

PAINTED BY J. WRIGHT, PHILADELPHIA, 1764; OWNED BY SAMUEL POWELL, ESQ.

ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

George Washington

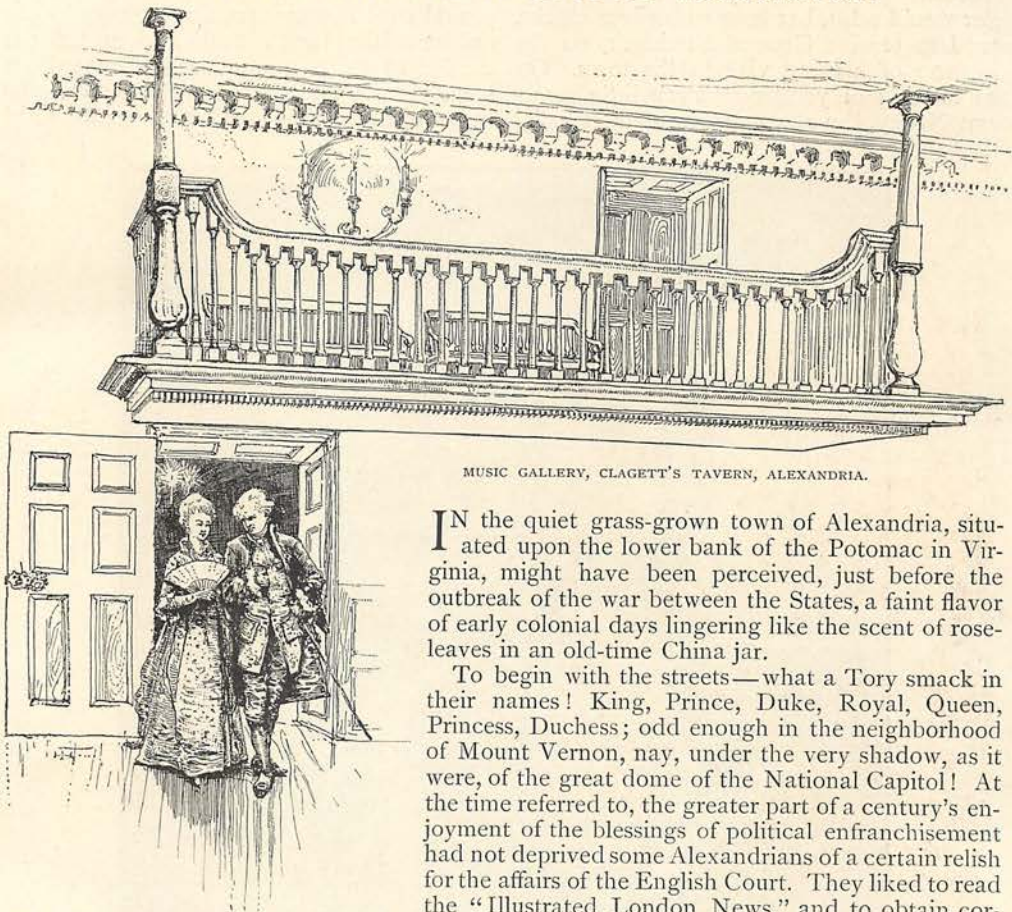
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No. 1.

THE HOME AND THE HAUNTS OF WASHINGTON.



MUSIC GALLERY, CLAGETT'S TAVERN, ALEXANDRIA.

IN the quiet grass-grown town of Alexandria, situated upon the lower bank of the Potomac in Virginia, might have been perceived, just before the outbreak of the war between the States, a faint flavor of early colonial days lingering like the scent of rose-leaves in an old-time China jar.

To begin with the streets—what a Tory smack in their names! King, Prince, Duke, Royal, Queen, Princess, Duchess; odd enough in the neighborhood of Mount Vernon, nay, under the very shadow, as it were, of the great dome of the National Capitol! At the time referred to, the greater part of a century's enjoyment of the blessings of political enfranchisement had not deprived some Alexandrians of a certain relish for the affairs of the English Court. They liked to read the "Illustrated London News," and to obtain cor-

rect information about the Queen's walks with the youthful Royalties, and the Queen's drives attended by Ladies X, Y, and Z. Had they not been fed upon the traditions of an English ancestry, as upon the toothsome hams, the appetizing roe-herrings, of their famous market-place? The great Georgian era of tea-drinking and tambour, of spangles and snuff-boxes, of high play and hair-powder, represented to them the Golden Age in the fortunes of their families, of which every vestige must be guarded jealously. As children they had stood on tiptoe to study the lineaments of great-grandaunt Betty, hanging in her fly-specked frame somewhere near the ceiling, and had been eager to hear how she had been toasted at Mayfair

supper-tables or had danced the gavotte at a Ranelagh ball. Yonder beetle-browed warrior in a voluminous wig was a general in Queen Anne's time, before he condescended to his present station above the sideboard. The beautiful youth in armor, slender and graceful, with the fiery eyes, fought for King Charles against the Roundheads, never dreaming that he would come across the seas to find his niche in a staid Virginia sitting-room! In this wainscoted parlor, where the light comes through small greenish panes of glass half veiled with ivy branching from stems knit in a fibrous mass upon the outer wall, had great-grandmamma, dressed in her satin paduasoy ("you may see a piece of it upon your Aunt Prunella's pincushion, my dear!" the chronicler would add), her hose with silver clocks, stood to receive General Braddock, on the occasion of his first visit to the town. On the landing of yonder stairway little great-aunt Nancy, the shy member of the family,

while taking flight to avoid a sudden arrival of guests, had come into violent collision with Colonel Aaron Burr, who met her apologies with a smile and a bow treasured in the stronghold of her maiden heart through many a year to come.

In these echoing rooms had, from time to time, gathered all the celebrities of the day, coming to visit the haunts of Washington and to taste Virginia courtesy. And here, at a much later date, upon the occasion of his second visit to America, in 1824, was domiciled the gallant Lafayette. The tale of a famous reception tendered to that fortunate Frenchman is still told in the town. Escorted by citizens and militiamen, freemasons and revolutionary survivors, the "Nation's Guest" passed over streets strewn with roses by the children of the place, beneath a triumphal arch the like of which in grandeur had never been seen. At the moment when the hero paused beneath the arch, a "real" eagle (politely fur-



"GREAT-GRANDMAMMA STOOD TO RECEIVE GENERAL BRADDOCK."



"AARON BURR, WHO MET HER APOLOGIES WITH A SMILE AND A BOW."

nished for the occasion by the proprietor of a museum) was seen to flap its wings, and heard to utter a scream of victory. This climax, it was afterwards ascertained, was secured by a boy who, at the critical moment, stuck a pin in the bird of liberty. Bands played, flags and handkerchiefs were waved, salutes were fired. In the evening a banquet was held at Clagett's Tavern, followed by a levee. The market-place and many private houses were illuminated. Nothing was heard but honor to Lafayette. The wave of popular enthusiasm, overflowing to the rural districts of the interior, left inscribed upon more than one baptismal register the name and *title* of "Marquis de Lafayette," bestowed in a blaze of patriotic fervor, and in all inno-

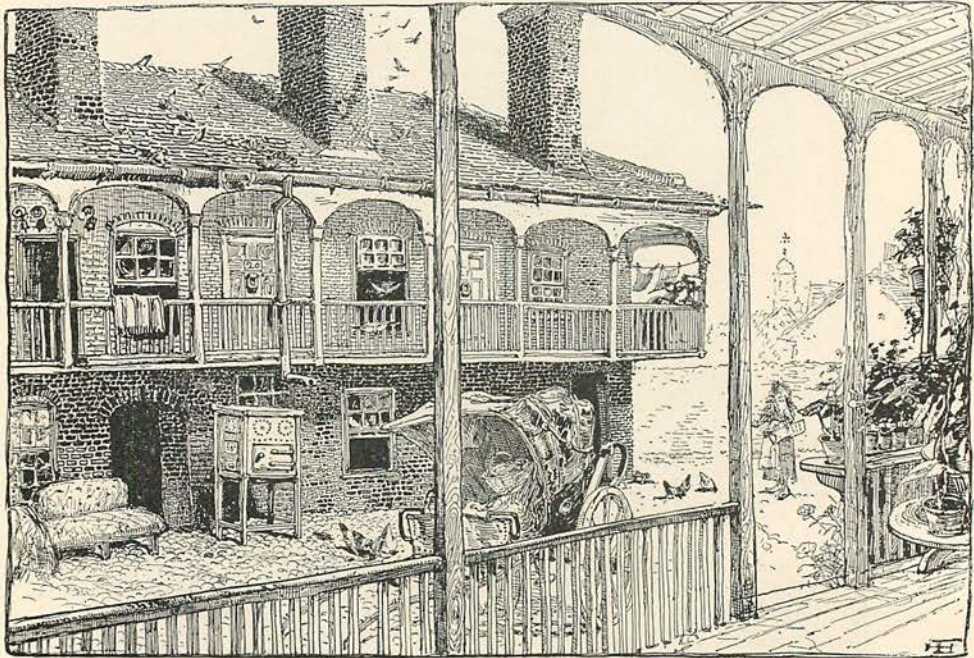
cence, upon the latest arrival in the family! At this day "*Marcus D. Lafayette*" remains guilelessly prefixed to not a few Virginia patronymics.

Then it was that Lafayette, before passing southward upon his pious pilgrimage to the tomb of his illustrious brother in arms at Mount Vernon, offered the toast: "The city of Alexandria! May her prosperity and happiness more and more realize the fondest wishes of our venerated Washington."

