

HIS NATAL DAY.

THE BIRTHDAYS OF GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Anniversaries of His Birth Were Often Important Landmarks in His Career—The Great General's Life Reviewed.

GEORGE WILLIAM, son to Augustine Washington and Mary his wife, was born the 11th day of February, 1731-2, about ten in the morning, and was baptized the 3d of April following, Mr. Bromley Whiting and Captain Christopher Brooks, godfathers, and Mrs. Milford Godfrey, godmother.

When Washington was born his father was about thirty-six years old and his mother twenty-eight. He was the first of his father's children by a second marriage, born of good family on both sides, but in a house which modern luxury would deem mean in its size and appointments. It had four rooms only, a chimney at each end, was perfectly plain seen from the outside, but had a miniature picture gallery within in the "best room," consisting of a chimney piece ornamented with Dutch tiles showing scenes from the Bible. In this plain home of Westmoreland County, Va., lived a family distinguished for its good breeding, of which the husband



WASHINGTON'S BIRTHPLACE.

was the great grandson of a John Washington, who emigrated to America in 1657, and was sixth in descent from the first Lawrence Washington, of Ludgrave, Northamptonshire, England. Of inestimable value to his country is the opportunity which every year affords to review his work and character. Before his death his birthday was celebrated in every great town throughout the Union, and the custom will never fail of being honored by the setting apart of the anniversary as a general holiday, its date adjusted to the Gregorian calendar, and falling on the 22d day of February.

Washington's earliest birthdays were spent in Stafford County, Va., on the east side of the Rappahannock River, opposite Fredericksburg, whither his parents removed while he was still a baby.

At school, in Westmoreland County, under Mr. Williams, he learned reading, spelling, English grammar, arithmetic, surveying, bookkeeping and geography. He had been taught the rudiments of his thorough acquaintance with the mother tongue by an obscure and humble person known in history for this reason only, as Holby.

The elder brother took a most affectionate interest in George, for whom, when the boy was fourteen years old, he procured a midshipman's warrant, which his mother's prophetic solicitude prevented him from using. The next two years George spent in surveying chiefly, under the direction of Mr. Williams, the nature of whose instructions was better adapted to develop the practical genius of Washington than would have been a classical education. He was sixteen when he went to live with his brother at Mount Vernon, and there, a tall and graceful youth, perfected himself in the dance and other social accomplishments.

Lafayette described the beauty of Washington's physical proportions as the most superb he had ever seen, and this when the hero had passed the best years of his manhood. What must have been the fascination of his presence in the morn and liquid dew of his youth, and the heart flutterings of the Virginia maidens whom he met in the refined society of his brother's mansion, and in his frequent visits to the beautiful country seats in the neighborhood?



ELIZA PARKE CUSTIS.

A few months after his birthday, in 1749, he qualified as a county surveyor, which was a profitable occupation at that time, and he had added to the property left him by his father, when, at nineteen years old, he was commissioned a major of militia, with the considerable salary of £150 a year attached to the honor. On February 22d, 1752, he and his brother, Lawrence, were on their way home from a trip to Barbadoes, whither they had gone in the hope to regain health for the master of Mount Vernon, who, the same year, died at his beautiful

seat. The estate was left to his surviving daughter, and in case of her decease without issue, with other lands to George Washington, with the reserve of the use of the same to his wife during her lifetime.

In the fall of 1753 Governor Dinwiddie sent the young officer as commissioner to a French fort claimed to have been built as a hostile demonstration on English lands. He was away eleven weeks on this errand, which was accomplished with tact and judgment, but the war cloud spread in broader and darker shadow, and February 22d, 1754, saw George Washington at Alexandria, collecting military supplies for use in the threatened campaign. The succeeding May, before the declaration of war had been made, Washington encountered the French troops and heard for the first time the whistling of bullets. He is accused of having said on the occasion: "I heard the bullets whistle; there is something charming in the sound."

