

E

312.

5

R. 23

Washington

←



Class E 312

Book .5

R 23



DESCRIPTION
OF THE
PICTURE
OF
THE HOME OF WASHINGTON
AFTER THE WAR.

PAINTED BY
T. P. ROSSITER AND L. R. MIGNOT.

A DESCRIPTION
OF THE
PICTURE
OF THE
HOME OF WASHINGTON
AFTER THE WAR.

PAINTED BY
T. P. ROSSITER AND L. R. MIGNOT.

WITH
HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF THE PERSONAGES INTRODUCED.

BY
T. P. ROSSITER.

NEW YORK:
D. APPLETON AND COMPANY,
346 AND 348 BROADWAY.
M.DCCC.LIX.

E 318

. 5

17. 72

10

10

DESCRIPTION
OF THE
PICTURE
OF
THE HOME OF WASHINGTON
AFTER THE WAR.

PAINTED BY

T. P. ROSSITER AND L. R. MIGNOT.

THE War of the Revolution happily consummated, WASHINGTON, on the 23d of December, 1783, resigned his commission, at Annapolis, and returned to *Mount Vernon* after an absence of eight years, with the exception of a two days' visit, with Count Rochambeau, in 1781.

With the cares and anxieties of Commander-in-Chief removed, the *Hero* at once devoted himself to restoring his neglected estates, resuming the agricultural habits and pursuits of an opulent planter; and on the 1st of February, 1784, writes his confidential friend and brother soldier, LAFAYETTE—"At length, my dear Marquis, I am become a private citizen on the banks of the Potomac, free from the bustle of the camp, and the busy scenes of

public life. I am solacing myself with those tranquil enjoyments of which the soldier, who is ever in the pursuit of fame—the statesman, whose watchful days and sleepless nights are spent in devising schemes to promote the welfare of his own, perhaps the ruin of other countries—as if this globe was insufficient for us all; and the courtier, who is watching the countenance of his prince, in hopes of catching a gracious smile, can have little conception. I have not only retired from all public employments, but I am retiring within myself, and shall be able to view the solitary walks, and tread the paths of private life with a heartfelt satisfaction. Envious of none, I am determined to be pleased with all; and this, my dear friend, being the order of my march, I will move gently down the stream of life, until I sleep with my fathers. * * Come and view me in my domestic walks.”*

In accordance, doubtless, with this invitation, *Lafayette*, in August of that year, spent two weeks under the hospitable roof at Mount Vernon—which is the period chosen for illustration.

The busy portion of the day is over; and, as the long shadows creep slowly over the lawn, the family portion of the household have congregated under the ample portico. *

The General and his noble guest have arisen from the chairs, which indicate that they had formed a portion of the group with the ladies, and are standing in colloquy: WASHINGTON in the act of speaking, and LAFAYETTE leaning against a pillar, in deferential atti-

tude, holds a newspaper in his hand—suggestive that the discourse is a topic of the times.

Mrs. WASHINGTON is sewing, while her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Stuart, formerly *Mrs. John Parke Custis*, and mother of the two children, is reading a note. On the table is a basket, with the ever-present knitting, with which she set the example of industry to her associates and dependants.

Leaning upon the grandmother's lap is *Eleanor Parke Custis*, who has sought her protective presence, while her brother, *Geo. Washington Parke Custis*, fires a small cannon, with the assistance of a negress, who is blowing a lighted match.

Two sporting dogs, with an instinct for gunpowder, are likewise watching the result.

On the lawn, a negro servant in the family livery of white and crimson, is driving off some trespassing cows. Two guests, in the distant summer-house, are looking at the prospect. A figure with fishing-rod, and an attendant, is coming up the hill toward the mansion.

On the river is a neighbor's barge, rowed by six servants in red livery—suggestive of Mr. Digges, and the state which obtained among the planters of the Potomac at that period.

As this river enjoyed an extensive commerce, vessels and a raft are introduced in the distance, while over the trees are the masts of a ship, moored at Mt. Vernon landing, receiving a cargo for the factor in England.

Mr. Mignot, while at Mt. Vernon, making his study

for the landscape, enjoyed the privilege of many interviews with Westford, an old mulatto mechanic, who went upon the estate the year of Washington's death, and who pointed out the changes which time had wrought in the venerated site—such trees as were standing at that time, those which had grown since, and such alterations as had occurred in the disposition of the ground—so that the topographical features are delineated as far as possible to accord with the date of the picture, and the house restored to the condition which it must have possessed when the great Chief made it renowned for a munificent hospitality, and it became a type of order and neatness, combined with unostentatious republican simplicity.

At this epoch WASHINGTON was 52 years of age, LAFAYETTE 27, Mrs. WASHINGTON 51, and Mrs. STUART 28. The grandchildren *Washington* adopted after the death of their father in 1781. The head of Washington is painted from an original transcript of the Houdon bust, which was modelled a few months after the date of the picture, by Houdon, who came to this country at the solicitation of Jefferson and Franklin, for the purpose of making a statue for the Legislature of Virginia, and is considered by those familiar with Washington's features as by far the best representation of him, while artists regard it as the finest type of the Chief extant.

Washington expired in an upper room which was lighted by the two farthest windows seen under the roof of the portico.

—Washington,

“ Whose every battle-field is holy ground,
Which breathes of nations saved, not worlds undone :
How sweetly on the ear such echoes sound !
While the mere victor’s may appal or stun
The servile and the vain—such names will be
A watchword till the future shall be free.”

“ George Washington had thanks and naught beside,
Except the all-cloudless glory (which few men’s is)
To free his country.”

“ Where may the weary eye repose,
When gazing on the Great ;
Where neither guilty glory glows,
Nor despicable state ?
Yes—one—the first—the last—the best—
The Cincinnatus of the West
Whom envy dared not hate,
Bequeath the name of Washington
To make man blush there was but one !”

BYRON.

A spirit that through coming time
Shall bear a hallowed name ;
The glory of old conquerors
Shall pale before his fame.

And young Ambition on his course
Shall turn his eagle eye ;
And men invoke his sainted shade
In threat'ning anarchy.

No baleful meteor shall he be,
To dazzle from afar ;
But in the firmament of Fame
A fixed, a polar star !

ANNE C. LYNCH.

WASHINGTON AT HOME.

WHAT thoughts of a Hero's repose are awakened at mention of the beloved Home of the venerated and idolized Father of the Nation! What a Mecca of the Western Hemisphere is its site! How eloquent are the acres which the great and good man cultivated, the trees which shaded his repose, the walls which sheltered his seasons of seclusion from camp and forum! How many pilgrims from every portion of our own extended territory, and from every foreign clime, acknowledging Freedom as the highest boon, have come up hither to breathe the air which nurtured, and to contemplate the scenes which were familiar to, the most perfect Man of History!

With each visitor of late, a feeling of melancholy disappointment has usurped all other sentiments—from the abject neglect and pitiable squalor, which are manifest in house and grounds, gateway and garden, hearth and tomb. Fortunately, the women of the land have resened the site and its appointments from further decay, and the wilderness of sloth and poverty promises to bloom again with the rose, and become to the loving children of the land attractive with green and cherished memories.

