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MAJOR JONES TRAVELS FIFTY YEARS AGO.

By Major Joseph Jones of Georgia.

LETTER VI.

WASHINGTON CITY, May 19.
To Mr. Thompson: Dear Sir:—It was pretty late before I got up this morning, and then it was 'bout an hour before I found my way downstairs after I did get up. You hain't no idee what a swindle 'heap of rooms and passages and stairways there is to these big hotels, and to a person what ain't used to 'em it's 'bout as difficult to navigate through 'em as it is to find one's way out of a Florida hammock.

As soon as I got my breakfast I set out for the Capitol, which stands on the hill, at the upper end of the avenue, as they call it, which is a great wide street, running right through the middle of the city. When I looked up to it from the street it seemed like it wasn't more'n 20 yards off, but before I got to it I was pretty tired walking. The gates was open, and I walked into the yard, and followed round the beautiful paved walks till I cum to the steps. The yard round the bldg is all laid out in squares and diamonds, just like Mary's flower garden, and is all set out with trees. Right in front of the bldg, on the side towards the city, is a curious kind of a monument, standin' in a basin of water, with little bays and angels, all cut out of solid marble, standin' all round on the corners of it, pinkin' up to a old eagle what looks like he'd gone to roost on the top of it. It's a very pretty thing, and the water what it stands in is full of little red fishes, playin' all about as lively as tadpoles in a mill pond. I looked at the monument sum time, and red sum of the names on it, but sum I couldn't make out and the rest I've forgot.

After I write up two or three more pair of alone letters, cum to the dome of the Capitol. I couldn't see nobody about, so I nocked two or three times, but nobody didn't answer. I waited a while and then nocked agin with my stick, but nobody never sed a word. Thinks I, they can't be home. But the door was open—so thinks I, I'll go in and see the bldg in my own way. Well, I went, and the door was open, and I was two pair of stairs agin, both ways the same way. I tuck one of 'em, and after gwine a little ways I cum to another green door. Thinks I, it went do to be too bold, or I mought git into a fuss with the kitchen cabinet, and I knowed a 'Whig wouldn't find no friends there. So I nocked agin, louder and louder, till I heard a voice say, "Who's there?" Thinks I, the government can't be home sure enuff, and I was just thinkin' what a hominable shame it was for them to neglect their business so, when here cum a fellow what had whiskers all over his face, with three or four gals, laughin and givin at a terrible rate, and in they went, without ever nockin' at the door. Well, thinks I, I've got as good a right here as anybody else, and what dont belong to the administration, so in I followed into the rotunda.

I tell you what, Mr. Thompson, this rotunda is a monstrous tall bldg just of itself. Why you could put the Pinoville Courthouse inside of it, and it wouldn't be in the way a bit. A full grown man dont look no bigger in it than a five year old boy, and I cum very near nockin a pin in the wall, and he'd for a rat, he looked so little. The sides is all hung round with pictures, and over the doors ther is some sculptures representin William Penn swindlin the Indians out of their land, and Columbus cumin ashore in his boat, and old Daniel Boone killin' a bocher with a bocher knife, and other subjects more or less faterin to the national character. The figures is all cramped up like they'd been whittled down to fit their places, and dont look well to my likin at all. The places would be a great deal better filled with single figures representin our grate Generals and statesmen. The pictures was very good, and it's worth a trip from Georgia to Washington to see them great national paintings, the Signers of the Declaration of Independence, the Surrender of Cornwallis, Washington givin up his Commission, and the Pilgrim Fathers on board their ship. I could a looked at 'em a whole day, but I had no much to see and so little time to spare that I only gin 'em a peasin combination.

Bimeby I went up to a chap what was sittin by the door with a book in his hand and ax'd him whar the government was.

"Who?" see he.

"The government," see I—"Polk and Dallas."

"Oh," see he, "the President is at home at his house, I believe, but I don't know whar Mr. Dallas is."

"Don't the President live here?" see I.

"No sir," see he, "He lives in the White House at the other end of the avenue. This is the Capitol, whar Congress sets, but it ain't in session now."

"Beg your pardon, sir," see I, "I thought the government all lived at the Capitol."

"You ar a stranger here, then, it seems," see he. "My business is to show strangers over the Capitol. Do you wish to see it?"

"That's just what I cum here for," see I, "and I'd like very much to see whar Congress makes the laws."

"Very well," see he, "jest foller me."

Well, he led the way and I follered up stairs and down, through passages and round pillars and corners, under arches Chamber, the Hall of Representatives, and ever so many offices and committee rooms, till he bring me out on the top of the dome. I never was so high up in the world before. There was the "city of magnificent distance," literally stretched out at my feet, and I looked down upon the dignitaries of the land. I was indeed elevated above Presidents and Cabinets

and Ministers of State. Houses looked like martin boxes, much looked no bigger than seedbeds, and carriages and horses went crawl along over the ground like a couple of ants draggin a dead blue bottle. The eye ranges over last the nation; Virginia and Maryland comes into the 10 miles square, and the Potomac looks like a little branch runnin' through a meadow of trees; while the Tiber don't look no more like "the angry Tiber chafing with its shores" in which Julius Caesar and Mr. Cassius went a-swimmin' with their clothes on than our duck pond does like the Atlantic Ocean.

