



And when he whimpered and wheezed  
and whined we gave him a  
clank of the sword;  
By his own wide hearth 'twas a mat-  
ter for mirth to see him bend  
and bow,  
This cringing thing to a tyrant King,  
and his vassal, my Lord Howe.

We had ridden fast, we had ridden far,  
and under the stars had slept;  
Out of the night for the foray fight  
we into the dawn had crept;  
Long and late we had laughed at fate,  
and had hungered oft, and now  
'Twas a goodly thing to feast like a  
King, and his vassal, my great  
Lord Howe!

We had kissed our mothers and kissed  
our wives and kissed our  
sweethearts true;  
As a grain of sand we had held our  
lives in the work we had to do,  
We were "Rebels" all, proud name,  
Got wot' because we would not  
bow  
Our heads to a thing like a tyrant  
King, and his vassal, my great  
Lord Howe!

"To saddle lads" was the word we  
heard leap blithe from the Cap-  
tain's tongue,  
So we raised a rouse for the Tory  
house as out of the door we  
flung  
"Long life to General Washington!  
He's a gentleman, we trow!"  
But death to a thing like a tyrant  
King, and his vassal, my great  
Lord Howe!"

—Clifton Scollard, in Leslie's Weekly

**The Troopers.**  
We clattered into the village street,  
and up to the Rose and Crown,  
And we roared a toast to the Tory  
host as we tossed his liquor  
down  
"Long life to General Washington!  
He's a gentleman, we trow!"  
But death to a thing like a tyrant  
King, and his vassal, my Lord  
Howe!"  
Then we doffed the hat as down we  
sat, and bade him fatten the  
board.

## The Courtships of George Washington

The quaint old steel engraving which shows George and Martha Washington sitting by a table, while the Custis children stand dutifully by, is a familiar picture in many households, yet few of us remember that the first Lady of the White House was not always first in the heart of her husband.  
The years have brought us as a people a growing reverence for him who was in truth the "Father of His Country." Time has invested him with godlike attributes, yet none the less he was a man among men, and the hot blood of youth ran tumultuously in his veins.  
At the age of fifteen, like many another schoolboy, Washington fell in love. The man who was destined to

der memories of the mother may have been mingled with Washington's fondness for the young soldier.  
When Braddock's defeat brought the soldier again to Mount Vernon, to rest from the fatigues of the campaign, there is abundant evidence to prove that he had become a personage in the eyes of women.  
Yet in spite of the attractions in Washington's headquarters in 1776—Virginia, we find him journeying to Boston, on military business, by way of New York. The hero of Braddock's stricken field found every door open before him. He was feted in Philadelphia, and the aristocrats of Manhattan gave dinners in honor of the strapping young soldier from the wilds of Virginia.

met his fate. He was riding on horseback from Mount Vernon to Williamsburg with important dispatches. In crossing a ford of the Pamunkey he fell in with a Mr. Chamberlyne, who lived in the neighborhood. With true Virginian hospitality he prevailed upon Washington to take dinner at his house, making the arrangement with difficulty, however, since the soldier was impatient to get to Williamsburg. Once inside the Colonial house, whose hospitable halls breathed welcome, his impatience, and even the errand itself, were well-nigh forgotten. A negro servant led his horse up and down the graveled walk in front of the house; the servant grew tired, the horse pawed and snuffed with impatience—and Washington lingered.

A petite, hazel-eyed woman—she who was once Patsy Danridge, but now the widow of Daniel Parke Custis—was delaying important affairs. At nightfall the distracted warrior remembered his mission, and made a hasty adieu. Mr Chamberlyne, meeting him at the door, laid a restraining hand upon his arm. "No guest ever leaves my house after sunset," he said.

The horse was put up, the servant given his liberty, and Washington remained until the next morning, when with new happiness in his heart, he dashed on to Williamsburg.  
She was twenty-six, some three months younger than Washington; wealthy and had two children. Mr. Custis was much older than his "Patsy," for she was married when she was but seventeen. He was a faithful and affectionate husband, but he had not appealed to her imagination, and it was doubtless through her imagination that the big Virginia Colonel won her heart.

She left Mr. Chamberlyne's and went to her home—the "White House"—near William's Ferry. The story is that when Washington came from Williamsburg he was met at the ferry by one of Mrs. Custis' slaves. "Is your mistress at home?" he inquired of the negro who was rowing him across the river.  
"Yes, sah," replied the darky, then added, slyly, "I reckon you am de man what am expected."