But, aside from the associations of the place, Mount Vernon has few features of impressive beauty. The deep, broad-breasted Potomac glides rapidly to the sea; but the width and volume of its flood constitute its chief attraction. Wooded promontories and indented bays, foliage-lined, or sedge-bound, indicate a naturally productive soil, with agreeable sites for residences on the river banks. A teeming agricultural region, capable of prolific crops, is what most impress the stranger; while long reaches of the river between the undulating swells of Virginia and the gently-sloping hills of Maryland, with fine foliage, in clusters and individual trees, make the main points of landscape-interest.

On one of the boldest and most densely wooded of the Virginia promontories nestles Mount Vernon—its low copula scarcely discernible now from the river at midsummer.

Ascending the crumbling boarded walk, through a tangled, neglected ravine, the visitor, having passed the dilapidated tomb, emerges upon what was once a spacious and beautiful lawn, ornamented with summer-house, and partially enclosed by the offices. In dignified simplicity, the mansion yet dominates over the estate. Its tall portico, echoing the ghostly footsteps of a glorious past—the patter of childhood's tiny feet—the light gliding, with rustling accompaniment of beauty—the matron's stately tread—the gallop and rush of bounding boyhood—the heavy-lifted heel of care—the soldier's mighty tramp with ring of steel

and shock of power—the statesman’s measured gait with lift and emphasis of thought—the shuffle of decay, with the uncertain, devious, slippered groping of old age—then the clustered footfalls, bearing on bowing shoulders a sombre burthen, followed by feet uncertain, through hot tears: and we have life’s varied paces as they shifted and commingled there. How meekly the dented and cracked and riven pavement stones proclaim the joy, the grief, the bliss, the sorrow, which have vibrated between column and lintel, atwixt sill and hearth. The Spring blooms which have frisked riotous within and without the eddies of porch and casement. The Summer sun lovingly basking with shimmer and blaze for faithful dogs, and young black dependents to dream through the noon-tide lull. Autumn’s leaves, seared, shrivelled and wan, rasping dejected notes of wail over the hectic year. Winter’s drifts moaning at crack and cranny, envious of glow and comfort within. Season after season, until the Giant of Destiny comes, a stripling, to give new significance to each atom of the until then, but well-to-do mansion.

From the moment a comely lad, erect, agile, with frank, open brow, well-defined, symmetrical nose, clear, piercing blue eye, ruddy cheeks, benignant, generous mouth, and clustering curls, with mien and bearing frank and noble as the sun, comes with his elders to make brother Lawrence a visit, the site becomes a nestage of History. The spirits of the great and good of departed eras haunt its precincts. The eyes of living faith turn instinctively to its latitude and longitude,

and while the globe swings, the low promontory abutting into the rushing Potomac, will be one of the most hallowed spots upon its mottled surface.

Augustine Washington, the father of George, bequeathed an estate, then known as Hunting Creek, to Lawrence, his eldest son by his first marriage, whose admiration for Admiral Vernon, with whom he had served in the British navy, led him to name the place after him.

Lawrence, marrying Miss Fairfax, abandoned the service, and, devoting himself to agricultural pursuits, developed the resources of his patrimony. Being 14 years older than George, he invited him to Mount Vernon, with the view of directing his education, when a peculiar intimacy arose, which ultimated in making him his heir in case of the failure of his issue. Lawrence died July 26, 1752, leaving a wife, and daughter Jennie, who, dying in infancy, the augmented estate passed into possession of the one destined to give it a vast renown.

The territory was divided into separate farms, devoted to different culture, and diversified with wood, dell, runs of water, and inlets. Washington, describing it, says: "No estate in United America is more pleasantly situated; in a high, healthy country, in a latitude between the extremes of heat and cold, on one of the finest rivers in the world, a river well stocked with shad, herring, bass, carp, and sturgeon. The borders of the estate are washed by more than ten miles of tide water."

During Lawrence's life, the mansion-house stood by itself. When Washington became its possessor, but few additions were made, until the time of his marriage, when extensive out-houses were added, and the ground improved and beautified; other territory was appended, and the estate was divided into—the Mansion-House Farm, of 450 acres, with a great extent of woodland contiguous, the River Farm, of 1,800 acres; the Union Farm, 841 acres; Dogue River Farm, 1,076; and Muddy Hole Farm, 886 acres—making a domain of near 4,500 acres.

When, in 1784, the modern Cincinnatus exchanged the sword for the pruning hook, eight years' absence had told sadly upon the condition of the Home and its immediate surroundings. But the same wonderful method and system which had organized an army, and brought order from chaos, were energetically directed to regulating, developing, and beautifying the house, its immediate dependencies, and the extensive domain. 1784 and 1785 were almost wholly absorbed in this congenial occupation. The early dawn found the good master in the saddle, visiting various portions of the estate, planning this improvement and that alteration—enhancing this advantage, and ornamenting that site. Maps and plans exist, showing the thorough mastery of details, and constructive taste, with admirable artistic appreciation, making the most of the natural surfaces and soils; locating walks, drives, lawns, flower parterres, vineyards, and summer-houses, with all the enthusiasm of a landscape gardener. Drawing plans, specifying

the varieties of trees, shrubs, and plants, their disposition singly or in groups. Annotating their methods of culture, habits, and families, and overseeing in person each feature with an interest and zeal commensurate with the greatness of his character, which mastered the detail, while it embraced the whole. Corresponding with foreign and native horticulturists, pomologists, breeders of stock, breeders of game; filling up the whole circle of the encyclopedial farmer's pursuits, from fashioning of a simple implement of husbandry to the erection of the most improved mill; from a small graft to the garnering and distributing the products of the thousands of acres; cherishing the game, protecting the fisheries, rearing choice dogs, and following them in the exhilarating chase; growing horses of the rarest and most thorough blood, and stabling them with the most scrupulous regard for their physical well-being; and riding them with heroic mien, impressing menial and courtly bred strangers with a natural nobility, bearing, and authority, which had never been equalled: yet, not disdaining the handling of any tool, or enlisting in any department of labor. From the library to the trench. From the fruit-nursery and flower-garden, to the dinner-table, with nobles for guests. From a scamper over the hills after the hounds, to a sick dependant's hut. From wading the brooks for fish, to the Burgesses' Hall, or magistrates' bench. Corresponding with statesmen, scholars, and savans, writing labels for seeds, making inventories of stock, and sending minutely detailed orders for madame's and the children's wardrobe to the agent in

London or Bristol.—Sitting alone at twilight beneath the tall piazza, watching the lingering light depart from the gleaming Potomac and the opposite shores of Maryland ; while summing up the days' peaceful labor, and planning the calm duties of the morrow, interspersed with thoughts of the seething, wrangling world of politics in distant cities, and throughout the land, with retrospections of fierce conflicts past, and memoirs of olden friends who had stood breast to breast against the human tornadoes—or, mingling in gay groups of family friends, visitors, and strangers, under the portico's shadows—on the lawn, with children at romp—the days' work done, the domestics in sport and dance to the music of viol and flute, while the birds sang nature's vesper-hymn, the crickets chirped, the night-hawks swooped, and the evening wind sighed away the cares of labor, wooing to repose ; or, around the well-spread board with the lamps in twinkle, and the ingle side in hospitable glow ; or, in the simple library, working towards midnight with piles of papers, memoranda, and manuscript spread over the broad table, the household abed, with no sound but the ticking of the clock and the ripple of the well-worn quill gliding over the paper with magical rapidity in large, generous, and flowing characters, as thought followed thought through the tracery of the mighty hand. The plain, unostentatious sword, gathering dust and mildew on its tarnished scabbard over the mantle. The war-spurs rusting, the holsters cracking with neglect in the corner. Else,

with Lear, the secretary, wrestling over statistics, accounts, reports, and documents of State.

