ONE Christmas day at Grandmamma's, we all dressed up, for fun; and sat in a line and called them in to look when we were done. We never laughed a single time, but sat in a solemn row. Tommy was Queen Elizabeth, and Jane had an Alsace bow. Freddy was bound to be a nun (though he did n't look it, a bit!) and Katy made a Welsh-woman's hat and sat down under it. Sister was Madame de Maintenon, or some such Frenchy dame; and Jack had a Roman toga on, and took a classic name. As for poor me, I really think I came out best of all, though I had n't a thing for dressing up, 'cept Dinah's bonnet and shawl. Well, Grandma laughed, and Grandpa laughed, and all admired the show,—I wish I 'd seen us sitting there, so solemn, in a row!

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

BY W. H. VENABLE.

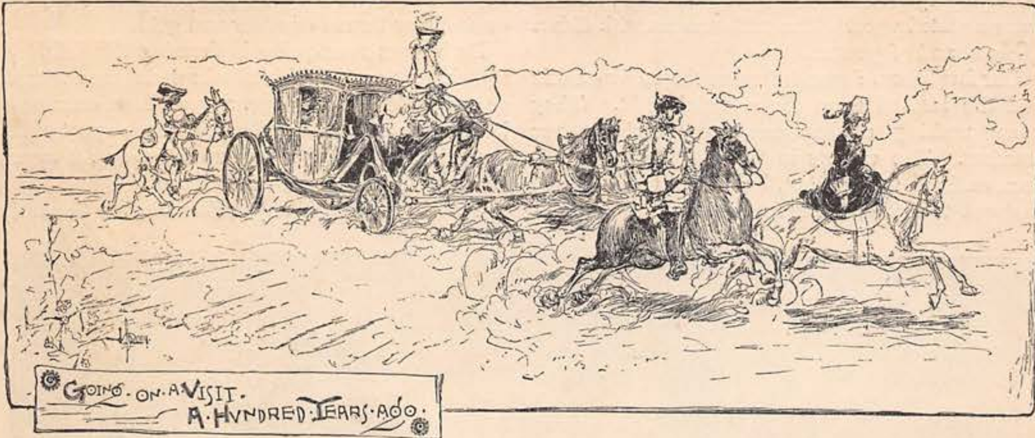
THE area of the original thirteen States, a century ago, was less than one-eleventh as great as that of our entire country now, and their population did not reach one-fifteenth the number at present within the nation's borders. New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Illinois each had as many inhabitants in 1870 as the united colonies had in the year 1770.

A hundred years ago, the region west of the Alleghanies was styled The Wilderness, and only a few bold spirits, like Daniel Boone, had dared to penetrate its solitude. The Rocky, then called Stony, Mountains were known to exist, but no white man had explored them. Even within this century, the belief was held that the Missouri River had some connection with the Pacific Ocean.

The journey from Baltimore to Pittsburgh took twelve days, and was not only toilsome, but dangerous, for hostile Indians lurked in the woods. Wagons often stuck fast in the mire, or broke down on "corduroy" roads made of logs laid side by side in the mud. The heavy stage-coach of early times, although it made great show of speed when dashing through a village, was as long in lumbering from New York to Boston as a modern express train is in crossing the continent. In great contrast with the present mode of traveling was the journey made by Thomas Jefferson, in the year 1775, when he went in a carriage from Williamsburg, Virginia, to Philadelphia. He was ten days on the road, and twice was obliged to hire a guide, to show the way to the largest city in the country. In 1777, Elkanah Watson rode

