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WASHINGTON RELICS

RARE DOCUMENTS RELATING TO THE GREAT AMERICAN.

Many Characteristic Traits Revealed in a Message in Martha Washington's Handwriting—Bill of His Tailor.

THE New York Herald reproduces two documents which throw light on George Washington's private life. We know a great deal about Washington as a soldier and statesman and it would be well if we knew as much about his private life. True, we have a general conception of the manner in which he bore himself to his family, his servants and his neighbors, and what his personal tastes and habits were, but a thorough knowledge of him from this point of view can only be obtained by studying just such documents as the Herald publishes.

The first document is a letter from Martha Washington to her kinswoman, Mrs. Frances Washington. The letter was written by Martha, but was dictated by George Washington, who was then President of the United States. It was duly forwarded to its destination, but a draft was made by Washington's instructions and from this draft the Herald reproduction has been made. The note at the end of this letter is in Washington's handwriting; the letter itself is in his wife's. Here is the text, with a few slight changes in punctuation and spelling:

IN MARTHA WASHINGTON'S HANDWRITING.

"The President says you are already acquainted with his sentiments on the propriety of renting out our lands and negroes in Berkeley. As it seems to be the intention to settle another plantation there, he thinks that the negroes, with such as you may incline to move up from Fairfax, had better be divided between the two places and each rented to some man of character and responsibility who will be able to give security for the performance of the agreement. This will ease you of much trouble and reduce your income to a certainty, which never will be the case under overseers at a distance, as you seem to experience already. He thinks articles should be drawn up by some professional man and skilful person and every precaution taken to prevent waste of the timber or the cutting down too much thereof, and no abuse of either the land or the negroes (should) be permitted. As to the terms for which you should let the estate it must depend upon your own view of the subject, the will and the advice of your friends, those who are much better acquainted with the circumstances attending the estate and the utility of a longer or shorter term than he is at this distance."

Then comes the following memorandum in George Washington's handwriting:

"Sentiments dictated by George Washington in a letter from Mrs. M. Washington to Mrs. Frances Washington, 2 June, 1793."

A peculiar interest attaches to this document for the reason that very few of Martha Washington's letters are in existence. Her husband, both in his official and private capacity, wrote a great deal; she apparently wrote comparatively little. Doubtless this sensible, good woman thought that she could spend her time more profitably than in letter writing, or it may be that her letters, being naturally of a private nature, were not preserved as carefully as those written by her illustrious husband. She may, however, have frequently acted as his secretary, especially when some family matter was under discussion, as in the present case. That she was not apt with the pen is evident. There is also a notable lack of punctuation throughout the letter, though the writer's clearness of mind is shown by the little dashes, which, except in one or two places, are used in lieu of full stops.

In his counsel that "no abuse of the negroes (should) be permitted" we see a striking trait of the man. No one was ever more kindly and indulgent than he. He owned many colored servants and treated them all well. Among them were carpenters, blacksmiths, wheelwrights and men skilled in other trades, "so that the plantation produced everything within itself for ordinary use." There may have been some good tailors on the plantation also, but Mr. Carlin, whose bill is reproduced herewith, was evidently not one of them.

Washington's kindness to his servants was indeed always marked. A few days before he died Mr. Lear, his secretary, brought him some letters to be franked, in order that they might be taken to the Postoffice, but, although Washington attended to his request, he said that the weather was too bad to send a servant out with them. Again, a few hours before he drew his last breath, he turned to his servant, Christopher, who had been in the room during the day, and almost the whole time on his feet, and kindly told him to sit down. He was President of the United States when he wrote to Mrs. Frances, with the cares of a nation on his shoulders, but yet he did not forget to say a kind word for the negroes, just as he did not forget the courtesy due to a menial when he was lying on his deathbed. We have many letters written by Washington, but few more worthy of study than this one to his kinswoman.

This Mrs. Frances Washington was the daughter of Colonel Burwell Bassett, of New Kent County, Virginia. She married on October 15, 1785, Colonel George Augustine Washington, who was the great George's nephew, being the son of his younger brother Charles. Mrs. Frances had four children, one of whom died in infancy. Her husband left her by will, which was probated in 1793, all his property as long as she remained a widow, though provision was made for the children as soon as they should marry or attain their majority. In the will is a full description of the Berkeley county property referred to in the letter.

