

WASHINGTON RELICS

RARE DOCUMENTS RELATING TO THE GREAT AMERICAN.

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

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

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

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

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

"Sentiments dictated by George Washington in a letter from Mrs. M. Washington to Mrs. Frances Washington, 2 June, 1783."

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

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

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

This Mrs. Frances Washington was the daughter of Colonel Burwell Bassett, of New Kent County, Virginia. She married on October 15, 1765, Colonel George Augustine Washington, who was the great George's nephew, being the son of his younger brother Charles. Mrs. Frances had

CROSSING THE DELAWARE.



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

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

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

four children, one of whom died in infancy. Her husband left her by will, which was probated in 1793, all his property as long as she remained a widow, though provision was made for the children as soon as they should marry or attain their majority. In the will is a full description of the Berkeley county property referred to in the letter.

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

1772. Col. George Washington	Dr.
June 17th To making will yr	
waltingman a coat	
wastcoat & 2 pr	
Bretches of Dark	
Drill.....	0 10 0
To making Froebey	
2 pr Drill Bretches.....	0 6 0
To Giles & Tom each a	
pair.....	0 6 0
To making Frank 2	
wastcoats & 2 pr	
Bretches.....	0 12 0
To 9 dozen small	
Buttons on horse mole.....	0 4 6
To 3 dozen Large at 2d	
To making 3 coats of	
Dryed Cotton for	
Giles & Mike Mores.....	0 15 0
To picking 4 caps	
from Cannon.....	0 1 0
To making 4 saylors	
Jackits.....	1 0 0
To making 2 pr	
Bretches for Joe.....	0 6 0
To making yr Bretches	
of silk wove.....	0 6 0
To making a wastcoat	
of Blue Fassion.....	0 5 0
Aug 26th To making yr white	
Casany coat.....	0 14 0
To making yr London	
Brown.....	0 12 6
To making yr green	
wastcoat & silk, 7/4.....	0 5 7 1/2
To making yr wait-	
ingman Lavry.....	1 0 0
Errors excepted	
Wm Carlin.....	7 11 7 1/2
Coutner C	
By half a Barrill of	
corn.....	8
By Messrs Cunnin-	
gham and Alexandr	
sect.....	1 11 7
Bal.....	1 13 7
Received the above sum of Five Pounds	
Twelve shillings Currency in full of all ac-	
counts to this 26th day of September, 1772.	
Wm. Carlin.	

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

A quaint document has seldom been published. What an honest fellow Carlin is! He charges 5s. 7 1/2d. to "making yr green wastcoat," but he takes care to explain that the odd 7 1/2d. is only a fair payment for the silk used by him. Note, too, how careful

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

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

VI.
 And then, nine miles beyond they go,
 With steady, solemn tread,
 To where the hated Hessian foe
 Sleep in their drunken bed.
 Aroused from dissipation's dose
 In wild surprise they start,
 And, conquered, give their swords to those
 Who crossed the Delaware.
 —George V. Hobart, in New York Herald.

he is to write the words "Errors accepted" at the end of the bill. If his bill is not entirely satisfactory—we are all human and liable to err—he is quite willing to listen to any arguments with a view to its reduction. On the other hand if he should have forgotten any item, he would naturally have the right to charge for it in a later bill. His precaution, however, did not avail him, as the receipt in Washington's handwriting shows. In it Mr. Carlin acknowledges that all the money due him has been paid; aye, even though George Washington still owes him a half-penny. The balance due to him is £5 12s. 4d., and he only receives £5 12s. Probably Washington had no coppers at hand, and Carlin was wise enough to take what he got and be thankful.

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

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

"In the year of our Lord, 1790," says an admirer, who saw him in New York, "I stood upon the doorstep of the counting house, of which I was then but the youngest clerk, when the companion beside me hurriedly said, 'There he comes. There comes Washington.' I looked up Pearl street and saw approaching with stately tread and open brow the father of my country. His hat was off, for the day was sultry, and he was accompanied by Colonel Page and James Madison. Never have I forgotten, nor shall I to my dying day forget, the serene, the benign, the godlike expression of the countenance of that man of men. His lofty mien and commanding figure, set off to advantage by an elegant dress, consisting of a blue coat, buff small clothes, silver knee and shoe buckles and white vest; his powdered locks and powerful, vigorous look (for he

was then in the prime and strength of his manhood) have never faded from my mind during the many years which, with all their chances and changes, have rolled between." A more expressive pen picture than this it would be hard to find.