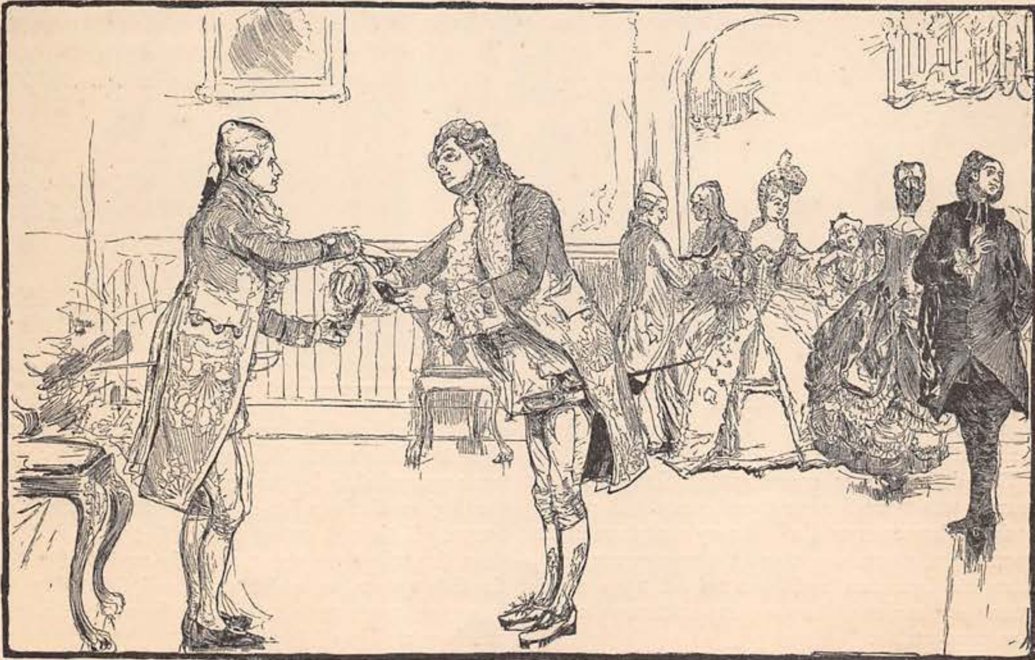
from Newbern to Wilmington, North Carolina, on horseback, and not only lost his way, but was embarrassed further by meeting a large bear.

The life and habits of the common people were extremely simple. The furniture of an ordinary house, in 1776, was scanty, plain, and cheap.



A person traveling in New England, about a century ago, would have found there a frugal and industrious people, dwelling generally in or near villages, and employed mainly in trade and tillage. He might have seen, in the older towns, factories for the making of cloth, hats, shoes, axes, ropes, paper, and guns; and with a sail-boat he might have visited flourishing fisheries off the coast.