TAILOR CARLIN'S LITTLE BILL.

The second document is very curious. Here is a verbatim copy. Mr. Carlin has such a distinct individuality that it seemed a pity to mar it by substituting modern English for his quaintly spelled words:

1772.	Col. George Washington			Dr.
June 17th	To makeing will yr waitingman a coat wastcoat & 2 pr Breatches of Dark Drill	0	16	0
	To makeing Preachey 2 pr Drill Bretches	0	6	0
	To Giles & Tom each a pair	0	6	0
	To makeing Frank 2 wastcoats & 2 pr Bretches	0	12	0
	To 9 dozen small Buttons on horne mois	0	4	6
	To 3 dozen Large at 8d	0	2	0
	To makeing 3 coats of Dyed Cotton for Giles & Mike Mores	0	15	0
	To piecoing 4 caps from Cannon	0	1	0
	To makeing 4 saylors Jackits	1	0	0
	To makeing 2 pr Bretches for Joe	0	6	0
	To makeing yr Bretches of silk wove	0	6	0
	To makeing a wastcoat of Blue Pearsion	0	5	0
Aug 30th	To makeing yr white Carsaymay coat	0	14	0
	To makeing yr London Brown	0	12	6
	To makeing yr green wastcoat 5 silk, 7½	0	5	7½
	To makeing yr waitingman Livery	1	0	0
	Errors excepted Wm Carlin	7	11	7½
	Contra Cr.			
	By half a Barrill of corn	8		
	By Messrs Cunningham and Alexandrs acct	1	11	7
		1	19	7
	Bal	5	12	½
		£7	11	7½

Received the above sum of Five Pounds Twelve shillings Currency in full of all accounts to this 20th day of September, 1772.
Wm. Carlin.

Now, who would look for George Washington's handwriting on a bill of this kind? And yet it is there. The bill itself and the signature are in the handwriting of the worthy tailor, Carlin, but the receipt, beginning at the word "Received" and ending at the date "1772," is in the handwriting of George Washington.

A quainter document has seldom been published. What an honest fellow Carlin is! He charges 5s. 7½d. to "makeing yr green wasteoat," but he takes care to explain that the odd 7½d. is only a fair payment for the silk used by him. Note, too, how careful he is to write the words "Errors accepted" at the end of the bill. If his bill is not entirely satisfactory—we are all human and liable to err—he is quite willing to listen to any arguments with a view to its reduction. On the other hand if he should have forgotten any item, he would naturally have the right to charge for it in a later bill. His precaution, however, did not avail him, as the receipt in Washington's handwriting shows. In it Mr. Carlin acknowledges that all the money due him has been paid; aye, even though George Washington still owes him a half-penny. The balance due to him is £5 12s. ½d., and he only receives £5 12s. Probably Washington had no coppers at hand, and Carlin was wise enough to take what he got and be thankful.

Washington kept all such bills as these with great care, and no one was more exact than he in seeing that they were correct. He was a good arithmetician, and his accounts were always in order. The "ciphering book," in which he wrote out the solution of many difficult sums, is still preserved.

That much of his income was spent on clothes can be readily seen. Though never a dandy, he liked good attire for himself and family, and no one was more careful than he that his servants should be comfortably clothed. Fashionable clothes, when needed, were imported direct from London, and we know from Washington's letters that he obtained in this way several elegant articles of attire for himself and his wife. On state occasions he dressed with great care, and we are even told that at those times "his horse's hoofs were blackened and polished as thoroughly as his own boots." On the day when he was inaugurated as President he wore a full suit of dark brown cloth with white silk stockings, all of which were of American manufacture; on his shoes were silver buckles; his hair was tied and powdered, and a steel hilted dress sword hung by his side. Whatever he wore, he always looked the great man he was.