The last to his pillow, the first from his couch, but with time for all things and every person. For the stranger, with his letter of introduction, unpropitiously arrived. For an excursion with the children. For a ride with madame and guests to Annapolis, or Alexandria, beguiling the night with a supper and dance, and home through the woods and rough roads of the country by morning. For a vestry meeting in either of the two adjoining parishes. For a school committee. For a State dinner at a neighboring plantation. For an argument with Dr. Craik. For a game of cribbage with a dowager relative, or crisscross with Nelly Custis. For chastising a persistent and impudent trespasser; or, for a genial flow of converse with his heart's friend, Lafayette, at the end of an August day. The world elsewhere forgotten in the comminglings of close woven friendship.

So prolific of association, sympathy, and sentiment is this HOME, now more emphatically the nation's; so full of suggestiveness and enthusiasm the theme, one who has visited its storied haunts, knows not where to limit thought and feeling. No other sight to an American can awaken such a flood of sensibility, or so deeply stir the emotions with gratitude, devotion, and patriotism.

With dwelling and tomb casting reciprocal shadows, overlung by the same boughs, steeped in the same perfumes, fanned by the same summer airs, shrinking

before the same winter blasts, a mingling of life and death, action and repose. Great achievements and corresponding memories, woven and clustered so closely, we cannot separate the vitality of the Past, from the spiritual presence of the Present. But the manes of the great and good, haunt and infuse a benignant essence into, and over every object, subject, and situation.

It were a pleasant task to trace WASHINGTON'S every connection with his beloved HOME. From his first visit, when a lad, during his holidays; then after his school-days were passed, and at the age of 15, when he left the jurisdiction of Hobby, the sexton-schoolmaster, for the more congenial direction and sympathetic fellowship of his elder brother Lawrence. The sports and athletic pursuits which developed his fine physical qualities into such noble and manly proportions. The visions of a romantic sailor's career, prompted by the sea-stories of his nautical brother, longing wistfully for the midshipman's warrant, as ships from the old world came trading up the Potomac with their mysterious aroma of far-off lands. The dream sundered by affection for his mother, and the career of surveyor opening through the instrumentality of the Fairfaxes. His visits to Belvoir, his interviews with the Lowland Beauty, weaving verses to her within the groves by the river's marge. Then, at the age of twenty, becoming heir and proprietor of the great estate, and the consequent cares which it must have entailed; the going and coming to border wars, with their discipline and

training, until 1758, when, ordered to repair to Williamsburgh, in crossing a ferry of the Pamunkey, it proved, notwithstanding its sorry name, his Rubicon. For, meeting a Mr. Chamberlayne, he was coerced, against his inclination, to be a guest at dinner, where, among others, was a young, blooming widow, Mrs. Martha Custis, a patrician of the province. Her husband departed since three years, with the incumbrance of a large fortune, and two children as blessings. These proved formidable impediments, and the soldier, for once, was recreant to the clamor of duty. The dinner was all too short; the horses were ordered to the stable; evening waned, still the young hero lingered within the influence of two witching dark eyes. Unscathed at Braddock's defeat, oft running the gauntlet of Indian rifles, perils by flood and field, inventions, schemes, and wily plots of inveterate enemies.—the bloom of beauty, the music of words, despite the incumbrance of fortune and babes, had made captive the strong, sagacious, cautious man, at last, and the gray of the morning saw him galloping to Williamsburgh, with the best of him in the witching widow's keeping. The same promptitude which controlled him in deeds and business, coerced his wooing, scattering the crowds of rival suitors. After a few brief interviews, he avowed his passion, and claimed his heart from the charmer's custody so soon as the campaign should be over.

Fate decreed it of short duration, for on the 6th of January, 1759, they married at "the White House," the

bride's residence, according to the good old hospitable usages of Virginia, amid rejoicing friends and brilliant festivities. Three months after their marriage they removed to Mt. Vernon, when, with the accession of Madam's fortune to "the Colonel's" large patrimony, the mansion and its surroundings assumed more state and importance. The war between France and England was at an end. Washington resigned his commission, and devoting himself to civil pursuits, was elected to the House of Burgesses, and turned his attention wholly to an agricultural and domestic career. Writing a friend, he says: "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 in the wide and bustling world."

Unmindful of the calls of ambition, home now was his only idyl; the society of Madame, visits to the Fairfaxes, to Pohick, Truro, and Alexandria, the bounds of his wanderings. Gossiping with Hugh Mercer, the doughty captain, discussing with Dr. Craik, the scientific demonstrator, with the household for audience, his chief delight. While supervising the estates gave ample occupation, and rounded the seasons with a full complement of blessings. Grateful to the Giver of Mercies, the Sabbaths found him in humble devotion at the secluded, quiet shrine of Pohick, with reverential demeanor, and unwavering faith in a beneficent, controlling Providence.

At this period, the style of living among the wealthy planters was marked by what would now seem ostenta-

tious state. Rich services of plate, sumptuous equipages with postillions and outriders in livery, superb barges for the river, with rowers, wearing the colors of their respective families; the masters of the plantations vying with each other in the breed of their horses, the quality of their hounds; their dependants cherishing the rivalry with punctilio and ceremony.

Mrs. Washington made visits in a chariot and four, with black postillions in red and white livery; WASHINGTON generally accompanying her on horseback.

In those palmy days of the Old Dominion, each estate was a small empire. "The mansion house was the seat of government, with its numerous dependencies, such as kitchens, smoke-house, workshops, and stables. In the mansion the planter ruled supreme, his steward or overseer was his prime minister or executive officer. He had his legion of house negroes for domestic service, and his host of field negroes for the culture of tobacco, Indian corn, other crops, and all out of door labor; their quarter formed a hamlet apart, composed of various huts, with little gardens and poultry-yards, all well-stocked, and swarms of little negroes gambolling in the sunshine. Then there were large wooden edifices for curing tobacco, the staple and most profitable production, mills for grinding wheat and Indian corn. Among the slaves were artificers of all kinds, tailors, shoemakers, carpenters, smiths, and wheelwrights; so that a plantation produced every thing within itself for ordinary use; articles of fashion, elegance, luxuries, and expensive clothing were imported from London. The planters on the

Potomac carrying on an immediate trade with England.* The products of Washington's estate were noted for faithfulness in quantity and quality—flour bearing his brand being exempted from inspection in foreign ports.

Rising before daybreak in winter, Washington lit his own fire, and wrote or read by candle-light, breakfasting at eight; during the summer at seven. Two small cups of tea and three or four hoe-cakes, formed his frugal repast. Immediately after breakfast he mounted his horse and visited different parts of his estate. Two o'clock was the dinner hour. Eating heartily, he was no epicure; beer, cider, and old Madeira were his customary beverages. In the evening he took tea, and when without guests, read aloud to the family.

