REMINISCENCES

OF THE

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA;

OR,

Washington City Seventy-nine Years Ago
1830-1909

By MRS. SARAH E. VEDDER

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Dedication

A GRANDMOTHER'S REMINISCENCES OF THE CITIES OF
WASHINGTON AND GEORGETOWN 79 YEARS
AGO; DEDICATED TO HER LOVING
GRANDCHILDREN,

THE WILLARDS,

THINKING, PERHAPS WITH OTHERS, THEY MIGHT BE
GLAD TO KNOW OF HER CHILDHOOD
AND YOUTH WHEN SHE HAS
PASSED AWAY.

This View of Above Building Represents the Original Capitol.

PREFACE.

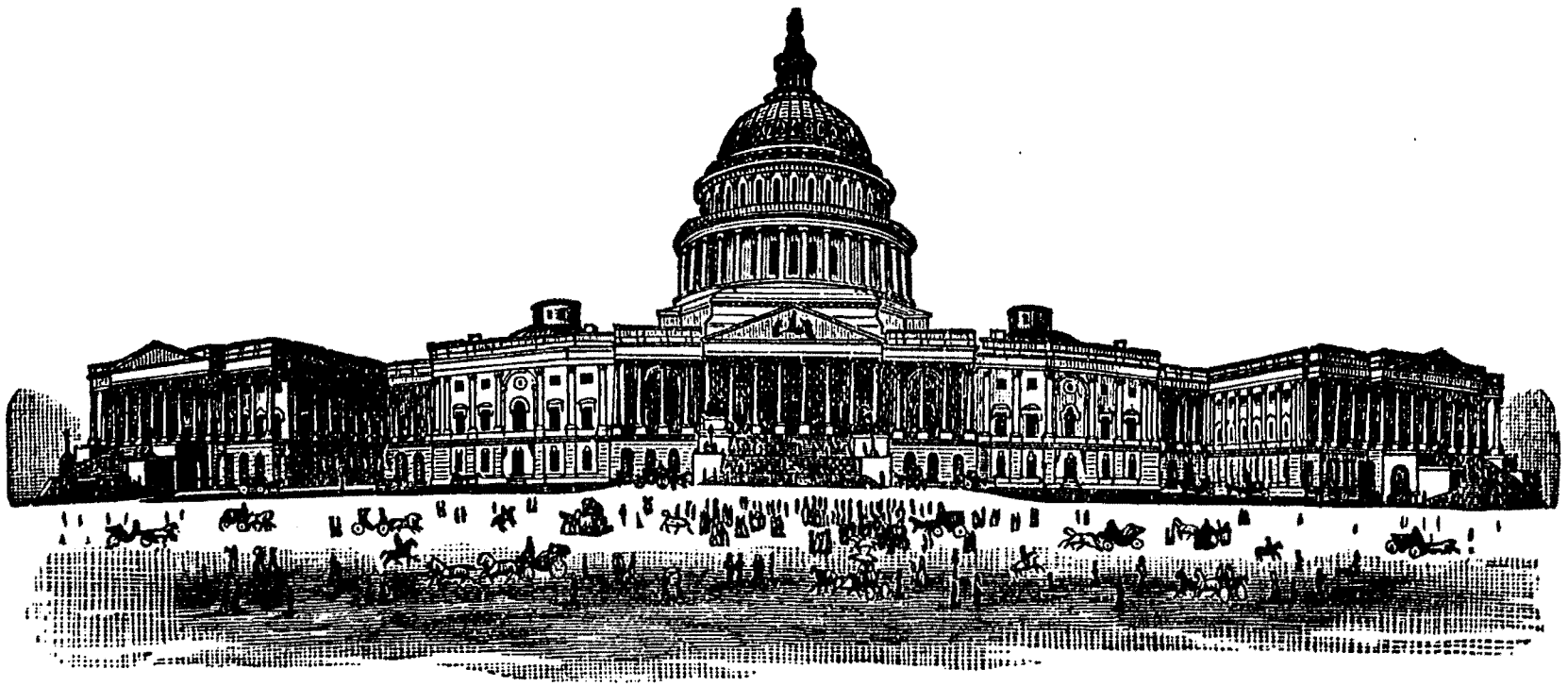
My purpose in writing these Reminiscences and presenting them to the public, is to show how the "City of Magnificent Districts" has changed from the village it was to the "City of Beautiful Mansions;" and thinking, perhaps, many would like to read of times and places long since gone, and hoping to gain a little, not notority, but cash, as everyone in these days are turning all things available to some account, I thought I would write what I knew to be facts, and as I have related them many times to my friends and neighbors, all of whom declared it would interest the curious, and give them some information concerning the city and its inhabitants in the years from 1830 to 1850, or Washington 79 years ago, or more truly the District of Columbia.

I don't suppose Alexandria has changed much—only faces and persons; neither Georgetown, with its hills and hollows; for neither place was trying to be first in anything, only in old families and residences, and they were many. Washington was always famous for trying to be "in the swim" and often times in the "scum" as well, and from what I hear of it, in my home in the West, it is still as eager for notoriety as in the days of long ago.

Hoping this little volume may find favor in your eyes, and replenish the exchequer of which just now I am greatly in need, I remain,

Your humble servant,

THE AUTHOR.



