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The Story of Washington.

BY L. P. L.

UPON a stone slab in the Parish Church at Sulgrave, Northampton, England, is a brass plate with this inscription, in old, black characters: "Here lyeth buried the bodys of Lawrence Wasshington, gent., and Anne, his wyf, by whom he had issue four sons and seven daughters; which Lawrence dyed ye —— day of An. 15—, and Anne, deceased ye 6th day of Oct. An. Dm. 1564." On the same stone is also a shield much defaced, and effigies in brass of the four sons and seven daughters. Over the four sons is a figure larger than the rest, which is supposed to be the father's effigy. There was formerly one over the seven daughters, but this is gone.

Adjoining Northampton was the manor of Sulgrave, originally the property of the Priory of St. Andrews, but which was confiscated to the crown in 1538, and granted the following year to Lawrence Washington. This manor was long in possession of the family, and so acquired the name of Washington Manor. Two great-grandsons of Lawrence of Sulgrave, John and Lawrence, emigrated to Virginia about the year 1657, during the protectorate of Oliver Cromwell, and John was the great-grandfather of our revolutionary hero.

Of Augustin Washington, the father of George, we know but little. He possessed a valuable property in land, and his occupation was that of planter, at that time the business of all the principal gentlemen of Virginia. He died at the age of forty-nine, leaving all his children in a state of comparative independence, but directing that the proceeds of all the property should be at the mother's disposal until they should respectively come of age.

The care of five young children, the eldest of whom was eleven, their education and the responsibility of managing complicated business affairs, demanded an unusual degree of decision and strength of character. These Mrs. Washington must have possessed in a remarkable degree, for she acquitted herself with great success, having the happiness to see all her children grow into maturity, filling their allotted spheres with honor and dignity.

The house in which Washington was born was a plain, lonely, four-roomed farm-house, with a chimney built up on the outside at either end. There, at ten o'clock in the morning, Feb. 22d, 1732, the fair-haired, long-limbed boy arrived, welcomed by two elder brothers, the sons of a previous marriage. We can readily conjure up the scene upon which the baby eyes first opened: a square room, with a wide, open fireplace and a low ceiling, some strips of striped carpeting, a few rush-seated chairs, a high, four-post bedstead, such as Washington used till the close of his life, and a tall clock ticking steadily the hours away. The old house is gone now, nothing remaining to mark its site but a broad slab of free-stone, placed there by order of George Washington Parke Custis.

The indebtedness of great men to their mothers has long been among the few points reckoned as established, and little as we know of Mary Washington, yet we can, nevertheless, see by unmistakable signs how much her great son was shaped by her influence for his life-work. No one can command who has not first learned to obey, and this was the first lesson Mrs. Washington taught her children. From her George inherited that sense of duty which carried him through the days of darkness and peril in the early part of the war, when the slightest swerving from the line of right, for selfish considerations, would have ruined the cause for which he fought.

When George was quite young his father removed from the old farm-house on Pope's Creek to a better one on the Rappahannock, opposite Fredericksburg. In colonial times the means of education were but limited, especially in the Southern provinces. The stern line dividing the rich from the poor operated against the establishment of many schools, and planters generally craved no higher education for their sons than such as would fit them to be practical business men. A teacher who was skilled in reading, writing, arithmetic, and keeping accounts, possessed sufficient attainments to satisfy the demands of most employers.

George is said to have always been head boy at school, which we can readily believe to have been the case, if not by means of scholarship, by virtue of those qualities of courage, honesty, and high sense of justice, which won the respect of the boys, as, later in life, they did of mature men. From an early age he had a decided military inclination, and it was one of his favorite amusements to form his school-fellows into military companies, with corn-stalks for muskets and gourds for drums, drilling and exercising them and leading them to sham battles.

