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WASHINGTON.

Where may the wearied eye repose,
When gazing on the great,
Where neither guilty glory glows
Nor despicable state?
Yes, one—the first, the last, the best—
The Cincinnatus of the west,
Whom envy dared not hate,
Bequeathed the name of Washington;
To make man blush there was but one.
—Byron.

THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY.

Character of George Washington as Shown by Incidents in His Life.

John S. C. Abbott's characterization of George Washington fittingly introduces the anecdotes of the Father of his Country, which have been selected for presentation here:

"As Columbus and La Salle were the most prominent of the pioneers of America, so was Washington the most illustrious of its patriots. In the career of Columbus we have a vivid sketch of life in the tropical portions of the New World 400 years ago.

"The adventures of La Salle in exploring this continent 200 years ago, from the northern lakes to the Mexican gulf, are almost without parallel, even in the pages of romance. His narrative gives information, such as can nowhere else be found, of the native inhabitants, their number, character and mode of life when the white man first reached these shores.

"The history of George Washington is as replete with marvels as that of either of his predecessors. The world during the last century has made more progress than during the preceding five. The life of Washington reveals to us, in a remarkable degree, the state of society in our land, the manners and customs of the people, their joys and griefs, 100 years ago. We search history in vain to find a parallel to Washington. As a statesman, as a general, as a thoroughly good man, he stands preeminent. He was so emphatically the Father of his Country that it may almost be said that he created the republic. And it is fitting that we should recall, with grateful hearts, the memory of our illustrious benefactor, George Washington."

From early boyhood to his last hour, according to all authentic history, Washington never relaxed for a moment that dignified manner that now seems inseparable from his character. Whether at home in the peaceful life of Mount Vernon, in battle, in council, in after public life, his somewhat reserved stateliness was always maintained, and it had been a trait fostered from his youth, partly from teaching and partly from an admiration he had conceived while almost a child for some one whose severe dignity had especially charmed him.

At one time, on the 12th of July, 1776, when in New York for the defense of that city, Lord Howe and his brother, Sir William Howe, made a concerted movement to take possession of the river above the city and rally the Tories around them. These two haughty men, declaring the Americans to be rebels, refused to recognize the officers by their proper titles. Admiral Howe sent a letter by Lieut. Brown, with a flag of truce, which was directed to Mr. Washington, and which Col. Reed, Washington's adjutant general, former secretary and intimate friend, declined to receive. He dismissed the lieutenant very courteously, however, but assured him that no such communication could be conveyed to the commander-in-chief of the armies of America.

Lieut. Brown was greatly agitated and embarrassed. On the 19th Gen. Howe sent an aide, with a flag, to inquire if Col. Patterson, the British adjutant general, could be admitted to an interview with Gen. Washington. Col. Reed assured him that there could be no difficulty, and that he would pledge his honor for the safety of Col. Patterson.

The next morning Col. Reed and another officer met the flag in the harbor and took Col. Patterson into their barge and conveyed the officer to Washington's headquarters. Washington was in full dress and his guards were in attendance in military array. Col. Patterson seemed much embarrassed, but finally handed over a document, after having addressed Washington as "Your excellency." This document was addressed to "George Washington, Esq., etc." He suggested that the et cetera might imply anything which Washington could wish it to imply.

Patterson was courteously informed that no such communications could be received, and after a brief desultory conversation the conference terminated. Irving says: "Washington received the applause of congress and of the public for sustaining the dignity of the station. His conduct in this particular was recommended as a model to all American officers in correspondence with the enemy. And Lord Howe informed his government that thenceforth it would be polite to change the superscription of his letters."

Washington was not beyond the ills that beset mankind, as the loss of his teeth testifies, and on this account he could not eat the juicy mutton or beef or game which his vast estate supplied, and we find a letter wherein he orders a special envoy of pickled tripe from Bristol, which must have been very good, since it was quite a commerce in itself, and one man named Hamlin used to prepare it and send it over to Barbadoes and New Orleans, as well as other places, and it was this kind that he seemed to prefer. His friend and business agent, Cary, sent him from England two huge jars of this pickled tripe, and he wrote as a means of keeping up the supply the following letter:

DEAR CARY—Mrs. Washington joins me in warm thanks to you for your considerate present of two large stone jars of pickled tripe, which reached Mount Vernon in perfect condition. I must ask you to arrange for four similar jars, in wicker basket casings, packed in outer cask, to be shipped for my account direct from the curers in Bristol early in the season, when a vessel will be leaving that port for New York. If consigned to Messrs. Barclay, those gentlemen will give the little matter their unvarying care. Dental infirmity impels my caring for this necessary item in our domestic commissariat.