His negroes were treated with peculiar kindness, visiting them in sickness and in health, measuring carefully each one's capabilities—inventing improvements with his mechanics, constructing a plough on a new principle with Peter, his smith.

During the hunting season, Mt. Vernon was alive with guests, and reciprocal entertainments were given by the opulent neighbors. The convivial repasts after a day's sport Washington greatly enjoyed. His diaries of the months of November and December are full of hunting memoranda.

“Nov. 22d. Hunting with Lord Fairfax and his brother and Col. Fairfax.

“Nov. 25th. Mr. Bryan Fairfax, Mr. Grayson, and Phil Alexander, came here by sunrise. Hunted and

* Irving.

caught a fox with these, Lord Fairfax, his brother and Col. Fairfax, all of whom with Mr. Fairfax and Mr. Wilson of England, dined here. 26th and 29th. Hunted again with same company.

“Dec. 5th. Fox-hunting. Started a fox and lost it; dined at Belvoir, and returned in the evening.”

Fishing, and shooting canvas-back ducks, were likewise a favorite recreation with him.

When duty or social obligations called him to Annapolis, he improved the opportunities for attending theatrical representations, of which he was fond; while at balls he was not averse to mingling in the dance and stately minuet.

From the date of his marriage, WASHINGTON passed several tranquil, happy years at Mt. Vernon. Friends and strangers of distinction sought his hospitality. Surrounded with a devoted household, entranced with the beauty and affection of his wife, gladdened by the exuberant spirits and gayety of her children, the halcyon months glided rapidly away. Occasionally extending his thoughts to improvements beyond his own domains, he engaged in a project for draining the Dismal Swamp and increasing the navigable advantages of contiguous rivers.

Thus nestling under his own roof-tree, the rumors of border warfare and distant local dissension, were insufficient to distract his thoughts from peaceful and congenial pursuits. But anon, there is a stir of discontent toward the mother country, which penetrated the tranquil shades of Mt. Vernon. Questions of taxation

by the British crown, unlawfully administered and unjustly levied; questions of inherent rights, which set all brains at work, till from murmurs and muffled breathings came imprecations and clamor throughout the land.

Returning, in 1765, from a session of the House of Burgesses, the demons of unquiet began their incantations. Anxiety was molesting every thoughtful man; still, from his quiet abode, he heard but the rumbling storm on the far horizon. Patrick Henry's clarion tones were penetrating every home. At Mt. Vernon, the echoes vibrated again and again. The Stamp Act had resulted in burning effigies, and other demonstrations of tumult. Still, WASHINGTON took no part in the public agitation. With the repeal of the Stamp Act he hoped that all feeling of animosity would yet be assuaged between the mother country and the colonies; so he continued his rural occupations, and his duck-shooting on the Potomac. Writing to his friends, he calls England "home," and speaks affectionately of reciprocal interests. What, then, must have been his feelings when the vindictive measures of Parliament with regard to the port of Boston reached Virginia, and the House of Burgesses set apart a day of fasting, humiliation, and prayer, to implore Divine interposition to avert the heavy calamity threatening destruction to their rights—to avert civil war—and to "give the people one heart and one mind in firmly opposing every injury to American liberties?" WASHINGTON at Williamsburgh, one of the members most strenuous in resisting Lord Dunmore's policy, fast-

ed rigidly, and attended the services appointed by the church.

On the 1st of August, 1774, he is summoned, as representative, to Williamsburgh, where a convention held a six days' session, at which WASHINGTON, with Patrick Henry, Richard Henry Lee, and five others, were appointed delegates to represent the people of Virginia in General Congress, to be held at Philadelphia.

Adieu to the habits and methods of pastoral life. Pan's pipe no longer wakes dulcet notes amid the rushes, by plashing marge, or murmuring brooklet. Clarion strains ring through the air with every breeze. The glances of the Good Master go oftener to the sword sleeping over the mantel, with each mail's added excitement, than to the fishing-rod or sporting bridle. Madame's face has an anxious echo to the brow of her lord, knit with thought and solemn with care, till, on a September morning, the master of Mt. Vernon, and all its content, passes on horseback through the gate, with Edmund Pendleton and Patrick Henry. The household, with portentous dread, watches the tall form towering above his fellows receding in the distance. A wood shuts them from view. The hero has passed from the haven of peace into the stormy vortex of governmental strife. The hospitable gate has closed, like a drama curtain, on the act of domestic enjoyment—the rites of Ceres—Floral festivals, sylvan ditties, and exuberant bursts of mirth. The gladiator winds slowly towards the arena of conflict, sustained by a giant twain. There is the smell of carnage in the air, the thunder rift

sweeps on. Where is the prophet to foretell the sequel? Anxious wives and mothers moan in anguish, Where?

Hastening back to Mt. Vernon from the Congress, he finds the first scene of the tragic act begun. The fates are busy with brands of discord, and their fruit—dis-may. Mrs. Washington's daughter, Martha, had recently died. To augment the gloom of the bereavement, his bosom friend, Geo. William Fairfax, had departed for England, a staunch loyalist. His mansion of munificent hospitality was in ashes. William Fairfax was gone. The intercourse between Belvoir and Mt. Vernon forever at an end. Friends and neighbors, estranged by political differences, met no more. Booming of cannon at Bunker Hill, vibrating over the States, shook asunder olden social bonds—the elements of life; while the dis-membered fragments were, in sorrow and gloom, mar-shalling for new combinations and diverse issues.

The interregnum of eight years, when the master's presence was no more the guiding influence, now came. The court-yard was empty, no guests strolled at morn and eve beneath the winding avenues, or dotted the lawn in gay groups. The stables were vacant, the corridors silent, save with the stealthy gliding of sad-dened domestics. The seasons came and went, corroding and gnawing at porch and cornice—the weeds grew, and the rank grass waved mournful tokens of absence, and its corresponding neglect.

Of these long eventful eight years we have few chronicles save the farm diary. Madame spent with the

children a portion of some summers, lonely and with the burthen of care and anxiety, fearing each post, yet more alarmed at its failure. Days of dread, nights of apprehension, made none the less intense with rumors of depredations committed by the enemy on estates below them on the river. Houses and stables burned, cattle driven off, domestics butchered, property confiscated, masters seized as hostages.

But at last, after fearful suspense, suffering, and exhaustion, the storm broke; sunshine came through the ragged rifts. The pæan of peace was chanted—the bow of promise spanned the welkin—the men of might and the women of heroism rested from their labors. The nation slept in lullaby, and awoke to gratitude. All eyes turned toward the promontory on the Potomac, where the great soldier had doffed his tattered habiliments of command, and hung up his implements of war. With his wood, thicket, and copse, he shut out the plaudits of the multitude. The bleating of his lambskins, the lowing of his herds, the songs of his birds, the laugh of his adopted children, were the only music his ears would recognize. Neighing chargers and blaring trumpets died away in the smoke of the last battle; rustling leaves and swinging boughs beguiled him now.

