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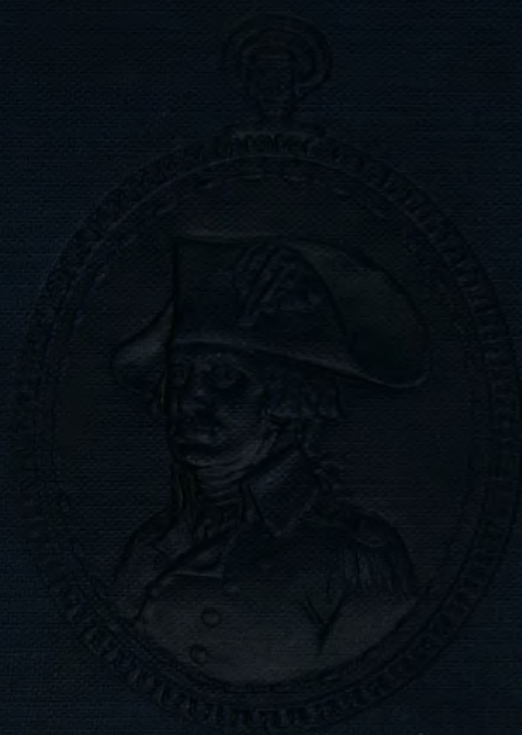
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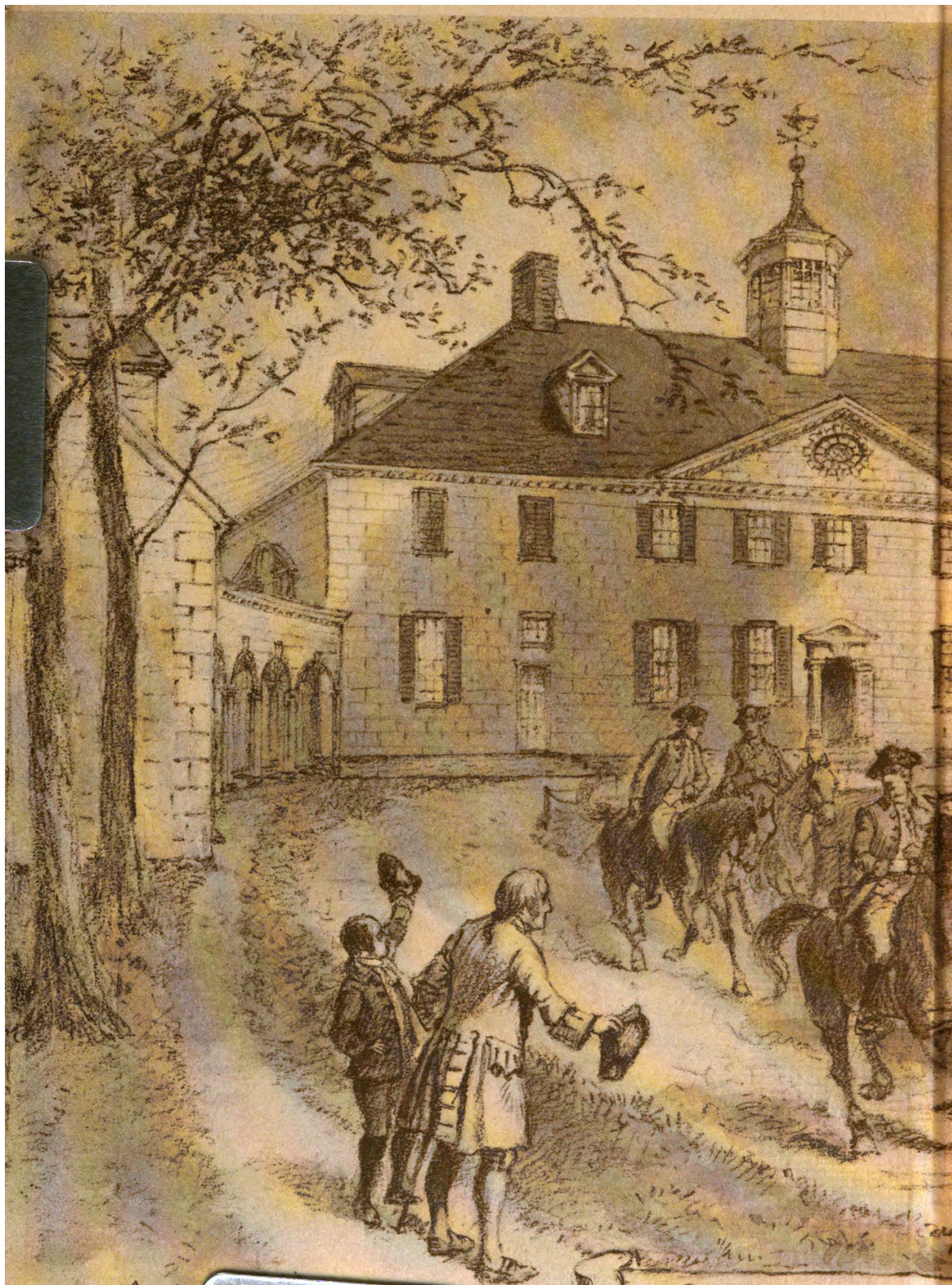
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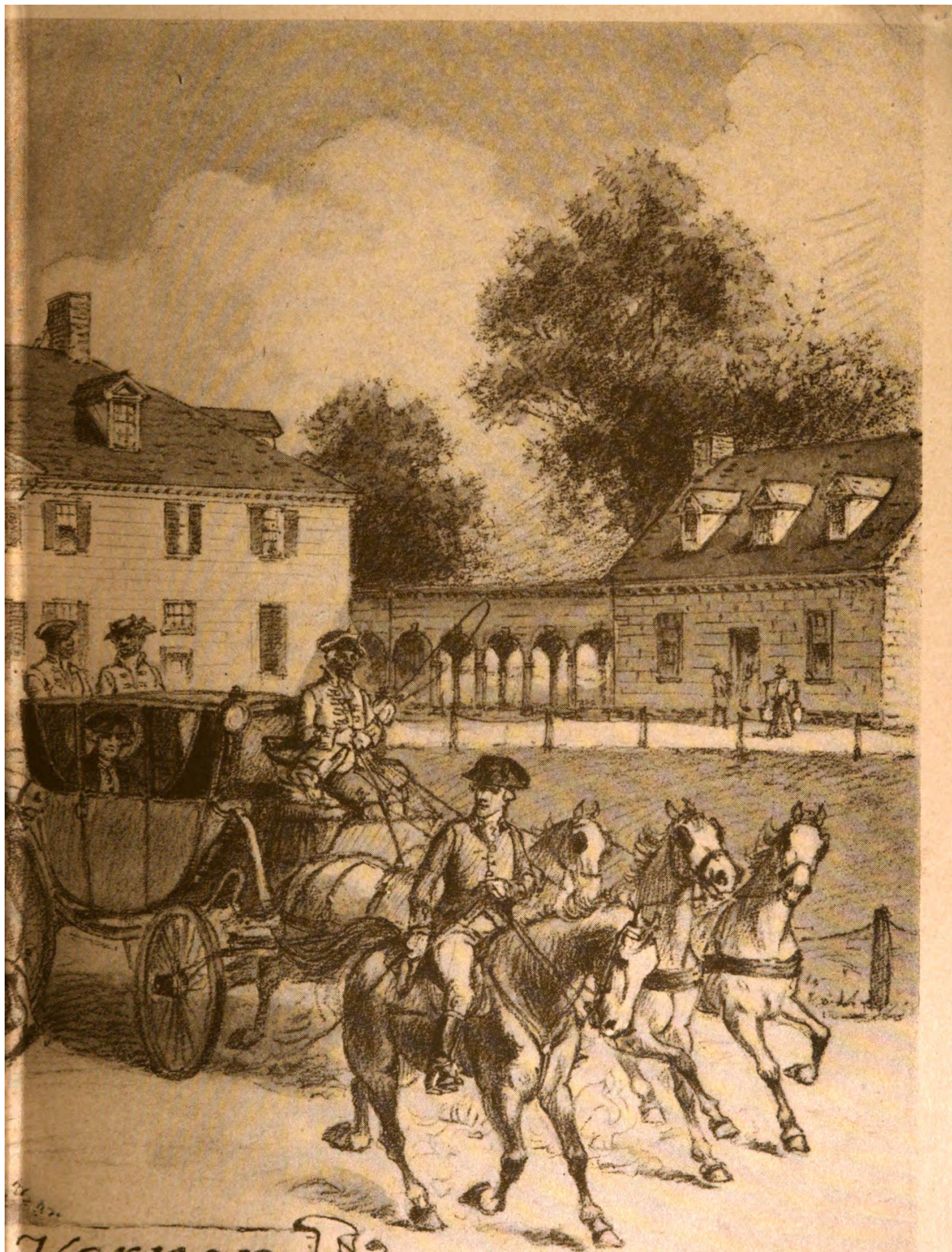
Book
For Young People
by H.A. Ogden





Spencer

Mount
on the



Vernon
Potomac

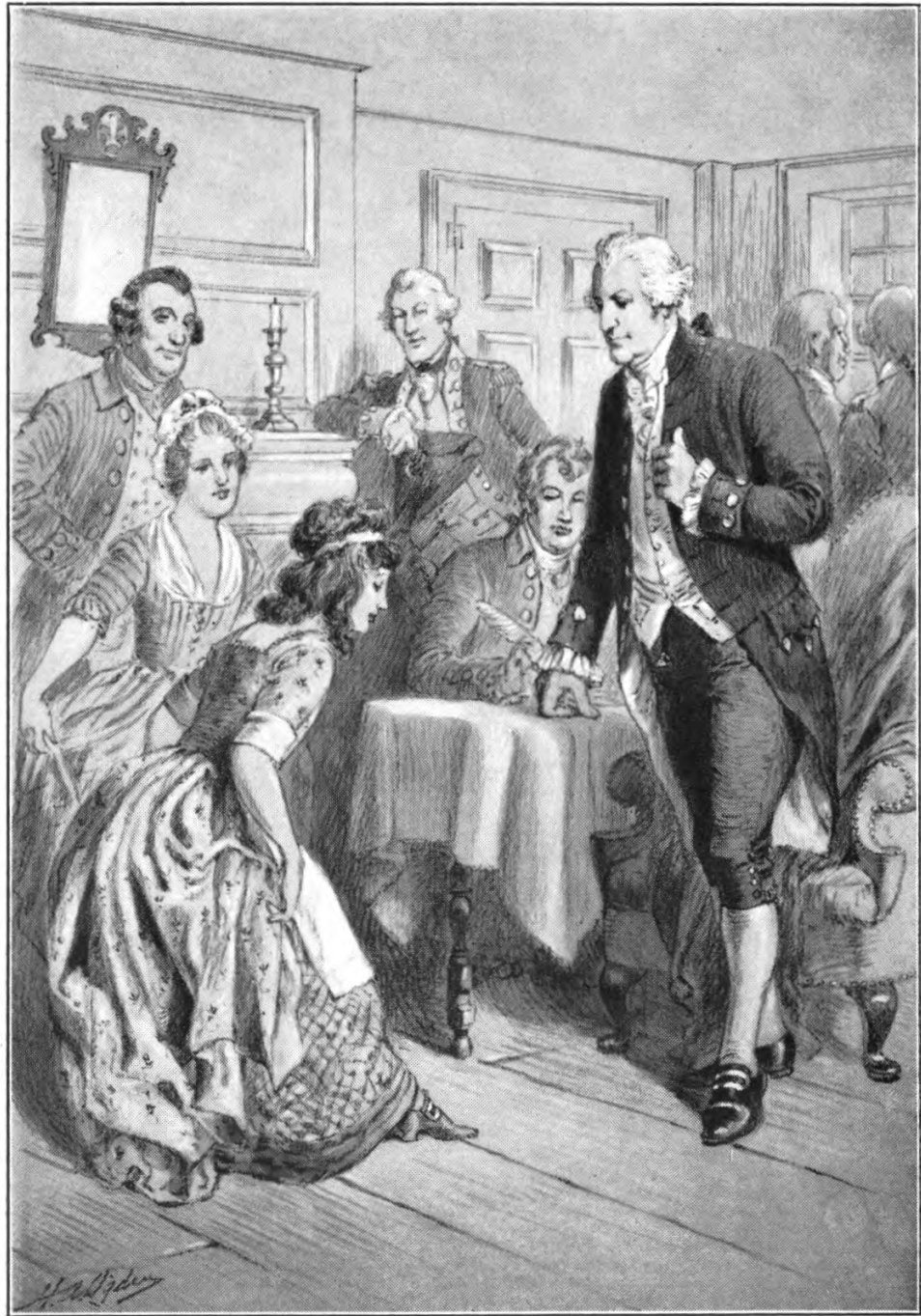
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GEORGE WASHINGTON

A BOOK FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

D. APPLETON & COMPANY
24 BEDFORD STREET, COVENT GARDEN,
LONDON



Washington, arising from his seat, bowed as Mercy dropped him
a curtsy

George Washington

A BOOK FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

Pictures & Text by

H. A. Ogden

With a Foreword by

HARRISON H. DODGE

Superintendent of the Mount Vernon Mansion



THE CENTURY CO.

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LONDON.

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First Printing



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It is not easy to do justice to such a many sided character as that of Washington. The man is too large for the biography. But the truth in fractions will never be amiss. Short studies may be of surpassing value if fiction is denied an entrance gate.

—MARTHA J. LAMB

TO THE MEMORY OF
HARRY WILMOT OGDEN
1886-1894

FOREWORD

It is a great pleasure to have this opportunity of expressing my admiration for the beautiful and accurate drawings of my old friend Henry Alexander Ogden. It was a happy idea to gather together in a book some of Mr. Ogden's articles and pictures illustrating events in the life of George Washington, and I earnestly hope that some day all of his drawings and paintings which deal with the Colonial period may be collected in one volume, preserving in that manner a record of costume and custom so faithful in its details that the artist might almost have lived in the days he represents.

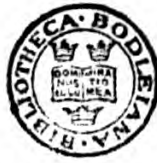
It is not enough to say that H. A. Ogden is an illustrator who specializes in Colonial subjects and notably in portraying episodes in the life of Washington, or that he is an internationally known authority on the subjects of uniforms and period costume. Those facts alone would fail to express the spirit of his pictures which admirably convey the very flavor of life in the early days of our country. In these pictures the details of setting, costume, historical episode, domestic and social life, so carefully studied, are vivified by the artist's feeling for the underlying sentiment of the period, by his knowledge of the

FOREWORD

personal relations which existed between historic characters, and by his own sense of the dramatic in pictorial art.

One instance alone will serve to bear eloquent testimony to the accuracy of detail in these drawings. After the picture reproduced in this book which represents Washington taking the oath of office as President of the United States, was finished, the artist discovered that the design of the railing of the balcony was not correct. He insisted upon re-drawing the railing as it appears in the illustration.

Harrison H. Dodge



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GEORGE WASHINGTON
A BOOK
FOR YOUNG PEOPLE



He took my hand and said I was a "dainty little dame."

“SO MANY YEARS AGO”

GREAT-GRANDMA liked to tell us how, so many years ago,
When she was but a little child, just like yourselves, you
 know,
She saw the Continentals pass, one sunny summer day,
Upon their march to Pompton, some forty miles away;
And how George Washington and aides, in faded buff and
 blue,
Stopped at her home for luncheon. It's really, truly true.

Said she: “My brother Ben and I were shy as we could be;
But both of us were pleased to hear the general praise the
 tea.
And when the table had been cleared, we went at mother's
 call
To meet the famous patriot, who stood so straight and tall.
I curtsied as the fashion was, with both my cheeks aflame;
He took my hand, and said I was a ‘dainty little dame.’

“Then Ben's turn came. The general bent down and took
 his hand.
‘In truth,’ said he, ‘my little man, you'd make a soldier
 grand!’

GEORGE WASHINGTON

But Ben could only smile and stare, so very strange it
seemed

That this was General Washington, of whom so oft he'd
dreamed—

The man who was so patient, so skilful, and so brave,
That all the people looked to him their country's cause to
save."

As grandma ceased, we heard the tall old clock a-ticking
slow,

As if it said, "I, too, was there, so many years ago.

I saw that noble soldier who made the country free.

Remember, then, his glorious deeds when you look up
at me.

While time shall last, in this our land, his fame shall
brighter glow.

I, too, beheld George Washington, so many years ago."



FROM the time of his marriage to Mrs. Custis, the young widow with two little children, Washington's affection for young people, and his care of them was one of the strongest interests in his life.

John Parke Custis was a little boy of six and his sister Martha only four when the young Virginia colonel, in 1759, became their stepfather, taking them to his heart as if they were his own children to watch over and care for as long as they lived.

By many of the earlier historians and biographers, Washington, as a modern writer says, has been "lifted up into a lonely greatness and put outside of the range of human sympathy." Responsibility came to him early in life, when he was scarcely more than a boy, for at the age when our young men of to-day are leaving college, Washington was in command of troops and fighting battles. Such a life made him grave and thoughtful, besides giving him a knowledge of men and affairs. All this made

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him seem, to many, cold and unsympathetic. It is true that he was not a demonstrative man, but those who were related to him, or knew him in his private life, have recorded many proofs of his warm-heartedness and affection, showing that he was as great in those qualities as in character and ability.

First to claim his care were his wife's two children, "Jack" and Martha, or "Patsy," Custis. In sending to London for various goods, shortly after he became their guardian, he specified ten shillings' worth of toys, six little books, and a fashionably dressed doll for the little girl, followed, when they were somewhat older, by Bibles and prayer-books, with their names inscribed in gold letters, and a spinet for Miss Patsy. Their share of their father's estate was managed with great care, even after Jack grew to manhood and married; and during the years of the Revolutionary War Washington continued to advise him as to the sale of his lands and cattle.

Washington's own limited schooling made him desirous of impressing upon all of the young people with whom he came in contact the need for education and study, toward which he was ever ready to aid with both purse and advice.

As a boy, Jack was not a diligent student; in fact, he was a true Virginia gallant and much more fond of dress and of hunting the fox with his stepfather and the Mount Vernon hounds than of books. Washington's letters to him when he was being tutored by a clergyman at Annapolis

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were certainly like lectures, for while Jack was an amiable and generous boy, his disinclination to study was a source of anxiety to his parents. For a short time he was entered at King's (now Columbia) College, in New York, but was called home to Mount Vernon when his sister Patsy died in 1773. This young girl had been her mother's constant companion, and was very dear to Washington, who is said to have mourned for her as if she had been his own daughter.

Soon after his return from college and while much too young, Washington thought, the nineteen-year-old Jack married Miss Eleanor Calvert, of Maryland, and settled with his bride of sixteen at Abingdon on the Potomac.

While we know that Washington had no children of his own, he was blessed with many nephews and nieces, who, looking up to him as the head of the family, received many favors from his hand. His sister Betty, Mrs. Fielding Lewis, had several boys, and Washington, when nineteen, stood godfather to the eldest. Two of her boys, Howell and Lawrence, made their home with their famous uncle at Mount Vernon at different times. Another nephew, Bushrod, a son of Washington's brother John Augustine, was an especial favorite. His career as a lawyer was furthered by Washington, who followed his progress with the greatest pride and interest, and indeed, frequently consulted him on legal matters. The Mount Vernon mansion, its library and private papers, and four thousand acres of land were left to this nephew, and he was

GEORGE WASHINGTON

appointed one of Washington's executors, besides. Washington helped educate the three sons of his brother Samuel, and gave their sister Harriot a home under his own roof for nine years.

Another favorite was George Augustine Washington, the eldest son of his brother Charles. A military commission and an appointment on Lafayette's staff were secured for this nephew—Washington also, at a later time, giving him funds with which to travel when his health demanded it. On the marriage of this nephew to a niece of Mrs. Washington's, he, too, took up his residence at Mount Vernon and was made manager of the estate.

Of the six executors of Washington's will, five were nephews, all young men, the sixth being his adopted son, not yet of age. Each of these nephews received a sword, with the injunction "not to unsheath them for the purpose of shedding blood except it be for self-defense, or in defense of their country and its rights; and, in the latter case, to keep them unsheathed, and prefer falling with them in their hands to the relinquishment thereof." How high a place these young men held in Washington's affections is shown in this incident.

It was not only to his own youthful kindred that Washington gave a helping hand, for to his old friend Dr. Craik he once sent thirty pounds to aid in his boy's schooling. He was fond, too, of the son of Tobias Lear, the last of his private secretaries. In writing to the widow of his old companion in arms, General Greene, he shows his

INTEREST IN YOUNG PEOPLE

kindness of heart by saying that if she will trust his namesake G. Washington Greene to his care, he will be given "as good an education as this country affords to fit him for any profession his friends select, at my own cost and expense."

During the active years of the war for independence, Washington was surrounded by many young men, either as members of his "military family," as his staff was called, or in other commands. Lafayette was under twenty when he left France and his young wife to give his services to the cause of American liberty. He very soon endeared himself to the commander-in-chief, who gave him many proofs of his confidence and lasting affection.

It was in noticing the able way that a young artillery captain had posted his guns in the earthworks at Harlem that Washington first met the nineteen-year-old Alexander Hamilton. In March, 1777, the commander-in-chief made him one of his aides-de-camp, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and so began the close relations of these two great men which lasted through their lives. The wonderful intellect of the young officer made him invaluable to his chief—his "boy," as Washington often called him, being not only a ready and forceful writer, but having the mind of a statesman and the spirit of a soldier as well. On many occasions the tall and stately general took counsel with the slender little youth of less than half his age, not only during the time of war, but, in later years, in the formation of the Government.

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John Laurens and Tench Tilghman were two other youngsters of the "staff," while the dashing young cavalryman, "Light Horse" Harry Lee, was a great favorite, his mother having been a sweetheart of Washington's boyhood.

After the battle of Long Island and the retreat of our army to New York, a young graduate of Yale volunteered to get the information, so needed by Washington, of the enemy's movements. History has not recorded what passed between the general and Captain Nathan Hale when the latter reported at headquarters for instructions, but we may be sure that when word was received of his capture and how he sacrificed his life for his country, no one felt his loss more deeply than the kind-hearted Washington.

During the campaigns, numerous instances are told of his notice of, and kindness to, children, sometimes very little ones. Mrs. Bowers, an old lady of Cooperstown, New York, used to tell how, when she was three years old, General Washington once stopped at her mother's; and how, dignified as he was, he could condescend to amuse a little child. When her mother left the room for a few minutes, she was taken up on the general's knee and trotted as he sang the ludicrous rhyme:

There was an old, old man and an old, old woman;
They lived in a vinegar bottle together.
Shelter'd alike from wind and from weather,
They lived in a vinegar bottle together,

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repeating the last line several times for a chorus. When her mother returned to the parlor, the general told how he had been occupied in her absence, adding: "The little jade wished to know how the old people escaped from the bottle; and before I had time to reply to her question, she anticipated me by saying, 'I guess, General, they knocked off the neck!'"

Whenever Washington and his staff made a stop at a farmhouse, the children were brought to see the great general. On one such occasion he is said to have replied, as he took the hand of a little girl who wanted to see him, "Well, my dear, you see a very tired man in a very dirty shirt."



An interesting example of Washington's appreciation of a young girl's courtesy and attention occurred during his New England tour in the first year of his presidency. He stopped at the little town of Uxbridge where, upon finding the inn closed, he was directed to the home of a Mr. Samuel Taft, about a mile away. Late in the after-

GEORGE WASHINGTON

noon the party reached the house and the President announced his intention of staying for the night. After setting the guest chamber to rights, Mercy, a young daughter of Taft's, with her sister Polly entered the room where their father was entertaining his distinguished guest and his suite. "These are my daughters, your Excellency," said the farmer; whereupon Washington arising from his seat bowed as Mercy dropped him a curtsy. At dinner his young hostess acted as waitress, receiving a grave "Thank you, my dear" for her attention. That Mercy was thrilled by her experience goes without saying. Early the next morning the party continued their journey, but on Christmas day a package from the President was received by Farmer Taft and a letter which reads as follows:

Hartford, 8th November, 1789.

SIR: Being informed that you have given my name to one of your sons, and called another after Mrs. Washington's family, and being moreover very much pleased with the modest and innocent looks of your two daughters, Patty and Polly, I do for these reasons send each of these girls a piece of chintz; and to Patty, who bears the name of Mrs. Washington, and who waited more upon us than Polly did, I send five guineas, with which she may buy herself any little ornament she may want, or she may dispose of them in any other manner more agreeable to herself. As I do not give these things with a view to have it talked of, or even to its being known, the less there is said about the matter the better you will please me. But, that I may be sure the chintz and money have got safe to hand, let Patty, who I

INTEREST IN YOUNG PEOPLE

dare say is equal to it, write me a line informing me thereof, directed to "The President of the United States at New York." I wish you and your family well, and am your humble Servant,
GEO. WASHINGTON

As this letter called for a reply, Mercy, after a couple of days, wrote to the President, expressing at some length the gratitude of the family for the gift and their appreciation of the honor that his visit had conferred upon them. This quaint letter, so painstaking, so stilted and high-flown to modern ears, is as follows:

Uxbridge, Dec. 28, 1789

May it please your Highness

Agreeable to your commands, I, with pleasure, inform the President that on the 25th inst., I received the very valuable present, by the hand of the Revd. Mr. Pond of Ashford, you, sir, were pleased to send me and my Sister, accompanied with a letter from your benevolent hand, of 8th ult.

The articles mentioned in the letter, viz, two pieces of chintz, containing 30 yds, and five Guineas came safely to hand, well sealed.

As it was far beyond my deserving, to receive such a distinguished mark of your approbation, so it wholly exceeded my expectations.

And I want words to express my gratitude to you, Great Sir, for the extraordinary favour & honour conferred on me and on our family, both, at this time, and while your Highness was pleased to honour my Papa's house with your presence. I shall endeavour to comply with your desires expressed in the letter.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

And, as I have great reason, I shall ever esteem and revere the name of him whose noble deeds and Patriotism has laid a permanent obligation on all the Sons & Daughters of the American Empire ever to adore their unequaled Benefactor.

And my ardent desires are that the best of heavens blessings may, both in this, and in the future world ever rest upon the head of him who stands at the head of our United Empire.