It was the custom in those days for teachers to require much in the way of writing from their pupils. A "ciphering book" was kept, in which all the rules of arithmetic, with the most difficult sums done under them, were copied with great care. Another book contained the whole course of book-keeping, with fictitious names and accounts, intended partly to bring the theory of book-keeping into practice, and partly to exercise the pupil in ornamental penmanship. Still another book was called the "poetry book," in which poetical bits were copied, such as the pupil admired and desired to preserve. This book in Washington's case was not large, he never having any particular inclination toward poetry. There is one book, however, which has been preserved, of great interest, from the close connection there is between the precepts there transcribed and the after life of the writer, proving that thus early he had begun to live up to his ideals of right. There is no doubt that the study of these rules helped him to guard against selfishness and arrogance, and even the slightest infringement on the rights and feelings of others. The dignity, mildness, and dainty regard for the fine shades of civility, which was so distinguishing a part of his character, was not only the result of his native instincts, but also the fruit of long, patient discipline. Some few of these rules are worth transcribing as specimens of the whole.

"Be no flatterer, neither play with any one that delights not to be played with."

"When a man does all he can, though it succeeds not, blame not him that did it."

"Mock not, nor jest at anything of importance; break no jests that are sharp and biting and if you deliver anything witty and

pleasant, refrain from laughing thereat yourself."

"When you reprove others, be unblamable yourself, for example is more prevalent than precepts."

"Let your conversation be without malice or envy, and in all causes of passion admit reason to govern."

"Undertake not what you cannot perform, but be careful to keep your promise."

"Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience."

Washington's half-brother, Lawrence, fourteen years his senior, had a peculiar affection for him. Lawrence had been sent to England for education, and while there had joined the British armament sent out in 1740 against the French and Spanish, who had been committing some depredations in the West Indies. He there won the respect and confidence of the British commander, Admiral Vernon, by his bravery. After his return to Virginia, he married Miss Anne Fairfax, and settled down on the farm allotted him by his father, and which he named Mt. Vernon in honor of his old commander.

After his father's death, George was at Mt. Vernon much of his time, where he took lessons in fencing, and was trained in military exercises by an old adjutant who had served with Lawrence at the siege of Carthagena, and who stirred the rising flame in the breast of the future general by recitals of adventures and descriptions of battles in which he had taken part.

The last two years of George's school life had been devoted to the study of geometry, trigonometry and surveying, and the summer before he left school, he had surveyed the fields about the school-house in the adjoining plantations, all the details and measurements of which were entered with precision in his books.

Lord Fairfax, an Englishman of distinction and relative by marriage of Lawrence Washington, was living near Mt. Vernon, at Greenway Farm. He was proprietor of immense tracts of wild lands in the rich valleys of the Alleghany Mountains, which had never been surveyed, and which it was necessary should be done, in order that he might claim his quitrents from settlers, who had taken possession of portions without warrant, and be able to give legal titles. So favorable an opinion had he of George Washington, that he intrusted him with this responsible commission, and just one month after attaining his sixteenth year, the stripling set off on his first surveying expedition.

The task was accomplished in such a manner as to establish his reputation as a surveyor, besides being beneficial to him in other ways, such as inspiring him with self-confidence and making him acquainted with parts of the country hitherto unknown to him, but which were to be the scene of his first military operations. Lord Fairfax was more than satisfied, and his esteem for his young neighbor kept on increasing for many years, George remaining an attached friend of the Fairfax family all his life.

An old clergyman of the neighborhood says, in some reminiscences of the general: "Little did Lord Fairfax think he was raising a youth that should one day dismember the British empire and break his own heart, which truly came to pass, for on hearing that Washington had captured Cornwallis and all his army, he called out to his black servant, 'Come, Joe, carry me to bed, for I'm sure it's high time for me to die.'"

A poetic version of the legend, after the style of the ancient ballad, ends as follows:

"Then up rose Joe, all at the word,
And took his master's arm,
And to his bed he softly led
The lord of Greenway Farm.

"Then thrice he called on Britain's name,
And thrice he wept full sore;
Then sighed: O Lord, Thy will be done,
And word spake never more."

