

sent Mrs. Jones," is, of course, still used, but many persons dispense with it whenever it is possible to do so.

A lady who wished to make two of her friends acquainted with each other, might say, "Mr. A., you know Mr. G., do you not?" or, "Mr. A., I want you to know Mr. G.;" but she would not take one up to the other, if she could avoid doing so.

Gentlemen always shake hands when they are introduced to each other; ladies shake hands or not, according to the circumstances of the case. It is always the lady's privilege to give or to withhold her hand; but most ladies would take a gentleman's hand, where he had extended it through inadvertence, rather than cause him the mortification of perceiving that he had made a mistake. Where two people were introduced who had already a certain interest in each other, they would be very apt to shake hands; thus, a young lady would shake hands if a friend of her brother's were presented to her. Young ladies, however, do not shake hands with gentlemen so often as married ladies do. At a ball, the lady would make a courtesy and the gentleman a bow, when the latter was presented to the former.

A gentleman should never be formally introduced to a lady unless her permission has been asked beforehand. At a ball, however, a wise hostess will first of all ask the gentleman whether he would not like to be presented to the lady in question, since the young men of our day are not always as gallant as they might be, and knowing that a ball-room introduction implies an invitation to dance or to promenade, on their part, they sometimes refuse to be introduced to a strange young lady. A gentleman who knows a young lady quite well, may ask leave to present a friend to her; but he should not do so within hearing of the latter, since a refusal would be mortifying to him. A lady should never refuse such a request unless she have some very strong reason. A husband may always introduce his wife, or a wife her husband, and a mother may introduce her children, without asking permission.

The custom of introducing a new-comer to a roomful of people is rapidly going out of fashion—as it deserves to do. While the intention of the host in such a case is entirely kindly, the result is embarrassing to the victim, who is thus made a target for the eyes of all beholders. A hostess of tact will present one or two people in a quiet way to the new-comer, and take occasion to present others later in the evening.

Informal introductions do not always entail a subsequent acquaintance between the parties. Thus, where two people have merely been introduced to each other in order to avoid awkwardness, and have only exchanged bows, it would not be necessary for them to recognize each other afterward. As has been said above, however, introductions of this sort are not made now as often as formerly.

If a gentleman should meet two ladies in the street, one of whom he did not know, and if he should ask permission to accompany them, it would not be necessary for the lady whom he already knew, to introduce him to her friend. She would probably do so, however, if she had reason to suppose that the introduction would be agreeable to both parties, or if she saw that the situation was becoming an awkward one.

In a word, if one were called upon to give a *résumé* of the present theory of introducing people, it would be something like this. "Do not introduce thoughtlessly or indiscriminately, but introduce people whenever it is necessary to avoid awkwardness or embarrassment, or whenever, in the opinion of the hostess, the laws of hospitality, and the enjoyment of the guests, require that presentations should be made."

FLORENCE HOWE HALL.

## AUNT MEHITABLE'S WINTER IN WASHINGTON.

BY MRS. HARRIET HAZELTON.

WELL, girls, I promised to tell you all about my winter in Washington, or the Federal City, I call it, and I don't see how anybody can call it anything else, seem' as General Washin'ton himself called it so.

You know your Uncle 'Siah had got rich on our great valley farm, and had give the boys good schoolin'; and Nat, he'd got along so as to be 'lected to Congress. And after coaxin' me for two or three year, and sayin' as I'd worked so hard when I was young (and that was all true), and ought to have some rest, and see a little o' the world now, at last I agreed to go. So we got Miss Jinkens out from Petersburg, and 'Siah he bought me a black silk dress, and a alpaccy, and a brown moreen, and a fine shawl, and a black velvet bonnit, all fussed up with bows and a feather, and a great lot of other things to go with 'em. Miss Jinkens, she made 'em up real smart, and along about the first days o' December we drove to the station, and got in the cars, and started.

You know, girls, I'd never travelled so before, and I felt a little quare at first like; but when I seen everybody else laughin' and talkin' away, I come to the conclusion fiat it was all right. The furthest I'd ever been from home before was over the Shana'doahs to your Uncle Lishe's. That took us two days in the old carriage, and I thought it was a dreadful long ways. And here we went twenty mile or more every hour, and instead o' bumpin' around, fust this way and then that, over the rocks we went just as reg'lar, "thumpity thump," "thumpity thump," and hardly any bumpin' about it. After I got tired watchin' the people, I got to sayin' over things to myself, and listenin' to the way the clackin' o' the cars said it after me, "Goin' from home," "Goin' from home;" "Never get back," "Never get back;" "Run off the track," "Run off the track," and so on, till I got so frightened in my mind that I had to talk to 'Siah to cheer myself up a little. Of course, I couldn't let him know how silly I was—me, that had raised a family.

In a very few hours we come to the great wide river that looked like the sea, and then the cars went on to something, and the first thing I knowed we was in the middle of the river; and, lookin' off to the right, I seen a great white castle in the air, for all the world like a huge soap-bubble, and husband said it was the Capitol. But I thought of the "Castle Beautiful" in the Pilgrim's Progress, and of the "mansions in the skies," and the "great white throne" in the Revelations. You don't know how quare I felt. It was a'most like

dyin', and wakin' up in heaven, I thought, but, of course, didn't say so, for men, you know, laugh at sich conceits.

Well, we stopped somewhere in the city, and got out o' the cars, and there was hundreds o' the finest carriages, with the drivers all yellin' out at us to take *his* carriage to this place, that place, and t'other place. Your Uncle 'Siah had been there before, and knowed all about it. If I'd been alone, it would a-set me crazy, and I'd a-said "Yes" to the whole lot, and then I guess they'd a-tore me to pieces, so's each have his share. We took one, and I tell you it was nice and soft and springy—a heap nicer'n Judge Allen's, over at Petersburg. 'Siah says "Willard's," and away we went, with our big new trunk in front of the carriage.

When we got to our room at Willard's, things was all so fine I was afraid to use 'em. But 'Siah, he says, "We pay a big price, so make yourself at home." The carpet was flowered velvet, the tables were covered with white marble, and the wash-basin had a place over it to draw the water—hot in one side, and cold in the other. If we only had sich conveniences for washin' clothes here at home, girls, how little trouble it would be! The wall was papered with gold, and the bed was very fine lookin', but not half as comfortable as our feather beds at home. 'Siah said I must put on my silk dress to go to dinner.

"Dinner this time o' day?" says I.

And he said, "Yes, they never have dinner here till after five o'clock."

"Well, I declare! I guess I'll starve, then."

"Oh, no! they'll give us luncheon at twelve," he said.

"Luncheon! that means a snak, I s'pose," says I.

"Yes, but, Hitty, you must be a little quiet about our country ways o' talkin'," says 'Siah. "Jest speak out, sensible like, when strangers speak to you; but if they don't, it's best to say little. If I don't understand a thing, I jest watch, quiet like, till I do."

I agreed to take his advice, and we went down to dinner. I was a little afraid o' spillin' my silk dress by eatin' in it, but they had big napkins, and I got along very well, only I didn't like to have my plate changed so often, as I was dreadful hungry. The table was waited on by men, and they was dressed finer than any of our country boys dress to go to a weddin'. But I got along very well after the first meal. A body can git used to anything.

Next mornin' 'Siah asked me where I'd go first, and I said to Congress, of course. I forgot to say that our Nat was at Willard's, too; but he was too busy with his committee work to go with us much; but he asked a lady-friend of his'n to go with us sight-seein'. She was a very pretty and nice-behaved young

widder, Miss Rankin. We went in the street cars, and we found that Congress was held in the great white Capitol I seen from the river. And I found that it was all of solid marble, and a thousand times finer than I thought it was when I seen it at a distance.

On the great middle porch was two large "groops of statuary," they call 'em. This means men and women cut out of stone, as nateral as life, only a great deal bigger. One of these is Daniel Boone, the great Injun hunter of Kentucky, catchin' and holdin' an Injun that was jest goin' to tomahawk a little baby. The mother is crouchin' down, the very pictur' of misery and fear. The other is Columbus, him that discovered America; but what they mean by makin' him with a ball in his hand, ready to throw at somebody or something, I don't know. I asked Miss Rankin, and she said that some folks thought he was goin' to play ball with the big statue of Washin'ton in the park near by. But I said I didn't believe any sich a thing. Ginerol Washin'ton wouldn't a-played ball after he got that old, even if Columbus had a-wanted him to. And right here I'll tell you that when I went to see that statue next day, it hadn't a bit o' clothes on it, only a blanket spread over his knees as he was settin' in his chair. Miss Rankin asked me how I liked it. I told her I didn't like it at all. And she said, no more did she; but Mr. Curtis, of *Harper's Magazine*, said it was a'most the only one we had worth lookin' at. Well, I told her I didn't know much about sich things; but I knowed what I liked. And then she told me that my son said his mother was a woman of the finest sense, though she hadn't had the advantages of eddication; and she would really like to hear my opinion of the statue.

"Well, Miss Rankin," says I, "you shall hear it. I like the face and head very well; but if folks want to make men in stone, for us to remember 'em by, I think they ought to make 'em look as much like they was in life as possible. Do you think Ginerol Washin'ton ever stripped himself, and folded a bed-quilt over his lap, and set down for people to look at him?"

She laughed, and said, "No, she guessed not." And I spoke of the hall where they keep the statues of Lincoln, and Hamilton, and other great men, and told her I thought they looked somethin' like; they was dressed as they was when they lived among us.

And I do think it very fine to have these all standin' there—these men that had so much influence when they lived. I should think that the Congressmen that pass through that hall would never dare to do anything low or dishonorable. I'm sure I couldn't, with them pale faces lookin' at me, like the faces of the dead.

Well, girls, I could talk all the evenin' about them statues. Hamilton, with his fine face and

his old style clothes, every wrinkle in the right place, and the very stretchy look of his silk stockin's carved in the marble, natural as life. You see I know all about that style of dress; for gran'father never would dress any other way. They are all good, but that one is surely the best.

But I must tell you about the Rotunder. This is the first room we pass through. It is a grand place, yet don't look comfortable. In fact, it's a kind of hall; but never in all your lives did you dream of sich a hall. It's round, like a haystack, and the ceilin's shaped a little like the top of a haystack; but, dear me, you could put all the hay in the Shana'doah in it, and then it wouldn't be half full. Away up, higher'n any pine on the mountain is the ceilin', all painted with naked angels and babies, and clouds, and harps. I don't know what it's all for, but I'd hate to have them naked figgers in a house o' mine. They say there's stairs leadin' up to 'em, and when you're near, they look like giants, but I guess I never could climb that high now. If I'd been young like you I'd a tried it though. All the side walls, or rather the whole round wall, is covered with picturs—each one bigger'n the side of our room, and the people in 'em as large as life. "The Baptism of Pocahontas," is a beautiful picture. The sweet face of that Injun girl will always stay in my memory. And you know, girls, that anybody in Virginny that can possibly claim to be a kin to her is proud to do it. I got Miss Rankin to write me down the names o' the painters and picturs. This one was done by Mister Chapman, and he must 'a understood his business. "The Pilgrims in the Speedwell," by Mister Weir, is just as good. Rose Standish's face is like our Annie's was when she was a girl, and everybody knows she was as pretty as a pictur; and the striped satin of her dress shines and glimmers just as if the elegant goods was held up before you. Then there's the "Landin' of Columbus," that we see on some of the greenbacks, by Vanderlyn; the "Discovery of the Mississippi," by Powell, both of them very fine—finer than anything you ever saw. But the four old picturs they made first, about "Washin'ton givin' up his Commission," and the "Declaration of Independence," and the "Surrender of Burgoyne" and "Cornwallis," I don't like much. I guess they was good in their day, but the painter has made the faces all too much alike. One man's face is just like another's. I told Miss Rankin what I thought of 'em, and she said I wasn't the first one that thought so. Some Injuns one day was lookin' at 'em when somebody asked an old chief how he liked 'em. The old red-skin shook his head and answered: "Too much Washin'ton!"

We went from the Rotunder to the "Old Hall," they call it, where they keep the statues. This is where Congress used to meet. It is

half-round at one side, "simmi-circler," they call it, and there's great columns rangin' around the sides. They're made of the quarest stone or marble. It looks as if tons of pebbles, of all sizes and colors, had been poured into some melted stuff, and then growed hard, so's to be polished. There's several places in the marble that looks like faces.

Here is the statue of Lincoln, by Vinnie Ream. When it was first made all the papers in the country poured out their abuse on her; just because some jealous man or men started it—somebody that thought they ought to have got the job. They say she's done better things since; and now that she's got to goin' up hill, folks have got to saying mighty nice things about her; and some of the best folks in the city visit her and ask her to their homes. Poor little girl! It a'most made me cry when Miss Rankin told me what wicked things they said about her. And this, too, when Miss Rankin said she never went any place or saw any company without havin' her mother or sister with her. And she says that even when she went to Europe, she took her mother along; and that she helps her own people with her money. So I guess she's a good deal better'n a great many that talked about her.

They say that *now* when Vinnie Ream goes to a reception or evening party, everybody is askin' for an introduction; and the little girl's just as pleasant to all as if she'd always been well treated. Miss Rankin said there was a self-conceited young puppy a year or so ago that read a lecture on art—part of which he stole, if not all—and he was so mean and cowardly as to fling his foul mud at the little woman's name, just because she wasn't there, and he knowed it. If she'd a been a big man, strong enough to horsewhip him, he wouldn't a-dared to do it, of course. They say the other statue makers hang around Congress and ask for jobs, and then, when a woman does it, and *gits* the job, they cast their dirty slanders after her. I say if a woman can do a thing as well as a man, she ought to be allowed to do it, and be treated with respect. Miss Rankin told me of a Miss Bonn Hérr, a French woman, that makes mints o' money just paintin' horses and cattle. She makes 'em look a'most like they was alive. And all the great people go to see her and pay huge prices for her picturs. I don't believe in women votin' or dirtyin' themselves up mixin' in politics and 'lections, but if God gives 'em the power to make statues or paint picturs, I say let 'em do it, just as much as men. I don't believe a woman was ever intended to make machines or run factories, but I've always noticed that if anything is wanted to *look* pretty and tasteful like, they always call on a woman to do it. And so I believe they can paint *better* 'n men if they only find it out once. But I've talked the whole evenin' and ain't begun yit. When you want to hear more just let me know.

\*Rosa Bonheur - Ed.

## AUNT MEHITABLE'S WINTER IN WASHINGTON.

BY MRS. HARRIET HAZELTON.

### TENTH PAPER.

WELL, girls, I'm a'most through with my last winter and spring's visit to the Capitol. If I go there next winter I reckon I'll write an' tell you all about the fashionable doin's. An' it runs in my mind pretty strong that our Nat 'll be a-gittin' married some time next season. I couldn't help seein' how much he thought o' her, an' I reckon the best of 'em all would take Nat for the askin'. Leastways, I think they might be glad to git him; and I know Miss Rankin likes him very much, though she ain't like some widders I've seen, a-flirtin' an' tryin' to act like a young girl all the time. If she was, I know Nat wouldn't like her. He never could bear a flirt sence he was a very young man, an' that Arethuse Simpkins down to Petersburg jilted him. Poor boy! he thought then that he never would be happy ag'in. But, laws a massy! gracious me! if he'd a married her, where do you think he'd a been now? Don't know? Well, I can tell you. Just out in the field a-hoin' an' a-plowin', in his unbleached shirtsleeves, an' coarse butternut pants, an' stogy shoes, all covered with mud. Then at home would 'a been a coarse, slattern of a woman, an' four or five dirty tow-headed children, with no books or flowers or any nice, tasteful things around. When a man marries so young he don't know his own mind, and then, if his wife ain't what he expected she was, he gives up a tryin' to be anything. Why, it just wouldn't 'a been our Nat at all as he is now. No, after that trouble (as he thought it was then, and for which he thanks the Lord now), he drooped a little while, an' then after a good talk with me one day, he straightened up an' went to work, an' after a while went to college with what he'd made an' what 'Slah could do to help him; for we wasn't as rich then as we are now. An' so he graduated, an' see where he is now! An' when de *does* marry, you may be sure he won't lower himself, after all the experience he's had! An' that's a great comfort to me. I always knowed that Nat was as smart as anybody's son, no matter whose. But—if he'd 'a married that Arethuse, nobody'd ever 'a heard of him!

Well, we only had a few more days to stay, an' so we was out in the carriage every day. Our next drive was to Soldiers' Home, the loveliest place, all full o' fine drives, miles on miles; an' the cunnin'est fittle lakes, with willer trees growin' around 'em; an' patches o' woods, with little branches and bridges; an' clumps an' old roots, turned up, an' the honey-suckles a-runnin' all over 'em; an' the finest trees, in the Corcoran part o' the grounds, brought from foreign countries, an' costin'

mints o' money. In one wild nook o' woods there's a thicket of underbrush, an' a spring o' cold water, with a great chestnut tree nigh it, where Nat and his friends went for a picnic last year; an' up on the hill in another grove o' trees is a pretty little church. Then there's summer-houses, an' all kinds o' pretty seats in out-o'-the-way lookin' places; an' there's the old soldiers—here, there, an' everywhere, a lookin' as happy an' bright as possible—all dressed in the old army blue. Some was at work about the flowers, an' some o' the weakest an' oldest settin' around in the nice seats a-sunnin' themselves, an' enjoyin' the trees an' flowers. An', speakin' o' flowers, you never seen such lovely ones. An' so many o' 'em, too, while every walk is kept just as clean as our kitchen floor of a Saturday night; an' every border's trimmed an' kept in apple-pie order.

Nat says I just ought to see Soldiers' Home in October, when the woods is a-changin' color; that it's perfectly grand. He knows how I love the autumn woods. We looked through the houses at the Home: one's where Mr. an' Miss Lincoln used to pass their summers—when everybody that *was* anybody wasn't obleeged to go to a fashionable waterin'-place. Then we went up into the tower, where I seen the finest view in the world, a'most; leastways, it appeared so to me. On the north was the beautiful hills an' valleys, all rich in farms an' fine old houses; on the east was the same, with a part o' the city an' Kendall Green, with the Deaf and Dumb Asylum near it; southeast was the grand old Capitol, the Eastern Branch an' the Anacosty hills; an' away off, miles and miles, south and southwest was Alexandry, an' Fort Washin'ton, an' Arlington, an' the wide river shinin' like a smooth sea, with the great city between, an' the lovely grounds at our feet. Oh, it's wonderful! an' I do hope you'll all git to see it some day. It minded me o' the Arcady that Nat read to me about once; or the Beulah land; or the new heaven an' new earth in the Revelations; for it seemed to take in the heavens an' the earth both, an' everything was perfect. The sun was a-gittin' low in the west, an' the whole sky was one blaze o' light, with clouds o' purple, an' red an' gold; an' there was a kind o' haze in the air that made the distant town look like the enchanted city in little Arthur's fairy book. Oh, I think if Paradise is any brighter or lovelier than that scene was that day I don't know how we'll ever be able to bear the sight! The western part o' the city, and the heights o' Georgetown was very beautiful too; so there was no end to the beauty o' the view.

We stopped an' talked to several o' the old soldiers, and found they was all proud o' their home, as they have a good right to be. General Scott's the one that set it a-goin', an' each soldier in the reg'lar army has to give a little

mite every year, an' that keeps it up. One o' the old fellers we talked to was in the war of 1812. He's very old, of course. Several was wounded in Mexico in 1848—an' one poor man that wasn't old at all, an' looked in pretty good health, went around in a little wagon that he worked with his hands, and when we asked him what was the matter, said he had his feet both froze off when he was a-soldierin' in the Northwest. He was in the reg'lar army, of course, an' was stationed at one of our forts. How sorry I was for him, an' yet how glad that he had such a nice place provided for him. A-plenty of everything comfortable, with a beautiful home to live in; an' plenty o' books, with the sunniest or shadiest places to wheel himself into to read. It might be worse, though it's bad enough, dear knows, when a man's lost both his feet.

It was late when we got home to dinner. Next day we drove out the same road to the old Rock Creek Church. It's a fine old place, all the trees bein' left a-growin' as God made 'em; an' grand trees they are, too. All through the graveyard they let 'em stand; an' it's pleasant to think o' the dead a-lyin' there, with the birds singin' above 'em all the spring and summer, an' the leaves a-fallin' over 'em in the autumn like a coverlet—leaves of red an' gold an' brown, all mingled together above their sleepin' forms, as they did once above the lost Babes in the Wood. One o' the trees just in front o' the church is the finest old oak I ever seen. There ain't one like it in our whole valley, from one end to the other. An' if there's one thing in the world that minds me of a strong, brave man, it's a great oak tree; an' this one looks as old as Methusalem, with its gnarly old arms a-reachin' out, like they grewed there on purpose to protect the church. Under the tree an' all over the front yard it's one great bed o' myrtle a foot deep, with its blossoms a-peepin' up from the glossy green bed, like a thousand bright blue eyes.

The church is built o' bricks brought from England, some dark an' some light, an' it's a hundred year old. It's always been attended by the old families in the country around; an' considerin' the war an' all its changes, it's wonderful how many o' these have kept their old homes.

In the church-yard here there's a good show o' fine old family tombstones; but we noticed partic'larly a small, square stone, ready to put up, an' marked with the name o' General Ketcham, the man that was supposed to be pizoned by Miss Wharton in Baltimore. Nat had sent me all the papers at the time o' the trial, an' I'd read the whole thing through, so I felt very strange a-standin' over his grave. An' I thought that, very likely, the whole truth of this thing would never be found out till the great day that will open out the se-

crets of all hearts. The ginerals' wife died first, an' is buried by his side.

From there we drove out to Fort Stevens, where there was busy times durin' the war. Now it's levelled down on the top, an' a handsome little 'Piscopal church, of rough gray stone, built there. It shows for miles around. Away off, in every direction from this fort, the old country houses may be seen, many of 'em very grand old places. "Bleak House," Mr. Shepherd's country place, stands on a hill, an' is seen for miles around, lookin' bleak enough in the distance, but very nice when you reach it. It's named after the house in one o' Dickens's books; maybe you remember. It's the one with Lady Dedlock, an' Jarndice an' Jarndice, an' little Miss Flite, in it. Then we come home across Rock Creek, a lovely little stream, as pretty as our own river, only it lacks the mountains; an' then through the pretty little village o' Mount Pleasant, an' back to the hotel. I'd like to tell you more about Rock Creek, an' Pierce's Mill, an' Mount Pleasant, an' other places we drove to next day. But I reckon I won't have time. I'll only say about this creek that it runs on, dashin' over rocks, an' through wild woods, around by Georgetown, an' then into the Potomac; an' that some o' the levellest places may be found everywhere along the stream. Painters go out every summer to make pleters from these little spots, an' some of 'em's very fine.

I'd been so long at the hotel that I'd got to feelin' pretty much at home there; an' when I went to bid my friends good-by, I really hated to go. But I knowed the folks at home was a-gittin' tired o' doin' without me, an' the spring was come, an' I began to pine for my dear old home, an' for 'Siah, an' I longed to see the young chickens an' ducks, an' the lambs an' calves, an' the old mountains, as well as the children an' neighbors.

So one mornin' early we started for home, Nat an' me. The last sight o' the Capitol from the Long Bridge made me choke a'most, thinkin' I might never see it agin. But that, an' Arlington, an' the dear old river, was soon gone, an' on I went home, clickity-clack, clickity-clack, thumpity-bump, thumpity-bump, an' the nearer home I got, the more nervous I growed, for fear 'Siah might be dead, or Annie, or the baby, or somebody else. But at last we reached the station, an' there, sure enough, was our own old rusty carriage (an' how rusty it did look, to be sure!), an' 'Siah himself a-waitin' for me. I was powerful glad to see him, but couldn't help a-noticin' how rough he looked, and how careless he was dressed. I asked him why he didn't fix up more, an' he says, "Highly-tighty, Hitty! ain't I good enough for you an' Nat in my work-a-day clothes? I reckon you'd better go back to Washin'ton, hadn't you?" But his eyes twinkled when he said it, for he seen plain

enough how glad I was to see him. An' when we got to the old house again, an' Pete an' Annie run out with the baby, an' Mose an' Kitty, an' you, girls, an' even old Towser, you'd better believe I was glad! But, my! how squatty the house looked! an' how low our rooms was! an' how rough the walls seemed! an' how coarse my new rag carpet, that I was so proud of before I went away! But all this come right in a few days, an' I felt as if I never could git tired o' lookin' at the mountains. They never had seemed so grand-like to me before. An', though I knowed it was a long an' rough road to git out from among 'em, I appeared, somehow, to have more room, more breathin' space, than I'd had all winter. I never rested till I'd been to the sugar tree grove by the river, an' to the big iron spring an' the little sulphur one, an' all the nice places I'd been used to all my life. I never knowed how much I cared for 'em before. An' right here I'll say that I do think it's a good thing for everybody to go away from home once in a while. They'll never know how dear it is till they do. Here I'd been more'n thirty year on this farm, an' never away more'n three days at a time in my life. An' when I did go, it took two days out of the three to go over the mountain an' back, so it was only one day's visit after all, an' me a great sight too tired to enjoy that a mite. This time I'd been gone—let me see—December, Jenooary, Febooary, March, April, an' a good part o' May—almost six months! Well, nobody but Nat ever could a-kept me that long from home. Still, I enjoyed it all; but I enjoyed comin' home as much as any of it. Annie had kept the house in prime order (so much for teachin' her right when she was a girl), an' I didn't have any worry at all, like most women do that's been away so long. An' I declare that the second afternoon, as I was a-settin' all alone in my room (for Nat was gone to see some o' the neighbor boys, an' all the others was at work), when a great pile o' clouds riz over the mountain, an' then rolled up an' spread out above us, with the sun a-gleamin' through the rifts; an' when the rain come down, soft-like, and thin, at the first, makin' the mountain look like it wore a gauze veil over its dear old face, but fairly pourin' down after a while, hidin' it altogether; an' when it broke away, an' all was lit up agin in the evenin' sunlight, an' the fogs rose up from the clefts of the mountains, an' chased each other like huge flyin' swans up the river, then I felt a'most like shoutin' with joy that I was once more in my mountain home! Oh, girls! it don't make no difference about bein' old, if the good God leaves us our eyes. We can always find somethin' to make us happy in this world, providin' we have a cheerful spirit an' a hopeful disposition, which I thank Him for to-day. An' I never knowed how much I

really had to enjoy in this quiet valley in the mountains till I'd been away from it so long. An' there's no danger in life of me ever spendin' the *summers* away from my dear old home.

MAN is a sort of tree which we are too apt to judge of by the bark.

SUPPOSED CHARMS AGAINST EVIL. — Amongst other charms against evil may be named that of our ancestors, who, when eating eggs, were careful to break the shells, lest the witches should use them to their disadvantage. We do the same for a similar reason; it is accounted unlucky to leave them whole. They avoided cutting their nails on Friday, because bad luck would follow; but we have improved upon their practice, and lay down the whole theory as follows:—

“Cut your nails on Monday, cut them for news;  
Cut them on Tuesday, a new pair of shoes;  
Cut them on Wednesday, cut them for health;  
Cut them on Thursday, cut them for wealth;  
Cut them on Friday, cut them for woe;  
Cut them on Saturday, a journey you'll go;  
Cut them on Sunday, you'll cut them for evil,  
For all the next week you'll be ruled by the devil.”

Most grandmothers will exclaim “God bless you!” when they hear a child sneeze, and they sum up the philosophy of the subject with the following lines, which used to delight the writer in days of his childhood:—

“Sneeze on a Monday, you sneeze for danger;  
Sneeze on a Tuesday, you kiss a stranger;  
Sneeze on a Wednesday, you sneeze for a letter;  
Sneeze on a Thursday, for something better;  
Sneeze on a Friday, you sneeze for sorrow;  
Sneeze on a Saturday, your sweetheart to-morrow;  
Sneeze on a Sunday, your safety seek,  
The devil will have you the whole of the week;”

These lines may be taken either as charms or spells to produce the effect predicted, or as omens of warnings of the results to follow. In most parts of Lancashire it is customary for children to repeat the following invocation every evening on going to bed, after saying the Lord's Prayer and the Apostles' Creed:—

“Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,  
Bless the bed that I lie on;  
There are four corners to my bed,  
And four angels overspread,  
Two at the feet, two at the head.  
If any ill thing me betide,  
Beneath your wings my body hide,  
Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,  
Bless the bed that I lie on. Amen.”