Thus have we arrived at the period of our picture. Unfortunately the register which the great man kept of his daily occupation, which would enlighten us precisely as to our date, is missing. In the archives of the State Department at Washington, carelessly deposited in an old pine box, are the manuscripts, private papers, account-books, and diaries wherein he recorded

each day's events. But from 1782 to 1785, the diaries are wanting, with the exception of his trip to the West, immediately after Lafayette's visit in September. Consequently, our data are very imperfect as to who were guests at Mt. Vernon during the sojourn of his friend. We do know, however, that Mrs. Washington, the children, and Mrs. Stuart were there. The group, therefore, has been restricted to these personages, and the hour chosen when the family would most likely convene under the portico. The long summer day is nearly over. Peace is conquered. Repose is won, and befittingly the two heroes are in conjunction at the Home of the now Nation's Father. Green and fair is the landscape. Scarcely a cloud lingers in the sky; the river partakes of the calm influence; a night of holy tranquillity steals on with the lengthening shadows. A few days like these—a few low, earnest talks, pacing the piazza, while the harvest moon shed benignant influence over the scene, and Lafayette said adieu for a season, while Washington went to see his lands at the West. After an adventurous journey of 680 miles on horseback, he returned home. Lafayette joined him at Richmond, and made another visit of a few days, when the summons for parting is heard, forebodingly by each; for the presentiment dominated that it was their last interview. To shun the sadness which parting at Mt. Vernon would occasion, Washington accompanied his noble guest to Annapolis. On his return home he wrote him the following farewell letter:

“ In the moment of our separation, upon the road as

I have travelled, and every hour since, I have felt all that love, respect, and attachment for you, with which length of years, close connection, and your merits, have inspired me. I often asked myself, as our carriages separated, whether that was the last sight I ever should have of you? And though I wished to answer no—my fears answered yes. I called to mind the days of my youth, and found that they had long since fled, to return no more; that I was now descending the hill I had been fifty-two years climbing, and that, though I was blessed with a good constitution, I was of a short-lived family, and might soon be entombed in the mansion of my fathers. These thoughts darkened the shades, and gave a gloom to the picture, and, consequently, to my prospect of ever seeing you again.”

After the departure of Lafayette, Washington resumed, with increasing assiduity, his agricultural schemes. Writing a friend in England, he says: “The more I am acquainted with agricultural affairs, the better I am pleased with them: insomuch that I can nowhere find so much satisfaction as in these innocent and useful pursuits. While indulging these feelings, I am led to reflect how much more delightful to an undebauched mind is the task of making improvements on the earth, than all the vain glory that can be acquired from ravaging it by the most uninterrupted career of conquest.”

On the 10th of January, 1785, he notes in his diary, the white thorn in full berry. On the 20th, begins to clear the Pine Groves of undergrowth. In Feb-

ruary, transplants ivy under the garden walls. In March, plants hemlock trees. Now he plants young elms, ash, white thorn, crab-apples, maples, mulberries, willows, lilacs; then he sows acorns and buckeye nuts brought from the Monongahela, opens vistas through the Pine Grove, and twines round his columns the scarlet honeysuckle to bloom all the summer. Among the trees sets out a group of horse-chestnuts from Westmoreland, his native county. Everywhere are traces of his hands.

On the four farms were 54 draught horses, 12 mules, 317 head of black cattle, 360 sheep, and a great number of swine running at large in the woods.

But other duties interrupt the rural plans. Each post loads his table with letters, until correspondence becomes a great burthen. Then Tobias Lear is engaged as secretary, and tutor to the children, and he gains more leisure, only to be importuned by artists who personally or through friends beset him to sit, until he writes: "At first impatient at the request, and as restive as a young colt under the saddle; now no dray-horse moves more readily to his thill than I to the painter's chair."

To this exemplary patience we are indebted for the admirable bust which Houdon, the eminent French sculptor, made of him in 1785. Of all likenesses this, doubtless, is the most satisfactory in many respects. That of Trumbull's is spirited, and doubtless correct; but in the bust, we have every view of the expressive and individual face, and in this regard is inval-

nable for the later generation of artists. Stuart's portrait in the Athenæum at Boston was painted some years later, and by his contemporaries was considered excellent. This, from being one of the last, has passed into the type of the Hero; and most know his features from this resemblance, as it has been so universally copied and distributed. Finely rendering the benignity of age and the calmness of maturity, it lacks the vigor of the hero, and the firmness of character which marked the original. This, in a measure, is owing to the feebleness of the mouth, occasioned by a new set of false teeth, clumsily introduced about the period of the picture. Artistically considered, however, it is a wonderfully fine portrait, and will always be a favorite with the public.

The venerable Rembrandt Peale enjoyed the privilege of painting Washington; and his picture is said, by contemporaries, to resemble the original. All the portraits convey a striking physiognomy, unlike that of any other head, ancient or modern. The brow is much more full and copious than would seem at first glance; the hair combed back, having the tendency to diminish its volume. The ear is set far back from the angle of the brow, giving great length to the frontal fibre of the brain, ever indicative of intellectual power. The height of skull from the centre of the eye to the summit is greater than in most heads. The clearly-defined, regular nose expresses symmetry of character; while the great length of lower jaw from the tip of the ear to the point of the

chin conveys unmistakably determination, force, and indomitable will. In this respect, like Napoleon's mask, and that of all great commanders, it is a striking example; and the more minutely the bust of Houdon is studied, the more admirable will it appear as delineating the traits and characteristics of the wonderful man. As a type of manly beauty, nothing can be more noble or finer; and, like the head of Napoleon, will ever remain a standard from which to compare other men's cranial and facial combinations.

Mr. Lear writes: "General Washington is, I believe, almost the only man who does not lose some part of his respectability by an intimate acquaintance. I never found a single thing that could lessen my respect for him. A complete knowledge of his honesty, uprightness, and candor, in all his private transactions, has sometimes led me to think him more than a man."

Miss Custis says: "I have sometimes made him laugh heartily from sympathy with my joyous and extravagant spirits, though he was a silent, thoughtful man. He spoke little generally—never of himself. I never heard him relate a single act of his life during the war. I have often seen him perfectly abstracted—his lips moving, but no sound was perceptible."

Mr. Watson, who visited Mt. Vernon in 1785, says: "I trembled with awe when I came into the presence of this great man. I found him at table with Mrs. Washington and his private family, and was received with the native dignity, and with that urbanity so peculiarly combined in the character of a soldier and an eminent

private gentleman. He soon put me at my ease by unbending in a free and affable conversation. Kind and benignant in the domestic circle, revered and beloved by all around him, agreeably social, without ostentation, delighting in anecdote and adventure, without assumption, his domestic arrangements harmonious and systematic. His servants seemed to watch his eye, and to anticipate his every wish—hence, a look was equivalent to a command. His servant Billy, the faithful companion of his military career, was always at his side. Smiling content animated every countenance in his presence. He modestly waived all allusions to the events in which he acted so glorious and conspicuous a part.”

Bishop White observes: “I know no man who so carefully guarded against discoursing of himself, or of his acts, or of any thing that pertained to him. A stranger would never have known, from any thing said by him, that he was conscious of having distinguished himself in the eyes of the world.”