My Sister joins me in the unfeigned acknowledgment I've made, likewise hon'd Papa and Mama, with sincere thanks and duty, desire to be remembered to Your Highness. I conclude, resting assured that it is wholly unnecessary (to) apologize for the incorrectness of the above to him whose candour will palliate the want of ability and Education in her, who is unacquainted with epistolary correspondence (especially) with one of the first characters on the Globe—and shall take the liberty to subscribe myself, May it please your Highness,

Your sincere & Most ob't
most humble sev't
Mercy Taft

G. Washington, Esq.

Pray pardon me sir if I mention the mistake in my name. You see, sir, it is not Patty.

When Lafayette was a prisoner in Austria during the French Revolution, his son, named after Washington, sought refuge in this country, arriving while Washington was still President. It was arranged that the young Frenchman and his tutor should live in New York for a time, in order to avoid giving offense to the French republic; but immediately upon retirement from office, Washington,

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once again a private citizen, sent for the young Lafayette and took him, with his tutor, to Mount Vernon, where they remained as his guests until it was safe to return to their own country, their benefactor in the meantime doing all in his power to have the elder Lafayette set free.

A letter Washington once wrote to little Virginia Lafayette also shows how fond he was of his old friend's children. He says:

Permit me to thank my dear little correspondent for the favor of her letter of the 18th of June last, and to impress her with the idea of the pleasure I shall derive from a continuance of them. Her papa is restored to her with all the good health, paternal affection, and honors which her tender heart could wish. He will carry a kiss to her from me (which might be more agreeable from a pretty boy), and give her assurances of the affectionate regard with which I have the pleasure of being her well-wisher,

GEORGE WASHINGTON

During the few happy years of his life spent at Mount Vernon, Washington always had young people around him. We see how interested he was in all their doings. His letters to his nieces or Mrs. Washington's granddaughters were full of wise advice, at which, being young people, they doubtless smiled, but prized nevertheless as proofs of his interest in their welfare.

Of these granddaughters of his wife, Eleanor, or "Nelly," Custis, the youngest, was, without doubt, the

GEORGE WASHINGTON

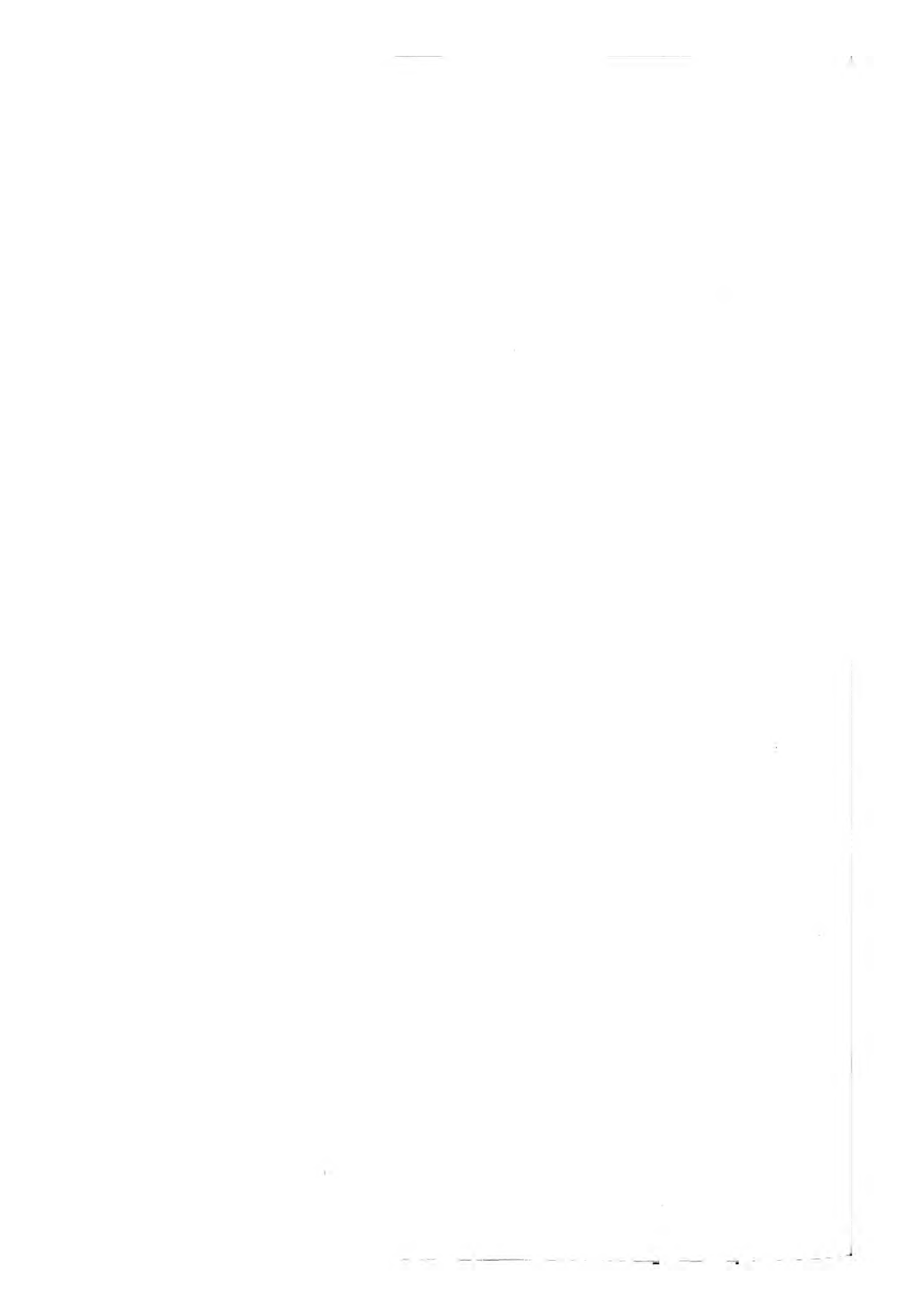
dearest of all his young relations. On the death of Jack Custis in 1781, just after the surrender of Yorktown, his two youngest children, Nelly, then three years old, and George Washington Parke Custis, only six months old, were adopted by Washington as his own children, making Mount Vernon their home. The story of their lives is a beautiful one. Washington treated them as if they were his own children, being indulgent and almost lavish in their education. Nelly had her private tutors and was instructed in drawing, dancing, and music. The harpsichord that he presented to her is still to be seen in the music-room at Mount Vernon. With such advantages, and surrounded by the best of influences and loving care, she grew in the seventeen years of her life spent under his guardianship into a charming and beautiful young woman, whose sweet disposition, lively talk, and grace made her very dear to Washington, whom she fondly loved in return.

In the garden near the mansion one of the most beautiful species of roses was named for her, and we can easily imagine the fair Nelly placing in the buttonhole of her foster-father's coat, as they sauntered along the trim box-bordered paths, a "Nelly Custis" rose.

Irving tells an anecdote that shows Washington's indulgence toward her when Grandmama was inclined to be strict. It seems that Nelly, being young and romantic, was fond of roaming around the grounds by moonlight,



On the 22nd of February, Washington's last birthday, the wedding took place



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which Grandmama thought wrong and unsafe, and she obtained from Nelly a promise not to go again alone. But one evening Nelly was missing, and, on being found, was taken to the room where the general was pacing up and down with hands behind him, as was his habit. Grandmama, with her knitting, sat in her easy-chair. From her, Miss Nelly received a severe reproof, and was reminded of the promise she had made. Knowing she had done wrong, the delinquent made no excuse, and, when there was a pause, started to leave the room. As she was closing the door she overheard the general, in a low voice, intercede in her behalf by saying to Mrs. Washington, "My dear, I would say no more; perhaps she was not alone." At this Nelly turned back, and standing proudly before the general exclaimed, "Sir! you brought me up to speak the truth, and when I told Grandmama I was alone, I hope you believe *I was alone!*" At this, Washington made her one of his most impressive bows, and, with hand on heart, replied, "My child, I beg your pardon!"

It was in 1798 that young Lawrence Lewis, a son of Washington's sister Betty, came to live at Mount Vernon in order to relieve his famous uncle of some of the cares of hospitality and his enormous correspondence. The friendship of two young people thus living under the same roof soon grew into a much warmer attachment, greatly to Washington's satisfaction, for he felt that, of all Nelly's suitors, this well-loved nephew was the one most

GEORGE WASHINGTON

likely to make her happy. So on the twenty-second of February, 1799, Washington's last birthday, the wedding took place. Great preparations had been made for the event; relatives and members of the prominent families of the surrounding country were among the invited guests. In the great banquet-hall, decorated with flowers and evergreens and lighted with many waxen tapers, the ceremony was performed. Washington, in his Revolutionary War uniform, gave the bride away. It was, indeed, a brilliant occasion, the most notable scene Mount Vernon had ever witnessed, and one long remembered by the fortunate guests whose rich costumes, powder and ruffles, buckles and brooches, added their elegance to the beauty of the picture.

A tract of two thousand acres of land in the neighborhood was presented to the young couple, upon which they later built a stately mansion, their home for many happy years. Nelly lived to be an old lady of eighty and left numerous descendants to whom she never tired of telling of the affection and indulgence shown her by the venerated master and mistress of Mount Vernon in the days of her girlhood.

Washington's other adopted child, Nelly's brother, G. W. Parke Custis, has left many interesting recollections of his boyhood and life in the Washington home. This "child of Mount Vernon" was only four when a tutor was engaged for "little Washington," as he was called,

INTEREST IN YOUNG PEOPLE

that he might have a liberal education. At both New York and Philadelphia, during Washington's presidency, it was a part of the private secretary's duty to direct the studies of the lad. But like his father, Jack Custis, little Washington was not a student. Greatly to his foster-father's disappointment, he failed to pass the examinations at the colleges of Philadelphia, Princeton, and Annapolis, to which, in turn, he had been sent. A private tutor was finally engaged for a few weeks, and then Washington, seeing "that it was in vain to keep him to any literary pursuits either in a public seminary or at home," procured him a commission in the new army being organized for the expected war with France. When the great general died, this adopted son was eighteen and continued to live at Mount Vernon with his grandmother until her death, when he built the mansion at Arlington, near the city of Washington, on an estate inherited from his father. Here he spent the rest of his life, writing in later years the recollections of his early life, which are a high tribute and appreciation of the loving care bestowed upon him when a boy.

When Lafayette, accompanied by his son, visited this country in 1824, G. W. P. Custis was his host at Arlington and went with his guests to Mount Vernon and the tomb of Washington. The great Frenchman told Mr. Custis, in recalling his previous visit to the mansion, that the first time he had seen him was on the portico of Mount Vernon,

GEORGE WASHINGTON

in 1784—"a very little gentleman with a feather in his hat, holding fast to one finger of the good general's remarkable hand, which (so large that hand) was all, my dear sir, you could well do at the time."





"THE best horseman of his age, and the most graceful figure that could be seen on horseback—" that was Thomas Jefferson's opinion of his great fellow-Virginian, George Washington! From his early boyhood, a passionate fondness for the horse was a strong and lasting trait of our foremost American.

When a little boy of eight, he was given his first riding-lessons on his pony Hero, by Uncle Ben, an old servant (perhaps a slave) of his father's.

On one occasion, when under the paternal eye, young George tried over and over again to jump his pony over a fence. When he finally succeeded, both rider and pony fell; but leaping up, the boy was quickly in the saddle again, his father, a masterful man who hated defeat, exclaiming, "That was ill ridden; try it again!" This happened near their home, and the boy's mother rushed out, greatly alarmed, and begged them to stop. Finding her

GEORGE WASHINGTON

entreaties unheeded, she returned to the house protesting that her son would "surely be murdered!"

This early training in riding, however, was greatly to the boy's advantage; for his satisfaction in conquering horses and training them made him a fine horseman and prepared him for the coming years when he was to be so much in the saddle.

A notable instance of courage in the tall and athletic boy, in his early teens, when he mastered an unmanageable colt is related by G. W. P. Custis, Washington's adopted son. The story goes that this colt, a thoroughbred sorrel, was a favorite of Washington's mother. Her husband too had been much attached to him, but the colt was of a vicious nature and no one had ventured to ride him. Before breakfast one morning, George, aided by some of his

companions, corralled the animal and succeeded in getting bit and bridle in place.

Leaping on his back, the venturesome youth was soon tearing around the enclosure at breakneck speed, keeping his seat firmly and managing his mount with a skill that surprised the other



WASHINGTON ON HORSEBACK

boys. An unlooked-for end to the struggle came, however, when, with a mighty effort, the horse reared and plunged with such violence that he burst a blood-vessel and in a moment was dead.

Looking at the fallen animal, the boys asked each other, "What's to be done? Who will tell the tale?" The answer soon had to be given; for when they went in to the morning meal, Mrs. Washington asked if they had seen her favorite horse. Noting their embarrassment, she repeated the question. Then George spoke up and told the whole story of the misadventure. "George, I forgive you, because you have had the courage to tell the truth at once," was her characteristic reply.

Upon their father's death, George's older brother Lawrence took an active interest in the youth's education and development. The younger brother had taken a strong hold on Lawrence's affection, and between them a devoted attachment existed. Among other accomplishments, George was encouraged to perfect his horsemanship by the promise of a horse, together with some riding clothes from London—especially a red coat and a pair of spurs, sure to appeal to the spirit of the youth.

His first hunting venture, as told by Dr. Weir Mitchell in "The Youth of Washington," occurred on a Saturday morning—a school holiday even in those days—when, there being none to hinder, George persuaded an old groom to saddle a hunter, and galloped off to a fox-hunting "meet" four miles away. Greatly amused, the as-

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sembled huntsmen asked if he could stay on, and if the horse knew he had a rider? To which George replied that the sorrel he rode knew his business; and the boy was in at the kill of two foxes. On the way back the horse went lame, and arriving at the home stable young George saw an overseer about to punish Sampson, the groom, for letting him take a horse that was soon to be sold. He quickly dismounted and snatched the whip from the overseer's hand, exclaiming that he was to blame and should be whipped first. The man answered that Washington's mother would decide what to do; but the boy never heard of the matter again. The anger he showed on this occasion caused old Sampson to admonish him never to "get angry with a horse."

When about sixteen, George lived a great part of the time at Mount Vernon, Lawrence's home, where he made many friends among the "Old Dominion" gentry, the most prominent of them being Thomas, Lord Fairfax, an eccentric old bachelor residing with his kindred at Belvoir, an adjoining estate on the Potomac. As this had been the home of Anne Fairfax, Lawrence's wife, the brothers were ever welcome guests. A life-long friendship was formed between the tall Virginian in his teens and the elderly English nobleman, attracted to each other as they were by the fact that both were bold riders, and by their love of horses. Many a hard ride they took together, with a pack of hounds, over the rough country, chasing the gray foxes of that locality.

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At Mount Vernon, in the years following his marriage and up to the beginning of the war for independence, Washington found great pleasure in his active, out-of-door life, his greatest amusement being the hunt, which gratified to the full his fondness for horses and dogs.

His stables were full, numbering at one time one hundred and forty horses, among them some of the finest animals in Virginia. Magnolia, an Arabian, was a favorite riding-horse; while Chinkling, Valiant, Ajax, and Blue-skin were also high-bred hunters. His pack of hounds was splendidly trained, and "meets" were held three times a week in the hunting season.

After breakfasting by candle-light, the hunters would make a start at daybreak. Washington, splendidly mounted, and dressed in a blue coat, scarlet vest, buckskin breeches, and velvet cap, rode in the lead,—for it was his habit to stay close up with the hounds. The excitement of the chase always possessed a strong fascination for him.

These hunting parties are mentioned in many brief entries in his diaries. In 1768, he writes: "Mr. Bryan Fairfax, Mr. Grayson, and Phil Alexander came home by sunrise. Hunted and caught a fox with these: Lord Fairfax, his brother, and Colonel Fairfax and his brother; all of whom with Mr. Fairfax and Mr. Wilson of England dined here." Again, on November 26 and 29: "Hunted again with the same party." 1768,—January 8: "Hunting again with the same company—started a fox and run him four hours." Thus we learn from his own pen how frequently this

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manly sport, that kept him young and strong, was followed by the boldest rider in all Virginia.

Washington's seven-year absence during the war caused the hunting establishment of Mount Vernon to run down considerably; but on his return in 1783, after peace came, the sport was renewed vigorously for a time.

Blue-skin, an iron-gray horse of great endurance in a long run, was the general's favorite mount during these days. With Billy Lee, the huntsman, blowing the big French horn,—a present from Lafayette,—the fox was chased at full speed over the rough fields and through such tangled woods and thickets as would greatly astonish the huntsmen of to-day.

What with private affairs, official visits, and the crowd of guests at his home, Washington felt obliged to give up this sport he so loved, for his last hunt with the hounds is said to have been in 1785.

To return to his youthful days: At sixteen he was commissioned to survey Lord Fairfax's vast estates, and soon after was appointed a public surveyor. The three years of rough toil necessitated by his calling were spent continually in the saddle. Those youthful surveys, being made with George's characteristic thoroughness, stand unquestioned to this day.

The beginning of his active military career started with a long, difficult journey of five hundred miles to the French fort on the Ohio, most of the trip made in the

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saddle. It was hard traveling for the young adjutant general of twenty-one accompanied by a small escort. On the return journey, the horses were abandoned, and it was when Washington was traveling on foot that his miraculous escape from a shot fired by a treacherous Indian guide occurred. On this trip he also escaped death by drowning. These incidents are told more fully in a later chapter.

When, in 1755, the British expedition, commanded by General Braddock, started out from Alexandria, against the French fort on the Monongahela, Washington, acting as one of the general's aides, was too ill to start with it; but when the day of action came, the day that the French and Indians ambushed the "red-coats," the young Virginia colonel, although still weak, rode everywhere on the field of slaughter, striving to rally the panic-stricken regulars. Two horses were shot under him, but he was the only mounted officer left at the end of the fight.

On the occasion of Washington's first visit to Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, in 1756, he rode the whole distance, with two aides and servants, to confer with Governor Shirley of Massachusetts and settle with him the question of his army rank. He was appropriately equipped for his mission and the description of the little cavalcade is striking. Washington attracted universal notice in his full uniform of a Virginia colonel—a white-and-scarlet cloak, sword-knot of red and gold, his London-made holsters and saddle-cloth trimmed with his livery

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“lace” and the Washington arms—his aides also in uniform, with the servants in their white-and-scarlet liveries, their cocked hats edged with silver, bringing up the rear. Everywhere he was received with enthusiasm, his fame having gone before him. Dined and fêted in Philadelphia and New York, he spent ten days with the hospitable royal governor of Massachusetts. The whole journey was a success, bringing him, as it did, in contact with new scenes and people.

It seems noteworthy that in accounts of the campaigns and battles of the Revolution such frequent mention is made of the commander-in-chief on horseback. From the time he rode from Philadelphia to take command of the army at Cambridge, in 1775, down to the capitulation of Yorktown in 1783, his horses were an important factor in his campaigns. Among many such incidents, a notable one is that which occurred when, after the defeat of the Americans at Brooklyn and their retreat across the river to New York, Washington in his report to Congress wrote: “Our passage across the East River was effected yesterday morning; and for forty-eight hours preceding that I had hardly been off my horse and never closed my eyes.” He was, in fact, the last to leave, remaining until all his troops had been safely ferried across.

Another well known incident tells of an all-night ride to Princeton, in bitter cold, over frozen roads, and how, when day dawned, Washington rode fearlessly over the

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field to rally his men, reining in his charger within thirty yards of the enemy.

At the battle of the Brandywine, when Washington was defending Chad's Ford against the Hessians, distant firing was heard at the extreme right of the American line. An elderly farmer was impressed as a guide, mounted on a charger and instructed to lead the way over fields and fences to Birmingham meeting-house four miles distant. The old man, Brown, relates that his horse leaped all the fences easily, the general with his staff close behind him. The head of Washington's horse was constantly near his own and as they galloped on, the general repeatedly exclaimed, "Push along, old man, push along."

Shortly after the defeat at Brandywine, General Howe's advance regiments were attacked at Germantown; and here, as at Princeton, Washington, in spite of the protests of his officers, rode recklessly to the front when things were going wrong.

White horses were not favorites with Washington and few instances are recorded when he rode one. Mr. Custis in his "Recollections of Washington" says that the only time during the war that he did so, was at the battle of Monmouth where he galloped to the front on a beautiful white horse that had been presented to him by Governor Livingston of New Jersey on his pursuit of the British in their retreat from Philadelphia. The heat of the day was

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so great and the hard riding of the commander-in-chief through the sandy soil in rallying his troops, so exhausting that the horse sank under him and expired. It is recorded, also, that he rode on a white horse beneath an arch at Gray's ferry on the Schuylkill, on the way to his inauguration; and that, on this occasion, a laurel wreath was lowered to his head.

During the eight years of his presidency, Washington frequently took exercise on horseback, his stables containing at that time as many as ten coach- and saddle-horses.

When in Philadelphia, then the seat of Government, the President owned two pure white saddle-horses, named Prescott and Jackson, the former being a splendid animal, which, while accustomed to cannon-fire, waving flags, or martial music, had a bad habit of dancing about and shying when a coach, especially one containing ladies, was stopped beside him, in order that those who rode in it might greet the President. The other white horse, Jackson, was an Arab, with flowing mane and tail, but, being an impetuous and fretful animal, he was not a favorite.

A celebrated riding-teacher used to say that he loved "to see the general ride; his seat is so firm, his management of his mount so easy and graceful, that I, who am a professor of horsemanship, would go to him and *learn to ride.*"

Of all Washington's numerous war-horses, the greatest

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favorite was Nelson—a large, light sorrel, with white face and legs, named after the patriot governor of Virginia. In many battles,—often under fire,—Nelson had carried his great master and was the favored steed at the crowning event of the war, the capitulation at Yorktown.

Living to a good old age, and never ridden after Washington ceased to mount him, the veteran charger was well taken care of, grazing in a paddock through the summers. And often, as the retired general and President made the rounds of his fields, the old war-horse would run neighing to the fence, to be caressed by the hand of his master.

Since his early boyhood, the only recorded fall from a horse that Washington experienced was once on his return to Mount Vernon from Alexandria. His horse on this occasion, while an easy-gaited one, was nervous. When his rider was about to mount and rise in the stirrup, the animal, alarmed at the glare of a fire by the roadside, sprang from under him and Washington fell heavily to the ground. Fearing that



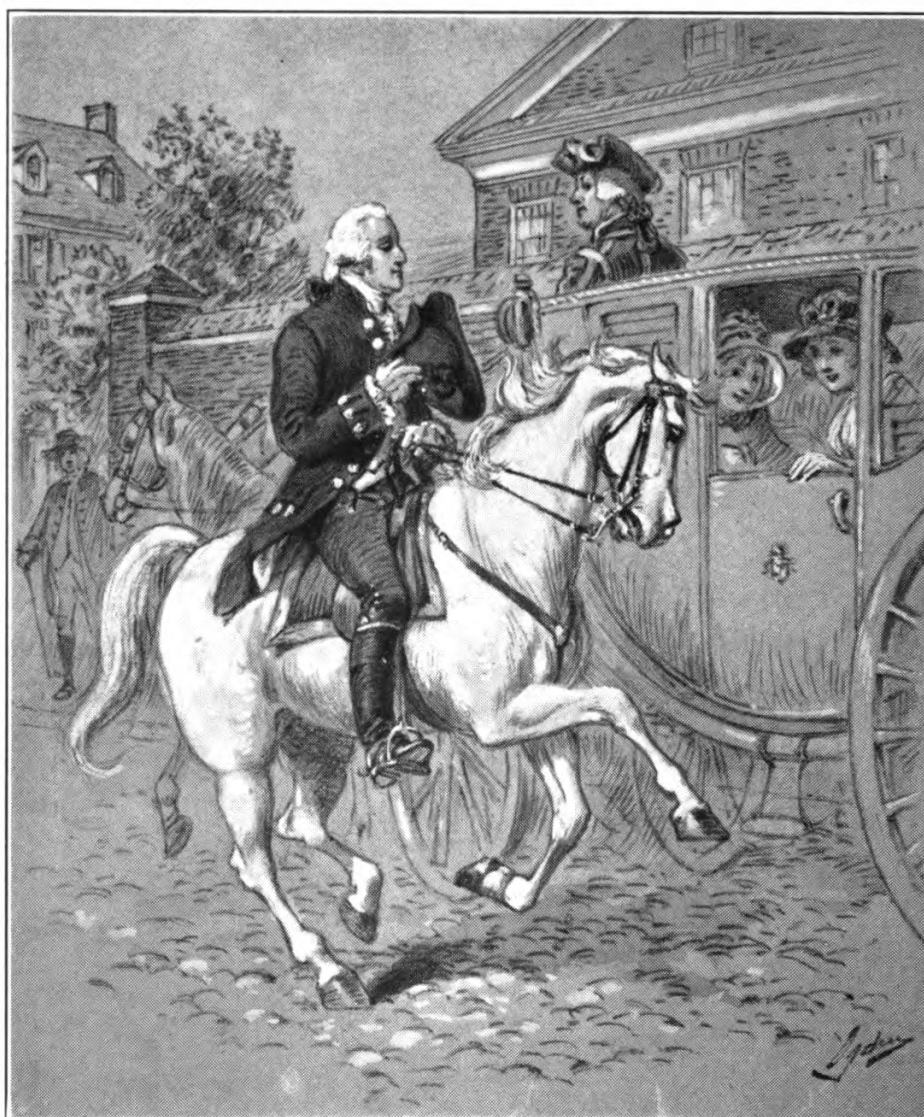
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he was hurt, his companions rushed to his assistance, but the vigorous old gentleman, getting quickly to his feet, assured them that, though his tumble was complete, he was unhurt. Having been only poised in his stirrup and not yet in the saddle, it was a fall no horseman could prevent when a nervous animal sprang from under him. Vicious propensities in horses never troubled Washington; he only required them to go along.

An amusing anecdote is told of one of Washington's secretaries, Colonel David Humphreys. The colonel was a lively companion and a great favorite, and on one of their rides together he challenged his chief to jump a hedge. Always ready to accept a challenge of this sort, Washington told him to "go ahead," whereupon Humphreys cleared the hedge, but landed in the ditch on the other side up to his saddle-girth. Riding up and smiling at his mud-bespattered friend, Washington observed, "Ah, Colonel, you are too deep for me!"

On the Mount Vernon estates, during the years of retirement from all public office, his rides of inspection were from twelve to fourteen miles a day, usually at a moderate pace; but being the most punctual of men, he would, if delayed, display the horsemanship of earlier days by a hard gallop so as to be in time for the first dinner-bell at a quarter before three.