To those who scan the portraits of Washington, and find there but the expression of unflinching courage and stern dignity, it may seem that Washington was incapable of feeling for the woes of others, and that as he sent men into battle he cared nothing for them other than as mere fighting machines; but history is full of instances which prove that he had a compassionate heart, and that more than once he shed tears over the sufferings and sorrows of others. Some of them were his soldiers, and sometimes his sympathy was aroused for others. To the New York convention he wrote: "When I consider that the city of New York will, in all human probability, very soon be the scene of a bloody conflict, I cannot but view the great numbers of women, children and infirm persons remaining in it with the most melancholy concern. Can no method be devised for their removal?"

When on Aug. 21 the British began to land their overpowering numbers, they found it necessary to fight every step of the way. Seven days this terrible conflict continued, and there were some scenes of awful slaughter where the Hessians swarmed like locusts upon the slender army trying to oppose them. As Washington watched one of these instances, where a detachment of heroic troops was literally butchered by the plunging Hessian bayonets, he wrung his hands in agony exclaiming, while tears streamed down his cheeks:

"Oh, good God! what brave fellows I must this day lose."

And even when his soldiers deserted him his big heart could find humane allowances. He wrote:

"Men just dragged from the tender scenes of domestic life, and unaccustomed to the din of arms, totally unacquainted with every kind of military skill, are timid and ready to fly from their own shadows. Besides the sudden change in their manner of living brings on an unconquerable desire to return to their homes."

At another battle at Fort Washington, where the Hessians, with their dreaded bayonets, rushed upon a company of youths and ruthlessly slaughtered these scarcely more than boys who begged for their lives, Washington wept like a child. Again and again he would be heard praying and in tears, for the alleviation of the sufferings of his starving, freezing men at Valley Forge.

Again, when after all his labor and sacrifices, his wearisome toil and dreadful responsibility as commander-in-chief of the American army was over with the war, and he was about to disband his troops, this man of iron stood, and with a voice shaken by emotion, said: "With a heart full of love and gratitude, I now take leave of you. I most devoutly wish that your latter days may be as happy as your former have been glorious and honorable. I cannot come to each of you to take my leave, but shall be obliged if each of you will come and take me by the hand."

Tears blinded his eyes and he could say no more. One after another, these heroic men grasped his hand in parting. Not a word was spoken, and it was then that his soldiers knew that his heart was as tender as his manner was austere and formal.

YORKTOWN.

In September, 1781, Washington appeared before Yorktown, held by the British army under Lord Cornwallis. With the French and American forces Washington began a regular seige, which lasted for three weeks, when the British commander surrendered his army of over 7,000 men. Count Rochambeau was in command of the French allies at the siege.

From Yorktown's ruins, ranked and still,
Two lines stretch for o'er vale and hill;
Who curbs his steed at head of one?
Hark! the low murmur, Washington!
Who bends his keen, approving glance,
Where down the gorgeous line of France
Shone knightly star and plume of snow?
Thou, to a art victor, Rochambeau.

The earth which bears this calm array
Shook with the war charge yesterday,
Plowed deep with hurrying hoof and wheel,
Shot down and bladed thick with steel;
October's clear and noonday sun
Paled in the breath smoke of the gun,
And down night's double blackness fell,
Like a dropped star, the blazing shell.

Now all is hushed: the glancing lines
Stand moveless as the neighboring pines;
While through them, sullen, grim and so
The conquered hosts of England go.
O'Hara's brow belies his dress,
Gay Tarleton's troop ride bannerless;
Short, from thy fired and wasted homes,
Thy scourge, Virginia, captive comes.

Nor thou alone; with one glad voice
Let all thy sister states rejoice;
Let Freedom, in whatever clime
She waits with sleepless eye her time,
Shouting from cave and mountain wood,
Make glad her desert solitude;
While they who hunt her quail with fear,
The New World's chain lies broken here.
—Whittier.