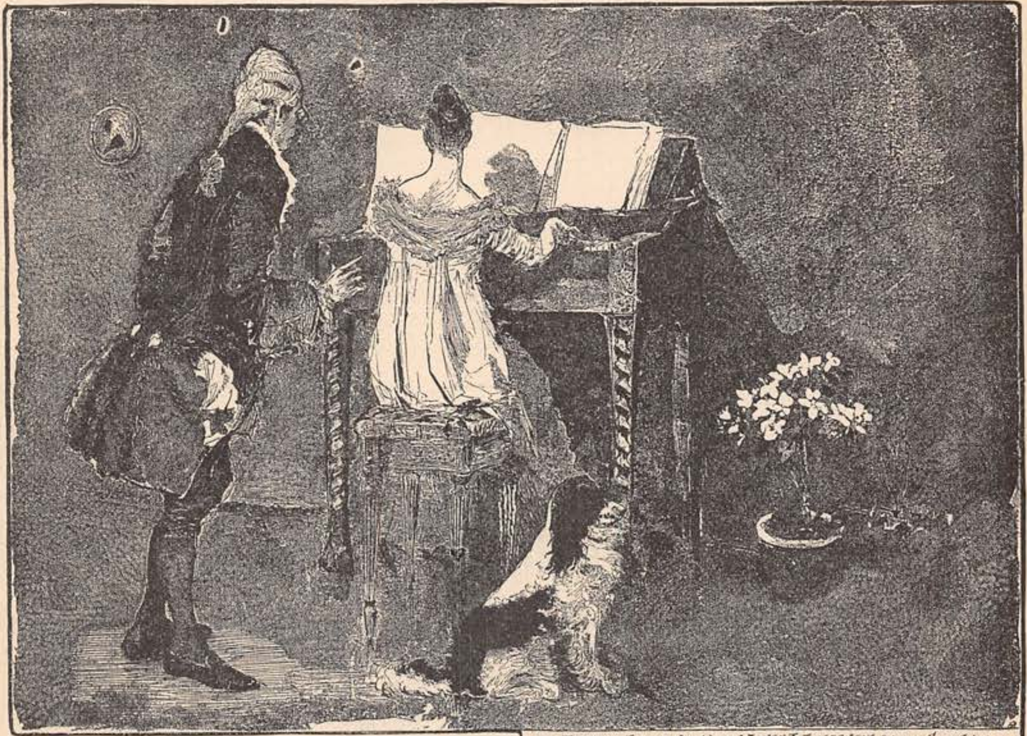
In many houses, the floor had no carpet, and the walls of that day had no paper nor paint. Neither pumps nor cooking-stoves were in use. The sofa was a high-backed bench of unpainted wood. The rude, low bedstead was honored almost always with a coat of green paint. The sewing-machine was not dreamed of; but the spinning-wheel, flax-distaff, and yarn-reel found a place in all houses, and the weaver's loom could be seen in many.



"THE ACT OF OFFERING AND RECEIVING A PINCH OF SNUFF WAS PERFORMED WITH PROFOUND CEREMONY."

Queen's-ware, or glazed earthenware, was unknown, yet well-to-do families often had sets of small china cups and saucers. The rich took pride in displaying urns and salvers of pure silver. There was no plated ware. The table was set with dishes of wood and of pewter.

Our forefathers depended upon the tallow-candle and the lard-oil lamp for artificial light. They knew nothing of kerosene, gas, and sulphur matches. The embers in the fire-place were seldom suffered to burn out, but when the last coal chanced to expire, the fire was rekindled by striking a spark from a flint into a piece of tinder. Sometimes a burning brand was borrowed from the hearth of a neighbor.



— IT WAS CUSTOMARY FOR YOUNG LADIES TO TAKE LESSONS ON THE SPINET.

The dress of the common folk in town and country was more for use than beauty. A pair of buckskin breeches and a corduroy coat formed the essentials of a man's suit, and they never wore out. After the breeches had been rained upon a few times they hardened into a garment more durable than comfortable.

The wearing-apparel of fashionable people of the city, however, was very gay and picturesque. Men wore knee-breeches and hose, broad-skirted coats lined with buckram, long waistcoats, sometimes of gold-cloth, wide cuffs lined with lace, powdered wigs, three-cornered hats, and swords. Women's dresses were made of heavy silks and satins, called brocades, on which raised figures of leaves and flowers were woven, or worked, in colored silk or thread of silver and gold.

Both sexes took pains in dressing the hair. A stylish gentleman had his locks curled and frizzed, or suspended in a queue, as you have often seen in old pictures. A New England belle spent many hours in plastering her hair up into a sort of tower, decorated with powder and ribbons.

There were few, if any, millionaires in the early days of the Republic, and the power of money was not felt as it is now. However, the aristocracy was less approachable by the common people than are the higher circles of to-day, or, probably, of the future. This was owing to the fact that, at that time, American society was mainly copied after the English system, in which rank and title play an important part; and also to the influence of slavery, which existed in all the States.

Magistrates and clergymen were regarded, in New England, with extreme respect and reverence. Had our traveler dropped into a Puritan meeting-house, and sat through the service, he would have seen the minister and his family walk

solemnly down the aisle and through the door-way before the congregation presumed to leave the pews.