Washington's birthday in 1755 was spent in retirement. He had retired from his military duties after succeeding Colonel Frey in command; but in the spring volunteered under General Braddock with the rank of Colonel. He had barely recovered from a fever when he took a heroic part in the disastrous battle of Monongahela, after which he retired to Mount Vernon. On February 22, 1756, he had been several months in command of the Virginia troops to serve against France, with headquarters at Winchester; but was absent on a journey to Boston on the day we celebrate, where he arranged with General Shirley that an inconveniently independent officer in command at Fort Cumberland, Md., should be made subject to his orders. He fell in love for the second time, of which we know, on this trip, with a New York beauty, who had the bad taste to prefer another young officer for a husband. In February, 1757, we find him laying papers before the Earl of Loudoun—he was then in command of the Virginia troops—with the object of putting them upon the regular establishment.

His birthday in 1759 found him again in private life, the object of the war in the middle colonies having been achieved. Denied the privilege of being more than a colonial officer he resigned his commission, much to the regret of his colleagues in the army. On February 22 of that year he was a benedict, having had a partner of his joys and sorrows about six weeks. His marriage to Mrs. Custis was an exceptionally fortunate union, adding to his wealth and social distinction, and giving him as perfect companionship as is ever reached for the long space of forty years.



FROM A NOTED MINIATURE OF WASHINGTON.

The years from 1759 to 1764 were a comparatively uneventful period in Washington's life. During this time he was the planter and the man of business, exporting produce and importing from England goods for domestic and family use.

With the passage of the stamp act came momentous thoughts to Washington as to what would be the effect on the colonies of the wilful violation of the principle "that no subject of the realm can be taxed except by himself or his representative." The importance of this violation was perceived by him at the beginning. By the time of his birthday in 1769, Washington had advanced so far in his patient opposition to tyranny that he took charge of the articles of association drawn up by his good neighbor, George Mason, for presentation before the burgesses of Virginia, with the object of crippling British commerce by reducing imports. When subsequently the patriot-statesmen of Boston assembled in public meeting, passed a resolution calling on all the inhabitants of the colonies generally to enter into an agreement that they would hold no further intercourse with Great Britain, either by imports or exports, Washington opposed the adoption of the passage relating to exports, because it involved the violation of, to him, sacred business obligations. In the fall of 1774 he was chosen to command volunteer companies, and on his birthday in 1775 was busy drilling troops for the inevitable conflict.

Events of enormous import followed apace. The second Congress passed a resolution "That these colonies be immediately put in a state of defense," on May 10, 1775. Then was founded the Continental army, of which Washington was unanimously elected commander-in-chief on the 15th of June following. He made his headquarters at Cambridge and took command on the 3d of July. In December, 1775, Mrs. Washington joined him and remained till the spring of 1776. His birthday in that year was spent in her society at Cambridge. Dorchester Heights taken, Boston evacuated and occupied by the American army, the Declaration of Independence, the disastrous battle of Long Island, the American army in retreat across the Delaware—this is the story of 1776 in outline up to December 7. The reme-

dy for these disasters was found in Washington being virtually a dictator, in his renewal of the army, in the audacity and splendor of his military genius. Recrossing the Delaware, the American commander took the offensive, with the result that in a short time not a single British or Hessian regiment remained in the Jerseys except at Brunswick and Amboy, between which places and New York was open communication by water. Within three weeks the enemy had been



FROM A MARTHA WASHINGTON MINIATURE.

driven from every post he had taken along the Delaware. Philadelphia had been relieved from danger, and almost the whole province of New Jersey had been recovered to America. Washington spent his birthday of 1777 in headquarters at Morristown, New Jersey.

Washington's amicable relations with Lafayette began in 1777, a year most memorable for the surrender of General Burgoyne to the American, General Gates.

The French alliance brought substantial assistance, but 1778 can hardly be regarded as a brilliant success in the working out of American independence. It meant to Great Britain, however, American persistence in this purpose, spite of jealousies and party dissensions in Congress, treachery toward Washington in the army and ill fortune in the field here and there. The majestic patience and serenity of Washington amidst discouragements of all kinds is the strongest historic feature of the year. He was in headquarters at Middlebrook when the anniversary of his birth in the year 1779 reminded him that he had passed the best years of his manly strength.