A last glimpse of this great man in the saddle, shows us an old gentleman, in plain drab clothes and a broad-



“Prescott,” the white horse that shied at the ladies

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brimmed white hat, carrying a hickory switch, with a long-handled umbrella hung at his saddle-bow—such was the description given of him by Mr. Custis to an inquirer.





WHEN our Presidents now visit the various forty-eight States of the Union, or, as we say, "swing around the circle," it is in great contrast to Washington's day. He found it a vastly more tedious undertaking than it is nowadays to travel over the original thirteen States that then constituted the nation. How he went traveling, and many of the events that occurred on the way, he recorded in the journal which he had kept from the days when, a boy of sixteen, he made surveying trips through the woods and over the mountains of his native State, down to the closing hours of his eventful life—a life of immense activity which, as has been said, "condensed a score of lifetimes into his sixty-seven well-rounded years."

The surveying trips of his young manhood lasted for about three years. The dangers and hardships he was exposed to, the life in the open air, as well as the knowledge of the Indians which he gained, proved of the great-

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est use in the years which followed. No better model could be found for the Boy Scouts of to-day than the young Virginia surveyor who was to become the first President of the United States.

It is told of him that he "endured everything with a brave cheerfulness," and his perseverance, industry, and habit of quick action made the work of surveying profitable, while what he learned of different localities guided him, later on, in investing in large tracts of land.

When nineteen years old, George accompanied his elder brother, Lawrence, on a voyage to the Barbadoes, as Lawrence's health compelled him to seek a milder climate for the winter. Their voyage lasted over a month, George noting in his journal the events of the day, the changes in the weather, the run of the ship, and the novel scenes of a boy's first voyage.

On landing, they were entertained by the British officers of the garrison, and it was there that George went to the theater for the first time. Lawrence, being benefited by the change of air, decided to remain, while his brother returned home. After a stormy passage of five weeks George was once again at Mount Vernon, his brother's estate. This sea voyage is notable for the fact that it is the only time that Washington's journeyings took him outside of his own country.

Unfortunately, Lawrence's health was not permanently improved, and, returning to Virginia, he died there the following summer. His Mount Vernon estate was left to

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his only daughter, but she outlived her father only two years, the property then passing to George. It was in this way that Washington became the owner of the home he so dearly loved, which is to-day the shrine of all patriotic Americans.

After the stirring events of Braddock's campaign against the French and Indians, and his defeat at Fort Duquesne in 1755, Colonel Washington, then twenty-four years old and the commander of the Virginia militia, was given permission by Governor Dinwiddie to journey to Boston, in order to settle a question of rank with Governor Shirley of Massachusetts. Washington, in gold-laced hat and cloak, with the family crest on his saddle-cloth, set out with Captain Stewart, of the Virginia Light Horse, Captain Hugh Mercer, who some years later fell at the battle of Princeton, and two servants, in the Washington livery of white-and-scarlet. They made a gay cavalcade, galloping along the roads leading from "the Old Dominion" to New England's thriving capital.

Two days after leaving Alexandria, they reached Philadelphia, where they remained a week, enjoying the official and social attentions that made the "City of Brotherly Love" the most attractive in the colonies. New York, then about half the size of Philadelphia, was next visited. A stage-coach line had been established between the two cities only the year before, and the journey then took as many days as it takes hours in our time. The New York of that day was a quaint little town, with many of

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the old Dutch houses still standing, but even then it had that population of many races, which has always been one of its chief characteristics. Continuing their ride to Boston the party stopped at the Cromwell's Head Tavern, and called on Governor Shirley. The friendship between Washington and the governor was now renewed, and resulted in the vexed question of rank being speedily settled in Washington's favor.

Their mission accomplished, the travelers returned to Mount Vernon, reaching the shores of the Potomac after an absence of seven weeks. Many valuable acquaintances and much useful information were the result of this first long land journey of our future President.

The next few years were spent by Washington in active war-service. Fort Duquesne was finally captured, Quebec had fallen, and the war with the French and Indians drew to a close. The young colonel accordingly resigned his commission and settled down with his young wife at Mount Vernon to enjoy the life of a country gentleman. After a few quiet years, however, he was called from his retirement by stirring events in the colonies.

When the first Continental Congress was called to meet in Philadelphia, in the autumn of 1774, and consider the grievances that led to the Revolutionary War, Washington was one of the seven delegates selected to represent his State.

Early on the morning of the last day of August, three horsemen started out from Mount Vernon. The youngest

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was Patrick Henry, patriot and orator; the oldest was Edmund Pendleton, an eminent lawyer; the third was Washington, soon to become military chieftain in the war which was to last seven years, and from which we were to emerge a mighty nation under his wise leadership.

It was a notable journey. As the delegates from the various colonies approached their destination, many on horseback, others in coaches, they were everywhere greeted by bands of citizens who escorted them into their towns. Washington writes that, on arriving at Philadelphia, they "lodged at Doctor Shippen's after supper at the New Tavern."

It was during the session of the second Continental Congress, when, it is said, he wore his colonel's uniform, that Washington was appointed to the chief command of the army assembled at Cambridge, and thither he journeyed with Generals Schuyler and Lee in the early summer of 1775. During the years of his command of the army, Washington's journeys were usually made in the saddle.

At the close of the war, the great commander returned to Mount Vernon for a period of well-earned rest. Trips here and there in the neighborhood were made by coach or horseback; but finally, in 1789, at the call of a united people he set out on one of the most eventful journeys of his career. Before starting, however, he paid a hurried visit to his invalid mother in Fredericksburg; upon greet-

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ing her he said that "the people have been pleased with the most flattering unanimity to elect me to the chief magistracy of these United States," but that, before taking the office, he came to bid her farewell. The blessing she gave him proved to be a parting one as she died soon after his inauguration.

New York had been selected as the first capital of the young nation, and the journey of the first President to be inaugurated was a triumphal progress. Although his wish was to travel as a private gentleman he was escorted by a troop of old friends and neighbors from the threshold of his home to Alexandria, where a splendid banquet had been arranged. At every town and village, deputations, escorts, and processions greeted him. The governor of Pennsylvania was at his State line to welcome Washington, triumphal arches were erected for him to pass under—from one of which, it is said, a little girl concealed in the floral decorations lowered a civic crown upon his head "while loud cries of 'Long live George Washington!' 'Long live the father of his people!' greeted him from the thousands of his fellow-countrymen who lined the roads to Philadelphia, where a banquet at the City Tavern and fireworks in the evening were the tribute tendered him."

As it rained the next morning, he rode in a closed coach. By noon the skies had cleared and Trenton greeted the first President with a famous arch inscribed, "The DEFENDER OF THE MOTHERS WILL BE THE PROTECTOR OF THE DAUGHTERS." Both mothers and

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daughters, robed in white, were there to strew his way with wreaths and flowers, and to sing an ode in his honor as well. Always a gallant gentleman, Washington wrote a letter of thanks for their welcome and alluded to "the astonishing contrast between his former and his present situation at the same spot." A contrast indeed to those



Whenever he passed, Washington always stopped to shake hands
with them

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dark days of 1776 when with his ragged little army he had attacked the Hessians that Christmas night, winning a surprising victory by his dash and boldness. At Elizabethtown a committee from both houses of Congress was in waiting, and there a splendid barge was taken for New York. On the water there were ovations also, gaily decked vessels, barges loaded with passengers, and music making the trip by boat rival that on land. The eventful journey came to an end at Murray's Wharf, where Governor Clinton and Washington's well-loved fellow-soldier, Knox, waited to welcome him.

In the early days of his residence in New York the first President imported a handsome coach from England, in which he often rode with his family, and which he used on his long journeys to the New England and southern States during his term of office. This coach was an imposing vehicle, for its cream-colored sides were decorated with oval panels of the four seasons, the Washington coat of arms was on the doors, and green Venetian blinds were at the windows. Drawn by four, and frequently six, spirited bay horses, and with driver, postilions, and footmen in their white-and-red livery, it certainly was in keeping with the position of the First Gentleman and Lady in the Land. In Washington's diary for December 12, 1789, is written: "Exercised the coach with Mrs. Washington and the two children [George and Nelly Custis]; between breakfast and dinner went the fourteen miles round"—a ride which took them from the presi-

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dential mansion in Cherry Street, near where the Brooklyn Bridge now crosses Pearl Street, up Broadway nearly to Harlem, and back again.

Having had in mind for some time a visit to the New England States, the President, with his private secretaries, Mr. Lear and Colonel Jackson, started out shortly after Congress adjourned in the autumn. His diary of this journey is most interesting, and shows the vivid interest he took in the ways of life and the occupations of the people who had chosen him to govern the rising nation. Starting on October 15, 1789, he writes that the chief-justice and several members of his cabinet saw him off. He tells of the taverns at which the party stopped, of the roads and crops, of the droves of cattle and flocks of sheep they saw on the way, and that they scarcely passed a farmhouse that did not abound in geese. Reaching Fairfield, Washington noted that many of the chimneys of houses burned by the enemy in the recent war were still standing. At Stratford, a militia company turned out, and an escort of mounted citizens escorted them to the ferry. Sunday was spent in New Haven, where he was kept busy receiving addresses, visits from the governor of the State, and the mayor, Roger Sherman, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and attending services. Leaving early Monday morning, a stop was made at Wallingford, where the silk-making industry had been started. "At this place," he says, "we see the white mulberry growing, raised from the seed to feed the silk-

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worm," and that the samples of silk, woven by private families in the town, were "exceedingly good." A woolen factory at Wethersfield, near Hartford, claimed his attention, and he ordered enough broadcloth for a suit to be sent to him at New York, with a whole piece of coarser weave to be used for his servants. He comments upon the similarity of the farmhouses two stories high, with a door in the middle, a central chimney, and a "good show of sash and glass windows."

When they reached Worcester, amid the booming of cannon, Washington rode on horseback through the town to gratify the inhabitants, leaving his coach and secretaries to follow on behind. At last the party entered the outskirts of Boston, and on Saturday morning, October 24, they stopped for an hour at the Craigie house. This had been the first of Washington's many headquarters during the Revolutionary War. The house is the one that the poet Longfellow occupied for many years and, with its hallowed memories, it is still standing.

Having donned his Continental uniform and mounted his horse, Washington was escorted into Boston by military organizations, and was met by Samuel Adams, the lieutenant-governor, and the State and city dignitaries. A fine parade, a triumphal arch inscribed "To the man who unites all hearts," a banquet at Faneuil Hall, and addresses from the president of Harvard College and other notables were the tributes paid him at the Massachusetts capital; while, on a visit to the French squadron in

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the harbor, he was received with all the honors paid to royalty. After short trips to Lynn, where he notes in his diary that "175,000 pairs of shoes (women's chiefly) have been made in a year by about 400 workmen"; to Marblehead, to learn about the fishing industry of its people; and to Salem, where he attended an evening "assembly," the journey was resumed, and the presidential party proceeded to New Hampshire.

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Three days were spent at Portsmouth, New Hampshire's capital, during which the President went in a barge to view the harbor, landing for a few moments at Kittery, in Maine. On the fourth of November the party started on the return journey, and New York was reached by the thirteenth of the month, thus completing this first presidential tour.

The national capital having been changed to Philadelphia, Congress adjourned in August to meet in that city in December. Accompanied by Jefferson, his Secretary of State, the President made a trip by water to Newport, to benefit his health and to meet the leading citizens of Rhode Island—a State that had not adopted the Constitution when he made the tour of New England in the spring, and so had been avoided, but which now had joined the Union.

Soon after his return from this trip Washington set out with his family for a period of rest at Mount Vernon. Like most travelers in those times, they met with a mishap, for shortly after leaving Elizabethtown Point, in New Jersey, their incompetent driver ran the coach and six into a ditch, which obliged them to leave it at Philadelphia for repairs.

A house having been rented for the executive mansion in Philadelphia, the President, with his wife and the two children, left his Virginia home November 22, 1790. They were permitted to travel quietly, but, at each stopping-place, they received a warm welcome from old friends

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and citizens. This was particularly so at Tommy Giles's little tavern, near Elkton, Maryland. During the war, Tommy had frequently served Washington as a confidential messenger, being trusted by his general to carry money from one place to another. After the war, he had settled down, with his buxom English wife, as an inn-keeper. Whenever he passed, Washington always stopped to shake hands with them, which caused Tommy to be looked upon as the most important man in the neighborhood for days afterward, and his inn to gain in popularity.

Having visited the New England States, the President decided upon making a tour of the southern States as well. When this was known, he received countless offers of hospitality from many of the leading men of the South, all of which he politely declined, saying that it was his intention to pursue the same plan on this southern journey as on his eastern visit, which was not to incommode any private family; and by declining all such offers he would give offense to none.

Before leaving, he wrote to his Cabinet officers, stating when he expected to be at certain places, that he might be communicated with if necessary. Starting early in April, Washington thus writes in his diary: "I was accompanied by Major Jackson. My equipage and attendants consisted of a chariot and four horses, drove in hand, a light baggage-wagon and two horses, four saddle-horses, besides a led one for myself; and five servants, to

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wit, my *valet de chambre*, two footmen, coachman, and postilion." From which we conclude that our first President traveled in state,—more so, indeed, than do the chief magistrates of our own time. Stops were made at Richmond and Petersburg; farther south, Wilmington and Newbern were visited; at Charleston a week was spent. At Augusta the President paid a visit to the widow of his dearly-loved fellow-soldier, General Greene. Savannah was the extreme point of the tour.

As in New England, so in the southern States he was everywhere greeted with demonstrations of respect and homage. The parades, banquets, balls, and other entertainments that were given for the honored guest were but a repetition of the northern tour. The President reached home early in June, after a journey of seventeen hundred miles, made in sixty-six days, under clear skies, without sickness or mishap of any kind, and exactly on schedule time, much to his satisfaction. For he wrote to Colonel Humphreys that he was much pleased with the journey, as he was enabled to see with his own eyes "the encouraging state of the country and its inhabitants."

During the remainder of his presidency Washington's journeyings were principally between Philadelphia, the capital, and his home, his coach and four being used between the two places. On the ninth of March, 1797, he left Philadelphia—a private citizen and a happy man! The ex-president, Mrs. Washington, Nelly and George Custis, and George Washington Lafayette, the son of the French

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general, with his tutor, made up the party. At Baltimore Washington was escorted by citizens on foot and horseback to the inn. To Mr. McHenry he wrote that "the attentions we met with were very flattering, and would have been highly relished by some; but if I had any previous knowledge of them, and could by earnest entreaty prevail, I would avoid all parade and escort." In this he seldom succeeded, for, on hearing of his approach, citizens and soldiers everywhere hastened to pay homage to the greatest of Americans.

This was the last long journey that Washington undertook. On reaching home, he gladly gave himself up to the luxury of private life, and attending to home duties gave him pleasant occupation for the two remaining years of his life.



SOME NARROW ESCAPES

IN speaking of Washington's first journey to the French forts on the Ohio, Edward Everett, the great orator, said: "He seemed to spring at once into public life, considerate, wary, and fearless; and that Providence, which destined him for other and higher duties, manifestly extended a protecting shield over his beloved head." As one reads the many different accounts of the strenuous life of our great national hero, this remark comes to mind again, for during his active youth on the frontier and his years of leadership in the Revolutionary War, he was never even wounded. We know that he was in dire peril many times, and that he was brave, sometimes even to rashness. Taking these occasions when Washington

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narrowly escaped grave dangers, in their order of occurrence, we find that his earliest actual escape from death was in his twenty-first year, or in January, 1753, when he was a major in the colonial forces of Virginia.

After a hard journey over the mountains to the French fort where Pittsburgh now is, Washington started on foot to return to Virginia, with but one companion, Christopher Gist. They were shortly joined by an Indian guide, who proved to be on the side of the French, for, finding they were determined to go straight ahead and not be lured out of their way, he suddenly turned and fired his musket directly at the young major. Luckily the shot missed Washington. He and Gist disarmed their treacherous guide, and although Gist wanted to despatch him



then and there, at nightfall they allowed him to go free, while they themselves hastened on their journey.

On this same expedition another peril awaited the young officer, for, the very next day, while crossing the Allegheny on a raft which it had taken him and his

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companion all day to construct with their one poor hatchet, the ice in the river so jammed their frail support that Washington was thrown overboard. As he said in his journal, "I was thrown with such violence against the pole that it jerked me over into ten feet of water." Catching hold of one of the logs which composed the raft, he was saved. The two men spent the freezing-cold night on a near-by island, suffering intensely. Christopher Gist's hands and feet were frozen. Nevertheless, they were able to cross to the mainland in the morning, the ice being firm, and before night they reached a safe shelter in a trading-house on the Monongahela.

On one occasion in his early manhood Washington came near fighting a duel,—a common way of settling a dispute in those days. But as he was the one who should have issued the challenge, he had the great courage to apologize and admit that he was in the wrong. It was in the town of Alexandria, where



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the young Virginia colonel was quartered with his troops, that an election dispute occurred, and in the heat of the party excitement, Washington told Mr. Payne that he lied. That gentleman at once replied with a blow that knocked the young colonel down. Word having reached the barracks that their beloved commander had been killed, his soldiers rushed to the city to avenge him. He met them, however, quieted their wrath, and they returned to their quarters. Mr. Payne, on receiving a note from Washington the next morning asking him to call at his lodgings, supposed, of course, that the colonel wished an opportunity to demand "satisfaction" for the blow he had received the day before. Imagine his surprise when, instead of finding pistols or swords ready for a duel, Washington greeted him with outstretched hand, saying, "I believe I was wrong yesterday. You have already had some satisfaction, and, if you deem that sufficient, here is my hand; let us be friends!"

Of all Washington's escapes perhaps the most marvelous (indeed none more wonderful is told in history) was when he was acting as an aide of General Braddock, and that officer was defeated and his army put to rout at the Monongahela River, July 9, 1755. The story has often been told—how the over-confident British general, heedless of all advice, with his two regiments of regulars and a few provincials, marched directly into the ambush laid for them by the French and their Indian allies. Hemmed in on every side by foes they could not see, the close ranks

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of the regulars were almost annihilated. Every officer except Washington was either killed or wounded. Braddock, vainly trying to keep his men in line, was wounded mortally. The whole duty of giving the general's orders had fallen upon Washington early in the engagement, and he rode everywhere in the thickest of the fight. Four bullets passed through his uniform, and two horses were



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killed under him, but to the wonderment of all, he was unhurt. An Indian chief singled him out and shot at him many times and ordered his warriors to fire at him also, but finding that their bullets took no effect, the Indian concluded that the white officer was under the protection of Manitou, the Great Spirit, and finally stopped firing at him. Washington afterward wrote home, saying, "Death was leveling my companions on every side of me; but, by the all-powerful dispensations of Providence, I have been protected."

Out of this disastrous defeat, all that was not lost was saved by Washington. His conduct became known throughout the colonies, and for immediate reward he was made commander-in-chief of all the military forces of Virginia, and given a present of three hundred pounds in money.

As an example of fearlessness, Sparks, the historian, tells of an occasion when Washington was aroused to quick action upon discovering a poacher on his grounds. Hearing the discharge of a gun, he mounted his horse, and riding in the direction of the sound, soon found the intruder, who quickly jumped into his canoe and paddled out into the river. Washington rode instantly into the water. The poacher threatened him with his fowling-piece, but seizing the boat, Washington drew it to the shore, disarmed the poacher, and gave him a sound thrashing then and there.

In the early days of our Revolutionary War, when the

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patriot army commanded by Washington was stationed in New York, there were several conspiracies against the general's life, and one of these he happily frustrated himself.

Upon overhearing in the enemy's camp a plot to poison the American commander-in-chief by the hand of one of his body-guard, a young woman reported what she had learned to a friend of the patriot cause. This friend, a man named Fraunces, hastened to headquarters at Richmond Hill and told the story to Washington. After thanking him for his timely warning, the general cautioned him to return home and keep the matter secret, as it might endanger his life if it became known.

Sending for one of the guard, of proved fidelity, Washington ordered a strict watch to be kept when dinner was



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being prepared the next day. This was done, and one of his own guards, who were all picked men and considered trustworthy, was caught in the act of poisoning the food intended for the commander's table. The guard on watch saw this man steal in and sprinkle a powder over the peas as they were cooking, and then, with a hurried departure, rejoin his comrades.

When assembled at the table for dinner, with Generals Gates and Wooster on either side, Washington solemnly said: "Gentlemen, I must request you to suspend your meal for a few moments," and then ordered his body-guard to enter the room. As they lined up at one end of the apartment, Washington, putting a spoonful of peas on his plate, looked sternly at the culprit and said: "Shall I eat of this vegetable?" Turning pale and showing great agitation, the wretched man said faintly: "I—don't—know."

"Shall I eat of these?" Washington again asked, and then the traitor started forward as if to prevent him, and so confessed himself the guilty man.

After the memorable retreat from Brooklyn, the American army had been quartered in various parts of the city of New York, mostly along the banks of the East and Harlem rivers. At length on Sunday, the 15th of September, the British decided to advance and, crossing the river from Newtown Creek, landed at Kip's Bay, now the foot of East Thirty-fourth Street. The Americans had thrown up light intrenchments, but when the enemy's ships

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started a furious cannonade, in order that their troops might land, the intrenchments were abandoned, and the patriot militia made a speedy retreat.

The sound of the firing reached Washington some miles away, and galloping furiously with his aides, he soon reached the flying troops. Try as he would, he could not turn them back, and at length his indignation was so great that, snapping his pistols, and flinging his hat on the ground in anger, he exclaimed: "Are these the men with whom I am to defend America?" Turning in wrath



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and disgust toward the approaching enemy, he doubtless would have been captured, had not one of his aides, seeing the danger, seized his horse's bridle and forcibly hurried him back.

On the field of Princeton, in the early morning of January 2, 1777, occurred one of those rash acts of courage on the part of Washington which caused so much anxiety to the leaders of the American cause. Rallying his disordered ranks, the general, waving his hat, charged directly at the advancing enemy only thirty yards away, his presence and bearing being an inspiration to his troops.

Between two fires, it seemed that escape from death was impossible, and the general's principal aide, Colonel Fitzgerald, so feared to see him fall that he dropped his horse's reins and drew his hat down over his face with a shudder of dread.

In a letter written a few days later about the battle, one of the American officers said: "Our army love their general very much, but they have one thing against him, which is, the little care he takes of himself in any action. His personal bravery and the desire he has of animating his troops by example make him fearless of danger. This occasions us much uneasiness. But Heaven, which has hitherto been his shield, I hope will continue to guard so valuable a life!"

Among the many anecdotes told of Washington is one

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of how he escaped capture at the hands of a treacherous host, whom he afterward pardoned at the earnest pleading of the culprit's family.

When the American army was encamped near West Point their commander was invited one day to visit a near-by mansion and dine with an old gentleman at precisely two o'clock. Having been accustomed to visit the family, Washington at first trusted this old man, but whispers got about questioning his fidelity to the patriot cause, and at last the general resolved to put his loyalty to a test. The host had been insistent as to the hour for dinner and intimated that a guard would not be necessary. This somewhat aroused Washington's suspicion so he made a point of arriving at least an hour earlier than the appointed time. The host suggested a walk on the piazza, and by his nervousness soon made it evident to his guest that something was wrong. Washington brought the conversation around to the subject of traitors, marveling at the lack of principle that would cause native-born Americans to join the enemy for a little glittering gold. His fixed look, as he made these remarks, made the traitor quail; then the sound of horses' hoofs was heard, and up rode a company of dragoons in scarlet coats.

"What cavalry is this?" exclaimed Washington. "What does this mean?"

"A party of British light horse sent for my protection," answered his host.

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"British horse—to protect you while I am your guest! What does this mean, sir?"

The troops, now dismounting, came toward the piazza, and the old man, coming close to his guest, said: "General, you are my prisoner!"

"I believe not," said Washington, "but, sir, I know that you are mine! Arrest this traitor, officer!"

Not knowing what to make of this turn of affairs, the wretched man looked from Washington to the troopers, and then saw that they were American cavalymen whom Washington had disguised in British uniforms, and or-

dered to arrive promptly at a quarter *before* two, in order to protect their general and aid him to test the truth or falseness of his host.

Being conducted, a prisoner, to the camp, the false friend afterward confessed that he had been bribed to de-



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liver Washington to a squadron of the enemy at two o'clock on the day when the American commander was his visitor.

A British officer, Major Ferguson, of the "Forty-third Foot," relates that Washington had a narrow escape just before the battle of Brandywine. It seems that, when Ferguson was on duty, two mounted officers on the American side approached the British line to reconnoiter. One wore a high cocked hat; the other was in French hussar uniform. Ferguson ordered three good marksmen to creep near and fire at them, but, as he says, "the idea disgusting me, I recalled the order." As they came closer, the major advanced from the woods and called upon them to stop; they then slowly cantered off. He goes on to say that "by quick firing we could have killed them easily, but, as it was not pleasant to fire at their backs, I let it alone."

Being told the next day by a wounded captured American officer that it was General Washington, attended by a French hussar officer only, who had been so near his line, Ferguson magnanimously said: "I am not sorry that I did not know who it was at the time."

During the siege of Yorktown, the American commander-in-chief was under fire frequently, on one occasion having a most narrow escape. As he watched with intense interest the bombardment of the enemy's fortifications, with Generals Knox and Lincoln, in the grand battery, his officers begged him to leave so dangerous a spot. "If you think so" he said, "you are at liberty

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to step back." Before long a cannon ball entered the embrasure, struck a cannon and fell at Washington's feet, upon which General Knox seized his arm and drew him away, exclaiming "My dear General, we can't spare you



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yet!" "It's a spent ball, no harm is done," coolly answered his chief.

When Cornwallis surrendered, a few days later, the war was practically over. Resigning his commission, the general who had been "first in war" then returned to Mount Vernon, until called again to lead our Government in the days of its organization,—to become "first in peace" as well.

Twice during his life, Washington suffered from dangerous sicknesses. A three weeks attack of smallpox when he accompanied his brother Lawrence to the Barbadoes, while severe, yielded to skilful treatment, but he carried the marks of it throughout his life.

His most dangerous illness occurred in the spring of 1789, early in his first presidential term, being in the form of a malignant abscess or carbuncle, necessitating an operation. So serious was his condition, that the gravest apprehension was felt by the public. Anxious inquiries were made hourly at the executive mansion, national interests were suspended and the announcement of his convalescence was received with great relief.