Even so early in the century the good old town seems to have been overtaken by the spirit of drowsiness from which the march of national progress has not yet aroused her. Long years ago, before the coquetry of fortune began to push poor Alexandria to her place

among the wall-flowers, she had known better days. Founded upon the site of a trading-post by the Washingtons, the Fairfaxes, the Alexanders, and other men of note, many prophecies were made as to her future greatness. By vir-

of the Revolution. Until Washington, unwilling to be thought influenced in such a matter by his own individual interest, selected the opposite bank of the Potomac as the site of the National Capitol, the little Virginia town had every right

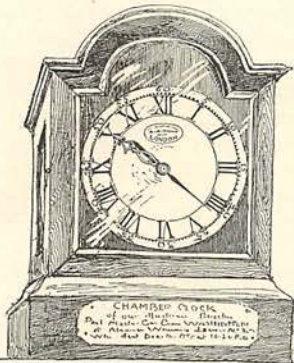


CLAGETT'S TAVERN, ALEXANDRIA.

tue of her natural position, her remarkable river-front, her dignity as one of the leading municipalities in Virginia, her connection with the most prominent families in the State, all eyes were turned upon the favored spot. From countries oversea, many settlers were tempted to cast in their lot with the future metropolis. Merchants of divers nationalities took up their abode and displayed their wares in her aristocratic thoroughfares. Every sign foretold that Alexandria would be quickly and substantially built up. Among the settlers was a company of canny Scotch traders; a band of Jacobite soldiers, scattered after the battle of Culloden, also became her active citizens. Soon, the wharves were crowded with shipping. Many a white-winged messenger sailed down the broad bosom of the Potomac to carry the products of bountiful Virginia to the mother-land, fetching, on the return voyage, bricks with which to construct the substantial mansions of the Alexandrian burghers, as well as carpets, porcelain, furniture, carriages, and wines. Inspired by the continual zeal and wisdom of her foremost citizen, George Washington, the prosperity of Alexandria did not flag until the war

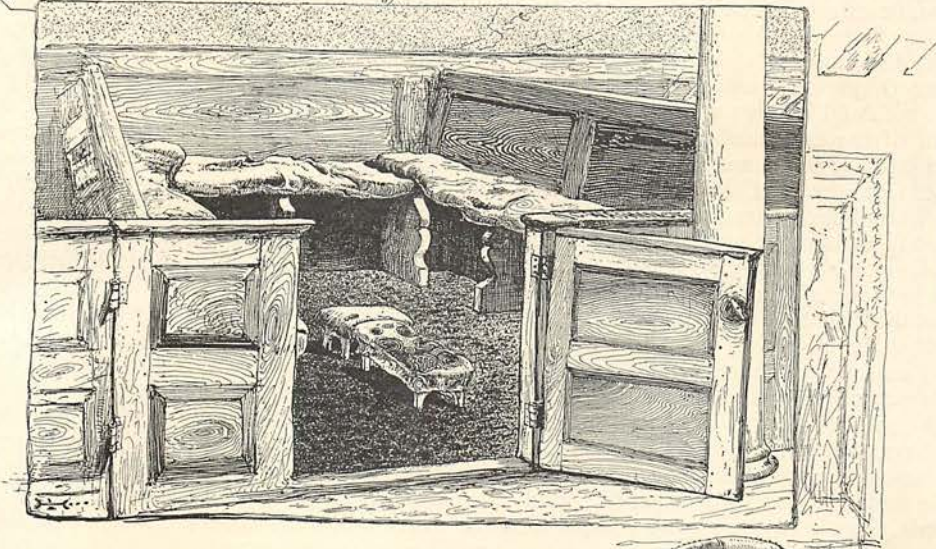
to expect the distinction for herself. With this act of characteristic unselfishness on the part of the great Republican, her dream of greatness came abruptly to an end, and at Washington's death her mainspring seemed to snap. What growth there has been since has been like growth in sleep. To visit Alexandria, to-day, is to set a wholesome break upon the rushing wheels of nineteenth-century progress. Around her ancient homes and churches hangs a haze of dignified tradition. The cobblestones of her streets prate of figures famed in history.

In the treasure-house of the Washington Lodge of Freemasons may be seen many carefully preserved relics of the greatest of Alexandrians; notably, the clock taken from his chamber at Mount Vernon, its hands still pointing to the hour when he breathed his last. Here, also, are displayed portraits of Washington, of Jefferson, of Lafayette, of Thomas, Lord Fairfax, the recluse of Greenway Court — this latter being the only known picture of a most picturesque figure upon the canvas of early Virginian days. Of this venerable lodge, a chapter of exceptional interest to antiquarians might be separately written. Unfortunately,



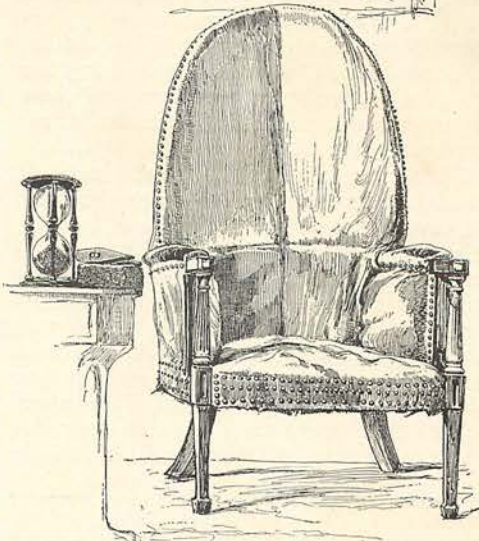
CHAMBER CLOCK
of our illustrious Brother
Past Master Gen George WASHINGTON
of Alexandria Washington Lodge No 22
Who died Decr 14th 1799 at 10:20 P.M.

the museum attached to the lodge and founded in 1811 was after sixty years of existence recently consumed by fire. Among the treasures it contained, then reduced to ashes or scattered to the four winds of heaven, were flags carried by local companies in the war of the Revolution; the flag of Washington's life-guard; a collection of Indian relics of authenticated history; a number of portraits, including one of Martha, wife of Washington, in her girlhood; sundry Washington letters; card-tables and a settee from Mount Vernon; and various objects of minor value. The bier upon which Washington was carried to his tomb, the crape that hung upon the door at Mount Vernon to announce his death, and the military saddle habitually used by the great commander, long carefully enshrined in the museum, also disappeared on the occasion of the fire, but are believed by the authorities to have been stolen. Of the



relics of Washington still remaining in possession of the lodge, now sealed behind glass, in a niche of the main hall, are seen an apron and sash "worked by the hands of the Fairly Fair"—the Marquise de Lafayette—and worn by Washington at the laying of the southeast corner-stone of the United States Capitol in 1793; fragments of the tents he occupied at the time of the surrender of Yorktown, and of the one he used on Dorchester Heights; his field-compass, farm-spurs, and bits of clothing, etc., all regarded by faithful Virginians as intrinsically precious as the jewels of a crown.

Another landmark of old Alexandria is the Carlyle house on Fairfax street, occupied for a time, through the courtesy of its owner, John Carlyle, Esq., by the British general Braddock, and since popularly known as Braddock's Headquarters. This square and substantial stone house, once surrounded by a lawn



WASHINGTON RELICS AT ALEXANDRIA.

stretching to the river-bank, is full of associations with the historic past. In its paneled drawing-room, early in April of the year 1755, General Braddock and Admiral Keppel held conference with the executive representatives of various colonies concerning plans for the proposed hostilities of the English against the French and Indian allies along the Ohio and St. Lawrence rivers. There were present five governors: * Dinwiddie of Virginia, De Lancey of New York, Morris of Pennsylvania, Sharpe of Maryland, Shirley of Massachusetts. To meet this honorable council, and to give them the benefit of his knowledge of Indian warfare, Major Washington was summoned from Mount Vernon. In spite of the marked impression made upon the council as a body by the young soldier's wise and moderate opinions, Braddock declined to act upon Washington's advice as to the best method of dealing with the Indians, and the expedition against Fort Duquesne (from which Washington did not withhold his own services as an aid on the staff of the commander) setting forth within the ensuing week, ended shortly in the fierce battle of Monongahela, when Braddock fell, and was buried near the field. It was in this bloody conflict, it may be recalled, that an Indian chief, pointing to Washington, cried to his braves, "Fire at him no more. See ye not that the Great Spirit protects that chief. He cannot die in battle!"

The Carlyle house, where the disastrous campaign was planned, stands to this day, although hemmed in and half lost to sight by the encompassing walls of a hotel. A more pleasant memory of that ancient mansion is of the frequent occasions when Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle received their good friends General and Mrs. Washington, who drove up from Mount Vernon intending to "dine and lie" at Alexandria. The writer retains, together with a bit of puce brocade resplendently flowered in crimson, green, and tarnished silver, representing the glories of "Grandmamma" Carlyle's gown assumed for a birthnight ball, a distinct impression of the scene described by a family chronicler. The group of ladies in the paneled parlor gather, splendid in trains carried over the arm, lappets and pinners of antique mechlin, powdered locks and superincumbent feathers. They laugh and chatter, rally the general as to who shall first claim him as her partner in the dance, and sip their coffee from cups of jasper spode. The general declares that his dancing days are over, but that he must have one minuet with little Sally

Fairfax, who is to go to her first ball under her Aunt Carlyle's wing that night. Sally pirouettes, laughs, warns her beloved general that her comrade must be light of foot and tireless, then ends by challenging him to a trial of his skill. Somebody sits down to the spinet, and straightway the quaint measure of the old-time dance is heard. The general lays his hand upon his heart and bows. Sally courtesies demurely, her eyes full of merriment. They dance; the others applaud—suddenly, Mr. Carlyle looks in to tell them that the hour has passed when everybody was expecting the guest of the occasion to make his entry into the rooms. Such is a story those walls, could they but speak, might tell!

All good Americans should have, as all good Alexandrians have, a warm sentiment of reverence for Old Christ Church. Ivy-clad and substantial, it stands, save for the addition of a bell-tower, pretty much as it was finished in 1773, at a cost of many thousands of pounds of tobacco to the pious burghers of the town, under a special contract guaranteeing to them the best of English brick, mortar reversing the proportion of meaner modern days, two-thirds of lime, one-third of sand, with a roof of juniper shingles three-quarters of an inch in thickness. For so our fathers builded better than we know!

Among the first pews of Christ Church sold in perpetuity, was that for which George Washington paid the highest price given. Thereafter, this pew was a constant object of interest to the congregations of the place, as indeed it continues to be, being still carefully preserved, and inscribed with the name of its original owner. A great treat to early Christ Church goers was the arrival of the family from Mount Vernon, sometimes a little delayed beyond the opening of the service by the tenacity of Fairfax county mud. Seated near her husband in the square, high-backed pew was a gentle lady, still styled by the gossips of the congregation "the widow Custis that was." That same year of 1773 was made memorably sad by the death, at sixteen, of the pretty, frail creature the townspeople had been accustomed to see sitting on the front seat of the chariot from Mount Vernon, blushing like a rose in her coal-scuttle bonnet, and like a rose, too, destined to endure but the "space of a morning." Miss Custis, Mrs. Washington's daughter of her first marriage, died in June, 1773, a short time before the marriage of her brother John Parke Custis to Miss Nelly Calvert. When Washington attended service at Christ Church, in the pews around

* "Alexandria has been honored with five governors in consultation; a favorable presage, I hope, not only of the success of this expedition, but of the future greatness of the town; for surely such a meeting must

have been occasioned by the commodious and pleasant situation of the place, which prognosticates population, and increase of a flourishing trade."—[Washington's letter to W. Fairfax, 23d April, 1755.]

WASHINGTON DANCING THE MINUET WITH SALLY FAIRFAX AT THE CARLYLE HOUSE.



him were gathered the Fairfaxes, Carlyles, Paynes, Alexanders, Herberts, Muirs, Flemings, Ramseys, and others of the gentry of the town. It was the custom of these good neighbors to assemble in the church-yard, after

of a parish foundling. Stories are still told of the two female sextons of this church—one Susanna Edwards, and her successor, Mistress Cook. Imagine a congregation of to-day under the rule of an awe-inspiring dame who marches



IN CHRIST CHURCH YARD, ALEXANDRIA.