The Sub-Treasury Statue.

The statue of George Washington which stands on the portico of the sub-treasury building in New York, was placed in its present position to commemorate the fact that the first congress of the United States after the adoption of the constitution assembled there, and under its portico George Washington was inaugurated first president.

THE S'TB-TREASURY AND STATUE.

The statue is of bronze, and is in civic costume and of colossal size. On the pedestal is placed the stone on which Washington stood when he took the oath of office. It was unveiled Nov. 25, 1883. J. Q. A. Ward was the sculptor.

ANTE-REVOLUTION DAYS.

WASHINGTON'S LIFE PRIOR TO THE WAR FOR INDEPENDENCE.

His Studiousness As a Boy—His Early Love Affairs—Rules for Behavior—He Was a Surveyor and an Indian Fighter. Washington Married.

Washington's birthplace, we are told, was a four room house, with a chimney at each end, perfectly plain outside and in. The only approach to ornament was a Dutch tiled chimney piece in the best room, but around the house were thrift and abundance. The tiles were of Scriptural subjects. One in particular was the whale depositing Jonah on dry land. This house was located in Westmoreland county, Va., in a parish bearing the family name of Washington, near Pope's creek and half a mile from the Potomac. It was burned during Washington's boyhood, but its site was marked by a suitably engraved stone set on the spot by George Washington Parke Custis. The engraving given with this is understood to be authentic.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHPLACE.

The first record of George Washington's youth is that which tells of his birth, and that he was a handsome boy of finely developed figure and of animated, intelligent features, and that under the tutelage of his noble mother and kind and indulgent father he developed a noble character. We are also told that his physical strength, frankness, moral courage, courtesy and high sense of honor made him a general favorite.

In school George did not manifest any particular brilliancy, but was a diligent scholar. He had a well balanced mind without anything conspicuous. He left school the autumn before he was 16. The young man passed a good deal of his time during his last summer at school "surveying the fields around the school house and in the adjoining plantations, of which the boundaries, angles and measurements, the plots and calculations are entered with formality and precision in his books. He used logarithms and proved the accuracy of his work by different methods."

History does not record whether he was ever called Georgie, or whether he had ever been seen to turn a somersault, but, on the other hand, quotes from a little manuscript book, which he wrote when he was 13, containing fifty-four rules of behavior. Here are some of them:

Read no letters, books or papers in company. But when there is a necessity for doing it you must ask leave.

Show yourself not glad at the misfortunes of another, though he were your enemy.

Strive not with your superiors in argument, but always submit your judgment to others with modesty.

Use no reproachful language against any one. Associate yourself with men of good quality if you esteem your own reputation, for it is better to be alone than in bad company.

Speak not of doleful things in time of mirth nor at the table. Speak not of melancholy things, such as death and wounds, and, if others mention them, change, if you can, the discourse.

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

But though Washington was a precise youth he was very fond of out door sports, such as running, jumping, wrestling, pitching the bar and leaping with a pole. Whatever stirred his blood and brought into exercise his stalwart limbs and muscles was a delight. His young lady cousins complained that he cared nothing for their company and always preferred playing out of doors. An old gentleman, a neighbor, is quoted as saying: "Egad! he ran wonderfully! We had nobody hereabouts that could come near him. There was young Langhorn Dade, of Westmoreland, a confounded clean made, tight young fellow, and a mighty swift runner, too, but he was no match for George."

At the age of 16 George Washington fell deeply in love with a young girl whom he called, in certain sentimental verses written at that time, his "lowland beauty," but she married and became the mother of Gen. Henry Lee. After this disappointment his susceptible heart was caught in the rebound by Col. George Fairfax's wife's sister, and of her he wrote to his young friend Robin: "My residence is at present at his lordship's, where I might, were my heart disengaged, pass my time very pleasantly, as there is a very agreeable young lady lives in the same house, but that is only adding fuel to fire, it makes me the more uneasy; for, by often and unavoidably being in company with her, revives my former passion for your 'lowland beauty,' whereas, were I to live more retired from young women I might, in some measure, alleviate my sorrows by burying that chaste and troublesome passion in the grave of oblivion."

