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"BE TRUE TO YOUR WORD AND YOUR WORK AND YOUR COUNTRY."

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HOURS WITH MEN AND WOMEN OF THE REVOLUTION.

Doctor Franklin's Errand-Boy.

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"Would you like to be introduced to Dr. Franklin's errand-boy?" asked a friend with whom I was sojourning a few days in Philadelphia, in the year 1861. "He is a most remarkable man," said my friend, "and has been a prominent citizen here for fully sixty years."

"It would be a special privilege," I replied.

We crossed the Schuylkill to West Philadelphia, and made our way to the Pennsylvania Asylum for the Insane. At the entrance gate my friend was warmly greeted by a courteous old gentleman, apparently about six-five years of age, who was introduced to me as colonel Robert Carr, and I was introduced to him as a citizen of New York in quest of reminiscences of events of our long-past history from the lips of survivors of actors in the war.

"You bear the whole name," I said, "of the Irish baronet who was one of the commissioners sent to regulate New England" and to assist in snatching our province from the Dutch two hundred years ago."

"Of the same family stock, probably, for I was born in Ireland," he replied. "Come in, gentleman, and be seated. It is an early hour, and we shall have few interruptions."

He led the way to a small furnished room, and there we spent about two hours very profitably with the venerable gatekeeper of the Asylum, and the errand-boy of Dr. Franklin, who was then over eighty-three years of age, and whose career had been checkered by many vicissitudes.

He was a stout-built, vigorous man, possessed of sound health and remarkable buoyancy of spirits. He assured me that he had not been sick in over sixty years.

"You say you were born in Ireland. My friend tells me that your life has been quite an eventful one?" I remarked.

"Somewhat," he said. "But it is now well nigh over," he continued. "I try to forget the miseries which are few, and to remember the mercies which are many."

At my request he gave a brief sketch of his life's history. He was brought to Philadelphia from Ireland by his parents when he was six years of age. His father was a school teacher and lived next door to Dr. Franklin. In due time young Carr learned the art of printing with Mr. Bache, Franklin's grandson, and soon rose to the head of his profession in Philadelphia. In 1804, when he was only twenty-six years old, he was awarded the first prize of a society for the best specimens of printing on exhibition. He was employed to print Wilson's "Ornithology" from the manuscript, also a reprint of "Roes's Cyclopaedia." As a young member of the famous Philadelphia military corps known as the "Methuen Blues," he was one of the firing squad on the occasion of the celebration of Washington's funeral by Congress, then in session at Philadelphia. Five of his associates were living in that city at the time of my visit, namely: Samuel Breck, aged ninety; S. Palmer, aged eighty-one; S. F. Smith, aged eighty-one; Charles N. Banker, aged eighty-five; Quinton Campbell, aged eighty-five. I saw three of the five veterans at that time.

In 1812 Mr. Carr was commissioned major of a Pennsylvania regiment of infantry, and rose to lieutenant-colonel the following year. Serving faithfully all through the war of 1812-15, Colonel Carr was honorably discharged at its close, and for many years he was the sole survivor of the field officers of the Army of 1812, in Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware. He married a daughter of William Bartram, the proprietor of the famous Botanic Garden near Philadelphia, and in right of his wife, after her father's death, he carried it on from 1808 until 1850, a period of more than forty years. He served the State as adjutant-general a few years, and was for a long time an alderman and justice of the peace in Philadelphia. In his days of prosperity he was an active promoter of public enterprises. Deprived of his property by the vicis-

situdes of fortune in his old age, he accepted the position of gatekeeper at the institution where we found him.

"Our friend tells me," I remarked "that you were an errand-boy for Dr. Franklin for a while."

"Oh yes," he replied; "I served him as such for the space of nearly two years. We lived next door to Dr. Franklin, in Market street, and he seemed to think much of my father, who was frequently in his house by invitation. I sometimes went there with my father, and Franklin treated me very kindly, having always a pleasant word for me. I was about ten years old when he asked my father to allow me to do errands for him. Young as I was he sent me everywhere, and I was very proud. He sent to the butcher, the grocer, the printers, the book-stores, the doctor, and to different gentlemen in the city. He was sick most of the time while I was with him, often suffering great pain from his malady, and yet he continued to write a great deal. I think he wrote two or three pamphlets during the last year of his life. I carried his manuscripts to the printers, and also the proof-sheets. His grandson, Benjamin Franklin Bache, then just out of college, who was much with his grandfather, assisted him in reading the proof-sheets. The young man started a newspaper in the fall after Franklin died, and it was in his establishment that I learned the trade of a printer."