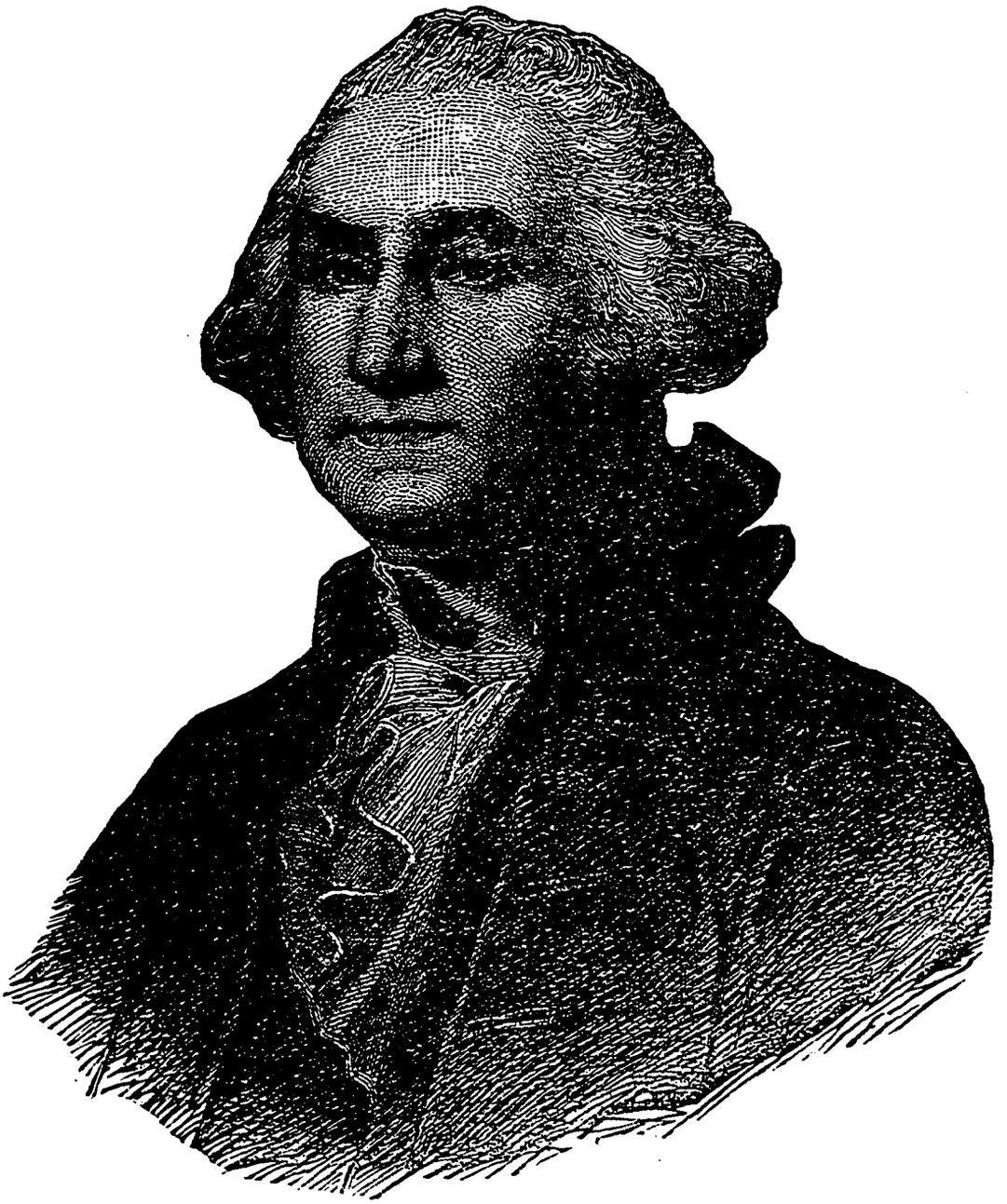
President Washington, aided by his brother Freemasons, of Georgetown and Alexandria, laid the Corner Stone of the Capitol, under what is now the Law Library, on the 18th day of September, 1793.

"IN VIRGINIA."

The roses nowhere bloom so white
As in Virginia;
The sunshine nowhere seems so bright
As in Virginia.
The birds sing nowhere quite so sweet,
And nowhere hearts so lightly beat,
For heaven and earth both seem to meet
Down in Virginia.

The days are never quite so long
As in Virginia;
Nor near so full of happy song,
As in Virginia.
And when my time has come to die,
Just take me back and let me lie
Close where the James goes rolling by,
Down in Virginia.

There's nowhere a land so fair
As in Virginia;
So full of song, so free of care
As in Virginia;
And I believe that happy land
The Lord prepared for mortal man
Is built exactly on the plan
Of Old Virginia.



G. Washington

REMINISCENCES

OF THE

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA;

OR,

Washington City Seventy-nine Years Ago—1830-1851

"Backward, turn backward, O time, in thy flight;
Make me a child again, just for to-night."

My recollections go as far back as 1830, when, as a child, I wandered along from the "Infant School" taught by Misses Julia and Mary Bates, in the quaint old town of Alexandria, its streets paved with cobble-stones, and named King, Prince, Duke and Royal. On the corner of King stood the Old Hotel, where Lafayette was entertained, the female stranger died, and where Ellsworth was killed, years after, for pulling down the Confederate flag that floated from its roof. How well I remember the Market House, its town clock, that struck the hours, to be heard for miles

around. One thing, above all others, that interested me, was to see men, women and children going to the "soup house," with tin pails, to get soup. Three times a week the poor of that city were sure of a good meal. The Market House, a large brick building, three stories high, that occupied the square, the ground floor being built with arches or passways, to allow the market people to display their wares. A long porch surrounded the second story, within a large hall where the "Masons" met; this "lodge" was the one to which General George Washington belonged, and of which my grandfather was a member. Right here let me say that my grandfather was one of the men who worked on the coffin of General George Washington, and a piece of the black walnut wood, of which it was made, I have often had in my hand, for my mother had it in her possession in 1836.

The Fairfaxes, Fletchers, Gregorys, Armfields and Dangerfields—the two last, dealers in human flesh. It filled me with horror, young as I was, to see the negroes, chained two by two, going down to the wharf to be sold, "down to Georgia," which phrase was all-powerful to quell any insolence or misdemeanor among them.

These people were the richest in the town, and their mansions were surrounded by grounds beautifully

laid out, with gravelled walks, bordered with box-wood, trimmed and kept in order by faithful "Uncle Tom." One little incident I must relate—I have often heard it repeated in my earliest childhood: One of these gentlemen had a wife who was afflicted with "hysteria," and imagined many strange things. Amongst others she imagined she was a "goose," and made her nest in a basket of turnips, declaring she would "set there until they were hatched." How to get her off no one knew; the doctor said she would die if they could not get her to leave the basket. Amongst their valued possessions was a set of "French China," been in the family for generations; her husband, knowing how she prized it, set a long table before her, each piece separate, and, with a cane in his hand, broke each piece until he came to the last. As he raised the cane to smash the teapot, she rushed at him, declaring he should not break that.

The Vowells, Summers, Buckinghams, Fields, Brocketts, Blunts, Blacks, Chamberlains, McVeighs, Jamisons, Adams, Muirs, Whittingtons, Lockes, which last were the grandparents of Colonel William Sinn of the Brooklyn Theatre.

I was born in a brick house, on the corner of Prince and St. Asaphas street, where we lived until I was seven years old. "Aunt Phebe Lowdon," an old

colored woman who lived on the opposite corner, sold nuts, molasses candy and other dainties to the school children. In after years a Presbyterian church was built on the same place, whose minister was named Danforth. The Hollowells kept a school for boys on Washington street. They were Quakers, as the richest and best people of that town were, at that time. On this same street was Christ Church, where General Washington attended and had a pew. It was there when I last heard of it, and I presume it is there still.

Out this street, north of the city, were the "Spa" Springs, where hundreds, morning and evening, would walk for recreation and drink the water, which was medicinal. The springs were three in number, and of different strengths, sulphur and iron being predominant.

The Chathams, Englishs, Claughtons, Waters, Noyes, Woods, Mills, Tatsapaughs, Schaffers, Pratts, Beeches, Sinclaires, Triplits, Jimneys, and many others whose names I have forgotten and whose places are filled by strangers, for all this was more than 60 years ago. Old Dr. Sims was one for whom I had great respect; he was our family physician.

My father was a Baptist, belonging to the church of which Mr. Spencer Cone was pastor, who, a few years before, was an actor in the "Richmond Theater,"

which was burned and many lost their lives. Mr. Cone's escape was considered miraculous. He turned preacher. He was grandfather of the actress who has escaped from so many conflagrations—I believe it is "Kate Claxton."

