

WASHINGTON'S ROMANCE.

How He Loved a Lassie of High Degree.

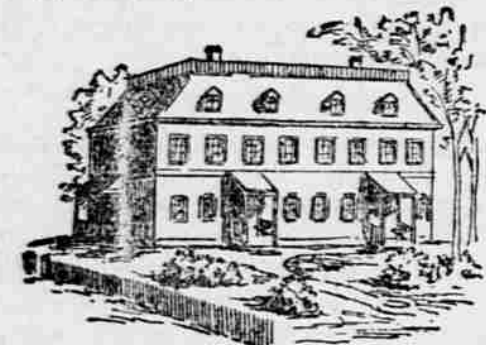
Who Married His Rival, the Colonel, and Lived in Style at the Upper End of Manhattan Island.

A Rare Bit of Ancient History.

Last Sunday I visited two of the oldest buildings in America, intimately associated with the romance of General Washington's life and equally connected with the career of others almost as distinguished. One of these was the great Philipse Manor house, now the city hall of Yonkers. It was built in 1682 by Frederick Philipse, the richest man in the American colonies. In his youth he was poor, but he was frugal and energetic, and instead of idling around, as many boys do, he went into business as a slave-trader with Africa and soon rose to the position of pirate in the Mediterranean sea. He earned a great deal of money in these trades,



FREDERICK PHILIPSE'S COAT OF ARMS, especially in that of a marine landlord—boarding merchant vessels. Having got rich by his savings he came to New York, joined the Episcopal church and bought all the upper half of Manhattan Island and the whole of West Chester county. His position was equivalent to that of a lord, he was the foremost man in all things in the valley of the Hudson. His estate was called the Manor of Philipseburg. Its headquarters were established in the vast, rambling building in the heart of the



THE PHILIPSE MANOR AT YONKERS, WHERE COLONEL WASHINGTON MET MARY PHILIPSE.

romantic village of Yonkers. This still stretches out expansive wings of white, has a regiment of windows along both fronts, and each entrance is ornamented with stately columns and corresponding pilasters.

It was the very ideal of a hospitable mansion in its prime; and here, one winter afternoon in 1756, George Washington reined up his horse on his way home from Boston. It was the 10th of March, and I have no doubt that, in such a lonely region, the three daughters of Frederick Philipse III. ran to the windows as the tall, straight Virginia colonel of 23 halted and handed his reg'n to one of the black slaves in livery who rode behind. At any rate, here he remained with his aid and servants for many days, and during this time he laid siege to the heart of the second daughter, Mary. He was completely captivated by her beauty, winsome manners and fine figure—not less than a million.



THE LADY WHOM WASHINGTON DID NOT WIN.

To the Virginia colonel's great chagrin Mary declined the offer of his hand. He lost no time in resuming his journey. He plunged anew into the

INDIAN WARS OF THE ALLEGHENIES, and Captain Roger Morris, less impetuous and more patient, won Mary Philipse. Morris and Washington had been companions and friends in the Braddock expedition, but they were bitter foes henceforth. They never met again.

The lucky red-coat captain, with some of the money that came to him with his wife, built on Washington Heights, near the lower end of Philipse manor, another great brick house in the midst of a charming landscape, standing so high up on its rocky perch as to overlook the Hudson and the East River and the growing city to the south. There Mary and Captain Morris lived many years, and children were born to them, and he was promoted to be a colonel.

When the Revolutionary war broke out, Colonel Morris abandoned the house and kept his family within the British lines. In May, 1776 General

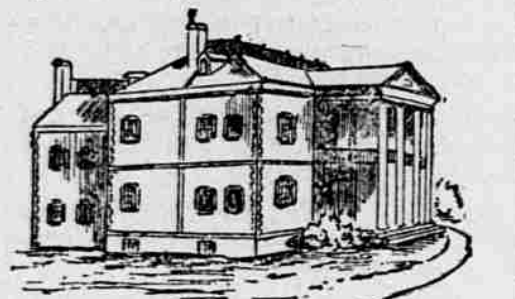
Washington rode up to this mansion and hailed a black man: "Here, uncle! Who lives here?" "Cunel Morris, massy! But he haint heah now. Gone away—way from hum."