"Were you living with Franklin at the time of his death?" I inquired.

"Yes; for three months before he died I was in his room a great deal, to do errands for the Doctor, for his attendant (Mrs. Hewson,) and for the family. For two or three weeks, I remember, Dr. Jones came several times every day, and sometimes brought Dr. Rush with him."

"Do you distinctly remember the personal appearance of Franklin?" I inquired.

"Perfectly," he answered. "It made a strong impression on my mind. When I first began to do errands for him he was quite well—went out frequently and received much company. He was then a strong-built man, over seventy years of age, about five feet nine inches in stature, and inclined to corpulence. His complexion was fair, though he was an old man; his eyes were gray and very bright when he was engaged in conversation; his hair was thin and long, but not very gray; his mouth was not large and had a decidedly sweet expression. Franklin was polite and kind to everybody, whether he was a servant or a senator, for he was always a gentleman. I remember when Washington called to see him, while on his way to New York to be inaugurated President of the United States. They embraced like brothers. Franklin had been suffering much pain that morning, but was relieved at the time of the President's call, when his manner was cheerful, almost playful at times, for he was rejoiced to see his friend. They never met again on earth."

"You say you learned the printer's trade in the establishment of Mr. Bache, Franklin's grandson," I remarked.

"Yes, I was his apprentice from 1792 to 1797. After I had been with him a year, finding me rather expert in detecting errors in proof-sheets, I was frequently employed as assistant proof-reader and in carrying the corrected sheets to the writers for his paper, *The Advertiser*. When the government was removed to Philadelphia from New York, Washington was very friendly to Mr. Bache, because he was a near kinsman of Franklin, and occasionally wrote something on public matters for *The Advertiser*. He also had official papers printed at our office. I carried corrected proof-sheets to President Washington, and sometimes assisted him in the reading and making proper printer's marks for corrections, which he did not always understand."

"So you were once an errand-boy for Dr. Franklin and Washington's assistant proof-reader," I remarked.

"It is even so, and I am proud of the service," said the veteran with

a bright smile of satisfaction. "But Washington's friendship for Bache soon cooled," he continued. "Jefferson gained the control of Bache and his newspaper, politically, after Fremont left the city. He was a violent political enemy of Hamilton, you know, and many articles were published in Bache's paper abusing the Secretary of the Treasury and other leaders of the Federal party, not even sparing the President. Under the name of the *Autocrat*, the paper published most scandalous attacks upon Washington's administration. I distinctly remember the great excitement in Philadelphia caused by an outrageous article in the *Autocrat* against Washington, a day or two after he retired from the Presidency in the spring of 1797. I will remember that the butcher, Spring Garden, who had been a printer under Washington, increased that they marched in a body to attack the *Autocrat*. They threw its types into the street and nearly destroyed the building. "Political excitement," he said, "that time, did it not?"

"Never more violent," he replied. "Why, for a while, it was among the Union arated families and religious nations in social interest, where he traveled seven-pulpits became political. I remember that in May, Washington City that a day of fasting and prayer, by their violent denunciations, and philosophies, also a riot. The exhibition of Philadelphia were incited to violence against the Republicans or Democrats who were thus denounced. Fearing violence, Bache, with armed friends, so protected the *Autocrat* office that no damage was done. Mr. Bache was personally assaulted on the street, but was not much injured; but the same year he fell a victim to the terrible scourge of yellow fever, which smote the city fearful."

"You mentioned Mr. Fremont, the poet of the Revolution. Did you know him personally?" I inquired.

"Very well, though not intimately," he answered, "for he left Philadelphia while I was yet an apprentice sixteen or seventeen years old. He was small in stature, slightly built, but robust in appearance, having followed the sea for many years. He was of Huguenot descent, and about forty years old when I first saw him. His eyes were dark and brilliant; his hair was a rich dark brown; his smile was exceedingly captivating; his voice was sweet; his whole face beamed with intelligence, and his deportment indicated a true gentleman. Mr. Jefferson first employed him as translating clerk of the State department, but he was soon engaged in editing a newspaper which was the organ of the Republican party. It was more violent in its attacks upon Hamilton and Washington's public policy than Bache's paper was afterwards. Long years subsequently Fremont acknowledged that many of the most violent articles were written by Jefferson himself. But Jefferson must not be blamed," said Colonel Carr, "for at that time he was really a monomaniac on the subject of mis-called French democracy. He had lately come from France, and was thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the radical French revolutionists. Fremont, you know, celebrated in stirring verse the American victories during the war of 1812-15. Poor Fremont! He perished in a cold storm near Freshold, New Jersey, in December, 1822, when in the eighth year of his age."