In 1752, Lawrence Washington died, bequeathing his estate of Mount Vernon to George. This estate was a large farm lying high above the level of the Potomac, about nine miles from Alexandria and twelve from where the federal city of Washington now stands. A more purely rural spot could hardly be found, and when its owner died it was in a rather rough state. The house was comparatively small, being an ordinary square building, such as may be found everywhere in the South; but General Washington built large additions, altering its appearance materially by carrying out double colonnades from the wings, which joined the main house to several smaller ones at the rear. These rows of pillars helped to form the whole into a large semi-circle, inclosing a beautiful lawn. On the roof was a cupola, from which one could enjoy the extended prospect offered by the broad Potomac, and its shores of swelling hills, crowned with woods as far as the eye could see, and fading away in the distance as the river widened into an arm of the great ocean.

In January, 1759, Washington was married to Mrs. Martha Custis, a widow of large fortune, with two children. She was very affable and courteous, full of sprightliness and feminine grace, proud of her stately husband, and, while loving him dearly, yet very fond of having her own way. She is said to have had a very decided way of speaking, when she wished to be emphatic, as proof of which Miss Brewer relates the following anecdote:

"A guest of Mount Vernon happened to sleep in a room adjoining that occupied by the general and his wife. Late in the evening, when the visitors had retired to their various chambers, he heard the lady delivering a very animated lecture to her lord and master upon something he had done, that she thought should have been done differently. To this he listened in the profoundest silence, and when she too was silent, he opened his lips and spoke: 'Now good sleep to you, my dear.'"

Washington was about twenty-seven, and Mrs. Washington three months younger, when they commenced housekeeping at Mount Vernon in true Southern style, giving dinners and dining out, attending balls and caring for their numerous slaves, little fancying how the interest of a whole nation should one day gather about that newly formed household. To Mrs. Washington's two children the general became guardian, treating them in all respects as if his own children, until the death of the daughter at the age of nineteen, and the son attained his majority.

It was the custom in those colonial times for wealthy families to send twice a year or so to London, for articles of attire or house-furnishing; and it is interesting to note a few of the articles ordered by the general.

"1 piece of finest Cambric. 2 pair fine-worked ruffles at 20 s. per pair—unless worked ruffles should be out of fashion, in which case send such as are not.

"As much superfine blew Cotton Velvet as will make a Coat, Waiscoat and Breeches for a tall man, with a fine Silk Button to suit it, and all other necessary trimmings and linings, together with garters for the Breeches. "A sammon-colored tabby" (velvet, not cat) of ye enclosed pattern, with Sattin flowers, to be made in a Sack and Coat. 1 Cap, Tucker, Hkf., and Ruffles to be made of Brussells lace or point, proper to be worn with the above negligée, to cost £20. 1 fashionable Hat or Bonnet. 6 yards of Jackeynot Muslin. Pinns. Philigree Shoe buckles. A Sett of china for a little Miss. A Book of newest and best songs, set to music for the Spinnet."

From these few extracts it will be seen that neither Washington or his wife had any desire for seclusion, and it would have been strange had it been so, for their fortune and acknowledged merit gave them access to the best society—that of eminent men, elegant and thoughtful women, and intelligent persons of all classes.

To do well all that he attempted was Washington's invariable rule, and one which he applied to farming, one of the dearest objects of his life being to make the earth productive, and cause it to bring forth "every tree that is pleasant to the sight and good for food." His land had several settlements upon it, such as "The Mill Farm," "Dogue Run," and "Muddy Hole," and every day the master made the tour of them, recording afterward in his diary anything of interest respecting them.

But closely as Washington was engaged with home affairs, yet he in no wise excused himself from an intimate acquaintance with public matters, and he was among the first to observe the encroachments of Great Britain on American liberty. When elected commander-in-chief of the American army, he accepted, saying, "I beg to assure the Congress that, as no pecuniary consideration could have tempted me to accept this arduous employment at the expense of my domestic ease and happiness, I do not wish to make any profit from it. I will keep an exact account of my expenses; these, I doubt not, they will discharge, and that is all I desire."

But in the midst of all his military duties he never forgot home interests. His agent at Mt. Vernon wrote to him several times each month, giving the most minute information as to whatever took place of interest on the plantation, and the general replied to every letter, directing the affairs with almost as much precision as if he had been on the spot.

