

# ERRAND-GENERAL MERRITT

## Military Ruler of the Philippines a Type of the Best Americanism—He Was at One Time a Farm Hand.

General Merritt, who goes to the Philippines as military governor, of that island empire of the Pacific, is the second in command of our national army. He won fame and honor as Sheridan's chief officer in the great battles of the war. He was an unrelenting warrior, once fighting nine battles in five successive days. His military career is more or less on record, but of his private life little has been given to the public.

Gen. Wesley Merritt's father, John Willis Merritt, was a New York lawyer, having an office at No. 134 Nassau street, when the boy was born, Dec. 1, 1836, at No. 67 North Moore street. He was one of eight brothers. Twenty months later the law office was at No. 8 Spruce street, the family having moved to Brooklyn.

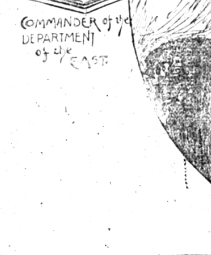
When Wesley was four years old his father, having a large estate and bought a farm at "Looking Glass Prairie," near Belleville, Ill., not far from St. Louis. Young Merritt attended the school of the Christian Brothers, a Catholic institution, at Belleville. Later he worked on the farm for three years, helping his brothers raise corn and pork, for which that section has always been famous.

family, it is said, all the Merritts born in this country have descended. Of General Merritt's military history much has been written. A mere record of his battles, engagements and campaigns would fill columns. He had many narrow escapes from death—a notable one at the battle of Beverly Ford in 1863, when he was attacked by a Confederate officer and a desperado hand to hand combat followed. He was shattered on the head, and would have been killed but for the soft felt



Merritt a Farmer.

Young Merritt often drove the farm team seven or eight miles, taking only fifteen cents a bushel for his corn. Everything that a farmer produced in those days was cheap as dirt, and there was little money in circulation. Pasteboard checks circulated between merchants and farmers in some localities, and their merchandise seemed high because it took so much corn and pork to pay for it. Being a lawyer and a man of a literary turn of mind, the boy's father applied to do something better than raising corn. He started a local evening newspaper at Belleville, called the Advocate, and later a weekly of the same name at Lebanon. Both were Democratic organs, and, like most of the Democratic journals of that day, were for territorial extension, the annexation of Texas, and the settlement of the vexed and formidable "Oregon question" by taking possession of the country clear to the Pacific coast. Young Merritt helped his father and brothers publish this Democratic newspaper. He mastered the business of running a country newspaper, taking his turn in looking after petty details, besides learning to set type and becoming an expert printer while but a boy. At the age of sixteen he went to read law in the office of Judge Haynie in Salem. He was making rapid progress



COMMANDER OF THE DEPARTMENT OF THE EAST.

that which he was, containing a big army pocket bookkeeper. In this engagement he was surrounded and his troops nearly captured. He fought with a courage and desperation that won a great victory. The newspapers of the day were filled with his exploits in that particular engagement, and on the earnest recommendation of General Buford he was made a brigadier-general.

Perhaps the greatest ride of his life was his famous dash through the Rocky mountains, when he rode night and day to the rescue of Major Thornburgh's command, hemmed in by the Indians at the time of the White River massacre. The soldiers were surrounded and being slowly shot and starved to death. A single man managed to crawl out one night and escape, and after incredible suffering reached Rawlins Station on the Union Pacific railroad, nearly 200 miles to the north. A "hurry" telegram was sent to General Merritt, then colonel of the Fifth cavalry at Fort D. A. Russell, near Cheyenne. After reaching Rawlins or the nearest railroad point to the White River Indian agency, General Merritt had to ride four days and nights continuously with a light supply of food and ammunition. Thornburgh was dead and his men were on the point of starvation, wounded and barely able to cling to their guns behind their trenches. Merritt arrived at the break of day, advanced with yells and scattered the Indians, who were waiting like coyotes for the soldiers to die or surrender. General Merritt's wild ride through the Rocky mountains will long challenge the record. It is considered remarkable that he did not kill a horse or a man during the ride.