And this language from a boy of 16!

Lord Fairfax, who had taken up his residence in Virginia and bought an immense territory, engaged young Washington to survey it, being charmed by the manliness and intelligence of the youth. The task was hard and dangerous from wild beasts and savages still more ferocious. In March, 1748, with an Indian guide and a few white attendants, Washington commenced the survey. For three years he followed this laborious and dangerous calling, bearing all the hardships incident upon such a life, rarely sleeping in a bed and depending principally for food upon the game and fish they could take.

At this time the French and English had become embroiled on account of their rival claims to all the interior of the country, and between them the Indians suffered so greatly that they turned and wreaked vengeance on both parties.

Washington was then 19. Young as he was, he was regarded as one of the most prominent men of the state. Danger threatened and the state was divided into districts; over each a military commander was appointed and Washington was made one of these majors, as they were called, and the power given him was almost dictatorial, as the responsibilities were very great and the mode of warfare could not follow the tactics of European armies. The Indians joined first one side and then the other, hardly understanding their own position or rights, but finding that they were equally ill treated by each, though the French at first seemed to have gained their hearts.

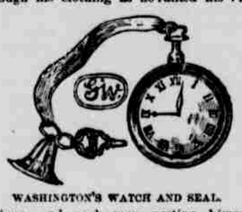
The conflicting countries would neither consent to a compromise nor arbitration. The French, descending from Canada, had established several trading posts, which were also fortifications, in the Ohio valley. Governor Dinwiddie, under the pretense of wishing to protest against these encroachments upon what he called British territory, but really to ascertain the number, strength and position of the French garrisons and to survey a route by which an army might be sent for their capture, sent Washington to the French post. "Washington was furthermore to inquire diligently and by cautious means into the number of the French troops, the re-enforcements they expected from Canada, how many forts they had, where they were, how garrisoned, and, in short, obtain all possible information regarding them."

Washington was now 20 years and 6 months old, and he volunteered his services for this purpose. Governor Dinwiddie was delighted and said: "Truly you are a brave lad, and if you play your cards well, you shall have no cause to repent of your bargain."

Accordingly on the 14th of November, 1753, Washington set out from Williamsburg on this perilous expedition, with only eight men, one an Indian. Forty-one days were spent on this journey, which resulted in his discovery of several forts and much other information, and on his return he examined the forks of the Ohio river carefully as a good place for a fort.

A little army of 400 men was gathered by Governor Dinwiddie, and he ordered Washington, as its colonel, to "march rapidly across the mountains. Disperse, capture or kill all persons who are attempting to take possession of the territory of his majesty on the banks of the Ohio or any of its tributaries. * * * Leave nothing behind but smoldering ruins and mangled corpses."

He defeated a small force of the French under Capt. Jumonville, and built Fort Necessity at Great Meadows; here he was besieged by an overwhelming force and captured on terms allowing his force freedom to return home. War being now inevitable between the British and French, the problem resolved itself into attack by the British, and in the spring of 1755 they sent two regiments of regulars from England to capture Fort Duquesne from the French. These troops, though perfect soldiers, knew nothing of Indian warfare, and Gen. Braddock, a proud, self-conceited man, despised the American troops and declared he had nothing to fear and nothing to learn from Colonists, Frenchmen or Indians. Col. Washington was reduced to the rank of captain by Governor Dinwiddie, and he at once resigned his commission and retired from the army. Gen. Braddock, however, having invited Washington to take part in the campaign as one of his staff, retaining his former rank, the invitation was accepted. Washington soon became convinced of the incapacity of Gen. Braddock, and complained of unnecessary delays, for he fully understood the danger of delay giving the Indian scouts opportunity to watch and report every movement to the enemy. Then came Braddock's defeat. Braddock's command approached a defile which seemed as if made for them, and it was just such a place as should have aroused suspicion, but Braddock pushed gayly on. They were but a few miles from Fort Duquesne, and the general was elated at his unresisted march, while Washington was appalled by the danger of an Indian ambuscade, and in another instant a storm of bullets from unseen foes burst upon them. A moment later the ground was strewn with the dead and dying. The horses took fright and added to the horror of the scene, and the ranks were thrown into utter consternation. Washington had two horses shot under him, and four bullets passed through his clothing as he rallied his Virginians, and, each man posting himself behind a tree, protected the wounded soldiers from being scalped. Braddock was mortally wounded and the regulars ran "like sheep before the hounds." Braddock was carried off on a litter. His army was annihilated. Four days later he was buried in the middle of the road, as a precaution against the discovery of his grave. Five hundred British lay dead on the field, besides those killed in the river after their defeat. The American troops, who in silent exasperation had allowed themselves to be led by the folly of Braddock into this slaughter, knew of Washington's remonstrances. This and his courage and coolness during the battle and defeat, gave them a high opinion of his military ability, and they proclaimed his fame far and wide, and thus he won honor out of the ignominious defeat of Braddock.