## AUNT MEHITABLE'S WINTER IN WASHINGTON.

BY MRS. HARRIET HAZELTON.

### SECOND PAPER.

WHY, girls, if I go to talkin' ag'in about Vinnie Ream I'll never git you into Congress. You only want to know if Miss Rankin thought Lincoln's statue a good one? Yes, she liked it very much—especially the face. She says Mr. Lincoln always had that sorrowful, pityin' kind of a look when he wasn't a-talkin'. She thought he felt more badly over the misfortunes of the Southern people than any one could imagine. He was obliged to do the best he could to git through with the war accordin' to his own sense of right; but she was sure he suffered intensely over the misery it brought on to the people. As I said, she liked the statue in the face and position, but she thought it didn't give the right idee of the form. The limbs look too short and thick. She says he was the longest and leanest lookin' man she ever seen.

But we must quit talkin' of statues, or we'll never git to anything else. We walked through the grandest hall, with the floor made of square pieces of Chany, all cemented together (I forgit the name of the work), and with figgers of little naked boys, as big as Annie's baby, and with flowers and harps and a great many things. It must be as hard as steel, for all the walkin' over it for many years hasn't took off a bit of the gloss. The walls was painted in gold and in fine colors, and the ceilin's the same, with the finest chandelieriers, a great sight bigger'n them at Willard's. We went up the stairs—they was as wide as this room, and made of brown marble from Tennessee. It was grand, I tell you. Miss Rankin asked me, with a smile, what I thought of it, and I told her it was just like Castile soap. And so it is, with a deal of polish, and as hard as anything can be. I'd rather have a house of this than the white marble. *That* always makes me think of gravestones.

But the pictur at the head of them stairs—it's wonderful, I tell you! It's as big as the side of our house, and the mountain in it's as rough and rocky as "Old North." Then the view from the top is 'most as grand as it is from Big Branch Mountain, lookin' away off towards sunset over mountain top and valley, till you almost think you can see right into heaven. And then, girls, them people! I've seen every one of 'em. There's a woman on the rocks with a baby in her lap, and she looks for all the world like Abe Lawson's wife—all wore-out like—and as if nothin' on earth ever could make her glad; and her features was all reg'lar, like she'd been a pretty girl once, poor thing! There was a man with long red hair and whiskers—the very pictur of Ike Sanders

—it couldn't be more like him if he'd 'a set for it. Then there was our black Jake, and Ned Stevens, and little Tom, and Jerusha Styles, and Aunt Hanner Blythe, and a dozen more I could find likenesses for if I had the pictur here—all a-goin' West, in all sorts of wagons, and on hossback and muleback, with the dogs and cows a-follerin'. I tell you it's fine, and as large as life too. Who painted it? Well, I'll tell you in a minute, for I set all them things down. Here it is: Mr. Léutzé—pronounced, Miss Rankin says, Léghtzy, and he's dead, poor man! but this work of his hands'll live as long as the old Capitol stands, I reckon.

Well, we walked through another hall, as fine as the first one, and opened a door all covered with green baize, and there we was, in the gallery of Congress. I tell you, it took my breath away to see the size of that room. Why, it's a' most as big as our barn lot; and I kept a wonderin' how such a place could be built by such little bein's as men; and how ever the ceilin' could be kept in its place with nothin' to hold it up. We was in nice seats that rose like steps all around, and the Congressmen was all down in the big, square room below. Overhead was great squares of painted glass, and on one of 'em Miss Rankin showed me the seal of Virginny. I asked her where Nat set in Congress, and she said he wasn't in his seat just then. After awhile I seen him a walkin' down one of the passages, just as nateral like as if he'd a-been raised there; and I tell you, girls, it *did* make me proud to think that my boy, that I'd brought up from a baby, had got to be a member o' Congress. I wasn't so proud after awhile—but I'll say nothin' o' that *now*. The noise and talkin' below, and the lookin' down at so many people, made my head swim. Miss Rankin took the trouble to p'int out to me the men I'd heard the most about. Of course Ben Butler was the first one. I'd always heard he was very ugly, but, girls, not even old Bob Powers can hold a candle to him! Miss Rankin give me her operer-glasses, and when I'd got a good look I told her "I didn't want to look at *him* any more; please show me a good-lookin' man." She laughed and said they wasn't so very plentiful in Congress; there was General Banks just risin' up—what did I think of him? I told her he was a fine-lookin' man, and a gentleman, too, Nat said, if he did fight ag'in us. Mr. Blaine, the Speaker, ain't very handsome, but a white-haired one they call Judge Poland is. I'm surprised to see so many fine-lookin' old men in Washin'ton. They're nearly all fine lookin'. I wonder if our old men wouldn't be so too, if they'd spruce up and wear nice clothes and keep their faces shaved all the time, and their hair trimmed? I do believe they would, but I never thought of it before. And, girls, the old ladies there dress smart, and curl their white hair, and wear pretty bonnets, just as well as

the young ones ; and you 've no idee how pretty they are. And you don't see any snaggle-teeth women in Washin'ton. When their teeth git bad they just have 'em out and new ones put in ; and if there 's one thing more than another that makes a woman look well it 's havin' nice teeth. Besides she 's done with the dreadful sufferin' with toothache and neuralgia. I wouldn't 'a gone to Washin'ton with my teeth lookin' like they used to for a thousand dollars ; and if it hadn't 'a-been for Nat I'd never 'a-thought much about it. But he says now that his mother's a handsomer woman than Senator This-one's wife, or Secretary That-one's, of course just to flatter me.

But I was speakin' of Congress. While we was still a-lookin' a man walked out in front of the Speaker's desk, and raised up his hands. In a single minute everybody was still. The hats come from every head, and the preacher (he 's the chaplain) offered prayer to God. I tell you, girls, though I've heard a great deal since to shake my faith, I still believe that there 's no danger to this Government as long as the name of God is treated with such reverence. As long as they open Congress with prayer, and ask the blessin' of Heaven on their labors, it 'll all come out right. Miss Rankin says that some of the societies in our country are trying to put down the Bible influence in all public assemblies ; but she thinks like me, that as long as they hold fast to that (not a Methodist Bible, nor a Prisyterian Bible, but a Bible for every one to study for himself), there 'll be no danger of our Government goin' to pieces. For even if they *do* doubt some of the Old Testament's books bein' from God, there never was such a code of morals as Christ gives us in the New ; and if they want to stand before the world as an example for other nations, let 'em stick to their sheet-anchor.

After the prayer the Clerk read over what was done the day before, and then they all went to work ; and such a buzzin' and a jabberin' you never did hear in your life. It was like a school-house full o' boys all studyin' aloud ; or like a hive o' bees swarmin' in and out o' the hive, makin' a body wonder if they *could* know what they was a-doin', yet every single one knowin' very well what he was about. I don't know what they done, but Mr. Randall got up and said somethin', and Mr. Dawes got up and replied, and Mr. Cox replied to him, and General Garfield said somethin' back, and so it went on. Miss Rankin says she amuses herself by watchin' 'em for awhile, and then goes home and reads the papers to see what they 've done. Across from us, in the foreigner's gallery, was Mrs. Blaine, the Speaker's wife, and a few of the foreigners and their wives. There was two of the gentlemen from Japan, that looked like a cross between Injuns and mulattoes.

We staid in the House till we got tired, and then went to the Senate. Here it was so still

and quiet-like that it seemed we had got to another world. Every man took plenty o' time to say what he wanted to, and everything seemed to run orderly-like. It wasn't because the men was all so old neither, for a good many of 'em ain't. I s'pose it 's the dignity that does it. I saw Sumner, and Morton, and Trumbull, and Pomeroy, and Conklin'—my sakes ! what a vain-lookin' one he is ! He looks like he was a-sayin' to himself, "Look, ladies, an' see a handsome man while you can !" You know, girls, how I always notice our animals on the farm, and how I often say, Mr. So-and-so looks like this one, and Mrs. So-and-so like that one. I never did see anybody that didn't mind me of some of our creeters—horses, cattle, sheep, or dogs. Now, Nat, he 's been a-tellin' Miss Rankin of this way o' mine, and she insisted that I must make "a few of my comparisons," as she called 'em. So to please her I done so. I said that Sumner looked like a sober old oxen, who'd worked all his life, and had got so used to work that he had no time for friskin' about with the young calves. Morton looked like a mastiff or bull-dog, that was always on the watch. Trumbull was like a race-horse—sharp, keen, and lively, and ready to take a chance with any one that come along. And Conklin' was like Miss Judge Allen's lap-dog, only he wanted a blue ribbon around his neck. She laughed dreadfully over this, and then asked me what Ben Butler was like. And I told her that I never seen any animal to compare him with, but that Fernando Wood minded me of a snake.

We went back to Willard's on the F Street cars, and on the way passed by another statue of Lincoln. No wonder people talk so much about statues, for they 're always seein' 'em. Miss Rankin says this one's form is more like Mr. Lincoln's than Vinnie Ream's was. She says, too, that when this one was first made, hundred of little barkin' critics went at it with their noisy tongues ; but everybody that knowed Lincoln, knows it looks like him. There 's so many folks, girls, that don't know anything themselves, but think if they pitch into them that do, it will make them seem wise. We see 'em here in Virginy, and they have 'em in Washington and New York, and everywhere else, I reckon. I thought the statue looked fine, standin' so high above the street, and lookin' towards the Capitol, as if, though dead, he was still a-guardin' over the interests of the country. Since I've got to know more about him, I think he was a good man, and if he 'd a-lived through his second term of office, it might a-been better for the country, maybe.

Well, that evenin' we went into the parlor, and Nat got off from his committee and passed the evenin' with us. He introduced a half-dozen or so of his friends, and told 'em all about our country life in the Valley, and told



stories of our little darkies, and of the girls up in the hills, till everybody was a'most dead a-laughin'. He talked just as nateral-like as if he'd been at home with the Virginny folks, and wasn't a member of Congress at all. I tell *you*, girls, Nat's true grit, and I'd say it just the same if he was anybody else's boy.

Next day Miss Rankin went with 'Siah and me to the Patent Office. That's the second place folks visit when they go to Washin'ton, they say. It's the plainest and at the same time the most beautiful buildin' I ever seen. Miss Rankin told me what old temple the fronts was copied from, for it has four fronts all alike. I'll have to look at my memorandum book. Here it is—"The Parthenon at Athens, said to be the most beautiful of all the ancient temples." It's all of white marble, and we went up the grandest steps to go into it—a'most as large as them at the Capitol. After we was in, we went up another flight of stairs into the great hall where they keep the curiosities and patent machines. There was never a machine made in our land that you can't find here; only these are all little tiny ones. There's our mowin' machine and thrasher, and wheat drill, just like our'n, and all the others I ever seen.

It's a mighty long hall, runnin' all around the sides of the buildin', and it's all painted in pink and blue (*fresco*, I believe they call it); and, girls, there never was anything made that you can't find there. But what pleased me most was the old Chaney dishes that Washin'ton used on his table. It's the old-fashioned blue and white that all the old people had when I was young. And I mind very well how the old ladies, after takin' two or three cups o' tea, would let themselves be coaxed into handin' back their cups once more, but would insist on havin' it only filled "up to the blue." That would a-been about half full, but you know folks in the country always give you more than you ask for, so they filled the cups even then a sight fuller 'n they do the first one at a hotel. Nat says the town folks don't think it polite to fill your cup very full, or to insist on your eatin' any more. But I was talkin' of the Chaney. There was a great case full of fine Chaney from Japan, very curious and costly; but that old cracked bowl, and the plates, and cups, and saucers of Washin'ton was what made me feel quare. I've got one of the old Liverpool blue and white plates of my grandmother's—one of the willer pattern (I guess you've seen it) and now if I only had one of them of Washin'ton's I'd be satisfied.

They had under a glass a few spears o' hair in a bunch, and several bunches of 'em called the hair of the Presidents. It would be hard to tell the color of any of 'em, there's so little in a bunch. Miss Rankin says that Fanny Fern wrote a cute little piece about these very

hairs. Then there's swords, all set with diamonds, and gold-headed canes, and Washin'ton's hat, and coat, and pants, and a thousand other things. Speakin' of Washin'ton's clothes 'minds me of somethin' Miss Rankin told me. She said that some waggish feller, with more wit than reverence, said that he thought the naked statue of Washin'ton east of the Capitol was p'intin', with his hand raised, towards the Patent Office, where his clothes was kept, and intimatin' that he'd like to have 'em on. It seems strange to think of folks jokin' about these things, when we country folks look up to 'em with such admiration-like. But I guess it's about the same with the city folks when they first see our mountains. They are praisin' 'em all the time, while we, bein' used to 'em, think very little about 'em.

The next day being Sunday, we went to meetin' to the Metropolitan Church, where the President attends, and where strangers always go. It's a fine church, that's sure, and I liked the preachin', though it wasn't much like Methodist preachin' in the country. Doctor Tiffany was the preacher. They always call the preachers doctors there. I wonder if they all studied medicine before they went to preachin'? Well, as I was sayin', he preached beautifully, but he was calm and quiet about it. And he didn't ask any one up to the mourner's bench, or ask any one to jine the church. There was a grand organ where the singers set, and only a few of the congregation sung, the rest just holdin' the hymn books like they was a-pretendin' to sing. Before preachin' the preacher read from the Psalms, and the people read a verse aloud, time about with him, just as they do in the 'Piscopal Church in Petersburg. But I enjoyed it very much, any way. I never did believe in the rantin' kind of preachin' or in people comin' up about twice a year to be prayed for, and professin' to git religion, and then backslidin' reg'larly before three months was out. I've seen this plenty o' times. But you want to know if the President was there? Yes, and Miss Grant, dressed in black, and lookin' no finer than other folks; and Miss Nellie about the same, in very dark green; and the two dark gentlemen from Japan was on the seat just in front o' the President. Most all the ladies wore black, and the gentlemen, too. It don't look like the meetin' at Petersburg, where the girls wear red, and yaller, and green, all mixed up together. But I'm tired o' talkin' to-night. I'll tell you about the New-Year's receptions and some o' the grand parties next time.

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ABOVE all things, avoid laziness. There is plenty to do in this world for every pair of hands placed on it, and we must so work that the world will be richer because of our having lived in it.

## AUNT MEHITABLE'S WINTER IN WASHINGTON.

BY MRS. HARRIET HAZELTON.

### THIRD PAPER.

WELL, girls, I promised to tell you this evenin' about Receptions, parties, and such like. I hadn't been to the Treasury, or the Monument, or the Smithsonian, or the Agricult'ral, or to Mount Vernon yit. The weather kept very cold, and Nat, he said there'd be plenty o' time to see everything, as I must stay till Congress adjourned in March. But the cold weather didn't stop the Receptions, or visitin', or receivin', not a bit. You see, girls, when these ladies stay at home of an afternoon to let their friends call on 'em they call it receivin'. They dress up to kill, and stand just inside the parlor door, and their friends call, and they both say "good-mawnin'!" though it's long enough after twelve o'clock. Miss Rankin says that it's always mornin' in Washin'ton till after dinner, and that 's about five o'clock. It seemed quare visitin' like, to me; but Miss Rankin said I'd soon git used to it. And I did find out that there wasn't any other way to do, if you get through with everything in the season. I can't understand, though, why everything *has* to be got through with, if a body don't care anything about it. But I'll tell you about the parties, and quit a-preachin' and a-moralizin'.

Miss Rankin said she was a-goin' to assist some fashionable friends receive on New-Year's day, and I must go with her. She said I might just set down and make myself comfortable, and I needn't be bothered or even introduced to anybody if I didn't want to. So on them conditions I went.

Miss Tomlinson, the lady of the house, was the wife of a Senator or Cabinet Minister, or something great. She was grandly dressed in black velvet, with a trail more 'n a yard long, and she wore point lace and diamonds. Her two pretty girls wore some kind o' white and pink cloudy-lookin' stuff, with long, trailin' branches o' flowers, as nateral like, as the branches of a peach-tree or red bud in bloom-in' time. The one with the pink dress had white flowers, and her with the white dress, had pink ones. The mother met me in the friendliest way possible, when she found that my Nat was a member o' Congress. She made me go up stairs and lay off my things, and then took me to a table loaded with silver, and had a cup of coffee poured out for me. These city ladies, or their cooks, know how to make good coffee, sure! But of all the little tiny cups! why, an egg-shell would hold more. They was the finest Chaney, with quare little figgers all over 'em; and when she saw me examinin' 'em, she said, very proudly, that they come from Japan, and very few people had anything like 'em. That seemed to make her think so

much the more of 'em. Now, if I had such handsome Chaney, I'd be glad to have my friends have some too; for I don't enjoy a thing if I think folks is envyin' me.

Well, Miss Tomlinson introduced me to her girls, and then give me a great, soft chair, and told me to make myself at home. And every little while all day she'd come over and say somethin' pleasant to me. These fashionable ladies seem just as kind-hearted and sensible like, as any of our country people, only they don't have as much time to show it. I set there and looked around, and I tell you, that house was grand! The doors and winder-casins was made of walnut, with little lines of gold all runnin' through; and there was large picturs, and flower-stands of glass, several feet higher, and full of sweet smellin' flowers. There was lace curtains with satin at the top, at the big bay winder that took up the whole end o' the room, and just inside was a statue of a naked woman—Venus, I think Miss Rankin told me. Don't look so horrified, girls. The more refined and cultivated folks git to be, the more they have naked statues, and picturs of women with their clothes nearly all off. And, long before the winter was over, I found out that this taste wasn't confined to the picturs and statues; but that lots o' the ladies at parties wore their clothes lower than our Annie does hern, when she gits away in the far corner of our settin'-room to nuss her baby; and nobody around, either, but her father and brother that she was raised with. It's gospel truth, girls! though I'm sorry to say it. And yet this all comes from refinement and cultivation, they tell me. And Miss Rankin says that though she disapproves of such a style, and never wears it, it has been the custom for ages, especially on grand occasions. Queens and Empresses, Josephine and Martha Washin'ton, all dressed so. And you know, girls, that book of ourn, the "Memoirs of Madame Recamièr," how dreadfully low her dress is in the pictur. And I mind a-hearin' my grandmother say that the waist o' her weddin' dress was just one inch long, under the arms, and only four inches in front. So really, the fashions ain't as naked as they was in our great-grandmother's times. But I forgot all about the New-Year's Reception.

Soon after I had got well seated, the colored man, in his swallow-tail coat and white kid gloves, opened the door and hollered out, "Mr. Clifton! Mr. De Vere!" The young ladies put on their sweetest smiles, and the young men bowed to the ground. "Good-mawnin', Miss Lou! A Happy-New-Year! It's a chawmin' mawnin'." And Miss Lou said "Delightful! Have you made any calls yet?" "Yes, half a dozen or so. Really, I had so many to make, I was obliged to begin early." Then Miss Lou asked him to take some refreshments, and led him to a table where another colored man in

white kids waited on him. By this time several others come in, and Miss Lou had to go over the same ceremony with them. But as the numbers increased, the talk got kind o' jumbled up—though all that time I could hear the words "Chawmin'!" "Good-mawnin'!" "Delightful!" "Two hundred calls already." "One hundred more to make!" And this was all. Each girl prides herself on the number of her callers, and it is said that for weeks beforehand they invite every gentleman they meet to call upon New-Year's day; not that they care for them at all, for nine-tenths of 'em won't call again, maybe, before next New-Year's day. But they want to show a longer list than any of their friends if they can.

Miss Rankin says there's *one* improvement on the old-time fashion. Everybody used to offer their callers wine and brandy and egg-nog. Hundreds of carriage-loads of finely-dressed young men (and old ones too, for that matter) might a' been seen on the streets every New-Year's day, as drunk as they could be. Now nobody offers anything stronger than coffee and chocolate; and men can bear a good deal of that, you know. So they can go home at night without making themselves worse than brutes. And it's my opinion that Vice-President Colfax, that was, and Vice-President Wilson, that is, have done a great deal towards making temperance fashionable. And, girls, if you'll only notice, you'll see that if a thing once gits to be fashionable, it'll succeed, no matter what it is. So I say, three cheers for these two men, and for all the Senators and Congressmen that went with 'em in this matter!

At the President's New-Year's Reception the rush was wonderful. All day long he has to stand there and shake hands. All the furren ministers, with their rich suits trimmed with gold lace, and with great stars on their breasts, all set with diamonds, come in first with their wives. Then the army and the navy officers with gold appelettes, and gold-trimmed hats, and long plumes. And after them the common folks come in, jammin' at a fearful rate. Mr. Kinny, a friend of Miss Rankin's, and a clerk in the Treasury, went down once to call on the President. He had in his pocket-book ninety dollars, nearly all of his month's salary. He jammed his way through, shook hands with the President and come away, well pleased. It happened to be a muddy New-Year's day, and a little darkey a-sweepin' the crossin' asked him for a cent. He put his hand in his pocket and it went clean through! His pocket had been cut and there wasn't any pocket-book there. And that's the way the thieves take advantage of the President's Receptions.

I'd been a-wantin' to go to the White House all the time, but Miss Rankin persuaded me to wait for the first evenin' reception, when I'd see the great East Room lit up in all its splendor. So along about the last of Jannewary we

went. Nat had bought me a new lavender silk (you've seen it, girls) and a point lace collar and sleeves. They cost a power o' money, but Nat didn't mind that. He said he wanted his mother to look as well as anybody of her age. So I wore with 'em the pretty cameo breastpin he give me two year ago, with pearls around the edge. And he sent a woman to fix my hair, and I hardly knowed myself when they got through with me. To think of your Aunt Hitty havin' a hairdresser! But the woman said she hadn't had such a suit o' hair in her hands lately. A woman nearly fifty with hair a yard and a quarter long; she seemed perfectly dumb-founded. And they all said I looked splendid—just to please me, of course; and I thought myself that dress done a good deal for folks. But when I got to that reception, I seen women fifteen year older 'n me with low-necked dresses, and pink flowers in their hair, and diamond earrings, and great strings o' pearls on their necks, and pounds o' gray hair on their heads that never growed there, all frizzed, and curled, and powdered.

There was a dreadful jam at the door, but we got through some how, and somebody introduced us to the President, and somebody else to Mrs. Grant, and there was a long string of other ladies I hardly saw. We slipped around back of these and watched the folks come in for awhile. It was the most interestin' thing I ever seen. It was grand and funny at the same time. The President looks and acts like a bashful college boy that hadn't been out in company yet. He holds his arms kind o' a-kimbo, as if he didn't know what to do with his hands. And when he shakes hands, he never smiles or changes countenance a bit. I thought all the time that he'd rather be somewhere in a back room a-smokin' his cigar.

Miss Grant was dressed very fine, with a low-necked pink silk dress, and lots of point lace and diamonds. She bowed and smiled, and said a word or two to each lady that was introduced to her. Of course a body couldn't say much to any one, when they was a-comin' in all the time. But it was amusin' to listen to the remarks made to her, both by the ladies and gentlemen. "How chawmin' your flowers are, Miss Grant!" "It's such a delightful day!" "What a chawmin' mawnin'!" Indeed I found that the words "chawmin'" and "delightful" was the only words a body needed at receptions, besides the every-day ones we all use.

Miss Grant ain't a bit handsome. She ain't half as good-lookin' as the picturs we see of her. But everybody says she's a sensible woman, and a good wife and mother, and that's better than anything else—better even than bein' the wife of the President. Miss Nellie's just moderately good-lookin'. Our Annie was a beauty to her, and is yet, for that matter.

But I noticed that she talked modestly, and without any airs. Her manners were very nice and pleasant, and I believe everybody klies her.

Of course you'd like to hear who I seen come in. Well, there was so many great folks that I can't remember half of 'em. All the furren ministers nearly, with their wives, was there. Two of these I recollect, for I set their names down for fear I might forgit. Madame Freyre, from Peru, was fairly blazin' with diamonds and amethysts. You see the amethyst is 'most as bright as a diamond, only it's a beautiful light purple color, just about like our laylock blossoms. Miss Freyre's a rather large, fine-lookin' woman, and 'minded me of Judge Wilson's wife, over at Petersburg. The other lady had the most charmin' face I ever seen. (You see I've got to usin' that word as well as the fashionable folks.) She is Madame Florés, from Ecuador. (I could never a-remembered that word, I reckon, if I hadn't a-set it down.) She's very young, with black eyes and hair, and a face all lit up with smiles. Then there was Miss Williams, the wife of the Attorney-Gineral, one of the brightest-lookin', friendliest-mannered women I ever seen. She wears low-necked dresses, but they become her very much. She has the whitest and smoothest shoulders I saw the whole winter. And she shows *only* her shoulders and arms. Miss Creswell is a pale, sweet-lookin' lady, and looks as if she didn't have very good health. She was there, and a great many other ladies, and the furren gentlemen with their gold-laced coats, our army officers with their grand new uniforms; and it all looked mighty fine, I reckon.

But, girls, all these people, with the President and his wife and daughter put together, didn't make me feel so grave-like as it did to go into the old East Room. It's the grandest-lookin' room I was ever in. The walls are painted in pale colors and gold, with large pictures of the Presidents hung around; and the chandeliers, with thousands of glass drops hangin' down, glitter and shine in the gaslight brighter than an ice-covered tree in the risin' sun. The largest one of these is as big as our sugar-peach tree by the smoke-house. And just underneath the place where it hangs (for it was took down to make room) Mr. Lincoln was laid out after that dreadful night of the murder—laid out on the great black bier, like a throne, that we seen in the papers. Thousands o' people passed along in one day through this room, now so full of life, and glitter, and fashion, and state. Then the walls was hung with black; the great lookin'-glasses was covered with black; the windows was all curtained with black; and folks that lived here then say that the whole world seemed in mournin'. Now here they walked around the room, the ladies trailin' whole yards of bright silk after 'em; some covered with lace at a

hundred dollars a yard, and with their necks and arms glitterin' with diamonds. And when they're all in their graves, the ones that come after 'em will do the same way, of course. "Maybe," I thought to myself, "maybe I'm the only one in the whole room that's a thinkin' of that dark day," and I wasn't here to see it either. I don't believe I ever *could* a-come here to a reception after that.

Don't you mind, girls, one of you read to me last year, from a book out o' the Petersburg library, how Louise Adams, the wife of President John Adams, used to dry her clothes in the East Room of the White House? There wasn't any yard, or anything handy, and the house wasn't half finished, you mind. Well, this is the very room, and I thought o' that, too, while I set there on the sofy, a-watchin' the great folks walk around. After awhile Miss Rankin nudged me. "The President's a-comin'," she said. So I got up to see the promenadin'. (That's only walkin' around, girls.)

The President was walkin' with a lady dressed in elegant green velvet, with a long train that was almost covered with pink lace. She had a light green satin skirt under the velvet, that showed in front, and she wore a necklace, and bracelets, and earrings, and a large ornament in her hair, all of diamonds. Miss Rankin said it was Miss Cooke, the wife of the Governor, and the gentleman walkin' with Miss Grant was Governor Cooke himself. A great many others followed, dressed very grandly, but I reckon I can't describe any more of 'em to-night. There was one Quaker lady, dressed in gray silk, and a white book-muslin neckhan'kerchief crossed on her bosom, and a plain cap of the same on her head. She was walkin' with a stylish-lookin' gentleman, and looked quare-like in such a company, I tell you.

But I'm gittin tired a-talkin'; and I reckon you are a-listenin', so I'll finish up by saying that I reached Willard's at twelve o'clock, very tired of the first grand reception. The next evenin' you feel like gatherin' together, I'll tell you of our callin' the next week, and maybe of other things.