The signal triumph of the war had not been achieved when, in November, 1780, Washington made his winter headquarters at New Windsor, but there was an accession to the general expectation of success for the allies, in the addition of Holland to their number about the end of the year.

With the foresight of the warrior-statesman, Washington was pondering the great problem, how to give necessary authority to Congress in order to insure the continuity of the band which attached the thirteen States together, when at his headquarters he and Mrs. Washington celebrated the return of his natal day in the year 1781, which counts the capture of Yorktown as its great feature and the virtual end of the war of independence.

On February 20, 1783, the preliminary treaty of peace with Great Britain was signed, and General Washington ate his birthday cake that year with the satisfaction of a man who had recently accomplished a great work. His farewell address to the army bears the date November 2, 1783, and on December 23, 1783, one of the greatest generals in history resigned his commission.

He gladly returned to Mount Vernon, where we find him on February 22, 1784, 1785, 1786, 1787, 1788 and 1789. These years demonstrated his attainments and sagacity as a statesman beyond what his countrymen had supposed it possible for any one man to possess. Inaugurated President on April 30, 1789, he proceeded to administer his great office under provisions of the Constitution.

He was described as courteous without being formal, the possessor of a singularly attractive smile; eyes which would flash and glow upon occasion, and an expression of countenance grave but not stern, which no



FROM WRIGHT'S PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON.

painter could catch, and a form declared by Lafayette to be the most superb he had ever beheld. Philadelphia cherished the tradition of the President's chief cook, Uncle Harkless, sauntering with the dandies up Market street in silk with cocked hat and a gold-headed cane, doing his share toward glorifying the establishment of the Chief Executive. The stabling and care of his numerous horses, his cream-colored coach, the magnificence of his stables and out-riders are well remembered by everybody acquainted with his biography—

but the writer feels that a picture of Washington, after his Presidential days, will be more pleasing than elaborate description of his splendid surroundings when the great and wise bent before him in admiration. The artist is Young Custis, adopted son of the patriarch, and his intention is to assist the recognition of Washington by the gentleman whom he is addressing: "You will meet, sir, an old gentleman riding alone, in plain drab clothes, a broad-brimmed white hat, a hickory switch in his hand, and carrying an umbrella with a long staff, which is attached to the saddlebow. That person, sir, is General Washington."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

When the Ohio is Most Beautiful.

To the artist, the silvery, shrunken Ohio, winding feebly between green and everlasting hills, is a charming spectacle, worthy of a transfer to canvas and subsequent hanging in a favored place in the home of a pur-chaser.

But to the practical Pittsburger the swollen, turbid, oil-stained Ohio, careering to the Mississippi through a bleak landscape of snow-sprinkled hills, is a sight far more attractive than any afforded in midsummer.

For the larger Ohio bears on its muddy breast the deep-laden coalboats whose contents are not more needed by New Orleans or Memphis than the money the coal represents is needed by our river operators and shippers. These regard the Ohio as a most lovable stream, when, after months of picturesque idleness, it arises in its might and boasts of "twelve feet."

If our local artists wish to make a painting of Ohio which will be saleable to a coal skipper, they must portray the stream with that number of feet, with the tawny mane of swirling water and a procession of coalboats heading for the Sunny South. A "coal-boat," it might be added, is one that requires ten feet of water to float it, and is helpless to reach the lower markets on a stage of water that will let out a coal "barge."—Pittsburg Bulletin.

California's Emblem Flower.

Strangers visiting California are attracted by the great splashes of gold that appear in the pasture lands and by the waysides. It is the eschscholtzia (esh-sholtz-i-a), which is now the flower emblem of California. The appropriateness of this selection is seen in many ways. It is the wild wine goblet of the State, suggestive, in color, of the orange and the precious metal. The Spaniards, indeed, called it "el oro de copo"—the cup of gold. In the month of October, 1816, the ship Rurick entered the Bay of San Francisco. The naturalist, Adalbert von Chamisso, was on the Rurick, and named the poppy for his companion of the voyage, Herr Eschscholtz.—London Illustrated News.

