



WASHINGTON'S BOOK-PLATE

WASHINGTON'S LIBRARY PRESERVED IN BOSTON

THE ancient and dignified Athenaeum at Boston contains one collection of relics which will always excite reverence in the heart of every citizen. In 1848 a company of public-spirited Bostonians determined that the Stevens collection of George Washington's books, largely composed of books bequeathed to Bushrod Washington, should not go to the British Museum, and subscribed enough to secure this part of the Mt. Vernon library to their city and library. For this reason, Boston can boast of the largest collection of Washington's books gathered in any one place.

In the fine explanatory catalogue, which was made possible by the generous bequest of \$1,000 from Mr. Thomas Dowse, the entire collection is classified as follows by Mr. Lane:

1 to 239—Books mentioned in the inventory of Washington's estate, with a few volumes not in inventory, but giving

evidence that Washington owned them.



WASHINGTON'S LIBRARY IN THE BOSTON ATHENAEUM.

300 to 362—Pamphlets bearing Washington's signature or known from correspondence to have belonged to him, except those mentioned in inventory, which are arranged with first division.

400 to 414—Volumes assigned to Washington by Mr. Griffin, but bearing no evidence of Washington's ownership.

500 to 663—Pamphlets before 1809 bearing no evidence of ownership, but may have been Washington's.

680 to 687—Pamphlets bearing the names of others, but included by Mr. Griffin.

To purchase these books \$4,250 was raised, the Athenaeum subscribing \$500. Part of this was expended for a book plate—a vignette of the interior of the library—and the paper for the catalogues. A collection of books was also purchased from S. G. Drake.

The acquisition of this valuable library was largely due to the efforts of Mr. George Livermore and 79 well-known Bostonians who subscribed \$50 each.

It may be a surprise to many to learn that so large a part of Washington's library is owned in Boston. The library is guarded with the greatest care. It is housed in the trustees' room, where other rare volumes owned by this corporation are installed. The visitor is conducted by a courteous attendant up stairways and through corridors until confronted by a grated iron door. The door locks behind the visitor, who then may commune with the past.

This place is only visited by students of history and collectors of Washingtoniana. It is not sought by the busy man of the street.

Of the varied and interesting character of the volumes in Washington's library it is difficult to speak in limited space, and opinions differ as to what constitutes interest and value. The bibliophile, used to the interminable and long-od type and the quaint diction, will seem quite iconoclastic, doubtless, to the young student, who is just discovering the wealth of information at first hand which lies in these self-same volumes.

As political economist, planter, wool

grower, agriculturist and fruit grower, the first president of the United States has never been duly presented to the reading public. The introduction of mules instead of horses in the south for agricultural work was largely due to Washington's efforts, ably supplemented by the King of Spain. The redemption of peat bogs was studied experimentally. Consequently, many of these books relate to practical subjects of this sort.

That Washington's mind anticipated the great questions of the nineteenth century is amply attested by his will, viz., a due regard for his wife's property rights and of her wish in regard to freeing the "dower negroes," as he calls them; a wish to free all his own slaves; to see the old and decrepit provided for and the young educated in their new found freedom; the very problems that the United States of today is trying to solve.

The library of Washington was large for its time, although in these days of immense public libraries, the department devoted to these volumes seems small indeed. But the books are great in interest, and reveal the many sided

Washington unflinchingly and unflinchingly to the gaze of future generations.

Every mother and father will think of the great and stalwart Washington with a new tenderness for the little scribbles his childish hands traced on convenient material, mainly on the title pages of his father's books. Tradition does not state whether he owned up to their defacement as bravely as he did to the cutting down of the cherry tree. But the series of signatures there, one written when he was barely under nine years of age, and the others written when he was 13 and 17 years of age, appeal with singular tenacity to the mind, as do even the lovelorn ditties of his later boyhood when he extolled the charms of "the lowland beauty" in verse. The grandeur and the dignity and the complexity which



HOUDON'S WASHINGTON.