## AUNT MEHITABLE'S WINTER IN WASHINGTON.

BY MRS. HARRIET HAZELTON.

### FOURTH PAPER.

WELL, girls, where did I leave off the other night? Oh, yes! I'd been tellin' of the President's Reception. Well, the next Wednesday after this, Nat, he hired a fine carriage for Miss Rankin an' me, an' we invited Miss Thomas, a nice lady at the hotel, to go with us a-callin'. I wore my black dress, an' velvet bonnet, an' the velvet cloak Nat had bought me, an' Miss Rankin said I looked real handsome. The carriage was elegant, with brown silk linin's, and the driver, or coachman as they call 'em, wore a fine overcoat with a cape, an' a tall beaver hat with velvet band an' big buckle, an' I got to wonderin', as I rode along, if it "really was I," like the old woman in Mother Goose's Melodies. We called fust on Miss Blaine, the Speaker's wife. She has a fine home on Fifteenth Street. She's a tall, good-lookin', quiet lady, an' received us in a pleasant, gentle way. She wore a garnet silk dress, and large gold ear-rings an' breast-pin. After we spoke with her a few minutes, Miss Rankin introduced me to Miss Dodge. That's "Gail Hamilton," Allie; you know you read one o' her books aloud to me last winter, an' we liked it so much. Well, she's a little, dumpy, round-faced body, with short hair—half curly or twisty-like—and with a large mouth an' somethin' the matter of one o' her eyes; real plain an' homely at the fust glance. But goodness my! you forgit all about the plain face the minute she begins to talk. She's just as bright, an' sweet, an' pleasant as she can be. She got to jokin' Miss Rankin right off about gittin' married. Then she asked me about the farm, an' talked of horses, an' cows, an' green fields, and runnin' brooks, till it a'most made me homesick. And when I'd answer her I couldn't help sayin' "Gail Hamilton," an' then she'd shake her head an' say, "Miss Dodge, if you please." Then she turned to Miss Rankin an' said over somethin' from Shakspeare; I don't mind the words quite, I reckon, but it was somethin' like this: "If the wench was a homely one she was his own;" meanin' if her name was a plain one, it was her own, an' she liked it best on that account. We had a nice time there, an' I went away thinkin' that after all these distinguished folks ain't any of 'em so very different from ourselves; and I come to another conclusion, that the more sense people has, the less airs they put on, the world over. Miss Blaine had a sweet little child a-toddlin' about the parlors with its colored nuss; an' of course I had to stop and say somethin' to it. I always do stop when I see a sweet-lookin' child anywhere. There was a fine table set in the back parlor

with the best o' coffee and all kinds o' knick-nacks.

What did Gail Hamilton wear? Dear me! I never thought of her clothes before; and I can't tell you if she wore calico or silk, velvet or satin. She's not the kind of person to make you think of clothes; but the very kind to make you forgit everything of the sort. An' I feel sure now that if I was to call again, with the full intention of rememberin' what she wore, I should forgit all about it the minute she opened her mouth to talk.

We called next on Miss Fish. She's the wife of the Secretary of State. She's a tall, stately lady, with gray hair, that she wears in puffs on each side o' her forehead. She's said by a great many to be the most polished lady in Washin'-ton. Miss Rankin told me that Prince Arthur, that's Victory's son, she that's Queen o' England, said that Miss Fish was the most perfect lady he ever met. Well, she was so dignified and stately-lookin' like a queen, that I felt; little afraid like, at fust; but after speakin' to the other ladies a minute, she came around to me, and asked me about my family an' home an' told me of her own married daughters an' grandchildren, an' before I knowed it, I forgot I was a-talkin' to the fust lady in the land a'most, an' felt as easy as I would talkin' to an old friend. An' I reckon it's this very thing that makes people respect her so. She's a true lady, that's a fact; an' I felt sure I'd knowed somebody a great deal like her some time in my life. An' so when I got home an' got to thinkin' about it, quiet-like, I minded it was 'Siah's mother that was like her, thirty year ago, or more. I know that before we was married she was always so dignified and stately-like, I was half afraid of her; an' after I got to know her well, I loved her better 'n any other woman in the world. You see, I hadn't no mother or sister o' my own. They said she'd been a very handsome young girl; but I was sure she was just as beautiful as an old lady. She belonged to one of the very best old Virginny families, you see; and after all the laughin' about such things, there's a good deal in it, I reckon. Well, if *she* was here, lookin' as she looked thirty year ago, an' was dressed like Miss Fish, she'd look like her twin sister. She, Miss Fish, had an elegant home, an' offered us coffee an' cake, like the other ladies. What did she wear? Oh, yes, I mind very well. She had a lavender silk dress, just like mine, only the skirt was a'most covered with p'int lace. And she had a headdress o' p'int lace, with a beautiful lavender feather. And she wore elegant diamonds, an' it all seemed to suit her exactly; an' you can't always say that about a lady's dress.

From there we went to Miss Williams's. She's the wife of the Attorney-Generel, an' one of the handsomest an' friendliest ladies in

Washin'ton—too free in her manners to be held up as a model of dignity, an' yit she's a lady all over. I always thought, an' think yit that the truest politeness is in makin' your visitors feel pleasant an' home-like; an' you can't feel any other way with Miss Williams. She's one o' the brightest-faced women I ever seen, an' minds me o' Nannie Hartsook at Petersburg, an' you know everybody likes her.

Well, the same ceremony was gone through at every place. Ringin' the door-bell, givin' your cards to a colored man dressed in black cloth an' white kid gloves, and with a silver waiter in his hand; walkin' in, bein' introduced to the lady or ladies; talkin' a minute or so till the next one comes, then takin' coffee or chocolate, then shakin' hands with the lady, and gittin' in the carriage for the next call. At some o' the places we didn't care to stop and talk; but Miss Williams come an' set down by me, an' asked about Virginny, an' said she was a Virginian, that her father used to have a large number o' slaves, an' that she liked Southern people and Southern hospitality. When you meet a fashionable lady as friendly as she is, you feel just as much at home with her as with your own neighbors, an' don't feel like hurryin' away. Miss Williams wore a pale green silk dress, flounced and trimmed with a darker green. Her neck an' arms was bare, an' she wore pink flowers an' a pale green feather in her hair. When Nat read in the papers a night or two after about the folks in Europe goin' wild over the beauty of American ladies, I said I wondered what they'd think o' Miss Fish an' Miss Williams; for either of 'em was queenly enough lookin' for any throne they had.

From there we went to Miss Creswell's. She lives very near Miss Williams's—only half a square, and as near as across our yard; yit we got into the carriage all the same as if it had been a mile. Miss Creswell's a small, delicate lady, an' looks like she had bad health. She was very pleasant and friendly. She wore a pale brown silk, "coffee an' cream," they call it, an' it was very pretty. Her sister is quite a large young lady, but fine-lookin', and she wore white silk, trimmed with black lace an' velvet. They had music in one o' the back parlors, an' a few young folks was a dancin'.

Next we went to Miss Secretary Delano's. She wore a black velvet dress with cordin' o' white satin, an' a headdress o' p'int lace an' pink satin. She's a pleasant, friendly, home-like lady, about my own age, an' minds me a good deal o' Sister Sallie. Young Miss Delano, her son's wife, is a real nice little body, an' very pretty, too, with black hair and eyes, an' was elegantly dressed in a pale satin dress, pearl color I believe it was, with puffs of red satin edged with black lace, all over the skirt. We met there Mary Clemmer Ames, her that writes them good, sensible letters in the *Independent*. An' girls, she's one o' the brightest

bodies I ever met. Her face is rosy an' healthy; her eyes bright, an' her smile as snowy an' cheery as a May mornin'. She was with her friend, Miss Baxter, a splendid lookin' old lady, and widder of the member o' Congress from Vermont, that died a few year ago; an' she's just as agreeable an' pleasant as Miss Ames. Miss Baxter was dressed in mournin', and Miss Ames wore black silk and a pale blue necktie, an' a blue feather in her black bonnet. They invited us to come and see 'em on a Saturday. Miss Ames writes all the week but Saturdays an' Sundays.

Well, we made two or three more calls, just on Miss Rankin's an' Miss Thomas's friends, an' got back to the hotel for a six o'clock dinner. That'll sound quare to you, girls; but very often we didn't eat dinner till six o'clock. An' in the evenin' we'd go to the theater about the time the folks at home would be goin' to bed. We'd git home a little before twelve, an' I soon got so I could sleep till seven or eight in the mornin' in spite o' all the noise. Talk o' young men bein' spiled goin' to the city. It's just as easy to spile an old woman, as Nat can tell you. As for 'Siah, you couldn't git him to a evenin' reception or theater after the fust time. Once was enough for him. He'd rather lay down on the sofy, with the gaslight just behind him, an' read the papers till he went to sleep; an' I'd come home every time an' find him asleep with his clothes on. Then I'd have to rouse him up an' git him to bed in good order. Miss Rankin had worked him a lovely pair o' slippers, and he tuck great comfort in gittin' off his boots, an' puttin' on his gown an' slippers after dinner. He kep his face shaved fresh every day, an' changed his shirt every mornin', an' I declare, you can't think how nice he looked! He was as handsome as 'most any o' the Senators, if he *was* only a farmer. Now you know, girls, he has to go in the field every mornin', the same old way; or least-ways, he thinks he has to, and that's just the same thing; so he don't look like he did last winter.

Nat wants to rent us a house in the fall, and have his father an' me keep it for him through the winter. He says father'll git to like it, an' can have some rest, which he'll never take at home; an' that we can leave the stock an' the things in the care of Pete an' Annie very well, if we'll only think so. Well, I'm willin', if we can have a house a little back, where it ain't so noisy, an' where I needn't have company only when I want to. This is one good thing in city life. Them that keeps house can be alone when they want to. They ain't obleeged to see visitors when they're tired or feel bad; an' they ain't obleeged to go to see folks they don't care about, like they are in the country an' in little towns, where they know everybody. Goodness my! if our Sallie don't call on the very last woman in Peters-

burg, they git up all sorts o' talk about her, an' say she's proud an' stuck up, an' thinks herself better'n her neighbors. An' I'd be awful sorry if a sister o' mine *wasn't* better'n some of 'em. But they keep store, an' if she don't go to see 'em, why, you see, they'll go off to Jeb Hodgkin's store, so she has to go, no matter how much she feels above 'em. Well, I didn't hear no such talk in Washin'ton. Everybody seemed to mind their own business, an' let other folks do the same. An' they didn't need to be a-watchin' their neighbors for somethin' to gossip about. I believe human natur' 's about the same everywhere; an' if the town-folks hadn't somethin' interestin' to see an' hear all the time, they'd be just as gossipy as country folks. The mind as well as the body has to be occupied or interested, if it keeps out o' mischief. But in the city they can always find somethin' to talk about, so they let their neighbors alone. An' what if it does cost somethin' to see an' hear? to go to lectur's and theaters? It's my opinion that the mind needs feedin' as much as the body. An' everybody knows it takes a deal o' money to feed the body. It's a sight better, if folks can't be satisfied to set down an' read all their spare time, to pay for seein' a good play or hearin' a good lectur', than to go around pickin' your neighbors to pieces. An' if folks can't do one thing, they will the other, you may be sure. An' this is one reason I like the city best, 'specially in winter. I don't think I ever *could* stand it in summer an' late spring, when the buds are swellin', an' the trees a-blossomin', an' the young chickens an' ducks, an' calves an' lambs a-gatherin' all around; when the fresh vegetables are comin' in the garden, an' the strawberries, an' raspberries, an' blackberries, an' huckleberries a-ripenin'; an' the fruit to gather an' put up, an' the cider, an' apple-butter, an' preserves to make. An' I love to look at the great fields o' wheat as yaller as gold, an' the corn gathered an' shocked, an' the hay a-makin', an' the great wagon loads o' pumpkins, an' the white fields o' buckwheat swarmin' with bees. No, indeed! no matter if it *does* bring work with it. It always makes me think o' the goodness an' bounty o' God, who makes the rain fall, an' the crops ripen, an' the harvests plentiful, in return for our labors. An' I have an idee that maybe wouldn't suit many folks—that the worship I give my Maker when I see an' rejoice over these things is a truer worship than I could give Him in a fine city church, dressed in my silk an' fastened up in close corsets on a hot summer's day. Oh, no! I never *could* live in the city in summer; but in winter, if Nat can git a house to suit us, in a quiet street, I don't know but I'll agree to go. An', to tell the truth, I think I like the city the best in winter. There's so many things to interest an' instruct you. An' the churches is so fine

an' comfortable; an' the preachin—you never heerd anything like it in the Valley. Instid o' skeerin' folks into jinin' the church a-talkin' about the lake, an' all that—you never hear such things at all. They only tell o' the goodness o' God an' of his love, that's greater than the love of a mother. An', notwithstandin' I was made to believe a good deal o' this fire-business when I was a child, I believe now in no religion but the religion that teaches love, an' kindness, an' the Golden Rule.

On the next afternoon—that was a-Thursday—we called on half a dozen o' the Senator's wives, an' it was just the same as the other receptions. Several of 'em had dahcin', an' we didn't hurry ourselves away, but set down an' talked, an' watched the young folks dance. We met a good many nice people, an' I soon found I could have a pleasant time anywheres a-most.

On next Saturday we went to see Miss Ames an' Miss Baxter, an' then went to call on Miss Grant at the White House. Miss Ames was lookin' finely, an' so was her friend. We met two or three acquaintances there, an' a half hour was gone before we knowed it. These ladies are so pleasant an' home-like, that everybody likes to call on 'em; an' when they do call, they can't think o' leavin' in a hurry. They forgit how fast the time goes by. We met Miss Senator Logan, that we'd called on, an' young Miss Delano, an' several others we had seen before.

When we went to the White House, it was only four o'clock in the afternoon, an', girls, the rooms was all shut up, an' the great chandeliers lit up, just like it was night. It looked mighty nice, but I couldn't see what it was done for. I asked Miss Rankin, an' she said "she guessed it was just a fashion that come from Paris." She said that some ill-natured folks thought it was because Miss Grant knowed she wasn't very handsome, an' she could have the gaslight a-fallin' on her, so's to make her look better'n she would in the daylight. But she didn't believe any such a thing. When she was only *General* Grant's wife, she had daylight receptions, an' wore high-necked dresses; an' if it wasn't necessary for a President's wife to keep up the styles before all the furren Ministers an' their ladies, she didn't believe Miss Grant would care anything about it. An' she guessed since Miss Nellie's been to Paris, she wanted her mother to do as they done there. Well, to tell the truth, several other ladies that had receptions had *their* houses darkened an' the gas lit; so there wasn't any need to wonder at Miss Grant. But I reckon it's another weakness o' human natur' to be a-watchin' her more than any other woman, just because she's lady o' the White House; an' if she gits through the next four year as well as she has the last, I reckon she'll do.

Well, we went through all the parlors an' the East Room, and then into the State dinin'-room, where they give the great dinner parties. I tell you it was splendid! The walls was all painted and trimmed with gold; the great chandeliers glittered like diamonds; an' the long table was finer 'n anything o' the kind I ever seen. An' here, girls, before the session was over, Nat an' me was invited to dinner. I reckon I felt quare to go to such a place; but I kep' very quiet, an' reckon I didn't show my bad grammar much, seein' as I only talked a few words at a time, an' that was mostly to one o' the furren gentlemen, an' he couldn't talk English much. I think I got along real nice; an' any way, as Nat wasn't ashamed of me, I don't care. You see, he says, if I wasn't eddicated when I was a girl, it wasn't my fault; an' sence I was married, he says I've spent my life an' all its energies on my children, an' they owe most o' their success to my good trainin', an' that his mother's got as much sense as the best o' the polished ones, an' he hopes he'll never forgit himself so as to feel ashamed o' her that's done so much for him.

Well, where was I? Oh, yes! we was goin' through the White House. After we left the dinin'-room, we went to the con-con-well, the hot-house, where the flowers grow, is what I mean. Just before we reached it, we passed the door of a quare lookin' room, where there was long tables covered with green cloth, an' white balls scattered over 'em. Miss Rankin said it was the billiard-room, but I didn't know what that was, an' I forgot to ask her afterwards.

The green-house was full o' the finest flowers an' vines, all in bloom in the winter time; an' it seemed like the garden of Eden, only as it was all covered over with glass, it showed too plain that it was made by men. It's a beautiful thing to be able to git the fresh-blown flowers to set in vases all around the house; but I don't like bein' in the hot-house, no matter how fine an' costly it is. If I lived here, I'd send an have 'em brought to me in the house, so I might imagine they come from out doors. Then I'd think o' the summer woods where the little river goes on, tinklin' an' musical, an' the violets an' wild roses, an' clematis an' Carolina pink, or scarlet lobelia, lift up their pretty blossoms all day long; an' the red bird an' robin, an' blue bird an' sparrow, chirp an' sing, and dip their wings in the water the whole day through, where there's no sign of man around, an' the flowers an' birds an' stream grow an' sing an' ripple from mornin' till night, without bein' disturbed. Yes, when I see flowers anywheres, it sets me a dreamin' o' the woods an' streams an' the great old elms an' sugar maples down by our own little river. An' of the wild-roses an' lilies in the medders, thousands an' thousands of 'em growin' on, and bloomin' on, from year to

year, without anybody carin' for 'em. You know that Christ said, "Consider the lilies of the field: they toil not, neither do they spin; yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." An' it's just so our lilies an' roses grow from year to year, an' without any need o' glass houses.

Miss Johnson, the teacher that boarded with us last summer, said she never seen anything so lovely as our medder lilies. She said they was more beautiful than the fuchsias, because they was larger, an' they 'minded her o' the flowerin' maple blossoms. She never seen such flowers in the North. An' the columbines, an' the big laurel (Rhododerdrum, I think she called it), an' the snap-dragons, an' pea-blossoms, an' mountain pinks, an' clematis, all growin' wild, with whole acres o' roses an' lilies—it made her think she was in Paradise, an' the mountains on both sides was the walls that shut her in.

So lookin' at these flowers carried me back to summer in the Valley, an' I forgot I was in Washin'ton, or was Nat's mother, or had ever seen the President's house, or anything but our own hills, an' blossoms, an' runnin' streams; an' the first thing that brought me back was Miss Rankin a-touchin' me on the shoulder an' askin' me if I was ready to go. Oh, no, girls! all the fine houses, an' green-house flowers, an' gold walls, an' crystal chandeliers, an' satin-lined carriages, an' white-gloved servants, an' diamonds an' velvets, an' theatres an' operas, an' grand streets an' capitol, could never, never keep me in the city in summer time.

#### Absence of Mind.

[Scene: A sleeping-car. An absent-minded passenger suddenly arises from his seat and looks aimlessly around him.]

"A HEAVY weight is on my mind!  
I know I've left *something* behind!  
It cannot be the brazen check,  
For trunks which baggage-masters wreck,  
For here it is! My hat-box? No!  
It safely rests the seat below!  
It must be, then, my new umbrella,  
My wife will taunt me when I tell her,  
'Your fifteenth since the glad New Year!  
Why, bless me, no! How very queer!  
'Tis in the rack there, plain in sight!  
My purse and ticket are all right!  
What fancies crowd an added head;  
There's naught amiss! I'll go to bed."

Full peacefully he sank to rest,  
If snores a peaceful sleep attest.  
A tuneful hour had scarce slipped by,  
When loud uprose an anguished cry—  
A crazed man's moan of lamentation—  
"I've left the baby at the station!"

IMPOSSIBILITIES.—Be not angry that you cannot make others as you wish them to be, since you cannot make yourself what you wish to be.—*Thomas à Kempis.*



## AUNT MEHITABLE'S WINTER IN WASHINGTON.

BY MRS. HARRIET HAZELTON.

### FIFTH PAPER.

WELL, about the last o' February, your Cousin Jacob Hyder come up from the Shana'doah and we concluded to go around an' see some o' the sights. Miss Rankin was good enough to offer to go 'round with us, an' tell us all about things. We went fust to the Treasury, where all the greenbacks is made, and where nearly all the gold and silver in America is kept.

Nat, he'd got a pass from the Secretary to take us through; for they have to be mighty pertick'ler what kind o' people they let in. We went fust to the cash room, where I set down an' watched the folks a-comin' in for awhile till the clerk got ready to go around with us. There was a great counter of solid mahogany, with thick plate glass all around the upper part, an' little open places between, where the clerks stood with pens behind their ears. One o' these was the place where they cashed the cheques, an' people would come in an' hand 'em through, an' the clerk would take 'em, look a moment, pick up a bunch o' bills, count 'em like lightnin'; take his pen down an' write on a book; count the money ag'in in a twinklin', hand it out to the man, an' put the cheque away—all quicker 'n it takes me to tell it, an' without sayin' a single word. Laws a me! at our little Virginny banks all the news an' gossip of a neighborhood is talked over when 'Siah an' me goes to deposit our money every fall. There was great portly men dressed in broadcloth, with big chains and seal rings; there was dirty-lookin' white an' colored men, fresh from their work on the streets; there was trim-lookin' treasury clerksses an' poor ole women, all treated alike. Of course you could notice the quick, admirin' glance given to the spruce young girl, an' *she* could see it too; it's all human natur', but one was *served* just as politely as the other.

This room is the one the fust Inaguration Ball was held in, an' it's perfectly beautiful. All the walls are lined with marble of the most wonderful colors and kinds, an' there's grand chandeliers and railins of bronze all around a gallery above, where visitors was a walkin'. When we left there we went to General Spinner's room, to git the pass signed. He's the man that writes so quarely on all the greenbacks. Nobody on earth, I guess, that hadn't been told, ever could guess the three fust letters o' his name. The "pinner" is plain enough, but the "F" looks more like an "L" than anything else, and the "E" an' the "S" look like fancy curleques instead o' letters. Ginerall Spinner's a bright lookin' old gentleman, real homely like, though; an' with eyes like Mr. Prentice, o' the *Louisville Journal*, that I seen

once up to Petersburg. He was settin' at a table in the middle o' the room, an' there was half a dozen or so o' pretty and stylish ladies in the room, all lookin' as if they was very much at home. I asked what they done there, an' the man said they was clerks, but I didn't see but one of 'em a-doin' anything, an' she was takin' it mighty easy.

We next went to the vault where they keep the money that's waiting to be sent away. There's a great open place just outside the door, with an elevator, where they send the money down in packages to an express office in the story below, where it's all boxed an' sent away without bein' exposed to outside eyes. In the vault was a great many millions o' dollars, in paper an' gold. They handed me a package o' one thousand dollar notes, an' told me there was four millions in it. Just try to think, girls, of a million o' dollars! You can't do it. They say Judge Allen's worth a hundred thousand, an' a million's ten hundred thousand. It takes my breath to think of it. An' so I had in my hand forty hundred thousand dollars! They gave me a small bag o' gold; I should think there was a quart or three pints of it; an', whew! I almost let it drop, it was so heavy. The man that showed us around told us several stories of the way visitors had tried to steal the money in goin' in an' out; but of course they was always caught.

We next went to another vault where they keep bonds of all the banks in the United States, an' then to the room where the lady clerks was countin' the currency. This room's as long as our barn, and full of women, an' it's wonderful to see 'em count. They count many thousands in a day, some of 'em, an' can do such work much better than the men; but I think it must be dreadful to count, right straight along, all day, an' all the week, an' all the month, an' to know all the time that you mustn't make any mistakes. Of course you can't notice any one that comes in—you must just go on. An' you can't *think* at all. It's a great sight worse than housework or sewin' or anything else, accordin' to my notion.

We then went through long halls with the doors locked after us, till we come to the Redemption Bureau, where they take all the old, ragged, wore-out money, an' count it, an' arrange it to send back in good money. They git pounds an' pounds of this every day, from all the cities in the Union, and send back any kind o' notes that's wanted, in place of it. They bind it up in bunches, so much together; they then cut through each end o' the bunch with a machine, then cut each bunch in halves, and send the halves to different ones to count, so that there can be no mistake about the amount, an' after it's all redeemed with good money, they have it burnt in packages, so as to be sure of its all bein' destroyed.

The Treasury buildin' 's made o' granite, an'

is wonderful large. The fountains an' flowers, they say, are beautiful in summer. There's a great fountain betwixt it an' the President's that sends up great showers of water all the time, when the weather ain't too cold. From the Treasury steps on the south you can see the river an' the Washin'ton Monument (what there is of it) and the Capitol, an' the whole mile of the wide avenue between, all filled with carriages an' street cars, an' full of bustle an' life. They say there's to be a great statue of General Grant on hossback to be raised on this portico. Maybe that's well enough; but I think they'd better finish the Washin'ton Monument first. Great men come on so fast that they'll always crowd out one another, if the people'll only allow it. An' while our people have made statues without number to all the other great men, we've let this monument stand as if our respect for the greatest of all our great men had suddenly and forever sunk out o' sight.

*I've a good mind to finish it myself*, by askin' every woman in the United States that can raise a dollar, to give it towards this work. That's the way they bought Mount Vernon; an' there's thousands an' thousands o' farmers' wives would sell chickens, or eggs, or butter to put their dollar in the Monument. Only let a list o' the names be printed, an' sent to 'em, so's they'd know it was put to the right use, an' it would be all right. An' there's many a sewin' girl, an' factory girl, an' shop girl, an' school teacher, to say nothing o' the rich ladies, that might send as much as they liked. An' there's many here in Washin'ton that would give a good deal, I reckon. Then I'd have the money *used for the purpose*, an' no humbuggin' about it. I do believe I'll try it! If Mr. Godey'll give me an advertisement, all the other magazines an' papers'll copy it for us; an' GODEY goes everywhere, you know. [What do you say, Mr. Godey? You mind how you advertised for the Mount Vernon Association.]

After we went through the Treasury, we walked down to see the Monument, an' it made my heart ache to look upon it. It's the very pictur' of desolation when you git inside an' look up. The wooden roof is all rotten, an' the sides o' the wall streaked with the water runnin' down. It's only a rough wall inside, yet there's hundreds o' the loveliest stones lyin' there in a long frame shanty near, a-waitin' to be placed in the inside wall. I thought I heard 'em cry out to me, "Why must we still lie here? Why don't we find our sphere?" There's poetry for you. But I think I've heard before o' stones a-cryin' out. Oh, it's pitiful! There's grand blocks from nearly all the States an' from all parts o' Europe, an' even one from Turkey, an' another from Egypt. Yet there they lie, unseen, unhonored, an' unused, in our glorious country, an' in the very city founded an' laid out by George Wash-

in'ton himself. *There's* the pity of it, an' the shame. Not a hundred years yit gone by. If this is what republicanism means, I'd rather live under a monarchy. *They* always honor their great men. But our men have such weighty matters always on hand—countries an' islands to annex, millions o' speeches to make, thousands o' summer excursions to take, fine mansions to build, so's to keep up with the fashions, Europe to be "done," an' the dear only knows what besides, that, girls, I think the women ought to finish the monument. What do you say? "Willin' to give *your* dollars, if you have to dig ginseng to git 'em with?" Well, that's the sperrit; so let's go to work in earnest. I'll consult Mr. Godey about the advertisement. I'll go right about it in the fall, when I git back to Washin'ton, an' hunt up the Monument Association, an' find out how much it'll take to finish it, an' then we'll do it. Why shouldn't we? We bought Mount Vernon, with the help of a few great an' good men, like Mr. Everett; an' the country's a mighty sight richer 'n it was then. An' though there's been some wrong-doing about it, it still belongs to the women o' the United States. Because one woman didn't do all her duty, that's no reason the good women shouldn't do their duty, no more 'n one stumbling block in the church should keep out all the others that mean well. Besides, if the women had adopted the one-term system in makin' their President, *she'd* a-come out all right.