It was late in the afternoon of the next day when Washington took his departure, but he had her promise, and was happy. A ring was ordered from Philadelphia, and is duly set down in his accounts, "one engagement ring, two pounds sixteen shillings."

On the sixth of the following January they were married in the little Church of St. Peter. Once again the Rev. Mr. Mossom, in full canonicals, married "Patsy" Danridge to the man of her choice. The bridegroom wore a blue cloth coat lined with red silk and ornamented with silver trimmings. His vest was of embroidered white satin, his shoe and knee buckles were of solid gold, his hair was powdered, and a dress-sword hung at his side. The bride was attired in heavy brocaded white silk, woven with silver thread. She wore a white satin quilted petticoat with a heavy corded white silk overskirt, and high-heeled shoes of white satin, with buckles of brilliants. She had ruffles of rich point-lace, pearl necklace, earrings and bracelets, and was attended by three bridesmaids.

There was no need to predict that some time the little lady in white satin would spend long hours knitting stockings for the men of her husband's army, and that night after night would find her, in a long gray cloak, at the side of the wounded, hearing from stiffening lips the husky whisper, "God bless you, Lady Washington!"

All through the troublous times which followed Washington was the lover as well as the husband. He took a father's place with the little children, treating them with affection, yet never swerving from the path of absolute justice. With the fondness of a lover he ordered fine clothes for her from London.

**George's First Love.**  
Martha Custis was not Washington's first love. He wrote sentimental verses to Mary Bland as a lad, and before he was seventeen he was enamored of the beautiful sister of the wife of George Fairfax. A few years later, on a military errand to Boston, he was beguiled into tarrying in New York, fascinated with Mary Philipse. While he was weighing the problem with his usual mathematical skill, Major Roger Morris captured this matrimonial prize.

The French are said to expend no less than \$100,000,000 annually in tips.



## THE ENGLISH WASHINGTONS

Where Family of Foremost American Was First Known.

Washington's Birthday at the beginning of the last century was scarcely noticed outside the United States; today it is celebrated everywhere, not only in America—"his country"—but in all parts of the civilized world. Of the stock from which sprang the founder of American liberty comparatively little is known among the general public.

George Washington was descended from a Yorkshire family of importance, as were also Penn and Whitthrop, the first Governor of Massachusetts. These three were merely private English gentlemen, men of education and leisure, who might have lived and died unknown had their lot been cast in happier times. Fervent loyalty was always the characteristic of the Washingtons, and even George Washington himself fought for the Georges against the French. In Cromwell's reign an attempt was made to restore Charles II., and John Washington and his brother were implicated. But they were more fortunate

Brington comprises Great and Little Brington, with the hamlet of Nobottle. In the chancel of the church is a floor stone, with arms, to Laurence Washington, 1616 (who removed here from Sulgrave, and Margaret (Butler) his wife, and there is also inscribed brass with the same arms, differed by a crescent, to Robert Washington, younger brother of the above, ob. 1622, and Elizabeth, his wife. This Laurence Washington was the father of the Rev. Laurence Washington, M. A., of Sulgrave, and rector of Arleigh, Essex, 1633-34, whose two sons John and Laurence, emigrated in 1657 to Virginia. Sulgrave is in a pleasant rural part of England, not far from Banbury and from Whittellbury Forest. The mansion of the Washingtons was probably at one time the priors' dwelling, and was altered for their use. Part of it still remains, and is converted into a farmhouse, and in a buttery hatch is a piece of stained glass with the Washington crest upon it.

John Washington, of South Cave Castle, was the great-grandson of the lord of the manor of Sulgrave. South Cave Castle has, of course, undergone some modernizing since the Washings-

great value is set.  
Sulgrave is not in any house "stately home." It is a gabled, ivy-covered, sixteenth century farmhouse with about the same number of rooms as the typical suburban villa. The Americans the most attractive detail of the house is the presence, both within and without the entrance porch of the Washington arms, carved in stone—two red bars and three stars upon a silver ground, or in the heraldic tongue, "urgent, two bars, rules, in chief, three mullets of the second." Here many think we have the origin of the Stars and Stripes of the United States flag. Washington is known to have worn these arms upon his signal ring.

The shields were probably placed in the Sulgrave porch by Laurence Washington, lord of the manor, who was twice Mayor of Northamptonshire in the time of Henry VIII., from whom he had received a grant of lands which had belonged to the priory of Canons Ashby. His son Robert was the last, as he had been the first, Washington of Sulgrave, for some twenty years after his death the little estate (which now amounts to 200 acres) had to be sold, the family migrating to Brington, not far away, perhaps to be near their powerful relations, the Spencers, of Althorp. Laurence Washington, the grandson of the Lord Sulgrave, is buried in Great Brington Church, with others of the name, and their tombs have long been objects of pilgrimage from over the water. The family was very prolific. Laurence, of Sulgrave, had eleven children, and his grandson, Laurence, of Brington, seventeen.

