say some time ago that he gave more hours to his railroad duties than any corporation President in the country.

WEBSTER'S PERSONAL FORCE.

Once, when Daniel Webster was addressing a political meeting in Faneuil Hall, says the San Francisco Argonaut, the standing multitude within the hall, pressed by those who were endeavoring to enter from without, began to sway to and fro, a solid mass of human bodies, as helpless to counteract the movement as if Faneuil Hall were being rocked by an earthquake. The orator was in the midst of a stirring appeal, urging the necessity of individual exertion and unflinching patriotism to avert the dangers that threatened the political party whose principles he espoused, when he perceived the terrible swaying of the packed assembly and the imminent danger that might ensue. Webster stopped short in the middle of a sentence, advanced to the edge of the platform, extended his arm in an authoritative attitude, and in a stentorian voice of command cried out: "Let each man stand firm!" The effect was instantaneous. Each man stood firm; the great heaving mass of humanity gained its equilibrium, and, save the long breath of relief that filled the air, perfect stillness ensued. "That," exclaimed the great orator, "is what we call self-government."

SUNDAY OBSERVED WELL

In the Sinful Capital City of Darkest England.

ALL BUSINESS IS SUSPENDED

The Inhabitants of London Are Not Specially Religious, but They Firmly Believe in Resting One Whole Day in Seven.

Barron, in the Times-Herald.

A London Sunday is a very solemn if not a pre-eminently religious day. Perhaps there is no city in the world that, to the stranger, shows as austere and repellant on the "Sawbath" as this modern Babylon. To issue from your hotel or domicile at 10 o'clock in the morning is to enter the streets of a deserted city. A few cabs with sleepy horses and invisible cabmen may be in the ranks of a street here and there; now and then a bus may rumble past; occasionally, too, a private equipage of one or two horse power will hurry by; and, of course, men and women and children will straggle along; but what movement there is only heightens and intensifies the emptiness and loneliness of the monster city's desolation, and one asks one's self wonderingly, "Where are the crowds and the confusion of yesterday, the surging thousands, the incessant stream of traffic, the dull, reverberating rumble of wheels, the muffled clip-clap of myriads of iron-shod hoofs beating the pavement, and that inarticulate, indefinable hum of a great city's babble? Whither has it all vanished?

They only can tell who are the particles of the daily commotion. Everything is closed, as if men were done with buying and selling, even the "pubs" being strictly forbidden to sell to anyone not a "traveler," though I believe any person who lives a three miles remove from the "pub" may qualify as a "traveler." A resident of any of the principal American cities who has not been in London on a Sunday has but an imperfect idea of what Sunday observance really means. Compared with London, New York, which makes a flourish of Sunday closing, has a fete, and Chicago a carnival on the seventh day. London is more puritanical than Boston and more sweetly solemn than Philadelphia, and it is puritanism rather than an evidence of higher culture and broader refinement, because the benevolence and philanthropy and evangelism of Sunday-open art galleries cannot be made evident to the minds in authority.

NO SUNDAY DIN.

But you are glad of the quiet and repose as you walk abroad, and appreciate the beneficence of a day of rest so universally respected. There is no temptation to loiter in the streets, for the shop windows have heavy shutters before them or are curtained within. The tradesman does not seem to think it worth while to cheat his God or juggle with his conscience by using his windows as a Sunday advertising medium. He closes up shop in earnest. So, with nothing to see in the thoroughfares, you stroll into the parks, and there you see the lower middle-class world, all ages, decked out, a la McGinty, in its best suit of clothes, quite at ease and happy, idle, chatty, laughing, but to the full degree orderly and in no way noisy. You may hear presently the far-resounding boom of "Big Ben" proclaiming from his lofty tower the aging of the day, and you will know that cathedral, abbey and church are receiving their congregations and that soon from thousands of choirs and pulpits will ascend that spiritual essence of physical submission which has made the nineteenth century a little better than any other cycle that ever was.