"In the year of our Lord, 1790," says an admirer, who saw him in New York, "I stood upon the doorstep of the counting house, of which I was then but the youngest clerk, when the companion beside me hurriedly said, 'There he comes. There comes Washington.' I looked up Pearl street and saw approaching with stately tread and open brow the father of my country. His hat was off, for the day was sultry, and he was accompanied by Colonel Page and James Madison. Never have I forgotten, nor shall I to my dying day forget, the serene, the benign, the godlike expression of the countenance of that man of men. His lofty mien and commanding figure, set off to advantage by an elegant dress, consisting of a blue coat, buff small clothes, silver knee and shoe buckles and white vest; his powdered locks and powerful, vigorous look (for he was then in the prime and strength of his manhood) have never faded from my mind during the many years which, with all their chances and changes, have rolled between." A more expressive pen picture than this it would be hard to find.

On the day when he bade farewell to the two houses of Congress he wore, and most appropriately, a full suit of black. In his hat, too, was a black cockade. Thus attired, he delivered his memorable address and remained perfectly self-possessed until near the close. "Then," says an eye witness, "when strong men's sobs broke loose, when tears covered their faces, then the great man was shaken. I never took my eyes from his face. Large drops came from his eyes. He looked to the grateful children who were parting with their father, their friend, as if his heart was with them and would be to the end."

Men of the upper class were scrupulous about their attire in those days, and Washington never laughed more heartily than when two of his friends lost their clothes. They were Judges, and were coming to visit him at Mount Vernon. They were very dusty after their long ride on horseback, and stopped in a wood on the outskirts of the estate in order to change their traveling dresses before entering the mansion. What was their dismay, however, when their servant opened the portmanteau, to find, instead of their dress clothes, cakes of Windsor soap, a lot of cheap jewelry and other pedler's ware. By some blunder their portmanteau had been exchanged for that of a Scotch pedler at their last stopping place. Their plight was so ludicrous that they could not help laughing, and Washington hearing the noise, came up, and was so overcome by the ridiculous appearance of the group that "he rolled on the grass, almost convulsed with laughter." When he recovered, he probably conducted them to their bedrooms, and laid before them articles from his own wardrobe—very likely some of Carlin's handiwork.

CROSSING THE DELAWARE.

I.

And so, you'd have me tell the tale
My father oft told me!
A story of the days when pale
Hope fled, and Misery
Stood stark and grim before that band
Of men beyond compare—
The tale of Washington the Grand,
Who crossed the Delaware!

II.

One Christmas night, long years ago,
When shrilly cold winds blew,
And through the darkened air the snow
On frozen pinions flew,
A little band of patriot souls
Stood brave and fearless where
In ieiness and anger rolls
The fretful Delaware.

III.

Nor ice, nor storm, nor cruel blast
Can hold these heroes back;
They have resolved; the die is cast
For Freedom's cause! A track
Of blood upon the snow they've left,
From shoeless feet and bare;
Of all life's comforts they're bereft,
Beside the Delaware.

IV.

But "Onward! Onward!" is the word
Their brave commander speaks.
When thro' the storm his voice is heard
Each Son of Freedom seeks
To do his bidding; put aside
Is every woe and care—
There's victory o'er the icy tide,
Across the Delaware.

V.

On through the gloomy, stormy night
With hardships dire they cope—
"For God, and Native Land, and Right!"
Their watchword and their hope;
Until at last, all cold and dank,
They greet the morning's glare;
Safe thro' the tide they've reached the bank
Across the Delaware.

VI.

And then, nine miles beyond they go,
With steady, solemn tread,
To where the hated Hessian foe
Sleep in their drunken bed.
Aroused from dissipation's doze
In wild surprise they stare,
And, conquered, give their swords to those
Who crossed the Delaware.

—George V. Hobart, in New York Herald.

THE WASHINGTON FAMILY.

Mary Ball's Tall Sons Were "Mute as Mice" in Her Presence.

Augustine, the second son of Lawrence Washington, was the father of George Washington. He is described as a tall man, of noble bearing, with fair complexion and fine gray eyes. After remaining some time in England, he returned to Virginia, and by 1715 had married Jane Butler, and settled down as a planter in Westmoreland County. In 1728 his helpmate died, leaving four children, of whom only two—Lawrence and Augustine—

COLONEL SAMUEL WASHINGTON, BROTHER OF GEORGE WASHINGTON.

grew to maturity. Two years later, true to the custom of his family, the widower married again. His second bride was Mary Ball, of Lancaster County. She was the daughter of Colonel Joseph Ball, and was descended from respectable English colonists, who had settled on the banks of the Potomac.