WASHINGTON'S WATCH AND SEAL.

Some eighty years later Washington's gold seal, which was shot from his chain, was found on this battlefield.

Washington then took command of 2,000 Virginia troops to carry on this war so disastrously commenced, and which seemed to be but one series of catastrophes, until the whole country was blaming him for the reverses. Every new outrage inflicted by the Indians was charged to his neglect or incompetency. He was wounded to the heart by this. He had neither honor nor emolument from his command. He was shut up in a frontier town, surrounded by savage hordes whose terrible ravages he could not arrest with the feeble means he had. He wished to form a line of fortresses on the frontier, with Winchester as the central one, and he proposed several other suggestions which proved his forethought and sagacity, but they were not accepted by Governor Dinwiddie, with the exception of a fortress at Winchester and some small frontier posts.

Washington, as well as many others who attain celebrity, had to bear with bitter enmities, and he was assailed by a torrent of abuse and accused of being idle and frivolous, partial and selfish, and all his endeavors were perverted. Governor Dinwiddie's orders were "dark, doubtful and uncertain; today approved, to-morrow condemned." At last he fell ill through anxiety and exposure, and lay in a burning fever four long months, but he resumed his command on the 1st of March, 1758.

William Pitt was now prime minister of Great Britain, and Governor Dinwiddie was superseded by the Earl of Loudon, who made Washington commander in chief of all the Virginia troops, and he was also colonel of the First regiment. Early in March he reached Fort Cumberland from Winchester. Col. Bouquet was determined to open a new route through Pennsylvania, which was against Washington's judgment. Quite a large band of Indians were engaged as allies by the English, after much difficulty; but the regulars treated them with such contempt that finally the most of them went home disgusted at their treatment. Gen. Forbes, who was commander in chief, was detained in Philadelphia, and Col. Bouquet, who was to command the advance, assembled his corps of British regulars. There were about 3,500 American troops and 700 friendly Indians among them. Washington summoned his two regiments of Virginia troops to meet at Winchester. After annoying delays and great distress among the Virginia troops they at last started toward Fort Cumberland. At about this period Washington was chosen by the electors to be the representative of Frederick county to the house of burgesses.

July and August passed. Washington still encamped at Fort Cumberland, much against his will, with nothing to do. In September he was ordered to join Col. Forbes. The military road was opened as yet but forty-five miles, where a fort of deposit was made, called Loyal Hannan, and fifty miles yet were to be traversed. Col. Bouquet sent 800 men on ahead to reconnoiter. The major was a boastful, conceited bravado, and he marched along with music, with the idea that he could take the fort by surprise, and after sending the Americans contemptuously to the rear with the baggage, saying: "You and your Americans may remain behind. I will show you how a fort can be taken." He encamped on an eminence. The result came near proving a most disastrous one.

The signal successes of the British arms in Canada cut off supplies and aid from Fort Duquesne, and when Washington reached it there was but the blackened ruin of a deserted fort. The men had left and destroyed it behind them, and soon the French were driven out of the valley and Washington returned to Virginia with a somewhat better fame.