(Modeled at Mt. Vernon in 1785, now still keeps its vigour surrounding the case containing the books at the Athenaeum. Gilbert Stuart pronounced this the greatest portrait of Washington. The signature is that of Washington during his presidency, and of his best time.)

events and his distinguished services threw about him melt away to give place to the picture of the callow attempt of the clever little boy trying to write his name large, with all the flourish possible to his childish pen, all unconscious that it was to be written in years to come with no uncertain chirography in the roll of fame.

It was a weighty volume with the title of "The Sufficiency of a Standing

Revelation in General and of the Scripture Revelation in Particular. Both as to the Matter of It, and as to the Proof of It! and that New Revelation Cannot Reasonably be Desired and Would Probably be Unsuccessful," by Offspring Blackall, Late Lord Bishop of Exeter, which tempted the infantile hand of George Washington. His autograph is written twice upon the title page. The names of Robert Wickoff and Samuel Bowman appear as owners of the book at various times. On the last page and immediately after the collect for the second Sunday in Advent is the following quaint certificate of ownership evidently written in the hand of Bowman:

"This book lent to me by the owner, he being dead I believe it mine forever."

The margins of the volume are worn eaten, and the title page is defaced by marks which suggest that the boy might have attempted drawing also, but as this book bears the earliest specimens of Washington's writing extant, it is of untold value to the antiquarian.

"Short Discourses upon the Whole Common Prayer," by Thomas Comber, the dean of Durham, was selected by the 13-year-old Washington, upon which to write his own and his mother's name.

Against the former his nephew, George C. Washington, has written:

"The above is General Washington's autograph written at 13 years of age," and under the latter he writes: "The above name of his mother is in the handwriting of Washington at 13 years of age, as will be seen by comparison with his writings of that date in Spark's work."

The same file-leaf contains the autograph of Washington's father and mother—"August Washington, his book, 1727," and "Mary Washington."

On Fair Potomac's Sloping Shore.

Mount Vernon! who can tell the charm Of life on that Virginia farm Before our country's birth? For there was simple godly fear, And woman's grace, and royal cheer, High thoughts, and tempered mirth.

At twilight, when the chimney glowed, What wit and wisdom freely flowed, Laughter and quick retorts! And then the old-time games—what fun

When George and Lady Washington Joined in the youthful sports!

And when the night grew dark without, What mighty themes they talked about In those historic days!

Or how their souls with rapture soared When Nelly at her harpsichord Sang gay and gallant lays!

Oh, brave and bold were women then, And pure as women were the men— For that was long ago: The old then felt the zest of youth, The young were sober, and in truth It ever should be so.

On fair Potomac's sloping shore, Mt. Vernon, as in days of yore, Is still a lovely place; But they are gone that gave that scene Its air domestic and serene, Its joyous life and grace.

No cavaliers in pointed shoes, In powdered hair and braided queues, In converse in high-flow clauses, While ladies listen, all arrayed In tabinets and stiff brocade, —Lustrings and gold-wrought gauzes

No more they dine and make their puns, Eating love puffs and Sally Lunn's Laplands and beaten blisnet; While little darkies, single file, Bring plates of waffles in a pile As high as they dare risk it.

But there today the tourist lingers, And round the sign, "Keep off your fingers,"

Are relics to be viewed, And passing boats all toll the bell, And lower the flag as if to tell A nation's gratitude. —Exchange.

The Beginning.

Whence came the river, so strong and clear, That waters the meadow far and near? From a clear little spring, Like a lustrous pearl, Where the mosses cling, And the fern-leaves curl, On the hilltop's height, Bubbling up so bright, Fed by mountain rills, Without taint, without stain.

Whence came our Washington, good and grand, Whose name is honored in every land? From a stainless youth; From the upright ways, From the strength and truth, Of his early days; From a boyhood true, Pure as mountain dew, As unsullied a thing As the clear hilltop spring. —Percis Gardiner.