In one letter he gives the following orders: "Let the hospitality of the house with respect to the poor be kept up. Let no one go hungry away. If any of this kind of people be in want of corn, supply their necessities, provided it does not encourage them in idleness, and I have no objection to your giving my money in charity to the amount of forty or fifty pounds a year when you think it well bestowed. What I mean by having no objection is, that it is my desire it should be done. You are to consider that neither myself or wife is now in the way to do these good offices. In all other respects I recommend and have no doubt of your observing the greatest economy and frugality, as I suppose you know that I do not get a farthing for my services here more than my expenses. It becomes necessary, therefore, for me to be saving at home."

Mrs. Washington spent every winter in camp, and her arrival was a signal for that of other officers' wives, causing a great change in the appearance and customs of the place. She made herself very popular with the men by the interest she showed in their needs, and by her own simple style of living. At Valley Forge the general occupied a log hut sixteen feet in length by fourteen in width, and Mrs. Washington wrote to a friend that they had had "another hut built to dine in," which made their quarters "much more comfortable." She busied herself in making shirts for the soldiers, most of whom had only one, and many of whom had none, and in visiting and aiding those whose sufferings were known to her, doing much, no doubt, by her quiet, housewifely ways, to soothe the irritability natural to men suffering such privations.

A letter written by the general to Dr. Cochran proves that he could occasionally indulge in a little fun, a word which, however natural to Washington the planter, was very rare to Washington the soldier. It is dated West Point, 16th August, 1779.

"*Dear Dr.:*

I have asked Mrs. Cochran and Mrs. Livingston to dine with me to-morrow, but am I not bound in honor to apprise them of their fare? Since our arrival at this happy spot we have had a ham, sometimes a shoulder of bacon to grace the head of the table; a piece of roast beef adorns the foot, and a dish of beans or greens, almost imperceptible, decorates the center. When the cook has a mind to cut a figure, which I presume will be the case to-morrow, we have two beaf-steak pies or dishes of crabs in addition, one on each side of the center dish, dividing the space and reducing the distance between dish and dish to about six feet, which without them would be nearly twelve feet apart. Of late, he has had the surprising sagacity to discover that apples will make pies, and it is a question if in the violence of his efforts we do not get one of apples instead of having two of beef-steak. If the ladies can put up with such entertainment, and will submit to partake of it on plates once tin but now iron (not become so by the labor of scouring), I shall be happy to see them, and am, dear Dr.,

Yours, etc."

In 1781, a British man-of-war sailed up the Potomac, and made straight for the home of the commander-in-chief, demanding supplies as the price of sparing house and property. In the excitement of such a visit, the agent, forgetful of the character and position of the man he represented, timidly gave them what they required, thankful to see the enemy depart without leaving ruins behind him.

But the writing an account of the transaction to Washington was a trial he had to undergo, and it was worse than facing the British. This was the General's reply: "I am very sorry to hear of your loss; I am a little sorry to hear of my own; but that which gives me most concern is that you should go on board the enemy's vessels and furnish them refreshments. It would have been a less painful circumstance to have heard, that in consequence of your non-compliance with their request, they had burnt my house and laid the plantation in ruins."

But the nation's long and gloomy night was to be succeeded by a glorious dawn! October 17th, 1781, Cornwallis and his entire army surrendered to Washington at Yorktown, and the wild joy with which the people received the intelligence showed how deep had been the previous despondency. The capitulation had scarcely been signed when Washington was summoned to attend the death-bed of his step-son, a young man of twenty-eight. Weeping like a woman, the general promised with all the emphasis of his strong nature, to be a father to the four helpless children Mr. Custis left behind—a promise he fulfilled to the letter.

Resigning his commission, now there was no further need for his services, he went back to his peaceful home, only too happy to resume the plow and pruning knife, implements far more congenial to him than the victor's sword, though wreathed with bay.