Washington's courtship, in 1758, of the wife who made him so happy and sustained the dignity of his exalted position so well afterward—the marriage taking place in the following year—was almost brusque, as history tells it, and devoid of sentiment, though a more tender story could have been told, probably, had the chroniclers so chosen. Washington had to cross the Pamunky river, where there was no bridge, and he was carried across in a ferryboat, when he met a Mr. Chamberlain, who urged him to go to his house for dinner, at least. Washington did so, and fell a captive at the feet of Martha Custis, a widow, young, beautiful and rich. Washington, who had not wished to spare the hour for dinner, staid on, and remained finally all night. The handsome young widow had many suitors, but in spite of them Washington gained her consent to a marriage as soon as the campaign against Fort Duquesne was at an end. Therefore on Jan. 17, 1759, his marriage with Mrs. Custis took place at the bride's beautiful home with great splendor. An old negro servant of Mrs. Custis' household spoke afterward of Washington: "Never seed his like, sir. Never, though I've seen many in my day—so tall, so straight. And then, sir, he sat on a horse and rode with such an air! Ah, sir, he was like no one else. Many of the grandest gentlemen in gold lace were at the wedding, but none looked like the man himself."

Many of the Virginia planters were devoted to pleasure alone. They lived high, gambled, hunted and left the management of their estates very much to overseers. Washington was a model planter. He carried into the administration of his estate all the sagacity, integrity, punctuality and industry which had thus far characterized him in public affairs. He was his own bookkeeper, and his accounts were kept with methodical exactness. His integrity was such that it is said that any barrel of flour which bore his brand was exempted in the West India ports from the ordinary inspection.

Mount Vernon was always crowded with guests. Even the most profuse hospitality was no burden to the princely proprietor. Frequently in the season Washington would, three times in a week, engage in these hunting expeditions with his guests. He could mount them all superbly from his own stables. The Fairfaxes were constant companions on these festive occasions. These high bred and opulent gentlemen would often breakfast at one mansion and dine at another. It is said that Washington, notwithstanding his natural stateliness of character, greatly enjoyed these convivial repasts.

Washington was, however, by no means engrossed in those pleasures in which he sought frequent recreation. The care of his vast estates demanded much of his time. His superior abilities and his established integrity led him to be in demand for public services. He was appointed judge of the county court, and, being a member of the house of burgesses, was frequently called from home by public duties. Whatever trust Washington assumed, was discharged with the utmost fidelity. The diary which he carefully kept was headed by these words, "Where and how I spend my time."

Washington in a Rage.

Only once does history tell us that Washington allowed his passion to overcome him, but, like Uncle Toby, this being his only lapse from virtue, the recording angel doubtless wiped the record away. It was during the engagement of the 15th of September and Washington had advanced to Mott's tavern on Harlem plains, when he heard the firing of cannons, which was from ten ships of war and was done to cover the landing of the British and Hessian division, under Sir Henry Clinton and Count Donop, some 4,000 strong, at Kip's bay. The cannons were aimed at the American batteries between Turtle bay and Stuyvesant's point. When he heard the firing he rode rapidly to the scene of action, and there had the mortification to discover that the militia who manned the batteries had fled at the approach of the enemy, and the brigades of Parsons and Fellows, of Putnam's Connecticut troops, had caught the panic and fled without firing a gun, when only about fifty of the British had landed. Washington met the fugitives and tried by every means to check the flight. Their generals tried in vain to rally them, and when sixty or seventy of the enemy appeared in pursuit, the panic was increased and they all ran away in the utmost confusion, leaving Washington alone within eighty yards of the foe. This dastardly conduct so incensed the general that he lost all control of his powerful passions, and for the first time he gave them full rein. In his rage he cast his chapeau to the ground, snapped his pistols at several of the fugitives and threatened others with his sword. He seemed to be perfectly unconscious of personal danger, and would doubtless have fallen into the hands of the enemy had not his attendants seized the bridle of his horse and hurried him away to a place of safety.

WASHINGTON IN A RAGE.

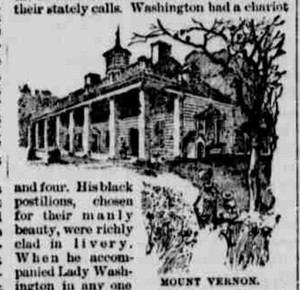
"He was so vexed," said Gen. Greene, "at the infamous conduct of his troops that he sought death rather than life." This paroxysm of anger was of short duration, and the chief, with his usual self possession, took immediate measures for the safety of his troops, and he confessed afterward to have been ashamed of his momentary rage.

SPLENDORS OF MOUNT VERNON.