With Cutler, McPherson and Sheridan, Merritt was called one of the boy generals of the war. Graduating from West Point but a few months before the civil war broke out, he joined the Second dragons and continuously distinguished himself in the cavalry service all through the war. He was Sheridan's right hand man in the great campaigns of the Shenandoah leading

up to the battle of Five Forks and the surrounding and crushing of Lee. Merritt's six brothers from major to major general for his heroic and irresistible fighting at Gettysburg, Yellow Tavern, Hawes' Ship, Winchester, Fisher's Hill, Five Forks and the Appomattox campaign are among his undying achievements in the great war. His title of colonel in the regular army, the Fifth cavalry, was bestowed on him in 1874. Later, when he was given command of the much sought department of the Missouri, with headquarters at Fort Leavenworth, and subsequently at St. Louis, many so-called experts in military matters thought it hardly fair to bestow so great an honor—to shower the golden stars of war—on the youngest brigadier general immediately following his promotion.

General Merritt's military career in closely contested engagements, in great and hazardous campaigns, was always that of a soldier and a hero. He was graduated from West Point July 1, 1862, just before the rebellion, and reached a captaincy in the Second cav-



GOVERNOR-GENERAL MERRITT.

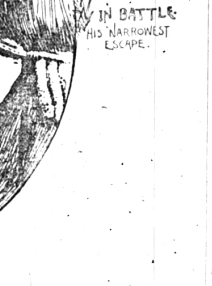
alry April 5, 1862, and was brigadier of volunteers June 20, 1863.

A Soldier and Hero. In the army of the Potomac, on the staff of General Cooke, and later with General Stoneman, in his famous raid toward Richmond, he won renown. In command of cavalry he crossed the Rappahannock and surprised the enemy, but for hours was nearly surrounded and once on the point of being captured. A confederate officer gave him a savage stab cut on the head, but he continued fighting gallantly, leading his men and winning an amazing victory. It was for this bravery that General Buford complimented him, following it by recommending his promotion. Later, General Merritt succeeded General Buford in command of cavalry, operating in central Virginia. He was in the Richmond campaign in 1864, fighting with Sheridan at the head of his columns in his historic raids through the valleys, always closing in on the armies of the dying confederacy. His division (the First), composed of seventeen regiments of cavalry, commanded by General Cooke, won him honor for the mastery of the art in which he drove Early and his troops through Winchester.

More Brilliant Achievements. Merritt's most brilliant achievement was at Cedarville, on the Shenandoah. This was followed by his glorious victory at the battle of Cedar Creek, where, without infantry support, he made incessant cavalry charges—frenzied, overwhelming. The enemy could not survive his assaults of torrid impetuosity. When Sheridan's Merritt displayed a distinguished part in forcing the surrender of Lee. On that memorable occasion, so graphically described by Grant and Sheridan, General Merritt was appointed one of the three commissioners to carry out the terms of the treaty. And now in a new and globe encircling war, this brave, sagacious and competent man of the people, who in his turn was farmer's boy, typesetter, publisher, editor, lawyer, cadet, soldier and then a victorious and always conquering officer in the great armies of the war, is again

wanted at the front. He who now know him best agree that he has a judicial temperament and is eminently fitted for action in civil or military affairs, requiring wisdom and justice. He will be heard from again.

Interesting Archeological Discoveries. Recently made by Vincent Smith, Vincent Smith, a learned antiquary of Bengal, has recently made some interesting discoveries at Badkhat, remains in India, says the London correspondent of the New York Sun. The first of these is the home of Gautama Buddha, who lived about 600 B. C. The ruins of this ancient city of Kapilavastu are in Nepal territory; they are, so far as yet known, entirely of brick, and are so covered with jungle and so extensive that years will be required for their thorough exploration. Since 410 B. C. the city has been in ruins and unoccupied, and excavations are now bringing to light buildings more ancient than any previously known in India. More interesting even than Kapilavastu is the discovery of the Lum-