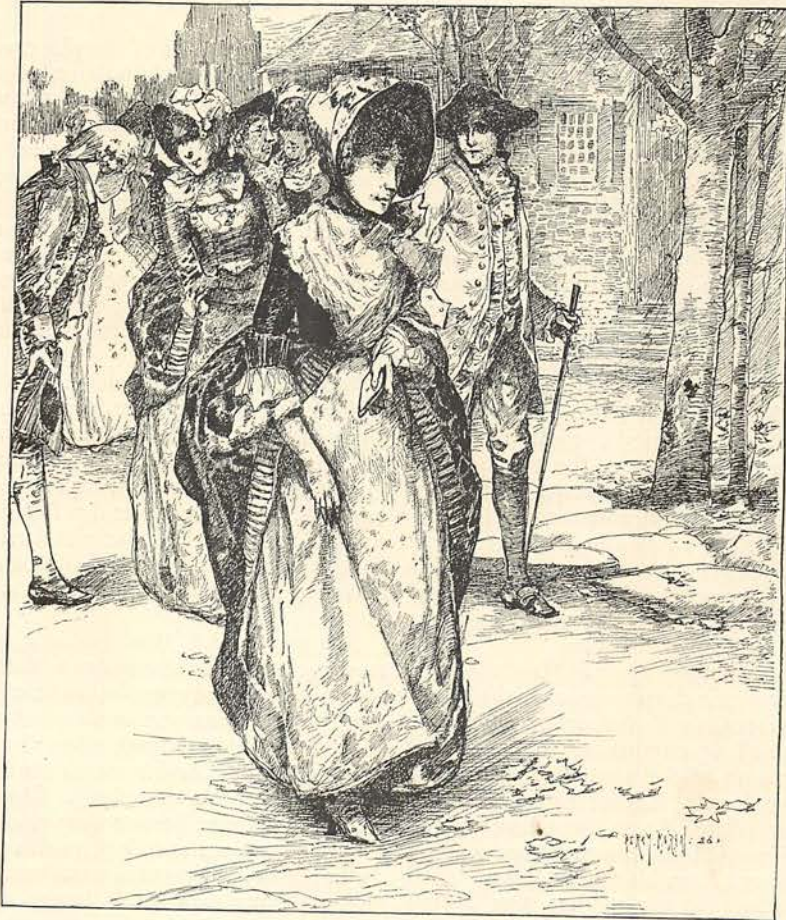
service, to exchange greetings; and from group to group went Washington, shaking hands and answering inquiries till the patience of his wife and that of the well-bred horses champing at their bits in the street adjoining were alike exhausted. In this quiet spot not a few of the friends then wont to assemble have laid them down to everlasting rest, their names and virtues written upon gray slabs carved with cherub heads and weeping-willows, now blurred with lichen and dark with weather-stains, and thither have their children's children come to sleep beside them. In the days when Christ Church was still subject to the jurisdiction of the Bishop of London, the vestrymen had civil power to levy taxes, to bind out apprentices, to make surveys, to receive fines for broken game-laws. The rector's salary was paid in tobacco, although we find accorded an award of eight pounds (of money, not the staple weed) to one William Shakespeare for his care up and down the tiled aisles, locking the pews upon late arrivals, supplying prayer-books to the non-devotional, and darting looks of ire upon hapless Eutychus!

In walking through the streets of Alexandria, to-day, one sees residences keeping up the traditions of prosperous hospitality. Inclosed within high-walled gardens, where the Southern sun coaxes from mellow soil jasmines yellow and white, roses in prodigal variety, honeysuckle, and all other sweet-smelling things, the owners of these homes dwell year after year unambitious of change, gazing contentedly from afar upon that "microcosm on stilts yclept the great world." It is the business quarters of the town that strike most forcibly the visitor from one of the present centers of American commerce. From this old-time seat of Virginia custom, the "fret and fever of speculation" have forever fled. In the line of warehouses along the wharves, the "quick pulse of

gain" has ceased to beat. The vessels lying at anchor must be haunted by ghostly crews; they give no sign of life. The steamboat that plies her way between Washington and Alexandria seems to approach the wharf cautiously, as if fearing to awake a slumberer. Even the fishing industry — for the beautiful river has not ceased to yield her tribute — appears to move but languidly. All this has its delightful aspect, and he who would view a lotus-eater in his paradise should watch an Alexandria ducky, dangling his legs over the worn beams of the dock under pretense of fishing,—listening to

steamboat, and to pay one's respects to the house and tomb hedged in by regulations, if not, indeed, "personally conducted." She who pens these pages prefers to recall the dear old place as visited in childhood, before the home of Washington had passed from the hands of Washingtons, and before the ties of intimacy linking then neighboring but now scattered Virginia families had become mere matter writ in history.

In the pleasant days so well remembered, the cordial owner of Mount Vernon, Mr. Augustine Washington, had a houseful of



AFTER THE SERVICE, IN CHRIST CHURCH YARD, ALEXANDRIA.

the lap of water against the green and shiny piles, and droning away the livelong afternoon until the level sun, which gleams fiery red upon the broken window of the warehouses behind, begins to stir in him vague thoughts of corn pone browning on the cabin hearth at home.

But now to Mount Vernon. To go there in these modern days means to enjoy a jovial semi-picnic excursion aboard a comfortable

boys and girls to make merry on the classic portico, or to race unchecked through the box-walks of the fragrant garden. Our enjoyment of certain summer holidays passed in such butterfly pursuits, varied by accompanying a fatherly old negro to catch crabs upon the river-bank, was unalloyed. Through the mists of memory arises a certain morning spent in castle-building upon a grassy bank overlook-



JOHN WASHINGTON.



GEORGE WASHINGTON.



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

SILHOUETTES INHERITED BY SAMUEL POWELL, ESQ.

ing the mausoleum, where two little girls, one of them the pretty, dark-eyed, roguish Louisa, daughter of the house, lay at full length upon the turf, and reared their unsubstantial palaces as fast and foolishly as tongue could fly. Wearying of this, there were the garden to rifle of its fruit, posies to pick and cast away; and when the ardor of the midday sun drove these spendthrifts of time indoors, it was to visit on tiptoe the darkened glories of parlor and library. We made short work of historical relics and of ancestral reminiscences in general. I remember considering them rather a bore. But the great key of the Bastile hanging in the hall enchained our vagrant fancy in weird fashion. We tried to picture the mob surging like a torrent over the ruins of the ancient stronghold. A few steps brought us beneath the ornate frame surrounding the portrait of Louis XVI., swathed in his purple and loaded down with ermine, and all play and laughter ceased when the story of his awful fate was told by the kindly guardian of our footsteps in those sacred rooms.

The writer was never again at Mount Vernon while it remained in the possession of the Washingtons. She recalls with pleasure being allowed to form one of a party invited to be present on the occasion of the visit of the Prince of Wales, when lovely Harriet Lane, then mistress of the White House, was hostess, and genial Sir Henry Holland went about winning golden opinions from his fellow-guests.

To introduce to my readers the Mount Vernon of olden days, I will use a description made by Washington himself:

"No estate in United America is more pleasantly situated. In a high and healthy country, in a latitude between the extremes of heat and cold, on one of the finest rivers in the world, a river well stocked with various kinds of fish at all seasons of the year, and in the spring with shad, herring, bass, carp, sturgeon, etc., in great abundance. The borders of the estate are washed by more than ten miles of tide-water; several valuable fisheries appertain to it. The whole shore, in fact, is one vast fishery."

A sovereign charm of the place, omitted in this sketch, is the abundance of fine trees crowning the projecting bluff on which the house is built. To increase the numbers and variety of his trees was the constant occupation of Washington's home-life. Each season of the year found him employed in providing for them. On the 10th of January he notes that the whitethorn is in berry; on the 20th of the same month he clears the undergrowth from a grove of favorite pines; in March he plants hemlock; in April drills are made for sowing holly-berries.

People living in the colder latitudes of the United States have little idea of the exceeding beauty and brilliancy conferred upon a landscape by the holly-tree. In Virginia it grows to a commanding height, expanding into an umbrella of glossy, prickly foliage, thickly studded with bunches of scarlet berries, which, rising against a background of deep blue sky, makes in midwinter a spectacle not to be forgotten.

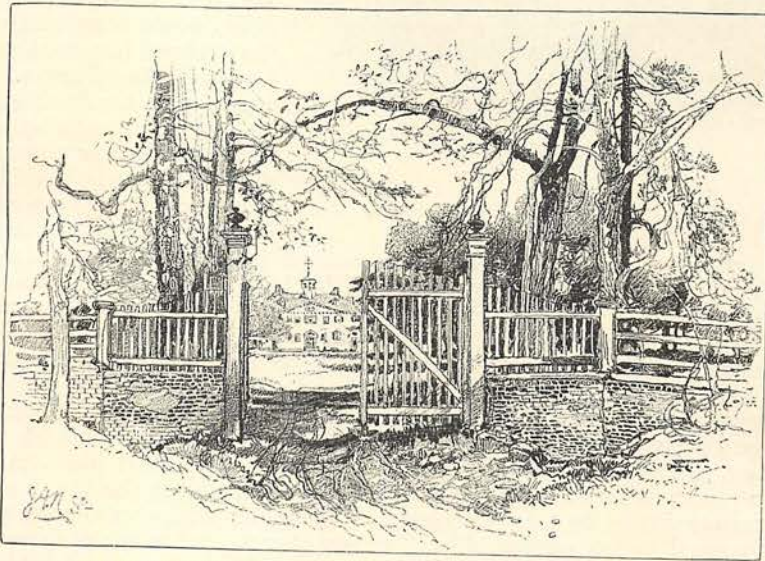
Again we read, in Washington's journal, of a morning spent in teaching a coral honeysuckle vine to entwine the trunk of some ancient forest monarch; or in planting acorns and buckeye nuts brought from the fatal field of Monongahela, and horse-chestnuts from his early home in Westmoreland. Elsewhere, the grounds of Mount Vernon were clad by Nature in a rich garment of foliage native to the soil. Tulip-poplar, sweet-gum, sassafras, dogwood, oak, mulberry, aspen, ash, locust, and fringe-tree are among the deciduous trees most kindly in their growth in Fairfax county.

About fourteen miles below Alexandria, upon the opposite bank of the Potomac from Mount Vernon, was Belvoir, the estate of Colonel William Fairfax, a Yorkshireman, who, after a youth of wandering and of stout military service for the king, had come to cast his fortunes with the colony. This gentleman had held a variety of civil positions of responsibility in Virginia, and finally succeeded to that of pres-

ident of the council. His establishment was large, and was kept up in the English fashion, with liveried servants, waxed floors, fine equipages, and other indications of Old World ceremony. Around it rallied the gay society of the tide-water region, and there, attracted by the bright eyes of Anne Fairfax, Lawrence Washington, elder brother of George, sought and found his bride. In order that the young wife might not be far removed from her family, Lawrence decided to make their future home on his estate opposite Belvoir. Here he built the original dwelling and laid out the grounds, naming the place Mount Vernon, in honor of Admiral Vernon, under whom he had served with distinction at the siege of Cartagena.