The Home of George Washington in Its Palmiest Days.

Notwithstanding the luxury which exists in our days, the style of living which prevailed among the wealthy families in old Virginia has long ago faded away. In these houses massive sideboards were seen covered with solid silver and gold plate. Burglars were not feared in these large households, for there were so many retainers that there was never an hour when such gentry could gain an entrance.

Superb carriages, drawn often by four blooded horses, all imported from England, conveyed the richly dressed people through the forest roads from mansion to mansion in their stately calls. Washington had a chariot and four. His black postilions, chosen for their manly beauty, were richly clad in livery. When he accompanied Lady Washington in any one of her drives, he, a splendid horseman, almost invariably appeared mounted by her carriage, and their equipage would often surpass that of minor dukes and princes of Europe. Mr. Irving writes: "His stable was well filled and admirably regulated. His stud was thoroughbred, and in excellent order. His household books contained the names, ages and marks of his favorite horses, such as Ajax, Blueskin, Valiant, Magnolia (an Arab), etc.; also his dogs, chiefly foxhounds—Vulcan, Singer, Ringwood, Sweet Lips, Forester, Music, Rockwood and True Love." Mr. Irving also says: "A large Virginia estate in those days was a little empire. The mansion house was a seat of government, with its numerous dependencies, such as kitchens, smoke house, workshops and stables. In this mansion the master ruled supreme; his steward or overseer was prime minister and executive officer. He had his legion of house negroes for domestic service, and his host of field negroes for the culture of tobacco, Indian corn and other crops, and for other outdoor labor."



MOUNT VERNON.

The plantations formed a kind of hamlet, composed of various huts, with little gardens and poultry yards, all well stocked, and swarms of little negroes gamboling in the sunshine. Then there were large wooden edifices for curing tobacco, the staple and most profitable production, and mills for grinding wheat and Indian corn, of which large fields were cultivated for the supply of the family and the maintenance of the negroes.

Among the slaves were artificers of all kinds—tailors, shoemakers, smiths, wheelwrights, etc., so that a plantation produced everything within itself for ordinary use. As to articles of fashion and elegance and expensive clothing, they were imported from London, for the planters on the main rivers carried on an immediate trade with England. Their tobacco was put up by their own negroes, bore their own mark, was shipped on board of vessels which came up the river for that purpose, and consigned to some agent in Liverpool or Bristol with whom the planter kept an account.

Washington's Love for His Mother.

One of the noblest traits of the character of Washington was the respectful devotion he always manifested toward his mother, whose name is held as inseparable from that of her illustrious son. Through all his life, from the earliest records thereof until her sad death occurred, he bore the tenderest love for his mother, and what is more, he never shrunk from showing that affection.

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

The Memorial Erected by a Grateful Republic.

The Washington monument, erected in the city of Washington, named for its first president as a memorial to his virtues and patriotism, is the highest work of human hands in the world. It weighs over 80,000 tons. The base is fifty-five feet square; the walls fifteen feet thick. The material is of Maryland marble, with a foundation of gneiss rock and Portland cement. The interior of the shaft is hollow, and has an iron staircase of 900 steps. The view from the windows at the top of this flight is extensive, both of the city and surrounding country. Tablets adorn the lower portion of the interior, and it is intended that similar contributions in marble and bronze shall beautify the remaining space, coming as memorials from states, territories, foreign nations, religious societies, charitable organizations, and other institutions. The monument has already cost more than $1,187,000. Three hundred thousand of this was contributed by the society which was incorported to build the monument, and the rest by the government. It was begun in 1833 by citizens of the city of Washington, who asked the general public to contribute, and with $87,000 in hand they laid the corner stone July 4, 1848. Work ceased in 1855, and was not resumed till 1880. The dedication of the completed monument occurred on Saturday, Feb. 21, 1885, with appropriate ceremonies.

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

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I have a farm containing 160 acres, fine residence of 7 rooms, good outbuildings, all in fine repair; 125 acres in fine state of cultivation, good stock, tobacco and grain barns; a good tenant house; 4 acres choice fruit trees; good stock farm, well watered by never failing springs. This farm is situated in the south east corner of Ohio county on the waters of Green river. About 80 acres in bottom. For further particulars, apply to
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