Practitioner Crosses State Line. Dr. W. E. Grimm of West Virginia, who went over on call to attend some smallpox patients in Cumberland county, Maryland, when no local physician could be obtained, is under arrest on the charge of practicing medicine in Maryland without that state's license.

Two Little Virginians

A True Story.

Viola and Steenie, two little Virginians, descendants of Martha Washington's family line and the youngest representatives of that distinguished name, lived with their parents and Aunt Kathy at Rose Hill, a lovely old home on a slope, not far from the banks of the historic Potomac river. There was a shady grove in front of the house full of pretty play-places and mossy rock brakes.

Viola, the elder, was tall and strong, with long, thick golden hair, and in her sweet blue eyes a frank, open expression which always told what she was thinking about. She was "big sister" to "little brother," who was fragile and slight, with gray eyes and brown hair. Everybody loved Steenie, he had such nice ways, and although he was little, his notions of honor and right were big. He loved everybody and every living thing on the place, from the horses and dogs to the chickens, ducks, and the tame rabbit and swallow which were their special pets.

But most of all he loved his sister, and would always do what she thought best, so they were companions in everything and always happy together. Both were fond of outdoor sports and delighted to go barefoot. This once led to what might have been a serious accident, for one day while climbing up into a cherry tree, Viola lost her hold and fell through, her bare foot catching in the heel in the notch of the tree, and her head suspended over a spiked fence. Steenie ran in terror toward the house to bring Aunt Kathy to the rescue, crying:

"Come quick! quick! or Viola will be killed!"

Fortunately—for Aunt Kathy couldn't climb—a boy on the grounds near by, and running up, helped to disentangle the victim.

Another of her hair-breadth escapes was to come bounding down on an old cellar door which had lost its hinges. Aunt Kathy, who happened to be near, sprang forward in time to break her fall. When she was picked up unharmed, her aunt reminded her that she should thank God for sparing her life, and the little girl immediately knelt down where she was, and said:

"I thank thee, dear Jesus, for letting Aunt Kathy catch the cellar door," evidently considering her aunt a special providence.

Both children dearly loved Nellie Gray, a white horse on which they rode together. Sometimes it happened they got pitched over her head, and then the horse would lift her feet carefully for them to crawl safely out, and neigh with delight.

One night the big barn took fire, and grandma, who was visiting them at Rose Hill, was so scared that she put Steenie's clothes on him wrong side out. Afterward she found the two children on the garret steps in the dark, their hands clasped in each other's, praying to God, away from the confusion, thinking He could hear them better off by themselves.

Afterward, when Viola was older, the barn burnt down again, and seeing the glare of the flames from the house, she was the first one to try and get the animals out. Her own riding horse was among them, and in her efforts to save it, she went back twice into the building and got severely burnt. She said afterwards:

"I felt so selfish, safe outside, with all those poor things suffering in there!"

With so many live pets, there was a death occasionally and a regular burial ground was provided for those they had loved. Aunt Kathy heard loud wails one afternoon, and looking from her window saw approaching a sad procession—Steenie carrying an old trunk tray, on which was the body of a favorite cat, while Viola, armed with



"COME QUICK! OR VIOLA WILL BE KILLED!"

a shovel to dig the grave, walked beside him weeping.

They paused beside the paling fence for the family to say farewell to "dear kitty," and then proceeded to their cemetery.

Indoors these little Virginians had a lovely old cabinet with brass knobs to the drawers, and here were arranged on soft cotton a wonderful collection of bird's eggs, bright wings and butterflies. Some of the eggs were from the South—sea gulls, alligator and heron, which Viola insisted on pronouncing "he-ron." Another drawer held Indian relics—arrows and curios taken from a strangely formed mound of stones which had been discovered near the river bank, where it was supposed Indians had been buried.