Well, after taking a good look from the dome, I follered the man what keeps the Capitol down agin into the rotunda and ax'd him what was to pay for his trouble. "Nothin at all," see he, and then he told me whar the statues was on the eastern portico, and pointed out the place whar they kept Mr. Greenough's Washington.

I went out on the portico, and what do you think, Mr. Thompson? The very first thing I see was a woman without so much as a petticoat on! Not a real live woman, but one cut out of marble, just as material as life itself. There she was, sort of half standin' and half squatin' by the side of a man dressed off in armor and a holdin' a round ball in his hand. As I never was no tuck a back in my life, and I looked at it, I couldn't help but look at it, though it did make me feel sort of ashamed all alone by myself. Every now and then somebody would cum by, and then I would walk off and look at the other way. But somehow I couldn't see nothin. The more I looked at it the handsomer it got, till bimeby I seemed to forgit every other thought in the contemplation of its beauty. There was sumthin so chaste and cold and pure about that beautiful figure that I begun to be in love with it and I couldn't help but think if I was I'd be tempted to give her a hug now and then if she was a squaw. I went down off the portico and took a front view of it—and then I looked at it sideways—and then I went up the steps and looked at it thar agin, and every way it presented a image of beauty to dream of years to come. Bimeby the galls what I saw when I talkt about the door cum up with that chaw with the whiskers and I backed out.

There is two other statues standin' on the east front of the Capitol, one representin the Goddess of Peace and the other General Murs, the god of War. They are both very handsome. Mars carries his red like a geevitic North Carolina militia Captain, and Peace looks like she would hurt anybody for the world; but they is something tame about 'em—they look somehow like they was cast in a mould.

After lookin' at them a while I went out to the bldg what stands in the yard and tuck a look at Mr. Greenough's Washington, and to tell you the truth, I never was so disappointed in my life. This statue has some terrible faults, and on first view, before one has time to study and understand the design of the artist, creates anything but a favorable impression. In the first place the position is out of keepin' with the character of Washington; in the second place, the costume is worse than the position, and in the next place, the mouth is not good and destroys the character and expression of the face. There is nothin Washington about it, to my notion. The idea of puttin' a Roman tog on General Washington is ridiculous; as if he wasn't just as much entitled to a type of his age and generation as Julius Caesar or any other Roman hero is of the age when there was no tailors to make coats. It made me feel bad when I looked up and saw Washington's bare bosom. The position whar American Americans feel for the character of Washington is shocked at the exposure of that noble breast, whose every t'rib was for his country. It seems like a desecration to represent him in any other way than as he was when he was alive; and though there is something imposin' and grand in the artist's design, the effect is destroyed for every thing you could think of. Washington's bare bosom is not only out of creation, that most over body-rides, and those fellows think it's outrage on their rights to see a gentleman walk in the streets. I cum mighty high gittin into three or four fights with 'em fore I got half way to the President's house. It was a monstrous long walk, and I was terribly tired fore I got thar. What makes it so desecrin is the Capitol at one end, and the White House at the other end of the wide street, is so large that one loses all idee of distance and proportions.

When I got in the house, I nocked at the door, and a gentleman opened it and led me to cum in.

"Good evenin, Mr. President," see I, "hope yourself and family is all well," offerin him my hand at the

same time.

"Good evenin, sir," see the gentleman, givin me a real Georgia shake by the hand. "It's not Mr. Polk your speak in, see he, but no offence, sir, walk in."

"Why," see I, "don't the President live here?"

"No," see he, "beginnin to think I never would find him."

"To be sure, sir; this is the President's house, but it's Cabinet day, and his excellency can't be seen by strangers."

"Well, I'm very sorry for that," see I.

"And so am I," see the gentleman. "But," see he, "since you can't see his excellency, you can have the honor of taking a pinch of snuff with his loyal ripresentative," and with that, he poked his snuff box at me and I tuck a pinch of his Irish blackguard, that liked to put my neck out of just a sneeze.

As soon as I got over it a little, see he, "walk this way, sir, and I'll show you through the public rooms if you would like to see them."

After walkin about awhile we cum into the great East room, which is a real stylish place you may depend, with gold chairs and marble tables, and the richest kind of carpets, with lookin-glasses clear down to the floor. I knew that was the room whar pore old General Harrison lay before he was buried, so I ax'd the man if he knowed General Harrison.