It was fully three months before he was able to resume his activities. It is told that at the crisis of the disease, he asked Dr. Bard, the surgeon, for a frank statement as to his chances of recovery. When the doctor expressed hope, his distinguished patient calmly replied, "Whether to-night or twenty years hence, makes no difference. I know that I am in the hands of a good Providence."



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FORT NECESSITY—HIS FIRST CAMPAIGN—1754

It is one of the notable paradoxes of history that Washington, the conqueror in a seven years war, should have won that war with so few victories.

His first campaign in western Pennsylvania ended in a surrender—the only one, however, that he ever made. At the beginning of April, 1754, the twenty-two year old major was sent, as second in command, with half a regiment, by Governor Dinwiddie, to protest against the French occupation of Fort Duquesne. The expedition cut a road through dense forests in crossing the main ridge of the Alleghenies, and encamped at the Great Meadows, a level tract bordered by hills, where an intrenchment was

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dug. Washington described this place as a "charming field for an encounter."

A little later, Gist, Washington's companion on the mission to Fort Le Boeuf the preceding year, arrived with word that a party of fifty Frenchmen were in the neighborhood, and the young commander with forty of his men, started at once to surprise them. In his journal, Washington says, "The night was rainy, as black as pitch, the path hardly wide enough for one man, where several were lost and left behind," but after groping their way all night, they came at dawn upon the enemy in a rocky hollow, and Washington gave the order to fire. After a short sharp fight, in which the French ensign in command was killed, twenty odd prisoners were taken. The French claimed that they were a scouting party with a message to the English from the commandant at Fort Duquesne, but as they had lurked for several days within five miles of Washington's camp, their purpose seemed more hostile.

In this, his "baptism by fire" that began a war, young Major Washington displayed the cool judgment, self control and fearlessness that so characterized his later life. Returning to the camp at Great Meadows, which was known as "Fort Necessity," work was started to strengthen the position by palisades and log breastworks. Colonel Fry, the commander of the Virginia forces having died, his half of the regiment reinforced Washington who was now promoted to the senior rank.

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In anticipation of an attack in reprisal by the French, the young colonel sent a message to Dinwiddie, in which he said, "I doubt not but if you hear I am beaten, you will hear at the same time that we have done our duty, in fighting as long as there is a shadow of hope."

During the month that followed, an advance was made from the now crowded post, but reports were received that the French had been strongly reinforced and a return to Fort Necessity was ordered. The horses having broken down, the cannon were dragged by hand. Washington, giving up his own horse to carry baggage, marched on foot. Arriving at the Great Meadows on July second, they spent the day in strengthening their flimsy stronghold until nine hundred French soldiers with their Indian allies appeared the next morning. From the surrounding woods, through mist and rain, a heavy fire was directed at the fort until night-fall when the French proposed a parley. The English losses had been heavy, and their powder and provisions were nearly spent. Hostages were accordingly exchanged, and terms of surrender were accepted by Washington. With his three hundred Virginians and a company of South Carolinians, the young colonel marched out the next morning with flags flying and drums beating, leading his forces on their forlorn march to Wills Creek, over fifty miles away.

Parkman the historian, says of the young commander that "perhaps this miserable morning was the darkest of his life. His pride was humbled and his young ambition

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seemed blasted in the bud. It was the fourth of July. He could not foresee that he was to make that day forever glorious to a new-born nation hailing him as its father." This, Washington's first campaign and initiation into a military career, was crowded with varied incidents in warfare. A skirmish won, a fort erected, a siege, a surrender and wearisome retreat, had called forth qualities in him that stood him in good stead in later life and went far toward his education in the field of military action.

THE BRADDOCK DISASTER JULY 9, 1755

The next activity of Washington in the field, was in the Braddock expedition during the summer of 1755. Although Washington had resigned his commission, owing to orders from England that provincial officers were to be outranked by those commissioned by the crown—an order that would have reduced the young Virginia colonel to a captaincy—he admitted that his inclinations were "strongly bent to arms" and gladly joined the newly arrived general when invited to become one of his aides.

With two regiments of British regulars, two companies of New York provincials and five of rangers, from Virginia, Maryland and the two Carolinas, some two thousand in all, and eight pieces of artillery with a long train of baggage wagons, the expedition started from Fort Cumberland early in June on a slow and toilsome march through forests and over mountains to capture Fort Duquesne. The story of this march is an "oft told tale" which

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relates how Braddock's troops "leveled every mole hill and built bridges over every brook." They were over a month in reaching the fords of the Monongahela within eight miles of the French fort. Washington who was suffering from a high fever had been left behind, but as he wrote, "I rejoined, in a covered wagon, the advanced division of the army, under the immediate command of the general. On the ninth I attended him on horseback, though very low and weak." The following day was a notable one in the Virginia colonel's life, for although it brought disaster to British arms and prestige, it shed a lustre on his own actions that made him renowned thereafter.

The veteran Braddock, brave and obstinate, with a stupid contempt for the colonials and Indian foes—who, he maintained, "might be formidable to raw American militia, but would run at the sight of the King's regulars"—insisted on following the tactics employed on European battlefields. Despite the warnings of his young Virginia aide, he marched on without sending skirmishers in advance. The early morning crossing of the Monongahela fords, with all the glittering panoply of war and the march of the serried ranks as if on parade, was described by Washington as a most impressive sight. The story of what followed is told in all of our histories—how the van under Colonel Gage was fired on by an unseen foe; how the dreadful war-whoops of the savages, strange to British ears, contributed to the panic that caused the ranks to

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break and flee from the field, in spite of the efforts of Braddock and all of his officers. General Braddock had four horses shot under him, and was mortally wounded. He was succeeded in command by Washington.

Of Washington's part in the battle, Senator Lodge says:



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"He alone emerged from the history of that disaster with added glory. Utterly exposed during that dreadful carnage, as he rode fiercely about, with glowing face and shining eyes with the fierce light of battle, he led his own Virginians in trying to stay the tide of retreat." Two horses were shot under him, four bullets went through his coat, but he seemed to bear a charmed life.

In a brief account of the battle, Washington wrote his mother, "The Virginia troops showed a good deal of bravery and were nearly all killed. . . . The dastardly behavior of those they call regulars, exposed all others that were inclined to do their duty, to almost certain death; and at last despite all the efforts of the officers to the contrary, they ran as sheep pursued by wolves and it was impossible to rally them." Braddock lingered for four days and was buried in the road near Fort Necessity. No trace was left to mark his grave.

This disastrous expedition, however, taught many of those who took part in it lessons which proved their value a few years later. To Washington, the battle was another milestone in his military education, ending his second campaign again in defeat. It had brought him into contact with well-equipped regular troops and officers, but it had ended his belief in British invincibility.

To show that Washington's part in the campaign was officially recognized, Governor Dinwiddie wrote to England of raising a force of Rangers to protect the frontier. "The command thereof is given to Colonel George Wash-

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ington, who was one of General Braddock's aide-de-camps and I think of great merit and resolution, and I am convinced that if General Braddock had survived, he would have recommended Mr. Washington to the royal favour."

THE FORBES EXPEDITION, 1758

During the three years which followed the Braddock disaster, the young colonel, as commander of the Virginia militia, was engaged in the difficult task of recruiting unwilling colonists and friendly Indians to protect the frontier. Concerning the fighting qualities of Indians, he believed in their craft, activity and endurance, and that they were "the best, if not the only troops fit to cope with Indians on such grounds."

In the new expedition against Fort Duquesne, still in French hands, which was started late in June, 1758, Washington asked to be put in command of one of the divisions, urging that the old Braddock road, made at such cost, be used. Notwithstanding his insistence on this point, General Forbes, the commander of the expedition, decided otherwise. In this march, with its set-backs, the young Virginian saw little if any action.

Washington strongly advocated a practical campaign uniform. He wrote that, as his men were "very bare of regimental clothing" he would not only order the men to adopt the Indian dress, if left to pursue his own inclination, but would cause the officers to do likewise, "and

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would be the first to set the example myself. It is an unbecoming dress, I own, for an officer; but convenience rather than show should be consulted." This was the origin of the uniform of Morgan's Virginia riflemen, and that of other riflemen in the Revolutionary War.

On the near approach to Fort Duquesne, Washington, who had been accorded the temporary rank of brigadier general, was given command of a division of one thousand provincials to act as pioneers and scouts at the head of the main army. Unencumbered with tents or heavy baggage, they made a rapid advance until they learned from a captured Indian that the French, their savage allies having fled, had just set fire to the post and retreated down the Ohio River in their boats. Pushing on, the colonial troops occupied the abandoned fort next day. On November twenty-fifth, Washington with his own hand raised the British Jack over the smoking ruins. The fort was repaired and the event was celebrated with salutes of artillery, waving of flags and the renaming of the post, which was thereafter called Fort Pitt.

So ended the third campaign of the twenty-six year old commander-in-chief of "the Old Dominion"—this time in a victory that, while barren of spoils or prisoners, obtained the objective of the campaign.

BOSTON—JULY 3, 1775—MARCH 17, 1776

Seventeen peaceful years passed, before Washington was called again to take the field. This period he spent mostly

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at Mount Vernon as a planter: or in Williamsburg as a member of the House of Burgesses. These were the years of early married life, of the making of friendships, and of social contacts.

In August, 1774, at a convention held at Williamsburg, George Washington arose in his place and said, "I will raise one thousand men, subsist them at my own expense, and march, myself at their head, for the relief of Boston." By this speech he made it perfectly clear where he stood with regard to the threatened rupture with the mother-country. In less than a year, the Second Continental Congress at Philadelphia had made the wisest appointment any of our legislators have ever made in appointing "George Washington, Esquire" of Virginia "to be general, and commander-in-chief of the army of the United Colonies and of all the forces raised, or to be raised by them." So read his commission dated June 19, 1775.

Two days later he started with two of the new major generals, Schuyler and Charles Lee, on the long ride to Boston, arriving there on July second, and assuming command of the motley army the next morning. Even at this early stage, Washington, who was strong for a union of the colonies, in his first general order reminded the troops that they were "now a national army," and hoped that "all distinction of colonies may be laid aside so that one and the same spirit may animate the whole."

Since the battle of Lexington, Boston had been invested by an army of about sixteen thousand New Englanders.

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The battle of Bunker Hill had been fought, an action that, while it left the British in possession of the field, had inspired the Americans with confidence. Intrenchments extending for many miles completely surrounded the city on the land side.

In the new army there was little discipline and no uniformity of dress or equipment; powder was scarce; and for the nine months that the opposing forces faced each other there was little action. Inspection, organization, councils of war, correspondence as to the treatment of prisoners, with projected assaults on the city (which his councils of war invariably voted against) kept Washington busy without taking the field. Early in March, 1776, the fortifying in a single night of Dorchester Heights, by this means completely hemming in the enemy, brought the siege to an end, and forced General Howe, with his regulars and a host of Tories, to evacuate the city on the seventeenth and sail away for Halifax.

This was a happy finish for the first campaign of the commander-in-chief in the Revolutionary War, and he was rewarded with a Congressional gold medal, the first bestowed by the new nation.

DEFEAT ON LONG ISLAND, AUGUST 27, 1776

Washington sent the larger part of his army to New York, himself following, and by mid-April he had taken up his headquarters in that city, General Putnam being in command of Long Island. The following months were

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busily employed in the building of redoubts and earthworks to protect the city on all sides.

Near the end of June, General Howe arrived with his army of twenty-seven regiments of well drilled British regulars, and fifty field pieces, Lieutenant-generals Clinton and Earl Percy, being next in command. To this force were added eight thousand Hessians, led by veteran officers. In contrast to this formidable army, Washington's ranks were composed of poorly drilled regiments, hastily raised by Congress, enlisted from ten of thirteen colonies. Few of the soldiers were uniformed, or equipped properly. For the most part, however, they were brave and determined men.

Confident that the British would soon attack, Washington addressed his troops as follows: "The enemy have now landed on Long Island and the hour is fast approaching on which the honor and success, and the safety of our bleeding country depend. Remember, officers and soldiers, that you are fighting for the blessings of liberty; that slavery will be your portion and that of your posterity if you do not acquit yourselves like men."

On August twenty-second, Howe transported fifteen thousand soldiers, with forty guns from his Staten Island camp to Long Island. The battle opened in the early morning of the twenty-seventh and raged until two in the afternoon. By an all night march, Howe had turned the unguarded American left flank, thereby enveloping the rest of their battle line. The Americans were compelled to

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retreat, two generals, Sullivan and Stirling, and nearly a thousand men having been taken prisoner. Washington, crossing over from New York when the fighting was hottest, saw with anguish, from one of the redoubts, the destruction of Smallwood's brave Marylanders. He is said to have exclaimed, "Good God! What brave fellows must I this day lose!"

The next forty-eight hours were anxious ones for the American commander-in-chief. At four o'clock the morning after the battle he visited every part of the works and ordered three regiments ferried over from New York as reinforcements. On the twenty-eighth rain fell in torrents, drenching the dispirited Americans, and keeping the British in their tents. At midnight a dense fog enveloped the hostile armies, lasting well into the next day. Howe, confident that his enemy was in his grasp, decided to dig in-trenchments and so, with his superior artillery, take the position.

HARLEM, SEPTEMBER 16, 1776

The British having effected a landing in New York, Washington retreated to the northward, establishing his fortified lines across Manhattan Island at Harlem. At his headquarters in the Roger Morris house, early in the morning of September sixteenth, he learned of an attack by the enemy, and spurred in all haste to his advance lines where his men were hotly engaged. To his surprise and

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delight, they were pressing the red coats to the rear. The lines were reinforced and what opened as a skirmish soon turned into a battle, fought mostly in a buckwheat field near the present site of Columbia University. Presently Sir Henry Clinton brought up so large a force of Highlanders and Hessians that Washington retired to his intrenchments. A brief action, but being their first success, it was one that raised the spirits of the army. Writing to Congress of the battle, Washington said, "This affair, I am in hopes, will be attended with many salutary consequences as it seems to have greatly inspirited the whole of our troops."

WHITE PLAINS—OCTOBER 25, 1776

Nearly a month elapsed before the British commander made a move against Washington's army by landing troops six miles up Long Island Sound to turn the American flank. Leaving his position at Harlem, Washington withdrew to the hills of the Bronx River, occupying a strong position at White Plains, with Chatterton's Hill on his right. On the morning of October twenty-eighth, Howe opened the battle, fording the river and advancing under cover of artillery fire to attack the hill. Washington, galloping with several of his officers to the scene of action, reinforced his line at this point with his best regiments. Twice the hill was stormed with no success. A third attack by the Hessians was, however, effective, the

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Americans being obliged to give way and retreat to their main lines. This drawn battle with considerable loss on both sides is known as Chatterton's Hill, or White Plains.

THE LOSS OF FORT WASHINGTON—NOVEMBER 17, 1776

The next encounter was the capture of Fort Washington, a sad disaster for the cause of liberty, as the entire garrison were made prisoners. Many of them gave their lives to the cause dying in the prison ships and sugar houses put to prison uses by the enemy. From the cliffs on the New Jersey side of the Hudson, Washington saw the fort stormed on all sides, and, it is said, he wept to see his men bayoneted as they begged for quarter. This loss of Fort Washington with its three thousand brave defenders was the worst reverse that had befallen the American cause for it surrendered New York and all of Manhattan Island to the British who held it during the seven years of the war.

RETREATING THROUGH "THE JERSEYS"

British ships having command of the Hudson, Cornwallis with six thousand men, crossed near Dobbs Ferry to the Jersey side, forcing the abandonment of Fort Lee with its artillery and military stores.

The now diminishing American army was on its disheartening retreat to the southward. Washington wrote, "I am almost wearied to death with the retrograde motion of things, and I solemnly protest, that a pecuniary reward

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of twenty thousand pounds a year would not induce me to undergo what I do." Sending troops to General Schuyler in the north, and ordering Lee to cross the North River to be ready to join him if needed, he marched on from Hackensack to Newark. With the militia melting away, the outlook for the cause of liberty was very dark. The enemy were so close that Newark was abandoned for New Brunswick, then a small village farther south, then on through Princeton and Trenton until the Delaware was crossed. There Washington determined to make a stand as long as possible.

With few cavalry and little artillery, an army of less than three thousand, many of the soldiers men whose term of service was about to expire, the troops dispirited, poorly armed and worse clad, destitute of blankets, tents or cooking utensils, the cold of winter close at hand, it certainly seemed as if the end had come in the struggle for independence. But it was then that the great qualities of Washington were shown to the full—his unyielding firmness, his ability to struggle against adverse fortune, his exalted patriotism—qualities of character to which America is indebted for her independence.

TRENTON—DECEMBER 26, 1776

The week from December 26, 1776, to January 3, 1777, was certainly a time of action for Washington and his ragged army—a week that totally changed the aspect of the conflict and redounded to the glory of the commander—

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in-chief. Congress, having placed supreme dictatorial powers in his hands "until further notice," he now resolved on a bold stroke. Learning from a spy that forces of the enemy were in cantonments reaching from New Brunswick to the Delaware, Washington exclaimed, "Now is the time to clip their wings, they are so spread!" As at Long Island, Glover's Regiment of Fishermen had assembled all the boats from along the river for miles, and Christmas night was set to attack the fifteen hundred Hessians encamped at Trenton. The story of this attack and its result is well known to all readers of American history—the crossing of the ice-filled river by twenty-four hundred Continentals, the nine-mile march in sleet and snow; and the early morning surprise and capture of the Hessians at Trenton after their Christmas carouse! Washington and Knox, at the head of King Street, directed the artillery, and Rall, the Hessian commander, mortally wounded, surrendered with nine hundred of his troops grounding their arms—all in the space of an hour! This is one of the high spots in the career of our greatest American. "Victory or death" was the countersign that night, and victory not death, save to two of his men, was the glorious result of Washington's plan and the work of his devoted little army.

PRINCETON—JANUARY 3, 1777

Sending his prisoners with their captured guns and flags to Philadelphia, Washington recrossed the Delaware

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that same evening to rest his tired men. In general orders the next day he warmly thanked his troops for their steady and brave conduct. Thus heartened, his soldiers, at the end of a dark year, a year of many defeats and privations, became a triumphant army infused with high spirits and more hopes and determination to continue the conflict than had been seen since independence had been declared.

To wipe out the disgrace of this defeat Howe at once despatched Cornwallis with a force of eight thousand men to Trenton. Washington, who had returned there on December thirtieth with reinforced ranks, took up his position along the banks of Assunpink Creek opposite the town. Late on the afternoon of January second, Cornwallis arrived intending to "bag the old fox in the morning," but "the old fox" was not to be so easily caught! He had left his camp fires burning and had stolen away during the night to attack the regiments Cornwallis had left at Princeton seventeen miles away.

Of this night march to Princeton over the frozen highways, it is told that the patriot army was aided by a woman of Trenton, who volunteered to guide the troops over the back roads she knew so well. Washington, being satisfied of her patriotism, willingly put his army under her guidance and so, in a soldier's coat and mounted on horseback, she rode with the commander-in-chief at the head of the army, reaching Princeton at dawn.

Two of the British regiments had already started to

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join Cornwallis, but wheeled to meet the advancing Americans. General Mercer who led the first attack of the Americans was unable to meet the charge of British bayonets. His men, after three volleys, were put to flight, leaving the general mortally wounded on the field. It was then that Washington, seeing the disorder among Mercer's men, rode straight to the front to stiffen the wavering troops, reining in his horse within thirty yards of the enemy. Although he appeared to be reckless of all danger, he never was in greater peril. With his horse facing the enemy, exposed to the fire of both sides, it seemed impossible that he should escape death. In fact, one of his aides, as we have said, covered his eyes with his hat that he might not see his beloved commander fall. Yet he was not even wounded.

Colonel Mawhood with his seventeenth British regiment, under a galling fire from Moulder's artillery, together with the approach of a fresh brigade, and the charge of a troop of cavalry led by Washington, retreated, taking up his march to join Cornwallis.

Two of the enemy's regiments were still in Princeton, and the tide of battle turned toward the college buildings where the Americans took nearly three hundred prisoners—all except a small detachment who fled to New Brunswick. Washington then gave up his desire to attack New Brunswick and marched his army, exhausted by their twenty-four hours of strenuous action, to Morristown where winter quarters were established.

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In this short and sharp campaign, the commander-in-chief of the American army had been constantly in the field. He had annihilated the Hessians at Trenton, he had completely outgeneraled Cornwallis at Princeton, and these two victories added still further to his renown as a great soldier. Indeed, it is said that Frederick the Great, on hearing of these victories of Washington, declared that they were "the most brilliant of any recorded in the annals of military achievements."

BRANDYWINE—SEPTEMBER 11, 1777

The next major action in which Washington took the field was at Brandywine, in an effort to protect Philadelphia from General Howe who was approaching it from the sea. Having transported his force of eighteen thousand men to the head of the Elk River, General Howe permitted a fortnight to pass before he concentrated his troops against the American position on the north bank of Brandywine Creek. Here Washington was intrenched with his choicest regiments to dispute a crossing, his center being at Chad's Ford. On the right, some miles away, General Sullivan, with Lafayette, was in command.

Leaving General Knyphausen with a force of five thousand Hessians and British soldiers to keep Washington employed at Chad's Ford, Howe and Cornwallis executed the same manoeuvre that had proved so successful at Long Island, making a long march and crossing at fords higher up the stream. Howe's main force turned the

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American right flank and, in spite of a stubborn resistance against overwhelming numbers, Sullivan was forced to yield.

Washington, hearing of the plight of the right wing, hastened in a forced march with two brigades to Sullivan's aid, and while he was not able to stop the retreat, so disposed his force as to check the advance of the enemy, keeping them at bay for the rest of the day.

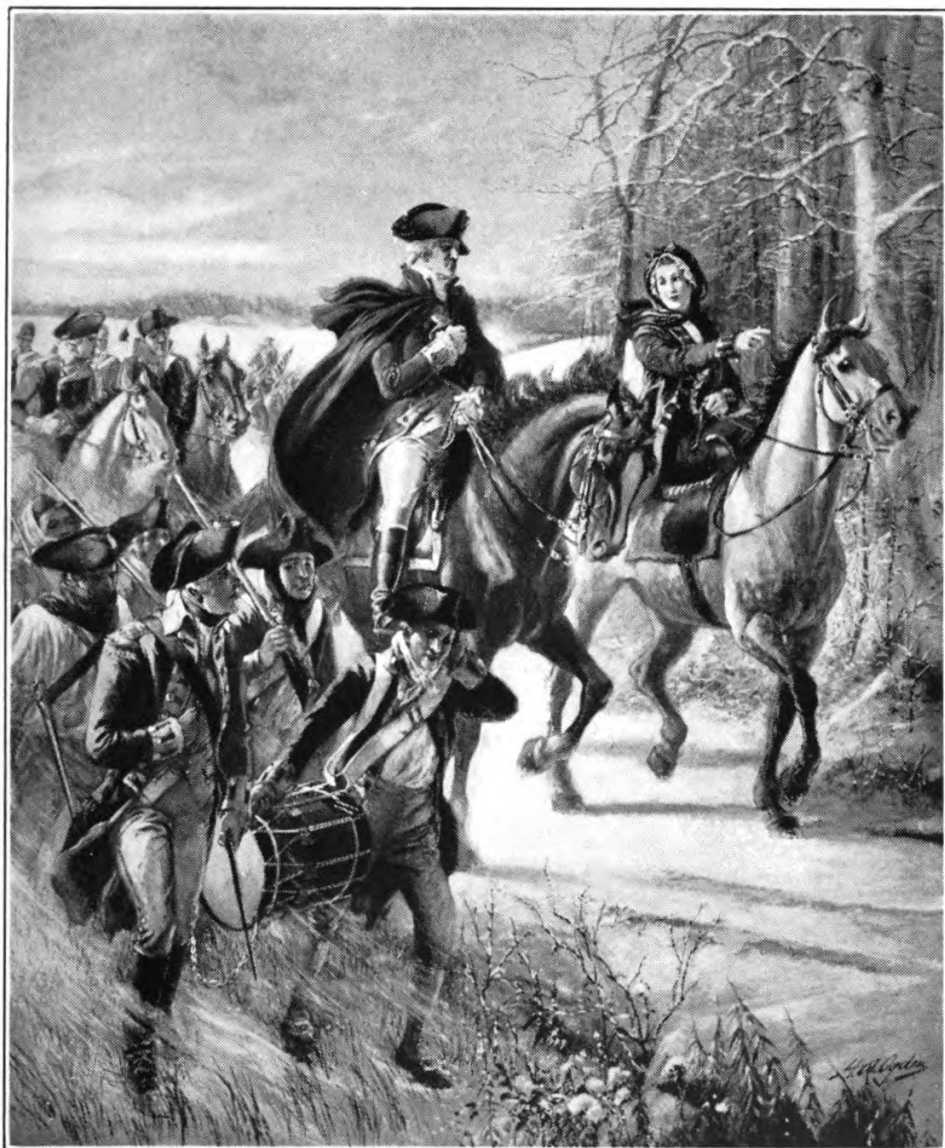
In his "Life of Washington" Chief Justice Marshall, then a young officer, gives a glowing account of Washington at the battle of Brandywine of which he was an eye witness. "The American commander-in-chief rode through every brigade of his army delivering in person his orders respecting the manner of receiving the enemy, exhorting his troops to rely principally on the bayonet, and encouraging them by the steady firmness of his countenance, as well as his words, to a vigorous performance of their duty."

This battle, being a complete victory for the British, was followed by the occupation of Philadelphia which Howe and his army entered with great pomp and parade on the twenty-sixth of the same month.

GERMANTOWN—OCTOBER 4, 1777

A well planned battle, lost by unforeseen causes, was the outcome of Washington's attack upon the British lines at Germantown about a week after Philadelphia was taken.

After an all-night march the army arrived about sunrise



In a soldier's coat and mounted on horseback, she rode with the
Commander-in-Chief at the head of the army

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in Chestnut Hill where dispositions for the attack were made.

The American troops advanced in three divisions. The enemy's pickets were driven in on the main body when the alarm was given. Vigorous assaults by the Americans at first drove the British back, but then occurred a succession of incidents that were deciding factors in the battle.