Washington's Eyeglasses.

George Washington was not a dandish young man. Yet we cannot help a thrill of surprise on seeing the eyeglasses and the sunshade which he always carried with him. The eyeglasses were of silver, cunningly carved, with Washington's name engraved in the middle of the handle.

They were much like our lorgnettes except that they would not close, and the lenses are perfectly round. Washington used to hold them just as ladies hold lorgnettes nowadays, and when not in use they were hung upon a little curved pin which was fastened to the lapel of his coat. His sunshade was a queer little affair with an ebony stick. The shade was of yellow silk, with a tiny fringe around it, and was always carried when the Father of His Country went for a drive. In those days men did not wear broad brimmed straw hats.

Finally he coolly saddled his horse, and as the battery was surrounded and partially captured by the Johnnies, he left with us as we pulled our section out of action by the pronging, the horses of our limber being all shot down.

It is not my intention to give a resume of this bloody action here; it has gone down in history, and the few living members—Augustus Buell, the "Cannoner" amongst the number—will remember the day, and its fearful loss to our erstwhile conservative battery.

During Sheridan's formation of the army my brother, now relieved from arrest by a gracious verbal order of the Captain, told us of his buried treasure and was very fervent in his wishes that the Johnnies would not find and unearth it.

Prisoners in China.

A Chinese prison is called a "cangue." Its outer door is barred with bamboo and is guarded by petty soldiers or policemen. The "cangue" contains two rooms and two yards. One room and one yard are for men. The other room and yard are for women. The space set apart for women is very much smaller than that for men. But the women's quarters and the men's quarters are alike in being entirely devoid of any provision for personal comfort or for personal decency.

Chinese prisoners are by the Government provided with absolutely nothing but the space beyond which they may not pass. If their friends thrust food to them through the bars of the prison fence the law does not interpose. Otherwise the prisoners may starve.

How Rice Paper is Made.

Cigarette smokers, who vainly imagine that they are using rice-paper, will be glad to know how the genuine article is made. It is manufactured from the pith of a tree, a native of China, which has just been successfully introduced into Florida. The pith can be obtained from the stems in beautiful cylinders several inches in length. The Chinese workmen apply the blade of a sharp, straight knife to those cylinders, and turning them round dexterously, pare them from the circumference to the centre, making a rolled layer, of equal thickness throughout. This is unrolled and weights are placed upon it until it is rendered perfectly smooth and flat. Sometimes a number are joined together to increase the size of the sheets. It is a pure pearly white paper.—Pineville.

SOLDIERS' COLUMN

"TAPS."

Beneath the starlit, azure sky,
Now breathing low, now soaring high,
Now wandering off, now circling high,
With mournful pauses and lapses,
And floating on the fragrant air,
Across the slopes and meadows fair,
Under the stars I stand and hear,
The bugle blowing "Taps."

To bed! lights out! and in repose
The soldier's weary eyelids close,
Forgetting all this world's woes,
Its changes and mishaps,
To dream of home so far away
And friends and memories, kind and gay,
Beloved in boyhood's happy day,
Oh, welcome then is "Taps."

Down by the old Shore road there strays,
With whispered words of love and praise,
A "boy in blue" who fondly says,
To his sweetheart, pernaups,
"Just one more kiss, sweet Jennie, dear,
There's no one near to see or hear,
It's the last, love, do not fear,
And we will call it "Taps."

Ah, me! ah, me! the days pass by,
And all the hopes that mounted high
Like shattered idols round me lie
In pitiful collapse;
There's naught but passion, pride and woe,
For us poor mortals here below
Till Gabriel's heavenly bugles blow
The universal "Taps."

AT CEDAR CREEK.