Of the reverential awe he inspired, it is told that at a ball, the moment he entered, all mirth was checked. Every face was grave, every tongue silent. He endeavored to engage the young people in conversation. Finding it in vain, he retired sadly to the company of his elders. Soon happy voices and laughter again resounded. Cautiously on tip-toe he approached the door, and stood some time a delighted spectator of youthful revelry.

But the domestic interlude to the life of action is

again drawing to a close. Events, in spite of himself, compel him beyond the "limits of his farm." The nation, in selecting its first President, demands his character, and the sacrifice of his inclinations for retirement to the public welfare.

To Lafayette he writes: "The Presidential chair has no fascinating allurements for me. At my time of life, and under my circumstances, the increasing infirmities of nature, and the growing love of retirement, do not permit me to entertain a wish beyond that of living and dying an honest man on my own farm."

To Colonel Henry Lee: "You know my invincible attachment to domestic life, and that my sincerest wish is to continue in the enjoyment of it until my final hour."

To Alex. Hamilton: "Should I accept the Presidency, it would be with a fixed determination of lending whatever assistance might be in my power to promote the public weal, in hopes that at a convenient and early period my services might be dispensed with, and that I might be permitted once more to retire and pass an unclouded evening, after the stormy day of life, in the bosom of domestic tranquillity."

What, then, was the magnitude of the sacrifice which again removed him from such a home.

On the 16th of April, 1789, he bade it farewell with a sorrowing heart for another eight years. And once more the master's absence breeds neglect and decay. Nor was it until March, 1797, that the place was gladdened, while the nation's eyes were tearful over the

farewell address. For the last time, the triumphal cortege swept through its gates, and there were revelry and joy among friends, neighbors, and dependents.

The remaining two years of the glorious career, the undimmed sun declining to a golden setting—are they not recorded in the heart and memory of all? The violent illness and sudden death—the wail of an idolizing people—the requiems—the muffled drums and solemn bells which rang out the century, while a mourning nation gazed in stupor at the bier of its greatest son! But the debt of nature paid, he began to live in the hearts of his children. Faction and political contumely shrunk abashed from his ashes, and his colossal spiritual image began to assume the gigantic proportions which command the admiration and regard of the world.

Each act of his life grows purer with the test of time. Poets and painters of coming years will illustrate incident after incident, until all the points in his great career will be translated into glowing verse and imperishable hues, which shall foster memory in his children, and lead them to emulate his glorious deeds.

CHRONOLGY OF WASHINGTON.

- 1732.—Born Feb. 22, near the banks of the Potomac, in Westmoreland Co., Va., the eldest son of a second marriage.
- 1747.—Left school, and went to reside with his step-brother Lawrence.
- 1748.—Appointed surveyor of Lord Fairfax's lands.
- 1749.—Commissioned as Public Surveyor.
- 1751.—Appointed military inspector with rank of major.
“ —Sails with Lawrence for Barbadoes.
- 1752.—On the death of his brother, becomes executor, and afterwards proprietor of Mt. Vernon.
- 1753.—Sent as Commissioner to the French—crosses the Alleghanies.
- 1754.—Appointed to command the Virginia troops. Colonel of the Virginia regiment.
“ —Battle of Great Meadows, July 3d.
- 1755.—Appointed Aide-de-camp to Gen. Braddock.
“ —Battle of Monongahela, July 9th. Braddock's defeat.
“ —Retires to Mt. Vernon in August. Again appointed to command Virginia troops.
- 1756.—Feb. Journey to Boston. Meets at New York Miss Mary Phillipps.
- 1757.—Attends a meeting of Governors and officers at Philadelphia.
“ —Retires to Mt. Vernon, ill with a fever.

- 1758.—Ordered to Fort Cumberland. At the taking of Fort Duquesne. Resigns his commission.
- 1759.—Jan. 6th. Marries Mrs. Martha Custis. Elected member of the House of Burgesses. Retires to Mt. Vernon in April. Occupied as a Planter till 1764.
- 1767.—Takes an early part against British aggression.
- 1769.—House of Burgesses dissolved.
- 1770.—Visits his western lands.
- 1774.—At the Convention of Williamsburgh. Appointed delegate to a General Congress at Philadelphia.
- 1775.—Chosen to command volunteer companies—re-chosen delegate to 2d Congress.
- “ —Chosen to command the American army. Commissioned June 19th. July 2d, joins the army at Cambridge.
- 1776.—March 4, Dorchester Heights taken. April 13, marches to New York. Battle of Long Island, Aug. 27th. Oct. 26, Battle of Chatterton Hill.
- “ —Dec. 7, crosses the Delaware. Dec. 26, battle of Trenton.
- 1777.—Battle of Princeton. July, First interview with Lafayette at head-quarters near Philadelphia. Sept. 11, Battle of Brandywine—Lafayette wounded. Oct. 4, battle of Germantown. Encamps at Valley Forge, Dec. 18th.
- 1778.—May 20th, Lafayette attacks Barren Hill. June 28, battle of Monmouth.
- 1779.—Storming of Stony Point.
- 1780.—April, Lafayette returns from France.
- “ —Sept. 23d, capture of Andre.

- 1781.—Lafayette sent with a detachment to Virginia. Oct. 17, Cornwallis surrenders at Yorktown.
- 1782.—Lafayette returns to France.
- 1783.—Peace proclaimed.
 “ —Farewell address to the army, Nov. 2. Nov. 25, takes possession of New York. Dec. 23d, resigns his commission, and retires to Mt. Vernon.
- 1784.—Devotes himself to agriculture. Aug., Lafayette visits him. Dec. 8, Lafayette's departure.
- 1785.—Houdon models his bust.
- 1786.—Appointed delegate to a General Convention.
- 1787.—May 14. Elected President of the Convention at Philadelphia.
- 1788.—Constitution adopted.
- 1789.—Chosen First President. April 23d, public entry into New York. Oct., makes a tour through the New England States.
- 1790.—Visits Mt. Vernon in Sept.
- 1791.—Makes a tour through the Southern States.
- 1793.—Chosen President for a second term.
- 1796.—Endeavors to procure the release of Lafayette. Sept. 15th, issues his farewell address.
- 1797.—March 4th, retires from office to Mt. Vernon.
- 1798.—Appointed again to the command of the army.
- 1799.—Died Dec. 14th.

LAFAYETTE.

“Thy fame shall pass from age to age,
From clime to clime, from sire to son;
And History on her glowing page
Shall write the name of Washington.”

ANNE C. LYNCH.