Now, if you chance to stand in one of the busier thoroughfares near a church you will note another London peculiarity. On the lamp-posts of the "refuges" in the middle of the streets are placards, hung there only Sundays, which bear the command "Drive slowly." The driver of 'bus or cab or cart or "growler" or carriage pulls sharply up at that notice and keeps his team at a walk until the church is well passed; then he may whip into a trot again and go his lively way to the next warning. Services in a London church are not disturbed by the roar of the careless street; hardly as much may be said for some American cities, in which the prayer of the pastor is often punctured by the shrill voice of the newsboy crying his wares, or the organ takes its grewsome minor from the smothered bang and rattle of the passing wagons, that seem to concentrate their dynamic energies before a church door. This street placard, which aims to subordinate worldly necessities to spiritual desires, and which, in a manner, typifies a London Sunday, would not, I fear, have much influence upon the independent ardor of Yankee jehus. But here a constable stands before the door of the church, and, though he never lifts a finger nor opens his lips in admonition, his presence is an all-sufficient reminder of laws that are uncompromisingly and surely enforced. What marvelous creatures these London policemen are, to be sure! Quiet, undemonstrative, polite, ready—their voices always modulated to conversational tones; no bluster, no clubs; no knocking down and dragging off.

Yet they give the biggest city in the world the best police service, and prove better than argument may what a really civilized community London is. Even Paris arms her police with a huge dagger, by courtesy called a sword, an instrument of defense and assault that the dapper gendarmes are only too ready to draw and put to use. Sunday does not end with daylight, as it does in some communities that temporize with religion, but rounds out the twenty-four hours. Therefore, there are no Sunday evening amusements. Theaters, music halls, vaudevilles, concert-rooms, everything of the sort is scrupulously closed. So very strict are the authorities in these respects that it is only with the greatest difficulty and by the smallest majority of votes that permission is given for the Sunday opening of such rare and temporary public benefits as the loan collection of old paintings at Guildhall.

Recently a concession has been made to music, and it is possible now to attend a classical and semi-sacred concert Sunday afternoon and evening, but these are infrequent, there being only two advertised in last Sunday's papers. Whether this Sabbath day rest be dictated by sentimental or by sensible considerations, there isn't the slightest doubt that its value to London is so great, that if all religious scruples were removed, the present metropolitan regulations would continue in force, for the public is well aware of the benefit to the individual and to the community of this ordered suspension of "wrangling worldliness." It need not be inferred from this that London is a community of churchgoers. Indeed, my observation leads me to the conclusion that an extraordinarily small proportion of this vast population is—to borrow the phrase of an impious wretch—addicted to church. But they make up for the deficiency by a love of nature, for the outdoor life of the English is itself a religion. You would think so, indeed, to see their swimming races in the Serpentine in Hyde Park on Christmas Day. What other people takes an open-air plunge into water every day in the year, often breaking through ice to do it. It is not puritanism alone that bids such a people keep one day in the week for better things than work.

ANECDOTES OF THE BAR.

YOUNG LAWYER'S CLAIM.

A young man with a delicate, straw-colored moustache and football hair parted in the center and glued down to his temples, sauntered carelessly into one of the Superior Courts the other day, says the San Francisco Post. He eyed the judge through his glasses, and sized up all the attorneys. Then he walked out of the court. The judge a glass of ice water.

The judge who is nervous and testy had observed the young man and frowned down on the glued hair and glasses. When the young man boldly walked up to the bar and took a glass of ice water the judge fairly boiled with indignation at such temerity amounting almost to contempt. The young man was just raising the glass to his lips when the judge roared:

"That water, sir, is for attorneys and other officers of the court."

The glass almost dropped from his hand, he started violently, turned red, then placed the glass on the table and waled out of the court. The judge chuckled.

Half an hour later the young man entered the court room again with a roll of parchment in his hand. The judge glared at him savagely, but he never flinched. Finally there was a lull in the proceedings, and he addressed the court:

"Your Honor!"

"What is it, sir?"

"I wish to submit to the court my certificate of admission to practice in the Supreme Court and all other courts of this State," and he passed the parchment to the clerk.

"Well, what of that?" growled the judge.

"Now, Your Honor, having presented the proofs of my admission to the bar, I would now move the court that I be permitted to drink from the official pitcher," and he calmly drained the glass of water he had left on the table.

SENSITIVE ABOUT HIS AGE.