"Where is he?" "Doan know, massy! 'Speet he are gone to fight the debbilish rebblis down in Car'liny. Jes lef Uncle Ben to look arter things."

"Are you quite alone, Uncle Ben?—everybody gone?" "Coase I be! You don't 'magine missus 'ud stay heah, do you, when the rebblis is all 'round and right 'cross de ribber dere is dat dam traitor, Cunel Wash-ton, as missus calls him! I reckon she'd be skeered."

Just then an orderly and a squad of "debbilish rebblis" came up and took possession of the house and Washington went in and made it the headquarters of the American army all summer. It is a tradition that the lares and penates of the Morris family were not treated very tenderly. Everything portable that could not be put to military use was stowed up in the broad, lonesome garret.

"As the cradle was brought in from the bedroom and hurried up stairs," a chronicler says, "General Putnam, to whom the history of the house was unknown, said to his chief, 'That has a sort of home look General.' Washington merely said, 'Yes; very.'"



THE MORRIS MANSION AT 155TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY, WHICH WASHINGTON TOOK FOR HIS HEADQUARTERS DURING THE REVOLUTION.

During Washington's occupancy of the house, three hundred copper-skinned Indian chiefs, from various sections, called in state to offer their allegiance to the struggling American colonies, and in the large room, the windows of which are marked E. E. in the above picture, Washington received them all, and the pipe of peace was passed round. This room, with the huge chandelier under which the assembled chiefs met, is one of the greatest sights of the old building.

Washington does not seem to have been a very generous enemy. When the war was over he had a bill introduced into the New York Legislature and passed, which confiscated all the old Philipse Manor—the property of his old lady love and her brothers, sisters and children. Colonel Morris, who had rescued some money from the wreck, soon died, but his widow, "the pretty Mary Philp's," lived to be 94, surviving Washington a quarter of a century, and breathng her last in London. When Lafayette revisited America in 1824, he took dinner once more in the old Morris Mansion, where he once had been a member of Washington's military family.

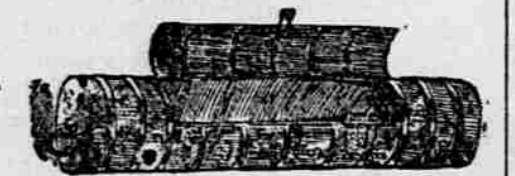
UNDER THE JUMELS.

The state of New York sold the 50,000 acres under the hammer, and the Morris place was bought by John Jacob Astor, and finally became the property of that fantastic old haridan, Madame Jumel. I was shown the spot where she stood and married that faded gallant, Aaron Burr, just before he got a divorce from her and died.

Madame Jumel dwelt upon the earth till 1865, when she was gathered to her fathers, not wholly faded or jaded at 91. Meantime she had adopted as her own daughter one May Bowne, the child of one of her former cronies, or as she alleged, of her own sister Phebe, and fifty years ago this adopted waif gave her heart and hand to one Nelson Chase. To them Madame Jumel left her \$4,000,000 home.

The old Morris or Jumel House, looks to be 50 years old, instead of 150. There is a little decay at the foot of the long plain, white columns that hold up the broad, high porch, but not much elsewhere. Frequent paint has preserved everything. The great balcony gives a superb view of New York and distant Brooklyn. Entering the central door, the visitor finds himself in a hall as big as a moderate sized barn, completely equipped, like a museum, with the furniture and trappings of the last century.

Straight through the hall at the end a door enters into the spacious drawing-room, with a great fire-place of brass at the end. The furniture is of solid ebony upholstered in pearl damask, and a chair is as much as a well-grown boy can lift. These came from the Tulleries, being a present from Louis XVI. or Charles X.—they were both acquainted with Madame Jumel. The chandelier is a gigantic old machine of glass and brass with twenty-four burners, and Madame Jumel bought it of Moreau, one of Napoleon's marshals! The paper is the same that was on the walls during the revolution, when Washington gave his parties here and when the Indian tribes came to visit him and cast their laurels at his feet! It was the conventional broad frieze and dado, with birds flying through a labyrinth; the groundwork is a light blue, and the chief figure is a morning glory vine, very set in appearance and rising perpendicular from dado to frieze. The whole seems new and fresh.