GILBERT MARTIN MARQUIS DE LAFAYETTE was born at Charanac, in Auvergne, in 1757. At the age of seventeen he married the grand-daughter of the Duke of Noailles, inheriting a large fortune, with high rank and position at court. (From a note in Mrs. Kirkland's *Memoirs of Washington*, we extract the following account:)

Lafayette was but eighteen years old when he happened to dine in company with the Duke of Gloucester, brother of King George III., and heard the contest between England and America discussed by the Duke and his friends, the character and conduct of “the rebels” being, of course, very severely treated. His interest was so strongly excited, that he asked many questions of the Duke, and felt himself, in spite of the most unfavorable representations, deeply interested in the idea of people battling for their liberty, under so many discouraging circumstances. Before he left the company, he had conceived the project of going, in person, to the aid of this struggling people. Returning to Paris, Lafayette procured an introduction to Silas

Deane, then one of our commissioners for obtaining the alliance of France, and was, by Mr. Deane's representations, confirmed in his desire to take part in the patriotic struggle. The loss of Fort Washington, and other unlucky accidents, very much dampened the courage of the friends of the cause; but Lafayette was above such hasty conclusions. "My zeal and love of liberty," said he, "have perhaps hitherto been my prevailing motives; but now I see a chance of usefulness, which I had not anticipated. I have money; I will purchase a ship, which shall convey to America myself, my companions, and the freight for Congress.

While the vessel was getting ready, Lafayette visited England, in performance of a previous agreement with a friend, and was there treated with all the attention and courtesy due to his high rank and distinguished connections.

When he had been three weeks in London, he received private intelligence that his vessel was ready; and, breaking away from all that was most interesting in England, he immediately set out for France.

So delicate was his sense of honor, that he declined an invitation, from one of the royal dukes, to visit the dockyards, at Portsmouth, where the naval armament was then being fitted for the American war, lest he should seem to have taken an undue advantage of his position. He met with many difficulties, and much opposition before he could even reach his vessel. A *lettre de cachet*, a terrible thing in those days, was sent after him, but he eluded it, and by stealth sailed for

America, accompanied by the Baron de Kalb, and eleven other officers, of different ranks, seeking service in America. On the voyage, he employed himself, though sea-sick, with studying English, and also with reading works on military tactics. Lafayette desired the captain to sail directly for the United States, but this the gentleman was by no means disposed to do, urging the probability of their being taken by some British cruiser, and sent to Halifax as prisoners, for nobody knew how long.

Lafayette stood out for his rights as owner; the captain remained unyielding, until the young hero threatened to supersede him, and put the second officer in his place. Upon which it came out that the captain had on board eight thousand dollars' worth of goods for sale on his own account, which he was naturally very loth to see captured by the British. Upon which the marquis promised to make good any loss, although the goods had been smuggled on board his ship without his permission or knowledge.

By a good Providence they made land on the coast of South Carolina. "Here," says Mr. Sparks, from whose animated account our whole sketch is condensed, "here they debarked, and a distant light served to guide them. When they arrived near the house whence the light proceeded, the dogs growled and barked, and the people within supposed them to be a party of marauders from the enemy's vessels. Before gaining admittance, it was demanded of them who they were and what they wanted.

“Baron de Kalb was their interpreter, he having before been in America, and acquired some facility in speaking the English language.

“At length suspicions were removed, and the strangers were received with a cordial welcome and a generous hospitality. Lafayette retired to rest, rejoiced that he had at last attained the haven of his wishes, and was safely landed in America, beyond the reach of his pursuers.

“The morning was beautiful. The novelty of every thing around him, the room, the bed with mosquito curtains, the black servants, who came to ascertain his wants, the beauty and strange appearance of the country, as he saw it from his windows, clothed in luxuriant verdure, all conspired to produce a magical effect, and to impress him with indescribable sensations. He found himself in the house of Major Huger, a gentleman not more remarkable for his hospitality than for his worth and highly respectable character. Major Huger provided horses to convey him and his companions to Charleston. The vessel likewise went into Charleston harbor.”

In one of Lafayette's letters to his wife—for this boy of nineteen had a wife and two children—he writes :

“As to my own reception, it has been most agreeable in every quarter; and to have come with me secures the most flattering welcome. I have just passed five hours at a grand dinner, given in honor of me by an individual of this city. Generals Howe and

Moultrie, and several officers of my suite, were present. We drank healths and tried to talk English. I begin to speak it a little. To-morrow I shall go with these gentlemen and call on the Governor of the state, and make arrangements for my departure. The next day the commanding officers here will show me the city and its environs, and then I shall set out for the army.

“Considering the pleasant life I lead in this country, my sympathy with the people, which makes me feel as much at ease in their society as if I had known them for twenty years, the similarity of their mode of thinking and my own, and my love of liberty and of glory, one might suppose that I am very happy.

“But you are not with me; my friends are not with me; and there is no happiness for me far from you and them.”

At Philadelphia Lafayette presented himself at the door of Congress, but received a very discouraging answer to his first application. He was told there were so many French gentlemen applying for situations in the army, that his chance was very slender. Who can wonder that the stripling should not, at first sight, have inspired anybody with much respect for his efficiency as a soldier?

But the aspect of things changed materially when he made an application in writing to be allowed to act as a volunteer *without pay*.

Here he put himself at once, in one particular, on

a level with the commander-in-chief, whose refusal of all pecuniary compensation, had given him throughout such an immeasurable advantage.

The result was that Lafayette received the commission of a major-general in the army of the United States, when he was not quite twenty years of age.

Washington, in the first instance, invited him to make head-quarters his home, adding, in a tone of pleasantry, "that he could not promise him the luxuries of a court, or even the conveniences which his former habits might have rendered essential to his comfort; but, since he had become an American soldier, he would doubtless contrive to accommodate himself to the character he had assumed, and submit, with a good grace, to the customs and manners, and privations of a republican army." If Lafayette was made happy by his success with Congress, his joy was redoubled by this flattering proof of friendship and regard on the part of the commander-in-chief.

His horses and equipage were immediately sent to camp and ever afterwards, even when he had charge of a division, he kept up his intimacy at head-quarters, and enjoyed all the advantages of a member of the general's family.

From this time the commander-in-chief felt that he had a friend; and the warmth of his expression towards the marquis is hardly excelled by even the vivacious tenderness of the young enthusiast for himself. Washington's letters to his friends are warm and

friendly, as well as candid and confiding; but to Lafayette he always, after they became acquainted, writes in a tone of affection which bears testimony to the worth of both—the man of forty-six and the youth of twenty.

Lafayette fought as a volunteer at the battles of Brandywine and Monmouth in 1778, and received the thanks of Congress. He then proceeded to France in order to obtain reinforcements; returned with armaments under General Rochambeau, and commanded Washington's vanguard at the time of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis in 1782. After the capitulation of Yorktown he returned to France, was elected member of the Notables in 1787, and, on the breaking out of the Revolution, he took part with the friends of liberty. In October, 1789, he was made commander-in-chief of the national guard, and ordered and assisted in demolishing the Bastille. On the 6th he marched to Versailles, saved the Royal Family from the outrages of the mob, and placed them under the protection of the national assembly. In 1790 he proclaimed the "sacredness of the right of insurrection," and established, in conjunction with Bailly, the club of Feuillans. On the attempted escape of Louis XVI., Lafayette lost some of his popularity, through being accused of conniving at it. But dissipating these calumnies, he fought against the emigrants and allies in Flanders, and mutual accusations passed between him and Dumouriez and Collot d'Herbois. He returned to France to denounce them and to protest against the violence offered to the

King. But the Mountain was too strong for him; he was burnt in effigy on the 30th of June, 1792, and being obliged to escape from France, fell into the hands of the Austrians, who imprisoned him at Olmutz.