The Little Game That Went On Under Cover of the Rebel Charge

IT is a matter of history and among old soldiers a well known fact, that the army consisting of the Sixth, Eighth and Ninth Corps and our Cavalry, was badly disorganized by the surprise of Early on Oct. 19th, 1861. The surprise was of the genuine kind, but it was returned with interest before the sun went down.

It was a very foggy morning. We had started our fires for cooking our breakfast in Battery M, 5th U. S. Art. The left section to which I belonged, was nearest the pike, and right behind us was the Captain's tent.

The day previous, or on the 18th, my brother, one of the two buglers (the other was Riley, now living in Pennsylvania) was punished for an overdose of brandy peaches, been engaged in digging a retreat back of the officer's quarters and surrounding the same with brush. It was built with a view to a long stay.

Now, on that same day, the 19th, Capt. McKnight, had received from his home in Reading, Pa., a supply of good things wherewith to nourish the inner man. Our Captain was of portly form and a good liver, if a somewhat strict disciplinarian. The hamper containing those good things had been taken in the Captain's tent by the combined efforts of my brother, the teamster and the Captain's orderly, Gabriel. So my brother was very well informed about the contents, having helped to unopen and unpackage. This was rather late in the evening and the brave Captain in imagination enjoyed the sight of what he fully expected to sample no later than the following day.

Now we know how the surprise got in its teeth on the morning of the 19th. The Captain was on the spot and tried very hard to keep the stampede from the front from breaking our battery formation. Well, while John Riley and Gabriel waited on our Captain, my brother, who was under arrest, got an idea in his head. He was usually full of mischief, so it was not to be wondered at what followed. His job on the officers' retreat was not finished the day before by reason of having to help unload the Captain's box, so all his tools were still around the place.

While we boys were giving the Johnnies banister for breakfast my brother coolly went in the Captain's tent packed everything in the box, fastened it in a hurry and by dint of pulling, fumbling and shoving, landed the box in the excavation he had labored so hard to make the day previous and in a twinkling he spread a rubber blanket over the box and filled sand on top of the treasure. You may be sure it did not take him so long to fill it up as it did to empty it.

Finally he coolly saddled his horse, and as the battery was surrounded and partially captured by the Johnnies, he left with us as we pulled our section out of action by the pronging, the horses of our limber being all shot down.

It is not my intention to give a resume of this bloody action here; it has gone down in history, and the few living members—Augustus Buell, the "Cannoner" amongst the number—will remember the day, and its fearful loss to our erstwhile conservative battery.

During Sheridan's formation of the army my brother, now relieved from arrest by a gracious verbal order of the Captain, told us of his buried treasure and was very fervent in his wishes that the Johnnies would not find and unearth it.

I asked him why he was so solicitous about it and he regained his intended to inform the Captain of the safe keeping of his highly prized box.

"Oh, no, my boy; the Captain thinks the Johnnies have paid all due obedience to his feat by this time, and has no idea of ever beholding a vestige of his belongings again."

"Of course this was not at all improbable, as the Johnnies had possession of our camp from 7 a. m. to 4 p. m. When we finally regained our camp there was little left of its original contents, but about midnight we had by hard work gathered up a goodly collection of effects from all parts of the field and in some measure retrieved our loss.

The Captain mourned his losses, especially the box, but my brother was not much better off, for if he did not get the box out of its hole that night, it would be found by the fatigue party next morning, so he finally was compelled to tell the story to the Captain the following morning.

Now, our good Captain was very fastidious and hearing of the disposition of his box; he waved his hand, with a sickly smile told my brother go and never mention the thing again.

The box was exhumed and by the united effort of our two selves, we not being as particular as our worthy Captain, had soon sampled the delicacies saved from a triple destruction by the ingenuity of a young artillery bugler. We took good care not to blow our horns too loud about our good fortune and I don't think Comrade Juley or Gabriel ever found out what really became of the Captain's box.—CARL HARTMANN in National Tribune.

The Skoptzst.

The St. Petersburg correspondent of the Standard tells this story: "A banker and his niece, who are members of a religious sect called the Skoptzst, or self-mutilators, were sentenced recently to fifteen and ten years' imprisonment respectively. The banker tattooed a cross on his niece's breast, and mutilated himself. Mutilation is a penal offense in Russia only when it is prompted by religious motives.