IN BATTLE HIS NARROWEST ESCAPE.

binj Garden, the traditional birthplace of Gautama. The sacred spot is marked by a pillar erected in the third century B. C. by the Emperor Asoka. The inscription on this pillar is still perfect. It stands on the western edge of a mound of ruins about a hundred yards in diameter, and on the south side of the mound is the tank in which the child's mother bathed after his birth. Another discovery, which was made in a stupa, or brick building close to the British frontier, is that of relics of Buddha himself. These consisted of fragments of bone, which were deposited in a wooden vessel that stood on the bottom of a massive coffer, more than four feet long and two feet deep, cut out of a solid block of fine sandstone. This coffer was under eighteen feet of masonry, composed of huge bricks, each sixteen inches long, and with it was an exquisitely finished bowl of rock crystal, the largest yet discovered in India, and also three small vases of soapstone. All these vessels were partially sealed, in honor of the relics, with a marvelous collection of gold stars, pearls, topaz, and other jewels, and of various objects delicately wrought in crystal,agate, and other substances. An inscription on the lid of one of the soapstone vases declared the relics to be those of Buddha himself, and the others in which this inscription is written are substantially the same as those of the same inscription, and indicate that the tumulus was constructed between 300 and 250 B. C. Buddha spent many years preaching and teaching at the city of Sravasti, and a large number of his sayings and parables purport to have been uttered there. The site of the famous city was discovered by the British in 1868, with confidence that it is in the jungles of the Nepal Terai, about eleven miles from the station of Nepalgunj road, in the city of Sravasti, and North of it. Its remains, like those of Kapilavastu, are buried in jungle, but they seem of great extent, and are found precisely where the Chinese pilgrims of the early centuries of the Christian era stated that Sravasti was.

Mixed. A rural justice, with a morning war "extra" and the code of Georgia before him, delivered the following remarkable opinion: "It appearing to the court that the bar has won a remarkable battle in the Philippines, and that, in winning the war, he was acting in a spirit of self-preservation, in a country where food is so scarce that the ingredients are eating themselves, it is, therefore, the opinion of the court, in conferring the title of rear admiral upon him, the government acted well and wisely, and that, if he be re-elected in time, he will yet take a prominent part, and it is ordered that he be released of all and prove by the daily work of his office, that he is one of the biggest flars in the world."—Chicago Dispatch.

Chance to Grow. David Bisham, the famous singer, tells a good dialect story. Here is one of a negro man named Tom, who is prating the extraordinary virtues and general wonderfulness of her charge. "Huh!" grunted her worried auditor, "I see you're a grower." The man pondered a minute. "You say," said, hesitatingly, "he's young yet."

Flirts. An English Sunday school boy being asked for a definition of flirts replied: "Things worn by ladies in circles and pantomimes."

Chance to Grow. David Bisham, the famous singer, tells a good dialect story. Here is one of a negro man named Tom, who is prating the extraordinary virtues and general wonderfulness of her charge. "Huh!" grunted her worried auditor, "I see you're a grower." The man pondered a minute. "You say," said, hesitatingly, "he's young yet."

A RARE JEWEL. "Strawberries! Strawberries! Very fine and fresh—lady, please buy." But Madeline Joyce shook her head. "I do not care for strawberries," she said. "And the strawberry girl passed on. Madeline gazed after her with sad, violet-gray eyes. "How absurd! Proud and poor!" she murmured to herself. "Oh, my God! why was I not yonder ragged strawberry girl, or even the child who swarmed around her, evidently an honest penny now and then? But now—my hands are tied by mamma's absurd prejudices! Well, Beatrice, what is it a dream." For her younger sister had come noiselessly in.

"The bill from the baker's, Madeline." "Another bill! Did you tell the man we had no money, Beatrice?" "That would have been the case, Maddy, if I hadn't told him." "And mamma?" "She does not know; she is reading in the parlor; she will not let me mend the clothes, she says it is not work for ladies. Oh, Maddy, what shall we do?"