The Chew mansion, a solid stone structure on the main street, had been occupied by Colonel Musgrave with five companies of the Fortieth British Foot. This building had been barricaded and from the windows a galling fire was kept up. Precious time was lost by the American forces in vain attempts to destroy or capture this improvised fortress. Moreover, a thick fog enveloped the entire field of battle, friend and foe alike being unrecognized in the murky darkness.

At first the advantage seemed to be with the Americans, as the British were on the point of retreating, when panic seized the patriot troops, due to the confusion of the fog. This caused the enemy to recover from their surprise. They advanced and turned the tide of battle. As the Americans were in full retreat, the British remained in possession of the field.

Washington was present during the whole action, being seen at every post of danger, giving orders and encouraging the men. "I saw with great concern," said General Sullivan, "our brave commander-in-chief exposing himself to the hottest fire of the enemy in such a manner that

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regard for my country obliged me to ride to him and beg him to retire." Washington was deeply chagrined at this defeat, and wrote to Congress, "We did not know until the affair was over how near we were to gaining a complete victory."

MONMOUTH—JUNE 28, 1778

An interval of eight months elapsed before Washington went again into battle—months of suffering at Valley Forge, of patiently bearing the envy of some of his officers, and their conspiracy against him, of the drilling of American troops by Baron von Steuben, and the celebration of the alliance with France. These days although full of important happenings, were so dark with discouragement that it seemed as if it were Washington's fortitude alone, his devotion to the cause for which the country was fighting, that kept the Revolution alive.

It was in June, 1778, that Washington mounted the beautiful white Arab that Governor Livingston had presented to him, and advanced to Monmouth with the intention of intercepting Sir Henry Clinton and his whole army on the march to Sandy Hook. Six thousand men of his advance corps were under the command of General Charles Lee, the Englishman, who, at his own request, had superseded Lafayette. The battle was opened in the early morning of June twenty-eighth, a scorching hot Sunday, by an attempt to cut Clinton's line and so separate his long baggage train from his main army. Several small

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attacks had been made with more or less success when, for no accountable reason, Lee ordered a retreat. These orders were followed in confusion by a great body of the troops who had not seen the foe nor fired a shot. While this reversal of all his plans was going on, Washington with the main army was rapidly nearing the field of action. Discrediting the first tidings of affairs at the front, he sent trusty aides to confirm the report of the retreat. Then, as he met the retreating regiments, whose indignant officers announced that they were "flying from a shadow," he put spurs to his horse until the last of the column was reached, with the guilty author of the mischief bringing up the rear.

Blazing with wrath, the commander-in-chief in terrible tones demanded of Lee the reason for his action. Just what he said has not been recorded, but it was such a tongue-lashing that Lee could only stammer in reply. Ordering him to take proper means for checking the enemy, Washington reformed the lines, ready to receive the oncoming redcoats who, wherever they attacked, were repulsed with great loss. All through the day the fight went on. Men on both sides died from the terrific heat, and Washington's beautiful white horse sank under him and expired, as he rode everywhere about the field to inspirit his soldiers. When night came the army bivouacked in the field with the intention of carrying on the battle the next day—but when day came, the British were far on their way to Sandy Hook, having silently departed

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in the night. Monmouth was one of Washington's most strenuous days in the field, and the one in which, of all the days of his career, he had perhaps the best reason to give way to his temper.

THE YORKTOWN CAMPAIGN, AUGUST-OCTOBER 1781

In the three years that passed before Washington again took the field, many battles had been fought, with victory now on one side, now on the other,—battles in which, save as directing operations, he had no share. Burgoyne had surrendered his army at Saratoga; Stony Point had been taken by General Wayne; a French fleet and army under Admiral D'Estaing had come and gone; Paul Jones had won his immortal sea-fight; Charleston and Savannah had fallen; and the South had been overrun by Cornwallis, while Washington had marched and counter-marched along the Hudson, keeping Sir Henry Clinton cooped up in and around New York. In 1780, a second French army under Count de Rochambeau had arrived and had been quartered at Newport for nearly a year.

From his headquarters on the Hudson, the American commander-in-chief made long rides, during this period of inaction, both to Newport and Wethersfield for conferences with his French ally, in order to plan a move against the enemy on Manhattan Island.

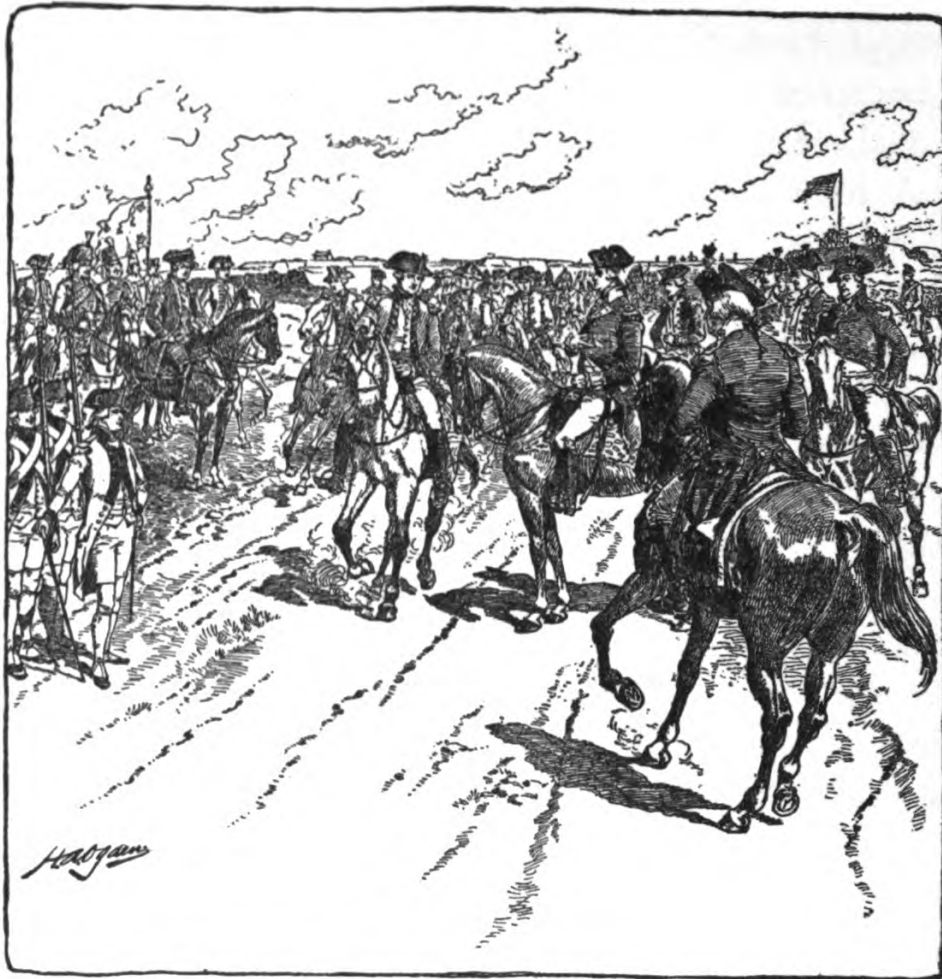
In mid-summer of 1781, the French had changed their quarters from Newport to Phillipsburg, near Dobbs Ferry, and there on August sixteenth, Washington reviewed sev-

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eral of Rochambeau's crack regiments. The two commanders planned to leave Clinton in the lurch, and by a rapid movement to Yorktown, to capture Cornwallis with his army. The allied forces, two thousand veteran continentals joined to four thousand French regulars, crossed the Hudson to take up their long march to Virginia. Their destination was kept a profound secret, and the combined forces were well on their way before Clinton was aware of their objective.

The French in their brilliant uniforms were in striking contrast to Washington's ragged continentals, who, as a French officer described them, "lost no credit in the steadiness of their march and their fitness for battle." Passing through Philadelphia on the southward march, the combined forces paraded amid the glad acclaim of the populace. At Chester, Washington received word that De Grasse had arrived in the Chesapeake, and his joy knew no bounds. He "let himself go," as we say to-day, and thereby astonished Rochambeau and his officers. Riding ahead of the marching troops, the commander-in-chief caused a short halt to be made at Fredericksburg, where Rochambeau was introduced to Mary Washington, his aged mother. From there, with Colonel Humphreys, his aide, he rode to Mount Vernon which he had not seen for six years. When he left his home, in 1775, he had had the rank of colonel, but he returned now as one of the best known generals in the world, surprising his wife by arriving late at night. Three days were given to this brief

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home-coming, Rochambeau with some of his officers partaking of Washington's hospitality on two of them.

Williamsburg was reached on September eighteenth, and then Lafayette, in his impulsive way, greeted Washington, French fashion, with a hug and kiss. All of the forces being assembled, the march to Yorktown, twelve miles away, was resumed and the investment of Cornwallis's fortified "citadel" was begun.

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With the Americans on the right, the French on the left, the besiegers set to work on intrenchments or "parallels," as they were called, until by September twenty-eighth, the British were completely hemmed in. When all was ready, Washington applied the "match" to the first gun, starting a bombardment that succeeded in crumbling the British works. On October sixteenth, Cornwallis sent out a flag of truce, requesting terms of surrender.

During the siege Washington, who was using tents for headquarters was continually in the field and frequently under fire. With Rochambeau, inspections were often made of the fortified lines. On one occasion, when shot had riddled the hat of a perturbed chaplain at his side, Washington told him to take his head-covering and show it to his wife and children. At another time one of the officers who had protested at the commander's dangerous position, was told "You have liberty to step back." On still another occasion, Knox seized Washington's arm to draw him away from a spent cannon ball. All of these stories go to show Washington's intense interest in the siege and his utter disregard of personal safety.

The terms of surrender having been signed, the garrison, some eight thousand British and Hessian soldiers, marched out at three o'clock on October nineteenth, drums and fifes playing a British march. They were headed by Brigadier General O'Hara, whom Cornwallis had deputed to give up his sword to the victor. When O'Hara rode up to Washington to perform this cere-

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mony, the commander-in-chief referred him with a fine gesture to General Lincoln who had been forced to surrender Charleston to Cornwallis two years before.

Marching on between the lines of the French on the west side of the road, the Americans opposite, the surrendered garrison was conducted to a field where arms were grounded and flags given up—and so came to an end this glorious campaign.

It was a campaign that had displayed Washington's marked ability as a soldier, the first real opportunity for generalship he had enjoyed in six years. His patience and tact in holding his poorly organized and worse equipped army together, despite defeats and hardships, had been the task of the statesman, rather than that of the military man, but this campaign of Yorktown, from its very inception entirely his own, was to give him a much higher reputation as a great soldier than any action of his previous career. Indeed, the surrender at Yorktown was a glorious reward for Washington's unwavering faith in the cause of his country, and for his determination, in spite of all obstacles, to "carry on"!



Rochambeau was introduced to Mary Washington, his aged mother

SOME CLOSE FRIENDS

THOSE known to have been friends of Washington have an assured place in the chronicles of his times. While George Washington was a diffident youth and in later life far from being a demonstrative man, his friendships were, in many cases, deep and lasting.

Of those friendships formed in his boyhood days only a few are recorded. To his "dear Robin" he writes of a camping trip and, in another letter, confides his admiration for a young lady, a fellow-guest where he was visiting. The young Washington, in fact, was in his 'teens rather given to writing verses and acrostics to his girl acquaintances, sighing at times on paper for a "lowland beauty" whose identity is still an open question. Richard Corbin was another boyhood friend to whom he wrote affectionately and to whom he felt he could apply for a military commission when some years later Richard was on the governor's council.

When Lawrence Washington married Anne Fairfax his young stepbrother, George, was introduced into a family with whom lasting ties of friendship were formed. Some three miles down the Potomac from Mount Vernon was "Belvoir," the Fairfax estate, where Lord

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Thomas Fairfax was then living with his brother William and his family. The cultivated elderly nobleman, accustomed to the court circles of England and an intimate of noted literary men, took a great fancy to the sixteen-year-old Virginian. This big swarthy man, fond of fox-hunting and full of vigor for his sixty years, enjoyed a deal of hard riding after the hounds, over the rough country roads with the young colonial. When Washington in 1778, saved him from persecution at the hands of the American party, the old nobleman wrote to the American commander-in-chief, "That you should act with your wonted kindness towards me, has affected me more than any favor I have received."

Another Fairfax, a nephew of his lordship, was George William, eight years older than Washington, with whom in the spring of 1748 he made a two months' surveying trip over the immense tract of land granted by the "Crown" to his uncle. This friendship proved a lasting one, outliving the Revolutionary War. George William's future wife, Sally, was also a dear friend, some modern writers claiming that she always held the first place in Washington's affections. Bryan Fairfax, another brother, who succeeded to the title, was also indebted to Washington for saving his estate from confiscation when our independence was established. The refining social life at Belvoir, the visits to his Lordship at "Greenway Court" as his mountain lodge was called, and the counsel and companionship of this older man, together with the in-

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fluence of such friends as the Fairfaxes, all became strong factors in molding the character of our first great American.

Living at Mount Vernon was one of Lawrence Washington's old companions in arms, Jacob Van Braam, from whom George learned fencing and the rudiments of the "military art." When Governor Dinwiddie sent the young Major Washington on a mission to the French at Fort le Boeuf to demand their departure, Van Braam was taken along as an interpreter, and also on the campaigns and fighting at Great Meadows and Fort Necessity a year later. Van Braam, taken to Canada as a hostage, was censured and disgraced, but by Washington's efforts was later reinstated.

Christopher Gist, a backwoodsman, was closely associated with Washington in these days at the beginning of his military career; and although not an intimate, he shared the arduous trip to the French post, and on the return saved his companion from drowning in the icy waters of the Monongahela, as we have seen in an earlier chapter.

A strong friendship, formed at this time, was with Captain Robert Stewart, of whose military ability Washington had the highest opinion. He helped Stewart in a money way to purchase a British army commission, and after a lapse of many years extended to him a most cordial invitation to visit Mount Vernon.

Doctor James Craik of Alexandria and Doctor Hugh

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Mercer of Fredericksburg were two professional men greatly loved by Washington. The former was with him in the Great Meadows defeat, and he was in attendance during Washington's last illness, closing his friend's eyes when the end came. As surgeon-general of the American army he was at Washington's side in all his battles during the war, and was regarded as the closest of his friends. On recovering from a dangerous illness Washington wrote to Dr. Craik: "Persuaded as I am that the case has been treated with skill and with as much tenderness as the nature of the complaint would admit, yet I confess I often wished your inspection of it." And of his old friend's professional skill, "If I should ever have occasion for a physician or surgeon, Dr. Craik (who) from forty years experience, is better qualified than a dozen of them put together." In his will, Washington says, to "my companion in arms and old and intimate friend Dr. Craik, I give my bureau (or as cabinet-makers call it, tambour secretary) and the circular chair, and appendages of my study."

Hugh Mercer, a Scotchman, practising medicine in Fredericksburg, was a friend of Washington from his earliest days and a fellow soldier in the Braddock campaign, being then a colonel of Virginia's militia. Upon the breaking out of the Revolution in 1775, he raised three regiments and was made a brigadier-general the following year. When he was mortally wounded on the battle-field of Princeton, Washington obtained permis-

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sion from Cornwallis to have his nephew George Lewis, attend his old comrade in his last extremity.

Several of Washington's friends in his early days, were men considerably his senior. Dinwiddie, Virginia's old Scotch governor, took a fatherly interest in the young man's advancement, and while their relations were largely official, their regard was mutual. Of Governor Shirley of Massachusetts the young colonel had a most high opinion. When they met at Alexandria at the time of Braddock's arrival, Washington wrote that "his character and appearance have perfectly charmed me; I think his every word and action discover him the gentleman and politician"—these terms being apparently equal at that time. This appreciation was fully returned by the royal governor when, after a five-hundred-mile mid-winter ride with Stewart and Mercer, Washington made a visit to Boston. He was received in the most hospitable manner and was not only granted his request, that the provincial officers should have equal rank with those of the royal forces, but as a mark of high confidence was told the details of the coming campaign.

Benjamin Franklin, whom Washington met on the march to Fort Duquesne in 1755 was twenty-six years his senior. A life-long attachment ensued between these two men whose characteristics were so different. Washington, reserved, dignified, slow in thought, but determined and persevering in action, and Franklin with his shrewd common sense, wide learning, philosophy and keen sense of

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humor, were in strong contrast; but from such opposites the strongest of friendships are often made. Franklin said of the then twenty-three-year old Virginia colonel, that "he could get help from Pennsylvania sooner than any other person in America." During their years of joint service to the country many instances testify to their mutual regard. When Franklin, our first ambassador to France, returned in 1785, Washington wrote in welcome, "Amid the public congratulations on your safe return to America after a long absence and the many eminent services you have rendered it, for which I, as a benefited person feel the obligation, permit an individual to join the public voice in expressing a sense of them; and to assure you that as no one entertains more respect for your great character, so no one can salute you with more sincerity, or greater pleasure than I do on the occasion." It was a graceful gesture on the younger man's part to call upon his old friend immediately on arriving in Philadelphia, before taking up the duty of presiding at the Constitutional convention in 1787.

This admiration and friendship for Franklin was further shown when Washington wrote "If to be venerated for benevolence, if to be admired for talents, if to be esteemed for patriotism, if to be beloved for philanthropy, can gratify the human mind, you must have the pleasing consolation to know that you have not lived in vain. And I flatter myself that it will be not ranked among the least grateful occurrences of your life to be assured, that, so

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long as I retain my memory, you will be thought on with respect, veneration, and affection by your sincere friend."

If more convincing evidence were needed of the bond of friendship between these two great Americans, it is found in the clause of Franklin's will, which reads, "My fine crab-tree walking-stick with a gold head curiously wrought in the form of the cap of liberty, I give to my friend, and the friend of mankind, General Washington. If it were a sceptre he has merited it, and would become it."

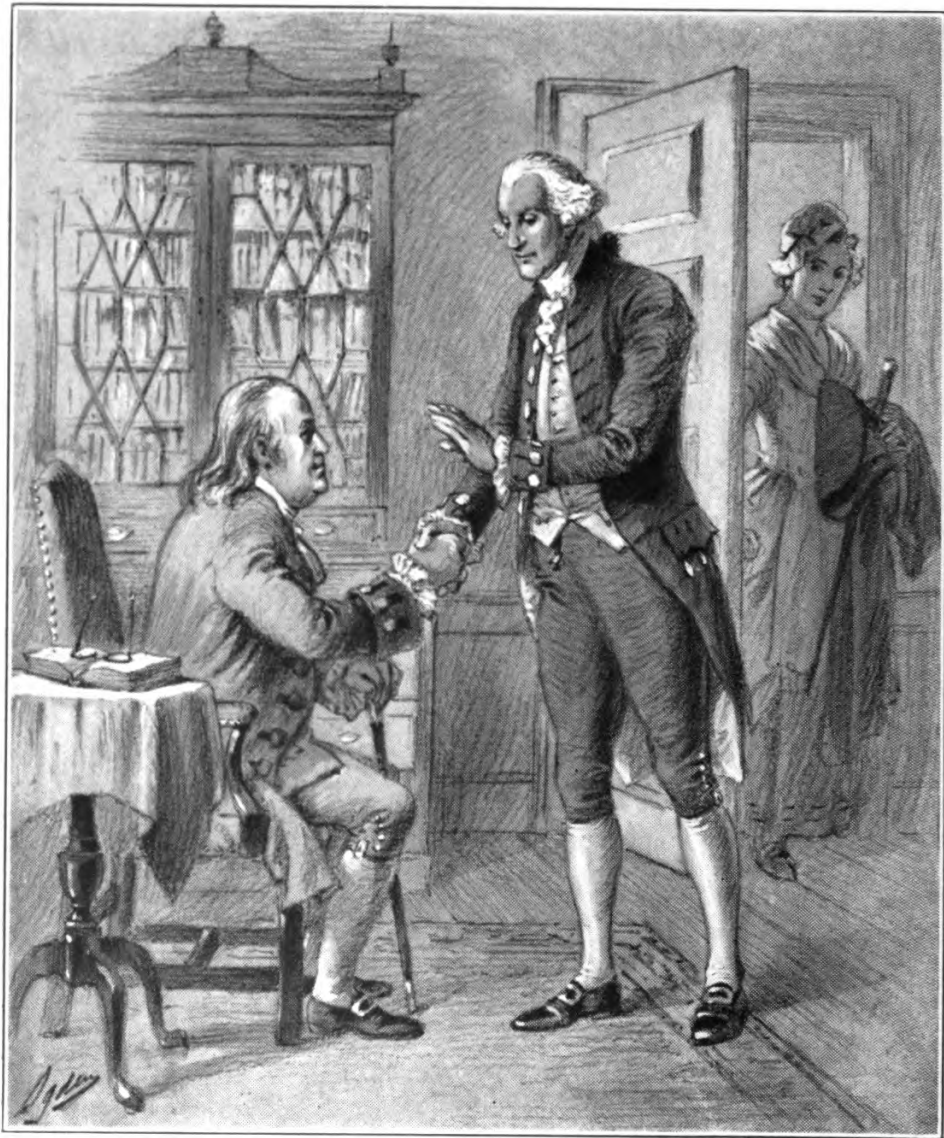
Among the near neighbors at Mount Vernon was a trusted friend upon whose counsel Washington greatly relied, George Mason of Gunston Hall, a man well-read in political history and holding radical views regarding the conditions of the time. In the days preceding the breaking of the ties with England these two friends with other prominent Virginians took part in debates, and protests to king and parliament. As Jefferson said of Washington and Mason, "They laid their shoulders to the great points, knowing that the little ones would follow themselves." Mason, while not a member of the assembly, ranked high among the notable Virginia statesmen of the period, the constitution of that State being drafted by him. It was therefore a great disappointment to Washington, at a later day, to find his old friend and counselor bitterly opposed to the adoption of the Federal Constitution.

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With the coming of General Braddock and his British regiments, in February, 1755, Washington made several new friends. Braddock appointed him aide-de-camp, allowing him at times to offer advice as to the best course to follow, the young Washington being more of a veteran at frontier fighting than the British officer with his own strict and formal methods of warfare. Braddock treated his young aide with respect and affection. On one occasion, it is related, that the young Virginian contradicted and instructed his general, standing "with his thumbs in his armholes," and that Braddock only growled, "What think you of this from a beardless boy?" That Washington became very fond of the stubborn general, was shown by his actions at the disastrous defeat at the Monongahela in July of that same year where he did all in his power to rally the broken forces after Braddock had fallen, directing the retreat and conducting the burial service when the general died three days later. Bishop, the general's favorite orderly, was committed to his care, and lived to serve his new master faithfully for many years.

With the young English officers Orme, Morris and Gage, Washington became more or less intimate, until the war for independence, at which time Gage commanding the British in Boston, was besieged by the Americans under Washington.

From the time that Jonathan Trumbull, the venerable governor of Connecticut, had bestowed a blessing on him, when he assumed command of the army, the friendship



A graceful gesture on Washington's part

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had been one that Washington always relied on. In an emergency he once exclaimed, "We must call on Brother Jonathan to advise us on the subject."

When Washington arrived at Cambridge in July and assumed command of his motley army, one of his first requirements was to get acquainted with the newly appointed generals and to organize his staff or "family" as it was known. During the eight years of conflict these aides-de-camp who composed the "family" were a collection of remarkable young men, and most of them were ten to fifteen years younger than their general. There were thirty of them in all, natives of eight of the thirteen colonies. Their terms of service varied from a few months to seven years, and they were constantly on duty, one or more acting as secretaries. Thomas Mifflin was the first to be appointed, but he served only a short time, being transferred to another department. Then there was young John Trumbull of Connecticut, whose ability as a draughtsman obtained for him the post of second aide for a brief period. He afterward took up the study of art and is known by many portraits and historical compositions, invaluable as documents of the time. While he was hardly an intimate, Washington was always friendly to him and helped him in his profession.

In many cases the "family" ties were a mutual attachment—Laurens, Tilghman, Robert H. Harrison and Humphreys were most devoted in their service. John Laurens, a South Carolinian, was not only another

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friend—distinguished in battle at Brandywine and Germantown, where he was wounded, and Yorktown—but was intrusted by Washington with a special mission to the French Court, which was executed most successfully. Tench Tilghman of Maryland served as a volunteer aide to Washington four years before receiving his commission as lieutenant-colonel, which was the rank given to the aides. He was constantly on duty, and as a mark of especial distinction, he was despatched to Congress with the tidings of Cornwallis's surrender, his ride there being noted in the annals of the time. When this favorite young officer died, Washington wrote his father a glowing tribute, saying, "excepting those of his nearest relatives, none could have felt his death with more regret than I did, because no one entertained a higher opinion of his worth, or had imbibed sentiments of greater friendship for him than I had done." Robert H. Harrison, a lawyer, served for six years as a valued secretary.

Between Washington and Charles Cotesworth Pinckney of South Carolina a deep friendship existed. Pinckney had been an aide at Brandywine and Germantown and later acted successively as Secretary of War and Secretary of State during Washington's presidency. It was Pinckney who, when serving as Minister to France, made the reply to the French government that thrilled all America—"Millions for defense, not one cent for tribute."

To David Humphreys was given the honor of laying the captured enemy flags from Yorktown at the feet of

SOME CLOSE FRIENDS

Congress. He accompanied Washington to Mount Vernon at the close of the war, and was the last of the "family" to part with the beloved commander. When in 1789 the newly elected first President traveled to New York, Humphreys was his companion, and acted as "master of ceremonies" at the new republican "court." Later on he was confidential secretary and lived for some time at Mount Vernon.

Alexander Hamilton, one of the youngest of the aides, was the most gifted of them all and a great favorite of the "family." Upon him devolved the duty of acting as host at headquarters on many occasions. In his "boy," as Washington affectionately called him, was placed entire trust and reliance. To him fell a large share of conducting an enormous correspondence. The more elaborate official letters, which did not come from the chief, were written by the young expert penman during his term of service as aide, from 1777 to 1781. Owing to a misunderstanding in which Washington chided him for seeming lack of respect, Hamilton returned to service in the "line." The breach was, however, healed before long and Washington gave Hamilton an important command at the assault upon Yorktown. At the Constitutional Convention, Hamilton's arguments were a tower of strength. Between Washington, the President, and Hamilton, his Secretary of the Treasury, the strong bond of affection is well known in history.