Now, after more than a year's silence, I will go on with my reminiscences. We moved from Alexandria to Baltimore. After my father became settled in Baltimore he sent for his family, who had remained in Alexandria. Captain Mitchell, with whom my father was intimately acquainted, ran the steamboat Columbia from Alexandria to Baltimore weekly. He was to bring us the next trip. Letters did not go then as quickly as they do now, and the postage on each and every letter was twenty-five cents. The boat started before daylight and on that particular morning our mother had dressed my brother and myself and laid us upon the bed, until time to go to the boat. While waiting, her young sisters awakened and, on going out of doors to get chips to start the fire, observed the falling stars; they thought it was the usual way for the stars to disappear, and remarked: "How strange the stars go in." My mother, hearing them, went to the door and, seeing the falling meteors and hearing the commotion on the street, thought, with others, the end of time was at hand, and very glad

was everyone when day dawned and all was "peaceful and serene."

My father had obtained work at the car shops of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. He was carriage trimmer, and I have some of the material he used in my possession today, very unlike the costly brocades and plushes we see now; it is cotton, and looks like "duck," of which the ladies make dresses, coarse and heavy. My father was the first man who conceived the idea of putting the cars on small wheels. How well I remember the day he came from work, completely tired out, and said to mother: "Mary, I am worn out; they have been hanging a car, and it is a heavy task to get one on those high wheels; I believe I could invent small wheels." And that same evening he brought out his paper and leather, and for two or three weeks, every night, was drawing, cutting and stitching the leather wheels together; and when all was completed he took his designs to the factory, and there was never another car put upon high wheels. I tell you all the particulars, for I stood at his back and saw him work night after night.

A few months after, we went to Washington to live, then a city of 20,000 inhabitants. General Andrew Jackson was president. My father was an intimate friend, having been in the war of 1812, and

used to take my brother and myself to the White House to see him. We would go up in his bed chamber; the president would always say to the servant, "Bring a cricket for the little girl," and we would sit like mice, hearing them tell of old times. I remember the famous big cheese when it was cut, and have not forgotten how a piece bit my tongue when I tasted it, for a very small portion was sufficient.

My father was an invalid, having contracted consumption while in the war of 1812. He was taken prisoner at the battle of North Point, and carried with others to the Island of Bermuda, where he was kept on a prison ship three months, with water up to his chin, with daily rations of one "Boston cracker" (they called it "hard tack" in the Civil war), soaked in water, and eaten after dark, for the crackers were worm eaten. He was exchanged and lived until 1837. While on his deathbed his friends got up a petition to Congress for his relief, with back pay amounting to thirty-three hundred dollars, principally through the influence of Hon. William Merrick, member of Congress from Maryland. The bill passed the House and two readings in the Senate when my father died, and they allowed the widow, with four little girls, the magnificent sum of two hundred and eighty dollars, and they were destitute.

We had many kind friends: Mr. John M. Moore, chief clerk in the land office, and his sister, Miss Mary Moore; Mrs. Dr. Elizey; the family of Major T. P. Andrews, paymaster in the army. When I say "family" I include Mrs. Dr. Fairfax, afterward Mrs. Captain Sanders, and Mrs. John Coutee, sisters of Mrs. Andrews; also Miss Eliza Andrews and the family of Major Selah R. Hobbie, postmaster-general.

My mother was very delicate, and had it not been for them she would never have been able to keep her four little girls together, as my father requested we should not be separated. We lived opposite Mr. Peter Hagner. He was one of the auditors, and one night, while my father lay ill, there was a fearful noise in the streets. At that time there was much talk of an insurrection of the negroes; we all thought they were at their dreadful work of destroying the whites, but in the morning we heard that all the confusion, whooping, blowing horns and ringing bells was the burying the "sub-treasury bill," and Mr. Hagner was in some way interested.

We were living on H street, between Eighteenth and Nineteenth, in a house owned by Dr. Richmond Johnson, opposite Mr. Hagner's. No houses on the south side of the street, only George Krafft's bakery on the corner, a two-story frame, next to a small blue

frame, where lived Joseph Dosier, a hackman, Mr. Hagner, in a large brick house in the centre of the block, and the Union Engine House, just being built on the west corner of Nineteenth and H. There were no houses on H street south of Pennsylvania avenue; it was a vacant lot with a carpenter shop on the corner of Twentieth street and H, owned by Mr. William Wilson, the father of four sons and one daughter, who have figured in the first society in Washington city of late years. He was brother of Mr. John Wilson, who built a beautiful brick house near the corner of Seventeenth, between H and I streets. On the corner of East and South and Sixteenth street stood the Gadsby mansion; it had been occupied a few years before by Commodore Stephen Decatur. Next south on Sixteenth street was a large, white, two-story house, where lived Hon. Levi Woodbury. A high board fence from there to Pennsylvania avenue; opposite the War Department, and in the centre of the block, north side of the avenue, was a square brick, where Dr. Lovell lived. No other houses on that block; a high board fence from the avenue running north on Seventeenth to H street, inside of which was a hawthorne and crab apple hedge, which perfumed the neighborhood for weeks, in the spring.

Just across from Gadsby's stood a large, gloomy

house, occupied at that time by Daniel Webster, and in later years by Packinham, the British minister, and later by W. W. Corcoran. It was the only house on that block, and it stood solitary and alone for many years. Next east was St. John's Church, Episcopal, corner Sixteenth and a half and H street. On seventeenth, between H and I, was a fine brick, near the centre of the block, occupied by Mr. Potts, a clerk in one of the government offices; across the street, north, corner of Seventeenth and I, lived General McComb, a lone house of the lead-colored brick. From this point you could look and see Columbian College in the distance. Not a residence north, far as the eye could reach, only one large house where lived Mrs. Charles Hill, a very devout Catholic.

The reason I remember this lady was, after my father died, my mother finished a beautiful hearth rug, worked with worsted, and the friends who were interested in her welfare had it raffled and Mrs. Hill was the lady who won the rug. It was so beautiful she remarked it was fit for the altar of the church, and it lay on the altar of St. Patrick's Church for many years. This church was on the corner of F and Tenth, Father Matthew being an old man at that time.

From General McComb's house, coming east on I

street, were no houses until you came to a long, two-story "rough cast" house, which had the reputation of being "haunted." In after years it was torn down, and Mr. George W. Riggs built an elegant residence on the spot. I must tell you about the old house, for my hair has stood on end and my flesh crept many a time as I passed in the dusk of the evening. It was a low house, with porches above and below, covered with vines of sweet-scented honeysuckle, sweet briar, ivy and jessamine, the front yard filled with rose bushes, and the perfums of flowers filled the air from early spring until the frost. It seemed from its surroundings that angels might have made it their abode instead of the demons who, night after night, held high carnival; screams were heard, firearms used, and moans and groans were of common occurrence. I suppose it was inhabited by persons whose interest it was to have the house, keep its dreadful reputation; it looked to outsiders as if no human feet ever enters its precincts.