Madeline arose and began pacing impatiently up and down the room. "Hush!" she cried, "there is a ring at the bell. It is Mrs. Benjamin again. Go and tell her I am engaged—buy—go out—anything you please. No—stay! Perhaps I had better see her, after all." And Madeline went downstairs to where Mrs. Joyce sat in faded silk and darned lace, with white, wasted hands folded in her lap and an embroidered ottoman under her feet. "It is like a dream," Madeline said to herself. "And to think there is nothing in the house for dinner! Perhaps Mrs. Benjamin will ask mamma to dine, and Beatrice and I can send out for half a pound of crackers. We can eat anything." And through her disjunctive mind her mother's soft, sweet voice sounded.

"To the White mountains? With you?" My dear Mrs. Benjamin, you are very kind, I am sure, and Maddy must use her own discretion about accepting. Do you hear, darling? Mrs. Benjamin wants you to accompany her to the mountains as soon as she has secured a nursery governess for her dear little boys. I am sure it would be a charming opportunity for you to see a little of life, for circumstances, you know, preclude me from giving you much variety.

Madeline looked up with a sudden glitter in her eyes. "A nursery governess? I think I know of some one, Mrs. Benjamin, whom you can, if—if your terms are at all liberal." "Three hundred a year and all expenses paid," said Mrs. Benjamin. "I think that is at all stingy. Who is it, Madeline?" "A young lady—a friend of mine. Who do you want her?" "At once, and then we can be off before the wilying weather comes in. You will accompany us, Madeline?" "I will do my best," said Madeline, as if mamma approves. And Mrs. Joyce smiled faintly.

"How ready the young birds are to fly away and leave the parent nest!" "Mamma! Mamma!" HE HOWLED, she sighed. "Well, it is but natural. I can hardly blame Maddy for being anxious to leave so dull a place as this." "Mamma," cried Madeline, passionately. "It is not that. Oh, mamma, if you could only tell me—"

And she hurried out of the room with a choking sob in her throat. "My dear Maddy, did not like scenes; she looked on with childlike interest. But she understood it all after a little while. "The landlord again!" cried Mrs. Joyce, in her soft, well-modulated voice. "Mamma," said Beatrice, hurriedly. "These months since we have been last, and—don't you remember we didn't pay him then?"

Mr. Atheling himself followed her. Mrs. Joyce drew herself self-dignifiedly up. "This intrusion is scarcely called for by Mr. Atheling," said she. "My dear sister, I have some business affairs for me—my daughter, who is now at the White mountains, or going there immediately." "Can't I see her?" Mr. Atheling asked. "I presume so, if you go to Mrs. Bruce Benjamin's, No. 51, Fifth avenue."

a supercilious grin, as Mr. Atheling asked for Miss Joyce. "The new nursery governess," said he. "No—second story, back, please." Mr. Atheling, somewhat surprised and a little annoyed, ascended the staircase. The door was half-open and he could see Madeline Joyce, a book in her lap and three or four chubby little boys swarming around her, evidently intent on anything and everything but their lessons. "She started up, crimson and confused at the sight of the dark, handsome face she knew so well. "It is about the rent," she gasped. "Yes, I know. We cannot pay it just yet, but—"

He smiled as he took her hand. "You are not going to the White mountains?" "Yes, I am—as Mrs. Benjamin's nursery governess. Only mamma does not know. It would break her heart. But she will be glad to see the first quarter's salary I receive shall be forwarded immediately to you." "Madeline!" he burst forth, impulsively. "I have mistaken you—I have misjudged you altogether. Will you pardon me?" "I don't understand you, Mr. Atheling."