"Did you know personally Charles Thomson, the permanent Secretary of the Continental Congress?" I inquired.

"I knew him quite intimately for several years," replied Colonel Carr. "I first became partially acquainted with him about the year 1800. He was then busy in making his translation of the Septuagint, or Old Testament Scriptures, from the original Greeks into English. He also translated the New Testament. I had the reputation then of being the most careful proof-reader in Philadelphia and when Mr. Thomson began to have his great work put in type he employed me to read the last revised proofs. The whole Bible translated by Mr. Thomson was published by the Widow Aitkin, in four volumes, in 1808, at about the time when I left printing and took charge of the Botanic Garden."

"What was the personal appearance of Mr. Thomson?" I inquired.

"He was past seventy years of age when I first became acquainted with him. He was rather tall, quite spare in flesh; his face was very thin and much furrowed; his blue eyes were truly sparkling, and his straight white hair hung in graceful curls at the ends below his ears. His whole appearance was venerable; yet his step elastic, and his voice was strong clear and musical. He lived, as you know, until 1824, when he was in the fifth year of his age."

"I remembered much more from the time of your memorable inter-ference that they marched in a body to attack the *Autocrat*. They threw its types into the street and nearly destroyed the building. "Political excitement," he said, "that time, did it not?"

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City. Never was less said or written, and never so few plans made for any work, as the design of the society was to move silently and steadily, and to secretly accomplish its purpose of bridging the chasm between the rich and the poor, and to unite all women engaged in any kind of good work in such a way as to secure to each the sympathy and cooperation of all. Yet from almost every state in the Union, and from the most remote countries over the sea—India, Australia and New Zealand—from people in every walk in life, from pastors of churches, matrons of hospitals, teachers of schools, leaders of philanthropic societies, presidents of colleges, from the belles of Fifth Avenue and the street gamins of the Bowery come tidings of the continued organization of tens upon tens of King's Daughters, until 8000 silver crosses have been sold and 10,000 members have enrolled their names among the King's Daughters, although the society has been organized only two years.

In January of this year a branch organization was established, known as the King's Sons, and through their efforts already a missionary chapel has been built in the city of Baltimore, whose pastor is to be supported entirely by the King's Sons.

As for the kind of work accomplished by this remarkable sisterhood, it is too varied and extensive to be recorded in detail. There are Tens that visit the sick, Tens that supply the hospital, and homes with flowers, Tens that support foreign missionaries, Tens that sing and Tens that sew, Tens that endow beds in hospitals, Tens that provide pleasant country homes for deserving poor, and Tens that simply "bridge their tongue" and endeavor to live in love and charity with all men. "In His Name."

The King's Daughters are found in greater numbers in the cities and larger towns than in the rural districts, and in the west and south they are more abundant than in the east, owing to the previous establishment of Edward E. Hale's Ten Times One Clubs. The rapid growth, harmonious unity, ceaseless activity, varied and unique charities, and sympathetic co-operations of the society are said to be unparalleled in the history of any organization known. Within two years it has girdled the globe with the gleam of its silver crosses "In His Name."

Colored people in England.

Colored people who are ambitious for association with white people and to escape the social inferiority of their position in the United States, should emigrate to England. In this country there does not appear any prejudice against the colored brother. In fact, there appears to be a prejudice in his favor. There are not many negroes in England in proportion to the whites, but those who are there appear to be specially delighted with their situation. The negroes in England have free intercourse and companionship with the whites of a corresponding and even superior grade of intelligence and education. I have seen any number of negro men attending by clean cut, good looking Englishmen. If the negro woman does not have a white attendant, it is because she prefers one of her own race. I have seen a number of negro men and women in England, but I have invariably seen them in company with whites. I do not remember having seen negro men or women in company. Having nearly the entire white population of England to pick and choose from, they have naturally shown a discrimination against their own color. The only noticeable prejudice, therefore, in England against the negro comes from the negroes themselves.—*P. C. Crawford in N. Y. World.*

A Little Burden Bearer.

Mamma had said "Good-night," and Ned and Joe were left alone in their little white beds.

"Joe," whispered Ned, "wasn't that a first-rate sermon the new minister preached this morning?"