Next east was the house where Mrs. Commodore Stewart lived with her mother, Mrs. Tudor. I must describe her, for I have seen her many times reclining upon her chair, a lounge of satin. I have taken work to Mrs. Stewart, as my mother made dresses to support her little ones. Mrs. Tudor was a very

small woman, and usually dressed in pale blue satin, a cap on her head, the lace frill covering her forehead, but not hiding the little "frizzy" curls on either side of her head. She wore gold spectacles, over which she looked with keen, pale blue eyes that pierced you through. Her feet were always encased in black satin slippers that were scarcely larger than my hand; her voice was very low, hardly above a whisper, with an Irish brogue. Altogether, she filled me with wonder and admiration, for I was scarcely ten years old. This lady was the great-grandmother of "Charles Parnell."

All the space between General McComb's and this "rough cast" house was a cow pasture and marsh, where calimus grew in great patches, and where I got "mired" many times on my way from school. Next Mrs. Stewart's, on the corner, lived Commodore Morris, who had five daughters, two whose names I remember, Louise and Maria. A few years before the Morris lived in Georgetown, one of the daughters became infatuated with a very handsome young man, who, I have heard, was a shoemaker. He in turn appreciated her devotion; she eloped with him, was married, her parents never forgave her, and she died shortly of a broken heart, leaving a little daughter. After her death that young man determined to rise

in the world and make himself famous. I have seen him hundreds of times driving by, with his daughter beside him, in his own beautiful "equipage," with his servants attending him, his money, in a few years, amounting to millions, his gifts of property and money, to the City of Washington exceeding more than any other man in the district, and he has also left, to the city, a "memorial" to his wife and child, with funds to support it for years to come.

There were no houses in the neighborhood, only a few where negroes lived. From Commodore Morris, going south, was St. John's Church, a beautiful little church overgrown with ivy, the entrance facing the west. All the first people attended this church. Parson Hawley's, it was called. He was a venerable looking man, wearing his hair long and tied in a "que," dressing in black, broad brim, low-crowned hat, small cloths, or knee breeches, long black silk stockings, white muslin ruffles falling over his hands and shirt bosom, muslin necktie with large bow under his chin, large silver buckles on his low shoes, always carrying a cane, looking very like the pictures of William Penn. He lived on Pennsylvania avenue, between Seventeenth and Eighteenth.

The only house on the street with the church was an old white brick, one-story, with high, pitched roof,

gable to the street, standing back from the sidewalk, large trees in front, the yard filled with bushes, and weeds higher than your head, that were never trimmed —a dismal place, I can tell you. I never remember its having a tenant. Only four houses in that neighborhood, on the street going north and south. The Harrisons lived in the one nearest the corner of H street, the McMorelands in the fourth, or last, near I street.

On the corner of H and Fifteenth and a half streets stood the residence of Mrs. Madison. Dozens of times I have seen her sitting on the front steps, surrounded by young girls, laughing and talking, for she was fond of young company. Two of the girls I well remember—Louise Herndon, who became the wife of Chester A. Arthur, and Adela Cutts, who married Stephen A. Douglas. Mrs. Madison always wore a white crepe turban, low-neck, short-sleeve dress, white lace scarf across her shoulders; her dresses were either lilac or buff. Black slippers, either satin or kid, with "galloon" laced across her instep, with silk hose. The bonnet she wore was usually a green silk "Calash" that would not disarrange the turban. A large "broach" was worn in front of the turban, or over the ear.

Three other houses from Mrs. Madison's to Penn-

sylvania avenue, Mrs. Ogle Tayloe's, who died in the bath, one day, after eating a hearty dinner. I well remember the circumstance, as sudden deaths were, in those days, "few and far between." Next, the "unlucky" house, exactly like the Tayloe house, but it had a bad reputation—no one prospered who lived in that house. In after years, in front, under the beautiful trees, P. Barton Key was shot. In the house Hon. William Seward was attacked, and where lately James G. Blaine lived. Had he been superstitious as I, he never would have purchased it, and not anyone could persuade me to attend the theatre erected thereon. These houses had high brick walls, the tops finished with broken glass. Many walls in the city were finished in the same manner. It gave the place an awful look. On the corner of Pennsylvania avenue was Dr. Gunnells, a dentist, his house facing the avenue, with an ell running back, the grounds beautifully laid out, with vines and roses filling the space. Next came the house of Mrs. Smith, with side and front garden; next, a one-story brick or stone building, light-gray in color, a dark sign over the door, with large, gilt letters, "Bank." I presume it presents the same appearance still.

The treasury building, opposite the bank, on the corner, was a large gray building, for the addition

was scarcely begun. From the corner of Fifteenth and New York avenue were only two or three houses, a drug store on the corner and, next, Mrs. Milligan's. She was a widow and had three lovely daughters, Miss Elizabeth, Miss Isabella and Jane. Miss Elizabeth was an artist, and painted miniatures on ivory. I have been in her studio many times, and she allowed me to look at her pictures, the most exquisite work, she often getting a hundred dollars for a single picture. This was many years before the days of daguerrotypes or photographs. Not many could afford to have their pictures taken. I well remember the first daguerrotype I ever saw. It was of Mrs. Buckingham, of Alexandria, who was visiting my mother, and the price was five dollars. Everyone was having a picture taken. You had to sit motionless five or ten minutes, giving one a terrible "stare," and after it was finished you could see it only in a certain light.

Not many houses on the north side of New York avenue (only a few sheds for the stone cutters) until you came to a Presbyterian church in the angle made by the crossing of the avenue. I believe the church was called "Dr. Gurley's," 'Round the corner from the Milligan's, on Fifteenth street, was Douglass flower house; it was quite a treat to enter on Fifteenth, pass through, and come out on G street. Mr. John

Douglass had a nursery out Twentieth street, near Holmead's burying ground, where he raised fruit trees and flowers and, although, he was the crossest looking man, he made the most beautiful bouquets, and his "Camelia Japonicas" were equal to the orchids of today.

Next the green house was the residence of Mr. David Gardiner, and only one or two houses on the north side of G street until you came to the "Foundry," the M. E. Church. At this "meeting house," as all the Methodist churches were called at that day, and where the women sat on one side and the men on the other, John Newland Maffit held a protracted meeting for several weeks and a great many were added to the church.

The Methodists of that time differed greatly from those of today. They could, like the Quakers, be told by their dress. The material was either silk of merino, light color. "Ashes of roses" was the chosen shade, shawl of the same shade, or white, a close bonnet of satin, white or black, and of peculiar shape, or a white leghorn, trimmed with a ribbon passing over the top; not a loop or bow anywhere. In summer the shawl was generally of Canton crepe or silk. No Methodist ever appeared on the street without some kind of drapery.