As spring advanced, Mt. Vernon began to attract visitors. Mrs. Washington received them with the same quiet dignity with which she had presided at headquarters, when she had cheered the wintry gloom of Valley Forge with her presence. She was always cheerful and an excellent manager, as indeed she was obliged to be, having to provide company dinners every day, and with no market near enough for her to depend upon. So great was the throng of visitors that followed Washington to his home, not only his own countrymen, but intelligent foreigners, who had watched with interest the struggle for independence, that the Executive Council of Pennsylvania proposed to make an express provision for the expense that must arise from entertaining so much company in a place so remote that no visitor could be allowed to depart without refreshment or an invitation for the night. But Washington declined the intended favor, saying he should always be happy to show every suitable attention to those who called upon him.

The care of his place was an ever new delight. His diary in 1785 shows him diligently employed in restoring his shrubberies, transplanting ivy to the garden, over whose walls it still clings, planting hemlock trees, sowing holly berries, many bushes of which still survive, for he had learned the policy of clothing his ornamental grounds with evergreens as much as possible, that some freshness might be had all the year.

He sowed acorns and buckeye nuts, set out ash trees, elms, crab-apples, and lilacs, laying out winding walks for them to overgrow, and planted scarlet honeysuckles to twine about the pillars of his piazza.

In 1789, he was again called from his beloved retreat to become President of the nation he had done so much to form. April 13th, dressed in a full suit of dark brown cloth and white silk stockings, all of American manufacture, with silver buckles on his shoes and his hair tied back and powdered, he took the oath of office. Throngs of visitors beset the new official, and he was soon obliged to establish certain forms and hours for the reception of guests. One afternoon in the week Mrs. Washington held a levée, and there was a formal state dinner every week, to which heads of departments, strangers of distinction, and prominent citizens were invited by turns.

After serving his country eight years, he retired from office, resolutely declining a third term of office, writing to a friend that, "To the wearied traveler who sees a resting place, and is bending his body to lean thereon, I now compare myself." He returned to his rural occupations with renewed vigor, drawing up plans for the management of his estate extending four years ahead, building conservatories, planting trees, and never omitting his daily tour of inspection.

One cold, threatening morning in December, 1799, he mounted horse, despite his wife's protests. It soon began to rain and snow. Returning at dinner time, cold and weary, with snow hanging on his white hair, Mrs. Washington urged him to change his clothing, but this he refused to do. The evening was passed in reading aloud, though he was a little hoarse. The following day he complained of a cold, and the next morning, before day, he awoke Mrs. Washington, saying he had a chill, though he would not allow her to get up, lest she too should have a cold. When the servant entered to make the fire, he sent for one of his overseers to bleed him, a remedy in vogue then for every disorder.

A physician was summoned, but all efforts were fruitless. At ten o'clock, in the evening of December 14th, 1799, he died without a groan or struggle. In the midst of all his sufferings, which were intense, the disease being in his throat, he uttered neither sigh or complaint, but showed that thoughtfulness for others which had characterized him during his entire life. Observing his negro servant had been standing for some time, he desired him to be seated, and when unable to speak his thanks for the services rendered him, he would still look his gratitude. All his affairs were left in perfect order, his will carefully drawn up by his own hand, and each page signed by his name.

Wednesday, December 18th, people assembled from far and near to pay the last honors to the illustrious man. His desire that

his body might "be interred in a private manner, without parade or funeral oration," was obeyed, glad as the nation would have been to have ordered a splendid ceremonial to express its sense of the great loss. He was interred in the old family vault, for the new one which he had ordered was not completed.

HERE UNDER OUR RUSTLING CANOPY OF BOUGHS AND REEDS THE FAMILY ASSEMBLED EARLY IN THE MORNING.

Some time after, the old vault was broken into with the dastardly intention—so it was believed—of stealing the remains of the noble dead. The present tomb is of brick with an arched roof overgrown with ivy. Iron gates open into a vestibule twelve feet high, the gateway to which is flanked with brick pilasters, surmounted with a stone coping. Over the door is a marble tablet, with the inscription, "Within this enclosure rest the remains of Gen. George Washington."

The bodies of General Washington and his wife lie in stone sarcophagi made from solid blocks of Pennsylvania marble. Upon the lid of Washington's coffin is a representation in relief of the American shield, suspended over the flag of the Union draped in festoons, and with an eagle with spread wings perched on the superior bar of the shield.