"And then he explained. Madeline's scarlet lips lip curved. "I had never thought I could go fashion-hunting, pleasure-seeking, while—while we owed money that we could not pay." Oh, Mrs. Atheling! Mrs. Atheling! Madeline Clarence Benjamin rushed down to his mother's boudoir. "Mamma! mamma!" he howled. "Come quick. This is a strange man, whispering to Miss Joyce, and she's crying." "When Mrs. Benjamin reached the scene of action the two were all dried up, and Madeline was smiling and coloring radiantly. "I don't understand you, Mr. Atheling. It is only a matter of time. I may as well tell you," said Madeline. "Mrs. Atheling has asked me to marry him."

"And you will lose your nursery governess?" said Atheling, smiling. "I have never given up my honest pride," Mrs. Benjamin said. "White mountains after all, but it was as a bride—New York News."

FEARED FOR HER HUSBAND. Aftaid that the Spaniards would capture New York Herald. Mrs. Jessie Murphy, 39 years old, of Brooklyn, hanged herself with a table cloth in the dining room of her home last night, when she feared her husband, Thomas Murphy, who is a sea captain, would be taken by the Spaniards. She was a widow for several years. She had been married about a year ago. He sailed on April 13 with his schooner for San Francisco. Mrs. Murphy was very much worried by the prospect of war with Spain. Her husband and she were sure he would fall into the hands of the Spaniards and be killed. He laughed at her fears, but he did not believe there was anything in the war talk, and that there would be war he promised her he would make the voyage in safety and return home. She was not convinced, but he was so confident that she could not resist his entreaties. When he was gone she eagerly all the war news, especially all that related to the probability that the Spaniards would capture New York. As the reports became more and more alarming and war seemed nearer, she grew more terrified. Her husband had been a sailor, and she had been unable to sleep, and had recently been in the habit of lying awake all night weeping. She expected her husband to be captured, and she had been captured and that he had been put to death with torture. She thought that the Spaniards would finally end his life by cutting off his head. These thoughts so worked upon her mind that when the news came that the Spaniards had captured Manila, she started for Cuba in independence, and that their passage meant that war was certain, she could bear the strain no longer. She had decided to end her life. Her body was found by her daughter at 9 o'clock. Policeman McGlinne cut it down. The family are in comfort. Her death was due to the fact that she had nothing to worry her but her husband, except the fancied danger to her husband.

THE PICTURESQUE KIMONO. In the May St. Nicholas Miss Ida Tigner Hodnet has a second and final article on "The Little Japanese at Home." The little girl in the kimono, made like that of her mother, both differing from the father's and brother's, is in vogue and falling. In cold weather a jacket and pair of trousers of cotton cloth are worn underneath, and the kimono is sometimes highly decorated with the noble and gentry these additional garments are always worn and are made of silk. The trousers, made quite full and long, are decorated with the same designs as the little girl's of the higher class. Besides these a garment called the haori is on some occasions worn over the kimono. It is made of a material similar to the kimono, but is shorter, and is not confined by the girdle. All Japanese garments are usually fastened with buttons, buckles, hooks and eyes, or by means of a cord. The sleeves of the girl's kimono are much longer than her brother's, sometimes even reaching to the ground; but this extreme length is displayed among only the fashionable and in robes of ceremony. When at work the girl's kimono is cut to the armpits, so as to be out of the way. The lower ends are sewed up, which makes the bags or pockets in which various articles may be stowed away.

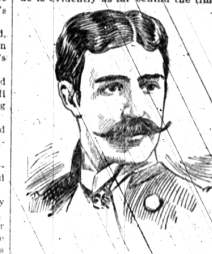
Where the Air is Pure. An aeronaut says that there is the same amount of air at all altitudes of the earth's surface and at an altitude of half a mile that there is between water in a muddy puddle and the pure air above it. He says that for a time one ascends, after coming down from an ascent, as if one were breathing "solid dust."

Nine-year-old Alexander had been reading some stories from English history. He looked up from his book and said: "Mamma and said: 'Kings in olden times always had wives men to consult with, when they didn't know what to do. Our presidents don't have any such men, but they have a congress instead of the wise men.'"

# ADMIRAL BARMEJO.

HE IS A GOOD LOOKING SPANISH LAD THAT'S ALL. His Majesty could not find a Naval Authority—Present in Daring with His Own People—Quiet Character in Spanish Cavalry.