Long shawls had not come into use at that time. I have a plaid long shawl, one of the first brought to the city, over 47 years ago, and sold by Mr. Darius Clagett, corner Pennsylvania avenue and Ninth street. There were six brought from Scotland, and were called "Shepherd's hand." "Shepherd's hand," the shawl was called, I presume because it was twice as long as wide and enveloped one from head to foot. Just think of the first-class store in Washington City ordering six shawls! You can imagine the size of the city in 1846! Mr. Clagett's store had as great a reputation as A. T. Stewart's in New York. It was the first store. Riley kept the next first-class store, corner Pennsylvania avenue and Eighth.

I have gone out of my line and will return to the "meeting houes." Opposite the foundry was a low, white building, "the Free School," taught by Mr. Henshaw. No greater stigma could be attached to a boy or girl than to have said of them: "They go to the free school." This gentleman was the father, or stepfather, of Mrs. E. D. N. Southworth. In these days she was writing her first papers, to be published in the "National Intelligencer," I believe. Only two papers were published in Washington then; one

by Blair & Reeves, the other by Gales & Seaton. They were dailies.

The reason I remember these places so minutely, the foundry was the church I attended from childhood, never missing a Sabbath, rain or shine, until I left the city for a home in the West in 1851.

I shall go back now to Mrs. Madison's house. From the corner, on the north side of the street, there was no house until you came to Tenth street. St. Matthew's Catholic Church, corner of Thirteenth, I think, was being built. I remember when the cornerstone was laid. Father James Donelon was pastor. He had been assistant to Father Matthew at St. Patrick's on Tenth and G street. Some half a block or more east was a three-story brick, where lived a Catholic lady whose name I have forgotten. On the corner east from this house, going north, between H and I street, were four white frames. In the first one lived a widow, Mrs. McArdel, whose daughter, Miss Adeline, in after years married a German music teacher, whose name, I think, was "Riece," or Reese. Going along on H street, there was a row of old, dilapidated houses. In one of them was a negro school, taught by a man named Cook. Next, further east, was the "Demineaux" building, a very large stone house, standing back from the street, with stone posts, and

chains extending from post to post, and circular carriage way to the front door. Mr. Goveneur lived here, whose daughter married Dr. Haskell, an army doctor, or government physician. This brings me to the Presbyterian, or Dr. Gurley's Church, in the angle of New York avenue, crossing H street.

Across the avenue was a large tannery, and going east on H street Buist's green house. No houses until you came to Tenth street. The Van Ness house and vault stood on the corner. On the northeast corner of H and Ninth, was a large square, one-story building, "McLeod's School," in front, on Ninth street, no opening, only a large front door, over which was a long sign with "Order Is Heaven's First Law." Mr. McLeod was an old man and had taught three generations. What he taught was never forgotten by the pupil. No other building was near. It stood on a "knoll," and at the foot of the hill a tiny stream ran, not more than eighteen inchess across, but quite deep and swife. I suppose it flowed from the tannery, west. On this hill the children played at recess, building little dams and waterfalls with the beautiful pebbles found in the stream, and mottled with yellow, blue, green and white.

Mr. McLeod was a gentleman of the "old school,"

who believed in severe punishment, and that "to spare the rod spoiled the child." Once or twice a week he would send three or four of the largest boys to the woods for "hickorys." That meant a day off from school. They would return in the afternoon, bringing great bundles of rods or switches, each one as large around as a man's thumb, and six or eight feet long; and if they were not of the right size, they who brought them would be the first ones to feel them. The school room was fifty feet or more square, with six rows of desks and benches on either side, each row elevated four inches above the one in front; every scholar could see and be seen from the centre of the room. The teachers, at the time I attended school, were Mr. Hare and Mr. Weston. Mr. McLeod could stand in front of the first row and, with one sweep of his "hickory," and he always carried one over his shoulder, could wrap it around a boy or girl sitting on the last, or highest, seat. There was no confusion in that school. In summer, or from the first of April until October, school was held from five o'clock in the morning until five in the afternoon, with two recesses, an hour, from seven till eight, for breakfast, and an hour, from twelve till one, for dinder, calling the roll three times a day.

At the morning school we had "Morning Tasks,"

a rule from "Murray's Grammar" and a table or rule from "Pike's Arithmetic," after which the dictionary classes were called and passed into the class rooms to recite; after these were heard it was seven o'clock. There were three desks in the school room, one for himself higher than the others. At eight o'clock the roll was called for the second time. Mr. McLeod would "promenade" with one of his longest and "limberest" hickorys over his shoulder, and if he saw anyone not looking at him he would rush at you with, "Said your morning task?" and woe be unto you if you could not tell in an instant to whom you had recited; the safest plan would be to answer, "to yourself," for he could not remember those who had said their tasks to him or not. Sometimes the boys, especially the smaller ones (for he had scholars from 6 to 22 years), would lay their heads upon the desks and fall asleep. His eyes were upon everyone; he would creep softly up to the water bucket, take a dipperful, and pour it down their necks while they lay asleep, or, if their hair was long, would twist the end of one of his long rods into the hair and "jerk" out the lock.

One boy in particular I used to pity; his name was William Knott. He had lovely auburn curls, and it was Mr. McLeod's delight to get his switch entangled

in those curls and give them a jerk. Often the boys played truant, and one day, I well remember, John Brennon went off to play on the railroad, and had his arm cut off, near the shoulder, by the cars. Another boy who often played truant was "Bob Wallack." We, the scholars, all thought one day he would be killed. The large boys were sent to find anyone whom McLeod suspected, and, finding Bob, brought him in. One of the shortest switches was taken; he was thrashed unmercifully and, being barefoot, every time he jumped his tracks were marked with blood. Three of the largest boys, Eugene Commisky, Philander Bowen and Malcolm Seaton, came forward and begged him to stop.

I have never forgotten the last day I attended that school. I had been a pupil more than two years. The body of President Harrison lay in state at the White House and, of course, all were anxious to be dismissed a little earlier. Afternoon recess all the pupils were standing with arms folded across their breasts. as was the custom when calling the roll, McLeod promenading as usual, and before I knew it I felt a sharp sting upon my right arm and, on looking up, saw McLeod standing before me in the centre of the room. He had struck me on my left arm, and the end had drawn the blood; it ran trickling through my sleeve.

It hurt dreadfully, but I would not shed a tear or let him see that he had hurt me in the least. I went home and mother said: "You shall never attend that school another day." The old fellow came to our house several times, made many apologies, but my mother was firm. Among other things, he said: "Your daughter was doing nothing; I must have made a mistake (he had never struck me before); send her, and I will teach her for nothing as long as she chooses to come." This is a sample of the schools of olden time; would it be tolerated now? My mother used to tell the same of her teacher in Alexandria, a Mr. Cohen. The lessons had to be learned and recited, whether you understood them or no.