Of Mount Vernon under the régime of Lawrence and Anne his wife, tradition has left

Pippin, the Nonpareil, the Aromatick, and the Medlar apples. They hunt the fox, and after a hard day in the saddle, drink each other's health and that of his sacred majesty in a "nipperkin" of cognac. Visits between the two places are made with the help of a barge manned by liveried negroes. When the ladies do not meet, the men exchange news of the health of "my dear Dame." By the evening fire, they read letters from a kinswoman in England, daughter of a lord, mother of an earl, who declares herself in "an ill steat of helth," and wishes them "menny happy new years." Or else they wait anxiously for news of Thomas Fairfax, Colonel Fairfax's second son, who is cruising in an English man-of-war seeking encounter with the French off the far Indian coast. They fish, shoot canvas-backs,

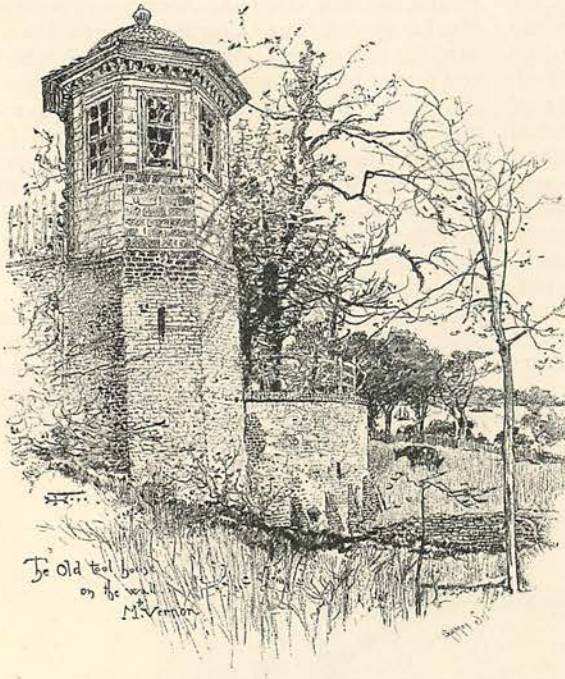


THE OLD ENTRANCE TO MOUNT VERNON, USED IN WASHINGTON'S TIME.

little detail. From a number of Fairfax letters recently overlooked, I gather chiefly friendly discussion of the questions of the day, and of domestic gossip, congratulations, condolences, and moral reflections, concluding with the "humble service" of the period. Those were cheerful days at Mount Vernon and Belvoir. The masters ride about their plantations on horseback—Belvoir comprised nearly two thousand acres of land, and Mount Vernon as many more—and they consult about mending the breed of their horses; and a record remains of an occasion when, to make sure of better dogs, they decide to ship a present of turkeys to a friend in England, who in return sends, by "Captain Cooling of the *Elizabeth*," two dogs and one bitch of Sir Edward Filmore's hounds. They exchange grafts of the Golden

sail and row canoes upon the placid waters of the Potomac, lying like a sheet of silver between their homes.

Meantime, Lawrence Washington, in common with the rest of the family, began to be troubled about the career of his half-brother George, who was, at fourteen, shy, awkward, and, on the whole, rather a difficult problem for his anxious friends to solve. The Widow Washington, a good sensible woman of the old Virginia type, suggested to her step-son that he might take his father-in-law into his confidence, and "see what could be done for George." Colonel Fairfax sent for the lad to visit him, was pleased with his modest and manly bearing, and agreed with Lawrence that the royal navy was the best direction for George's strong military bent. At this time



THE OLD TOOL-HOUSE ON THE WALL AT MOUNT VERNON.

arrived tidings of the death in battle of young Thomas Fairfax, who fell "fighting in his country's cause, on board the *Harwich* ship-of-war, in an engagement with Monsieur Bourdonaye, commander of a French squadron on the Indian coast, the 26th day of June, 1745, in the twenty-first year of his age." It was, no doubt, this sad event that struck terror to the widow's heart, and strengthened her to resist the scheme proposed for her son. Perhaps, also, she was intimidated by a dolorous letter of warning penned to her on this subject by her brother, Mr. Joseph Ball, then residing in London:

"I understand you are advised and have some thoughts of putting your son to sea. I think he had better be put apprentice to a trade, for a common sailor before the mast has by no means the common liberty of the subject, for they will press him from a ship where he has fifty shillings a month and make him take twenty-three, and cut him and beat him like a negro, or rather, like a dog. And as to any considerable promotion in the navy, it is not to be expected, as there are always so many gaping for it here who have influence, and he has none."

The naval scheme was abandoned, and at this critical moment arrived upon the scene of Belvoir and Mount Vernon the person who, of all others, had most potent influence in shaping the future of the patriot. The sixth Lord Fairfax came from England to take up his abode in the Virginian wilds, and, conceiving a warm attachment for young Washington, made him his companion in many a hunting

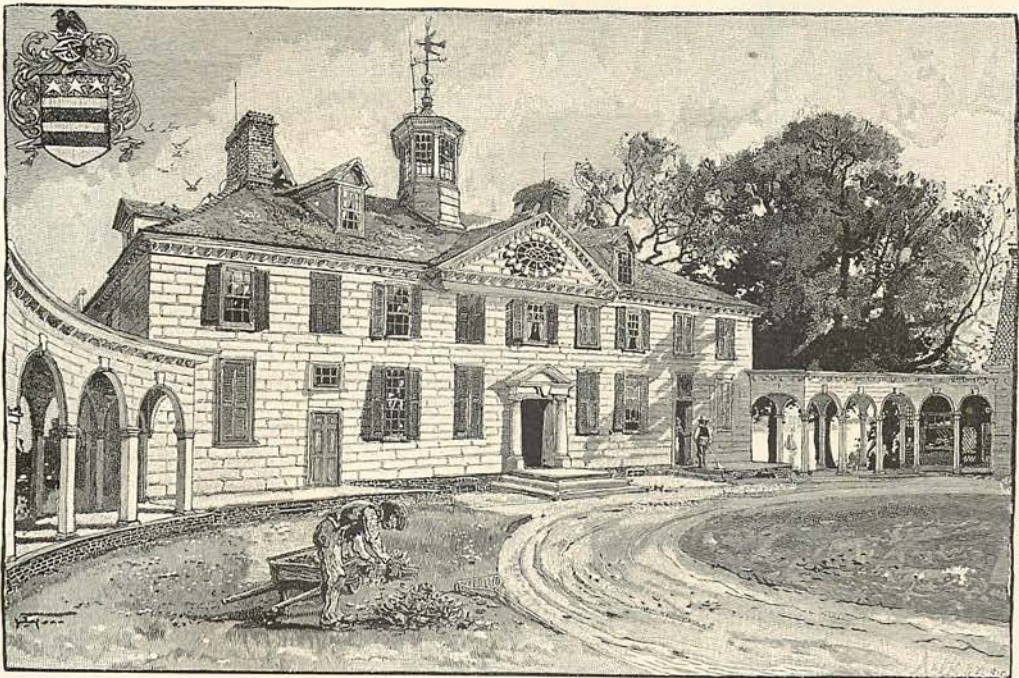
excursion, aiding him with money and with advice, until he was enabled to attain some degree of independence in his favorite occupation of surveying. During the years before his brother Lawrence's death, George resided mainly at Mount Vernon, and upon the wooded hillsides his first sentimental passion was experienced. He sighed for his "lowland beauty," as, in after days in a colder clime, he sighed for charming Mary Phillips. He wrote rhymes, wherein his "poor restless heart, wounded by Cupid's dart," played a prominent part. He went a-courting, as the good Virginia phrase hath it, to the Cary houses at Ceelys and Rich Neck, and at the shrine of that famed colonial belle, Miss Sally, laid the offering of his noble heart and name. Miss Cary refused him, to marry his friend George William Fairfax. Long afterwards, upon her death in Bath, England, her husband's heirs in Virginia found among her papers letters addressed to her by Washington, containing a frank acknowledgment that his disappointment in securing her as

his wife had seriously affected the happiness of his life. That these letters should be kept secret in the family inheriting them was decided by its head. For nearly a century they have been handed down, and are here mentioned simply as a side-light thrown on the love-life of Washington at Mount Vernon.

A break in the congenial life on the Potomac plantation was at hand. A note of war was sounded among the British colonists. In Virginia the province was broken up into military districts, and to one of these Washington was appointed adjutant-general with the rank of major. A school-of-arms, officered by Adjutant Muse, Lawrence Washington's old companion of West Indian days, as teacher of manual exercise, and by that roving blade, Jacob Van Braam, as master of fence, was instituted at Mount Vernon for the benefit of the newly appointed officer. At this juncture Lawrence Washington fell ill. For his health's sake the two brothers undertook a voyage to Barbadoes, where George was attacked by small-pox. In 1752 the good and generous Lawrence died, leaving as his heir a puny daughter, whose early demise placed Mount Vernon in the keeping of George Washington. For a time he devoted himself to regulating affairs upon the estate and to caring for the interests of the widow. The year following saw him engaged in the frontier hostilities, where, as he writes, he was "soundly beaten."

In spite of this discouragement, the martial spirit was unsubdued. A day came when the young hero paced unceasingly back and forth beneath the colonnade at Mount Vernon, watching with flushed cheek and kindling eye the passage of war-ships bearing the British troops gathering at Alexandria for a conflict on the border; and then, putting spurs to his hunter, he galloped into the familiar streets of the little town, to find them alive with excitement. Here he met all the pomp and panoply of Old World warfare. His ears were open to the bidding of drum and fife. The grasp of Destiny was upon him, and in spite of the opposition of his mother to his military career, Mount Vernon saw him but rarely, until the close of the long Indian war. When, five years later, Washington returned to his home, his name was in every man's mouth, and the country rang with eulogies of his valor, his modesty,

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SOUTH FRONT OF MANSION, MOUNT VERNON.

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"ON THE FRONT SEAT OF THE CHARIOT."

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In such companionship, surrounded by the dear friends of his boyhood, with health and ample means at his command, Washington passed the serene years preludeing a crisis which was to call him into the broadest arena of patriotic action. We may glance here at Mount Vernon as it appeared to the numerous visitors who, including all the potentates of the colony, made continual test of the hospitality of the newly married pair. The house, as altered and improved by Washington, was an unpretending Virginia dwelling, modest enough by comparison with the stately homes of England's great men. At some little distance from the carriage-way facing the western front, the road led through a bit of blossoming woodland, in spring redolent of the odors of wild grape, and blazing with the luster of dogwood, wild azalea and lupine. Thence, the visitor's chariot, or oftener his