THE CAMP CHEST WHICH NAPOLEON CARRIED THROUGH THE CAMPAIGNS OF MOSCOW AND WATERLOO.

In one corner of the library is what looks like a burnt log, some five feet long. Close examination shows it to be a leathern trunk, bound about with brass and iron hoops and locked with a secret lock. Madame Jumel declared that she got it from that faithful Count Bertrand who shared with Napoleon the exile at St. Helena, and he said this was the camp-chest which the Little Corporal carried with him through the campaigns of Moscow and

Waterloo. Under the complicated chandelier stands an inlaid stand of various colored marbles, in antique design, and on this the principal articles of vertu are photographs of Cleveland and Hendricks.

The old manse is a rare and curious museum, containing thousands of treasures and souvenirs, and it is fortunate that it is in the hands of those who will preserve it and are willing to share the enjoyment of it with visitors.

W. A. CROFFUT

ELI PERKINS.

He Visits New Orleans, and Gets the Impression that it is

Dangerous to Flirt with the Creole Belles.

A Reminiscence of War Times in Virginia.

The old residences of the Creoles are usually one story. Twenty years ago they were covered with terra cotta tile, but now they are shingled with blue stone. They are cheap homes and not very clean. I think \$2,000 will buy a very good Creole home in the center of the city.

The Creole is an unenterprising citizen.

He has no ambition, no hope. He never takes a risk. He never builds. He is a parasite. He may keep a store, but he never works. He calls himself white, but he is as dark as a Chinaman. He looks like an octoroon. Nothing disturbs him. During the war he didn't care whether Jeff Davis or Ben. Butler commanded the town. There are thousands of them here who have never been to the exposition. His chief aim is to raise a handsome family, and marry the daughters off well.



It is dangerous to flirt with a Creole girl. If you call once, the family set you down as a suitor; twice, a lover; three times and must be engaged. Then the old man will tap you on the shoulder and say:—

"M'sieu, I would lak to see you one minute alone." Then conducting you into the dining-room he will continue:



"Mon ami tek some cognac. You will fin' it ver' fine. Ah, you lak' it eh?"

"Now mon ami, you lak to know for w'at I want see you—eh bieu? I have notiz yo' attentions to my daughter."

HISTORIC HILLS.

As you pass through Virginia, over and beyond Arlington Heights, almost every hill top has a history. To-day I noticed a little hill out of Alexandria. Here in 1861 was a fortification covering Alexandria and the Orange and Alexandria railroad. Here after the first Bull Run, I saw the first straggling Zouaves, from Ellsworth's regiment. They were gunless and hatless.

INTO VIRGINIA.

The only bridge from Washington into Virginia is the historical Long Bridge. Over this bridge there marched, during the war, more than two million men. First McDowell went off with 150,000 men, four-fifths of whom came back after the first Bull Run. Then McClellan marched over with 300,000 men and sat down for a year within sight of the Capitol. Then Burnside and Hooker experimented before Fredericksburg, while McClellan spaded up the swamps of the Chickohominy.

While McClellan was returning from the disastrous siege of Richmond, Lee swept Pope back at the second Bull Run and then started for Maryland and Pennsylvania. Now came McClellan back over the same bridge to meet w'ith Burnside the entire Confederate army, at Antietam. After Antietam and Gettysburg the entire Union army again marched back over Long Bridge and encamped from Arlington Heights to Fredericksburg. Now came Grant, the Wilderness and Appomatax, and the two notorious armies re-crossed the same bridge, and Lincoln reviewed 200,000 victorious veterans from Georgia and Gordonsville.

When I first saw Long Bridge, in 1861, a squad of Confederates guarded the Virginia end, while a few regulars guarded the Washington end. All the market wagons had to pass both pickets. It was a common thing, in the early morning, to hear a picket challenge I be this:

"Who goes there?" "Marketman, with shad." "Advance, marketman, and drop one shad."



"ADVANCE MARKETMAN!"

"We are all there are left," they said. "All the rest were killed. That terrible black horse cavalry cut us all up, and—At the end of the Long Bridge I saw a few hundred more Zouaves."



"THAT TERRIBLE BLACK HORSE CAVALRY!"