Of Washington's officers, Lafayette, Knox and Greene



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were the closest friends. The young French nobleman was only twenty years old, when in 1777 he joined the army as the youngest of the major-generals. Wounded at Brandywine, his first battle, he endeared himself to his fellow-officers who appreciated his devotion to the cause of liberty. How faithfully he supported and defended his chief by his constant efforts to procure help from his native land, and by the contributions from his own purse, is a well-known story. He was always an honored guest at Mount Vernon where he was loved and treated as a son by Washington, the devotion between these two noble characters becoming an outstanding feature of their lives.

Among the many letters in Lafayette's correspondence with his beloved commander-in-chief, occurs a beautiful tribute and prediction. "I cannot but envy the happiness of my grandchildren, when they will be about celebrating and worshipping your name. To have one of their ancestors among your soldiers, to know he had the good fortune to be the friend of your heart, will be the eternal honor in which they shall glory."

When, during the dark winter days of Valley Forge in 1778, the conspiracy known as the "Conway Cabal" was launched to oust Washington from his command, the staunch friends both in Congress and the army who rallied to his support were Dr. Craik, Benjamin Harrison, Patrick Henry, Gouverneur Morris, Charles Carroll, Edward Rutledge, John Laurens, Washington's aide (who in defense of the good name of his chief, fought and wounded

A black and white illustration depicting four men in 18th-century military uniforms. The man on the left stands facing the center, wearing a dark coat and a bicorne hat. The man in the center stands facing the right, also in uniform. The man on the right sits on a stool, wearing a similar uniform and a bicorne hat. The man in the background stands to the right, looking towards the others. They are in a camp setting with tents and trees. The illustration is signed 'J. G. B. 1793' in the bottom right corner.

1

SOME CLOSE FRIENDS

the envious General Charles Lee) and the devoted young Lafayette who spurned the efforts of the conspirators to persuade him to join them.

Of Henry Knox, Washington's big burly chief of artillery, who was with him in all of his battles, the commander wrote, "I can say with truth there is no man in the United States with whom I have been in habits of greater intimacy, no one whom I have loved more sincerely, nor any for whom I have had greater friendship." Washington was exceedingly fond of Nathaniel Greene, the ablest of all of the generals, and proved it by offering to educate the son whom Greene had named after him. Young Henry Lee, who was known as "Lighthouse Harry," was another of his military favorites, and it is to this officer we are indebted for one of the best known tributes to Washington—that he was, "first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

In the French forces who came to our aid, Washington made many friends, among whom were Rochambeau, commanding the army, and De Grasse, the admiral-in-chief; the former, on returning to France, had Washington's portrait hung by his bedside in his chateau. De Chastellux has left a detailed account of his visits to, and admiration of, the American commander-in-chief. In fact "le general Washington" was greatly admired by all of the French officers, as was shown by their enthusiasm when the general paid a visit to Rochambeau's headquar-

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ters at Newport in March, 1781. On this occasion a grand ball was given in his honor, the opening minuet being led by Washington, the French officers acting as musicians.

At Washington's bedside, holding his hand when the end came, was Tobias Lear, who for thirteen years had been his trusted secretary and who was always treated with affection.

Washington's wide contact with his fellow-men gave him a knowledge of character that was rarely at fault; although Benedict Arnold in the army, and Edmund Randolph, once an aide and later a Cabinet officer, are exceptions because of their treachery. Arnold, among the generals, held a high place in the commander's regard, by his dash and courage. Washington sympathized with him because of the unfair treatment accorded him by Congress, and appointed him to the command of West Point at the embittered officer's request. How his trust and regard were returned, how his faith was shattered by Arnold's treachery, is the saddest blot on our Revolutionary history.

Not all of the great man's friends have been mentioned here. Those told of in these pages were dear to him and his own writings to them and about them will serve to show how deeply he could feel and how fully he could give his trust and affection, in spite of the reserve and coldness which have been regarded so often as attributes of his character.



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AFTER Washington had said farewell to his officers at Fraunces's Tavern in New York on the fourth of December, 1783, and had resigned his commission to Congress at Annapolis nineteen days later, he returned to Mount Vernon to enjoy the life of a country gentleman and farmer—as he hoped, for the remainder of his days. For a period of four years he was able to do this, years in which the thirteen independent States were loosely held together by “Articles of Confederation” and a weak and timid Congress.

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Washington gave much thought and study to a possible remedy for this state of affairs. He wrote to John Jay, that "something must be done, or the fabric must fall, for it certainly is tottering." At last, much against his inclination to be plunged again into political affairs, his sense of duty and patriotism made him consent to act as a delegate to a Constitutional Convention called to meet on May 25, 1787, at Philadelphia. The fifty-five delegates from the thirteen States, over which, by unanimous vote, he presided, met in secret session through the hot summer months. After many compromises, wranglings and debates, the proposed Constitution was acceded to in September by the delegates of eleven States, to be ratified later by their State conventions. Summing up his opinion of the new Constitution, Washington writes to Lafayette: "It appears to me, then, little short of a miracle, that the delegates from so many different States (which States you know are also different from each other in their manners, circumstances and prejudices) should unite in forming a system of national government, so little liable to well-founded objections."

After a year's rest at home, Washington was notified on the fourteenth of April, 1789, that he was unanimously elected the first ruler of a great republic.

On starting, two days later, for New York, which was to be the first national capital, he wrote in his diary: "About ten o'clock I bade adieu to Mount Vernon, to private life and domestic felicity; and with a mind op-



WASHINGTON AND LAFAYETTE

The devotion between these two noble characters becoming an outstanding feature of their lives

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pressed with more anxious and painful sensations than I have words to express, set out for New York with Mr. Thomson and Colonel Humphreys, with the best disposition to render service to my country in obedience to its call, but with less hope of answering its expectations." His first duty en route was a visit to his aged mother at her home in Fredericksburg, a visit which proved to be a farewell, as she died the following August. The rest of the journey was a continual ovation, ending a week later at Murray's Wharf near the foot of Wall Street.

A carriage stood in waiting at the wharf with a velvet carpet laid from the pier to the vehicle; but the President-elect, on landing, chose to walk. The military and civil escort which attended him, the bells ringing, the cannon booming, the cheering populace, all contributed to effect a civic welcome that established a precedent for many a succeeding one in the metropolis.

The President-elect spent the week preceding the inauguration in comparative quiet, while Congress occupied the time in a lively debate over the question of how the new Executive was to be addressed. A committee was appointed to decide whether "His Excellency," "His Serene Highness," "His High Mightiness," or "His Highness, the President of the United States and Protector of Our Liberties" should be adopted, the final result of their labors being simply, "The President of the United States." To-day all this controversy seems amusing, but it should be remembered that an entirely new form of government

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was being launched, for which no precedents existed.

That milestone in our nation's life, Thursday, April 30, 1789, a bright and cloudless day, was ushered in at dawn with a national salute at Bowling Green; at nine o'clock the church bells clanged for a call to service; at midday the military with the committee of Congress and other dignitaries assembled to escort the President-elect, riding in his coach and four, to his inauguration at Federal Hall in Wall Street on the site of the present Sub-Treasury.

The preliminary ceremonies of the inauguration in the new Senate chamber and on the balcony adjoining, are described as most impressive. The crowd, silent as the oath of office was administered, burst forth with wild cheers when Chancellor Livingston exclaimed "Long live George Washington, President of the United States!"

Retiring to the Senate chamber, the new Chief Executive delivered his inaugural address, which has been described as "short, direct and comprehensive," to the assembled houses of Congress. Then followed a service in St. Paul's attended by the President and Congress. From the church, escorted by a committee, the President retired to the Walter Franklin house in Cherry Street which had been selected and fitted up as the executive mansion, while the people enjoyed the fireworks and illumination of the new national capital at the close of this memorable day.

A week later, as it was uncertain when Mrs. Washing-

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ton would arrive, the grand inaugural ball was given, attended by three hundred guests including many Government officials. As one wrote who was present, "The collection of ladies was numerous and brilliant and they were dressed with consummate taste and elegance." Although Mrs. Washington was absent, the President attended the ball. He had for partners in two cotillions Mrs. Alexander Hamilton and Mrs. Peter Van Brugh Livingston and "trod the stately measure of a minuet with Mrs. James Homer Maxwell, a pretty young bride."

One of the first steps of the new administration was to organize the executive departments. John Jay as Secretary of Foreign Affairs, General Knox as Secretary of War, with Osgood, Walter Livingston and Arthur Lee, who had acted as Controllers of the Treasury under the old Congress, formed the first, or temporary Cabinet.

The new President consulted Vice-President John Adams, Jay, Hamilton, and Madison on the regulation of his personal affairs so as to allot the time for public business and the necessary etiquette for ceremonials. From their suggestions, with wise discretion, he adopted those he considered least open to public criticism while still preserving the dignity of his office.

It was decided that the President would pay no calls of a private nature. Tuesdays and Fridays, from two to three o'clock were set for public receptions, with Colonel Humphreys acting as master of ceremonies, and to these the people generally were welcome. From the very start

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the disgruntled and radical elements, lacking a proper regard for the high office of President, found fault with these occasions. Although they were devoid of all pomp, they were spoken of as "court levees," and when Mrs. Washington held her weekly receptions they were referred to as "queenly drawing-rooms." When the President took an airing in his coach-and-four with driver and footman in his own livery, precisely as he did at his Virginia home, there were fault finders to complain of ostentation and an aping of royalty. Even the way the new Executive bowed was criticized as being "distant and stiff" and that there was "more pomp than at St. James." Concerning this fault finder, Washington wrote, "That I have not been able to make bows to the taste of the poor Colonel (who, by the by, I believe never saw one of them) is to be regretted. Would it not have been better to throw the veil of charity over them, ascribing their stiffness to the effects of age, or to the unskillfulness of my teacher, rather than to the pride and the dignity of office, which, God knows, has no charms for me."

A month after the inauguration Mrs. Washington with two of her grandchildren arrived, after a nine day's journey from Mount Vernon which closely resembled that of her illustrious husband, with the military escorts, receptions, banquets, salute of cannon and ringing of bells, that were accorded her. Her first levee or "drawing-room" was held two days after her arrival. One of the guests records that, "proud of her husband's exalted fame, and

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jealous of the honors due, not only to his own lofty character, but to the dignified station to which a grateful country had called him, Mrs. Washington was careful in her drawing-rooms, to exact those courtesies to which she knew he was entitled, as well on account of personal merit as of official consideration. None, therefore, were admitted to the levees but those who had either a right by official station to be there, or were entitled to the privilege by established merit and character."

So many vital questions had to be considered at the outset of his first term of office, that Washington was almost overwhelmed. "I walk as it were" he said, "upon untrodden ground." Foreign affairs, the liquidation of the public debt, supplying funds for the treasury, the regulation of commerce and trade, the creation of a revenue system and pacification of hostile Indian tribes with whom treaties were to be made were a few of these questions. In the spring, while examining reports from bureau chiefs and making himself familiar with the foreign correspondence, he was stricken with a painful malady (told of in another chapter) which incapacitated him until the end of July.

Congress during the summer had established the departments that were, with the President, to form an executive council. The office of Secretary of the Treasury was given to young Alexander Hamilton. When Washington had asked Robert Morris, the financier, who could handle the question of the heavy national debt, Morris had re-

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plied, "There is but one man in the United States and that is Hamilton." General Henry Knox, the President's old friend and companion in arms, was made Secretary of War, and Edmund Randolph of Virginia was appointed Attorney-general. The department of Secretary of State was given to Jefferson upon his return from France and John Jay was appointed to the Chief Justiceship of the new Supreme Court. By the first of the year 1790, the new administration was in working order.

Congress having adjourned in September, the President visited all of the New England States then in the Union (a journey told of in a preceding chapter.) During his first term in the presidency the question of our attitude toward, and relations with France, then in the throes of her revolution and unsettled form of government, was an outstanding matter, for the struggles of France had enlisted warm sympathy among a large part of the people of the United States, particularly with Jefferson who had returned from that country with, as Mr. Lodge says, "both body and brain dressed in the French fashion."

Hamilton, the new Secretary of the Treasury, was the author of a scheme for the assumption by the Government of the public debt, a scheme which, being founded on common honesty, was received by the thinkers of the nation with approval. The debt was to be divided into three parts; the foreign, the domestic, and that of the States incurred during the Revolutionary War. The sum total, about eighty million dollars, seems small to-day, but

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it was enormous in 1790. The vote in Congress was close; and the story is that Hamilton, in order to win a majority in its favor, won Jefferson's support for his assumption measure by agreeing to favor and secure votes for the site of a national capital to the southward. The outcome of this agreement was that Philadelphia should be the seat of Government for ten years and that thereafter the capital was to be located on the banks of the Potomac.

As the Cherry Street residence proved to be too far uptown, the commodious McComb mansion, on Broadway just below Trinity Church, was converted into the executive mansion. This was much nearer the meeting place of Congress than the house on Cherry Street.

In his diary during this autumn and winter, the President made numerous notes about horseback rides, walks around the Battery, or "exercising with Mrs. Washington and the children" in his coach. A frequent ride called "the fourteen miles 'round" was up the west side (now Riverside Drive) across the open country to the Boston Post road and then by the Bowery, home. Many were the dinners, formal and otherwise, receptions, visits of State governors, distinguished foreigners etc., which were recorded from day to day, so that, what with his official duties, it may be said that the Chief Executive "set the pace" for activity during the eighteen months that New York was the capital of the young republic.

Small Indian troubles arose during the autumn, one an uprising of the Creek tribe in Florida. This was ended

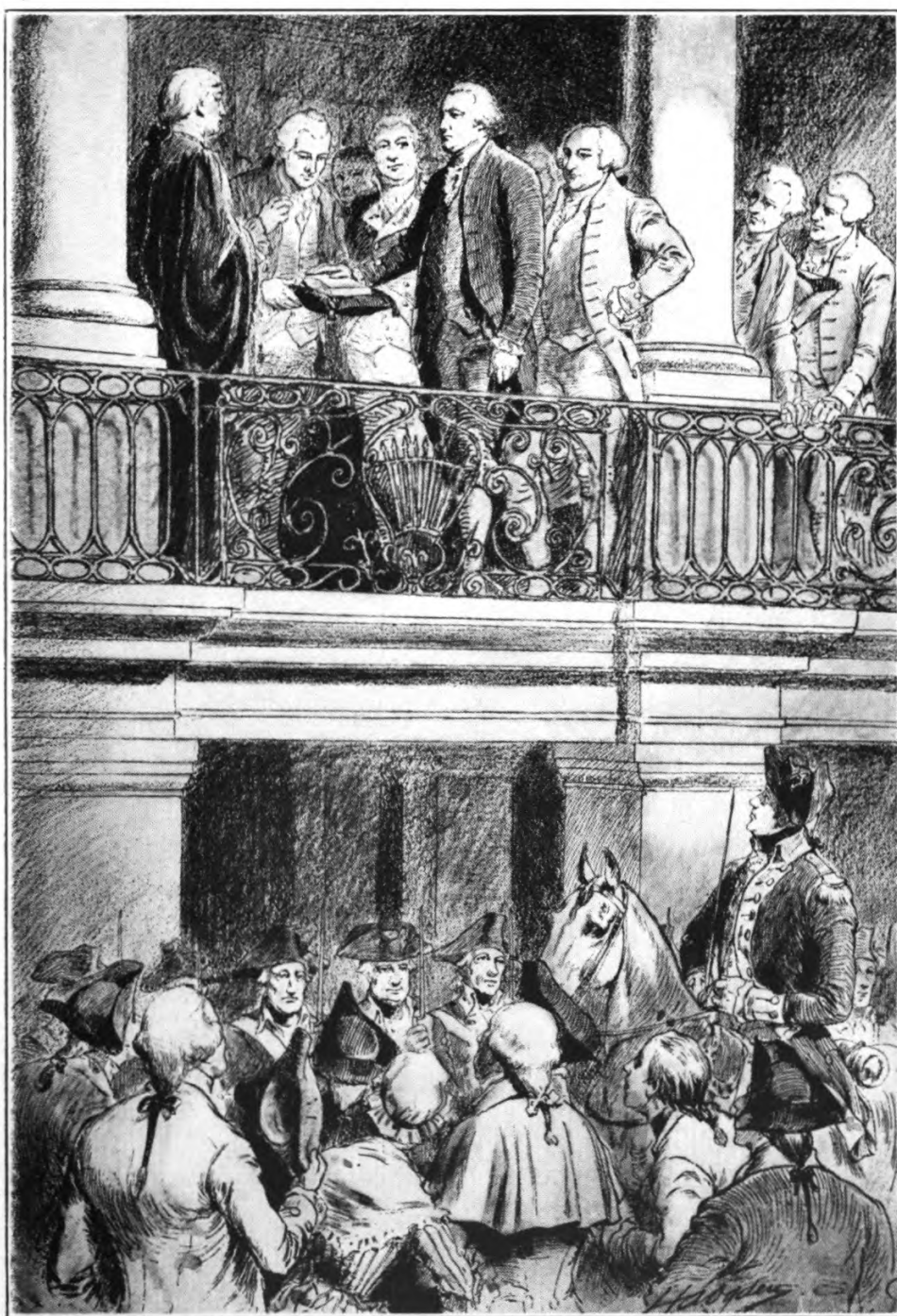
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by negotiation, aided by Washington's reception and treatment of the Creek chiefs when they visited New York.

A more serious outbreak in Ohio by western tribes encouraged by British agents, required sterner measures. A military force of fourteen hundred men under General Harmer was sent to subdue them. After burning villages and destroying crops, the expedition returned but failed to accomplish any decisive result.

Once again during his New York sojourn, in the summer of 1791, Washington was prostrated, this time by a severe attack of inflammation of the lungs. He was helped toward recovery by a sea trip with Jefferson to Rhode Island, that State having shortly before ratified the Constitution as the thirteenth State of the Union.

As Philadelphia was to be the national capital, Washington rented at his own expense the residence of his old friend, Robert Morris, on Market Street for an executive mansion; and there, in its spacious drawing-room, Mrs. Washington held the first of her levees in the new capital on Christmas evening, 1790. Her grandson, G. W. P. Custis, has left a full account of these occasions which were brilliant social affairs, although ended at nine o'clock by Mrs. Washington who, as the great clock in the hall struck that hour, would say with a smile, "The General always retires at nine and I usually precede him!" With fully restored health, the President took up his public



Washington's Inauguration, New York, April 30th, 1789



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duties with energy and deep interest in the legislation of Congress now in its second session.

Already there was an opposition party fostered by Jefferson which grew out of Jefferson's rivalry with Hamilton and conflict with Hamilton's opinions. For some twenty years, these parties were called "Federal" and "Republican," growing to such antagonism that our first President longed to lay down the reins of government because of it.

The principal active events of the remaining two years of Washington's first term were the admission of Vermont and Kentucky into the Union; the disastrous defeat of General St. Clair by the northwestern Indians, a defeat that greatly affected the President, as he had particularly warned St. Clair against an Indian surprise; and his ardent advocacy of legislation to encourage manufactures and sources of revenue to the Government to be raised by duties on imports, and an internal revenue tax on distilled spirits, the latter giving rise to violent opposition when first proposed. Washington met this opposition with a proclamation, warning those who resisted the measure that the law would be enforced, quieting the disorders for at least the remainder of his first presidential term.

The time was approaching for a new presidential election, which Washington hoped would mean for him, a return to Mount Vernon and rest. The party quarrels and animosities in his Cabinet wearied him, and the infirmities of increasing age furthered his longing for retirement,

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but both parties, and his close advisers, were insistent that he serve a second term. Hamilton, Madison and even Jefferson felt and urged his acceptance. The President feared, he told Jefferson, that "it would be said his former professions of retirement had been mere affectation, and that he was like other men, when once in office, he would not quit it." Jefferson's reply to this was "the confidence of the whole Union is centered in you. Your being at the helm will be more than an answer to every argument which can be used to alarm and lead the people in any quarter into violence and secession. North and South will hang together if they have you to hang on." Madison thought, that Washington's retirement might have "effects which ought not to be hazarded," and argued that "a continuance of temperate government is the best way to allow the enemies of the Government and Federal party to lose their influence." These urgent pleas of friends, the critical questions then at hand, the growing antagonism of parties, the desire of the people all through the States for his acceptance, together with his own willingness to serve his country in her hour of need, were the vital reasons which caused him to put aside his own wishes and obey the call to duty. In the ensuing election, he was again chosen President by the unanimous vote of the Electoral College.

On March 4, 1793, in the Supreme Court chamber, Philadelphia, Judge Cushing administered the oath of office to President Washington on his inauguration for a second term. In his "coach and six" preceded by the

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marshal, the President-elect had ridden to Congress hall where the ceremony was performed, escorted by crowds of citizens. An eye witness describing the reading of the inaugural address, says that Washington was dressed in rich black velvet, with black silk stockings, that his hair was profusely powdered, and was worn projecting at the sides, and that he wore a dress sword and carried a cocked hat—in fact, exactly as we know him from Stuart's full length portraits.

"To you" he wrote his friend and secretary Colonel Humphreys, "who know my love of retirement and domestic life, it is unnecessary to say, that in accepting this reappointment I relinquish those personal enjoyments to which I am peculiarly attached."

The years of this second presidential term were probably the hardest that Washington was ever called upon to endure. Party prejudice grew to such vindictiveness that on many occasions the President restrained his temper with difficulty. At a Cabinet meeting he exclaimed, "I have never repented but once having slipped the moment of resigning my office, and that is every moment since." And that "I would rather be in my grave than in my present situation."

The course of events in France where the bloody revolution was in progress was watched with deep anxiety by Washington, for a passionate sympathy for the new republic was growing among the masses in America. Indeed it amounted almost to a craze, finding its culmina-

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tion when the minister of the new French republic, Genet, arrived in this country. The Republican party, led by Jefferson, was enthusiastic for a French alliance in war and peace, so taking advantage of this feeling, Genet started in to fit out privateers to prey on British commerce. "Citizen Genet" however, overstepped all bounds when he ignored Washington's proclamation of neutrality, and, censuring the President, threatened to appeal to the people. In defiance of explicit orders to detain the privateers he had been fitting out, Genet sent some of them to sea, thus offering an insult to the President and Government to which he had been accredited. This brought affairs to a climax and his recall to France was demanded. In this manner an annoying international episode was finally ended.

The terrible epidemic of yellow fever that visited Philadelphia in the summer of 1793 caused the seat of Government to be transferred, for the time being, to Germantown, a suburb of the capital city. Mrs. Washington, fearful of the danger, prevailed upon the President to accompany her to Mount Vernon, where they remained during the rage of the pestilence. The plague claimed nearly four thousand inhabitants of Philadelphia as victims before the epidemic was ended by a late October frost. It was proposed to call the new Congress to meet at Germantown, but, fortunately, by the first of December the danger had passed.

In the President's Cabinet dissensions between Hamil-

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ton and Jefferson reached the point where, on the last day of the year, the latter resigned his office and Edmund Randolph, the Attorney-general, succeeded him as Secretary of State. Trouble with the Dey of Algiers and his Barbary pirates started the building of a navy which was called into being by Washington, Congress, in the spring of 1794, authorizing him to provide four frigates of forty-four guns, two of thirty-six, also to equip, man and employ them. In addition, with the advice and consent of the Senate, he was to appoint six naval commanders and other officers. This was the beginning of the navy of the United States.

Trouble with Great Britain over her flagrant acts on the sea with regard to the rights of neutrals in her war with France made war seem inevitable. An army of fifteen thousand men, increased shortly to the enrollment of eighty thousand minute-men, to man forts, with an additional twenty thousand for a standing army, was proposed. To avert the conflict was Washington's most ardent desire, and he resolved to send an envoy extraordinary to England to open negotiations for a treaty. In spite of the war cry of the opposition, he held firmly to his purpose and sent Chief Justice John Jay upon the delicate mission, a mission which resulted in a treaty signed in November, to be submitted to each government for ratification. When, in the following March, Washington received the document, its contents were kept a profound secret for several months. He studied it carefully

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and digested each article fully. While disapproving it in part, he saw in it a basis for a satisfactory adjustment, and a guaranty of peace between the two nations. When the treaty was submitted to the Senate, it was greeted with such a storm of opposition, by the Republicans and sympathizers with France in all the seaboard States, that the chance of its being ratified seemed small indeed. As expressed by one historian, "It caused a tempest in the political atmosphere whose fury shook the Union to its foundation and proved to the utmost test the stability of the character and popularity of Washington." It was, however, finally adopted in secret session, its contents being given to the public shortly afterward and signed by the President on August 18, 1795.

The next event that called for action on the part of the Executive was the suppression of the "whisky rebellion," again being stirred up in western Pennsylvania. After two proclamations by the President had proved of little avail, drastic measures to uphold the authority of the national Government were adopted, by the sending of a force of fifteen thousand militia under the personal command of Washington to the seat of trouble. Advancing to Cumberland where his forces assembled, the President turned the command over to Governor Lee, the "Light Horse Harry" of the Revolution. Washington returned to Philadelphia for the opening of Congress. This display of force terminated the rebellion without shedding a drop of blood; a result chiefly brought about by the wisdom and energy of

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the President. The result fully established the Federal authority, while serving as an omen of future power and stability.

During the remainder of his second term, the President's activities were of a peaceful nature, though he was harassed by scurrilous attacks in the public press. The curbing of political societies opposing the administration; the conquest by General Wayne of the hostile tribes in Ohio; changes in the personnel of the Cabinet, caused by the retirement of Jefferson, Hamilton, Knox and Randolph; the laying of the cornerstone of the Capitol in the new Federal City that bears his name, were some of the outstanding events of the close of the administration.

The virulence of newspaper abuse and attacks on Washington reached such an extreme in the "Aurora" that Bache, its publisher, was severely beaten by aroused citizens. It is no wonder that the President welcomed the approach of the ending of his administration. During a two months' stay at Mount Vernon in the summer of 1796, his final arrangements were made for leaving public life forever, as he had determined not to yield again to the solicitation of his friends for a continuance in office. Deep and anxious thought was also given to his farewell address, a document which, while it embodies suggestions given by Madison, Hamilton and Jay, remains the noblest production of his own heart and mind.

The ballots of the electors for President, counted in Feb-

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ruary, 1797, gave John Adams seventy-one votes and Jefferson sixty-nine, thus making them (as was the custom at that time), President and Vice-President respectively.

It was with the keenest pleasure that Washington prepared for his relinquishment of office. To many of his old and tried friends, he wrote with deep feeling on the subject, while each day brought proofs of the love and veneration of the people whom he had served so long and well. Balls and banquets were held in his honor. At a formal dinner on the eve of inauguration day, Washington, in giving a farewell toast, said with a smile, "Ladies and Gentlemen, this is the last time I will drink your health as a public man. I do it with sincerity and wishing you all possible happiness."