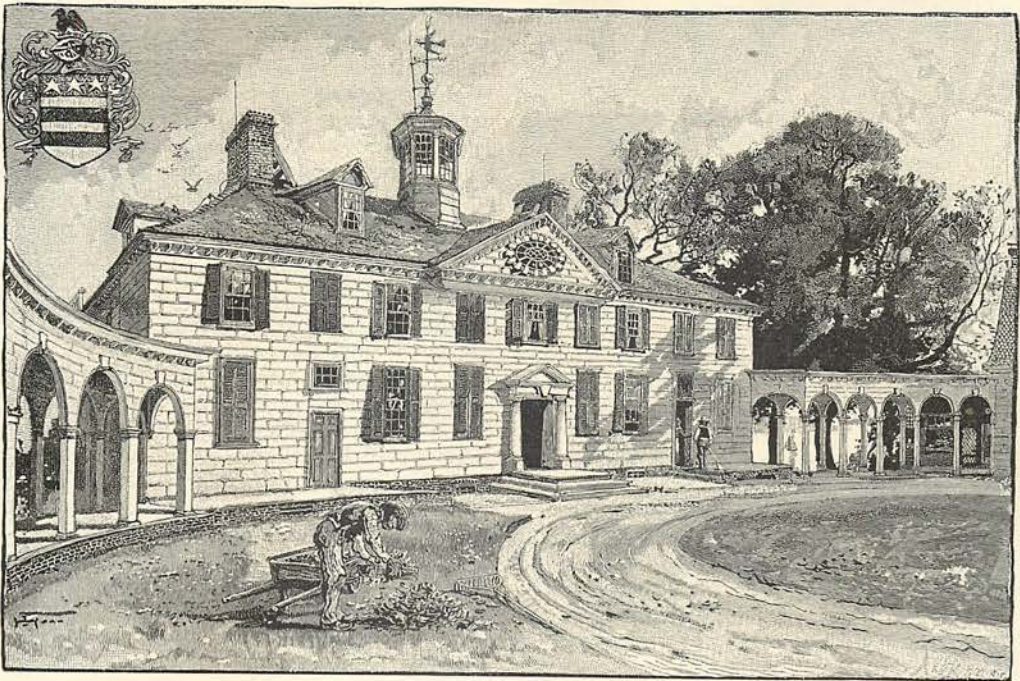
saddle-horse, passed between porters' lodges built of sun-dried bricks to the portal now familiar to thousands in our land. This approach gave to view a plain two-story house, with peaked roof and cupola, and out-buildings connected with the main structure, after the common Virginia fashion, by an open arcade. (The uses of such covered walks require no explanations to a Southerner, who recalls the many hospitable mansions where from the kitchens situated at a distance from the dwelling a procession of little darkies like an antique frieze was seen to pass and re-pass, supporting plates of hot batter-cakes, muffins, Sally Lunn's, rice waffles, griddle-cakes, love-puffs, beaten biscuit, laplands,— what was there not beside? — in bewildering succession to the tea-table!) The only imposing feature of Mount Vernon architecture was the colonnade, a broad flagged piazza upon the river-front, supporting by slender columns the projecting roof of the house, and forming a pleasant airy retreat from the ardor of the Southern sun. From this point the lawn slopes down to the wooded heights above the landing-place. Here would the guests assemble before dinner was announced. To the ladies were served, by way of an appetizer, trays containing a variety of small choice pickles, made after a famous old receipt. To the gentlemen, the butler handed straw-stemmed glasses of Madeira, imported twice a year with the rest of the household stuff, from London. On this piazza the family commonly sat, Mrs. Washington with her knitting, the others variously occupied, and here the great man walked to and fro, pondering in his maturity over the mighty questions then fomenting between the British ministry and the colonists, as he had in his boyhood strained at the leash that kept him from the frontier war.

An enduring beauty of Mount Vernon were the gardens. Their limits were crowded with old-time flowers growing between hedges of tall box. Calycanthus and althea, snow-ball and mock-orange, were found in the shrubbery; while sago-palm and century plant, lemon-tree and agave, were brought from the glass houses to add dignity to the walks. Washington put into the petty cares for flower and plant the same nicety of judgment and the same zeal that went into affairs of state or camp. He found as much time to bestow upon graft and seedling as upon the larger industries of the plantation.

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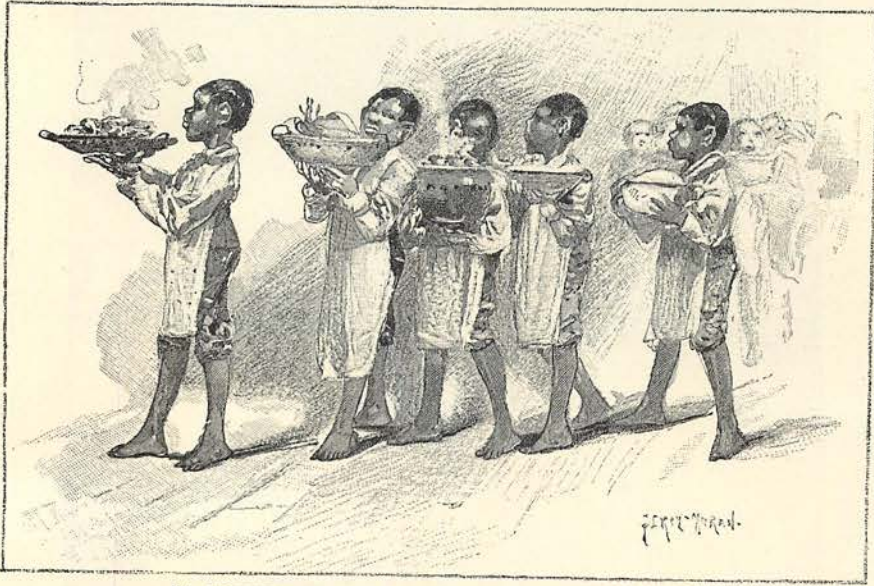
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In the matter of daily occupation a page from Washington's home-life reads pretty much like that of any other Virginia planter of his day. The industries of the servants' quarter embraced every trade necessary to supply their own wants. Not content with

the supervision bestowed by his overseers, Washington rode from field or orchard to mill, to saw-mill, to carpenter's shop, to fishery, to plantation, to stables, etc., extending to each in turn his personal attention. To visit the ailing negroes upon his estate was a duty scrupulously performed; we read in his diary of "Cupid, ill of a pleurisy at Dogue Run quarter," and of "Grig and Lucy nothing better." The greater part of a day is spent

or of preparing orders to his agent in London for the semi-yearly invoice of agricultural implements, harness, livery, equipages, wearing apparel, etc., thought suitable for a gentleman of condition in the Provinces. In ordering clothes for himself, he specifies that he is to have neither lace nor embroidery, since "plain clothes with gold or silver buttons" are "all that he desires." There is in one of his letters an implied complaint against "one Charles



"A PROCESSION OF LITTLE DARKIES LIKE AN ANTIQUE FRIEZE."

in helping Peter, his smith, to make a new plow of his own invention. One Sunday, unable to go to church because the chariot has not returned from Colonel Fairfax's, he is obliged to put to rout a saucy oysterman who "lies at his landing," and "plagues" him by "disorderly behavior." He conditions for a purchase of land from a miserly neighbor; and himself goes into Alexandria to select a keg of butter, "being entirely out of that article." He bottles "thirty-five dozen of cider," and notes a very "great circle around the moon."

When the spring-tides of the Potomac bring herring to their nets, he is with the men, helping to haul in the seine. Whenever the season permits, he hunts with Lord Fairfax, George William Fairfax, Mr. Alexander, and others. Horses, hounds, horns made the Mount Vernon woods resound, and after a day of sport the rough-riding squires put in for dinner at any one of their respective residences which might be most convenient. When the weather is so bad as to keep even the stalwart Washington indoors, he has an opportunity of "posting my books, and putting them in good order,"

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Lawrence," who has hitherto made his garments. "Whether it be the fault of the tailor or of the measure sent, I cannot say, but certain it is my clothes have never fitted me well." He is also concerned because a recent invoice contained last year's fashions. For Mrs. Washington and her children no stuffs were too rich and substantial, and the description of those old brocades and tabbinals, lustrings, and gold-wrought gauzes, seems to belong to times remote from the simplicity of later Republican days.

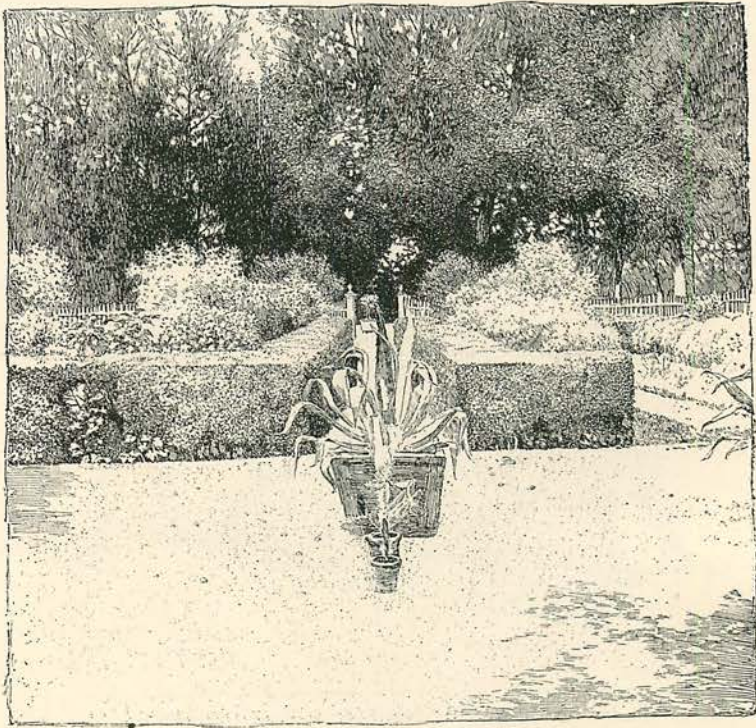
Life at Mount Vernon before the Revolution was, in short, happily uneventful. As Washington himself described it, in a letter to a kinsman then in London:

"The occurrences of this part of the world are at present scarce worth reciting, for, as we live in a state of peaceful tranquillity ourselves, so we are at very little trouble to inquire after the operations against the Cherokees, who are the only people that disturb the repose of this great continent."

Upon the agreeable phases of Mount Vernon life embodied in Washington's relations with his step-children, I do not purpose here

to touch. We may bridge over those placid years and come to the day in 1775 when fiery-tongued Patrick Henry uttered before the Virginia Convention his impetuous "We must fight!" On the 15th of the succeeding

own family, the "cutting stroke" of separation and solitude was enhanced by the breaking of other social ties consequent upon the war. Her nearest neighbors, the family of George William Fairfax (the old colonel having long



IN THE GARDEN AT MOUNT VERNON.