An attorney of Springfield, Ill., was at the Capitol the other day, says the Washington Star and the subject of sensitiveness about the age came up. "The most remarkable instance of that," he said, "was a man—not a woman—and a very able man mentally too. Judge Snyder Breese, for many years one of the justices of Supreme Court of Illinois, died at a very advanced age, but no one ever knew how old he was. Upon one occasion the judges of the Supreme Court of Iowa visited the Illinois Supreme Court. Judge Wright, of Iowa, was at that time very old, and he had gone West from Ohio, the State of Judge Breese's nativity. At the banquet table Judge Wright said to the venerable Illinois jurist:

"'Judge, we must be about the same age. We left Ohio in the same year. We have served on the bench an equal length of time. I wonder how much further the coincidence extends. I would not be surprised if we were born during the same year. If not an impertinence I would ask how old you are? I am 78.'

"Judge Breese arose from the table, his face livid with anger, and saying, fiercely, "I would consider it the height of impertinence, sir,' and left the room, and would not appear again when Judge Wright was present."

HIS EXCUSE.

Mr. Justice Hawkins, of London, has been at it again.

"You are charged with trying to commit suicide," he said, sternly, to the prisoner at the bar.

"I was driven to it, Your Lordship," stammered the unfortunate; "I was driven to it by a woman."

"Hum!" mused His Lordship. Then, suddenly, "Did she refuse you, or did she marry you?"

SKILLED INDIAN COOKS.

Aborigines of California Make Some Famous and Savory Dishes.

From the Overland Monthly.

I have watched the women, as many hours more, gathered in groups along the bank on the lovely slope a little eastward, preparing their cuisine for a great feast or "Big Times." Here and there lazily curled the smoke from fagot fires on which smooth stones were heating wherewith to cook acorn soup and bread and other luxuries. Shallow circular depressions, some two feet in diameter, were made in the sand for washing the acorn meal, to remove the bitter, astringent properties. The acorns after being dried were pulverized in stone mortars of rude construction with stone pestles and put to these shallow cavities. Water was then repeatedly poured on till the bitterness was gone. Then with the finger the dough was marked into squares, lifted by one hand and the adhering sand removed by a dexterous application of water with the other. It was then transferred to the heated stones, on which fresh grass or leaves were hastily laid to receive it. Then another handful of grass on top of the dough and hot stones upon that until it was baked. My husband says they also made the dough into buns and put it into holes in the ground, previously heated, and added heated stones on top. The meal not made into bread was diluted with water and boiled into soup in large waterproof baskets of beautiful shape and ornamentation, made of grass roots, wild similax and certain shrubs. The stones were lifted from the fire with two long, pointed sticks, dipped into a basket of water to remove the ashes, then dropped into the soup and on cooling returned to the fire. This was repeated until the soup was thoroughly boiled, bubbling like a mud geyser. The very aged still adhere to some of the old customs.

FINE TRIBUTE TO QUAY

Colonel A. L. Conger, of Akron, O., Warmly Eulogizes Him.

THINKS HIM LIKELY TO WIN

The Active Politicians, He Says, Are for Him from Maine to California. Qualities That Make His Candidacy So Popular.

Colonel A. L. Conger, of Akron, O., has been saying many nice things in behalf of the Quay boom. "I have talked," said he, "with many prominent businesss people from many different states, some of them from states with 'favorite sons' as candidates, and all speak well of Senator Quay. Personally, I regard the name of Senator Quay as one of the strongest that will come before the convention.

"First—Because of his great strength with the business interests of the country. In the senate, he has always been the champion of those interests. Coming from the great state of Pennsylvania, which has always been the champion of the American protective tariff system, he has gained the confidence of the friends of protection from all over the country. Probably on that score Quay and McKinley are evenly matched.

"Second—Because he is the firm friend of American agriculture, and today this great interest is down, and has been neglected. I think among all the candidates, perhaps Senator Allison bears the closest relations to our agricultural interests, and yet one of the best short speeches I ever listened to on American agriculture was made by Quay.