Some o' them stones are worth hundreds an' thousands o' dollars. Shall they lie there a hundred years or so for strangers to come an' look at, an' then go off an' talk about the shabby, an' shiftless, an' frothy patriotism of the American people? bubblin' up, spoutin' high, like the geysers o' the Yellowstone, for a little while, then dyin' out an' leavin' an old crater a-standin' there to show its weakness an' decay? No, no! Let the women take it in hand. Let all the women-righters put *their* shoulders to the wheel, an' show that there's *one* thing we can finish that the men couldn't. Their speeches might do some good in such a cause as this. They could show to the world that they insisted on the right to honor the name of the Father of our Country. An' let all the quiet home bodies, the angels of the fireside, coax a dollar from their mates to add their mite in this honor; or, if they can't git it this way (men have *so* many uses for their dollars!) let them sell eggs, or make a pair o' pants, or iron a dozen o' clothes, or copy a day for a lawyer, or make wax or leather flowers, or knit a shawl or a couple o' pairs o' socks, or make blackberry jam, or dry cherries, or can fruit, to git a dollar to put in the Monument. It wouldn't hurt any one of 'em much, an' there's plenty o' women in America to finish the work, if they'd only give a dollar apiece.

I can git Nat an' a few other members o' Congress that I know to be honest, an' Mayor Jones, an' Judge Thompson, an' a few other gentlemen o' the best character in Washin'ton, to superintend the business part o' the matter. For, no matter what some women think, I know when it comes to bossin' work, it takes men to do it.

But I must change the subject, or you 'll all be tired. From the Monument we went to the Agricultual buildin'. This is the place where they fix up all the seeds to send out to the people. It is brought from all the countries in the world, an' after they try it here to see if it 'll suit the climate, they send it out to the farms an' gardens. 'The green-house is beautiful, like picturs of Southern gardens, an' they say the grounds are covered in summer with the rarest flowers. A gentleman there that knows Nat promised to send me some slips an' bulbs in the spring, an' that's where I got them beautiful lilies and roses, girls.

The Smithsonian comes next, an' is a wonderful place. The buildin' is grand, with towers an' domes like some o' the old castles in our book of English scenery. It's made o' brown stone, an' stands in a great lot o' forty or fifty acres, that's all planted with fine trees from foreign lands. But the things inside, oh, girls! I couldn't tell 'em all over in a whole evenin', even supposin' I could remember. But there's hundreds o' stuffed animals, as nateral as life, an' thousands o' birds as bright in color as our red-birds, only they're green, an' blue, an' gold, an' all the colors' o' the rainbow. There's dozens o' the prettiest little hummin' birds, stuffed, but lookin' like they was alive; an' in a case where they keep birds'-nests I seen their cute little nests, about as big as a tiny little pill-box. An' there was eagles, an' owls, an' pelicans (them's the Southern birds, you know), an' the eider ducks, that live at the North Pole, an' thousands more that I can't remember. Then there was great bunches o' coral an' sea-weeds, an' shells, an' crystals, an' Injun arrows, an' pipes, an' tomahawks, an' many other things I can't mind just now. After lookin' all through the lower part o' the room, Miss Rankin asked me if I shouldn't like to see the mummies. I didn't care about it, but Jacob, he thought he'd like to see 'em. So we went up the stairs an' along to the fur end o' the gallery, an' there, a-standin' up, and grinnin' right at me, was a dried-up human bein', lookin' jist as much like a man or woman as an old dried-up burnt piece o' apple looks like a rich, red apple on the tree. It made me feel humble to think I could ever, by any means, be made to look like that. It was three thousand years old, an' its nation an' language gone from the earth; yit here it stood and grinned still. Oh, girls, let me be buried in the deep, deep sea, or burned to ashes, or chopped into mincemeat

for cannibals, or let "worms devour my flesh"—anything, rather than be a mummy! This buildin' was partly burned in 1865. Miss Rankin told us how dreadfully she felt when she saw it a-blazin' out at the top o' the great tower. She lived on Tenth Street, an' could look right down to it. She thought o' the thousands o' beautiful things in it, an' feared they would all be destroyed. An' what a loss it would a-been to the country! An English gentleman give all his fortune to the United States to build this Institute an' fill it with wonderful things. I s'pose the English folks was jealous enough, but they couldn't help themselves. I was glad to hear that only a few of the things was lost. Professor Henry, the superintendent o' the place, is a man o' great learnin', an' looks, Miss Rankin says, like the great traveller, Humboldt.

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ODE

TO AN ODISIOUS OLD DRESS.

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BY MISS E. CONOMY.

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Poor thrice turned garment with  
 Thy threadbare air,  
 Can I thy faded form  
 Again repair?  
 Turn yet once more thy well-  
 Worn narrow skirt,  
 Now fringed with specimens  
 Of city dirt?  
 Can I thy ruffles change  
 To pleatings wide,  
 And cover up the stains  
 On either side;  
 Give thy close sleeve a  
 Graceful, easy flow,  
 And pieco it so that  
 Nobody will know?  
 Thy shabby boddico can I  
 Then restore,  
 And shape the trimming  
 A la Pompadour?  
 Thy overskirt loop high  
 With careless grace,  
 Yet hide with cunning the  
 Oft-mended place?  
 Goddess of Fashion, at whose  
 Shrine we bow,  
 Lend me thine aid, sadly I  
 Need it now;  
 Inspire my hand with skill  
 To turn the stuff,  
 And make the scanty pattern  
 Seem enough.  
 And when I wear it,  
 Howsoc'er I feel,  
 Grant I may look  
 Exceedingly genteel.  
 May all beholders think it  
 A new gown,  
 And me the best dressed lady  
 In the town.

## AUNT MEHITABLE'S WINTER IN WASHINGTON.

BY MRS. HARRIET HAZELTON.

### SIXTH PAPER.

WHILE your cousin Jacob Hyder staid with us, we went around the city a good deal, as the weather was still too cold to take trips on the river, or any place in the suburbs. He'd been a readin' Don Piatt's *Capital*, an' was mighty anxious to hear the chimes o' the Metropolitan church, an' go there to meetin'. So one Sunday mornin' we went early, an' I tell you Jacob opened his eyes when we got inside an' set down. He whispered to me, "An' this is a Methodis' church?" "Yes," I answered. "Well, I swan!" says he. Just then the chimes begun, for we'd gone right in after Sunday-school, an' there was nobody there yet. "By jingo!" he says, "if they don't play a chune, sure enough."

He set quiet enough all the time the folks was gatherin' in, an' after the preacher come, until they give out the first hymn. He opened the book an' found it. Then the organ commenced, an' then the choir, an' Jacob thought everybody was goin' to sing. He commenced in the good old way, an' pretty loud like, but was balked immejately; for the air branched off, an' then went upwards, a good deal like the opera pieces the girls play at the hotel, an' he was obleeged to quit; an' I must say I was glad of it, for his style would 'a sounded funny there.

Then the preacher took up the psalm-book, an' the people took up *their* psalm-books, an' he read a verse, an' they read a verse, just like they do in the 'Piscopal church. When we all set down Jacob whispered, "Aunt Hittie, you made a mistake. This is a 'Piscopal church."

"Where's the gown?" says I.

This puzzled him. Then Dr. Tiffany give out the appointments, an' then took his text an' preached a very fine sermon. I seen that Jacob was pleased, an' when they come round to collect he give 'em a dollar. When we'd got fairly outside, he says, "Well, Aunt Hittie, live an' larn. That *was* a first-rate sermon, but such style! I do wonder what old Daddy Harmon would say to it. Why, the church is like the grand churches we read about in Europe; an' then to hear the Methodists readin' aloud from the Psalms just like the 'Piscopals; an' to see 'em take up their hymn-books an' look at the hymns, an' keep their mouths shet, like they was afraid to sing. An' the dressin' o' them ladies, too—it's stunnin'! Why down our way you know they'd think it wicked to come into the house o' God with all them ruffles, an' furbelows, an' humps on their backs that God never made there!"

"Yes, Jacob," I says to him, "it does look

quare like to us at first, though I don't think much about it now. Things is so wonderfully changed since I was a girl. Then, if a woman put a flower, or even a bow on her bunnit, the preacher felt called upon to speak o' the vanity before the whole meetin'. I know that mother, one o' the prettiest women I ever seen, used to wear a plain ribbon across the top o' her straw bunnit, an' a plain Swiss (they called it book-muslin then) handkerchief folded across her bosom. No jewelry, no bows, ruffles, or furbelows, of any kind. But then, Jacob, people didn't raise flowers either, in them days, an' didn't seem to think anything worth while that didn't do some real service. I think, sometimes, that in the early settlin' of a country, the actual need of what is useful, an' the necessity o' thinkin' o' these things continually, brings folks to this plain way o' looking at things, as much as their religion does. An' now that people have got rich, an' there's no need o' the everyday struggle for the necessities o' life, they can have time to think o' beautiful things. They can build fine houses an' churches, an' buy silks an' laces, an' picturs an' statues, an' spend money even on flowers, the most beautiful creations o' God, an' which, in the old times, would 'a been considered one o' the greatest vanities. I mind very well o' hearin' father speak in the most slightin' way about a young girl, who was really a nice girl, just because she put red flowers in her hair every evenin' when she dressed. It was long ago, an' in the country, where women didn't study style or effect, an' when if you'd 'a asked 'em what the difference was between a blonde an' brunette they couldn't 'a told you. Yet Nature told this girl what was becomin' to her. She had the very taste that our fashionable ladies have now. Her hair an' eyes was dark, an' she always picked a scarlet honeysuckle or touch-me-not, or sturtium, or meadow lily for her hair.

So much for the times we live in. I believe that all women naturally love flowers, an' I don't believe it's any harm for bright, young girls to wear 'em. I mind very well how I used to cry every spring when grandfather *would* turn the calves into the yard just when my roses was almost ready to bloom, an' they'd eat off the last bud! I believe many a man would keep his wife's love all his life if he'd indulge her love o' flowers an' help her a little about takin' care of 'em; when he loses it altogether after sneerin' an' laughin' at her foolish fancy for the useless things. I hope you'll think o' that, Jacob, when you git married. An' here in the city where there's no wild flowers a growin', I don't wonder at their buyin' the beautiful imitations and wearin' 'em, too. An' I don't think country folks can judge city people by their dress or ways, any more than they can judge us. At any rate, I've seen enough this winter to know that there's

plenty o' good people among 'em all. An' as to gossip, they can't touch us! We gossip more in Petersburg in a month than they do here in a whole year."

"Well, Aunt Hittie," says Jacob, "I reckon you're right, but it's all new to me, you see. An' I just felt kind o' dumbfounded in that grand church, though I do think the chimes mighty nice, an' I can't see why the *Capital* is always pitchin' into 'em."

In the afternoon we went to St. Aloysius Church to vespers, to hear the music. Jacob had never been to a Catholic church before. An' then, when the little boys come out with their lace-curtain jackets, and tinkled the bells, an' swung the incense around, an' the priest went over the service, his surprise at the Methodists' church wasn't a patchin' to what he showed here. But the music was very fine, an' he's so fond of music! Hundreds o' Protestants go to this church every Sunday to vespers just for the sake o' the music. While Jacob staid we went to several other churches, he bein' a great church-goer at home. But it ain't worth while to tell you of the others.

Miss Rankin an' me had called on Miss Cooke (that's the Governor's wife) in Georgetown, an' Nat an' us was invited to their grand ball. All the papers give out that it was goin' to be the finest thing o' the season. So we all got quite excited a-gittin' ready for it. I thought I had everything nice enough to visit Queen Victory in; but Nat said I must have new gloves of the fashionable kind, with four buttons, an' a lace handkerchief to match my collar and sleeves. So of course he got 'em, an' a pale pink feather for my hair, an' the most elegant fan! Yes, girls, your Aunt Hittie really come to wearin' a feather in her hair. An' the hairdresser come ag'in, an' fussed me all up, an' pulled my hair all on the top o' my head, an' rolled it, an' puffed it, till it looked as if I had a heap o' dead folkses hair on, but it was every bit my own. They'd never git me to wear their false hair! When I got dressed an' come down stairs, Jacob Hyder just held up his hands. "Jerusha! can this be my very own Aunt Hittie? I swan if she looks more 'n twenty-five." Of course he was laughin' at me. But my nice lavender silk an' p'int lace, an' long white kids, and pale pink feather, *did* change your old country auntie, to be sure.

Miss Rankin, bein' in mournin', couldn't wear any colors, so she dressed in white silk, with square neck, trimmed with p'int lace, and with a long train an' white lace overdress. Her necklace an' ear-rings was of pearls, an' her fan an' gloves was white. The only bit of black about her was a few black crape flowers mixed with the white ones in her hair. I had no idea before how handsome she was, an' Nat seemed to think so too.

Did Uncle 'Ziah an' Cousin Jacob go? Bless you, no! Catch either o' them goin' to a ball

or reception! They'd a thousand times rather go to a funeral. No, they staid at home, an' read the papers, an' then went to bed at reg'lar country hours, while we didn't get home till half-past one o'clock.

But, oh, girls, that ball! You never dreamed of anything so grand. The Prince's ball in Cinderella was nothin' to it. It was more like Paradise than anything I ever seen. We went up a grand stairway to the dressin' room, an' the bannisters was trimmed with flowers an' evergreens the whole way up. A great cord of green hung above the stairs from the ceilin' and held up a great ball that looked like a solid mass o' flowers. There was flowers over every door-way an' in every winder, an' when we went back to look at the supper tables we found in all four o' the rooms, flowers, flowers, everywhere; on the tables, doors, mantles.—Then we went down an' was received by the Gov'nor an' his wife an' daughter. An' here too was the most elegant flowers. There was a table covered with 'em, with the word "welcome" in red flowers on a white ground. There was vases, an' baskets, an' bouquets. All the mantles was hid by the blessed things—all the door-ways arched over with 'em, an' the way to the ball-room lined on both sides with pots o' the richest bloomin' flowers. The great wonder was where they all came from, an' how they ever could git 'em all fixed up before they withered. One lady we talked to thought that the flowers alone cost five thousand dollars. Then there was a ball-room built o' purpose for the ball, with waxed floor, an' gallery for the music, an' all lined with flags of all countries, an' trimmed with pink an' white cambric an' gilt cords, an' dozen o' cages o' canary birds hung from the ceilin'.

After we stopped a while in the ball-room we walked through all the lower rooms, an' still found flowers everywhere. Every room a'most had a pianner, an' on each of em' was crosses or arches o' flowers.

How was Miss Cooke dressed? Why, she wore a satin dress o' the palest green, with overdress all of p'int lace. Her arms an' neck was bare, with necklace an' bracelets o' diamonds, an' she had diamonds an' a white feather in her hair. Is she pretty? No, not at all, I thought the first time I seen her, I mean in the face, though her figger is pretty an' nice, an' her manners very pleasant an' friendly. The next time I met Miss Cooke I thought she was real good lookin', an' the last time thought she was even pretty. So you may know there's somethin' very takin' in her ways to improve her so on acquaintance.

Her daughter, Miss Kitty, is very pretty an' sweet lookin', an' they do say, is as good as she is pretty. She is often seen in Georgetown goin' around among the sick, with her basket o' good things. She wore a white dress, of a silky, crapy lookin' goods, an' a pearl necklace

an' ear-rings. The Gov'nor's a real pleasant person, an' don't look a bit too dignified for any body to talk to. The President was there, an' Miss Grant, an' Miss Nellie, an' Chief-Justice Chase, an' his daughter, Miss Senator Sprague, an' Miss Attorney-General Williams, an' Dr. Newman an' his wife, an' Don Piatt, of the *Capital*, an' Gail Hamilton, an' Miss Southworth, that writes the *Ledger* stories, an' Speaker Blaine an' his wife, and lords, an' counts, an' marquises, an' hundreds more. Miss Grant wore a pale blue silk, with p'int lace an' diamonds. Miss Williams, pale green with diamonds an' lace. Miss Nellie Grant, corn-colored silk with flowers an' pearls. Miss Sprague, pale blue silk, with embroidered daisies. Mrs. Dr. Newman black velvet dress, an' white lace shawl. But it's no use to tell of any more dresses. Every body a'most wore low-necked an' short-sleeved dresses. But they wasn't any of 'em very low. Some o' the foreign ladies wore the lowest. An' speakin' o' bare necks an' arms a day or two before the ball, Nat got a book from the library to show that they used to wear 'em lower than they do now. It was "Our Republican Court," an' I must say that this did beat us all to pieces. There 's Mrs. Madison, Mrs. Winthrop, Mrs. Izard, Mrs. Randolph, Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis, Mrs. Robert Morris, Madame Genet, an' one or two others wore their dresses, what would be called in these times, shamefully low. An' they put on lots o' style, too, for a young republic. It wouldn't do nowadays, I tell you!

An' speakin' o' balls, I'll tell you of one more, the only one I went to in Washin'ton, besides Miss Cooke's: and that's the Inauguration ball. The tickets, girls, was—guess how much! Five dollars? Just four times that much. Did I give twenty dollars to go to a ball? Of course not, but Nat, being a Congressman, got one, an' that would take in two ladies besides, so he took Miss Rankin an' me. But oh! what a day that was, to be sure. Freezin' bitter, bitin' cold. I'd been up to the Capitol in the mornin' an' seen the Inauguration, an' a fine sight it was from the comfortable room where I was,—some kind of committee-room. But how I did pity the thousands o' people out o' doors, standin' a waitin' an' freezin'. It 's the truth. Plenty o' folks got real sick from the cold, an' some o' the soldiers had their hands an' feet froze. Well, I seen the old chair brought out that General Washington set on when *he* was inaugurated, an' the President an' Vice-President an' the old Chief-Justice (he 's dead now, girls) come out, an' they stood up an' took off their hats, an' then they took the oath, an' the crowd shouted, an' it was over. But you read all about this, and I was goin' to tell of the ball. Nat insisted on our goin' an' told us to take plenty o' shawls, an' we needn't stay long if

we was uncomfortable. So we went, an' I must say it paid just to see the ball-room. Three hundred feet long—one hundred yards—as far as from here to the big barn. Just think o' that, girls! An' it was all hung with colored muslins an' all sorts o' trimmin's, an' lit up with thousands o' gas-lights. You've read the Arabian Nights, but there's nothin' in *that* to compare with it. Then there was the finest table an' the largest I ever seen; but gracious me! everybody an' everything was a-freezin'. I reckon there was thousands o' dollars spent on dresses for that ball; an' then everybody had to keep on all the shawls an' cloaks they could find. An' a few that was too proud for this, an' *would* go with bare shoulders, lost their lives from it. The sight was a funny one, I tell you. Some o' the ladies just wore old woollen shawls, an' was glad to put 'em around their fine dresses, an' the contrast was too ridiculous. The President an' his wife an' daughter an' son, an' the Vice-President, an' all the officers of the government with their ladies, an' all the great folks, was there. But the little Japanese lady, dressed in the dress of her country, was noticed most of all. An' there was a few of the upper ten of the colored folk there; an' one o' these, a pretty mulatto girl, was beaueed around by a real white man. Well, well! it did look quare, like, to a Virginny woman!

Well, we was well wrapped up, an' so we staid an' watched the dancin', an' then took our supper with our teeth a-chatterin' all the time. We shook hands with the President an' Miss Grant, an' with Miss Fish, and Miss Cooke, an' Miss Blaine, an' Miss Williams, an' Gail Hamilton, an' a great many more. Nat danced one set with Miss Kitty Cooke, but as Miss Rankin didn't dance, he danced no more. She looked mighty pretty that night, an' I begun to think that Nat was about half in love with her. An' I don't know as I'd have any objection to it; for if she never did live in the country, she's got real good sense; an' they could come to the Valley every summer, an' pass the winters in Washington. But I won't go to buildin' air-castles. Nat 's old enough to choose for himself and whoever he loves, I'm certain I 'll love if she 'll let me; for a better son never lived on this earth than my Nat.



## AUNT MEHITABLE'S WINTER IN WASHINGTON.

BY MRS. HARRIET HAZELTON.

### SEVENTH PAPER.

YOU'D like to hear about more balls, Allie? Well, you know I told you that I didn't go to any more. 'Siah wouldn't go, and I didn't like to leave him so often o' evenings alone. If he'd a' been willin' to go too, I reckon I'd a' gone mighty offen; for I did like to set o' one side and see the grand rooms, with their hundreds o' lights, an' the flowers an' Canary birds, an' the sweet young girls a-dancin' away to beautiful music, an' the richly dressed older ladies, with their trained silks an' diamonds, an' the officers, with their gold applettes, all mingled together—all bright an' gay an' seemingly happy. I always love to see folks enjoyin' themselves, an' especially old folks; for there's no danger of the young ones not doin' it. An' I do believe that there's no place in the world where old people have nicer times than they do in Washin'ton.

But, speakin' o' balls, Nat an' Miss Rankin went to several without me, an' I mind pretty much all they told me about 'em. So I'll tell you as well as I can. Your Cousin Jacob was here in time to go to two of 'em; but when Nat asked him, he only laughed an' said, "Jerusha! you don't catch me a-goin' where I'd meet all them great folks. Why, I wouldn't know whether I stood on my head or my heels; an' of course I'd make a fool o' myself. No, no! I'll stay with Uncle 'Siah," an' he did stay.

The first one they went to was the grand Stewart Ball, in Masonic Temple. Now, I always used to think that a "Temple" was a religious place—a place where people went to worship somethin'. I know that where the heathens keep their gods they call Temples, an' the old Temples in Greece, Nat says, was built for gods and goddesses. An' so when I heard about Masonic Temple I thought it was a church built by the Free Masons. But I found I was mistaken. This buildin', or leastways this room in it, is used all the time for balls an' receptions. I don't know either what the difference is between these two; but they sometimes say one, an' sometimes t'other. But I believe there's always some o' the great folks a-standin' at one end o' the room receivin' the people, an' afterwards there's music an' dancin', an' a grand supper. Well, Senator Stewart an' his wife give one o' these (it was called a ball this time) for their daughter, Miss Bessie. The hall is the largest in the city, an' they had it beautifully trimmed with all kinds o' hot-house plants, an' flowers, an' fountains, an' Canary birds besides. There was a wide platform raised across the upper end o' the room where Mr. an' Miss Stewart an' their daughter an' friends set. This was all covered with car-

pet, an' trimmed with flowers an' colored muslin; an' beside Mr. and Miss Stewart an' Miss Bessie, there was the President and Miss Grant an' Miss Nellie, an' General an' Miss Williams an' a great many other dignitaries. Miss Stewart wore a grand dress of crimson satin, all flounced with the richest p'int lace, that was worth a fortune. Her shoulders an' arms was bare, an' she had a necklace an' bracelets an' ear-rings of diamonds. She's quite a large, stout lady, an' has a nice neck an' arms for full dress. An' just here I must tell you that "full dress" means in society, just as *little* dress as you can git on. Of course that must be rich an' fine, with plenty o' jewelry for the arms an' neck. In Europe, Miss Rankin says, no lady is allowed to go before the King or Queen without she's in full dress. She mustn't even have the thinnest lace over her shoulders, no matter how lean an' scraggy they are. An' as no young lady is counted in society till she's been to Court (that's before the King and Queen), an' as every one's bound to have an old or married lady with her, and some has nobody but grandmothers or grandaunts to go with 'em, you may be sure it's a quare sight to see the bony arms an' shrivelled necks an' shoulders they sometimes show at Court. For my part, I think it's a shame! An' I reckon if one o' the great queens only could live long enough, an' git lean enough, like some o' the other ladies, they'd be mighty apt to change the fashion. If I was as thin an' lean as Miss Tompkins, at Petersburg, I'd just die before I'd show *my* shoulders in such a place! Nat says that if I live in Washin'ton a few more winters, I'll be certain to wear low-necked dresses. Well, I'm pretty sure I won't; but I'm sure if I did, I wouldn't disgrace myself by showin' lean, ugly shoulders an' arms. The disgrace would be in showin' 'em at all. They're plump enough an' white enough, if *that* was all.

But I was a-tellin' of Miss Stewart. They said she looked grand indeed. An' her daughter, Bessie, wore a rich silk trained dress, of a pale pink, with front breadth of white silk, all plaited, makin' it look like the trained gowns an' petticoats of old times. Then she had some kind o' white gauze for an overdress, an' this was all covered with rosebuds. "A fair rosebud in a rose-garden o' girls," Nat said. Miss Grant wore a gold colored silk (I reckon they'd a' called it *yaller* here in Virginny) all trimmed with costly black lace, and made low-necked, of course. Miss Nellie wore a thin gauze dress o' the same color, trimmed with flowers, an' with pearl jewelry. Miss Attorney-General Williams wore white silk, with all the ruffles edged with blue, an' with blue streamers a-floatin' from her white shoulders. Miss Rankin said she looked fine. Miss Coston wore a fine court dress of green velvet an' white satin, an' diamonds an' pearls, that she wore once at the Court of Napoleon. I don't just know who

Miss Coston is, but of course she's rich; an' maybe her husband's a Senator, or a railroad President, or a Credit Mobiler man. You mind I said once that I wasn't so proud after a while to think o' Nat bein' a member o' Congress. But I was proud to think, as he *was* a member o' Congress, that he wasn't a Credit Mobiler man. What was the Credit Mobiler? Well, I don't think I can tell exactly. But it was somethin' about bein' bribed by railroad men. An' it must a' been dreadful mean, or it wouldn't a' hurt 'em so to be found out in it. I know one man in very high place, that looked, after the thing was proved onto him, for all the world like he'd passed through a two months' siege o' typhus fever. An' there's Mr. Ames and Mr. Brooks that both died since. If only one had a' died, I wouldn't a' thought that had anything to do with it; but I feel sure now that it killed 'em both. I believe there's plenty o' folks die o' broken hearts. A woman's would break quickest for disapp'inted love, an' a man's quickest for disapp'inted ambition. It's mighty hard for a man in high place, that's been looked up to for years by the whole country, to be found out in anything disgraceful. It ain't doin' the thing that hurts so much, or they wouldn't do it. It's bein' found out in it. An' yet the very ones that blame 'em most don't know what *they'd* a' done if they'd a' been tempted. So I say in the words o' Scriptor, "Judge not;" for we can't judge right about anything, unless we've gone through the same trial ourselves. I know mighty well that I never knowed how to pity a mother that lost her child till our own little Sallie died. An' now I can cry with one from the bottom o' my heart.

What's that, Allie? Oh, yes! I've gone off ag'in from the balls. I'm a great hand to go a skylarkin' away from what I was a-tellin'. I reckon that's because I'm a-gittin' old. I was talkin' o' the balls. Well, there ain't very much more to tell about them. On Friday, after the Stewart Ball, they went to Miss General Williams's evenin' reception. An' right here, I want to say a word about callin' ladies *Miss General Sherman*, an' *Miss Admiral Dahlgren*, an' *Miss Senator Schurz*, an' so on. Now just think, girls, how it would sound here in Virginny—*Miss Judge Allen*, *Miss Storekeeper Hodgkins*, *Miss Farmer Woods*, *Miss Shoemaker Pillar*, *Miss Preacher Harmon*, an' so on. I think it's ridiculous! In Washin'ton all the preachers is called *Doctor*, and their wives is *Miss Doctor Newman*, *Miss Doctor Tiffany*, an' so on, to the end o' the chapter. Well, well! But I'm a-skylarkin' ag'in, sure's the world. Miss Williams wore a beautiful silk dress of laylock an' pink silk, trimmed with white lace and roses. Her hair was combed high, an' she wore a gold comb in front that looked like a crown, an' a pink feather back of it. Miss Rankin said she was just as pleasant as any

body could be, an' the General was home-like, old-fashioned, an' nice in his ways o' talkin' to folks. It was a very grand affair; the President an' his family, General Sherman, General Sheridan, an' hundreds of other great folks bein' there. Of course, everybody was a-tryin' to get introduced to "Phil Sheridan," as they call him. I met him once, an' he's dreadful ordinary looking. But if a man's been successful in war, the women'll do anything to git to shake hands with him. An' they'll take a General, or a Colonel, or a Captain for a husband, too, no matter if he ain't a good man, before they would the best man in the world with a plain Mister to his name. An' so I don't wonder so much as some folks at girls runnin' wild over lords an' counts. An' it's a good deal more the faults o' the mothers than it is o' the young girls. They raise 'em up with the idee that they must marry somebody that makes a show, or has a high-soundin' name; an' don't teach 'em that goodness is the only greatness that counts when a-body gits old.