For nearly a century that spot has been the Mecca to American pilgrims, and just so long as love of country and love of truth burns in American breasts, will all hearts turn there in grateful remembrance of one who proved an angel of the Lord, leading the people by a way they knew not, dark and strange, into light, and liberty, and freedom.

Peasant Life in Spain.

BY MERRICK.

ABOUT half-way between Malaga and Gibraltar, lie the little bay and seaport of Marbella. The word signifies "Beautiful Sea!" and rightly was it so named by the noble queen Isabel, consort of Ferdinand, when after the Moorish war this stronghold was given up to the Spanish troops, and the fair queen entered the frowning walls and bestowed on the ruined place the name it still so fittingly bears.

Such a charmed spot as it is! In front stretch the blue-topped mountains of Africa; to the west rises the rocky fortress of Gibraltar; and before you rolls the azure sea, dotted with a thousand sails, pressing up to the Gibraltar Pass. Behind rise the sterile heights of the Sierra Morena, which at sunrise and sunset are painted in a hundred hues of amber and lilac and rose, and scored with valleys and cliffs and deep blue lovely ravines. Yes! indeed it's a place to see and never forget! I think on the whole Spanish coast there can hardly be a more lovely spot.

In the curve of the bay sits the village with its tall church-tower, rising above the Alameda trees, while the fishing boats are darting hither and thither, pulling in or out for their sardine fishing grounds, and the long pier stretches forth its gaunt trestle-work arm for the ocean steamers to touch, taking in their mineral ore (for Marbella is a mining town) and their supplies of coal, so that they can puff on to Glasgow, and leave one in peace for a little while, till another big steamer slips in and sets everything in a roar again.

Above on the heights, you see, stands an old ruined convent, with its tower like an extended telescope, and a huge manor-house, domineering like lords over the little village below; then rise bright sunny vineyards to the feet of the sterile mountains; and then, on either hand, fringed by the white sea-line, the green shore goes curving away, dotted with farmhouses, and groves of orange and lemon and tall feathery date-palms.

It was in one of these lonely but most lovely farmsteads that I had the happy fortune to live for several years. This house was a long, low cottage, white as a snow-drift, with one solitary window in front, and a great wide weather-stained door, bullet-proof—for Spain is a land of banditti, fierce, roving, robber bands, and one must keep a bright lookout, night and day, for such customers. Back of the house lay a pretty garden, with a fig-tree in the middle and a tall cactus hedge around it, said cactus hedge bearing a delicious fruit called *chumbos*—the fruit of the prickly pear. A little window looked out of our house on this pretty spot, and being like most of the windows in the peasant houses of Spain, without glass and only barred with iron, was used as a convenient entrance and exit to all the hens, chickens, and turkeys on the farm, to their roosting-place in the corner, to say nothing of the cat, or the pigeons that came fluttering down to pout on its sunny sill.

But the charm of all was the sea, that lay in a great sparkling sheet of blue, flashing in a thousand spear-points of light, not more than twenty yards in front of our cottage, which stood, in fact, upon the very sands. Behind were the lofty mountains; there the wild boar and the wolf held sway; and there, at times, the roving bands of robbers took up their abode, made nocturnal excursions to the neighboring villages, and kept us in terror of our lives and goods for weeks at a time.

But ah! what peace and delight there were in the little cottage itself! One might have called it the "Happy Cottage," if the simplicity, the affection, and devotedness of its inmates, had been rightfully taken into account. Old Pedro, the father; Catrina, the mother; and Peppy and Curo, the sons; these, with their stranger guest and friend from over the seas, formed the household, contented and happy, leading a life free and simple, and though homely enough, yet noble and good.

Old Pedro and his sons were farmers. The farm, being well watered, was rich and productive. Without the cottage walls all was fresh and green, the whole year through, with orange and lemon trees, olive and fig, and fields of various growth; while within, the tall roof towered up into a loft dim with the smoke of years, and netted with a trestle-work of beams where the pigeons rested at night and cooed all day. The floor was cobble-stoned and the room spacious and clean. At one end was the fire-place, over which a spreading chimney hung down, like a suspended trumpet, whose long front lip, gar-