### MARTHA WASHINGTON'S LETTER.

Thanks Gov. Trumbull for His Sympathy on the Death of Her Husband.

The following text of a letter written by Mrs. George Washington to Governor Trumbull, of Connecticut, in reply to his letter of condolence upon the death of her husband, is of interest in connection with the recent observance of the one hundredth anniversary of the historical event. The original letter is in the collection of J. S. Bradley, of this city:

Mount Vernon, January 15, 1800.  
Dear Sir—When the mind is deeply affected by those irreparable losses which are incident to humanity, the good Christian will submit without repining to the dispensations of Divine Providence, and look for consolation to that Being who alone can pour balm into the bleeding heart, and who has promised to be the widow's God. But in the severest trials we find some alleviation to our grief in the sympathy of sincere friends, and I should not do justice to my sensibilities were I not to acknowledge that your kind letter of condolence of the 30th of December was grateful to my feelings.

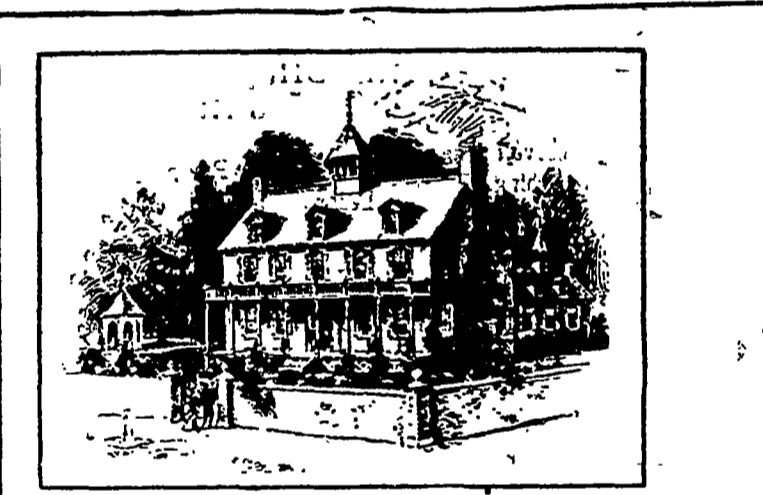
I well know the affectionate regard which my dear deceased husband always entertained for you, and therefore conceive how afflicting his death must have been to you; the quotation which you have given of what was written to you on a former melancholy occasion is truly applicable to this—the loss is ours, the gain is his. For myself, I have only to bow with humble submission to the will of that God who giveth and taketh away, looking with faith and hope to the moment when I shall again be united with the partner of my life. But while I continue on earth my prayers will be offered up for the welfare and happiness of my friends, among whom you will always be numbered. Being, dear sir, your sincere and afflicted friend,

MARTHA WASHINGTON.

Washington.

Thou gallant chief whose glorious name  
Doth still adorn the Book of Fame,  
Whose deeds shall live while freedom's prize  
The cause for which the Patriot dies,  
Long to Columbia may'st thou be  
The beacon-light of Liberty.

—Rev. D. O. Crowley.



Belvoir, Where Washington Spent the Happiest Days of His Youth.

than their companion-in-arms, the Earl of Derby they managed to get away to America; but Lord Derby, less fortunate, was captured and executed at Bolton; and the quaint old house in Chester where he spent his last night is an object of great interest to all visitors to the city.

The nephew of John Washington was Sir Henry Washington, who defended the city of Worcester in the cause of Charles I., and indeed held out to the last, with only scanty means. He was repeatedly called upon to surrender, as his affairs were hopeless, and was promised that his life should be spared; but he refused to do so until he had the permission of Charles.