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

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

THE WASHINGTON FAMILY.

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

Augustine, the second son of Lawrence Washington, was the father of George Washington. He is described as a tall man, of noble bearing, with fair complexion and fine gray eyes. After remaining some time in England, he returned to Virginia, and by 1716 had married Jane Butler, and settled down as a planter in Westmoreland County. In 1728 his helpmate died, leaving four children, of whom only two—Lawrence and Augustine—



COLONEL SAMUEL WASHINGTON, BROTHER OF GEORGE WASHINGTON.

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

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

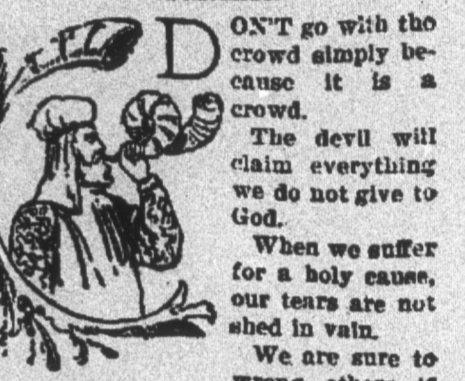
For several years after their marriage she lived at Wakefield, her husband's home on the Potomac, and there in 1728 George Washington, her eldest son was born. A few years later the family removed to a house in Stafford County, near Fredericksburg, where Augustine Washington died in April, 1742. Besides her two stepsons, the young widow was left with five children of her own—George, Elizabeth, Samuel, John Augustine, and Charles. To them she devoted her life, and George Washington always declared that his successful career was the result of his mother's teachings. —Munsey's Magazine.

Scowling.
 Don't scowl; it spoils faces. Before you know it, your forehead will resemble a small railroad map. There is a grand trunk line from your cowl to the bridge of your nose, intersected by parallel lines running east and west, with curves arching your eyebrows, and O, how much older you look for it! Scowling is a habit that steals upon us unawares. We frown when the light is too strong and when it is too weak. We tie our brows into a knot when we are thinking, and knit them even more tightly when we cannot think. There is no denying there are plenty of things to scowl about.

Rainy Day Amusement.
 Twigs and small branches may be made to look like coral and to be very ornamental. The process will help to amuse the young people on a rainy afternoon. Melt together four parts of yellow resin and one part of vermilion; dip the twigs into it, covering every part, and then let them dry without touching each other. A bunch of coral fastened to the corner of a picture frame, another branch coming from behind a picture and a bunch tied with a ribbon bow upon a scrap basket are all decorative.

RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

Warning Notice Calling the Wicked to Repentance.



DON'T go with the crowd simply because it is a crowd. The devil will claim everything we do not give to God.

When we suffer for a holy cause, our tears are not shed in vain. We are sure to wrong others if we ourselves are wrong with God.

No man can be truly known until he is seen through the eyes of love. From the standpoint of the bulldog, this is a very quarrelsome world.

There is nothing like faith in God for taking the bitterness out of life. Follow Jesus closely, and it will be well with the man who follows you.

Prove that Moses made no mistakes, and you prove that he was not a man. Has not God always been good to us? Then why not believe he always will?

The twenty-third psalm is filled with food for both the lamb and the warrior. A cheerful gift is always a large gift, because nothing small can be given to God.

Before Jesus told any man to love his neighbor as himself, he showed him how.

Failure is impossible when God helps, and God always helps when we take his way.

If you would keep the wrinkles out of your face, keep sunshine in your heart. To the man who seeks God first, seeking a fortune will become a means of grace.

The size of a man's bank account has nothing to do with his fitness for heaven. "They that honor me, I will honor." Honor is a good thing when it comes from God.

We would talk less about others if we would first do more thinking about ourselves. Suspicion has never been known to strive to death for lack of something to feed upon.

A grateful man can find a thousand reasons why he should praise the Lord, and not one why he should not.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.
 Over 400,000 cured. Why not let No-To-Bac regulate or remove your desire for tobacco? Saves money, makes health and maddened. Cure guaranteed. 50 cents and \$1.00, at all druggists.

Convertible tandems are coming in for considerable attention just now.

After six years' suffering I was cured by Pi-wo's Cure.—MARY TOWNSEND, 29 1/2 Queo Ave., Allegheny, Pa., March 19, 1904.

Mrs. Winslow's Sooling Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, &c. a bottle.

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