"Yes, I guess so," Joe responded, sleepily.

"Bear ye one another's burdens," I'm glad I can remember the text, 'cause he said he hoped we would. I mean to try and live by it too, just as he told us; don't you, Joe?"

But this time Joe was fast asleep, and only answered by a snore; so Ned lay thinking a few minutes longer, and then dropped asleep himself.

The next morning he woke up bright and early. He had not forgotten his good resolution, and when he said his morning prayer he asked God to help him to be one of His little burden-bearers that day. Then he went to work with willing feet and eager hands. He brought mamma a pail of water from the well, and coal and wood from the cellar. He

fed the chickens, and when baby Kate began to cry he put her into her carriage and rolled her about in the sunshine till breakfast was ready.

It was washing day, and mamma was so busy that when school-time came she said she could not spare both the boys, and asked which of them would stay home and take care of baby. Joe looked at Ned and Ned looked at Joe. Both loved their lessons, and were proud of the reports they brought home.

"I don't want to stay," said Joe. "Baby is awful cross."

But Ned remembered his text, and looked up with a bright smile in his blue eyes.

"I'll stay and help you, mamma," he said, bravely.

It was not easy work, for Katie was toiling, and the day was very warm; but Ned did his best, and succeeded pretty well on the whole.

At last mamma finished her work, and took the baby from his aching arms.

"Have I been a real burden-bearer to-day, mamma?" he asked, wistfully.

Mamma looked puzzled. "What do you mean, dear?" she asked.

"Why, mamma, the minister said that everybody ought to carry their own burdens—troubles, you know—and then they ought to help other people bear their burdens too. He said even boys could do it; but I haven't any burdens of my own to carry, not one, so I'm trying to help other people."

Tears came into mamma's tired eyes, and she said: "Yes, Noddie, you have been mamma's little burden-bearer to-day."

Ned didn't see the tears, and he felt so very happy that he forgot how tired he was. By this time school was over, and he went with an approving conscience for an hour's play with the other boys.

The Stipend.

It was such an undertaking that the lover fell to quaking, like a leaf in autumn shaking. "It is now so deceiving light."

Said he, round the mansion sneaking, lowly to the watch-dog speaking; but his boots would keep a squeaking, and each shadow held a fright.

In the parlor, feigning sleeping, sat the maiden's papa, keeping watch, and often slyly peeping, while the lovers failed to see.

"I'll just wait and catch them going, sneak around without their knowing, give them both a hearty blowing," said he, chuckling in his glee.

From her chamber window, peering, was a smiling face, quite cheering to the lover slowly nearing to the window just below.

"Darling," came the words unobtruding, "is there danger much of falling? Hist! I think I hear him calling. No; I guess it isn't he."

"Don't you fear, my little duckey," said he, "and we may be lucky—there! I know my own was plucky. Bravo, darling; now we'll fly."

Ah, her fatal hesitation! Papa's voice gave indication that the dread investigation of the voices heard was nigh.

"So! my dear, thou wouldst deceive me, and in style of burglar leave me, with thy faithless conduct grieve me," papa said, with gun in hand.

Still as statues both were standing, when effected was the landing and was heard the voice commanding them to halt, with reprimand.

CHIEF JUSTICE FULLER.

The President Solves a Difficult Problem.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 30.—The President to-day nominated Melville W. Fuller, of Chicago, to be Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. The selection of Mr. Fuller was somewhat a surprise, for, although his name has been occasionally mentioned in connection with the Chief Justiceship, none of the members of the Senate judiciary committee had the slightest intimation that he was to be the President's choice. When the President's private secretary presented the nomination to the Senate to-day, together with several other Executive communications, by a singular coincidence Minister Phelps and Senator Gray were conversing together in the Senate chamber. The presiding officer glanced over the list of nominations and immediately notified Senators Edmunds and Park, the leading members of the judiciary committee. The news spread rapidly, and in less than five minutes Mr. Fuller's nomination was known throughout the Capitol. I asked Senators Beck, Gorman, Colquitt, Kenna, Edmunds, and others what they thought of the selection, and on every hand the appointment was commended. Senator Gorman said that Mr. Fuller was recognized as one of the ablest lawyers in the West, a good Democrat, an eloquent speaker, an accomplished gentleman and in every way qualified for the high office to which the President has nominated him. He recalled with pleasure his meeting with Mr. Fuller when the latter presented to the National Democratic committee the claims of Chicago as a desirable place in which to hold the next Democratic National Convention