The New England country people combined

A BELLE OF A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

amusement with work, at their house-raisings, quilting parties, and like gatherings. The poet Bryant speaks of the process of cider-making as one that "came in among the more laborious rural occupations in a way which diversified them pleasantly, and which made it seem a pastime. A hundred barrels to a single farm was no uncommon proportion."

"But," says Doctor Greene, in his charming Short History of Rhode Island, "the great pastime for young and old, for matron and maid, and for youth just blushing into manhood, was the autumn husking, where neighbors met at each other's corn-yards to husk each other's corn—sometimes husking a thousand bushels in a single meeting. Husking had its laws, and never were laws better obeyed. For every red ear, the lucky swain who had found it could claim a kiss from every maid; with every smutted ear he smutched the faces of his mates, amid laughter and joyous shoutings; but when the prize fell to a girl, she would walk the round demurely, look each eager aspirant in the face, and hide or reveal the secret of her heart by a kiss. Then came the dance and supper, running deep into the night, and often encroaching upon the early dawn."

Our traveler would be interested in Salem, next to the largest town in New England, and a flourishing sea-port; and he certainly would have gone to Boston, then, as now, a center of education and culture. Many of the streets of Boston were narrow and crooked. Shops and inns were distinguished in Boston, as in other cities and towns, by pictorial signs for the benefit of those who could not read. One did not look for a lettered board, nor a number over the street door, but for the sign of the "Bunch of Feathers," the "Golden Key," the "Dog and Pot," or the "Three Doves."

·. Sometimes a Burning Brand was borrowed from the hearth of a Neighbor.

The time that was given to making cider, and the number of barrels made and stored in the cellars of the farm-houses, would now seem incredible.

Had our traveler passed from New England to the State of New York, say at Albany, he would have had evidence that the frontier was not far off.

Goods sent from Albany to supply the Indian trade, and the forts and settlements out West, were hauled in wagons to Schenectady, then loaded in light boats, and poled up the Mohawk to Fort Schuyler, then carried across to Wood Creek, and again transported in boats down Oneida Lake and Osage River to the great lakes. The town of Albany was, at that time, a quiet, shady, delightful place, with cow-bells tinkling in the streets. Lazy Indians went lounging about the principal thoroughfares with bead-work and baskets to sell.

New York State continued to show evidence of Dutch customs, as could be seen by going down the Hudson from Albany to Manhattan Island. The trip was taken in regular passenger sloops. The scenery along the Hudson was grander than now, for the wild forest had not disappeared from the hills. The passenger saw no large towns nor villages, but farm-houses nestled in the rich hollows, and the Dutch "bouweries" or farms spread to view broad acres of corn and tobacco, and thrifty orchards of apple and pear trees. Just below Albany the family mansion and great barns of General Schuyler used to stand. The good general had many negro slaves,—indolent fellows, who were scared into occasional fits of work by the threat that they should be sent to the West Indies, and traded off for rum and molasses.

"IT MADE GREAT SHOW OF SPEED IN DASHING THROUGH A VILLAGE."

New York City was an important commercial center, larger than Boston, but not so large as Philadelphia. It occupied but a small part of the southern end of Manhattan Island, the whole of which it now covers. Most of its streets were narrow and crooked. Tradition says that the Dutch settlers built their houses along the winding courses of cow-paths. Broadway, however, was a fine street, even in the days of the Revolution, and gave promise then of the splendor it afterward attained. New York City, in 1776, was lighted dimly with oil-lamps. Burning gas did not come into use till forty years later. Not unusually the New York houses were built with a flat space on the roof, surrounded by a railing, and where the people came out on the house-tops on summer evenings to enjoy the pleasant breeze from the bay.

Our traveler would have visited Philadelphia, the largest city in America, and the capital of the Republic. There he might have seen many evidences of wealth and social refinement. There were to be found noted public men from different parts of the country. The wise and benevolent Franklin lived there. There Congress met, and there Washington dwelt during the greater part of his administrations.