"All killed but us," they commenced, "The black horse cavalry—In Washington a few hours afterwards, I suppose I saw 500 Zouaves."

"Yes," they said, wringing their hands, "a few of us escaped and—Two weeks afterward a call was made in New York to reorganize the Zouaves when 1200 responded to the roll call."

"You see," they said, "we had orders to fall back, and as no one countermanded it, we fell clear back to New York."

Col. Robert G. Ingersoll is often said to have formed in boyhood a prejudice against orthodoxy, because his father, a Congregational clergyman, reared him so rigorously as to deprive him of every rational pleasure. The paternal Ingersoll, of whom Robert was extremely fond, was remarkably liberal, and on account of his liberality was always in trouble with the members of his church, and other evangelical persons, who made him very unhappy. This seemed so narrow and unjust to Robert that he came to hate the name of Calvinism and all its teachings. His hatred has increased with his years, and is rigorously expressed in his anti-religious lectures. A native of this state—he was born in Amsterdam—his family led a wandering life until they settled, when he was 10 years old, in Southern Illinois. For years he called Peoria his home, but of late he has spent most of his time in Washington, where his legal practice is reported to be worth \$40,000 per annum. Albeit an ardent politician he has never held any public office except that of attorney general of Illinois. After having been beaten in 1860 as a democratic candidate for congress from that state, he resolved never again to seek the suffrages of the people, and he has kept his resolution. He refused in 1877 the mission to Berlin, which had been tendered him by the state department. He is doubtless aware that his aggressive attitude toward orthodoxy would be successfully used against him at the polls. At his house in Peoria one day, a visitor seeing a fine edition of Voltaire's works in his library, asked how much it cost him. His answer was, "The Governorship of Illinois." Personally Ingersoll is exceedingly popular. He is a delightful talker and companion, being full of interesting reminiscences and humorous anecdotes. He numbers among his friends many persons whose theological opinions are diametrically opposed to his own.

Ingersoll's Boyhood.

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Celluloid Wedding Presents.

N. Y. Times.

Up at the Grand Central station the other day I found an agitated young man and an agitated young woman. Bride and groom they were, and it was a wedding tour they were taking. In a big Saratoga trunk they had packed their silks and their broadcloths, along with a toilet set with which some generous friend had equipped them. The toilet set was of celluloid, and in its rough journey the celluloid had ignited, the good big trunk was in ashes, and a wedding tour was brought to a sharp termination. This opens up sad possibilities for the recipients of wedding gifts.

A Curious Electric Freak.

Chicago Journal.

Quite a curious freak of an electric character occurred in the telegraph department of this office the other day. A package of lead pencils bound with a paper band, were lying between the telegraph keys. All at once the telegrapher noticed a small spark coming from this paper band. The sight was a novel one to him and he called in another member of the staff to witness it. They watched it for a minute or two and satisfied themselves that if left as it was it would soon cause a blaze, and the package was removed. This goes to show how a fire might possibly occur, and its origin never be explained.

A German physician defines the main difference in the effects of whisky and beer to be: "Viskey makes you kill somebody else. Mutt peer you only kills yourself."

BILL NYE IN BOSTON. An Account of a Visit to His Birthplace in the State of Maine.

Last week I visited my birthplace in the state of Maine. I waited thirty years for the public to visit it, and as there didn't seem to be much of a rush this spring, I thought I would go and visit it myself. I was telling a friend the other day that the public did not seem to manifest the interest in my birthplace that I thought it ought to, and he said I ought not to mind that. "Just wait," said he, "till the people of the United States have an opportunity to visit your tomb, and you will be surprised to see how they will run excursion trains up there to Moosehead lake, or wherever you plant yourself. It will be a perfect picnic. Your hold on the American people, William, is wonderful, but your death would seem to assure it, and kind of crystallize the affection now existing, but still in a nebulous and gummy state."

A man ought not to criticize his birthplace, I presume, and yet, if I were to do it all over again, I do not know whether I would select that particular spot or not. Sometimes I think I would not. And yet, what memories cluster about that old house! There was the place where I first met my parents. It was at that time that an acquaintance sprang up which has ripened in late years into mutual respect and esteem. It was there that what might be termed a casual meeting took place that has, under the alchemy of restless years, turned to golden links, forming a pleasant but powerful bond of union between my parents and myself. For that reason I hope that I may be spared to my parents for many years to come.