On March 4, 1797, in the densely crowded hall of Representatives, the inauguration of John Adams took place. Washington's brief valedictory address is said to have deeply affected the audience, causing the new President to write his wife that "there was more weeping than there has ever been at the representation of a tragedy. But whether it was from grief or joy, from the loss of a beloved President, or from the accession of an unbeloved one, I do not know." On retiring from the hall, Washington, since he was now a private citizen, insisted on the new Executives preceding him, but when entering his coach, he was followed by an immense cheering crowd to his residence.

Five days later he left the seat of Government for his



Mrs. Washington held the first of her levees in Philadelphia, Christmas evening, 1790

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beloved Mount Vernon, a happy man. In Parliament, the eminent British orator, Charles James Fox, concluded a eulogy on Washington by saying, "I can not, indeed, help admiring the wisdom and fortune of this great man. By the phrase 'fortune' I mean not in the smallest degree to derogate from his merit. But notwithstanding his extraordinary talent and exalted integrity, it must be considered as singularly fortunate that he should have experienced a lot which so seldom falls to the fortune of humanity and have passed through such a variety of scenes without stain and reproach. It must indeed create astonishment, that, placed in circumstances so critical and filling for a series of years a station so conspicuous, his character should never once have been called in question; that he should in no one instance have been accused either of improper insolence or of mean submission in his transactions with foreign nations. For him it has been reserved to run the race of glory, without experiencing the smallest interruption to the brilliancy of his career."



How Washington Looked

It is safe to say that no face is better known the wide world over than George Washington's. We often wonder if the familiar profile on the postage stamps is really a likeness. So perhaps it may be of interest to learn who the artist was and how the statue, from which the profile is taken, came to be made.

After our War of the Revolution had ended, Congress passed a resolution ordering the erection of an equestrian statue in honor of the victorious commander-in-chief; but like many similar resolutions, it was not acted upon. The legislature of his native State, however, appropriated "one thousand guineas to have his image carved out of the finest marble." Jefferson and Franklin, at that time in Paris, were accordingly charged with the commission, and at once placed it in the hands of Houdon, the most prominent and able "statuary" (or, as we say to-day, sculptor) of the time.

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Jean Antoine Houdon had gained in Paris the first prize for sculpture, and had worked for ten years in Rome. Busts of the most prominent men in France and full-length statues of Voltaire and others had placed him at the head of his profession. He was then in the prime of life, being forty-four years old. Whatever he did bore the stamp of truth, and Americans should feel grateful for the splendid portrait busts he made, not only of Washington, but of Franklin, Jefferson, John Paul Jones, and Robert Fulton. When Jefferson solicited his services, he was engaged upon commissions for nearly every court in Europe, and it is said that he gave considerable offense at some of them upon finally agreeing to go to America, "risking his life in crossing the ocean to make a statue of a colonial rebel," as the empress of Russia observed when he asked to be released from several important orders she had already placed in his hands.

A copy by C. W. Peale of the portrait which he had painted of Washington had been sent to Paris for Houdon to follow; but he flatly refused to rely on such a work, telling Jefferson it would be absolutely necessary to see Washington himself in order to do justice to his art and his subject—a decision that delighted both Franklin and Jefferson.

To cross the Atlantic in those days of slow sailing-ships was a big and uncertain undertaking. So, while Houdon was perfectly willing to take the risk, he required a certain sum of money to be given his parents

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and sisters in case of accident. This insurance on his life being arranged by John Adams, our minister to England, the sculptor sailed with Franklin to undertake the work, which promised, so he felt, to make the brightest chapter of his history.

In the meantime, Jefferson had written Washington that Houdon was coming "for the purpose of lending the aid of his art to transmit you to posterity. He is without rivalry in it, being employed from all parts of Europe in whatever is capital." And he added that, not only as an artist but as a man, he would merit Washington's good opinion.

To the legislature of Virginia Jefferson also wrote, telling them of "the glory it would be to have the work done by so great an artist, one who was entirely without rivalry."

On their arrival at Philadelphia Washington wrote Franklin that he would accommodate Houdon in the best manner he was able, and would endeavor to render his stay as agreeable as he could; while to the sculptor he wrote, "I wish the object of your mission had been more worthy of the masterly genius of the first statuary of Europe, for thus you are represented to me."

In Washington's diary for October 3rd, 1785, he writes that about eleven o'clock, after the family were in bed, Mr. Houdon and his three young men assistants arrived, coming by boat from Alexandria.

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During the sculptor's two weeks' stay, Washington sat for a bust that was modeled in clay. He wrote in his diary a full account of the method of mixing the plaster of Paris and the making of the molds, a process in which he was greatly interested. He also submitted to the unpleasant operation of having a life-mask made of his features in order to insure a perfect likeness. In the presence of Madison exact measurements of his figure were made and full details of his uniform were noted to enable the sculptor to complete his work.

The clay bust was left by Houdon at Mount Vernon, where to-day it is the most highly valued of all of Mount Vernon's relics of the Father of his Country. But the life-mask and molds of the bust Houdon himself took to Paris, not trusting them to the hands of his assistants, "for," said he, "if they are lost in the ocean, I am determined to perish with them."

One day, during the sculptor's stay at Mount Vernon, Washington was looking at some fine horses with a view to their purchase, but the high price asked by the groom in charge so incensed him that the man was promptly sent away. Houdon, who witnessed the transaction, saw, with an artist's eye, in Washington's pose and expression the very thing needed for his statue, and made a memorandum of it. On the 19th of October, Washington writes: "Mr. Houdon, having finished the business which brought him hither, went up Monday with his people, work, and

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implements in my barge to Alexandria to take passage in the stage for Philadelphia next morning."

The statue, according to agreement, was to be finished in three years, but was not completed until 1789. Jefferson saw the work as it progressed, and was enthusiastic over the likeness and characteristic attitude that the sculptor had caught.

The State Capitol at Richmond not being completed, it was not until 1796 that the statue was shipped; and in May of that year it was received by an escort of artillery, infantry, and cavalry, and conducted to the newly finished building with full military honors. It was placed on its pedestal in the rotunda, where it still stands—the image of our greatest American by one of the greatest sculptors of all time!

That it is an accurate likeness is beyond question, for the care and fidelity of such a craftsman as Houdon, who well knew that he would live by this work, insured success. Lafayette, on his visit to America in 1824, was taken to Richmond and accompanied by a throng of people went eagerly to the Capitol in order to see the statue. As he stood silently gazing up at the image of his friend and former commander-in-chief, the tears came to his eyes, and he said, "That is the man himself; I can almost realize he is going to move!"

Many copies have been made from this original marble statue; one of plaster is in the Statuary Hall in the Capitol

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at Washington; South Carolina has one; and New York has one, which was erected by the school-children of the city and stood at first on Riverside Drive, but is now in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. With his head elevated, his figure erect, one hand on the bound fasces indicating the Union, and dressed in the uniform he wore when resigning his commission, the greatest American stands as he was in life, for each generation of Americans to see and know as long as our republic, that he did so much to establish, shall last.

During the interval of six years between the close of the Revolution and his inauguration as President, Washington was besieged by many artists of more or less note and ability to sit for his portrait. Some of the results of these efforts have their admirers and are valued by collectors, but it was not until Gilbert Stuart painted the famous head known as the Athenæum portrait that Washington's features were truthfully shown on canvas.

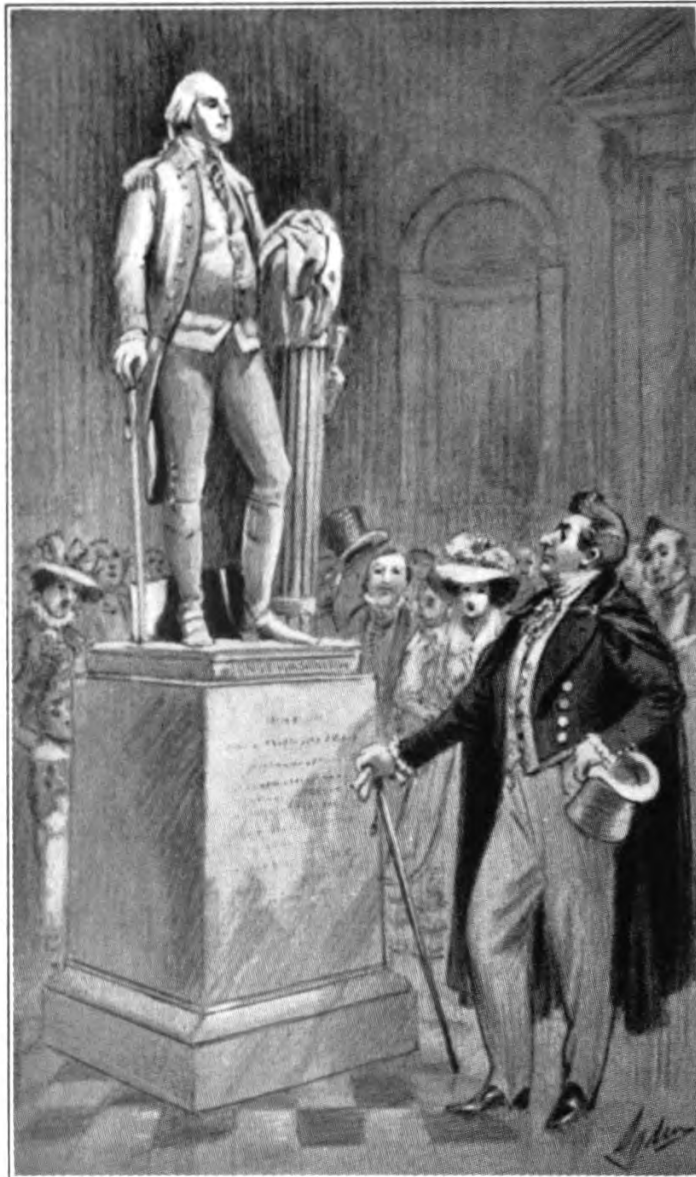
Born in Rhode Island in 1756, Stuart had gone when but a poor youth to England, where, having struggled hard to win his way in the world, he at last rivaled Sir Joshua Reynolds and Gainsborough as a portrait painter. Love of his native land and admiration of Washington, upon whom the attention of all Europe was fixed, created a great desire on Stuart's part to paint Washington's portrait, a desire that grew to be the most earnest wish of his life.

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In 1793 he accordingly returned to America, settling for some months in New York, where he gave sittings to numerous prominent people for their portraits. His reputation was well known, and his work in great demand. Indeed, the most highly prized heirloom in many an American family to-day is the portrait of an ancestor painted by Gilbert Stuart.

In 1794, while Congress was in session in Philadelphia, then the national capital, Stuart journeyed thither with a letter of introduction to President Washington from John Jay. In writing of her father, Jane Stuart says that soon after his arrival he called upon the President and left his card and the letter. After returning from a visit he had made in the country he found a note from Washington's secretary, Mr. Dandridge, inviting him to pass that evening with the President. On his arrival at the house he was ushered into a room which he supposed was an ante-chamber, but to his surprise he found himself in the immediate presence of the great man. Although accustomed to the first society of Europe, and possessed of excellent manners, he afterward declared that he was so intimidated as to lose, for the moment, all self-possession. But the President came forward and addressed him by name, receiving him so graciously that he soon recovered himself and entered into conversation,—an art in which he was well versed,—the President then introducing him to the company.

Early in the next year Stuart painted Washington's por-



“That is the man himself. I can almost realize he is going to move!”

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trait for the first time, but his admiration and respect for his sitter were so great that he felt ill at ease, and, being greatly dissatisfied with this first effort, destroyed it. His second attempt was more successful and was a full-length, life-sized canvas, painted at the request of a Mr. Bingham of Philadelphia. It was presented to Lord Lansdowne, and sent to England. This portrait has changed owners several times since it left Stuart's easel in 1795, being on one occasion disposed of by a lottery, where forty tickets at fifty guineas each were sold. The lucky purchaser was J. Delaware Lewis, who loaned it for exhibition at our Centennial Exposition in 1876, where, curiously enough, the portrait of our first President, by an American artist, took the most prominent place in the English loan collection. At the close of the exhibition it was returned to its owner in England, where it still remains.

We now come to the most famous of all Stuart's Washington paintings, known as the Athenæum portrait, showing the head only, with the background and coat unfinished. As the artist at this time had all the orders that he could possibly fill and was overrun with visitors, he gave up his Chestnut Street studio and moved to Germantown, then a near-by suburb, where he turned a barn standing in the rear of his dwelling-house into a "painting room." Having become better acquainted with the President, he had regained his self-possession and felt a desire to associate his own name with that of the Father of his Country by giving to Americans a faithful portrait

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of him. It was while he was living in that interesting old village that the first President visited the barn-loft studio, and, in his black velvet suit and lace ruffles, sat while the painter created the work that is to-day considered the "national standard" likeness of Washington.

During the sittings of the President and Mrs. Washington (for her portrait also was painted about this time) many of the distinguished men and women of the day visited the studio. Miss Elizabeth Parke Custis, one of Mrs. Washington's granddaughters, was a great enthusiast upon the subject of this Washington portrait. She frequently went about with the "General," as she called him, and, whenever she could find opportunity, would accompany him to the studio. In later years she told the painter's daughter that she was present during many of the sittings and had seen the likeness grow under the painter's hand. This portrait and that of Mrs. Washington were painted with great care, and the story is that, when near completion, Stuart said that it would be of great importance to him to keep the originals, to which Washington replied, "Certainly, Mr. Stuart, if they are of any consequence to you; I shall be perfectly satisfied with copies from your hand."

The copies ordered by Washington having been delivered, he made a call upon Stuart to express Mrs. Washington's and his own satisfaction with the result, a rather sure proof of their truthfulness, coming from such a man as Washington. The originals, with their unfinished cos-

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tumes and backgrounds, were retained by the artist as long as he lived, and the many copies for which he received orders were made from them.

This portrait of Washington was painted, we must remember, in his later life, ten years after Houdon made his statue, and, as in that case, it was a true representation of the man at that period of his career. The painter was satisfied with his work—he was, in fact, proud of his success. On being asked for his candid opinion about the truthfulness of the portraits and busts of Washington made at different times, he replied: “Houdon’s bust came first and my head of him next. When I painted him, he had just had a set of false teeth inserted, which accounts for the constrained expression so noticeable about the mouth and lower part of the face. Houdon’s bust does not suffer from this defect. I wanted him as he looked at that time.”

After Stuart’s death in 1828 these two portraits were sold, and in 1831 presented by the Washington Association to the Athenæum in Boston, where they hung for many years. They are now among the most treasured objects of the Boston Art Museum.

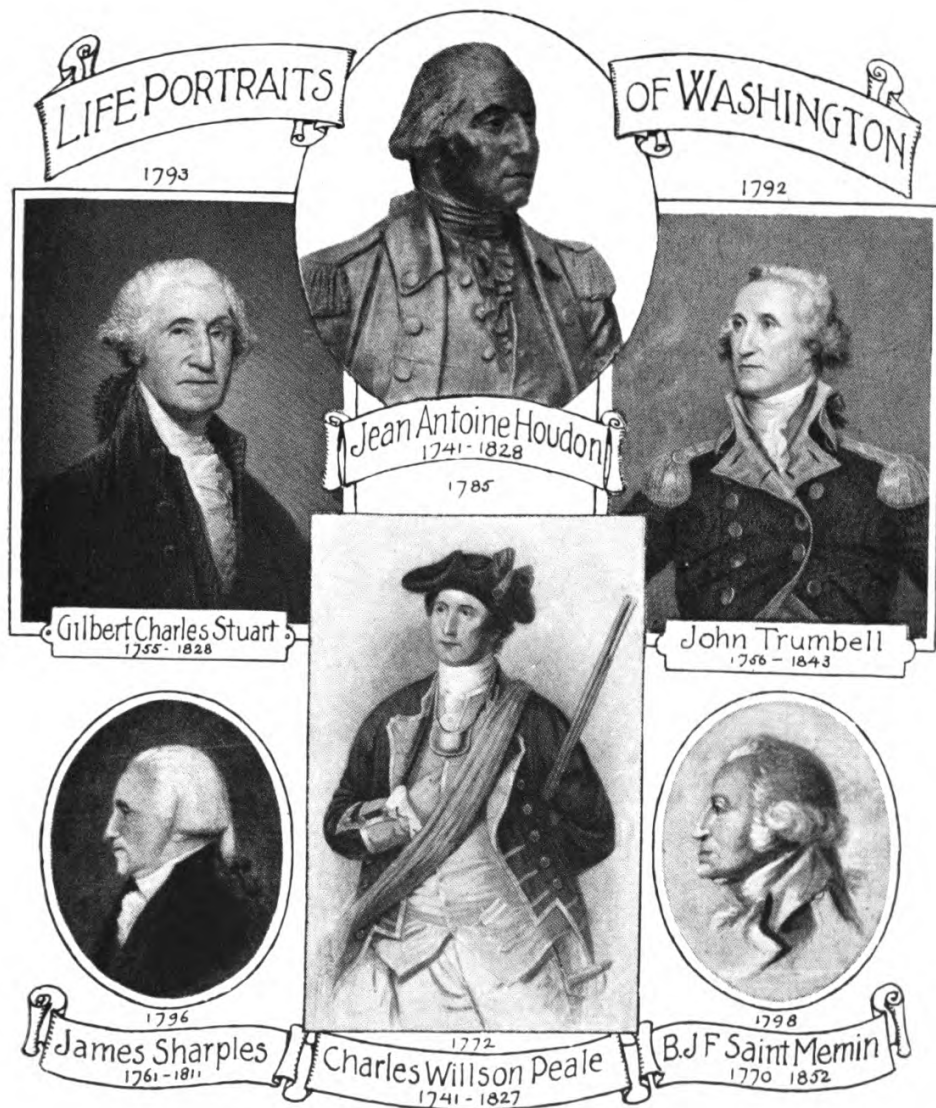
The placid look, the powdered hair, and the straight lines of the tightly closed lips of the “Athenæum” portrait have been familiar to all of us from childhood; from the walls of our classrooms, in our school histories, on bank-notes and in countless places this “national standard” is seen. Indeed, it may be called the “Household

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Washington." Like all of the portraits painted by Stuart, it is truthful, or, as an artist would say, "convincing"—a masterpiece, in fact, by which the artist's wish has been fully realized, for the name Gilbert Stuart is inseparable from that of George Washington in the history of portraiture.

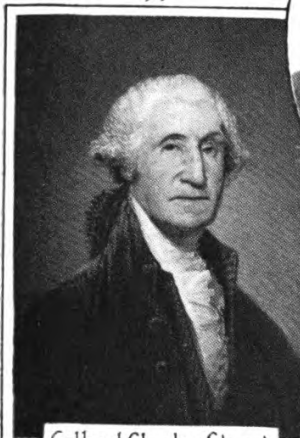
When Washington took command of the army at Cambridge in 1775, he was in the prime of life, forty-three years old, over six feet tall, robust, and as straight as an Indian. Dr. Thacher, an army surgeon, on seeing the general for the first time, wrote in his journal: "His Excellency was on horseback and in company with several military gentlemen. It was not difficult to distinguish him from all others; his personal appearance is truly noble and majestic, being tall and well proportioned. His dress is a blue coat with buff-colored facings, a rich epaulette on each shoulder, buff underdress, and an elegant small sword; a black cockade in his hat."

This was a description that applied to the commander-in-chief as John Trumbull painted him. Trumbull had been an aide-de-camp to Washington in the early part of the war, and certainly was familiar with his appearance as a soldier. When in later years he followed art as a profession, it was natural that his knowledge of the scenes and men of the Revolution should lead him to become a historical painter. His portraits of Washington are interesting as showing how the great man looked and dressed

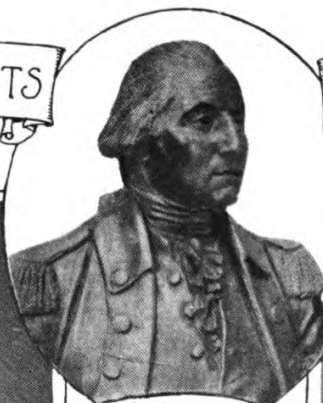


LIFE PORTRAITS

1793



Gilbert Charles Stuart
1755 - 1828



Jean Antoine Houdon
1741 - 1828

1785

OF WASHINGTON

1792



John Trumbell
1766 - 1843



1796

James Sharples
1761 - 1811



1772

Charles Willson Peale
1741 - 1827



1798

B.J.F. Saint Memin
1770 - 1852

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during the war, the face being younger than that of the Stuart portraits, and the hair slightly powdered.

Many people have a mistaken idea that Washington wore a wig. The hair in that day was worn long at the back, and either wrapped with a ribbon in a queue, as was the military fashion, or gathered in a silk bag with a big rosette. Powder was used slightly, as Trumbull shows, or in profusion, as in Stuart's portraits. During the years of his presidency, Washington, on state occasions or at his receptions, would appear in a suit of black velvet, with a satin waistcoat, silk stockings, and the silver handled dress-sword, in a white leather scabbard, now exhibited at Mount Vernon.

In his masterly "Life of Washington," Senator Lodge says:

We will never part with the picture drawn by a loving hand of that stately figure clad in black velvet, with hand on the hilt of the sword, standing at one of Mrs. Washington's levees and receiving with gentle and quiet dignity, full of kindness but untinged by cheap familiarity, the crowd that came to pay their respects. It was well for the republic that, at the threshold of its existence, it had for a President a man who, by the kindness of his heart, by his good sense, good manners, and fine breeding gave to the office which he held and the Government he founded the simple dignity which was a part of himself and of his own high character.

It is to this epoch that Stuart's portrait particularly applies, and we may feel confident that, in it, we truly see

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our first President. It has been the author's privilege to draw or paint the face and form of Washington on many occasions, and in order to be as accurate as possible, he has had one of the busts by Houdon fitted with a cocked hat and uniform, the latter copied from the original in the National Museum at Washington, so a likeness can be secured from any angle or in any light. The effect is surprisingly real. Indeed, as Lafayette felt when he first saw the statue, one can almost believe Washington is going to move.

The earliest authentic portrait from life of Washington was painted by Charles Willson Peale in 1772. This is a three quarter length, and the then Colonel of Virginia militia is painted in uniform. An earlier miniature exists, attributed to Copley, a young artist living in Boston when the youthful Washington visited Governor Shirley in 1756. It has also been credited to C. W. Peale, but it is probably not his, as Peale was only fifteen years old at the time and not following his art at that age. Washington, however, frequently posed for the elder Peale, as fourteen portraits were produced by that artist's brush during the Revolution and succeeding years. Peale's brother James and his son, Rembrandt, also tried their hands, the latter being obsessed with the intention of leaving a "true Washington" to posterity, the result being an idealized composite effort, painted in 1826, and now owned by the United States Government.

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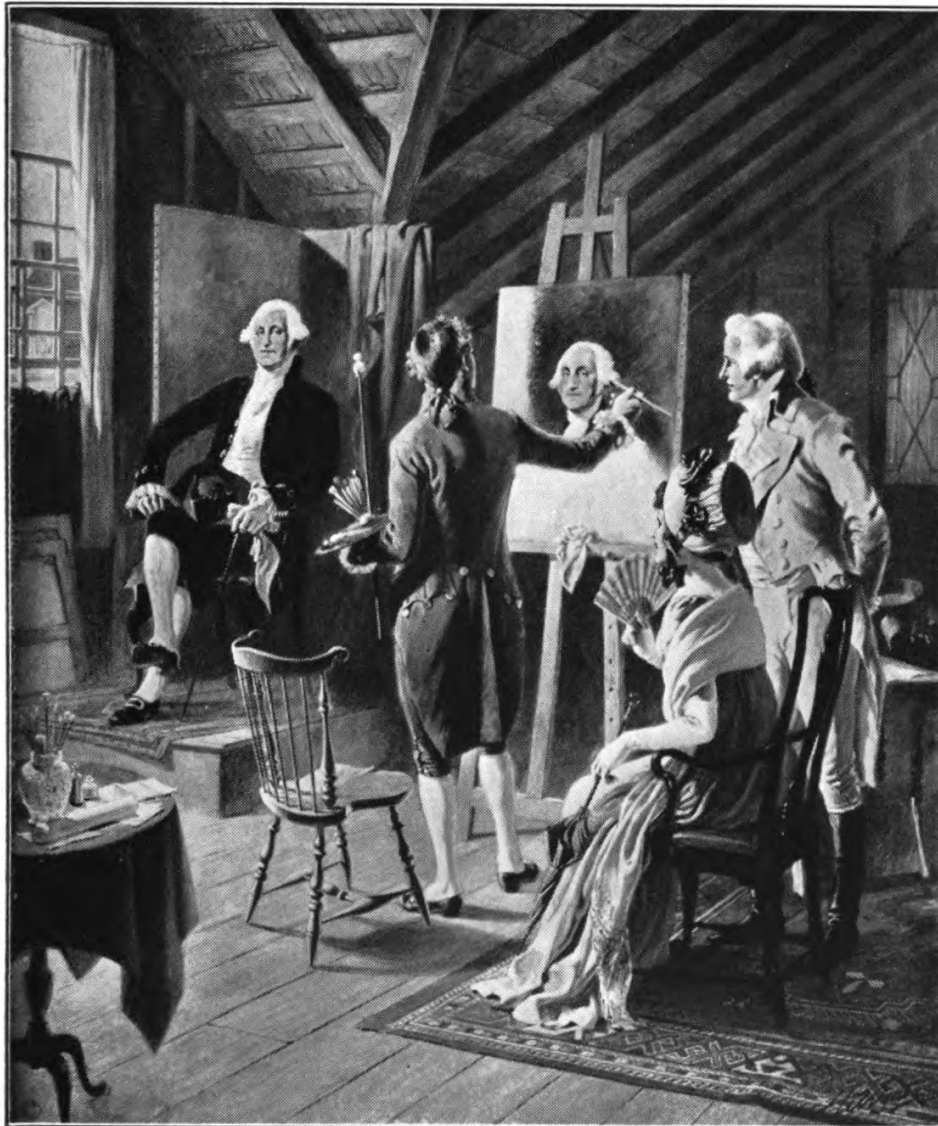
During the eight years of his presidency and the few years of retirement, Washington, as we have said, was besieged by portrait painters and miniaturists whose work greatly varies in the matter of likeness to the man. Profile pastel drawings of great merit were made, however, by Sharples and Saint Memin; and as that of the latter is dated 1798, it is doubtless the last likeness of "the Father of his Country." Of word portraits, there are many.