Philadelphia society claimed to lead the fashion in dress and amusements, though New York, Williamsburg, Charleston, and other places disputed this preeminence. Fashionable people frequently gave formal dinner-parties. The lady guests, robed in their stiff brocades, were handed from their coaches and sedans, and daintily stepped to the door of the reception-room. A sedan was a covered chair for carrying a single person, borne on poles in the hands of two men, usually negroes. The dinner consisted of four courses, with abundance of wine. The health of every guest at table had to be drunk separately, at least once during the sitting, as to neglect this compliment was considered a breach of politeness.

After dinner, a game of whist was in order. Smoking was not fashionable, but every gentleman

carried a snuff-box, and the act of offering and receiving a pinch of snuff was performed with profound ceremony.

AN OLD-TIME DANCE.

Dancing was a favorite amusement in all parts of the country. General Greene tells us that, on a certain occasion, George Washington danced for three hours without once sitting down. No doubt the stately Virginian chose to tread the dignified measure of the contra-dance rather than to trip through the lighter movements of the minuet. The quadrilles and round dances of our day were unknown in 1776.

The violin was held in high esteem, especially in the Middle and Southern States. Thomas Jefferson said of Patrick Henry, that "his passion was for fiddling, dancing, and pleasantry." Jefferson was himself famous for attending balls. Once, when he was away from home, his father's house burned down. A slave was sent to tell this bad news to his young master Thomas.

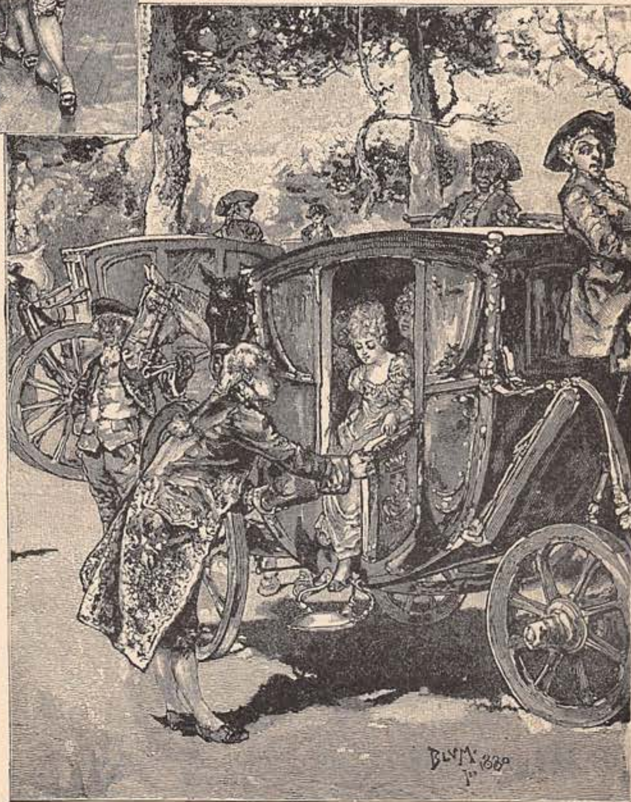
"Did n't you save any of my books?" asked the future author of the Declaration of Independence.

"No, massa," answered the ebony messenger; "but we saved the fiddle!"

It was customary for young ladies to take lessons on the harpsichord or the spinet, as they do nowadays on the piano-forte.