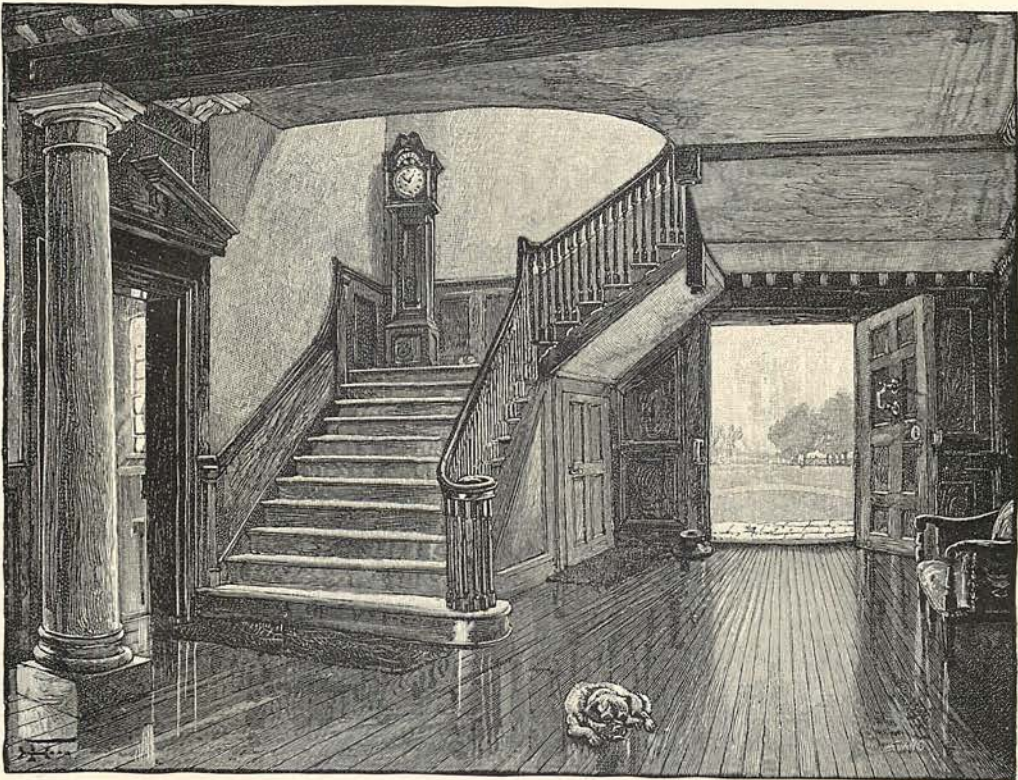
June, Washington was chosen by the Continental Congress to be general and commander-in-chief of the American army. After the last fond days spent in galloping about his happy hunting-grounds, before assuming the charge of a nation, Washington was little more than an occasional guest at Mount Vernon. In a letter dated 1798, he says: "Twenty-five years have passed away since I have considered myself a permanent resident beneath my own roof at Mount Vernon." Although the place was more than once supposed to be in danger from British ships, as the dwelling of the "rebel commander-in-chief," and Mrs. Washington was frequently urged to abandon it, she preferred to remain there until summoned by her chieftain to join him at headquarters. Her ordinary plan was to spend the winters of inaction with her husband, returning to summer at Mount Vernon upon the resumption of spring hostilities. Consider the dreariness of life on a Virginia plantation during those troublous times. For Martha Washington, living remote from her

since died), had removed to live in England, meeting on their voyage up the River Thames the outgoing cargoes of tea that worked such mischief oversea. In the wilderness at Greenway Court, old Lord Fairfax brooded, with the abiding sorrow of an aged man, over the turn affairs were taking. Another intimate friend, the Rev. Brian Fairfax of Towlston, after nights and days of argument against Washington's course in resisting the righteous authority of the Crown, had abandoned himself to dignified seclusion in the confines of his own estate. The relations of these conscientious Tories toward the blazing patriots of that day were strained and painful. The years of the war hung like a pall upon Mount Vernon.

It was in 1781 that Lund Washington, left in charge of Mount Vernon by his cousin, took alarm at repeated threats against the place, and endeavored to secure the good-will of the commander of a British man-of-war lying in the stream, by going aboard her with a liberal supply of provisions from the farm. This

proceeding, coming to Washington's ears, drew down upon his agent a rebuke stern and uncompromising, with the command rather to let the place be burned and ravaged than tamper with the enemy. The alternative was not again presented, and two years later saw Mount Vernon once more in gala dress, made ready for a three-days visit, at Christmas, of Washington, accompanied by his staff, the Comte de Rochambeau, and General Chastellux. No one who is unfamiliar with the old-style methods of Southern hospitality can realize the amount of cheery labor precluding an event like this. In all Virginia country houses, the preparation of ornamental confectionery devolved upon the ladies of the family. For days before the arrival of guests the entire pantry

house must have its sprig of cedar or of holly. The bedrooms, plain but exquisitely neat, were aired and garnished. The beds were made up with linen like that of the inn in Walton's "Angler"—"sheets that-look white and smell of lavender"—and decorated, moreover, with white dimity curtains and counterpanes of home-made knotted-work. Every fire-place was piled high with logs, and was haunted by a small dark personage brandishing a turkey wing, ready, as might be needed, to fan a flame or to sweep away the ashes. Tradition tells how noble Martha Washington, although saddened by the loss of her son two years before, and bearing fresh in memory the bitter privations of the American soldiers, nerved herself to do the honors as a good



THE HALL, MOUNT VERNON.

and store-room staff was in a state of pleasing animation. There were eggs to beat, butter to cream, loaf-sugar to crack, jelly to strain, plum-pudding and black cake to mix, festoons of icing, pink and white, to apply through a paper cone, wonderful paper frills to cut for mighty ham-bones. A score of servants were set to work polishing floors and furniture, brass and crystal. Every candlestick in the

housewife upon the occasion of the happy Christmas of 1783. To her, as she confessed, all the prospects of future worldly happiness were "in the still enjoyments of the fireside of Mount Vernon," and her one prayer was that "the general" might be left to grow old with her in solitude and tranquillity. How heartily these sentiments were echoed by Washington himself, may be seen in his let-

ters of the time. "To move gently down the stream of life until I sleep with my fathers," was the aspiration of his heart.

The years of Washington's residence at Mount Vernon immediately after the close of

child when she was made to stand upon a tabouret and sing "Y^e Dalian God" before General Washington. The picture, together with a quilt fashioned after one of Mrs. Washington's, was bequeathed to the present owner,

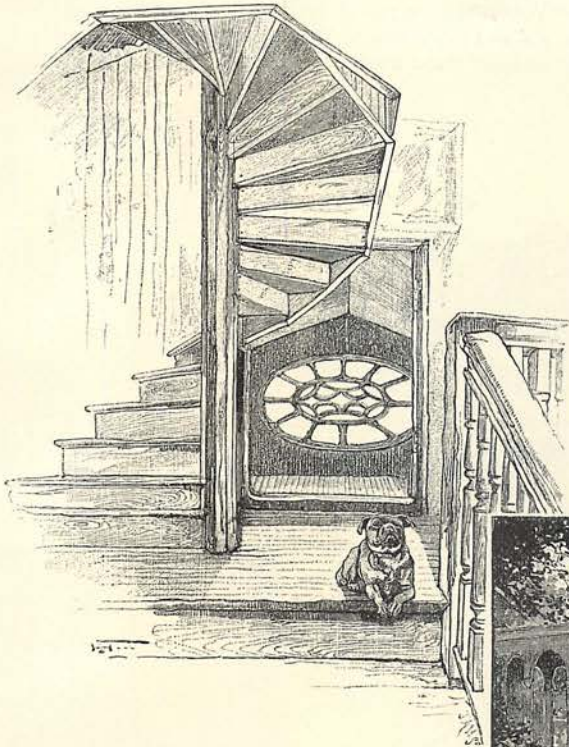


THE ENTRANCE TO MOUNT VERNON.

the Revolutionary war, when the old plantation life was as far as possible resumed, were varied by incessant tributes of admiration coming to him from the civilized world at large, and by the continual presence at his home of visitors both great and small. The writer is the owner of a memento of this period, of general interest as indicating the modesty with which Washington shrank from praise of himself. It is a framed mezzotint, under glass, of a full-length portrait by Peel of General Nathaniel Greene of Rhode Island, with an engraved legend naming the artists, and showing it to be "from the original picture in the possession of Mr. Brown, published by him April 22d, 1785, and sold at No. 10, George Yard, Lombard Street, London." It was presented by Washington to Mr. Carlyle; given by him in turn to his daughter, Mrs. Herbert; and by her left to her two maiden daughters. One of these ladies, both of whom died at a good old age in Alexandria, in 1863, remembered a visit to Mount Vernon as a

their grandniece; but the war then preventing her from acquiring immediate possession, the picture was by a relative carried back to Mount Vernon, and there remained for eight years before it finally came to hand in New York, by express, and with the glass broken in transit. An inspection made of the print when the broken glass was removed brought to light the fact that a section cut from the lower margin had been replaced by an inserted piece of Bristol-board on which a text had been engrossed with pen and ink. A strip of paper, yellow with age, covered the inserted card-board; and not only rendered the writing illegible, but so concealed it that only the closest scrutiny could detect the lines at all. When this covering had been carefully cleaned off, the text below was revealed in these words:

"To his Excellency, General Washington, more exalted in Virtue than in Rank, In Gratitude for his laudable Labours which have been most honorably and successfully exerted in the great cause of Liberty and Mankind, This Print is with the utmost respect presented by Joseph Brown."



THE LINEN-CLOSET AND WINDING-STAIR.

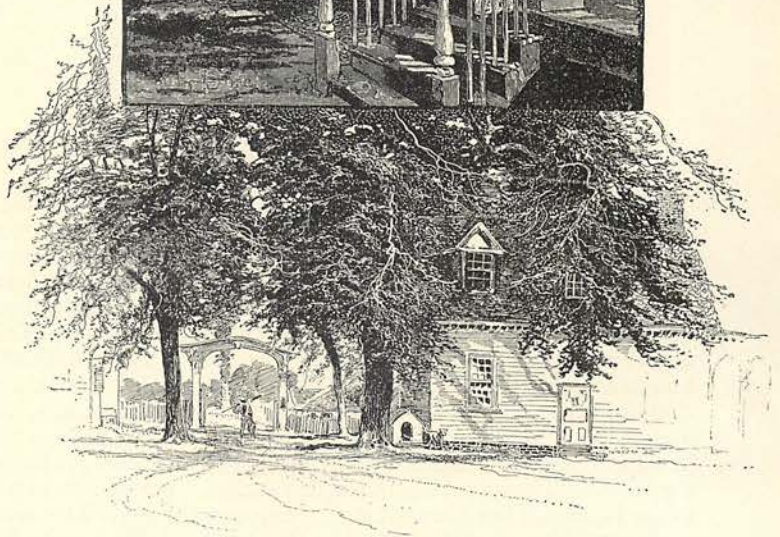
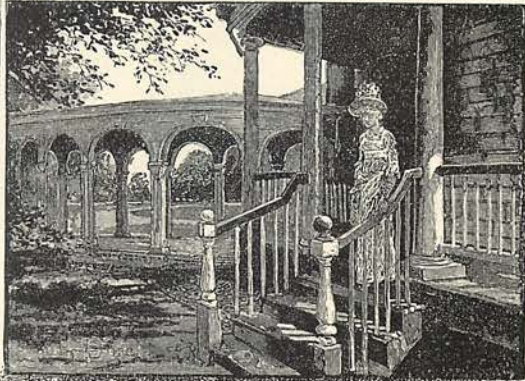
It is evident that Washington, before hanging the picture upon the walls at Mount Vernon, himself pasted the strip of paper over a eulogy the existence of which, discovered thus by accident, had not been suspected by the friend to whom the print had afterwards been given, or by two generations of his descendants.

In 1789 we see Washington again bidding "adieu to Mount Vernon, to private life, and to domestic felicity." The choice of the American people had made him President; and obediently he went forth to receive the highest honors of the nation. During his terms of office, the care of Mount Vernon, although relegated to a trusted manager, was rarely absent from his thoughts. He returned to it finally in 1797, to take up again the scheme of agriculture so often interrupted. This beloved pursuit

dividing his interest with the affairs of the new army, gave him pleasure during the brief remainder of his life. It was to a ride around his farm, exposed to the sleet and snow of a raw December day, that the nation owed its mournful loss. A cold taken then, followed by a brief struggle for life, resulted two days later in his death.