"No no no no no," see he; "cum here in General Jackson's administration, and I've bin here ever since. Ah, sir," see he, "General Harrison was a great and good man. He was a true democrat, he was. We walked here two days in this room, sir, and I shall never, till the day of my death, forgit that melancholy sight. The general was one of yer blarneyin politicians, but a true man, sir. When he cum to the White House I went to him, and see I—"General, I'm a democrat, and if I'd had a vote I'd voted agin you, and I'm red dy to give up my place." "Don't think of it, Martin," see he; "I'm tould yer attention and faithful in the discharge of yer duties. I'll need such a man about here, and it's not myself that'll discharge any many for his political opinions. I kep my place, sir, but the pore old gentleman, rest his soul, wasn't spared to keep his. He was I'd be tempted to give her a hug now and then if she was a squaw. I went down off the portico and took a front view of it—and then I looked at it sideways—and then I went up the steps and looked at it thar agin, and every way it presented a image of beauty to dream of years to come. Bimeby the galls what I saw when I talkt about the door cum up with that chaw with the whiskers and I backed out.

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"No no no no no," see he; "cum here in General Jackson's administration, and I've bin here ever since. Ah, sir," see he, "General Harrison was a great and good man. He was a true democrat, he was. We walked here two days in this room, sir, and I shall never, till the day of my death, forgit that melancholy sight. The general was one of yer blarneyin politicians, but a true man, sir. When he cum to the White House I went to him, and see I—"General, I'm a democrat, and if I'd had a vote I'd voted agin you, and I'm red dy to give up my place." "Don't think of it, Martin," see he; "I'm tould yer attention and faithful in the discharge of yer duties. I'll need such a man about here, and it's not myself that'll discharge any many for his political opinions. I kep my place, sir, but the pore old gentleman, rest his soul, wasn't spared to keep his. He was I'd be tempted to give her a hug now and then if she was a squaw. I went down off the portico and took a front view of it—and then I looked at it sideways—and then I went up the steps and looked at it thar agin, and every way it presented a image of beauty to dream of years to come. Bimeby the galls what I saw when I talkt about the door cum up with that chaw with the whiskers and I backed out.

There is two other statues standin' on the east front of the Capitol, one representin the Goddess of Peace and the other General Murs, the god of War. They are both very handsome. Mars carries his red like a geevitic North Carolina militia Captain, and Peace looks like she would hurt anybody for the world; but they is something tame about 'em—they look somehow like they was cast in a mould.

After lookin' at them a while I went out to the bldg what stands in the yard and tuck a look at Mr. Greenough's Washington, and to tell you the truth, I never was so disappointed in my life. This statue has some terrible faults, and on first view, before one has time to study and understand the design of the artist, creates anything but a favorable impression. In the first place the position is out of keepin' with the character of Washington; in the second place, the costume is worse than the position, and in the next place, the mouth is not good and destroys the character and expression of the face. There is nothin Washington about it, to my notion. The idea of puttin' a Roman tog on General Washington is ridiculous; as if he wasn't just as much entitled to a type of his age and generation as Julius Caesar or any other Roman hero is of the age when there was no tailors to make coats. It made me feel bad when I looked up and saw Washington's bare bosom. The position whar American Americans feel for the character of Washington is shocked at the exposure of that noble breast, whose every t'rib was for his country. It seems like a desecration to represent him in any other way than as he was when he was alive; and though there is something imposin' and grand in the artist's design, the effect is destroyed for every thing you could think of. Washington's bare bosom is not only out of creation, that most over body-rides, and those fellows think it's outrage on their rights to see a gentleman walk in the streets. I cum mighty high gittin into three or four fights with 'em fore I got half way to the President's house. It was a monstrous long walk, and I was terribly tired fore I got thar. What makes it so desecrin is the Capitol at one end, and the White House at the other end of the wide street, is so large that one loses all idee of distance and proportions.

When I got in the house, I nocked at the door, and a gentleman opened it and led me to cum in.

"Good evenin, Mr. President," see I, "hope yourself and family is all well," offerin him my hand at the

same time.

"Good evenin, sir," see the gentleman, givin me a real Georgia shake by the hand. "It's not Mr. Polk your speak in, see he, but no offence, sir, walk in."

"Why," see I, "don't the President live here?"

"No," see he, "beginnin to think I never would find him."

"To be sure, sir; this is the President's house, but it's Cabinet day, and his excellency can't be seen by strangers."

"Well, I'm very sorry for that," see I.

"And so am I," see the gentleman. "But," see he, "since you can't see his excellency, you can have the honor of taking a pinch of snuff with his loyal ripresentative," and with that, he poked his snuff box at me and I tuck a pinch of his Irish blackguard, that liked to put my neck out of just a sneeze.

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MAJOR JONES TRAVELS FIFTY YEARS AGO.

By Major Joseph Jones of Georgia.

LETTER VI.

WASHINGTON CITY, May 19.

To Mr. Thompson: Dear Sir:—It was pretty late before I got up this morning, and then it was 'bout an hour before I found my way downstairs after I did get up.

You hain't no idee what a swindle 'heap of rooms and passages and stairways there is to these big hotels, and to a person what ain't used to 'em it's 'bout as difficult to navigate through 'em as it is to find one's way out of a Florida hammock.

As soon as I got my breakfast I set out for the Capitol, which stands on the hill, at the upper end of the avenue, as they call it, which is a great wide street, running right through the middle of the city.

When I looked up to it from the street it seemed like it wasn't more'n 20 yards off, but before I got to it I was pretty tired walking.