The Van Ness house, tomb and school house I have described, were the only buildings on the block, and it extended from Ninth to Tenth, and between G and H streets. Mrs. Van Ness was a very benevolent lady and had many orphan children under her care, for they had no children. Van Ness also owned the very large stone house on Seventeenth street, near the canal, south of Pennsylvania avenue. The house had a bad reputation. North of the Van Ness place was an old stone house, owned by a bachelor named Carbury. Next, Mr. Lewis lived, for many years clerk in one of the government departments. In those

days there was no "civil service;" a man once in had a life office. I knew one person, appointed by President Jackson, who died in the service only a few years ago—Mr. William P. Faherty. Mr. Barkley, who lived on Eighteenth street, two doors south of Pennsylvania avenue, held office seventy years. Mr. Charles Calvert, corner Nineteenth and I, held office many years, and dozens of others whose lives were spent at their desks.

I knew one gentleman in the war department who held his position more than thirty years. They could not dispense with his services or get anyone to fill his place, for he could, with a few momonts' notice, put his hands on any important paper the secretary of war might require; he had studies his business, knew it perfectly, and died a few years ago with paralysis of the brain.

On Eighteenth street, north of Pennsylvania avenue, lived Mr. Charles Sousa, whose grandson is, so I have heard, the great band leader; if so, I taught his father his letters, for I taught school on eighth street in the large white frame house owned by Mr. Pickwell, of Georgetown. And east of the brick house where lived Archibald Campbell, next west, was General Charles Gratiot, whose daughter, Julia, died in St. Louis a few months ago. His eldest daughter was the wife of

Count Montholon, whose death occurred in Paris many years after.

I remember the night the news came of the "rebellion" in France. The French "attache," Boubolon, had rooms opposite, and you would have imagined a "rebellion" in the neighborhood. Next door, on the south side of H street, lived Major Emory, whose wife was Miss Bache, a relative of Benjamiin Franklin. Mrs. Robert Knox Walker and Mrs. Charles Abert were sisters of Mrs. Emory and daughters of Mr. Bache, who lived on Pennsylvania avenue between Nineteenth and Twentieth streets. Two sons of Major Emory attended my school. One of them, in after years, conducted or commanded the expedition to the North Pole. I had the sons of Beverly Tucker, the son and daughter of General Magruder, the son of Major Gwinn, the son and two daughters of Rev. Dr. Finkell, of the German Lutheran Church, on G street, between Nineteenth and Twentieth. Next, the church was a large, double, brick house, occupied by Hon. Lewis Cass.

The Wainrights and Turnbulls lived in this neighborhood. Major Hetzel lived in a gray brick on the north side of G street. The Rays, several years after, built a beautiful house on the corner of G and Twentieth. Across the street, south side, the Goldsboroughs

lived in a brown stone house, standing alone, one of whom married a Miss Meade. Mrs. Lear, a lovely old lady, lived in this part of the city. Her husband, years before, shot himself in a house on G street. Near the corner of Eighteenth and G, Governor Marcy built a residence. On the west side of Eighteenth and G, an old brick house stood; it looked then as though it had been built a hundred years. Mrs. Craven kept a boarding house in it. South of this house, on Eighteenth and F, lived the Carrolls, of Carrollton; they had several daughters. From this corner was a view of the Potomac, and you could look over into Virginia. There was nothing to obstruct the view. Major General Hunter lived in the centre of the block, on F street, between Seventeenth and Eighteenth, east of which was a row of large, brick houses, that turned the corner in a circular form, where the Carters and Keys lived. These houses were called the "Tayloe Row." In one of them Mrs. James Madison lived while the White House was being repaired, or renovated, and where Aaron Burr surprised Mrs. M. in the garden one morning before breakfast, he having "scaled the wall" that surrounded the place.

East of these houses, on the corner of Seventeenth and F, lived General Townshend, who had two beautiful daughters. One was an adopted daughter, who

married Dr. Witherspoon, the physician who attended General Taylor in his last illness. This brings us to the Winder's building, used for government purposes, on the north corner from General Townshend's and opposite the war department, at that time a two-story blue stone building, since replaced by a magnificent stone structure. On the corner of Pennsylvania avenue and Seventeenth streets was a one-story frame building, occupied by Mr. Coburn, as a grocery and feed store. Turning west on the avenue was a restaurant, kept by a Swiss man named Jost. Next, Parson Hawley lived, pastor of St. John's Episcopal Church. In the next house lived "Vivian," a French cook. Many times have I seen him rushing up Pennsylvania avenue with his white cap and apron, his sleeves rolled above his elbows, going to prepare a dinner or entertainment for someone in the "West End," as this part of the city was called. Vivian had three beautiful daughters, Louise, Sophie and Lillian. The eldest "ran off" and married John O'Neil; the youngest married Mr. Joseph Redfern; the other, Sophie, married someone in the eastern part of the city. Mr. O'Neil was the brother of Mrs. Colonel Eaton, the famous "Peg O'Neil," who first married a Mr. Timberlake, who, they said, committed suicide. He left two daughters; the eldest, named Virginia,

went to France with the Pagets, French minister at that time. I have often seen her. She was very beautiful. I have heard she was the mother of the Miss Rothschild, wife of the Earl of Roseberry. The younger one became the wife of Lieutenant Randolph, a cadet from West Point, who, a few weeks after his marriage, was ordered "aboard ship" for a three years' voyage, and was lost at sea. Mrs. Randolph died of a broken heart, leaving an infant daughter to the care of its grandmother, Mrs. Colonel Eaton.

At the time of which I write, Colonel and Mrs. Eaton lived on I street, between Nineteenth and Twentieth streets, in an old red brick house, on the east of which Dr. Lytle lived, on the street running on the north side of the "market house," which stood in the angle on Pennsylvania avenue. After the death of Colonel Eaton, Mrs. Eaton lived in this house, with her mother many years. Mrs. Rhoda O'Neil was one of the loveliest old ladies you could imagine; always ready with a smile and sympathy for anyone who was in need or distress. Before this time Mrs. O'Neil boarded with a man named Degges, corner of Twentieth and F streets, who was a "carpenter," as also were his sons, of whom he had several, John, Samuel (I have forgotten the names of the others), and two daughters, the eldest married Mr. Dickson

and died. Virginia married Mr. Sutton, a merchant in the first ward. In those days most of these people were mechanics and earned their living by the "sweat of their brow," but that was no detriment to them, only, when I hear of their descendants now, I think of the little couplet:

"Tall oaks from little acorns grow;
Great streams from little fountains flow."

We were all young people together, and many "sleep the sleep that knows no waking." The house next west from the Vivian's was a red brick of most peculiar shape, and at this time many of the houses were built after this fashion—a long ell, with entrance one the side, and standing quite a distance from the street. I suppose the idea was to build a front to them some day. Mr. Coburn's family resided in this house. Next west, a little old building, where a shop was kept, and still further west, near the corner of Eighteenth and Penn avenue, a one-story building of frame, where old Mr. Schnider had a shop and sold notions to the school children, nuts, apples, cakes, "chinquepins," slate pencils, marbles and molasses candy. He was very close in his selling, never giving one nut more than the measure. All the children would rather go on the opposite corner, to

Kraft's, for "Miss Sophie" would give twice as much for a penny. Mr. Schnider had a parrot that frightened the children almost to death. When they pushed the door open, a bell fastened to the top by a piece of hoop, would ring. Polly would scream, "Don't steal! Don't steal!" and keep up the cry until the old man would come it, with a scarlet cap on his head and roughly demand, "What do you want now;" if only a cent's worth, it was taken eagerly.