Nat met Mr. Horatio King at Williams's Reception. He's the one that gives the literary reunions that's been talked about so much. Well, he invited Nat to come, an' bring Miss Rankin and his mother; sayin', "I always like to have the old ladies come to keep *me* company," in such a pleasant way, that Nat said I *must* go. I held up both my hands. "What in the world could I do, Nat, among all them learned people? I'd be sure to disgrace you; an' besides, I *couldn't* enjoy myself. I'd be in such a dread all the time." "Well, mother," he says, "just come once, and you needn't say anything but 'yes' and 'no,' if you like. I want you to see that there's somethin' done in Washin'ton besides goin' to parties, an' balls, an' receptions. You needn't be afeard. Miss Rankin'll take you through all right." So I had to consent, though I was in a terrible flutter all day, a-thinkin' o' meetin' so many people that writes books, an' newspapers, an' poetry; an' that paints grand picturs, an' makes statues, an' does all kinds o' great things. An' I wondered if they'd use great dictionary words that I couldn't understand; an' I meant to keep Miss Rankin close to me all the time, an' if anybody said anything to me that I couldn't answer, I was goin' to nudge her, so's *she* might talk for me. But I was a-givin' myself trouble for nothin'.

We put on our black silk dresses, an' lace collars an' sleeves, for we was told that ladies didn't go *there* in "full dress." We went early too, at half-past seven, an' as soon as I was introduced to Mr. King, I knowed I'd like him. There was nothin' stiff or proud about him, an' he just appeared like somebody I'd knowed always. His house was real nice, an' large an' comfortable; but was old-fashioned, an' didn't look like it was fixed for show. How can a house be old-fashioned, Allie? Why, bless



you, child! the furniture, an' the wall-paper, an' even the ways o' buildin' houses change fashions as well as your bonnets, though maybe not quite as often. But Nat says Mr. King is an old style gentleman, an' don't care for new style furniture. I like that. I always git fond o' my old things at home. They grow dear to me, like; an' seem part o' the family a'most. I don't think I'd feel at home at all, if all the old things was took out, an' new ones put in the house. You mind the old bureau up stairs that grandmother had, with a flat top, without any glass, an' little narrow drawers, an' lines o' white wood set in, an' brass handles a-hangin' down like bucket-bails? Well, that was made in 1796, an' it's a'most eighty year old; but I wouldn't sell it for a whole new set o' stylish furniture. I mean for Annie to keep it for her oldest daughter, an' let it go on so, as long as it'll hold together. Now, in Washin'ton they sell out their things for little or nothin' as soon as they git old-fashioned, an' buy the latest styles. But it ain't so at Mr. King's. His daughter's a mighty pleasant lady, with a kind word for everybody. They give us one o' the best seats in the front parlor, where we could see the folks come in. Well, I seen so many wise-lookin' men, with white hair, an' so many bald-headed ones, an' so many ladies that I imagined looked dreadfully smart, that I began to tremble for fear I'd have to talk with some of 'em after awhile, an' show my ignorance. You see as we set still watchin' 'em come in, I had a good deal o' time to think, an' the more I thought the more skeered I got. At last Mr. King stepped out into the middle of the room and introduced the Reverend Doctor Tiffany. He's the pastor of the Metropolitan Church, an' the very one your Cousin Jacob liked so much. An' I tell you his lectur was a beautiful one! It was on Washin'ton Irvin', an' I was so pleased that I was surprised an' disap'inted to have him stop so soon. But they only lectur a half hour there. They don't want to tire folks; an' they want time for music and conversation. So, as they always go home before eleven, they can't lectur so very long. There was playin' on the pi-anna, an, singin', an' then the cheers was moved out, an' everybody went around talkin' to their friends, an' about the lectur. I was introduced to Doctor Tiffany and a dozen others, an' was a-talkin' away, perfectly at home before I knowed it, an' forgot all about the folks bein' so dreadfully learned.

I liked these better than any other parties I went to in Washin'ton. Folks didn't dress for show, an' wasn't a thinkin' about dresses an' jewelry all the time. We went several times after that, an' always felt at home. On the last evenin' o' the season we got 'Siah to go. An' he said that such parties as them was somethin' like. He'd like to go to such a place every week. There was some sense in goin'

where you could learn somethin'. An' Mr. King was the very kind of man that he liked. This last evenin' Doctor Woodward lectured on the "Wonders o' the Microscope." He showed us by photographs how beautiful the teeniest things seem, when they are made to look five or six hundred times bigger than they are; an' how perfect the smallest atoms in the world would seem to us, if we could see 'em as God does. The little specks o' dust from the little moth that sticks to our fingers, are perfect shiny scales, like fish-scales, an' every other thing in Natur just as perfect.

Mr. King made a beautiful speech that evenin' to his friends that had been comin' to his receptions, an' then read a poem by a lady that was there. I don't know her name, but it seemed that she didn't know he was goin' to read it. A good many went to be introduced to her, an' they all praised her poem; but Nat didn't know who she was. After an hour or two of music and sociable talk, they all bid Mr. King an' his daughter good-by till next season. I'll never forgit these parties if I should never see Washin'ton any more. Mr. an' Miss King would come around so pleasant like, an' ask, "Do you know General So-and-so? or Judge Such-a-one? Wouldn't you like to be introduced?" till I couldn't feel the least lonely like. We met so many great folks there, that it's no use to try an' tell you half of 'em. Nat says that every great writer, or artist, or newspaper man, or lecturer that's been in Washin'ton in four years, to stay over Saturday night, has been to Mr. King's receptions; an' that every good paper in the country, a'most, an' half the magazines has noticed these parties. He says they're somethin' like the parties Alice and Phebe Cary used to have in New York, only they're a great deal larger. But they had their'n on Sunday afternoons or evenin's. That seems quare to most folks. I think myself that a Saturday is the best for gatherin's like this. But I *don't* think it's wrong for country folks, that has to work hard all the week, to go an' see their friends on Sundays. I don't believe the good Lord put us here to be always a-lookin' on the gloomy side o' things; an' I think there's a mighty sight more religion in makin' home pleasant on Sundays than in settin' around with long faces like some folks we know, that won't let their boys laugh or speak above their breaths. No! Sunday ought to be a day of rest an' peace to the old, an' of pleasant memories to the young. Keep children out o' bad company, but let 'em run an' frisk about on the grass, an' under the trees, like the colts an' calves. Let 'em laugh an' be happy in this beautiful world while they can; for the dark days 'll come soon enough. An' above all let 'em have pleasant memories of home to take with them out into the great sinful world, an' they'll make all the better men an' women for it.

Nat an' Miss Rankin went to one more ball late in the season. That was the great Charity Ball for the benefit o' the orphans. The tickets was five dollars, an' every lady took a bundle o' clothes for the orphans, an' put 'em in a great basket by the door as she went in. The President an' Miss Grant an' Miss Nellie was there, and nearly all the highest people in the city. Miss General Ricketts, Miss General Paul, Miss Dahlgren, an' other ladies, was managers. Miss Ricketts is one o' the managers of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Orphans Home, an' a great woman to work for charity. She went to the battle front to take care of her husband, when he was wounded in the war, an' she nussed the soldiers in the hospitals afterwards. She's a fine-lookin', healthy, pleasant woman. Miss Paul's very nice lookin' too. I met 'em both at Miss Williams's. General Paul lost both his eyes in the war, an' it's a touchin' sight to see his wife goin' out with him, leadin' him around lovingly an' tenderly. Both these are called fashionable ladies, but there's a good deal in 'em besides that.

Miss Rankin said Miss Nellie Grant looked real pretty that night, an' seemed to enjoy the dancin' very much. I don't recollect what kind of dress they said she wore, but she had her hair hangin' back in curls from a high comb; an' she had one o' the new-fashioned big fans at her side, with a satchel, an' a smell-in'-bottle, a sight bigger than the one I've got o' grandmother's, accordin' to Miss Rankin's description. I don't remember much more about the Charity Ball; but I reckon this is enough, any way, for one evenin'. I never set up late here in the country, whatever I may do in Washin'ton. So good-night, girls!

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#### A Literary Success.

AN honest—therefore poor—young man, just cut adrift from college,  
 Was driven to devise a plan for bartering his knowledge.  
 He thought and thought a weary while, then off his coat he stript,  
 And in one heat reeled off some seventeen pages of manuscript,  
 Note size, and written only on one side, from which you'll guess  
 That it was meant for nothing less than "copy" for the press.  
 Naught mean about this youth: He quoted French, and Greek, and Latin;  
 He pressed ancient and modern history into service; and, though he had only a small stock of metaphysics on hand, he didn't hesitate to work *that* in.

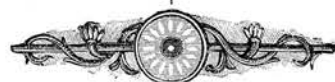
Then straightway he concealed the article upon his person,  
 And went on publication day (he couldn't have chosen a worse one)

To the office of a weekly, where he somehow found the editor,  
 Who eyed him with an ugly glare, as though he were a creditor.  
 The editor clutched the manuscript; fumbled it half a minute,  
 Looked at the first page, then the last, and knew all that was in it.  
 He gave it back. "It's very good," he said, "but we can't use it.  
 We should have to plow up several acres of flowers of rhetoric, translate, boil it down, and put a head on it; and, as there is no news in it, anyhow, though it is a capital article, I fear we must refuse it."

The young man went away, and pondered. "It's quite plain," said he,  
 "That what I've written is *too good*. What a genius I must be!  
 Ergo, if I could but contrive to write a little badly, The editor, undoubtedly, would take my matter gladly." He set to work again, and all his powers he put a tax on,  
 Until he had produced a piece of rough-hewn Anglo-Saxon.  
 He tried to make it seem abrupt, and to have the language terse.  
 "I've got along without quotations and metaphors," he said, "and tethered myself to plain statements, and have used only two or three kinds of epithets; on the whole, I couldn't write much worse."

He went again to the editor, with a kind of sense of shame.  
 "If you should see fit to publish this," he said, "don't use my name."  
 The editor turned the pages o'er with evident interest. "It's better than the last," he said, "though hardly in request."  
 "I won't give up," the young man said, as he sadly walked away.  
 "I've got to harness my genius down, if I want to make it pay."  
 So he tried once more, and, after nights of labor, he succeeded  
 In writing such a shockingly bad thing that he didn't dare look it over. He broke away from every cherished tradition; crammed whole paragraphs into a short sentence; hunted up slang and spattered it about; and put the whole together in such an uncouth way that his old teachers would have said a First Reader was what he needed.

He didn't like to go with this. His heart began to fail.  
 So he borrowed a dozen postage-stamps and sent it through the mail.  
 He waited tremblingly. An answer came that very night,  
 Which said the editor had found the article all right. He sent a check in payment, and he hinted, at the end,  
 That he'd take as much of that sort as the young man chose to send.  
 From that day forth the said young man has prospered more or less,  
 And he always tells his friends that a careful cultivation of bad taste, total abstinence from college rhetoric, and a tight muzzling of the genius that is in him, are the secrets of his success.



## AUNT MEHITABLE'S WINTER IN WASHINGTON.

BY MRS. HARRIET HAZELTON.

### EIGHTH PAPER.

I BELIEVE, girls, that I told you 'tother night about all the balls. Yes, the great Charity Ball was the very last o' the season. An' I'm glad enough to talk o' somethin' else to-night. Balls is good enough in their way, but old folks like me soon git tired of 'em, and lose interest in 'em.

Well, by this time, the terrible cold weather seemed to wear itself out, like, an' so we all concluded to see some more o' the sights around the city. The first thing Jacob Hyder wanted to do was to go to Mount Vernon; an' as I felt the same way myself, we took a day when it wasn't so very cold, an' got on the steamer "Arrow," an' went down. The first thing I seen after gittin' on the boat, was that poor, unfinished Monument ag'in. I tell you, girls, it looked towards me from every place I went to in an' around Washin'ton. This mornin' it looked at me reproachin' like, as if it said, "Is this to be all? Am I to stand here forever, unfinished an' desolate? A hundred times better if I'd never been commenced, for then I'd not be a standin' target for the scorn of strangers."

I told Nat an' Miss Rankin how it seemed to talk to me, an' he said it spoke to him also, sayin': "Egypt has her Pompey's Pillar, her Cleopatra's Needle, and her great Pyramids; Rome her Trajan's Pillar, her St. Antoine's Column, and her St. Peter's Church; France her Arch of Triumph, her Napoleon's Column, an' many other mementos to her great men; England is dotted all over with monuments to her illustrious dead, while America can only give to the founder of her liberties a brass statue on horseback, an' a naked figure to shiver on winter nights in the grounds o' the Capitol. Is this well, O, America, my Mother?" he said, aloud. [I told Miss Rankin to write Nat's speech down for me, as I couldn't 'a remembered it.]

When he got so fur, a dozen o' the folks on the boat had gathered around, to hear a speech, but Nat stopped quietly, as if nothin' was the matter an' commenced talkin' about somethin' else. By this time the boat was off, an' we began to look about us. The Long Bridge that we crossed over when we come from Virginny showed fine from here. They say it's a mile long, an' it looks fully that from the place where the boat starts. Just at the furthest end, on a woody hill that rises high above the river, is Arlington, one o' the grandest lookin' places I ever seen. Here it was that General Lee lived when the war broke out, an' he left his home an' all that was dear to go with the old State of Virginny. The Government took his place, an' now it's one great graveyard, with thousands an' thousands o' soldiers' graves upon it.

We went over to see it a day or two afterwards, an' it made me feel dreadful to see the gloom an' desolation around this beautiful home. There's a great monument by the garden with the bones o' more 'n a thousand soldiers under it. They was gathered up by pieces on the battle fields and brought here—an' then throwed all together in one great pit. For nobody could tell anything about the poor bones—they was scattered helter-skelter, in all directions. Oh, what a terrible thing war is! It divides families ag'in each other. It makes our States bitter towards each other. It brings poverty, an' desolation, an' death into thousands o' happy homes; and I pray that I never, never may see sich a dreadful time ag'in.

Miss Lee, poor old lady! is crippled or paralyzed, Miss Rankin says, but for all that she's a perfect lady still. She was in Alexandria last winter, an' hundreds o' ladies, both Northern and Southern, called on her—goin' down from Washin'ton every day by dozens. She was very nicely dressed, an' received 'em in her easy chair, or on her lounge. She is still very fine lookin' an' very bright and interestin' in her talk. She was here a-tryin' to git Congress to let her have the General's old books an' pictures, an' other things that was left in Arlington. Did they give 'em to her? Certainly they let her have these old relics, to comfort her lonely life at the last.

The first place we passed on the river was the Arsenal, with its long stone river-wall, an' its rich green banks above, all planted with willer trees; an' with its great piles o' cannonballs, an' hundreds o' cannon, all ranged in rows: with its nice brick houses where the officers live, an' its pretty wharf and boat-house built out into the water. It was in this ground that the old Penitentiary stood, where Miss Surratt an' Payne, an' the others that helped in the murder o' Lincoln was tried, an' hung, an' buried—Booth among 'em.

Durin' the war they made millions o' cartridges an' all kinds o' things o' that sort at the Arsenal; an' there was a good many young women workin' there. Well, one day there come an explosion that shook half the city, an' it was one o' the Arsenal workshops that blowed up, an', girls, there was eighteen young girls killed in the twinklin' of your eye! She says that that funeral was the saddest one she ever seen, except Mr. Lincoln's. Eighteen hearses moved slowly along the avenue, an' thousands of people followed to the Congressional Cemetery. A beautiful monument was raised over 'em by Congress, an' we went to see it the week before we left home. It's a fine, tall monument, with a weepin' angel on the top.

Next we come to the Insane Asylum—"St. Elizabeth's" they call it. It looks like a grand old castle from the river, risin' up from the top of a hill covered with trees. We went over

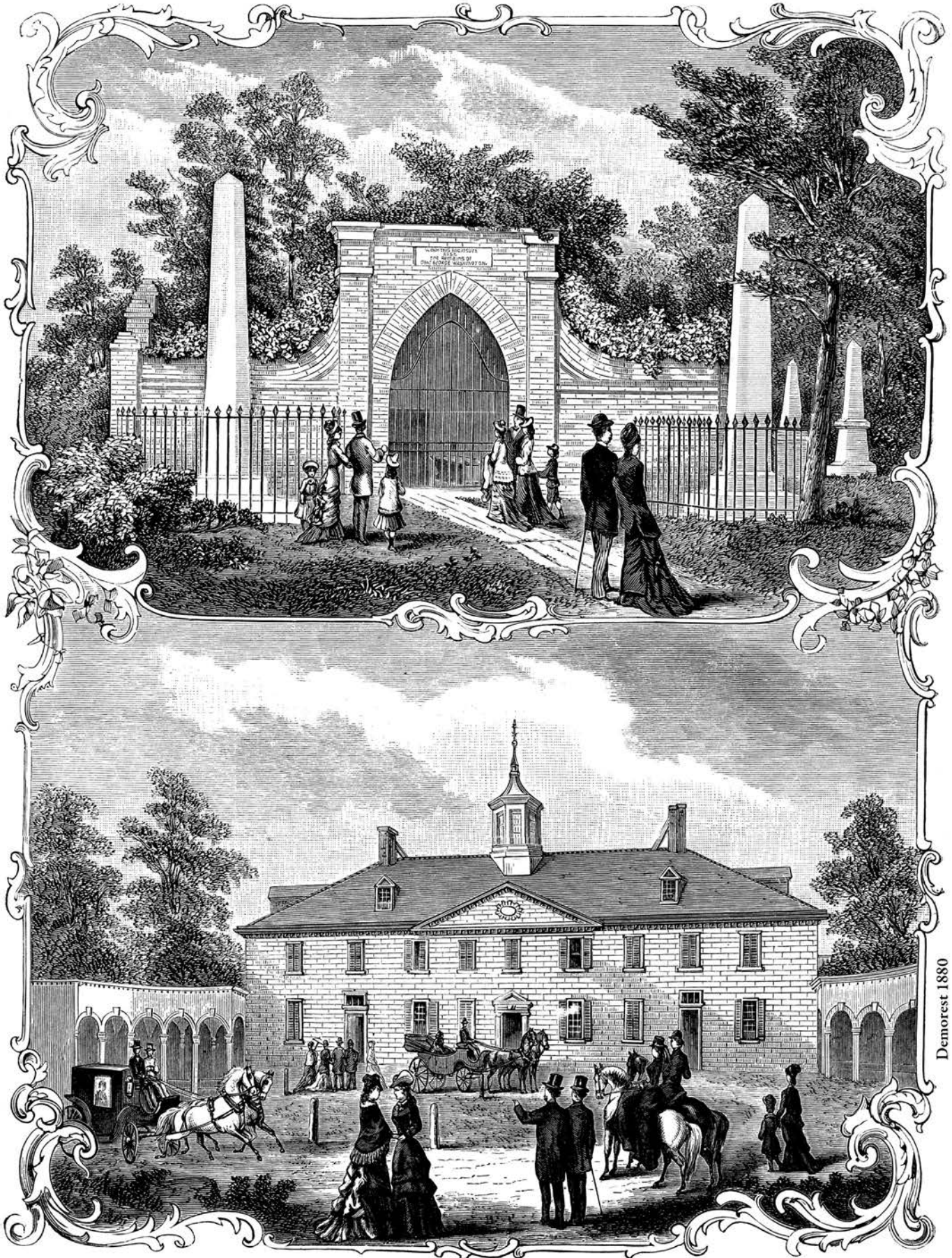
there the next day, an' so I'll tell you about it now. Nat got a carriage an' took us all over. We went over Capitol Hill an' down to the Navy Yard, then crossed over Anacostia River on a bridge a quarter of a mile long, went through the little town of Anacostia, or Uniontown, as they call it now, an' goin' up the hill we had the grandest view of Washin'ton, Soldiers' Home, Georgetown, Long Bridge, Arlington, an' other places. Then we reached the gate, an' drove in, an' up to the great doorway. The house looks very different here from the way it does from the river. It looks lower an' very long, but still looks like a castle. We seen Doctor Nichols, a very pleasant gentleman, seemingly, an' he sent a woman to show us around the buildin'. There's nice parlors on every floor, an' great wide halls, each one bein' finished up with different kinds o' fine wood, an' each ward named from the wood it's finished in, as the "Maple Ward," the "Walnut Ward," the "Cedar Ward," an' so on. Of course we seen the insane people, leastways them that's not very bad—for they never let folks see them that's ravin' mad. Miss Rankin asked about Miss Mary Harris, that shot her lover, Mr. Burroughs, of the Treasury Department, several years ago. But the woman said she wouldn't see anybody but her own special friends. She said that she seemed very little like an insane woman, an' was no trouble at all. A great many people think she's *not* crazy, but as she was cleared o' the charge o' murder on that ground, it's right that she should be kept there. Miss Rankin says that since she was cleared it's got to be a common thing for folks, especially women, to commit murder, an' then pretend to be crazy. I asked her if she'd ever seen Miss Harris. She said yes, she had attended the trial one day, an' heard Mr. Voorhees, of Indiana, make a fine speech in her favor. She was a small, nice ladylike lookin' girl, with dark eyes an' hair. She dressed with great taste, an' behaved very well durin' the whole trial, an' it lasted a long time. I reckon, from what she told me, that the man really deserved punishment, but it was dreadful for her to take his life. He had been makin' her believe, from the time she was a child, that she was to be his wife. He had made her love him by every means that men know how to use; an' then, just when she was grown up, an' expectin' him to keep his promise, he went off without sayin' a word, an' married another woman. So the girl went wild over her disappointment, an' come down to Washin'ton, went to the Treasury, sent for Mr. Burroughs, and when he come out, raised her little revolver, an' shot him. Maybe she didn't mean to kill him; but she did, an' it's all the same. It was a pity for his young wife, that wasn't to blame at all. But they cleared the woman of murder, an' sent her to the Insane Asylum, an' there she is yit.

The next place our boat passed was Giesboro P'int, the place where the British landed in 1812, an' then marched up to Bladensburg, on the east bank of the Anacostia River. Everybody's heard o' the big battle an' scare at Bladensburg. That don't seem such a dreadful long time ago, neither; yet, then, the river was deep enough to let the ships go clear up to the old town, an' the old tobacco warehouses, some o' them, stand there yet. But now the stream is shaller, an' all full o' sea-weed, with only a little channel to lead to the Navy Yard; but the tide still rises as fur up as Bladensburg.

Next we come to Foote's Fort, a great fort across from Alexandria, a little this side. It's all made of earthwork, an' they say is a sight stronger'n any o' the stone forts. Just between this an' Alexandria, Miss Rankin told me, the Rooshan ships laid that passed the winter here a year or so before Mr. Lincoln died. She was on board o' the flag ship, an' said it was a very fine vessel. The officers showed her party all through it.

Our boat stopped a minute at the dead-lookin' old town of Alexandria, to take on a passenger or two. I think I never did see any place look so old an' sleepy like as this town. An' only to think that they once talked o' makin' it the Capital City! They told me about Christ Church there, the 'Piscopal Church that General Washin'ton an' his family always attended. It's as old an' sleepy-lookin' as the rest o' the town, an' you have to go right through the graveyard to git to it. They say that strangers always go an' set down in Washin'ton's pew for a minute before they leave the church. We talked o' goin' there before comin' home, but we had so many other places to go to that we didn't have time. Miss Rankin said, though, that she'd git me a slip o' the ivy that grows on the wall next to Washin'ton's winder, an' I mean to plant it by my settin'-room winder. 'Siah says that I never planted anything yit that didn't grow.

Well, we come next to Fort Washin'ton, one o' the first forts ever built in our country, an' laid out by General Washin'ton himself. It's built o' stone an' brick, an' all along the parapets is great guns a-p'intin' over the water, like the fingers o' grim death. But they told me that an iron-clad monitor could knock it all to pieces. Miss Rankin said she passed a couple o' weeks in the fort with her husband during the war (he was killed at last, poor fellow! in the battles o' the Wilderness), while he was very low with the typhus fever. They hadn't any hospital then, an' he had to lay in one o' the casemates (they're rooms made under ground, an' very damp), an' the centipedes or "thousand legs" jist covered the walls at nights. She said she'd always been so afeard o' these things before that, she'd run an' scream when she seen one. But at that time she was in so much trouble, thinkin' her



Demorest 1880

THE TOMB.

MOUNT VERNON.

THE WEST FRONT.

husband would surely die, that she got to think very little about the critters; an' somehow, findin' that she could sleep with 'em creepin' over the bed, an' that they never hurt her at all, she'd never minded 'em much sence. But, always, when she passes that fort, the old days an' the old trouble comes back agin, she says, an' the years that have passed sence then seems to drop away, an' the husband o' her youth seems to return ag'in an' stand by her side.

Nat wasn't with us when she talked o' this to me, an' I noticed that as soon as he came up, she changed the subject. I reckon that women's always a little jubious about talkin' to men o' such things. I know that as long as 'Siah an' me's lived together, I never speak o' such things to him. It's only to my Annie, or to some o' you girls, that I even tell all my woman's thoughts.

Poor Miss Rankin! So she's had her sheer o' trouble as well as the rest of us. An' it must a-took a pretty hard trouble to drive away her dread o' the centipedes, when she was so afeard of 'em. Now I never minded *them* much, but I'm as feared as death of a mouse or a snake. If a mouse runs towards me, I just holler an' scream till they kill it or drive it out o' the room. An' though I was raised in the country, you could skeer me to death with a snake, I reckon.