There he remained five years, till after Bonaparte's triumphant campaign of Italy, when, on the special demand of the latter, he was set at liberty. Lafayette, however, was consistent; when Napoleon became an apostate from liberty, he voted against the consulate for life, and withdrew from public affairs. But after the battle of Waterloo he reappeared to protest against the dictatorship; and having subsequently protested against the dissolution of the legislative body by Prussian bayonets, again withdrew to his estate—till he was returned, in 1818, deputy for the department De la Sarthe. In 1821 he made a visit to America, and was received with distinction and enthusiasm as joint founder of American liberty with Washington and Franklin.

The unconstitutional violence and ordinances of Charles X., in June, 1830, brought Lafayette on the stage again in the character with which he commenced his career—that of commander-in-chief of the National Guard, and the advocate and supporter of a citizen king. He soon after resigned the command, and having seen Louis Phillipe recognized as King of the French, he once more retired to domestic life. He died in 1834, and was buried in Paris.

MRS. MARTHA WASHINGTON.

MARTHA DANDRIDGE was born in the county of New Kent, Colony of Virginia, in May, 1732, the same year with Washington.

She was descended from a long line of ancestors, which was originally represented in the colony by the Reverend Orlando Jones, a Welsh gentleman, who early established himself on the banks of the Potomac.

Her education was commensurate with her position in society, and the advantages of the times. Endowed with quick perceptions and a ready adaptation, added to great personal beauty, she early became a favorite, and was surrounded by numerous admirers.

After a short season as a reigning belle, she reciprocated the attachment of Colonel Daniel Parke Custis, son of the Hon. John Custis, of Arlington, a king's counsellor. Opposition on the part of the father, who was desirous of a more ambitious alliance, led to a delay in their union; but the king's counsellor yielded at last, and the ardent lover carried his fair bride to his plantation on the borders of the Pamunky River, whose mansion was known as The White House.

Colonel Custis was an affluent planter, and a pleasing type of the Virginia gentleman of the olden time.

Their marriage was blessed with three children; the eldest, a son, died in early life. Colonel Custis soon followed him to the grave, leaving his young and beautiful widow sole executrix to extensive estates, and the care of two young children, a boy, John Parke Custis, and his sister Martha.

After the usual period of mourning had passed, Mrs. Custis, with increased charms and augmented fortune, was again surrounded by many suitors and ardent admirers. The White House became renowned for taste, refinement, and hospitality, until the young military Hero's destiny led him into conjunction with her star at the house of Mr. Chamberlayne, which we have recounted in the foregoing pages.

After her marriage with the renowned Colonel, her life became so closely interwoven with his, it is difficult to separate the strands. Mount Vernon became her permanent home immediately after the union, until WASHINGTON's appointment to the command of the army.

Her added fortune gave a new expression to the mansion and its dependencies. Fond of style and punctilio, she yet possessed all the graces and accomplishments which gave a charm and zest to home. Every department of the domestic arrangements received her constant supervision and direction.

With a most paternal regard Washington took upon himself the guardianship of her children, administering on their portion of inheritance with the utmost exactness, directing their education, and regulating their social duties.

How much he became attached to them is evinced by the accounts given of his anguish at the death of Miss Custis, which took place on her attaining womanhood in 1770.

Before John Parke Custis reached his 20th year, he became engaged to Miss Calvert, daughter of Benedict Calvert, a descendant of the old and distinguished Maryland family of that name. Washington, on the ground of his extreme youth, opposed the match, desiring it might be postponed; but out of consideration of his being an only child—the last of his family—gave his consent, and they were married before the groom attained his majority.

Upon WASHINGTON'S taking command of the army at Cambridge, Mrs. Washington followed him thither, and was more or less with him at head-quarters during the war, especially at the time of the winter encampments, where she was ever regarded as a most devoted wife, and worthy example of the matron and heroine. Her time on these occasions was employed in knitting and making clothing for the soldiers, visiting the sick, administering to, and relieving the distressed

After the war, Mount Vernon became the seat of a most munificent, though unostentatious hospitality, over which she presided with a dignity second only to that of the General's. Distinguished guests at all seasons paid her devoted homage; the good and brave of all lands were the recipients of her courtesies and bounty. Just at the termination of the Revolutionary struggle, her son died at Eltham. Washington, returning from

the capitulation of Yorktown, was called to his death-bed, (October, 1781.) when, of four little grand-children, he adopted the two youngest, (introduced into the picture,) and they became inmates of Mount Vernon, and a portion of his household. When called to the Presidency, he transferred his home to New York and Philadelphia.

During the interval between the war and the Presidency, we have much contemporaneous testimony as to her character and life. The Marquis de Chastellux writes: "She appeared to me one of the best women in the world, and beloved by all about her."

While presiding over the domestic department, and controlling the social elements of the Presidential mansion, we have too many anecdotes and descriptions of her life to attempt here a sketch of that period, so full of incident.

It was with unfeigned reluctance she left the quiet shades of Mt. Vernon, to become the leaderess of the Republican court. Her duties, manifold and arduous, heroically fulfilled, the season of her return to the beloved home on the banks of the Potomac was hailed with enthusiastic gratitude and joy.

The felicity of peace and domestic tranquillity was all too short. Two and a half brief years, and her light went out for this world. The sorrow of the nation's loss was concentrated in hers. Bowing to the inexorable, she meekly bided her summons to depart. "All is over now—I shall soon follow him—I have no more trials to pass through," was her simple and touching wail. With each morning's sun, and each eve's de-

cline, she gazed from her window at the quiet mound beneath the tall trees, where they had laid the nation's idol and her adored. Month after month, with pious resignation, she told off the shattered loops of her lone destiny, until the year 1801, when, at the age of seventy-one, she was laid beside her hero-husband, as we behold them, within the same tomb to-day.

MRS. STUART.

MRS. STUART, the wife of John Parke Custis, was a daughter of Benedict Calvert, and descendant of Cecil Calvert, Lord Baltimore. She was early married, and had four children. At the commencement of the war, her husband was made a member of Washington's military household, serving as aide-de-camp. At the time of his death, he enjoyed the rank of Colonel.

Mrs. Custis remained a widow but two years, marrying Dr. Stuart a few months previous to the date of the picture.

During Lafayette's visit, she was with her two youngest children and her mother-in-law.

ELEANOR PARKE CUSTIS married Major Lawrence Lewis, Washington's favorite nephew. She died in Clarke county, Virginia, in 1852, at the age of seventy-four years.

GEORGE WASHINGTON PARKE CUSTIS was born at Mt. Airy, Maryland, the seat of his maternal grandfather. He remained at Mt. Vernon until the death of his grandmother, when he was about twenty-one years

old. He was appointed cornet of the horse in 1799, and soon afterwards was promoted as aide-de-camp to Gen. Pinckney, of South Carolina. In 1802 he began the erection of the present mansion at Arlington, an estate of one thousand acres left him by his father, opposite Washington, commanding extensive views of the Potomac and surrounding country, where he kept up the state of a hospitable Virginia gentleman, until the time of his death, two or three years since. Having witnessed every Presidential inauguration, and mingled with the prominent men during his long life, his reminiscences had a peculiar value and interest.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 011 838 146 4

0 011 838 146 4

5