One day the children's grandma heard a gnawing sound from the cabinet, and on investigating, found that mice had injured several of their most precious treasures. Viola and Steenie were in despair, and Viola cried:

"O grandma, I would rather they had gnawed my leg!"

Grandma succeeded in restoring most of the injured property, much to their

delight, and arranged the things again so the damage hardly showed.

They also owned a large glass aquarium, filled with pretty pebbles and grasses, with minnows, tadpoles and water insects. They had read "Water Babies" with great interest, and knew as much as the author of these denizens of the earth, air and sky. As they grew older, all over the place they found and named beautiful spots where they played, worked and dreamed away the bright summer days. Down in the grove a long rock ledge they called "Sofa Rock," made a grand seat where they could lie and imagine all sorts of wonderful things. Then there was "Fairly Knoll," full of wild flowers; and "Sycamore Hall," under whose waving branches they would tell and listen to marvelous tales. But "Boulder Glen" was the best of all, for there the beautiful spring called "76" ran clear and cool, and they never tired of listening to the story of how in revolutionary times "Morgan's men" met there, and the soldiers agreed to meet on the spot again when they returned. Years after only three of the company came to the meeting-place.

It was in this beautiful and historic spot they had their picnics, gathering watercresses from the shady banks and eating delicious lunches out of Aunt



TO THE CEMETERY.

Kathy's big basket. Here they read "Treasure Island" and Hawthorne's Tales, or when tired would stretch out on the grass and looking up in the blue sky, would wonder what "heaven was like." Steenie knows now, for he has left Viola and gone there, and some day she will know, too, when "big sister" and "little brother" meet again in the beautiful land of the forever.—Kate Dandridge, in Youth's Companion.

Valley Forge.

An earnest effort was made to pass the bill before congress to convert into a national park the historic camp



MOUNT VERNON.

grounds of Valley Forge, where Washington and his men passed the bitter winter of 1777-78. A small portion of the tract has been acquired by the state of Pennsylvania, and the well preserved brick building in which Washington had his headquarters is now owned and cared for by a patriotic body formed at the centennial of Valley Forge, but the larger and equally historic portion of the field, on which the soldiers camped and suffered, is still in the hands of private owners. The intrenchments and other historic landmarks are gradually vanishing. It is desirable that the whole tract be acquired by the national government and be forever preserved as a national park, as in the case of the Chickamauga and Gettysburg battlefields.

It is a curious fact that the movement to preserve historic grounds of this kind at the national expense has come only since the civil war. The idea seems to have started from the great cemeteries where so many of the soldiers of the civil war lie buried near where they fell. The extension of the reservation to include the whole field of conflict and to preserve its historic landmarks under federal authority was a natural step from this beginning. At last it has dawned upon the people that it may be well to extend the same process to the more important revolutionary battlefields. Private associations and city or state governments have done some good work in this direction, but it is only of recent years that the plan for national reservation has had any serious consideration.

There has been talk of making such a park of the historic grounds at Saratoga, where Burgoyne surrendered to Gates. The proposition to preserve the Valley Forge tract is one that appeals still more strongly to the imagination of the patriotic American, for the sufferings of that terrible winter tested the nerve of Washington and of his patriots even more severely than the dangers of battle. It is strange that the idea of reserving this spot was not acted upon a century ago, when the whole tract could have been bought for a trifle. It should be bought now and guarded as sacredly as Mount Vernon.

Tableaux for Washington's Birthday.

Impromptu burlesque tableaux illustrating some of the principal events in Washington's life will be appropriate for this national holiday and will prove a mirth-provoking entertainment. When two rooms are connected by folding doors a whole room may be used for the stage, with a screen at the back of the stage. The doors then take the place of curtains and answer very well. In case there are no folding doors a large room can be curtained off with sheets suspended from a rope stretched from one wall to the other. It is best for the audience to sit as far away from the stage as possible.