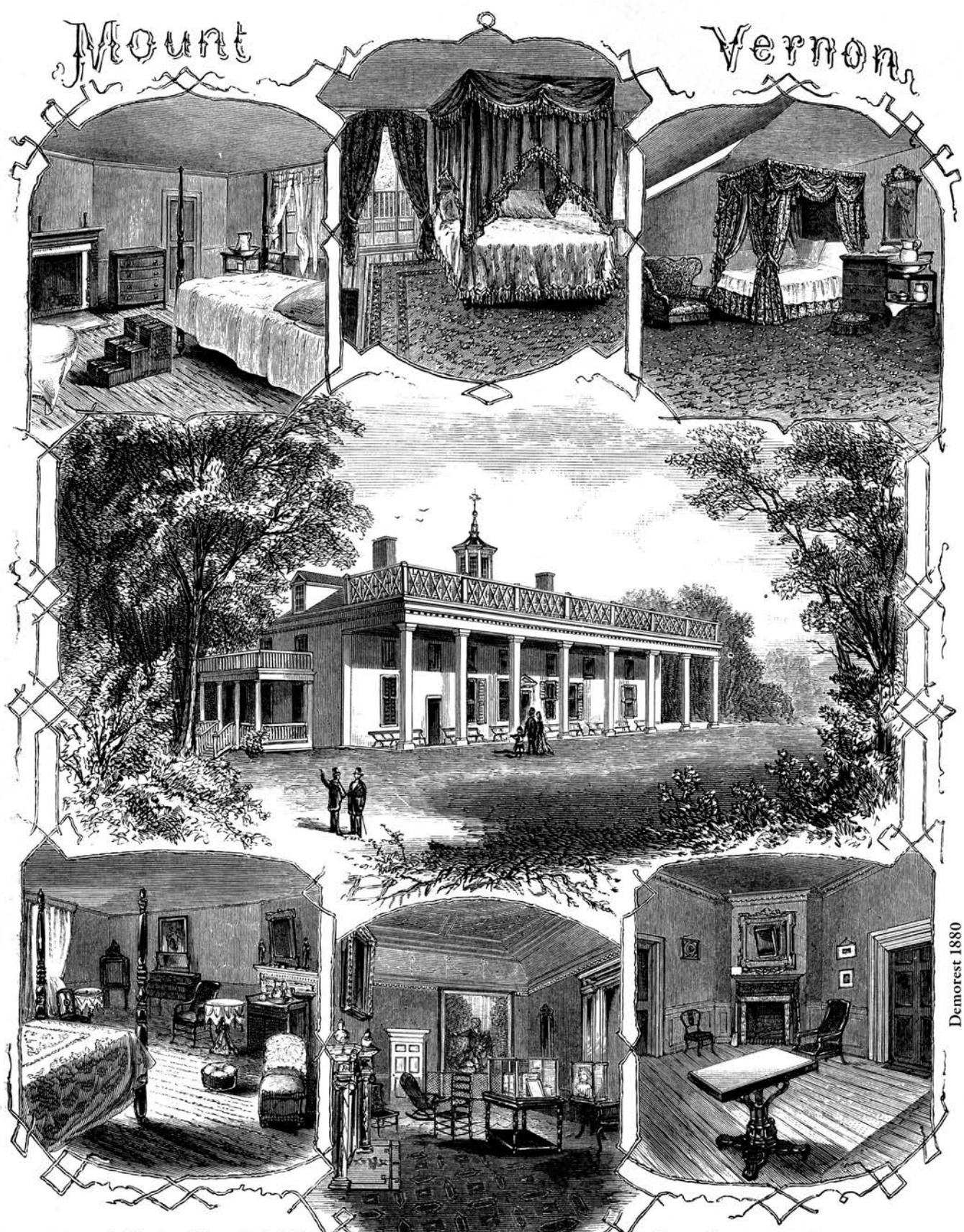
Well, at last we came to Mount Vernon. We seen the house through the trees some time before we got there. It's got a red roof an' great pillars in front, somethin' like Arlington. There's a little old wharf where the boat landed, an' then a pretty steep little hill to climb, an' then, before we thought o' such a thing, we was a-standin' before the tomb. I had an idee that we'd go to the house first, an' I was kind o' startled when I found that we really was before the grave o' Washin'ton. It's a vault built o' brick in the hill-side, but with an open door, fastened with an iron gate, that lets in the blessed light an' air o' heaven. I like that way o' buryin' people. I'd like to be buried so myself. In the vault you can see, as plain as if they was outside, two marble coffins. The one to the right has "Washin'ton" in large, plain letters, cut on the end towards the door; the other has "Martha, Wife of Washin'ton." Outside there's some small monuments, with the names o' some o' his brothers or relations on 'em. There was only two or three strangers around, an' I was glad of it. I'd rather a-been all alone for a while, but, of course, I didn't say so.

We walked along the path towards the house, an' on the way passed the little old tomb where they first laid him—nearer to the house. The house is large but shabby lookin' when you git near it; the porch is paved with quare lookin' stones brought from England, an' though it's only a frame house, it's got

great brick pillars in front. We went into several rooms, but the great dinin'-room an' the room where he died was the only ones I cared much about. The bed-room is very plain an' old-fashioned, with no fancy finishin' about it; but it's large an' airy enough. The bedstead ain't the one he died on, but is made just like it, so's to let strangers see the style o' them old times, an' how simple the great man lived. The high-posted bedstead that 'Siah's father give us when we went to house-keepin' was ever so much nicer'n this one. Still, I don't think Washin'ton lived so very simple-like in some ways. In the grand old dinin'-room there was great tables full o' silver, an' liveried servants a-plenty, an' a good deal o' ceremony, I reckon, for they was raised to it—the General and Miss Washin'ton both. The mantel-piece in this room is all carved out o' marble, an' was a fine thing in its day. Indeed it's very fine now. There's some kind of a country scene on it, for I mind very well about a cow, as nateral as could be. Miss Rankin said it was done by a sculptor from Italy. Half the end o' the room at the east is took up with a grand old-style winder. There's the harps'chord that Washin'ton give to Eleanor Custis, in one corner o' the room; it looks like a quare, old-fashioned pianer. An' there's the General's surveyin' instruments, an' his saddle and camp-chist; an' in the hall is the key o' the old Bastile prison in France, that Lafayette give to Washin'ton. In the back yard's a magnoly tree that the General planted, an' there's a good many other things, I reckon. I can't remember now. When we come out o' the house, we went to the spring on the hill-side below, an' it seemed to bring me nearer to the livin' man than all the other things had done. I believe a spring always sets me to thinkin', any way, more than anything else does, an' to stand there an' drink from the same spring that he used so many years, seemed to show me how very little the lives o' the greatest ones are. The little stream flows on, forever an' ever; but the great man that owned it all for a lifetime is moulderin' into dust. A little boy finds a spring an' plays in it, an' thinks it's made for his special benefit. He grows old an' dies. His son an' his grandson have the same feelin's about the little spring. But they all sink out o' sight, an' the spring goes singin' an' ripplin on, just the same; an' so it'll go on long after *we* are gone. I stood here a long time, while the others went roamin' over the grounds, watchin' the little vein o' water a-pourin' out, an' thinkin' how many great men would live an' die, an' of the nations that would rise an' fall, while the little stream would still flow on, as cool an' refreshin' as ever; an' a-wonderin' if *he* hadn't often thought o' such things, an' heard the water say the same things it was a-sayin' now to me. I was so charmed away from all outside thoughts an'

Mount

Vernon



Demorest 1880

MARYLAND ROOM.—Bed Chamber of Eleanor Curtis, Washington's adopted daughter. Bedstead and steps used by her.

MARTHA WASHINGTON'S BED CHAMBER.—The same as when she occupied it, and where she died in 1802.

WASHINGTON'S ROOM. Bedstead on which he died.

MOUNT VERNON MANSION.—East of River front, showing the long piazza constructed by General Washington, also the South Porch included in the extension.

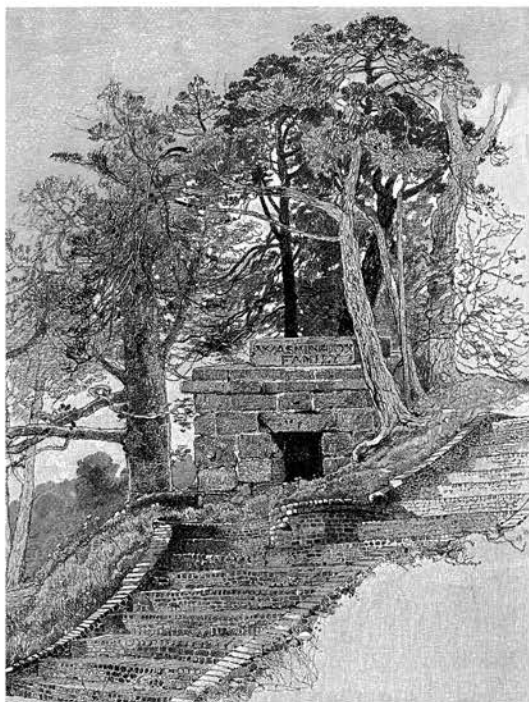
STATE DINING ROOM.—With Peel's painting of Washington. The model of the Bastille and the Mayflower chair.

FAMILY DINING ROOM.—(Now used as a reception room). It remains in the same condition as in the time of Washington.

things, that I forgot my company, an' how the time was passin', till I heard Jacob a-callin' "Aunt Hittie!" an' remembered that we had to go back at a certain time.

After we got to the boat, an' got fairly started home, Miss Rankin told me all about the shameful way that the Regent of the Association had done. How Miss Briggs, a lady correspondent, had dug up an' exposed the dreadful management of things; that the people had been charged double for seein' the house an' grounds, an' the lady had kept the money; an' how there had been an investigation, an' she was charged with dreadful things, an' so she had to resign her place, an' some one else had been app'inted instead. I told her that I thought the lady that brought such things to light deserved great credit for it, for I thought it was dreadful to make money off o' Washin'ton's grave. There was a grand picture presented to the association a few days after we was down. It's "Washin'ton before Yorktown," by the great painter, Peale, an' was give by the painter's daughter, Miss Underwood, of New Jersey. It's always to be kept at Mount Vernon, an' I was sorry we didn't see it. A good many went down the day the pictur was sent, among 'em Miss Nellie Grant.

Jacob cut a stick on the hillside for a cane. I got this pebble by the door of the tomb, an' this twig from a bush by the spring. These magnoly leaves come from under the tree that he planted. An' so ends our trip to Mount Vernon. What's that? Didn't they have his little hatchet, or a piece of the dead cherry tree? No; I didn't hear one word about the hatchet, but Nat says that they keep it in the museum at Alexandria, with an endless supply of dead cherry tree, to sell to the green ones.



Washington Family Tomb - Century Magazine, 1888

A WITTY POEM.—Has it ever been noticed how many wits have been clergymen? Sidney Smith, Dean Swift, Robert Hall, and others are familiar illustrations. Perhaps one of the wittiest men of the present day is the Rev. Charles Tisdall, of Dublin, Ireland. He is but little known on this side of the Atlantic, except as an exemplary divine, for his modesty has, as yet, kept him from publishing. But in social and literary circles abroad he is well known. We have, before us, a copy of some verses, sent, by him, to a friend, which are capital in their way: and they have never before appeared in print.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A COUNTRY WASHER-WOMAN.

(NOT IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD AND (NOT) BY GRAY.

Farewell, old friend, to mem'ry ever dear,  
Thy toil and labor in this world are o'er,  
Let every friend to merit shed a tear,  
The faithful Mulligan is now no more!

In humble cot she pass'd a useful life,  
Unmindful of the world and all its ills,  
A tender mother, a devoted wife,  
Perfection—in her doing up of frills.

Oft have I seen her, on a Summer's day,  
Prone o'er her task, unmindful of the heat,  
With sleeves tuck'd up, she'd stand and scrub away,  
And then on hedges spread her work so neat.

Each closing week, at eve, she took the road,  
With caps, chemises, handkerchiefs and frills,  
Stockings and vests, in wicker-baskets stow'd,  
Pinned to the bundles were—her little bills.

Full many a rotary at Fashion's shrine  
Owed half his beauty to her starch and iron,  
From *gents* who sport their shirts of cambric fine  
To little boys with collars *a la Byron*.

One day I chanced to pass her cottage by,  
And wondered where its occupant could be,  
I saw a heap of clothes neglected lie,  
Nor at the tub, nor at the hedge was she.

Returning home I saw upon the ground  
An empty basket, with a letter tied,  
I broke the seal, and to my anguish found  
That morning Biddy Mulligan had died!

Adieu ye spotless vests of white Marseilles,  
So white ye give me pleasure to put on,  
Ye snowy-bosomed shirts a long farewell—  
Alas! poor Biddy's "occupation's gone."

Not all the symmetry of Hoesbach's suits,  
Nor hats by Morgan exquisitely glossed,  
Nor Asken's ties, nor Parker's jetty boots,  
Console me for the treasure I have lost.

Oh! Mulligan, thy shirts perfection were,  
Now I ne'er put one on but feeling pain,  
And closing up my waistcoat in despair  
Feel I can never show their like again.

Death's ruthless hand hath laid thee out at last,  
Thy mangling's done, his is a mangling trade,  
Thou'rt bleaching in the chilly Northern blast,  
Pale as the shirts o'er which thy fingers stray'd.

Nymphs of the tomb! attend the fun'ral throng,  
Plant (mangold) mangle wurtzel near where she is laid,  
And scatter snow-drops as ye pass along,  
Fit emblems of the whiteness of her trade.

THE EPITAPH.

Let no bombastic verse be carv'd in stone,  
No high-flown eulogy, no flatt'ring trope.  
Be then the plain inscription—this alone—  
"She never yet was badly off for soap"



## MISCELLANEOUS.

**TO MAKE LIGHT MATERIALS FIREPROOF.**—Fabrics are rendered non-inflammable by being placed in a weak solution of alum. This materially reduces the usual rapidity of combustion in light apparel, and is invariably resorted to by actresses, thus obviating the great danger of ignition by contact with the foot-lights of the stage.

**MODE OF EMPLOYING SODA IN WASHING.**—Into a gallon of water put a handful of soda and three-quarters of a pound of soap; boil them together until the soap is dissolved, and then pour out the liquor for use. This mode of preparing this detergent for washing will be found far preferable to the usual mode of putting the soda into the water, or of adding, as is usual, a lump to the water in the boiler, in consequence of which so many iron-moulds are produced in many kinds of clothes. In the washing of blankets, this mode of proceeding will be found admirable, and render them beautifully white.

**HOW THEY MAKE COFFEE IN FRANCE.**—In the first place, it is scorched in a hollow cylinder, which is kept constantly revolving over a slow fire, and not a grain of it allowed to burn; secondly, it is ground very fine; and thirdly, when it is to be used, a portion of this is placed in a finely perforated pan or cup, which exactly fits into the top of the boiler, coffee-pot, or any vessel you wish to use. Boiling hot water is then poured on, and it percolates gradually through, carrying with it all the essential principles of the coffee. As soon as percolation is completed, the pan is removed containing all the grounds, and then boiling hot milk is added to the infusion, and your coffee is made. It is brought on the table in bowls, with a knife and spoon, and a little willow basket of bread. The servant then places by your plate a tea dish, on which are two or three lumps of white sugar, always of a certain size, and you sweeten to your liking. In no instance is your coffee boiled, and this is one reason the *café au lait* and *café noir* are so much admired by all who take them.

**GAME PUDDINGS.**—Game of any description can be made into puddings, and when partly boned, well spiced with minced truffle or mushroom, mace, and a clove of garlic, and boiled within a light paste, they are very rich, and the paste particularly fine, as it absorbs so much of the gravy; but the boiling deprives the game of much of its high flavor, and a woodcock or a snipe should never be so dressed, as they lose all the savor of the trail.

*Or:* Make a batter with flour, milk, eggs, pepper, and salt; pour a little into the bottom of a pudding-dish; then put seasoned poultry or game of any kind into it, and a little shred onion; pour the remainder of the batter over, and bake in a slow oven.

A single chicken, partridge, or pigeon may be thus made into a dumpling; Stuff it with chopped oysters, lay it on its back in the paste, and put a bit of butter rolled in flour on the breast; close the patch in the form of a dumpling, put it into hot water, and let it boil for two hours.

### TO POLISH PLATE.—

FOR polishing plate 'tis essential to get  
Some *whitening*, and water to make it quite wet;  
Place this on the metal, and when it is dry,  
To dislodge the said powder, the hard brush apply.  
After this, take a leather—one perfectly clean—  
And rub till there is not a spot to be seen.  
Having tried many methods, I firmly maintain,  
The above is the best of the whole—being plain.

## AUNT MEHITABLE'S WINTER IN WASHINGTON.

BY MRS. HARRIET HAZELTON.

### NINTH PAPER.

SOON after the adjournment of Congress, 'Siah, he went down home to tend to breakin' up the corn ground, an' plantin' the garden, an' doin other things that he 's foolish enough to think Pete nor nobody else can see to. Jacob was goin' to stay long enough to look around, an' Nat said I must stay, too, as Pete an' Annie could git along an' do very well without me. The weather had been so bad, he said, that I hadn't got a chance to see anything out o' the city yet. An' so it was that when we went to Mount Vernon 'Siah wasn't with us.

Now we was a-goin' to "Great Falls," or the Great Falls o' the Potomac, about sixteen mile away. They hired a nice hack, an' had a good basket o' dinner fixed up, an' about eight o'clock one mornin' we started. It was a fine day, though a little cool; but we had plenty o' shawls, an' got along nicely. We drove up on the Maryland side o' the river, till we come to the Chain Bridge, when we crossed over, an' I was in Old Virginny once more. It made me feel good to know I was in my own State, an' when I said so, Nat laughed, an' said "that was good proof that I 'd been homesick." I denied it, for he 'd been a'teasin' me right smart about bein' homesick; an', to tell the truth, that was one reason I staid so long—just to show him that I wasn't. As if I *could* git very homesick when Nat was with me!

But this part of Virginny don't look like ourn, I tell you. It's bleak, an' bare, an' desolate, an' don't look as if it would raise enough to keep the folks from starvin'. There's no trees—only scrubby oak bushes; an' there's stony hills, an' barren fields, an' old tumble-down houses, with little barefooted, bare-headed, ragged, tow-headed children, by the dozen. Now it looks quare, but the country children's most all tow-heads, you know, while in town there's so many that have dark hair. I never could account for that; an' when I asked Nat about it, he said he thought the country children's hair must be sunburnt. But if the hair was really dark, it wouldn't sunburn white, would it?

We could see the river most o' the way as we went up, an' it's a mighty pretty little stream, an' don't look a bit like the same river that spreads out wide an' deep like a big bay below Washin'ton.

Miss Rankin got to tellin', on the road, of a trip she took to the Falls last spring. A party of eight got two carriages, an' they went up on the Maryland side. The drivers said they 'd been there before, but they certainly hadn't, for they took 'em out o' the road an' got lost.

It rained, an' the road got miry, an' there was a young couple along that had a baby, an' the baby cried, an' they had a great time generally. They went through a thick woods over a blind wagon track, where the dogwood blossoms, an' red-buds, an' azaleas (what we call the wild honeysuckles) grewed thick all around; an' them that was in a good humor enough gathered great armfuls of flowers, an' laughed, an' sung, an' had a jolly time. But they got to the Falls at last, an' had a very short time to stay, reachin' home long after night. Nat told her it was much finer on the Virginny side o' the river. He said *As* went up once on the canal, with an excursion party of more than a hundred people. He took a lady, an' they had a much worse time than Miss Rankin did. They was to git to the Falls by twelve o'clock, an' it was four in the afternoon when they reached the place where the boats stopped, a mile or more from the Falls. The party was bound to git home that night, an' very few ventured to walk to the Falls, bein' afraid the boats would leave 'em. Them that did go almost run, an' the women got so tired that they dropped by the way, an' set on the rocks an' waited for the men to come back. Them that got to the Falls took one quick glance at the roarin' waters, an' hurried back to the boats. Well, they was just as slow gettin' back to the city as they was a-goin' up, an' when they got to Georgetown it was two o'clock in the mornin'. The cars had all stopped runnin', an' there wasn't a carriage to be had, even by them that had money with 'em—an' very few had any o' that; so they couldn't stop at a hotel. An' there they was, a hundred people, some havin' to walk a mile, some two, an' some three, to their homes. One couple had two babies with 'em, an' lived away over "on the Navy Yard," as they say over there, an' how ever they got home he couldn't imagine, as it was near five miles.

I said I thought it was very quare that they didn't have a good plain route, an' that a great many didn't visit the Falls every summer.

He said it did seem a little strange, but the truth was, there was thousands o' Washin'ton folks, born an' raised there, that knowed nothin' at all about the Falls; didn't know there was such a place. He knows a family out on L Street, that was raised up there, not a mile from the Capitol, an' the grown-up sons an' daughters had never been within its walls. An' when one of 'em, after he was grown, took a trip to Baltimore, he talked of it as grandly as if he'd been to Europe.

As for the fashionable people, they know nothing nor care nothing for these beautiful places. They can find their way to Saratoga, or Long Branch, or Cape May, but never heard o' the beauty o' Rock Creek, or the Upper Potomac, or Great Falls.

We reached the tumble-down lookin' house

kept by "Old Dicky" about twelve o'clock. We heard the roarin' o' the waters long before we got to the house, an' we was all too anxious to see the Falls to stop for dinner. So Nat ordered some coffee sent out to the rocks, an' we walked over. It's a very little way, an' a beautiful path. We reached the Falls in a few minutes, an' oh, such a wild, grand, roarin', tossin' river as that is! The hurryin' waters dash in an' out, with the huge rocks a-stickin' up as big as a dozen houses, sharp an' hard, an' tearin' the stream into thousands o' splashin' an' foamin' waves. Well, well! it takes my breath away just to remember it. How anybody *can* live in a city a lifetime, so near as grand a sight as this, an' not go an' see it, I don't know. But, goodness me! it's the way in other places as well as in Washin'ton. Aunt Deliah Carrin'ton lives only five mile from Weir's Cave in Virginny. She's lived there forty year, an' never seen that Cave, an' they say it's the grandest sight a'most in the world.

We spread our tablecloth on a fine old rock under a clump o' maple trees, an' Nat an' Jacob gathered wood an' kindled a fire by another rock, to "make it cheerful an' home-like," Jacob said. Then the waiter come out with coffee, an' milk, an' cups an' saucers. We had a-plenty of sugar with us, with all kinds of nice eatables, an' never in all my life did I enjoy a meal as much as I did that one. I didn't want to laugh or talk. I just wanted to listen all the time—listen to the mighty roarin' o' the waters, goin' on, on, on, at mornin', at noon, at twilight, an' all the livelong night, just as loud, an' strong, an' terrible as ever, like a great animal in anger.

After dinner we separated. Nat and Miss Rankin went down by a deep gulch to the very edge of the billin' waters, to catch fish. Jacob an' me climbed around on the rocks for awhile, an' when I'd got a good, comfortable seat right above the biggest fall, I said, "Jacob, you can run around now, an' leave me here. I think I'd like to listen awhile all by myself." And Jacob said, "Aunt Hitty, I never want to hear of another man sayin' there's no God. I can almost see an' hear Him here, as plain as Adam did in Paradise. Jerusha! ain't it grand, though?" So he went away, an' I set there alone, lookin' at the everlastin' waters, an' thinkin' my old-fashioned thoughts, till I forgot all the world besides. Even 'Slah an' Pete an' Annie was forgot. Never to my dyin' day can I forget that hour. It seemed that I was all alone in the world with God—that no little care or trouble could ever reach me in such a place, an' that the power of the Almighty was around me, an' filled me. The words of David come to my mind:—

'The waters saw thee, O God, the waters saw thee. They were afraid: the depths also were troubled.

"The clouds poured out waters: the skies sent out a sound: thine arrows also went abroad.

"The voice of the thunder was in the heaven. The lightnings lighted the world: the earth trembled and shook.

"Thy way is in the sea, and thy path in the great water, and thy footsteps are not known."

I had told Father Harmon more than once how much I liked these verses, an' to-day they all come back to me, an' seemed to suit the place an' the time so well!

About three o'clock we went to the house, an' after takin' another cup o' coffee, had the carriage got ready and started home.

Old Mr. Dickey's a quare old man, an' don't know no more than our hillers. He's lived there a great many year, an' a year or two ago married an old maid from Faquier County. She's a great deal younger 'n he is though, an' she was tired a'ready o' keepin' the little old tavern, an' takin' care o' his first wife's children. She talked to us in a very dissatisfied way. She was as awkward as her husband, an' didn't know any more, but she seemed to think that Great Falls an' Faquier County was the only two places in the world, an' that one was Paradise an' the other—not Paradise! Well, in Miss Rankin's last letter, she says Miss Dickey's run off, or "eloped" with a young man from Faquier County, young enough to be her son.

But I'll never git through with our trip at this rate. As we drove home in the evenin' they told me how the Aqueduct that takes the water from near the Falls to supply the whole city, runs down on the Maryland side along the Great Falls road, an' crosses a bridge that Nat says is said by many to be the finest stone arch in the world. This bridge is called "Cabin John's Bridge," an' is built over a creek that runs into the Potomac. He says that the name of Floyd, the old Secretary of the Treasury before the war, used to be cut in the stone, but was taken off after the war broke out.

Nat says there's no finer water-power for machinery in the world than can be had at Great Falls, and there's already been a company or two of men to examine the falls with an idee of buildin' factories there. For my part, I think this is all that Washin'ton needs. An' I told Nat I did hope that they'd hurry an' build factories enough to keep the idle people in some kind o' work.

The next day we was too tired to take any long trips, but after luncheon we went out Connecticut Avenue to see the improvements. They was fixin' up the Circular Park there beautifully, an' all the streets was bein' paved, an' gas lamps fixed all the way out the Avenue. In front o' the Park they was buildin' Senator Stewart's new house. They had the basement walls all up, an' it was wonderful to see the shapes an' numbers o' the rooms. In the centre is a circular wall to go clear up—Nat says

for the hall an' windin' stairs. Then there's rooms of all other shapes an' sizes nearly, bein' about a dozen in the basement; so you may know what it'll be when they take it up three more stories. It's to cost a hundred thousand dollars, and I reckon the receptions they'll have in that house next winter will beat anything o' the kind ever seen in Washin'ton. General Williams' new house is near this, an' Mr. Shepherd, Mr. Celuss, an' Mr. Kilbourn's all a-buildin' fine houses in this neighborhood.

From there we went to the Old Holmead Cemetery. It only takes up a couple o' squares o' ground, an' was a good way out o' the city when it was used. It's full o' graves now, most of 'em near a hundred years old. The myrtle an' honeysuckle covers the ground thick all over. The relations of the dead ones are all moved away or dead—so there's not much care taken o' the place. We went up there especially to see the grave o' Lorenzo Dow, the quare old travellin' preacher that everybody's heard of. I mind o' hearin' mother often tell o' seein' him when he preached at their old camp-ground. He didn't often preach in a house, as there was so many always come to hear him that they couldn't git into a meetin'-house. I mind hearin' her tell o' the man that had his axe stole. He told the preacher about it before meetin', an' he said *he'd* find out who took it. So after he'd preached awhile an' got the people all kind o' worked up, he stopped an' picked up a stone he had ready. "Now," says he, "the man in this congregation that stole brother Brown's axe had better look out, or I shall hit him." So, pretendin' to git ready to throw, one man was seen to dodge so plainly that all could see who had stole the axe. Several other stories come back to me that I'd heard mother tell of this strange old man, that travelled on, like John the Baptist, a-warnin' the people to repent. His grave is covered with a large slab of gray old stone, an' brushin' off the dead leaves and moss, we read:—

"The Repository of Lorenzo Dow,  
who was born  
In Coventry, Connecticut,  
Oct. 18, 1777,  
Died Feb. 2, 1834,  
Aged 56 years.

A Christian is the highest style of man. He is a slave to no sect, takes no private roads, but looks through nature up to nature's God."

It was now along in May, an' everybody said that May in Washin'ton was more beautiful than it was anywhere else. An' it *was* fine, certainly. There never was anything finer than the views from the hills around the city. The trip to Soldier's Home, Old Rock Creek Church, an' several other places was to be made yet, an' Nat insisted I must see 'em before I left. An' so I'll tell you about some o' these next time.

so; which means how much better I should have performed it (after receiving suggestions from you.) It is like filling a large balloon and then battering it with bullets. The higher the imaginary flight into the shadowy dreams of fame, the greater the fall and the blacker the bruises.

Praise bestowed without any regard to judgment exhibits a weak mind, and he who believes it possesses a weaker one. It also serves as a gorgeous cloak; for, after filling a man full of his own greatness, he is so elated with the glory, that he fails to perceive the fingers that pick and pull all his petted theories into nothingness.

Believe no praise that is excessive, for it intoxicates the mind with imaginary ideas of superiority which prevent a perfect knowledge of your own endeavors. Study your own ground and know it well. Then let those who will scratch, scratch. Let them hunt and scratch for all your failings; let them twist and turn all your sayings; but give not an inch, for that would be the crum for which they have so diligently sought. Let the hungry throats go empty, and the clawing fingers will cease to claw. Give them the pill of silent contempt to swallow, and they will seldom knock at your door again.

In a world filled with such a promiscuous throng as ours, it is impossible to have every one generous and agreeable. The selfish and overbearing ones are the motive powers that force the others into action. Their rude and domineering ways are necessary to teach the others a profitable lesson in self-control and independence. Life, without some such stimulant, would possess unto many persons a dreary sameness. There would be no black clouds, whose darkness sets off the splendor of a single star. Would you be that star—one of the first magnitude? Remember, you light your own candle, and keep it bright or dim all along the journey; and as it slowly burns to the socket and finally flickers away, it rises and shines forth, high up in the air, a star of whatever magnitude you yourself have created. If some one breaks your candle, light it again; there is plenty of wick left. If some one steals the wick, put in another. If some one scratches and destroys both candle and wick, still there is left the grease and crumbs in the socket; they will burn, and a little light is better than none at all.