He had many sons and daughters who now lived in style, for it is more than fifty years ago since this happened. Across on the north side of H and Eighteenth, on the corner, was a white cottage, entrance on Eighteenth street, where Mr. Robertson lived. Next, on H street, Mr. Bitner, a gunsmith, whose wife was the only daughter of Henry Hines, who lived in the brick house next west. This house had a long, low porch in front, and upon this porch we stood and saw the total eclipse of 1836.

How often have I listened to old Mrs. Hines, with open eyes and shaking limbs, tell the wonderful tales of the war of 1812. Many men left their homes in the morning and never returned, having been "pressed" into the service. One, whose name was Joseph Dunn, left home in the morning, leaving wife, an infant boy, never to return or be heard of again in the land of

the living. Dear old Mr. Dunn lived opposite our house, devoting her time to her grandchildren, for her son Joseph married, and died leaving three sons and two daughters orphans, his wife dying first. The oldest girl married Thomas Donoho, a lawyer living in the eastern part of the city, or "Northern Liberties," as it was called at an early date. I think it was on Seventh street, a new street running north and south, with only a few very small houses. They came often to visit her. James, Henry and Joseph were the names of the boys.

Next west, a white frame double house, owned and occupied by Dr. Richmond Johnson. Next, the residence of Rev. Charles A. Davis, who had three sons, Charles, Philip and Thomas Kelso, and three daughters, Anna, Charlotte and Susan. Anna married a Mr. Sturgis and is, I believe, living in Washington. Charlotte became the wife of Thomas Johnson and died shortly. Charles married a daughter of Rev. Mr. Finkel, but did not live many years. The others I have lost sight of, but if living are old men and women. Next west, a red brick house, where Mr. Isaac Hanson lived, who had a club foot. He had three sons, Weightman, Charles and John. The two eldest went to the "Mexican War" and never returned; both were killed. Mrs. Hanson never recovered from

the shock. Mrs. Storer, her mother, lived with them. The youngest daughter died about this time with scarlet fever, and the older one, named Harriett, married, years later, Mr. Kennard. They were related to the Eastons and Harrisons, who lived on the corner of Nineteenth and I streets, across from the Colored Baptist Church. Next, the Hanson's was a vacant lot, owned by Mr. Samuel Redfern. The Schniders built a fine house upon it in after years. The Redferns were English people; had belonged to the household of Stephen Decatur. Mrs. Redfern was a Miss Lawrence, whose brother once shot at the president, General Jackson (a historical fact). Mr. Redfern had been butler or coachman. Next, a brick, where the Turtons lived; they had a large family. The oldest daughters were married and named Vernon and Espey; the youngest daughters were Jane and Eliza. Three small brick houses brought you to the corner of Pennsylvania avenue, H and Nineteenth streets, where Mr. Redfern had a grocery store; going north on Nineteenth street, east side, was Mr. Smith's livery stable, and on the northwest corner of Nineteenth and I, Mr. Smith lived. He had five daughters, one of whom years later married a son of Mr. Little, a butcher, who stood in the market house many years and made plenty of money, for everyone must have

meat. Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Hoover and Mrs. Sousa were all sisters of Mr. Brooke Edmunson.

On Nineteenth street, next to the Colored Baptist Church, was an old brick house, with gable to the street, where Mr. Asa Wilcox, a government employe, lived. He had two beautiful daughters, Mary Jane and Julia. Julia was teacher, for many years, in a school kept where Mr. Abbott taught years before, opposite General McComb's, on the corner of Seventeenth and I, I believe. "Richards" was the name of the principal. Mary Jane married a professor named "Quince," of Oxford College, in Mississippi. No other houses on that street to Pennsylvania avenue. Then the six buildings on the avenue going west.

This was a row of buildings, three stories and basement, considered elegant residences at that time; stone steps, with iron railings, going into a basement, or kitchen apartments. The "aristocrats" occupied these houses. Mrs. Craven, a widow, kept boarding house at the corner. Next, Mrs. Freeman lived. Colonel French Forrest next. The Wainrights, General Graham, with the Munroes' in the last one going west. Mrs. Munroe was the mother of Mrs. Randall, whose husband was clerk in one of the government offices. They had three daughters, Juliana, Emily and Deborah, who died when she was ten or twelve years

old, of typhus fever. We all went to school to Miss Quincy, who kept on the corner of Twenty-first and H street. There were three sisters, the eldest, Miss Mary, being the teacher. Miss Susan and Miss Lizzie were the others. They lived with their father, their mother being dead. The house was a large red brick with one-story "ells" on either side, the whole covered with an ivy vine that grew to the tops of the chimneys. They were Baptists, and every Sunday, rain or shine, the father, with the daughters, would attend the Tenth street Baptist Church, Rev. Obediah B. Brown, pastor. My father attended this church, and on one particular Sabbath, Colonel Richard M. Johnson came in and sat in the seat in front of us. After services my father told my brother and myself that that was the colonel who had killed "Tecumseh." I remember his appearance well. A stout man, dark red, curly hair, and he looked like a giant when standing to converse with my father, who was rather small.

I have made quite a digression, but I have written as the ideas have presented themselves. One large house stood next the six buildings (there was a shoe store between, kept by a Mr. Cross, who had several daughters, and were "kin" to the Hines). The drug store of Mr. Flodourdo F. Howard was kept on the first floor, the family residing above. Afterwards

Thomas Morgan occupied the same drug store; years after Ridgely occupied the same place. Old Squire Waters lived next. Two or three frame buildings brought you to the corner of Twentieth street and Penn avenue, where a small store was at this time. On the south side of the avenue and opposite the six buildings were two or three small frames, in one of which was a barber shop, in another an old couple named Chapman; they sold various commodities, principally "yeast," a cent a gill. One could scarcely get near the door of an evening, for Mrs. Chapman's yeast had a reputation. I have heard they had considerable property years after.

Next came Hoover's shoe store; two or three houses brought you to the corner of Nineteenth and Pennsylvania avenue. Only two houses on Nineteenth street, for it was a short side. "Favier" kept a restaurant on the southeast corner, opposite the engine house. Esquire Waters owned nearly all this block; he would not sell—only lease for a term of years, mostly ninety-nine. No houses were on the south side of H street, but a few years after, Mr. William Wilson built a frame house near the corner of Twentieth, where Mrs. Freeman, a widow, lived; there were two daughters, Mrs. Smith, a widow, with one son, a lad of about twelve years, and Miss Anna, a music teacher.