ADMIRAL BARMEJO, the Spanish minister of marine, has not been able to distinguish himself greatly thus far in the United States. This is the man who so glowingly received the Spanish people, concerning the movements of the Cape Verde fleet. At one time he gave out an official notice that the fleet was half way across the Atlantic and from his lips it is less; officials, who promptly gave them out with a show of government sanction, the people at Madrid believed that the fleet would soon be at work bombarding Boston and New York. Barmejo succeeded Admiral Beranger in the ministry of marine. Beranger was in the Carrover cabinet, and when Sagasta stepped in. The present Spanish minister of marine has however some rather good ideas of what is good policy since the trouble with the United States came on. Apart from being a good looking Spaniard, he is evidently a man behind the times.



ADMIRAL BARMEJO.

as many of his own war ships. He has long been prominent in Spanish public affairs.

# TALENTED YOUNG ARTIST.

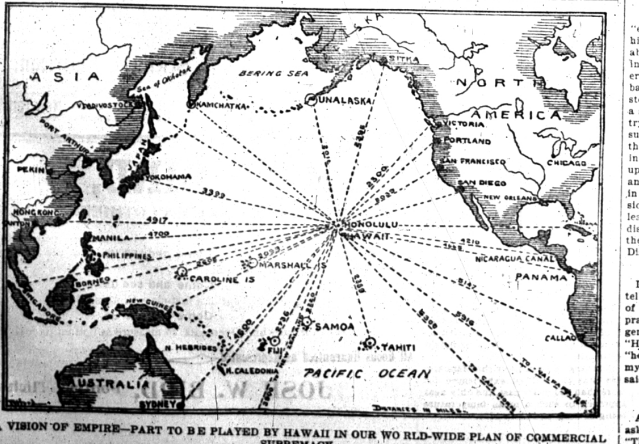
A young woman artist of much beauty and talent is Florence Nightingale, the charming daughter of Prof. Nightingale of Arcy Park. Miss Nightingale is a duty, slim girl, five feet high, with wealth of soft brown hair which has a tint of gold and lies in curls about her face and neck. Her eyes are green like and filled with the fire of genius. Like her famous namesake, the heroine of the Crimea, she is greatly loved by all who know her. Miss Nightingale has studied her art persistently, but unobtrusively, in this country and Europe. A few weeks ago her sister was married, and in preparation for the wedding Miss Nightingale decorated the frieze of each room in the house. On the walls of the reception room blossom in varied hues and color the kingly chrysanthemum of Japan. In the music room and library she has traced the symbols of art and literature, violins, harps, pandean pipes, sheet music, the owl, the Grecian lamp, the motto of her father, "Legendo deo clausus," in graceful scrolls, and the emblazoned coat of arms of the Nightingale and Chase families. Interlarded among all are rich red roses, of which she has painted in English ivy with background of blue, young woman use her brushes very



MISS NIGHTINGALE.

rapidly, and with each room a work of beauty in itself. It is marvelous that the whole task should have been accomplished in the length of time Miss Nightingale devoted to it.

Victoria's Eyes. It may interest weak-eyed persons to know that Queen Victoria has had eyes every morning and evening, weak and tepid tea. This old-fashioned remedy was in favor with the deacon of New York, and her daughter Blanche practices it, finding much benefit from the tannin in the tea, which is said to be beneficial to the eyes. Furthermore, the London papers state that the Queen suffers any more from falling sight than other ladies of seventy years are prone to go, and that her eyesight is really better than that of most women of her age. She is said to put on spectacles in public, for she considered that they did not improve her appearance—and who cannot understand that naturally little vanity?—but, now artificial aid has been abandoned, she is quite content with that matter and is quite content.—Boston Herald.



A VISION OF EMPIRE—PART TO BE PLAYED BY HAWAII IN OUR WORLD-WIDE PLAN OF COMMERCIAL SUPREMACY.