Poor, weak, murmuring mortals, we all fancy our own light extremely dim, and would willingly exchange it for that of another. So we scratch and tug away at life, receiving crum by crum the blessings and troubles which make the cross so heavy, and the crown the more resplendent.

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Use the means, and God will give the blessing.

## MY SECOND WINTER IN WASHINGTON.

BY AUNT MEHITABLE.

WELL, Allie, there's been so much a-goin' on since I wrote, that I know it ain't worth while to tell you about it all. I'll only mention a few o' the gay parties an' weddin's, an' then tell you about New-Year's Day, for this is the greatest day o' the year in Washin'ton society.

First, there was a bazar (the ladies call it here, an' it means only a fair) held in the new Vernon block (an elegant buildin', all the iron front trimmed with gold, an' the walnut finishin' inside the same) for the benefit of the Children's Hospital. All the most fashionable ladies in Washin'ton attended, an' they made a great deal o' money for the orphans. Every evenin' they had a dance that's called the German (you must learn it, if you come next winter), an' all the young men come in with plenty o' money in their pockets, and went out with very little, for between the dances the girls would entice 'em into buyin' the pretty things they'd made for the fair. None but the best people had anything to do with this bazar, an' the "best people" here means them in the highest places, an' with the fullest pockets. But I reckon it's so every place; I know it's so with us, though we do think a great deal about "family" in Virginny, whether they have many or not. Be that as it may, the bazar was visited by the families of the greatest people at the Capital—the families of cabinet officers, furren ministers, senators, congressmen, generals, admirals, and so on.

Mr. Belknap, the Secretary of War, was married in Kentucky to Miss Bowers, the handsome young widdier that used to help his nieces receive with him at his house. She was already a relation, bein' his dead wife's sister; and a real pretty, pleasant lady she is, too. They come right on to Washin'ton, an' went to gittin' their house ready to receive their friends on New-Year's day. Another weddin' that took place here was one o' the most stylish ever seen in the city. The bride was Miss Mary Campbell, an' the groom was Mr. Charlton, of the British Legation. They was married in the Catholic Church of St. Matthews, an' had eight bridesmaids an' only one groomsmen, or "best man," as they do in England. The dresses for the bride an' bridesmaids was all from Paris, an', of course, beautiful. Four o' the young ladies wore pink flowers with their white dresses, an' four had blue, an' they all wore elegant lockets that was presents from the groom; four set with pink coral an' pearls, to go with the pink flowers; an' four set with pearls an' turquoise (a precious stone of blue color), to go with the blue flowers. The bride's dress was illusion over white silk,

all looped an' trimmed with white flowers; an' she had a veil of illusion on her head, with flowers to match her dress. She wore pearl jewelry. She is a brunette, an' they say, is very handsome. When we was a-readin' a description o' the dress yesterday evenin', when Miss Rankin was at our house, Nat spoke up an' said, "For man's *illusion* given." You mind it's in the hymn Aunt Jerusha's always a-singin', "There's nothing true but heaven." I told him he ought to be ashamed to insinuate such a thing before a lady. But Miss Rankin laughed, an' said "she would take into consideration the source from which it came;" an' he said he "was dumb before her." But I wasn't quite through with the bride. She had many beautiful presents made to her, an' the relations o' the groom in England sent her fine Indy shawls, an' sets o' solid silver, an' more jewelry than she'd ever know what to do with in our country, in any place but Washin'ton or New York. Some folks say that her people's in poor circumstances, an' if that's so, it's as good as a novel. The weddin' was put off last spring, on account o' the lady's sickness, an' I always feel a little uneasy when I hear of a weddin' bein' put off, for fear something'll happen to put it off altogether. An' though there's plenty o' cases where it would be best if it should be broke off, all the folks in the world, if they'd try a lifetime, could never make the young couple believe it. Nothin' but experience ever'll teach 'em anything about this matter. An' I reckon it's best so; for if children was to profit by the old folks' experience, I reckon mighty few o' the young people would marry; an' in that case, I'm a-thinkin', this old world would soon come to a stand-still.

There's been a good many other weddin's, but I won't have time to tell you about 'em, there's so much else goin' on. As for evenin' parties, there's been ever an' ever so many—masquerade parties, an' phantom parties, where they all dress up in sheets like ghosts (though where they find the fun in that, I don't see), an' dinner parties, an' sociables, an' musical parties, an' operas, till a body'd think there wouldn't be any one left at home. We've got to be so gay that we're out a'most every evenin'. Miss Secretary Richardson had a grand reception, an' Miss Fish another, an' we went to both. Miss Richardson wore maroon-colored silk, all trimmed with the finest lace; an' her daughter a blue silk dress, with a thin, gauzy overdress; an' Miss Oldfield, the lady that assisted to receive, wore a silk dress, part pink and part gray, that was very pretty. Miss Fish wore black velvet, p'int lace, an' diamonds, an' looked like a queen; an' her daughter wore a pale colored silk, I don't just mind what shade, an' looked very sweet.

Miss Rankin an' me went out a-callin' last Tuesday, an' Wednesday, an' Thursday. Nat

got us a lovely little carriage, with red silk linin', and a coachman all dressed up, with white gloves, an' a beaver hat, an' dark blue overcoat. Now, Allie, in our valley (there's a rhyme for you) how many visits do you think a body could make in three days? I think I hear you say "Three, of course!" What'll you think when I tell you we made thirty-two? An' that ain't half as many as a real fashionable lady generally makes in the same time. You see, I hadn't made a single call yet, an' there was the cards of all the ladies that called on me in the spring to answer; an' then we called on the cabinet ladies an' several Senators' an' members' wives. We was only out from half-past two till half-past four each day, so we're not through yet. We had our cards printed with "Mondays" on 'em, an' Miss Rankin's a-comin' every week to help me receive Nat's friends an' her own. Of course, I call some of 'em mine, too; but I don't take any credit to myself for the calls, as I know that it's Nat an' Miss Rankin that attracts the visitors, an' that they're all nice an' kind to me because I'm Nat's mother. Next Monday's our first reg'lar reception day, an' I'll have to make haste an' git everything cleaned up nicely by that time.

New-Year's Day we received, as everybody else did, an' Nat went out for a couple of hours, an' then come home an' helped us. We had a real nice day. Everybody seemed to enjoy talkin' with Miss Rankin; an' no wonder they liked her, for she's as pleasant as she can be. We had fifty-eight callers, which, Miss Rankin said, was a great many, considerin' there was no young lady in the house. I reckon, Allie, we'll have to git you here next winter, sure, if I come myself. Folks always *do* seem so much more interestin' when they have a young girl around; you don't know! I reckon you'll want to know what we wore. Well, I wore the black silk Nat got me last winter, with my second best laces, an' lavender gloves, an' a feather in my hair to match the gloves. An' Miss Rankin wore a silver-gray silk, trimmed with black lace, an' pearl jewelry, with a pearl arrow in her hair. She looked very pretty. We had everything very nice to eat, with coffee an' chocolate, but no wine.

Nat went to the White House, an' to call on the cabinet ladies. Miss Grant an' Miss Nellie both wore mournin', an' so did Miss Robeson. Miss Secretary Fish wore plum-colored silk, trimmed with pale blue; an' her daughter a dress made of gray an' pink. Miss Richardson wore violet or purple silk, an' her daughter blue. Miss Belknap wore white silk, with flowered stripes, an' gray silk trimmin's. Miss Cresswell a pale greenish-blue silk, called peacock blue, for want of a better name, for it's a great deal lighter than any peacock ever was. It's mighty pretty, though; an' Miss Cresswell's dress was elegantly trimmed. Miss

Williams wore a fawn-colored silk, trimmed with velvet a little darker. Miss Shepherd (that's the Governor's wife) wore pink silk skirt an' black velvet overdress. An' all the other ladies at the President's house, an' them at home, was dressed as elegantly. I won't say anything about their jewelry. Nearly all the young girls wore pearls or Roman gold, an' most o' the older ladies diamonds—some of 'em as much as fifty thousand dollars' worth at once. Only think of it! enough to buy half our valley. The wives o' the furren ministers was all very richly dressed, some in "full evenin' dress"—that means low-necked, short-sleeved dresses—with ears, neck, an' arms glitterin' with diamonds.

Of course, Allie, I didn't see all o' this; but Nat took a few notes an' I got the rest from the daily papers. I had to be at home all day myself. Among other ladies receivin' was General Sherman's wife an' daughters, Admiral Porter's wife, an' all the wives of Naval officers here, with the wives an' daughters of the Justices of the Supreme Court, and of all the generals. Then all the newspaper men an' their families received; an' Miss Ream, the sculptor, an' Miss Jeffrey, an' Miss Nealy, an' Miss Dufour, the poets; an' Miss Southworth, the novelist, an' all the artists an' their wives, an' almost everybody else.

An' now I must tell you about Mr. King's reunions. Nat thinks these the finest parties in Washin'ton, an' Nat's counted in among the literary folks since his book was printed last winter. Everybody we see's read it, an' they all praise it. For my part, I don't see how he ever got up such a good story about Virginny people, 'specially hillers, as he's put into that book. He must have a good deal o' talent, or genius, or whatever it is that makes folks write books. I never seen anything in the people for my part, but ignorance an' awkwardness—I mean the hill folks, Allie—an' here he's got a girl, growed up in the hills, so sweet an' pretty that a great artist falls in love with her, an' after a good deal o' trouble, they marry at last. But that ain't what I was a-talkin' about. Miss Rankin's wrote a good many beautiful letters for the papers in her State—so she's literary too, an' of course I'm invited because I'm Nat's mother.

The first reunion was held on the first Saturday in the year, an' all three of us went. We wore our black silk dresses, an' went early to get a good seat. The house soon filled up an' got so full that ever so many o' the gentlemen had to stand. After awhile the President come in, an' then General Sherman, an' folks looked dreedfully pleased to see 'em. I rather think the President's got so he likes bein' made much of. When he first come to live in Washin'ton, Miss Rankin said, he looked altogether out o' place in a parlor full o' ladies; but at Mr. King's that night, he looked mightily at home,

an' seemed to enjoy himself. Governor Foote, that used to be Senator from Mississippi, give a lectur about Statesmen, an' then a poem of Miss Nealy's was read by a young lady (I don't mind her name). Then the seats was moved out, and everybody had a nice, social time. There was music by three or four ladies—all of it very fine, though I liked the songs best, as I don't understand the other so well. An', to tell you the truth, Allie, I like the way they sing here better than I do the loud, twangy singin' o' the country girls—that's all alike from first to last. Here, when they sing of soft winds or gentle tones, they bring their voices down to suit; and when it's of storms or anger they raise 'em the same. But in the country it's always the same—"sing, song," from first to last. Among the great folks we met that evenin', besides the President an' General Sherman, was Senator Stewart an' his wife, Senator Tipton an' his wife, Mr. Niblack of Indianny, an' Miss Niblack, Mr. Maynard, of Tennessee, Miss Hamilton Smith an' Miss Daniels (two ladies that sung), several lady writers, two or three artists, half-a-dozen professors (I'm always afraid o' them), an' a good many more that I don't remember.

The next Saturday evenin' we went again. The lectur was by General Lew Wallace, the author of the new book Nat sent you—"The Fair God." Your Cousin Nat thinks it's a wonderful book, an' he was mighty glad to meet the man that wrote it. His lectur was short, but real good. It was about Mexico—what a grand, delightful country it was, an' how low an' degraded the people are, an' how they need a good government. General Wallace wants it to belong to the United States, for its own good as well as our'n. Next come Grace Greenwood to recite some funny pieces o' poetry, an' one that wasn't funny at all—but brought the tears into everybody's eyes. It was about a poor father and mother, with seven little children to feed; an' a rich relation that wrote to 'em, sayin' if they'd give him one of 'em he'd make it his heir. They went around at night, when the children was all asleep, to pick out the one they'd give away. An' what they said, an' how they acted was well done by Grace. This is the very "Grace Greenwood that you mind when you was a child, an' took her "Little Pilgrim." You know what a pretty piece she wrote them about her baby. Well, the baby's grown up now, an' is quite a young lady. I'm not very good at describin' a body's looks, but Miss Lippincott (that's Grace) is gettin' oldish an' pretty stout, like, to what she was when I seen her fifteen year ago; but she's very nice lookin' yet, with dark hair and eyes. She wore a white gauzy silk overdress over black, an' had a Spanish veil on her head, with a large red bow of satin. She has a wonderful power o' changin' her face to suit the kind o' person she's imitatin'—makin' herself one min-

ute a love-sick girl in the factory, with her apron to her face, a-cryin' because her beau's gone off after a stylish, curled-up girl from the city; an' the next, a-drawin' down her brows an' changin' her voice, she's a hypocritical old deacon, a scoldin' his boy for stealin' apples on Sunday. Then she beckons to the boy an' asks, in the cutest way, if he ain't "got a good sweet apple for his dad?" makin' everybody roar with laughter. Yes, Grace is smart, an' she knows it too! an' she don't pretend *not* to know it, either.

There was Miss Jeffrey, the Kentucky poetess—very pretty, but wearin' too much false hair, an' so forth. An' the actress, Miss Lander, the very opposite—that wears her hair as plain as mine, an' hasn't any "make up" about her—off o' the stage. She's the widder of General Lander, that was killed in the war. Then there was General Lane of Indiana, that used to be United States Senator, with his wife; an' General Dunn, an' Senator Ferry, an' Governor Foote, an' General Boughton an' his wife, a pretty little woman; an' Miss Briggs, the newspaper writer, an' Miss General Coburn an' her son, an' Miss Spofford, the wife o' the Librarian, an' dear only knows how many more; a'most all of 'em distinguished for one thing or another. But the house was as full as it could hold, an' every one seemed to have a nice time. Mr. King said he didn't know how he'd manage to make his friends comfortable, without makin' an addition to the back parlors; but I don't think even that would do—it would soon be too full then to be comfortable. Everybody asks everybody else, "Do you attend Mr. King's reunions?" an' it ain't everybody that can answer yes. The whole house couldn't hold half that wants to go.

Next time I write I'll tell you about our Monday receptions, an' all the parties we go to between now an' then. I've got our girl to cookin' very well, an' the boy's right smart to wait on the table an' tend the door. He behaved very well o' New-Year's day, an' Nat thinks he'll be perfect by the time we have our dinner party next week. We're goin' to have our cookin' done in the best old Virginny style, but the table ware's better than we've got at the old place; though you know I always would have it pretty nice.

There's real nice Chiny ware in the house, an' plenty o' silver for our own use, but Nat's a-goin' to git some extry silver an' glassware, with a set o' finer table linen; for he says if there's one thing he likes in the house better than another, it's to see fine, beautiful linen and table-ware. I'm goin' to ask Miss Rankin to spend the day with me then, an' give me a few hints about the city ways o' doin' things, an' ask her to arrange the flowers—for Nat says we must have flowers on the table. You know he was always fond o' flowers.

Secretary Fish had a grand dinner party not

long ago. I reckon it was mighty nice, but we can have one nice enough for us. I told you that Mr. Williams was Chief Justice; but "there's many a slip 'twixt the cup an' the lip," and the Senate didn't agree with the President, so he missed the place. They may do worse yet, Nat says.

There's a young lord in town. He's the son o' the Duchess o' Sutherland. Of course the girls'll all be very much interested. Good-by!

## EYES.

BY ETHEL OSBORN HOPE.

There are merry black eyes that sparkle and dance,  
And a world of witchery lies in their glance;  
But over *my* heart they cast ne'er a spell,  
Sparkle, and dance, and flash as they will.

There are deep and misty eyes of brown,  
Into whose sad depths looking down  
I see the shadow of coming years,  
A sorrowful prophecy of tears.

There are eyes like the summer sky in hue,  
Soft and gentle, and tender and true;  
But nothing to me is their sunny smile,  
For I'm dreaming of others all the while.

Eyes that are bright, and soft, and deep—  
Eyes that sparkle, and smile, and weep—  
Eyes that change like the shifting sea—  
These, of all eyes, are the eyes for me!  
Wonderful eyes in their changefulness—  
And their color? Nay that I will leave you to guess.

## THE SNOW STORM.

BY A. E. COLBY.

O'er cheerless wilds, and trackless wastes unknown,  
No hand to save or guide their steps aright,  
Two weary children wander far from home,  
With limbs grown cold in Winter's chilling blight.

The winds low wail along their snow-bound way,  
And fill the void where hangs the moonless sky:  
The starless heavens in gathering gloom display  
Their blackened waste where dies their fainting cry.

The drifting snows are deepening on the hills,  
The valleys fill beneath the driving storm;  
Re-echoing dirges haste their hearts' deep thrills,  
While Death's dark angels hover'round each form.

The ruthless winds keep up their mad career,  
The frowning heavens loom darker through the night,  
The storm king revels, while stern Death draws near,  
To waft their spirits to a home of light.

His little hands she folds within her breast,  
His trembling lips she kisses with a sigh;  
And gently pleads with God, in prayer, for rest,  
And calls, "Dear mother! hear your children cry."

The lingering echo of that low-breathed prayer  
Dies not upon the tempests' saddening moan:  
For Heaven has heard, and wide it enters there,  
And wakes the angels in their starlit home.

They're sinking where the snows lie deep and cold,  
The shrieking blast their requiem rings afar;  
And while their forms rest in each other's fold,  
Their spirits seek heaven's pearly gates ajar.

## MY SECOND WINTER IN WASHINGTON.

BY AUNT MERRITABLE.

WELL, Allie, our reception on the Monday after I wrote to you, was ever so nice; an' we had a good many callers. All the afternoon the sidewalk was lined with fine carriages, an' finely dressed ladies was a-comin' an' a-goin'. I don't mind just how many called, but there was fifty, at the least calculation, I reckon. Two o' these was wives o' cabinet ministers; several was wives an' daughters o' Senators; an' dozens on dozens was the ladies o' members. We used to think in the country that it was great things to be a member o' Congress; an' so it is even here, when a man does something great, or is rich enough to live in grand style, an' give grand parties. But, deary me! just a common member o' Congress ain't a great deal more in Washin'ton than a clerk in the Treasury or State Department. Besides them I mentioned at our reception, was two celebrated lady writers, three editors o' newspapers, one lecturer, an' two artists. These we'd met at Mr. King's, an' invited to our house. A number o' the ladies had brought gentlemen with 'em, so there was no dulness, an' the time passed nicely. Miss Rankin surprises me. She has such a knack o' sayin' the right thing at the right time—a thing that everybody can't do. I think it's a great gift here in society—an' it's a great gift anywhere. A body that knows what to do an' say without studyin' it out, can git along in town or country. Some folks always do just what they oughtn't, an' just when they oughtn't. An' then again, some never know when to quit a-talkin'. Now Miss Rankin knows this as well as anybody; an' when she listens, she has her face all lit up like, as if she was wonderfully interested; an' I think she is, for she's fond o' company. Don't you mind o' hearin' your grandfather say that Aaron Burr's great charm was that he was a good listener. Well, I think there's a great deal in it. I've noticed it often since, that when a neighbor would come in to set awhile, if I kind o' drew her out to talk about herself an' her own affairs, she always seemed a good deal better entertained than if I set down to tell her about what I'd seen an' heard.

I wore a new sage-green silk dress that Nat got me, with pale flesh-tinted gloves an' necktie; an' Miss Rankin looked beautiful in pale blue silk, faced an' trimmed with rose-color. She wore pearl jewelry, an' pale roses in her hair an' at her throat.

Next come our dinner party, on Wednesday at six o'clock. I got up the finest old Virginny dishes I could, an' you all know that I'm not second rate at cooking. We had everything that was nice. We had evergreens an' flowers

in the dinin'-room, an' parlor, an' hall; an' the table was beautifully decorated. Miss Rankin overseen all that part, while I attended to the cookin', an' we really had a pleasant time. I know that dinner parties in town's generally stiff; but the Virginny folks ain't stiff, an' we had the Virginny Senators, an' several o' the members, an' a dozen others—twenty-two in all. It ain't worth while to tell you their names; I can do that when I see you. I wore the same dress I wore a-Monday, an' Miss Rankin wore hern. We had Virginny cider, an' wiuwe made from our own grapes, but no other liquors. Toasts was drank in these harmless cups, an' I'll tell you of two or three. The first was give by one o' the Senators: "Old Virginny! May she rise from her ashes like the Phoenix of old, and retain her vigor for a thousand years!" This was answered by a pretty little speech from the other Senator, who then give, "The matrons of Virginny! May they all keep as plump as their turkeys, as honest as their pies, and as beautiful and sweet as their floating islands!" This was to compliment me, an' at the same time praise three of the dishes on the dinner table. I bowed to acknowledge it, an' Nat rose up an' spoke beautifully about the mothers o' Virginny. He then give the "Daughters o' the dear old State," when Mr. C——, a bachelor member, rose an' repiled in a splendid speech. He's a very fine young man, Allie, an' if he ain't caught this winter, I want you to git acquainted with him.

But the dinner all went off nicely, an' then we went to the parlor, an' the fancy waiter we'd hired for the day, with our boy to help him, brought in the coffee. An' you just ought to a-heard 'em talkin' about that coffee! You know that I can make as good coffee as anybody, I don't care where they come from; an' for fear it mightn't be all nice, I'd mixed it myself, an' shut it up close, before I dressed, an' just to the minute I sent the boy to tell the cook when to put it on the range. So Old Virginny cookin' come up ag'in when that coffee come in; an' they praised my dinner so much, I was really ashamed. But I'll say no more o' the dinner now; there's too much else to tell you.

We went to the President's first evening reception, an' I reckon that one a year's about enough for me. They told me that the jam wasn't nigh so great as it used to be; but if it ever gits any greater, I'd rather be in a safe nook in Virginny than at the White House. Miss Grant didn't appear, but Miss Fish an' several other Cabinet ladies was there. Miss Fish wore a lovely silk, of the color called apricot, a delicate pinkish laylock, with p'int lace an' diamonds. An' there was hundreds o' ladies dressed in rich trained silks an' velvets, with low necks an' glitterin' jewelry. But at the same time, there was hundreds



more, with dark silks, an' nothing extra in their dress. Quite a large number even come in without taking their bonnets off. The paper said the reception would be from eight to ten o'clock, an', as it closed so soon, I reckon they thought it wasn't worth dressin' for. But that old East room! I seen it last winter, an' thought it was beautiful; but now it beats all I ever did see. A good many folks we talked to that had been to Europe, said it was as rich an' tasteful as any room they ever saw there. There 's a great deal more, Nat says, in gittin' the right colors an' trimmin's, than in spendin' heaps o' money on a thing. An' though I'm sure they did spend plenty o' money, they might a-had it red and green, an' other glarin' colors, an' not looked half as elegant. It's a'most all in white an' gold, an' there's curtains o' dark damask, or reps, or somethin' rich an' fine, an' real lace curtains below, the most elegant ones I ever seen. I know you'll want to know about the carpet, an' I'm obliged to disapp'int you, for I didn't see it at all. They had it all covered over with liven. Now, if this room's only kept for show, what's the sense, I'd like to know, in coverin' up the carpet? If it's bought to be seen, what do they hide it for? We went home at ten o'clock, an' wasn't very tired.

On Wednesday an' Thursday we went out a-callin', an' Thursday evenin' we went to the reception at Fernando Woods. This was an elegant party, with dancin' up stairs, an' a grand supper in the dinin'-room. There was a great many of our acquaintances there, an' we enjoyed ourselves very much. I had quite a long talk with Mr. Yano, the Minister from Japan. He's very small, but real smart, an' fond o' jokin'. When I said somethin' about my son bein' so tall he could see all that was a-goin' on, he laughed, an' said to Nat, "Yes, I don't like to take a walk with you." He speaks our language mighty well; better than any German or Frenchman would in so short a time. He says Mrs. Yano will not receive till she learns our language better, an' then he hopes I will call on her. Here, too, I seen Madame Le Vert, of Moblie, the lady we've heard of so much. A French professor Nat knows says that the Madame speaks French, Spanish, German, Italian, an' one or two other languages. Here, too, was the Turkish, an' Russian, an' Spanish Ministers, Secretary an' Miss Fish, Secretary Richardson an' his daughter, Vice-President Wilson, Mr. King an' his daughter, General Nelson, that used to be our Minister to Mexico, an' several hundred more of celebrated men, an' richly dressed women.

The next Saturday evenin' we went to Mr. King's, an' heard Miss Westmoreland, of Georgia, read a beautiful poem. She's the lady that wrote the novel "Heart-Hungry" that Nat sent you last winter. She's young an' very handsome, an' somebody says is divorced

from her husband. We met a good many friends, an' had a nice time.

The next Wednesday we called on Miss Blaine an' Gail Hamilton, Miss Wood (that was a party call; after bein' invited to a card reception, it's proper to make a call on the next reception day), Miss Fish, Miss Williams, an' Miss Ames, the daughter of Miss Delano, who receives this winter for her mother. All these calls was very pleasant; indeed, the ladies all bein' as friendly an' agreeable as possible. I could tell you of the elegant dresses they wore, but am afraid I won't have time, there's so much to tell. That evenin' we went to two parties, an' had invitations to the New York sociable, but couldn't go.

Mr. and Miss Wilson's, on I Street, was the first place we went to. She's a real nice, pleasant lady, an' we enjoyed ourselves there very much. Mr. Wilson's walls are covered with paintin's, some of 'em mighty fine. There was one large pictur of oxen's a-plowin', that looked just like life. The fresh furrows was all turned up, an' the patient animals looked so much like our yoke we work in the heavy wagon. Nat says, too, the painter's a woman—a little French woman, Miss Bonn Herr. Then there's a woman smothered to death in a cave, an' she's as large as life. I think that must be a good pletur, though I know I ain't any judge o' such things.

Miss Wilson wore a pretty light silk, an' a great many o' the ladies was elegantly dressed. From there we went to the dancin' party at Miss Jeffrey's. This lady's from Kentucky, an' she's a poetess. Nat knows an' old friend o' her'n, an' says she used to be called the handsomest woman in the State; an' that was sayin' a great deal; for Kentucky always was noted for its handsome women. Miss Jeffrey wore an elegant white silk dress with laylock flowers. Her dress was *real* low in the neck, but her shoulders are very handsome, an' she wore fine diamonds. Her daughter wore white silk, with flowers. Mr. Jeffrey's a lawyer, an' a fine-lookin' gentleman. The party was one o' the most elegant I ever attended; a number o' beautiful Kentucky girls bein' there, as well as hundreds o' the most distinguished men an' richly-dressed women in Washin'ton. Miss Ann S. Stephens, the author o' so many novels; Miss Westmoreland, o' Georgia; Madame Le Vert an' her daughter; an' many other ladies, distinguished for something more than dress, was there, an' everybody seemed to have a nice time. The supper-room was all decorated with flowers, an' the supper was as fine as it could be. I wore my lavender silk an' p'int lace, with pale pink feather, an' gloves; an' Miss Rankin wore her blue silk, faced an' trimmed with pink, an' her pearl jewelry.

On the Saturday after we called on Mary Clemmer Ames, an' her dear friend, Miss Baxter, a lovely old lady; an' in the evenin' we

went to Mr. King's. An' such a treat I never had in my life! It was all Grace Greenwood; such a woman as she is. She recited several poems first in her reg'lar dress; an' then, comin' in dressed like a poor old woman, she give the poem, "Over the Hill to the Poor-house." There wasn't many dry eyes when she got through, I tell you. She then went out an' come in, dressed so funny like, with one o' the old-fashioned calashes on, just like that one o' your grandmother's, only its green, an' this was kind o' drab. This time she was "Tabitha Tattle," a pryin' old maid, an' she just made everybody in the house laugh till they cried. She hit off everybody, not stoppin' for dignitaries; an' one or two o' the very senators she had jokes on, was there to hear her. The Attorney General an' Miss Williams, Senator an' Miss Stewart, Senator Frelinghuysen an' his daughter; Senator an' Miss Tipton, General Sherman, an' hundreds of celebrated people was there.