ONE MAN WHO WAS NEIGHORLY

Perfectly Willing to Lend His Horse in Spite of Many Drawbacks.

They live on Drexel boulevard and are neighbors. One of them, the tall man, owns a horse and buggy, while the short man doesn't. The other day the latter felt as though a drive would do him good, and he went over to the tall man's place to borrow the rig.

"You are perfectly welcome to it," said the owner. "I believe in being neighborly and accommodating, and you can just go to the barn and take the outfit whenever you want it. But I think I ought to tell you, to prevent accidents, that the horse has its. Sometimes when he's trotting



YOU ARE PERFECTLY WELCOME TO IT.

along he'll rear up and fall back in the buggy and carry on awful. He killed his last owner that way."

"Well, if that's the case, perhaps I can get another horse. I—"

"Don't think of it. I will feel offended if you don't take mine. I like to be neighborly and the horse needs exercise. He has the blind-stagger, you know, and sometimes he'll jump off a bridge or run up against a locomotive. He killed a couple of old ladies a year ago by disputing the right of way with a freight train. But he's a good horse and I know you'll enjoy driving him."

"I guess I'll go to a livery stable and—"

"Don't do anything of the kind. Times are hard and you're perfectly welcome to my horse. Only when you're driving him you'd better remember that if he sees a telegraph pole he is sure to become unmanageable. It's singular, but that horse can't bear the sight of a telegraph pole. He just lies back in the harness and kicks the buggy to pieces and then throws himself down and rolls over on his rump. He killed my uncle last spring—what? You won't take him? Now, that's too bad. You're just as welcome as the flowers in May and—"

But the short man was over the fence and out.—Chicago Tribune.

Invention Making Life Easier.

The electric current, as the flexible and far-reaching arm of the steam giant, now applies the power of our coal beds to do work miles from its point of liberation from its ages of rest, says Prof. Robert H. Thurston. With continued application of the genius of the inventor and of the engineer, it may yet transmit energy dormant since the carboniferous era from the coal beds of Pennsylvania or of Illinois, in form of light, of heat, of mechanical power, to every hamlet, to do the work of factory, mill, of household even, and to restore independence to the workman by giving him the force needed for his work in his own home. When domesticated thus, the tyranny of corporations and trusts will be broken, as far as it enslaves the worker, and such combinations will be then only beneficial through reduction of costs of production in limited fields. Inventions of new forms of mechanism in every department of industry will unquestionably continue to make the labor of the individual easier, life more comfortable, hours of labor shorter, necessities easily obtained; comforts and luxuries now only known to the rich, the usual and certain privilege of all.

With reduced hours of struggle for life and needs, time will be afforded every good citizen for rest, for enjoyment, for thought, and all classes may then become classes of leisure, in ample degree for their own best welfare. Easy lives will come to mean comfortable and happy lives. The world will grow better as it grows older, after the struggle for survival shall have ceased, and the length of the life of the individual will be prolonged, while the growth of population, now limited only by the suffering consequent upon overcrowding the present field, will be given its natural and comfortable expansion to a limit set by the extent to which vital powers are expended in mental and intellectual exertion. The family of the nation will, like the family of the individual, be smaller and happier as the mind, instead of the body, comes to utilize all physical powers.

The Twelve Good Rules.

In his poem entitled "The Deserted Village," Goldsmith describes the old inn on whose parlor-walls there hung, besides other things, "the twelve good rules." It seems that these rules were drawn up by King Charles I., and as they are never displayed nowadays it may be interesting to state what they were. Here is the list: 1. Urge [drink] no health. 2. Profane no divine ordinances. 3. Touch no state matters. 4. Reveal no secrets. 5. Pick no quarrels. 6. Make no comparisons. 7. Maintain no ill opinions. 8. Keep no bad company. 9. Encourage no vice. 10. Make no long meals. 11. Repeat no grievance. 12. Lay no wagers.