That last sad scene in "the chamber" at Mount Vernon!—who can picture it without a sense of personal interest? The simple homely room, looking southward to the Potomac. A wood fire, casting fitful shadows on the wall. Beside the bed, those faithful, silent watchers,—

THE SOUTH GATE.



THE NORTH GATE, MOUNT VERNON.

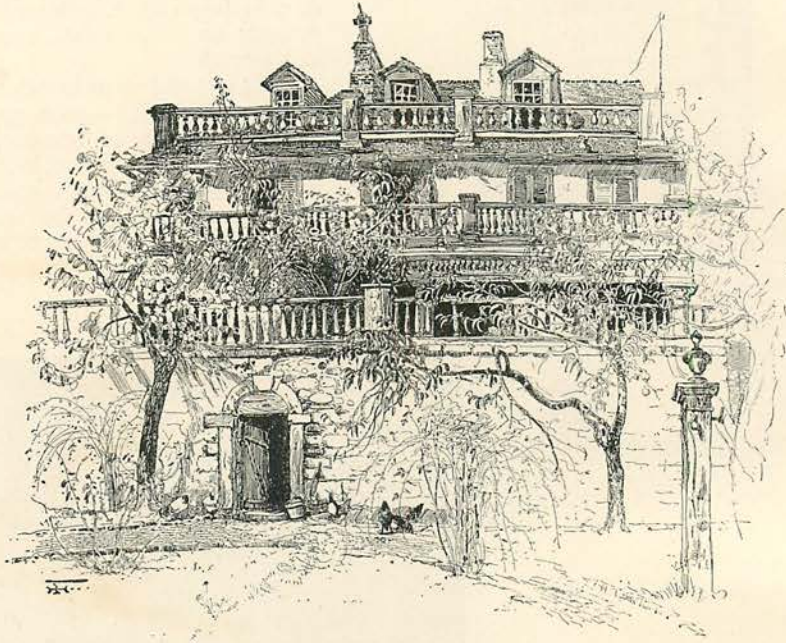
Craik the physician, and Lear the secretary. At the foot of the bed, the brave wife, who looked beyond the present grief to the hour when she might follow him. On the pillow, that still heroic face. Of all the great men this weary world can chronicle, how many

have rendered up accounts as pure as Washington's?

By the side of his own beautiful river, on the spot most dear to him from boyhood,

Washington sleeps; and thither, year by year, go the footsteps of thronging pilgrims, eager to offer their tribute of respect.

Constance Cary Harrison.



THE CARLYLE HOUSE, ALEXANDRIA.

MOUNT VERNON AS IT IS.

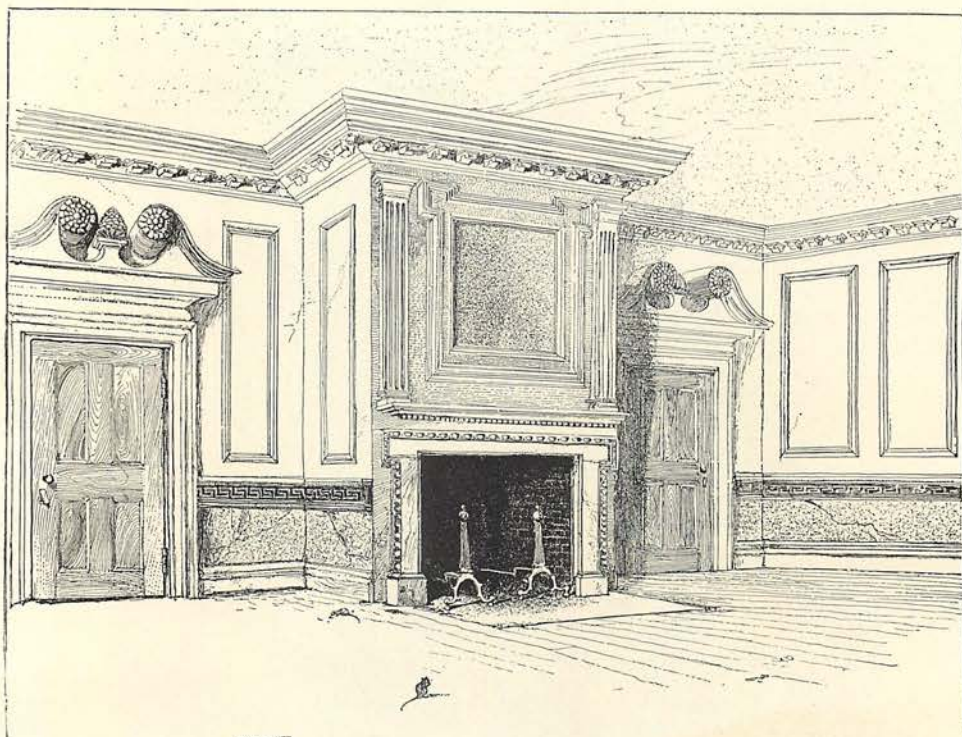
TIME moves so gently in the quiet old town of Alexandria, that twenty-five years, more or less, does not seem to matter much. While the great cities of the East have been doubling themselves and the cities of the West have grown from mere villages into vast centers of trade and population, the quiet old town has scarcely changed. The colonial flavor still clings to her stately houses and lovely gardens, though it may have been banished from the busier streets, where the necessary buying and selling goes on. The colonial names which testified to the loyalty of the Alexandrians of ante-revolutionary days are still retained by the streets which lie along the river or have their origin there. The shifting of base which came with the revolt of the colonies is well typified in these same streets, where Columbia and Washington cut sharply across King and Queen and the rest of the royal family.

A quiet retrospective air marks the better quarters of the old town, gradually shading down, through shabby gentility and decent

poverty, into the squalor and sordid wretchedness which one finds along the river-brink,—dilapidated houses now occupied by the Alexandria darky, dark and filthy junk-shops reeking with vile smells, rotting quays lapped by the quiet waters of the Potomac.

The old Fairfax house on Cameron street, built of brick brought from England by one of the family, stands apparently unchanged since the days of '59, when I knew and loved it well. It shows sign neither of decrepitude nor of restoration, but the Fairfax family—dispersed by the civil war—know it no more.

The Carlyle house is by far the most interesting relic in the town,—with the possible exception of Christ Church, which, however, has a spick-and-span look that makes one hesitate to call it a relic. The Braddock headquarters, as the Carlyle house came to be called, is now incorporated into the hotel once familiarly known as the Mansion House, but rechristened of late years the Braddock House. It stands, doors wide open, upon the grassy court-



"WHERE THE BRITISH COUNCIL MET."

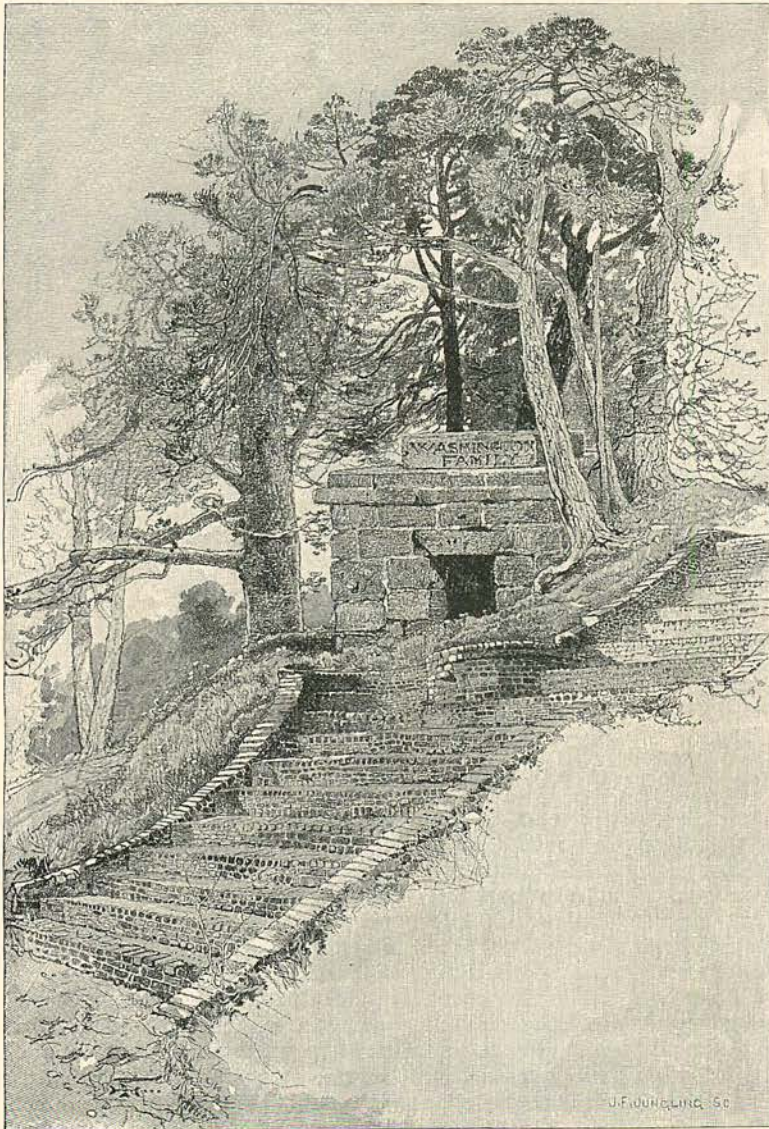
yard of the hotel, a deserted, dismantled, dilapidated house, the plaster loosened from the ceilings, and the rats its only inhabitants. Some of the rooms are locked, but the most interesting, from its associations, stands open. This is the paneled room where the British council met, with their brave and headstrong martinet of a commander. To this council Braddock summoned young Major Washington, to get from him advice as to his tactics in dealing with the French and Indian allies at Fort Duquesne,—advice fatally neglected, as the world well knows.

The room is quite small; not more than 21 by 16 feet, a casual judgment would give as its proportions. The walls are paneled wood painted a bright blue, with heavy carved frieze, chair board, and moldings over the doors in white. The windows do not come down to the floor, the sill being almost twenty inches above it. In the embrasures of the windows, some ten inches below the sills, are seats, deep and wide enough to accommodate two of the slim figures in fashion among our ancestors of that day. The paneling over the mantel-shelf indicates the presence of a picture or a mirror at some time, and a primitive cupboard stands open opposite the door. The small dimensions of the rooms is a very noticeable feature, both

here and at Mount Vernon. We are accustomed to think of these rooms, the scenes of colonial dances and banquets, as being spacious and rather grand, but when one comes to see them, they shrink into insignificance when compared with the rooms in our "seaside cottages" of to-day.

Old Christ Church, around which so many memories cluster, is a solid, humdrum-looking building. It looks old, but not ancient in any degree. It has been in constant use from the days when Washington worshiped there till the present time, and has, therefore, been prevented from falling into dilapidation. Originally the pews were very high, the purpose evidently being to permit the occupants a view of the pulpit only, and so prevent, as far as lay in a wooden barricade, wandering thoughts. Many of the pews were square, with seats around three sides. In 1816 a number of these pews were divided into pews of the ordinary size. Washington's pew is now the only square one left in the church.