The next grand party we went to was Senator Buckin'ham's. The senator, a nice, pleasant old gentleman, and his daughter received. The young lady wore white silk, an' looked real sweet. She's very modest an' quiet in her manners, an' is very much thought of. There was no champagne or punch, but plenty of everything nice in the dinin'-room, with coffee an' lemonade an' ice-creams. I think it was one o' the most elegant of all the parties I ever went to. Every lady in the room was handsomely dressed—an' no matter how nice it is, you can't always say that. Miss Bridges, of Pennsylvania, wore the lovellest dress I ever seen, I do believe. It was wine-colored, or ruby-colored velvet, with satin overdress an' trimmin's, an' pink bows, sash, an' roses; with a diamond necklace an' ear-rings that would make your fingers ache for a grab at 'em: I don't believe you could help it! They just gleamed and glittered in the gas-light like the eyes of a hundred kittens from a dark corner. My! I wish you could a-seen 'em. An' then she's a very handsome young woman, an' the diamonds become her. Miss King wore a beautiful dress o' pink crape an' silk, with fine lace and roses for trimmin', an' her elegant pearl necklace. Miss Stephens, the novel writer, wore lavender satin, with fine lace trimmin's, an' shawl; Miss Dahlgren, widdler of the admiral that invented the guns o' that name, was dressed in black silk, with white muslin an' black lace trimmin's, an' overdress; an' with a necklace o' carbuncles an' garnets. Senator an' Miss Morton, General Sherman, Judge Drake, General an' Miss Dunn, an' hundreds of others was there.

Then we went to Miss Fish's Reception, an' it was a dreadful jam. Miss Fish was elegantly dressed, as she always is. She's one lady that always seems dressed just to suit her style; an' there's no one that knows better how to fill her

place. Her daughter, too, looked very sweet, an' favors her mother very much. Here we met everybody we was acquainted with, besides all the foreign ministers, an' generals, an' admirals, an' cabinet officers, an' senators, with their ladies; as well as the President, an' his son, Colonel Fred Grant. The dresses o' the ladies, the uniform o' the officers, the lights an' crowds an' elegant supper, made a beautiful sight. There was millions' worth o' diamonds, I reckon, with any quantity o' pearls, an' emeralds, and amethysts. It made plain gold jewelry look common, no matter how large an' elegant it was. From here we went to Miss Senator Dorsey's, where we met a great many o' the same people; and where the lights, music, and brilliant dresses would a-dazed me if I hadn't been used to it.

We got home a little after twelve o'clock, an' slept till eight next mornin'. Next evenin' we went to Mr. King's again, an' heard Doctor Mackey, the great masonic writer, read a fine paper on "Tree-worship." Of course it didn't make us laugh, like Grace Greenwood's "Miss Tattle," but Nat thinks it's the finest thing he ever heard. He says he'd like to see it printed, so he could have a copy. There was a funny poem read on "The Lakes and Rivers o' Maine," by Mr. Wallace, I think; an' then Colonel Warwick recited three poems very finely. It was as good as the last reunion, an' that's sayin' a great deal. All the very fashionable receptions stop for Lent, but Mr. King's parties go on just the same.

I forgot to tell you about Miss Williams's new house. That's the wife o' the Attorney General that I told you about. She staid at home all summer overseen' it, an' though it's rather plain-lookin' outside, compared with a good many, it's a beauty when you once git in. But I have no time to tell you about it all; I'll just speak o' the parlor. It's a very large room, with pure white walls an' a large bay-window in the middle, between the two fire-places. The sofys an' chairs are all cushioned with light blue satin, with drab trimmin's, an' just in the centre o' the room there's a round eatin sofy, with a large cushioned cone up in the middle an' the sofy runnin' all 'round. It's called a *divan*, I believe. The trimmin's of all these is drab satin, an' the curtains at the windows are blue an' drab with lace underneath. The halls an' dinin'-room are all just as nice as they can be. We didn't go up stairs, as we was only there in the afternoon. Miss Williams didn't give any evenin' receptions this year; and everybody's disappointed, especially as she has such a nice house for it. Some one said it was because she'd have to invite so many that it wouldn't be comfortable. But I reckon the other ladies, especially Miss Fish, would have just as many. Miss Williams wore a beautiful dress the day we called. It was a very pale green silk, trimmed with silk a shade

or two darker, an' was mighty becomin' to her fresh, healthy beauty. She is a beautiful woman, that's certain! an' everybody likes her that knows her.

Well, Allie, I'll quit for to-day. It's been a'most two months since I wrote, an' though it's only the middle o' February, it's a lovely day, just like spring. The snow's all melted away, the air's soft an' balmy, an' the buds in the Smithsonian grounds already begin to swell. It begins to make me think o' the mountains an' the valley, but as it's a long session o' Congress, an' I'm a-keepin' house for Nat, I reckon I'll not see spring in the Valley this year. If you go over to see Annie an' Pete, be sure an' 'mind 'em o' tendin' to them rose-bushes, an' plantin' the gladiolus at the right time. An' tell Pete he never seen so many laylocks as they have here in market in spring. An' every time I buy a bunch to put in my room I'll think o' the old Valley home, sure. My goodness! it seems to me that I'd like to be in both places at once. It's beautiful here in spring, everybody says. An' I *know* it's beautiful there. So tell the mountains an' river I send my love. Love to all, an' good-by.

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BY THE BROOK.

BY GEO. KLINGL.

LEAVES of autumn on the air—  
Brightest leaves—and everywhere  
On the ground brown rustling things  
Eustling in the laughing winds;  
Flowers of crimson by the brook,  
Purple wild-flowers lightly shook,  
Flowers with golden cup and tall,  
Stretching up above them all.  
Chubby feet with cautious tread  
Venturing over pebbly bed,  
Toward the cups of golden hue,  
Toward the crimson flowers and blue;  
Through the curling waters clear—  
Singing waters cool and clear—  
All the glow of sweetest flowers,  
All the light of sunniest hours,  
Gathered 'neath the hood of gray—  
Gathered where the dimples play.

What if homespun's crudest plaid  
Wraps it 'round, and russet shade  
Steals from 'neath the twining hair  
Mingling with the tints more fair?  
What that foreign fingers wrought  
Not the wicker-work that's brought  
To hold flowers, but singing low,  
Watching ring-doves come and go,  
She had woven it before  
On the mat beside the door—  
Woven willows, singing low,  
Watching ring-doves come and go.

Gathering wild-flowers, crimson blue;  
Golden cups—but tell me true  
Which is fairest autumn's flowers,  
Light of autumn's drifting hours,  
Or the face where dimples play  
Underneath the hood of gray?

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## WORKING AND WAITING.

BY M. F. ANDREWS.

(Concluded from last month.)

MANY days slipped by in unnoted succession. Alice never forgot her place. To Mr. Westerman she was invariably respectful, almost to reverence sometimes, and ever with a silent, thoughtful watchfulness for his comfort and convenience. She always deferred to Aunt Martha, asking her leave to make the many changes she deemed indispensable, till at last she told Alice to use her own taste and judgment in her planning and doing, and all would be right.

There seemed to be a renovation of life and light everywhere, and all so silently, quietly accomplished. There seemed to be an intuitive directness, an indefinable, resistless influence in all this, that seemed felt, rather than explained and comprehended. In every arrangement there was the grace and refinement of a high, careful culture, conscious and comprehensible. And then the grounds about the parsonage, every flower, and blossom, and straying vine, and starry spray, had a more luxurious, luring way of twining about supporting things; and in all the surroundings there was a charm and a spell irresistible and pleasing, as if some graceful, watchful ministry had left thereon its baptism and its blessing.

One day Aunt Martha and Alice were sewing in the family sitting-room. Grace came in from the library with a choice volume in her arms—an album—and sat down on a low footstool of violet velvet. Presently she called to Alice, and she went and sat down on the carpet by the side of her.

"And there is papa, dear papa!" The child sat very still, looking at the proud, tender face.

"And this?" Alice lifted a gaze of quick inquiry to Aunt Martha, pointing to a picture on another page.

"Mrs. Westerman."

Alice bent down over the likeness with mute, sudden interest. It was a young, girlish face, entrancingly beautiful, but dark and impassioned. "And when"—Alice began timidly, feeling strangely awed and interested. "You said the day I came here she had been gone a few days. When is she coming back?"

Aunt Martha stared at her in wild wonder; then, recollecting, explained: "Oh, I thought you meant Miss Edith, Mr. Westerman's sister! She is a music teacher in a ladies' seminary, and comes home here at vacations. Mrs. Westerman is dead."

The book she had taken fell together, fell to the floor. What had she done? She did not speak. But it seemed as if a blind blow went shivering down to the heart that was dying. She had thought of it all so differently; and now she was dead.

## MY SECOND WINTER IN WASHINGTON.

BY AUNT MERTHABLE.

WELL, Alle dear, it's all over, and they're gone. They was married yesterday, at the Metropolitan Methodis' Church, by Doctor Tiffany, the one your cousin Jake Hyder liked so well. The church was all shet up, an' the gas lit, so 's it seemed a'most like night. Lucy wore a beautiful pearl-colored silk, with p'int lace trimmin's an' pearl jewelry. Nat wanted her to wear orange blossoms, but she's got some mighty set kind o' notions, gentle as she is. She says pure white an' orange blossoms is only fit for a young girl, so she compromised by wearin' pearl-colored silk, an' a wreath o' rose buds an' lillies o' the valley. She wore a white veil, though, an' looked as sweet as any young girl I ever seen. They didn't have any bridesmaids or groomsmen (waiters, you know, we call 'em in Virginny), but six young men acted as ushers. These all wore white gloves, an' white camellas in their buttonholes. The President an' Miss Nellie, Secretary an' Miss Fish, Secretary an' Miss Belknap, an' Secretary Delano an' his daughter, Miss Ames, was there; besides the Ministers from England, Russia, Japan, an' Ecuador. A good sprinklin' o' Senators an' Members was also there, as well as all our personal friends; so the fine large church was pretty well filled. There was a great many flowers sent by our friends, an' the altar an' railin's was all trimmed with 'em. At the house we had a great many, too. We had a reception there from four till six o'clock. The President an' nearly all the friends came to the house. We had an elegant table set in the dinin'-room, where everybody passed out an' was waited on. Lucy blushed like a young girl at the compliments paid her, an' Nat looked prouder 'n if he'd won the fortune of Mr. Peabody at a raffle. The President brought a bouquet especially for Lucy, an' I reckon it made her feel proud, sure enough.

A good many friends sent 'em presents, but they wouldn't make any display of 'em. I'll tell you of a few of 'em. Lucy got a lovely silver tea set—solid, none o' your shams; a lovely set o' p'int lace; a bracelet an' locket, both set with diamonds; an elegant French clock, three groups o' the Rogers statuettes, a Parian Greek Slave, three oil paintin's, an' more spoons, forks, cake baskets, an' butter dishes, than ever they'll be able to use.

Lucy's travellin' suit was made o' smoke-colored silk an' Cashmere, with a bunnit to match, that had a wreath o' spring violets around it, an' no other ornament. Nat thinks she's got the finest taste in dress of anybody in Washin'ton; an' I reckon she has as fine, at any rate. She said she didn't want folks to

know she was a bride, if it could be helped. But Nat says they always know it, somehow, though he'd rather they wouldn't, too. If he knows it himself, it's enough. They go to New York, up the Hudson to Lake Champlain, then to Niagara Falls, an' then to different places on their way home, reachin' the Valléy in a month from their weddin' day.

So to-morrow I'll begin to pack up for home. This house 'll look pretty lonesome, I reckon, if the furniture ain't ourn. We've had such a nice, pleasant winter here that I reckon I'll always feel attached to it; an' I told Nat I'd like to have him take it again next winter, if I was a-comin' to see 'em. An' he said he reckoned I *was* a-comin' to see 'em, an' to stay all winter with 'em, too. Well, maybe I will; I don't know. I ruther think young married folks ought to be by themselves; indeed, I know they ought to. I've seen too much trouble come from livin' with the old folks. I mind a case where the poor little bride was so afraid o' doin' something that the old folks didn't like, that she was all of a trimble half her time. An' what kind of a life is that, I'd like to know? An' that, too, at the very time that ought to be the happiest *in* her life. No, let 'em go an' live *alone*, an' find out all about each other's natures, without anybody pokin' their noses into their affairs. But if Nat an' Lucy want to have me come the second winter, maybe I'll go. I won't lectur' him, or say I *won't* come; but I'll kind o' persuade him that he'd better board the first season. But if, after all, he still insists on keepin' house, an' both of 'em insists on my comin', you know I can't help it. I reckon, anyway, that Lucy an' me could always git along together. I'd try an' remember that it wa'n't my house, but hern.

I want you to come over to the old place three weeks from to-day, if your mother can spare you, to help me touch up things, an' make 'em tasteful-like, an' then you can git acquainted with your new cousin, an' I know you'll like her. Then, if they do an' *will* keep house next winter, I reckon they'll invite you to pass part o' the season with 'em in Washin'ton, where you'll see a great deal o' the gay life that a young girl ought to see while she can. I think a bright, happy girlhood's a beautiful thing while it lasts, an' I like to see it last as long as possible; for it don't make any difference how happy a married woman may be, she always has cares, an' sickness, an' sorrows that never come in girlhood. An' then, if she's had a happy time when she's young, it's a beautiful thing to remember all her life. It seems to be a kind o' compensation for all after troubles. But if a girl's miserable an' homeless, an' unloved when she's young, an' happens to marry somebody that makes her still worse, she looks backward on her life-path without seein' a glimmer o'

light from the past, an' havin' little to hope in the futur', it's small wonder if she loses faith in God an' man, an' wonders why he created her. An' a woman keeps everything to herself so, too; I mean a *real* woman. These women that want to vote, an' be divorced every three or four years, ain't real women. *They* don't care if the whole world knows all about their most private affairs. Indeed, they 'd rather be talked badly about than not be talked about at all. But I know a woman that goes on, silently and patiently, all the years of her life. There 's a thorn there that pierces continually, but she don't believe anybody sees it, so she bears it in silence. She wouldn't disgrace her children, or bring her home before the public, to be made common talk, an' she 'll never, never speak; I know she won't. I pity her, but I pity the other kind worse.

But I reckon I 'll quit preachin', an' tell you about a few o' the parties since I wrote. Talk about Lent stoppin' the parties! Deary me! they 're bound to have 'em some way, an' so durin' Lent they have private literary parties, with dancin' at the end of 'em; an' any amount o' charity balls an' entertainments; so, after all, Lent don't amount to much in the way o' fastin' an' prayer. There was three more charity entertainments at Miss Dahlgren's durin' the month, an' all of 'em very fine. All the first people in Washin'ton attended 'em, an' the readin's, recitations, dramatic performances, an' music, was of the first class. Of course, I couldn't understand most o' the music. I 'm not cultivated up to it, Nat says; an' no more is he, for that matter. One evenin' every song but one was in a furren language. There was Italian, French, and German songs, an' *one* English one. Everybody said they was "be-e-a-utiful," an' so they was, I reckon; but I 'd rather hear the Hutchinsons, or one o' the Cherokee Colonel's (Boudinot) simple ballads, than the whole lot. But the recitations, by Grace Greenwood, Alfred Townsend, Mr. Tweedale, an' Miss Story, an' many others, an' the plays, was all of 'em very fine. I told you I went to the first, Lucy went with Nat to the next two, an' I went to the last. An' I reckon I got the best share, for everybody said these two was the best. At the last one, Grace Greenwood and George Alfred Townsend both took part, an' everybody was delighted. Miss Fish was there on the front seat, with her gray curls on each side o' her face, an' the cutest little p'int lace cap on her head, trimmed with pink ribbons, makin' her look like some pictur's I've seen. She always wears diamonds, but I didn't notice what kind o' dress she had on, as she was seated when I seen her. Then there was Madame de Chambrun, wife of a real Marquis; an' Miss Ames, the daughter of Secretary Delano, an' a mighty sweet, pleasant lady; an' the President, an' Miss Nellie Grant, an' Miss Admiral Powell, an' Miss Judge

Strong, an' Madame Boultigny, an' Miss King, an' a great many more. Miss Nellie wore a light silk dress, with a white grenadine redingote, all bordered with silk embroidery, an' very elegant. She had her hair put up close an' tight, an' didn't look nigh as well as she does with a few curls at the back, an' a comb on. This style 's very becomin' to her. She looked real bright an' happy, though; an' when Miss Admiral Powell congratulated her, an' whispered somethin' in her ear, she smiled an' shook her head, an' said, "He isn't here to-night." Of course, I knowed very well who "he" was. It was Mr. Sartoris, the Englishman she's a-goin' to marry. I seen him afterwards at the Charity Ball, an' he ain't a bit handsome, accordin' to my ideas; but everybody to their tastes, as the old lady said when she kissed her cow. An' that minds me o' poor old Pinkey—how glad she 'll be to see me come home! But Nellie Grant's got too honest a face to marry anybody she don't love; an' if she loves him, it's all a-body need to want. He ain't got any title, either, that they say the American girls are always runnin' after; but I reckon he's got plenty o' money to keep her a lady wherever they live; an' I shouldn't wonder if he'd plenty o' sense, for his mother's a smart woman.

An' Fred Grant, he's a-goin' to be married, too. What a gay time there 'll be at the White House, to be sure! He's to marry Miss Kitty Cooke, the sweet-lookin', pretty daughter o' the late Governor Cooke.

On the Friday after the Dahlgren entertainment, Grace Greenwood, an' Miss Ames, of Boston, give readin's an' recitations at Lincoln Hall, an' the great room was crowded with people. Grace dressed herself to suit the characters, an' give "Over the Hill to the Poorhouse," "Tabitha Tattle," an' "Deacon Monroe." She made folks cry in the first piece, an' fairly roar with laughter in the others. Miss Ames acted "Lady Teazle" an' "Lady Macbeth," an' was very fine in both, as well as bein' very handsome an' elegantly dressed. The next week they give another of the same kind, an' Nat said the house was nearly or quite as full. Then they went over to Baltimore to give one there, an' I don't know but what they 're goin' on over the country. They 're sure to have good houses wherever they go, for Grace Greenwood is surely one o' the best mimics in the United States.

Then, Alle, I went one night to see Charlotte Cushman in "Meg Merrilies," an' I do wish you could a-see her. Hav'n't you read "Gay Mannerin'," one o' Scott's novels? I think you have, an' if you have, you 'll know all about the character o' Meg Merrilies. I never did see anything like the action o' Miss Cushman. You've only got to let your mind run on the dreadfullest witch stories old Aunt Keziah ever told, an' the awfullest witch you

ever imagined couldn't get ahead o' Miss Cushman.

We went next to the Charity Ball, an' that was our last large party. It was a real grand affair, an' the company was very select. Miss General Ricketts, Miss Admiral Powell, Miss Admiral Dahlgren, Mr. Corcoran an' Miss Eustis, Miss Kilbourne an' her daughter, "just out," Mr. Kennedy an' his daughter, Miss King, Mr. an' Miss Jeffrey an' their daughter, General an' Miss Boughton, Miss General Marcy, Colonel Sedgwick an' his pretty wife, Miss Judge Strong, Mr. Sartoris, the gentleman Miss Nellie Grant's engaged to, an' a great many more. The dresses was elegant, with a fine display o' diamonds an' lace; the music an' decorations as nice as could be, an' the ball altogether a great success.

But I'll quit now. I only went to one private party since the ball, an' that was at Miss Perkins's. She's one o' my intimate friends now, an' we had a real nice, sociable time. I promised to write to her when I git home an' git all settled. Good-by, and don't forgit to come over an' help me.

Your lovin' AUNT MERTABLE.

TO MISS PERKINS—DEAR FRIEND: I've been at home now a'most six weeks, an' everything's a-goin' on nicely. 'Siah, an' Pete, an' Annie, an' all of 'em, was mighty glad to see me, an' specially old Pinkey. Poor old thing! I reckon nobody'll milk her but me ag'in, while I'm around home. She seems to know me as well as if she was a human bein'. Pete an' Annie had the old house clean from top to bottom, an' beautifully whitewashed. We soon got the new carpet down in Nat's room, an' Allie come over, an' soon had everything sniptious. Of course, the old-fashioned house an' furniture looked quare-like at first, but I've got used to it all again. As for the blessed old mountains, they never change *their* faces to me, no matter where I've been.

When Nat an' Lucy come home, we had a gay old time. Lucy was delighted with everything, an' Nat's just like a boy. He seems a-bilin' over with happiness an' mischief, an' plays more pranks on our colored folks than a few. You'd never think o' his bein' a Member o' Congress. He's already makin' his arrangements to build his new house, an' it's beautiful to see how delighted Lucy is with it all. She says she never wants to pass a summer anywhere else, the valley's so lovely. She never tires o' watchin' the mountains, changin' in the different states o' the atmosphere. She's made plans to plant an avenue o' trees down from the house to the road, an' Virginny creepers, sweet-briars, an' American ivy, all about the house an' the trees. She says she's a-goin' to have the spring branch widened out to a pretty pond, an' planted in willow trees

an' white water-lilies. There's plenty o' yaller lilies growin' in the river around here, but no white ones, an' she says she knows very well they'll grow here if they're only planted; so she's goin' to write to the North an' have some sent, an' I reckon they'll have a pretty summer home by the time she gits through with it.

But I must tell you of our trip to Petersburg. You know I've got a good number o' relations there, an' last week we all went over to see 'em. You must know that slattern of a woman, Arethusa Simpkins that used to be, lives next door to sister Sallie's. Well, we hadn't been there no time, till in she comes. She'd been a-tryin' to fix up a little, but, la sakes! you ought to a-see her! Her old alpaccy dress was all crumpled up, an' had a big grease spot on the front breadth of it. Her hair wasn't half combed, an' was twisted up in a tight knot at the back. She had ragged old gaiters on her feet, an' a yaller ribbon an' dirty collar on her neck, an' her sleeves was wide an' short, an' she had no cuffs or undersleeves. Besides this, her neck looked dirty, an' she carried a little tow-headed baby in her arms, that was as dirty as could be, an' smelled as sour as butter-milk a week old. Another dirty tow-head was a-draggin' to her dress.

Now, after you look at this pictur', you may imagine Nat's feelin's when she bolts up to him an' says, "How *do* ye do, Nat? Why, how good-lookin' you've growned! I didn't need to think you a bit pretty. An' this is your wife, is it? Well, she's a mighty fine lady, I reckon, an' suits you a sight better'n I'd a-done, don't she? Nat used to be my beau (to Lucy). You wouldn't a-believed it, now would you? But I didn't look like I do now, I reckon. I was counted a real handsome gal once, but agin you have six or seven cros young ones, I reckon you'll look a little the wuss for the wear, too."

Lucy looked dreadfully confused, but Nat laughed an' said, "Our tastes do change a good deal, madam, an' I'm much obliged to you for givin' me the cold shoulder. I was only a green country boy then, an' hadn't seen much. But I've seen a great many *real* ladies since, an' found out what suited me *exactly*," lookin' fondly at Lucy.

She seemed rather taken aback, though he spoke so kindly she couldn't git angry. But she didn't talk any more about old times, an' soon went out, after askin' Lucy to come an' see her. I do believe Nat's the best hand to bring things around all right, without hurtin' anybody's feelin's, that ever I seen.

He insists that he *will* keep house next winter, an' both of 'em insists that I must come to Washin'ton with 'em, an' they want Allie to come, too. Nat says a pretty girl in the house makes a Congressman mighty pop'lar. So I reckon you'll see us all along the last o' No-

vember, an' it's very like we'll take the same old place.

I commenced to preach to Nat about young married folks livin' alone, the first year, at any rate; but he said his mother'd never be in Lucy's way, he was sure; an' besides, they'd need me to help keep the house. So, of course, I'll come. Good-by!

### I DREAM OF THEE.

BY MATILDA C. EDWARDS.

I DREAM of thee when daylight softly dieth,  
When one by one the stars above me gleam;  
When softly through the leaves the night wind sigh-  
eth,  
Breaking the ripples on the quiet stream;  
When, pale and pure, the young moon leaves the  
mountain,  
And walks across heaven's pure, unclouded sea,  
Then loving thoughts, from memory's sparkling  
fountain,  
Form in my soul some precious dream of thee.

I dream of thee, though years have fled, sweet  
maiden,  
Since last thy voice fell on my listening ear,  
And still my soul with that dear word is laden,  
And still methinks thy parting steps I hear  
Through all the past. Dear one, that bitter parting,  
Those silent tears, thy mournful look and tone,  
The sickening dread that filled the hour of starting,  
Will live with me till life and time have flown.

We may not meet again; I may not listen  
To thy dear voice, or hear thy step again;  
But not a star shall on the blue sky glisten,  
And not a flower shall blossom on the plain,  
But what will waken dreams of hours departed,  
Linked with the music of thy precious name.  
Oh, cherished friend, beloved and gentle-hearted!  
Say, is thy love and is thy heart the same?

NOTHING makes societies so fair and lasting as the mutual endearment of each other by good offices; and never any man did a good turn to his brother, but at one time or other did eat the fruit of it.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

WORTH THE CHARM.—Young men are mistaken when they think good looks their principal recommendation to women. A woman admires a handsome man for a time, but it needs something more than a good-looking face to retain this feeling. A woman is, as a general rule, more strongly drawn by the intellectual qualities of the opposite sex than by anything else. Doctor Johnson, Goldsmith, Curran, and Shiel were all very plain; but they possessed the charm of genius, which irresistibly attracts the noble qualities of woman. What is above said is also true of the gentler sex. A man frequently says of some *belles*, "Yes, she's very beautiful, but I thank Heaven she isn't my wife!" Women like to be admired for their loveliness, and we do not mean to blame them for it; but it requires something more than mere beauty to enable them to retain their influence over men.

## NORMA ALLYN.

BY MARY M. ROGERS.

"SHALL I tell you the story, Norma?" Chester Bainbridge bowed his haughty head, and peered into the angry face of his betrothed. For a moment he waited, his fine features revealing the troubled bent of thought, while the impatient tattoo was beat out by her tiny foot. A look of sad disappointment settled down about his resolute mouth, as he questioned more intensely, "Shall I tell you the story, Norma?" His brown hair touched the shining braids bound around the queenly head, and his hand clasped firmly the small jewelled fingers of the lady as he spoke. They were quickly withdrawn, and the regal form lifted proudly as she answered—

"I am fully satisfied with the outlines. I will not trouble you to add falsehood to deceit to fill it out."

Her flashing eyes were turned full upon him, and their scornful fire brought the indignant flush to his cheek. He involuntarily drew back as he asked—

"You endorse the Ramsey version?"

"I do." The answer was calm and decisive.

The gentleman turned abruptly, and took a half dozen steps towards the door. Wounded pride was blinding him with passion, yet it was only for a moment; then the overweening tenderness of his heart for the lonely woman conquered. He came back, standing close beside her, with his arms folded, and his brilliantly handsome eyes eloquent with passionate pleading.

"Norma, Norma, hear me before you condemn. When you know the whole truth, if you then bid me go, I will obey you without a word. But do not shut me out from your love without a chance for exculpation. Think, think, I beseech you!" His voice was tremulous with earnest, anxious pleading. It did not seem to move her. Not a line of her face was changed. The same cold contempt wreathed her lips. When she spoke, it was slow and measured:—

"I have thought. The result I have made you acquainted with. That is unchangeable."

Passionless, but proudly inexorable, there was no further protest. He scanned her face for a second; then said, in a tone as even as her own: "We shall meet again some time in the future. Then you shall acknowledge that I am not the only one in fault. Till then, good-by!" He bowed composedly, and passed out of the room.

Along the hall she could detect his step, but there was no hesitation. The street door opened and closed, and the hopes of her life were scattered. A slight spasm might have crossed her heart as the echo of his footfall was lost beyond the threshold; but outwardly