"Third—Senator Quay is stronger with the politicians of the country than any other candidate or any other man in our party. The wonderful magnanimity he has always shown to and for those who have opposed him, the splendid success he has achieved in party management, and the ability shown in restoring and maintaining harmony in the party, mark him as one of the greatest leaders in the Republican party.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

"It was my good fortune to be associated with Senator Quay for a number of years on the Republican National Executive comittee. I have sat with him in important councils, and seen him with many surrounding embarrassments, but he is never rattled and always fair to all. First for his country, then for his party. He has the confidence of the politicians of his party to as great a degree as any other man in it. Let me give you a little incident which I now recall to illustrate how he has secured and maintained this confidence. After the Harrison campaign and instalment of the administration, Quay had a meeting of the Republican National Executive committee at his house in Washington to consider some of its unfinished business. We commenced our business early in the evening. About 8 o'clock a delegation of five or six gentlemen from a leading city in Pennsylvania called at his house and wished to see the senator before their departure on the night train. Quay requested the committee to take a recess while he gave them a hearing, and we did so, and the gentlemen withdrew to the corner of his library, while the members of our committee remained in the room.

HARBORED NO REVENGE.

"It was evident that the gentlemen had called to discuss certain political appointments for their state, and there seemed to be unanimity until the senator mentioned a name for a particular office, when the principal spokesman entered his strong protest, said the man was one of the bitterest political enemies the senator had in the state of Pennsylvania, the chief lieutenant of a rival, etc. Each one of the gentlemen joined in the protest.

"Naturally, the members of our committee were attracted by the talk, and were anxious to hear the senator's reply, which was as follows:

"'Well, boys, we have won this fight, and all the Republicans of the United States helped to win it, and all are deserving of credit and the best recognition we can give them.'

"Speaking of the rival whose name had been mentioned, he said: 'He has a large following. They have done a good service for the party, and in the next contest we shall need their services again. The candidate is unobjectionable and I have decided to recommend him for the place. You must remember it is my duty to represent all factions of the party in our state, regardless of how it affects me personally.'

"Mr. Fessenden, of Connecticut, turned to me and said: 'Conger, do you ever get that kind of politics dished up to you in Ohio?' I had to say no—but if we had, we would have had two Republican senators during the past thirty years instead of one.

ESTEEMED BY BLAINE.

'His policy in such matters shows why Senator Quay has the confidence of the men who make Presidents. I doubt if there will be many, or any, politicians at the St. Louis convention, who, if they cannot get their own favorite candidate, would not prefer a landing under the banner of Pennsylvania's candidate.

"Let me tell you of the high estimation in which Quay was held by James G. Blaine. It was during Governor McKinley's first campaign for governor in our state. I was requested to make a visit to Mr. Blaine and to get from him a letter favoring Governor McKinley's canvass, its bearing upon protection, etc. Mr. Blaine was too ill to come to Ohio to enter the canvass, but wrote the letter.

'I was at Bar Harbor three days, and spent much of the time with Mr. Blaine and Emmons. Old campaigns and public men came up in our chats, and I shall never forget his splendid talk about Senator Quay. He was very eulogistic in his remarks about the senator and said:

"'Quay is one of the strongest and one of the safest men in the senate; not an orator, but a deep thinker, and probably the shrewdest and best politician in the United States. Pennsylvania has reason to feel proud of him, and much of her great strength in national politics and legislation is due to his guidance.'"

JOLLYING A SOUTHERNER.

The Reparee of a Hotel Clerk Silenced an Atlanta Visitor.

From the Philadelphia Record.

Quite funny are some of the experiences narrated by persons returning from the Atlanta exposition. A local newspaper man who got back from the south on Monday tells this one on himself. Upon arriving at Atlanta he chartered a hack, and with that fine scorn of pecuniary considerations characteristic of his profession, ordered the driver to convey him to the "best hotel in town." Entering the really gorgeous caravansary, he dropped his grip before the desk, held a pen poised above the register and inquired:

"What kind of a room can you give me, and how much?"

The clerk, a typical southerner, with sallow complexion, drooping mustache and long goatee, replied in an indifferent sort of tone:

"Well, suh, Ah ken give yo' a fo'th flo' room foh fo' dollahs a day, suh."

"Fo'th flo', fo' dollahs," repeated the visitor facetiously mimicking the soft southern accent; "then I presume you can give me a first-floor room for $1, eh?"

"N-o-o, suh," drawled the haughty Georgian. "Ah kain't give yo' a fust flo' room foh one dollah, suh; but Ah ken give yo' a room without any flo' at all foh nothin', suh. Jest go down thar to the bahn and inqui' foh the mewel apahtments."

The Philadelphian made no further attempt to have fun with the natives during his stay in Atlanta.