The old "wine-glass" pulpit from which Washington was wont to be "instructed" in his duties to God and man, a few years ago was taken away and replaced by a more modern form. What became of it remains an open secret: it is living a divided existence as "me-



THE OLD FAMILY TOMB AT MOUNT VERNON.

mentos" of various sorts and sizes. Whether these were distributed or sold it is difficult to ascertain, as the fact is mentioned only with bated breath, and the details of this piece of vandalism cannot be ascertained. The pulpit was not unfit for use, as far as I could learn, but was displaced as a mere matter of taste or emolument.

The chancel railing is the same at which Washington knelt to commune; the tablets, with the Lord's prayer and commandments upon them, are also unchanged. The original flagging in the aisles has been overlaid or replaced with wood.

The church stands as squarely and solidly in the midst of its quiet graves as though the passing centuries were of no moment. It has a sunny, open-air, Old World look, such as we see in pictures of quiet village churches in England, and seems to be an integral part of the town, with a well-established right to be there and not an impertinent irrelevancy, as most city church-yards are.

A delightful sail takes the visitor from Alexandria to Mount Vernon. The approach to the place is very fine. From the greenery of the high wooded hills the pillared colonnade and the expanse of front gleam out. The house,

which on nearer view loses somewhat in effect, is from the river very impressive. Its broad portico with pillars reaching to the roof gives an impression of elegance not sustained when one finds that the façade is frame and the pillars wooden.

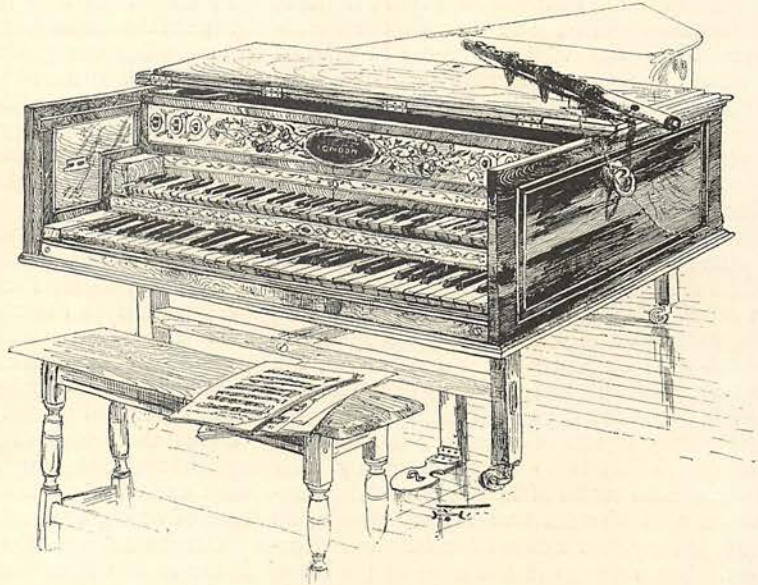
A short walk up the hill brings one to the hideous brick structure, more like a modern edition of the old-time Virginia spring-house than what it is, the mausoleum of America's greatest citizen. About it are clustered the graves of many members of the family, and in the vault, back of the mausoleum, lie a great many more, with no visible or attainable record of the names or even the number of the occupants, a most singular state of affairs; almost more singular for those times than it would be for these, when the worship of ancestors has assumed vaster proportions though less definition in detail than it had in the simpler days gone by.

The old tomb, which I remember thirty years ago as an open excavation, and from which I brought away pebbles and wild-flowers, is now inclosed and under lock and key, as everything has to be, to make the incursions of the modern goths and vandals as little mischievous as may be.

The house presents a broad front to the river, and another to the beautiful sweep of level turf between it and the road. This grassy plot is flanked on either side by clumps and irregular groups of shade trees. These are, in their turn, hemmed in by the out-buildings,—offices, stables, laundries, smoke-house, salting-house, and kitchens.

The place, as is well known, has been for a number of years under the control of the Mount Vernon Association, composed of ladies from many, indeed from most, of the older States of the Union. An attempt has been made to fit up the rooms despoiled of their furniture at the sale by its late owner. Different States have assumed the responsibility, through their representatives, by certain rooms. Some of these rooms hold bits of the furniture used in the days of Washington. A spindle-legged

side-board newly done up stands in the private dining-room, as it stood in the days when the Washington and Custis family gathered there for meals. The rest of the furniture, though in excellent keeping, is not the same that was used by them. "It is antique, but not original," we were told by the negro man who showed us these rooms. He once "b'longed to de family," and was born on the place as



WASHINGTON'S FLUTE AND MISS CUSTIS'S HARPSICHORD.

his father was before him. There was something touching and beautiful in the proud sense of being "one of the family" shown by the servants who still act in the capacity of guides. The "gen'al" probably lives nowhere on earth in such tender remembrance as he does with them. They spoke of him and of Mrs. Washington with a loving and reverent familiarity, in this case only an heirloom, but full of suggestion to those who have known the relation of master and servant in its perfection,—a relation that has died out of the world with the death of "the institution," and was its beautiful and redeeming feature.

In Nellie Custis's music-room stands the harpsichord given her by General Washington as a wedding-present. It is the lineal ancestor of the modern grand piano, but with two banks of keys. The vandals who visited Mount Vernon before the rooms were kept barred, have picked the ivories from every key in the upper bank, as well as all the inlaid brass-work from the frame of the instrument. In most of the rooms some attempt has been made to restore at least the epoch, in the furniture selected; but one—Mrs. Washington's sitting-room—is furnished

with a tawdry set of modern ebonized furniture covered with red and yellow plush. Nothing could be more out of taste, especially in combination with the bar-room window-shade of yellow and pink.

A panel over the mantel-shelf in the west parlors is filled with an old-style oil landscape glazed. It looks as though the trees and mountains of lugubrious hue had been pressed for preservation under the glass. A chair, with green-slatted back and rush seat, is one of the pieces of furniture which came over in the much-packed *Mayflower*. Other pieces of original furniture, a globe, a portrait of Washington by Trumbull, and another by Gilbert Stewart, are standing about the room. Among other things, a white-and-gold sixteenth-century chair from the château at Chavagniac Auvergne, the birth-place of Lafayette, is to be found here. Over the mantel-shelf is the coat of arms of the Washington family, and in the fire-brick at the back of the chimney is a crest and the letters G. W. in relief. The river-room or east parlor has the original writing-desk, clock, and spinning-wheel used by Martha Washington. In the entrance hall still hangs the key of the Bastille as it hung in the days of Washington.

The only objects of interest in the banqueting-hall, which is to be furnished by New York, are the model of the Bastille and the mantel-piece of Carrara and Sienna marble, an ugly, clumsy, but curious architectural structure. The windows in the front of the house are small, with tiny panes, but on the end, in the banqueting-hall, is a triple window, also having small panes; but the middle window is higher than the others and arched, giving quite an unusual and pretty effect.

In the "family kitchen" is a great wide-mouthed fire-place with crane. Here we (my friend, one of "de family," and myself) were greeted by a handsome mulatto woman, born on the place, who brought forcibly to mind "the days that are no more," with her sweet voice, and gentle ways, and perfect courtesy. A sign upon the door, that milk was sold there for the benefit of the association, made me call for a glass. After I had taken it I asked the price. She said with the most gentle politeness and a suggestion of a courtesy, "Fi' cents a glass, *unless*, ladies, you will kindly accept it from the 'society."

The whole air of the place has somehow escaped the sordid quality which makes most show-places an offense to the reverent visitor. The attendance, from that of the humblest negro to that of the extremely courteous and obliging superintendent, gives one the impression of being made welcome to a home, rather than that their services were mere perfunctory offices, performed for pay.

Here, there, and everywhere, among the relics of old times, the bulging form and bright blue color of hand-grenades impertinently remind us of the present, and sweep away the gathering illusions.

By far the most interesting relics in the house are those in the sleeping-chambers. "Lafayette's room" has still the original four-poster, with heavy tester and hangings, and the desk and dressing-table, which served the marquis on his visits to the Washington family. In one of the rooms hang two curious old water-colors, which our guide said had been sold when Mr. Augustine Washington disposed of the furniture of the house, but which "were so 'apidated that they di'n' take 'em away." In this same room hung a tripartite mirror, once the property of Light-horse Harry Lee.

Miss Custis's room had in it a very quaint and beautiful chair which came over with Lord Baltimore, — presented by Miss Harper of Baltimore, into whose hands it had fallen when the furniture was scattered abroad after the sale. The mirror at which sweet Eleanor Custis had made her toilet and the steps by which she climbed into her lofty, curtained bed are still in their old places. In another room is a curious candlestick of Mrs. Washington's, an upright rod supporting a sliding crossbeam, in each end of which is a brass candlestick, the base of which, a tripod, rests upon the floor.

But the interest of the whole house centers in the room where Washington died,—"The gen'al's room, the room I likes de bes' in de house," as the servitor called it, in a tone of genuine and reverent affection. Just where the great man lay a-dying eighty-eight years ago, the bed now stands, and beside it the light stand on which are the rings left by his medicine-glasses, unchanged since that day. The secretary at which he wrote, the hair-covered trunk in which he carried his possessions, the surveyor's tripod he had used, the cloak he threw about his shoulders when he went over the farm, the leathern chair in which he sat, the covering cut away by vandal hands, are all there. There was something, in spite of these few discordant notes, that seemed peculiar to that room. I could not feel that thousands of eyes had looked upon it with idle curiosity, but as though it had been kept sacred all these years, and was yet redolent of the memories which have set it apart forever.

"Many wonders," said our guide, "why Mrs. Wash'n'ton died up in de attic, and not in de gen'al's room. It was de custom in de family to shut up a room for two years after a death had happened in it, an' dis room was shut up. Mrs. Wash'n'ton went up in de attic an' dere she staid for eighteen mu'n's till she died dere. She never had no fire in de winter, an'



ROOM IN WHICH WASHINGTON DIED, MOUNT VERNON.

in de summer it was very hot,—but dere she staid wif only her cat fur comp'ny."

The corner cut off from the lower part of the door he showed us was for the easy egress and ingress of this familiar friend. The attic room is pretty and attractive-looking, but has in it now only one piece of furniture used by Mrs. Washington,—a little three-cornered washstand.

The most interesting feature of the grounds is the beautiful old garden, with its box borders

grown now to the proportions of hedges, and filled with pleasant flowers; there was no modern touch about it, nothing to dispel the illusion which had been gathering all day long.

The return trip was no anticlimax, but rounded out the day to perfect fullness. At one place, between two jutting points on opposite banks of the river, Washington, with its Capitol, public buildings, and monuments, passed across the field of vision like a panorama, and was gone.

Sophie Bledsoe Herrick.

REVENGE.

REVENGE is a naked sword —
It has neither hilt nor guard.
Would'st thou wield this brand of the Lord:
Is thy grasp then firm and hard?

But the closer thy clutch of the blade,
The deadlier blow thou would'st deal,
Deeper wound in thy hand is made —
It is *thy* blood reddens the steel.

And when thou hast dealt the blow —
When the blade from thy hand has flown —
Instead of the heart of the foe
Thou may'st find it sheathed in thine own!

Charles Henry Webb.