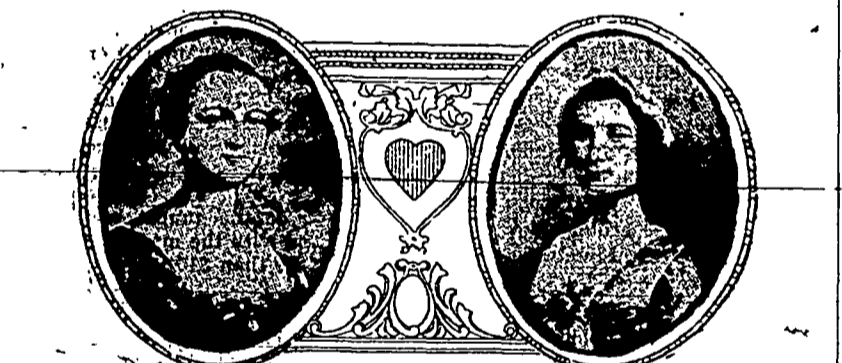
The family of Washington can be traced, however, much further back than this period. Formerly they held estates in Durham, and the name is spelled variously, De Wessington and Wessington. In the venerable library of Chester Cathedral Bando de Wessington's name occurs in copies of charters 600 years old. John Wessington, as appears from Dugdale's "Monasticon," was the prior of Durham in the reigns of Henry V. and Henry VI.

But the more immediate ancestry of George Washington must be sought in Sulgrave, Northamptonshire. At Sulgrave was a monastery, and it was dissolved by Henry VIII., at the same time as the other religious houses. A large part of its estates were granted to the Washington family, and in the old church at Sulgrave, at the east end of the aisle, is a plate of brass inscribed to Laurence Washington, ob. 1584, with effigies of himself, Anne, his wife, daughter of Robert Fargiter, of Greatworth and eleven children. They were ancestors (in the sixth remove) of George Washington.

At the dissolution of the monasteries, in 1539, Laurence Washington, of Gray's Inn, Mayor of Northampton in 1532 and 1545, who resided in the Manor House and is buried in the church, received from the King a grant of certain lands which belonged to the Priory of Canons Ashby. This land was sold at his death to his son Robert and his grandson Laurence, and the latter retired into Brington, died there in 1616, and is commemorated by a monument in the Brington church.

tons lived there, but the dimensions are the same, and the pleasant park is circumscribed by the same boundaries.

In the corner of the park stands South Cave Church, a small but venerable building, in the shadiest of churchyards. An embattled gateway, with a wrought iron gate, leads up to the hall, just out on the road, and one of the sides of the archway is extended into a quaint lodge, covered with ivy. The wall of the lodge forms a boundary of the churchyard, and the whole group is of exquisite beauty. A private path through the park leads into the chancel, where the family pews are. There is a fine collection of paintings here—among them one of President Washington, on which a



**MARTHA CUSTIS.**  
Washington fell in love with her at first sight and then proposed to her at their second meeting.

**MARY PHILIPSE.**  
A beautiful and ardent Tory, who might have changed history, had she accepted Washington.

be the Commander of the Revolutionary Army, wandered through the shaded groves of Mount Vernon composing verses, which from a critical standpoint, were very bad. Scraps of verse were mingled with notes of surveys, and interspersed with the accounts which that methodical statesman kept from his school days until he died.

He wrote at length to several of his friends concerning his youthful passions. In the telltale pages of the diary for 1748 there is this draft of a letter:

"Dear Friend Robin:—My place of Residence is at present at His Lordship's, where I might, was my heart disengaged, pass my time very pleasantly, as there's a very agreeable Young Lady Lives in the same house (Col. George Fairfax's Wife's Sister); but as that's only adding fuel to fire, it makes me the more uneasy, for by often, and unavoidably being in Company with her revives my former Passion for your Lowland Beauty; whereas was I to live more retired from young Women I might in some measure alleviate my sorrows by burying that chaste and troublesome Passion in the grave of oblivion or eternal forgetfulness, for as I am very well assured, that's the only antidote or remedy that shall be relieved by or only recess that can administer any cure or help to me, as I am well convinced was I ever to attempt anything I should only get a denial which would only be adding grief to uneasiness."

The "Lowland Beauty" was Miss Mary Bland. Tradition does not say whether or not she ever knew of Washington's adoration, but she married Henry Lee. "Light Horse Harry" Lee, that during the war of the Revolution, was the son of the first Lord Baltimore, and some of

At the house of his friend Beverly Robinson, he met Miss Mary Philipse, and speedily surrendered. She was a beautiful, cultured woman, twenty-five years old, who had traveled widely and had seen much of the world. He promptly proposed to her, and was refused, but with exquisite grace and tact.

But graver affairs soon claimed his attention, and he did not go back, though a friend wrote to him that Lieutenant-Colonel Morris was besieging the citadel. She married Morris, and their house in Morristown became the headquarters of the Tories, the owner and his wife being fugitive Tories. Once again how history might have been changed had Mary Philipse married her Virginia lover.

In the spring of 1758 Washington