Mary Ball's early life was quietly passed at Epping Forest, her father's plantation where she was bred in the domestic virtues which characterized the matrons of her day. She was little versed in book lore, but was of such commanding character as to inspire respect and obedience in all surrounding her, even in those who loved her most. We are told that her sons, though "proper tall fellows," were wont to sit as "mute as mice" in her presence. Only one thing could subdue her dauntless spirit, and that was the fear of lightning. In her youth a friend had been killed by lightning in her presence, and always after, at the approach of a thunder storm, Mrs. Washington would retire to her room, where she would shrink and tremble like the weakest of her sisters.

For several years after their marriage she lived at Wakefield, her husband's home on the Potomac, and there in 1732 George Washington, her eldest son was born. A few years later the family removed to a house in Stafford County, near Fredericksburg, where Augustine Washington died in April, 1742. Besides her two stepsons, the young widow was left with five children of her own—George, Elizabeth, Samuel, John Augustine, and Charles. To them she devoted her life, and George Washington always declared that his successful career was the result of his mother's teachings.—Munsey's Magazine.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

TIMELY TOPICS FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The Fairy Thistle—The Most Perfect Form of Heroism—Reading for Information—A Little Girl's Christmas Story.

I MET one bright morning in winter,
Nodding her small head at me,
The queerest of queer little fairies
That ever I chanced to see.

She had on the quaintest of garments—
Prickly steel all trimmed in pearl;
Her hood was bedecked with rare jewels
Bright enough for an old-time earl.

I gathered her out of the snow-drift,
In triumph I bore her away,
And placed her with joy on my mantel,
To remain for ever and aye.

But when I returned to my chamber,
Oh, that naughty, naughty elf
Had shaken the hood from her tresses,
Chuckling, no doubt, to herself.

For racing all over my mantel,
And skipping o'er curtain and chair,
Were numerous dainty white fairies,
Dancing with joy to be there.

I chased them all out of the window,
Away, then, the tiny elves flew.
When springtide arrives can you tell me
What my dainty white fairies will do?

A Gold Medal.

I shall never forget a lesson I received when at school at A——. We saw a boy named Watson driving a cow to pasture. In the evening he drove her back again, we did not know where, and this was continued several weeks.

The boys attending the school were all sons of wealthy parents, and some of them were dunces enough to look with disdain on a scholar who had to drive a cow.

With admirable good nature Watson bore all their attempts to annoy him.

"I suppose, Watson,' said Jackson, another boy, one day—"I suppose your father intends to make a milkman of you?"

"Why not?" asked Watson.

"Oh, nothing. Only don't leave much water in the cans after you rinse them—that's all."

The boy laughed, and Watson, not in the least mortified, replied: "Never fear. If ever I am a milkman, I'll give good measure and good milk."

The day after this conversation there was a public examination, at which ladies and gentlemen from the neighboring towns were present, and prizes were awarded by the principal of our school, and both Watson and Jackson received a creditable number, for, in respect to scholarship, they were about equal. After the ceremony of distribution, the principal remarked that there was one prize, consisting of a gold medal, which was rarely awarded, not so much on acount of its great cost, as because the instances were rare which rendered its bestowal proper. It was the prize of heroism. The last medal was awarded about three years ago to a boy in the first class who rescued a poor girl from drowning.

The principal then said that, with the permission of the company, he would relate a short anecdote.

"Not long since, some boys went flying a kite in the street just as a poor lad on horseback rode by on his way to the mill. The horse took fright and threw the boy, injuring him so badly that he was carried home and confined some weeks to his bed. Of the boys who had unintentionally caused the disaster none followed to learn the fate of the wounded lad. There was one boy, however, who witnessed the accident from a distance, who not only went to make inquiries but stayed to render service.

"This boy soon learned that the wounded boy was the grandson of a poor widow, whose sole support consisted in selling the milk of a cow, of which she was the owner. She was old and lame, and her grandson, on whom she depended to drive her cow to the pasture, was now helpless with his bruises. 'Never mind, good woman,' said the boy, 'I will drive the cow.'