Many old memories now cluster about that old home, as I have said. There is, also, other old bric-a-brac which has accumulated since I was born there. I took a small stone from the front yard as a kind of "memento" of the occasion and the place. I do not think it has been detected yet. There was another stone in the yard, so it may be weeks before anyone finds out that I took one of them.

How humble the home, and yet what a lesson it should teach the boys of America! Here, amid the barren and the inhospitable waste of rocks and cold, the last place in the world that a man would naturally select to be born in, began the life of one who, by his own unaided effort, in after years rose to the proud height of postmaster at Laramie City, Wyoming, and, with an estimate of the future that was almost prophetic, resigned before he could be characterized as an offensive partisan.

Here on the banks of the raging Piscataquis, where winter lingers in the lap of spring till it occasions a good deal of talk, there began a career which has been the wonder and admiration of every vigilance committee west of the turbulent Missouri. There on that spot, with no inheritance but a predisposition to premature baldness and a bitter hatred of rum, with no personal property but a misfit suspender and a stone-bruise, began a life history which has never ceased to be a warning to people who sell groceries on credit.

It should teach the youth of this young land what glorious possibilities may lie concealed in the rough and tough bosom of the reluctant present. It shows how steady perseverance and a good appetite will always win in the end. It teaches us that wealth is not indispensable, and that if we live as we should, draw out of politics at the proper time, and die a few days before the public absolutely demand it, the matter of our birthplace will not be considered.

Still, my birthplace is all right as a birthplace. It was a good, quiet place in which to be born. All the old neighbors said that Shirley was a very quiet place up to the time I was born there, and when I took my parents by the hands and gently led them away in the spring of '43, saying: "Parents, this is no place for us," it became quiet.

It is the only birthplace I have, however, and I hope that all the readers of *The Globe* will feel perfectly free to go there any time and visit it, and carry their dinner, as I did. Extravagant cordiality and overflowing hospitality have always kept my birthplace back.—*Boston Sunday Globe*.

A Drunk Umbrella.

A most laughable scene was witnessed at the Plankinton House one evening last week. A traveling man named Smith was the cause of it all. Smith has a new-fashioned umbrella, which is the result of the study of some genius. The ribs of the umbrella have joints in the center, so that unless the umbrella is spread it looks like the worst wreck of an umbrella in the world. The cloth lops all around the handle, ribs that look as though they were broken stick in every direction, the umbrella is half wrong side out, and any one who should see it in its demoralized state would not believe that by a simple turn of the wrist the umbrella could be spread to perfection, and look like a new umbrella right out of the store. Any man who should carry that umbrella along the street under his arm would at once get the reputation of being drunk, though he might be a temperance apostle, a prohibitionist, or a preacher. The umbrella has a drunk look, when in repose. Smith was showing his umbrella to some friends, and all had a laugh over it, when somebody suggested that they go to the hotel and fool the clerks and guests into the belief that Smith was drunk, solely on the strength of the umbrella. It was agreed that Smith should let them do anything with him that was suggested. He was simply to put his hat on the back of his head, muss his hair up, and let the umbrella and his friends do the rest. He was not to stagger, or show any evidence of drunkenness, except to insist that he did not want to go to bed yet. So they went into the office, and Smith, with the umbrella under his arm, hanging listlessly down to his knees, leaned against the counter, his elbow on the marble, and his chin on his hand. The clerk looked at him, and the umbrella. If there was ever a drunken man, the clerk