In their diaries or writings, several French officers have left vivid descriptions of the look and bearing of the American commander-in-chief. The narrative of the Prince de Broglie is an especially interesting account of his introduction to Washington by Rochambeau when the Americans were encamped near Verplanck's Point in 1781. "The General," he says, "is now about forty-nine years of age. He is tall, nobly built and very well proportioned. His face is much more agreeable than represented in his portrait. His physiognomy is mild and open. His accost is cold, although polite. His pensive eyes seem more attentive than sparkling, but their expression is benevolent, noble and self possessed. In his private conduct, he preserves that polite and attentive good breeding which satisfies everybody and that dignified reserve which offends no one. He speaks but little in general and that in a subdued tone, but he is so attentive to what is said to him, that being satisfied he understands perfectly, one is disposed to dispense with any answer. This behavior has

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been very useful to him on numerous occasions. Nobody has greater necessity than he to act with circumspection and to carefully weigh his words."

This description bears out the face that Houdon and Stuart recorded and brings our greatest American close to us.



The first President in his black velvet suit and lace ruffles sat while the painter created the "National Standard" likeness of Washington

AT HOME AT MOUNT VERNON

IF ever a man loved his home, that man was George Washington. Home to him meant Mount Vernon; and for the forty-five years of his possession, that spot was ever in his thoughts.

The house where he was born at Wakefield, fifty miles farther down the river, was built in 1657 by his great-grandfather, John Washington, the first of the family to land in this country. It was a plain, substantial farmhouse with a hip-roof, dormer-windows, and brick outside chimneys. A one-story wing at the rear, which was used as a chamber, is said to have been the room in which the great American was born on February 22, 1732. It was only his years as a baby and little boy that were spent there, for in 1735 the family moved up the river to his father's plantation at Hunting Creek, then called Epse-wasson. This was a part of the Mount Vernon estate, and there a new house was built. After a four years' stay, the house was burned to the ground, necessitating another move, this time away from the banks of the Potomac.

In Stafford County, on the east bank of the Rappahannock, nearly opposite Fredericksburg, the new house was erected. It was a Virginia farmhouse, such as well-

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to-do people lived in, painted red, standing in a fertile meadow, and surrounded, like the Wakefield house, with trees. Here young George spent his active boyhood and early school-days.

When his father died in 1743, George and his young brothers and sister were left in their mother's care. To lighten the burden of bringing up a family of four boys and a girl, Lawrence and Augustine Washington, the elder half-brothers, took a hand in George's guidance and education; he was now eleven and spent the next few years at their homes; first at Augustine's, in the old Wakefield homestead, and then with Lawrence at the Hunting Creek farm, where a new mansion had been built, called Mount Vernon, after the British admiral under whom Lawrence had served in a recent war with Spain. Lawrence returned from Bermuda in 1752 a hopeless invalid and lingered until midsummer. He bequeathed his estate to his little daughter Sarah, and in the event of her death without children, George was to become the owner. She survived her father only two years; so Mount Vernon, perhaps our most famous national shrine, became the home of the greatest of Americans.

During the first few years of his ownership, the expedition against the French in western Pennsylvania, as well as the Braddock and Fort Duquesne campaigns, called Washington away for the greater part of the time, his favorite brother, Jack, having the care of the place in his absence. When George Washington's marriage to the

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charming Mrs. Custis took place on January 17, 1759, their three months' honeymoon was spent at her home in Williamsburg, the gay and lively State capital. Here the bridegroom attended the sessions as a member of the House of Burgesses. During this time extensive repairs and improvements were under way at Mount Vernon to make his own mansion an attractive home for his bride in the coming spring. It is not on record that she had any voice in the improvements, but she doubtless had faith in her husband's good taste and judgment.

Their home-coming in May was a great event in their lives. An advance courier gave instructions for all the details of their reception, and other servants, arriving with luggage, announced that the family coach and four, with postilions and outriders, was on the way. A visit to Washington's sister Betty, Mrs. Fielding Lewis, at her home in Fredericksburg, a trip across the Rappahannock to introduce the bride to his mother on her "Ferry Farm," short visits to several relatives and friends, and a forty mile ride brought the newly wedded couple at last to the mansion that was to be their much-loved home for the rest of their lives, a period of more than forty years.

About this time Washington wrote to an old friend in London the oft-quoted letter: "I am now, I believe, fixed in this seat with an agreeable partner for life, and I hope to find more happiness in retirement than I ever experienced amidst a wide and bustling world." These hopes were realized, as the following sixteen years—the longest

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continued occupancy of the mansion—were the happiest they experienced.

Martha, "the agreeable partner," was an attractive little woman, who was methodical in her habits and handled her part in the domestic routine of the mansion to perfection. The management of the vast estate was carried on under Washington's own care and direction. His wife had brought him her own two young children by her former marriage—John (Jacky) and Martha (Patsy)—to whom he acted as guardian, taking them to his heart as though they were his own.

In colonial days few cities or towns existed in the "Old Dominion." The plantations were self-supporting, so far as everyday needs went, and the finer manufactured goods, such as furniture, pictures, books, glass, china, and fashionable clothes, were imported mostly from England in exchange for tobacco and wheat, the staple commodities of the colony.

A list of the Mount Vernon population shows the extent of the establishment, for there were shoemakers, tailors, carpenters, masons, blacksmiths, millers, farmers, house servants, and outside servants—in fact, an army of several hundreds of people. As was customary at this time, most of the farmhands, laborers, and stable-boys were slaves, the slave women being employed in housework, cooking, spinning or sewing under Mrs. Washington's direction. Two important characters were Bishop, an old English soldier, whom Braddock had left to the young

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Major Washington, and who was now a pensioner acting as manager of one of the farms, and Billy Lee, a faithful young slave who acted as body-servant to Washington, one of his special duties being to powder his master's hair and tie it in the long queue after the fashion of the time.

Mount Vernon, noted for its hospitality, had guests daily; often friends remained for longer visits. Fox-hunting in season with a full pack of hounds, took place three times a week—the guests mounted from the well-stocked stables—and the hunt was followed by a hearty dinner. Calls upon neighbors, visits to Annapolis, Alexandria, and Williamsburg, when the House of Burgesses was in session, with theater-parties and assemblies for entertainment, made the Washington coach a familiar sight on the rough colonial roads.

Up to 1773 the mansion had remained much as Lawrence Washington had built it; the new owner, however, undertook extensive enlargement and improvement. Two large wings were planned, the one at the north being well under way in the autumn, the other being erected during the years of the war for independence. This large addition, with its ceiling two stories high, was called the banquet-room, and is a noble apartment with a wide-coved cornice, beautiful ceiling decorations and large Palladian window. The other addition, at the south end, contained, when completed, a library, storeroom, and private stairway leading to Washington's own sleeping-room above.

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This year of 1773 also saw the sudden death of Patsy Custis, who had been delicate all of her young life. This loss was the first common sorrow of the wedded pair. Washington begged Mrs. Dandridge, his mother-in-law, to make her home with them; and his tenderness in his wife's affliction was characteristic of the deep feeling of the man.

For some time the distant rumblings of discontent due to England's treatment of her American colonies, were growing nearer and louder—things were approaching a crisis. Washington thought deeply and said little, but after conferences at Mount Vernon with his friend and neighbor George Mason, Pendleton, and others, and because of the stirring appeal of Patrick Henry, he took a firm stand on the side of his colony. To his favorite brother John Augustine he wrote of "full intention to devote my life and fortune to the cause we are engaged in." Upon the dissolution of the Virginia assembly by the royal governor a convention was held, and Washington was appointed a delegate to the first Congress, which was to meet in Philadelphia early in September. He thereupon set out with his fellow delegates, Patrick Henry and Edmund Pendleton, on his call to duty, and served continuously during the sessions of the first Continental Congress of 1774.

On his return to Mount Vernon, Washington found himself not only famous but a very busy man. Newly recruited volunteer companies urged him to take their com-

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mand; the extensive improvements to the mansion, his correspondence which later on grew to enormous proportions, together with numerous visitors to entertain, made the winter full of activity. Among the many guests were two ex-officers of the English army who had settled in Virginia—Charles Lee, a soldier of fortune, and Horatio Gates, a captain in the Braddock campaign—both “scenting powder,” as it were.

When on the fourth of May 1775, Washington started for the second session of the Congress, little did he or his wife imagine that it would be six years before he should see his beloved home again; years in which he was to encounter discouragement, defeat, harsh criticisms, despondency, and something near to despair, but through all to remain steadfast to his country's cause and finally to emerge a victor, with the love of his countrymen. In one of his letters to his wife—only two have been preserved—in telling her of his appointment as commander-in-chief, and that he was to proceed immediately to Boston, he writes: “I should enjoy more real happiness in one month with you at home than I have the most distant prospect of finding abroad, if my stay were to be seven times seven years.” In expressing his solicitude for her welfare he adds, “I shall feel no pain from the toil or the danger of the campaign; my unhappiness will flow from the uneasiness I know you will feel from being left alone.” He begs her to be brave and to pass the time agreeably, and declares that nothing would give him “so much sin-

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cere satisfaction as to hear it from your own pen." He ends this notable letter by saying it would "add greatly to my uneasy feelings to hear that you are dissatisfied or complaining at what I really could not avoid."

The battles, retreats, and anxieties, the many houses occupied as temporary headquarters, during these years of the war, are another story; but whenever the army went into winter quarters, or there was a period of inaction, Mrs. Washington made the journey from Mount Vernon, to join her general and share headquarters with him. Cambridge, New York, Morristown, Middlebrook, Valley Forge, and Newburgh were in turn graced by her presence, thus giving a touch of domestic cheerfulness to the grim privations and tragedy of war.

During these years of the master's absence the affairs of both the estate and mansion were continually on his mind. Lund Washington, a distant cousin, was put in charge, with old Bishop as an assistant, and for ten years he faithfully carried out the many instructions sent to him. He was told to keep up the hospitality of the place and "to let no one go away hungry," and that those in want of corn, or cases of worthy charity, were to be supplied. Even details of the building-operations were given, for a letter concerning Washington's despair at the conduct of the militia ends with minute directions as to the fireplaces, wainscoting and chimney-piece of the "new building."

On two occasions British war-vessels sailed up the Potomac. The first time was while the mistress of Mount



Dinner was served promptly at three in the afternoon, invariably
with guests to entertain

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Vernon was at home; she was persuaded to leave the house, but absented herself for only one night; the second time was when she was absent in 1781, and Lund offered refreshments to the officers of a war-vessel anchored off Mount Vernon, a proceeding that called forth a vigorous written rebuke from the general, in which he says, "It would have been a less painful circumstance to me to have heard that in consequence of your non-compliance with their request, they had burnt my home and laid the plantation in ruins." The famous home was, however, spared for future generations to possess as a memorial of its owner.

On the march of the French and American allied armies to Yorktown in September, 1781, Washington took the opportunity to visit his home, arriving with Colonel Humphreys, his aide, on the evening of September ninth. It was the first time in six years that he had been under its roof. The news of his arrival spread immediately over the estate, and all of the retainers and servants flocked to bid him a glad welcome. The next day Count Rochambeau, the French commander, followed by General de Chastellux, with their aides, arrived to tarry a day with friends and neighbors at Washington's hospitable board; on the twelfth the French officers departed, Washington also leaving, with Jack Custis to serve as aide-de-camp.

After the surrender at Yorktown, a brief home visit of a week was followed by another two-year absence. With the establishment of peace, Washington's sword was

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sheathed, his military command ended, and the long-wished-for home-coming was made on Christmas Eve, 1783. Then ensued a period of enjoyable private life, of which he writes to Lafayette: "At length, my dear Marquis, I am become a private citizen on the banks of the Potomac and under the shadow of my own vine and fig-tree, free from the bustle of camp and the busy scenes of public life." A little later he extends an invitation to Lafayette and his wife to come for a visit, saying: "Come then, let me entreat you to call my cottage your home; for your own doors do not open to you with more readiness than mine would."

At this Christmas time, children's voices were heard again in the mansion, as they had been years before when Washington's bride and her two children were first welcomed there. Now it was the little son and daughter of Jack Custis, George Washington Parke, and Eleanor (Nelly), whose young father had died during the Yorktown campaign. Washington adopted these grandchildren of his wife as his own, and their education and bringing-up proved a pleasurable duty to the childless man.

Before long Washington established a regular routine and closely followed it, in order to accomplish the enormous amount of work which was to be done. Always an early riser, he was up with the sun; his first thought was to mount his horse, and the morning was given to inspecting the farms and servants' quarters. Dinner was served promptly at three in the afternoon, invariably with

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guests to entertain, which took up most of the afternoon. The master of Mount Vernon then retired to his library to attend to an ever-growing correspondence, the posting of accounts, and recording the day's weather conditions in his diary. At nine he bade his guests good night, thus ending the busy day.

During these years of peace, the many improvements to the mansion were carried on to completion; the noble portico, two stories high, with a flooring of imported marble tiles, the cupola and the curved arcades connecting the kitchen and superintendent's house of to-day, were added. The planting of many kinds of trees, with lawns and beautiful gardens received the master's particular care.

Washington's fame had traveled far, and brought visitors from many climes, together with all sorts and conditions of his own countrymen, who literally flocked to his home on the Potomac. The most welcome of these guests was Lafayette, who, accepting the invitation, arrived in August, 1784, remaining for a fortnight. Many of the visitors were noted statesmen, old brothers in arms—in fact Washington once called his home a "well-resorted tavern." Gifts were bestowed by friends and admirers from afar, notably the key of the Bastille presented by Lafayette. The ornate marble mantelpiece in the banquet-room was a gift from a wealthy Londoner, Samuel Vaughan. From King Louis XVI of France, David Humphreys, a former aide of Washington, brought an

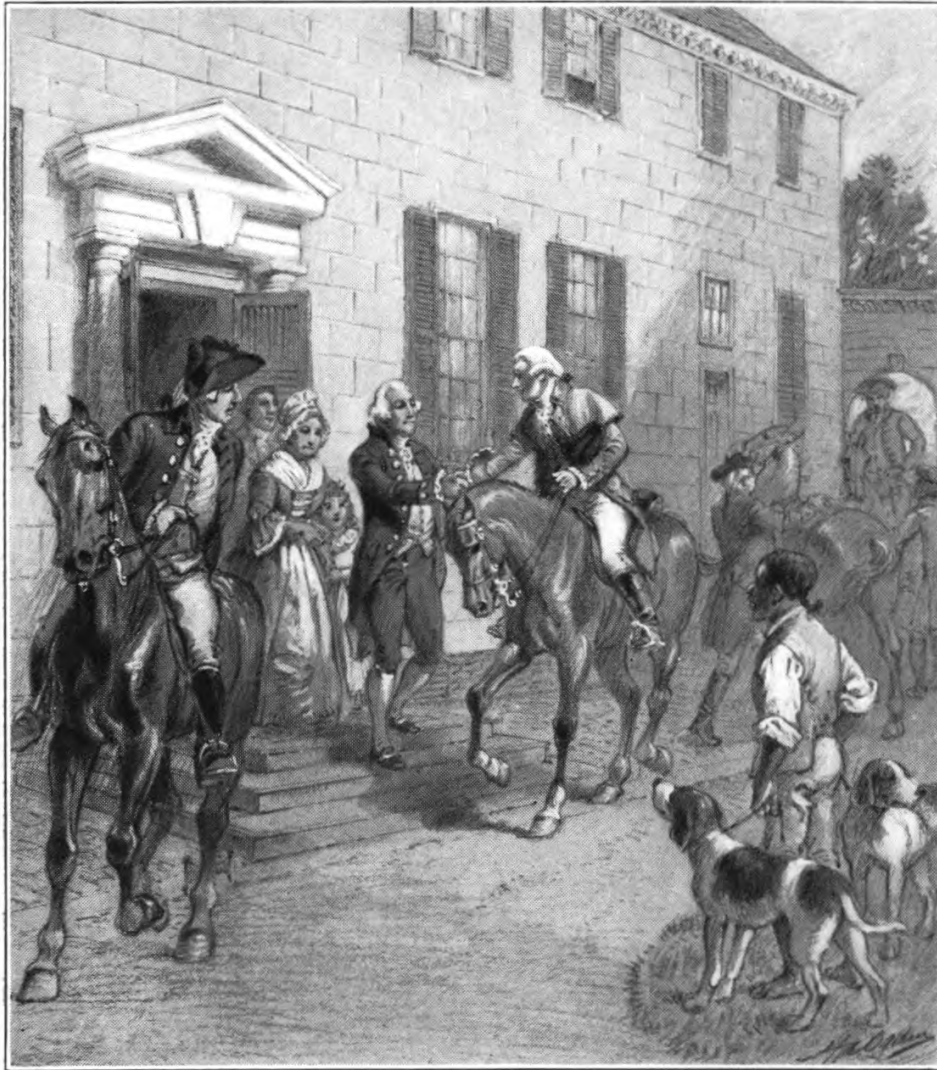
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engraved portrait of his majesty in a specially designed frame.

During the eight years of Washington's service as President Mount Vernon had several managers, among them being two of his nephews. He was, however, able to keep in touch with, and visit his home several times, visits varying from one to twelve weeks. The final home-coming was on April 1, 1797. "The pageantry of public life was left outside the gates of Mount Vernon," writes Paul Wiltstach in his "Mount Vernon"—adding that it was with profound relief and a tranquil delight that the ex-President "beheld his tabernacle of peace," for one half of the years of his ownership had been given to the public service.

The adopted children were now well grown, and romance entered the doors when charming Nelly Custis became engaged to Washington's young nephew and secretary, Lawrence Lewis. The fortieth wedding anniversary of George and Martha took place on January 6, succeeded by Nelly's marriage to Lawrence on Washington's last birthday, February 22, 1799. By the well-understood routine at Mount Vernon, the hours given to the many guests left the host and hostess but little time of their own. On one rare occasion Washington wrote to his secretary, Lear, "Mrs. Washington and myself will do what I believe has not been done in the last twenty years by us—that is, sit down to dinner by ourselves."

A premonition that life was drawing to its close was



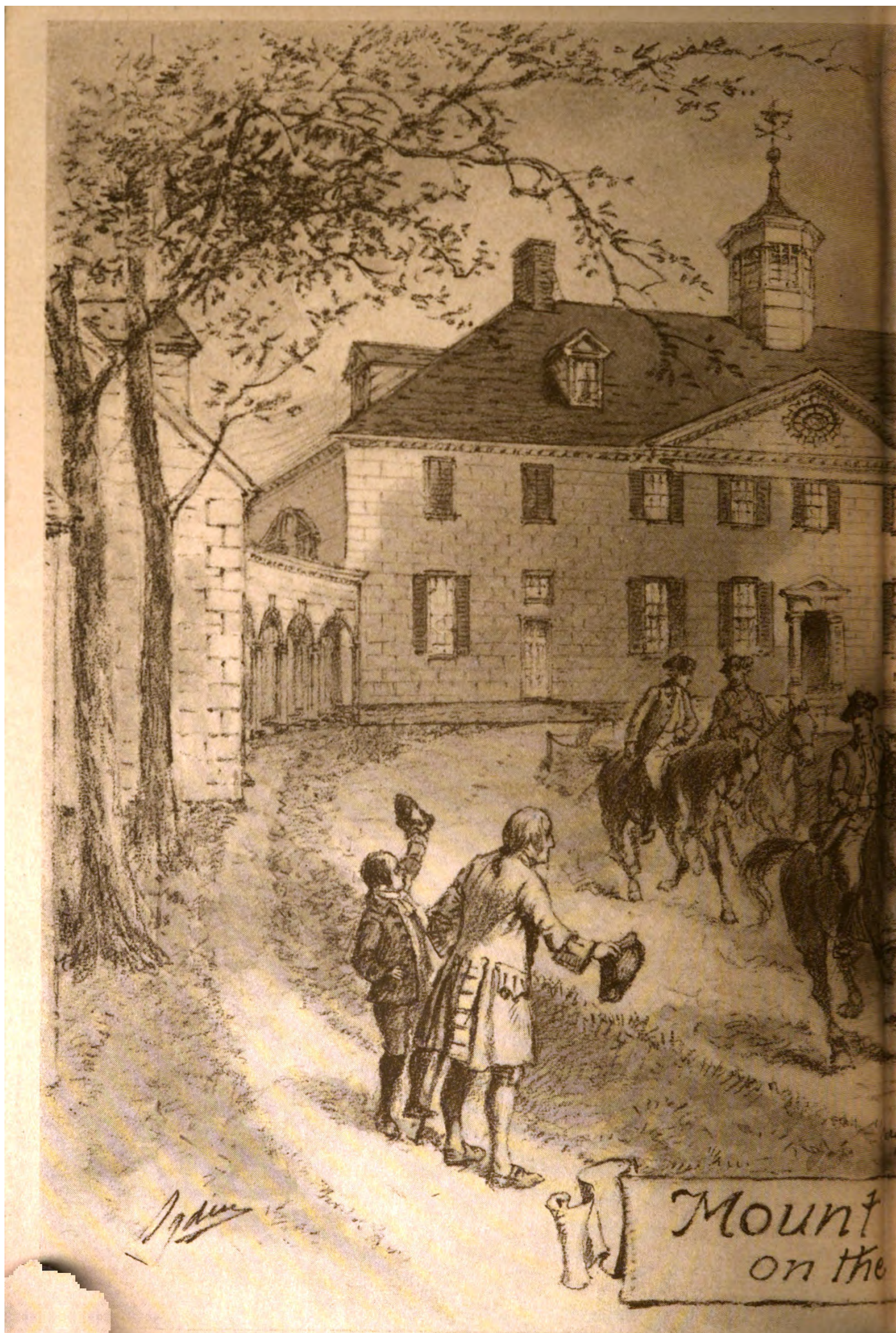
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AT HOME AT MOUNT VERNON

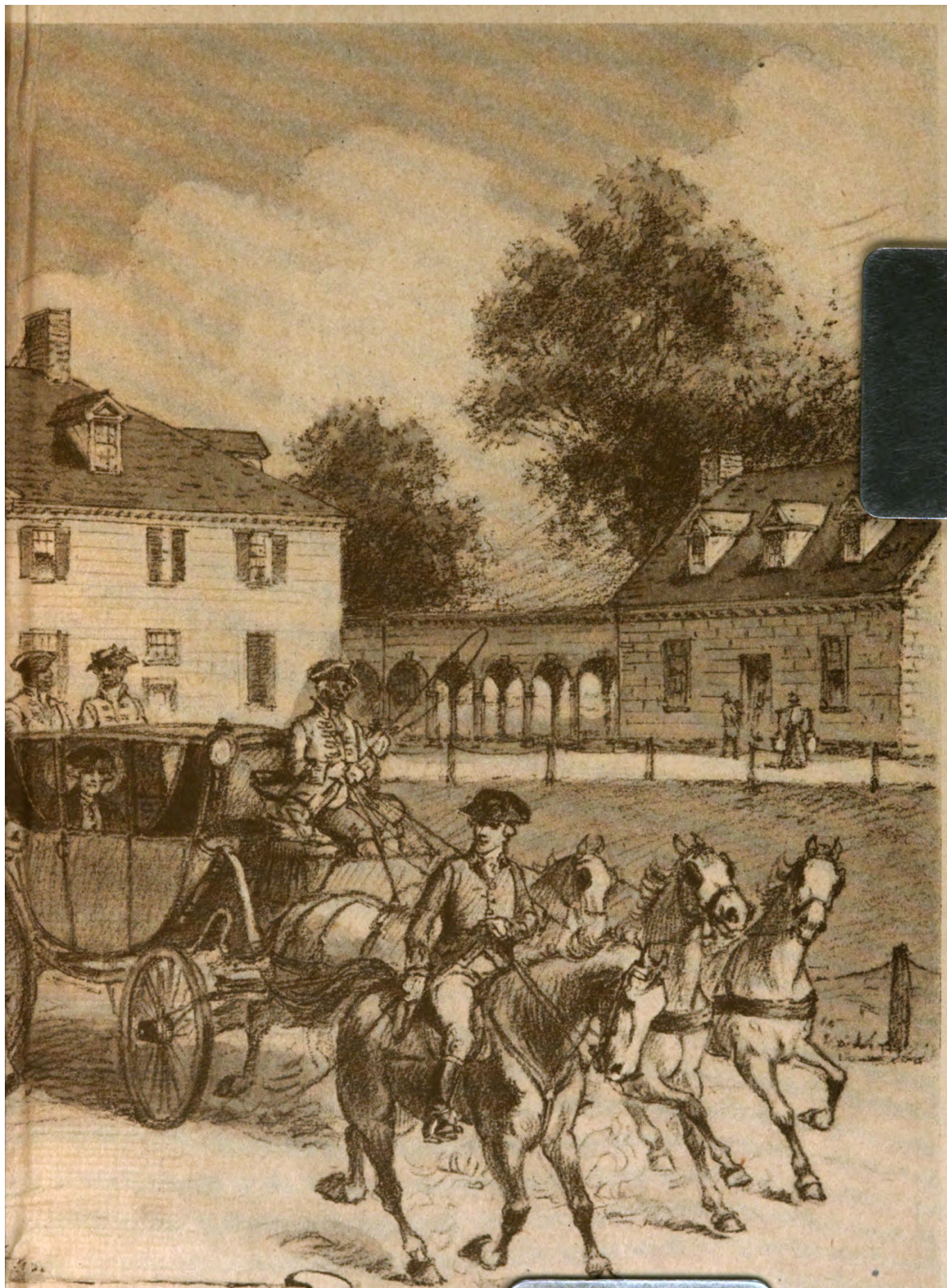
shown by Washington's intention to build a new tomb. "For, after all, I may require it before the rest," he said to Lawrence Lewis. On December 14, 1799, after whispering to Mr. Lear, his faithful secretary, "'Tis well," he breathed his last.

The master gone, Mount Vernon still survives, with many of the furnishings of Washington's day restored to their place. The beautiful gardens and lawns are kept up with devoted care by the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association of the Union, in the perfect state its great owner would desire. To-day his spirit still seems to inhabit the home he loved so well.





Mount
on the



Vernon
Potomac