"But the kindness did not stop there. Money was wanted to get articles from the apothecary. 'I have money that my mother sent me to buy a pair of boots with,' said he, 'but I can do without them for a while.' 'Oh, no,' said the old woman. 'I can't consent to that; but there is a pair of heavy boots that I bought for Thomas, who can't wear them. If you would only buy these we should get on nicely.' The boy bought the boots, clumsy as they were, and has worn them up to this time.

"Well, when it was discovered by the other boys at the school that our scholar was in the habit of driving a cow, he was assailed every day with laughter and ridicule. His cowhide boots in particular were made matters of mirth. But he kept on cheerfully and bravely day after day, never shunning observation, driving the widow's cow and wearing his thick boots. He never explained why he drove the cow, for he was not inclined to make a boast of his charitable motives. It was by mere accident that his kindness and self-denial were discovered by his teacher.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, I ask you—was there not true heroism in this boy's conduct? Now, Master Watson, do not get out of sight behind the blackboard. You were not afraid of ridicule, you must not be afraid of praise."

As Watson, with blushing cheeks, came forward, a round of applause spoke the general approbation, and the medal was presented to him amid the cheers of the audience.—The Children's Own.

Reading for Information.

I knew a boy, a scrap of a lad, says Charles Dudley Warner, who almost needed a high chair to bring him up to the general level of the dining table, who liked to read the encyclopedia. He was always hunting around in the big book of the encyclopedia—books about his own size—for what he wanted to know. He dug in it as another boy would dig in the woods for sassafras root. It appeared that he was interested in natural history and natural phenomena. He asked questions of these books exactly as he would ask a living authority and kept at it till he got answers. He knew how to read. Soon that boy was an authority on earthquakes. He liked to have the conversation at the table turn on earthquakes, for then he seemed to be the tallest person at the table. I suppose there was no earthquake anywhere of any importance but that he could tell where it occurred, and what damage it did, how many houses it buried and how many people it killed and what shape it left the country it had shaken. From that he went on to try to discover what caused these disturbances; and this led him into other investigations, and at last into the study of electricity, practically as well as theoretically. He examined machines and inverted machines, and kept on reading; and presently he was an expert in electricity. He knows how to put in wires, and signals, and bells, and to do a number of practical and useful things; and almost before he was able to enter the high school he had a great deal of work to do in the city, and three or four men under him. These men under him had not read as much about electricity as he had.

Children's Letters.

The following little story was sent to the editor some time ago to be used in the Christmas editions:

Dear Editor: My papa takes your paper, and we like it very much. I am 9 years old and I thought I would write a story.

It was Christmas Eve. Mr. and Mrs. Bartelle were sitting by the table talking of the old times, when all at once there was a cry without. They both went to the door. There was a little girl who said she was hunting Santa Claus, and that her mother was sick and that she was wanting him to come there and give them something to eat and to burn in their stove. They told her to come in and she would go and see her mother. She did, and found her awful sick. The next day she died (she was a widow). Mr. and Mrs. Bartelle kept the little girl who introduced herself as Lily Madison. She went to school every day that she could. She was very smart and learned very fast. Some of the scholars were very mean to her at first, but it was not very long until every one loved her. She soon grew up and taught school and helped the old folks along. Many happy New Years and happy Christmas she spent there. Always be kind to the old, blind and poor, and you will get payed back in a better way. Lulu Ream.

Tommy Will Be Good.

I won't steal Alice's sticks of candy;
I won't call Robert a jack-a-dandy;
I won't squeak my pencil on my slate;
I won't lie in bed every day and be late;
I won't make faces at Timothy Mack;
I won't make fun behind any one's back.
Rustle and turn them, so and so!
The good shall come and the bad shall go.

I won't tear "barn doors" in all my frocks;
I won't put my toes through all my socks;
I won't be greedy at dinner table—
At least—I think I won't—if I'm able!
I will not pinch nor poke nor tease,
I will not sputter nor cough nor sneeze,
I will not grumble nor fret nor scold,
I will do exactly whatever I'm told.
—Fanny.

Rustle and turn them, so and so!
The good shall come and the bad shall go. —Tommy.

Wants to Sell.

Fuddy—So Kommuter wants to sell his place out in Switchville? Duddy—That cannot be. He is forever cracking it up and telling everybody what a beautiful place it is. Fuddy—Yes; that is the reason why I know he wants to dispose of it.—Boston Transcript.