Pumpkin lanterns set in a row on the floor form a funny substitute for footlights. The face is not cut through, but the features are cut thin enough to allow the light to make them visible, as all the light must be thrown on the stage.

Here are some appropriate tableaux:

Tableau 1—"Washington's Infancy." Washington's mother seated at a spinning-wheel while her son is asleep in a cradle near by. The wheel may be made of a bicycle turned upside down and steadied with the aid of books. A broom is fastened in an upright position to the bicycle and on the handle is tied a handkerchief to represent flax. A string tied to the flax is held by Mrs. Washington. The wheel must be set in revolution during the tableau. Mrs. Washington must wear a white cap, kerchief and apron. A cradle for her son may be made of a rocking chair by standing it on the tip end of the rockers and placing a footstool under the back of it. A pillow with a large rag doll should be placed in the cradle, and the latter may be draped with a shawl or sheet.

Tableau 2—"State of the Country." The properties needed are two chairs and a board. The board is laid across the back of the chairs, thus forming a table. A large man dressed to represent an early settler by wrapping a blanket around his legs and putting a paper ruff around his neck is seated back of this table, on which boxes of beads and jugs of whiskey are standing. One Indian seated on the ground in front is bargaining to sell some furs, while a second at the side is drinking whiskey out of a jug. This picture may be made very ridiculous by putting signs to this effect on the table: "Beads marked down to the lowest price." "Bargain sale of firewater." "Goods almost given away in exchange for skins." "Red flannel at a fearful sacrifice."

Tableau 3—"George's Father Taking Pay for the Cherry Tree."

A stout man in colonial dress—that is, a three-cornered hat made of paper, skirt of paper fastened to his coat and bows at knees, and a little boy, similarly dressed, who is in the act of giving his father some paper money. In his hands he holds a hatchet.

Tableau 4—"Bunker Hill." Bunker Hill may be made of chairs piled up and covered with gray blankets. A red-coated soldier on one side and a blue-coated one on the other are both trying to climb the hill and to get at each other. Each carries a poker. The costumes may be made very ridiculous, as, for example, giving a fool's cap to one man.

Tableau 5—"Washington Crossing the Delaware."

For this make use of a washtub for a ship; its sail is a towel fastened with pins to a stick, the stick being tied to a broom held aloft by Washington. A second man in the tub may be fishing from behind.

Tableau 6—"Surrender of Cornwallis."

Washington sitting at a table on which are strewn a quantity of papers. Cornwallis at one side giving up his sword. Some ears of corn strung on string around his waist and across his breast add to the ludicrous effect. Cornwallis must look as though he had spent the night in a barn.

Tableau 7—"Franklin at the Court of George IV."

King George in regal attire with a crown upon his head, seated on a throne, while lords and ladies are grouped on either side. At the side of the throne a paper sign is pinned on the wall: "All must bow their knees to me—George IV." Franklin is in the act of shaking hands with the king, and the courtiers all look aghast.

Tableau 8—"Franklin at Home." Franklin is seen walking along with a loaf of bread under one arm and in the act of eating a second loaf, stuffing a large end of it into his mouth.

Tableau 9—"Washington Dictating the Declaration of Independence."

Washington is seen standing in a contemplative attitude with his hands under his coat tails, while a pretty young lady, in modern dress, is sitting before the typewriter taking down Washington's words.

Tableau 10—"Washington's Inauguration."

Washington and a judge in a long black gown and white wig (cotton batting) are standing in the center of the stage, while the judge reads from a long scroll. Washington looks very happy.

Tableau 11—"The Minuet."

Washington and his partner, both in colonial dress, dancing the minuet. This last tableau may be made very effective. Four or even six people may take part in this if the doorway is large enough for them to stand in graceful positions. Pretty costumes for the ladies consist of short-waisted dresses; this effect may be gained by tying a broad sash under the armpits over a light cotton dress.

A truly Christian life has greater power than all Christian literature.