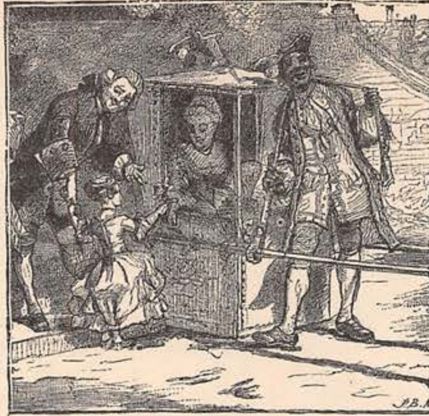
Our traveler, extending his journey to the Southern States, would have found few towns of considerable size, excepting Williamsburg and Richmond, in Virginia, and Charleston, South Carolina. Wealthy planters of cotton and rice owned most of the fertile land. The Fairfax estate, on the Potomac, had five million acres. It was quite an expedition to go from one planter's house to another, for the distance, in some cases, was as much as ten or twelve miles, and the roads were bad. When a visit was undertaken, the great family coach, drawn by four or six horses, driven by a pompous black coachman, conveyed the ladies, while the gentlemen of the party went on horseback. Not unfrequently ladies rode behind gentlemen, mounted on cushions, called pillions; but the more independent of the "fair sex" preferred to manage their own palfrey, and to grace the saddle alone. Colored servants, riding upon mules, jogged after their masters and mistresses, to carry bandboxes and parcels, and to open gates.

Southern estates were distinguished by descriptive names, such as "Mount Vernon," "Monticello," "Ingleside," "The Oaks." Particular mansions were known, also, by romantic titles,—such as "Belvoir," "Liberty Hall," "Greenway Court,"—reminding us of old English manor-houses. Such Southern mansions were large and strongly built, and some of them were costly and elegant. "Drayton Hall," on Ashley River, cost ninety thousand dollars—a vast sum to spend on a house at the period of which I write. "Drayton Hall" is yet standing, a fair specimen of old-fashioned


"THE LADY GUESTS WERE HANDED FROM THEIR COACHES."

architecture. The wainscot and mantels are of solid mahogany. The walls were once hung with tapestry.

The planters, like the English rural gentry, laid off their grounds with terraces, hedges, and ponds; and adorned them with shrubbery, summer-houses, and statuary. Many lived at ease in the midst of plenty. They had much pride, and looked down upon the laboring and trading classes of the North. All their work was done by slaves. The planters' sons were sent to the mother country to be educated. The daughters were instructed by private tutors.



SAYING GOOD-BYE TO THE LADY IN THE SEDAN.

Most fine gentlemen were fond of fine horses and dogs. There is a flavor of romance in the page of history that tells of Washington and his friends dashing through the forests of the Old Dominion, to the music of hound and horn.

The times of which this article treats are often spoken of as the "good old days" of our ancestors; we should be strangely at loss if we had to live in the good old ways of the last century. We should consider it inconvenient enough to do without steam-boat, railroad, telegraph, and daily newspaper, not to mention horse-cars, express companies, letter-carriers, and the telephone.

The farmer of 1776 had no grain-drill, harvester, or threshing-machine; and even his plow, ax, and hay-fork were so rude and clumsy that a modern laborer would laugh at them.

How great, to-day, should we regard the general loss, were the shipper deprived of his grain-elevator; the merchant of his fire-proof safe; the publisher of his revolving press; the surgeon of the use of ether; the physician of vaccination; the cripple of artificial limbs; the writer of envelopes and metallic pens; the ladies of pins, and hooks and eyes; the soldier of his breech-loading gun! All the articles and arts above enumerated, and many more now considered essential to comfort and convenience, are of modern invention. A hundred years ago they did not exist.

THE POET WHO COULD N'T WRITE POETRY.

BY JOEL STACY.

Mr. Tennyson Tinkleton Tupper von Burns
  Was no poet, as every one knew;
But the fact that he had his poetical turns
  Was well understood by a few.

"I long, I aspire, and I suffer and sigh,
  When the fever is on," he confessed;
"Yet never a line have I writ,—and for why?
  My fancies can *not* be expressed!

"Ah, what avail language, ink, paper, and quill,
  When the soul of a gifted one yearns;
Could I write what I think, all creation would
    thrill,"
  Said Tennyson Tupper von Burns.