thought, Smith was. The clerk turned to one of Smith's friends and said, "Your friend is pretty full." The friend said he was trying to get Smith to go to bed, so the clerk said to Smith, "Guess you better go to bed." Smith raised his head, pulled the umbrella around and laid it on the register, and said it was only eight o'clock, and he didn't want to go to bed. The clerk looked at Smith and the umbrella, which was collapsed all over the counter, and thought it was the saddest case he had seen. People gathered around and looked at the umbrella and Smith, and thought he must have been out in a cyclone of beer. One of the friends asked the clerk to call a porter and put Smith to bed. The bell was rung, and Joe, the porter, was instructed to show the gentleman to his room. Joe saw the umbrella and winked at the clerk, as much as to say he had dealt with a good many such guests in his time, and he took Smith by the arm and told him he had better come along quietly to bed, and he would feel better in the morning. Smith said he felt well enough, and did not want to go to bed, but Joe took hold of his arm, and at a nod from the clerk he urged Smith along towards the elevator, the umbrella hanging all over, the ribs sticking against Joe, catching on the elevator door and running into the elevator man's coat. Smith sat down in the elevator, put the point of the umbrella on the floor, when it turned wrong side out, and when they arrived at Smith's floor he dragged the umbrella out by the handle. Smith started off in an opposite direction from his room, and Joe caught him, and led him the other way, Smith all the time saying he did not want to go to bed, he had an engagement to meet a man at 8:30, and it was an outrage to be dragged off to bed in a first-class hotel in the shank of the evening. Joe tried to soothe him, and finally got him in his room, and Smith laid the umbrella on the bed and was going to sit down on it, when Joe grabbed it out from under him, told him the umbrella was demoralized enough without being sat on, and he began to pull off Smith's boots, saying, "Now, undress yourself and I will soon have you in bed and you can sleep till morning." Smith begged as a special favor that Joe would go away and leave him. He said he could undress himself easy enough, and finally Joe went out and left him. Joe went down the elevator, and Smith went out of his room and walked down the stairs, and was standing in the office with the umbrella under his arm, talking with his friends apparently just as drunk as ever, when Joe came out of the elevator. Joe looked at Smith as though he was a ghost, and walked around him twice before he spoke, and then he walked up to Smith and said, "I thought I just put you to bed?" Smith looked at Joe in astonishment, and said, "I beg pardon, sir, but I believe I have never met you before." Joe looked again at the umbrella, and at Smith, and then he went up the elevator to the room to see if Smith was there; Smith hurried up the stairs and got into the room, and pulled off his coat, and was just trying to get his boots off, when Joe wrapped, and was told to come in. He opened the door, saw Smith and the umbrella, turned pale, asked if he could be of any help, and said there was a man down in the office that resembled him a good deal, and was about as drunk, and had mashed his umbrella terrible. Smith told Joe he could undress, and Joe went out and Smith put on his coat and went down the stairs and when Joe came out of the elevator Smith was looking over the register, with his umbrella hanging loose, one of the points in the overcoat pocket of a stranger who was trying to register. "Stand back, please," said the clerk to Smith, as he pushed the register to the stranger. Then turning to Joe the clerk said, "I thought I told you to put that drunken man to bed." Joe looked at Smith, and his eyes stuck out, and the perspiration came out on his face as he told the clerk that he had put the other drunken man to bed, that this was evidently his twin brother, as he had been up to the other one's room, and he was there all right. "Well, take this one to the pound, or the refrigerator, or somewhere," said the clerk. At this Smith's friends began to laugh, and Smith straightened his umbrella out and looked as sober as any body, and the clerk and the porter soon found that they had been fooled by a drunk and disorderly umbrella. The umbrella has been quite a curiosity at the hotel for several days, many respectable citizens trying to borrow it to take home to fool their wives with. One gentleman said if he should go home with that umbrella in that shape, his wife would procure a divorce. Joe said he had been fooled a good many times, but he never was so completely taken in as he was by Smith and the drunk umbrella.—*Peck's Sun*.

"Treating" and Law.

The failure which is announced of the "anti-treating" law in Nebraska is a foregone conclusion. No law could be framed for such a purpose which could not be evaded; and any law attempting to achieve such a purpose was sure to be provocative of evasion. It was one of those invasions of natural right which man instinctively regards as a challenge. It was safe to predict when the law passed that men who had never treated in their lives would try it once, for a mere purpose of showing their contempt for the law or asserting independence. The result shows that the prediction would have been abundantly verified. The effort to find methods of evading the law has given a very decided impetus to the drinking habit.

This is unquestionably a misfortune. The "treating" habit is undoubtedly a great evil. It lies at the root of a vast amount of intemperance. It is responsible for fully fifty per cent. of the drinking that is done, and probably for much more. It is the cause more than anything else of that "drinking between drinks," which has been described as the only drinking which produces drunkenness.—*Detroit Free Press*.