They were devout Catholics, and each morning, during Lent especially, you could see them attending "mass." One morning Miss Anna left home early to attend church. A note was found in her room, saying she would return no more, but would become a "nun" in the convent in Georgetown.

On the corner of Twentieth and Pennsylvania avenue was a large brick store, owned and kept by Mr. Samuel Stott. On that street were several houses, occupied by persons who kept "shops," where one could purchase any small article. One in particular, kept by "Pat Magee." His was the largest shop, and, if was said, he had plenty of money. On Eighteenth street, two doors from the corner of H, lived three sisters named Travis. The eldest married a painter named Darnall; the others, Miss Nancy and Miss Lizzie, were "old maids." It was reported that Miss Lizzie and Pat Magee were to be married shortly. A few days before the time set for the wedding, Pat was found dead in bed. He had always enjoyed perfect health, as his person showed. It was whispered around that someone interested had put a "spider in his dumpling," as he intended leaving all his money to the Catholic Church, of which he was a member.

On the corner east from the market house, Mr.

David Hines built a large brick store, in which Mr. Duval kept a grocery. Next east, on the north side of the avenue, Mr. Hines built a residence, and occupied it, having married Miss Duval, sister of the one who kept the store on the corner.

North of the market house, on I street, between Twentieth and Twenty-first, were the residences of the wealthy. The Pattersons, of Bonaparte notoriety, lived on the corner of Twenty-first. Coming east the Tottens, Eatons, Lytles and others whose names I have forgotten lived. Going west from the corner of Twenty-first was another row of buildings, painted light color to distinguish them from the six buildings two blocks east. These were the seven buildings, also occupied by the wealthy. After passing these houses was a vacant place, or commons, occupying two or three blocks, where was a cow pasture, and one could look north and see in the distance "Kalorama," belonging to Colonel Burnford, Holmead's burying ground, Douglass' nursery, and a "swamp," where the people went for blackberries and huckleberries in their season, still further north, in the swamp, grew magnolias, also wild azelias. No pavements or sidewalks were laid along here at this time, but large stepping stones, to keep one out of the mud, more than a foot apart, were laid. One could walk or jump singly

on the north side of Pennsylvania avenue. After passing over these stones, were a cluster of houses called "the round tops," near the place where the "Circle" now is. These houses were almost as infamous as the "five points" in New York. Some fifteen or twenty girls from the city attended Miss Lydia S. English's academy in Georgetown. The Rittenhouses, granddaughters of Parson Laurie, the Williamsons, granddaughters of Dr. Balch, and nieces of General McComb, Wilcoxes, Hills, Munroes, and several others. Each morning, we would wait on the corner of Twenty-second and all go together, for we were afraid to go alone. This was in 1840 and 1843.

After the "round tops" were passed, were three or four brick houses, three stories, with brick pavement in front. Mr. Cissel lived in one; his daughter also went to the academy, and further west, on the top of the hill, was the large brick house where Paget, the French minister, lived. The road turning toward the north, at the foot of the hills to pass over the bridge that crossed Rock Creek. After passing the bridge you would be in Georgetown. Turn south and east and go back to the city, four or five tumble-down houses, where whites and blacks lived together; then on until you could see "Haman's Brewery" over the common on the next street that led to Water street,

Georgeton. Mr. Haman had a fine residence opposite the brewery, where his family lived, on the south side of the street. On the north side lived the Smoots and Waggoners. Quite a large white brick on the south side of Pennsylvania avenue stood alone, where lived a gentleman and his family, three or four boys. I have forgotten the name, but he was in the employ of the government and afterwards at the National Observatory. Then two or three little frame houses, and you were opposite the "round tops." A street and the avenue crossed here, making a point.

On the corner, across this street, was a large, gloomy brick house, where the British minister, Mr. Fox, lived. He was a very tall man, over six feet, and carried his head leaning to the side, never raising his eyes or noticing anyone, his chin covered with his cravat, and as surly looking as one could imagine. He never appeared on the street before six o'clock, but slept all day, and sat up all night, with twelve wax candles to light his study. No visitor was admitted before eight in the evening. The children all ran if they saw him coming, and thought him a terrible giant, ready to eat them on short notice. From Fox's there was no sidewalk until you were opposite the seven buildings; then three or four houses with porches in front, where the Grammers and Ashtons lived. Here the sidewalk be-

gan. The Drurys lived near here; there were several sons. John Drury married Miss Mary Donelon, sister of Father James Donelon, of St. Matthew's Church, two daughters. Elizabeth Drury married James Sheehan, who wrote the life of Stephen A. Douglass. Then on until you came to Dr. William Magruder's on the corner. From this point you could see to the Potomac, and on the hill, where the National Observatory is now, was the "glass works," where all night the men would work at the furnaces. You could stand on the corner of Dr. Magruder's and see the red glare, and the workmen running to and fro, reminding one of "Pandemonium."

AN ECCENTRIC DIPLOMAT.

THE QUAINT PERSONALITY AND STRANGE LIFE OF MINISTER FOX.

(From the Washington Evening Star.)

The former representative of the government of Great Britain to this country, Henry Stephen Fox, of whom the good story is told that when he met acquaintances in daylight he remarked how strange was their appearance, for they had never seen each other except by candle light, is well remembered by a few of our older citizens as a most eccentric character. He was a figure as well known as most of the notables of his day. He had long been in the diplomatic service of Great Britain, and when sent here from South America to succeed Sir Charles Vaughan, one of the most affable, as well as brilliant members of the diplomatic corps, Mr. Fox was expected to fill his place in society circles. Indeed, so much had been said of his witticisms and eccentricities that Washington was looking for a social lion. If any knew of his dislike of some of the society functions our upper ten was not informed, and there was much disappointment

that he did not step in the shoes of Sir Charles, to the highest social position. A great-grandson of the Duke of Richmond, son of a general who had fought against our fathers in the revolution, and nephew of the great Whig leader in the British Parliament, Washington society expected in him a leader.

Mr. Fox proved an acquisition to the society of the capital, at least so far as to furnish a subject for society gossip, and it was not long before his eccentric habits, his peculiar attire and his brilliant witticisms were known not only in society circles, but by the general public. Even the street gamins recognized him in his late afternoon strolls. Once seen, he could not be easily mistaken for another. In person he was tall and slim—exceedingly so—with the cadaverous complexion of an opium eater. He was scrupulously neat in his attire, and usually in his walks wore a blue cloth, swallow-tailed coat with brass buttons, nankeen pants—minus straps, then worn by all classes—broad-brimmed hat, and to his shirt a high, standing collar, reaching the top of his ears. His identity was further emphasized by a green silk umbrella in his hand, and this to him was useless unless it rained, for he was seldom out of doors when the sun shone.

Mr. Fox lived in a large brick house on K street, west of what is now Washington circle. He

was almost a hermit, going in official society only so far as duty required, and receiving but few visitors. His few entertainments took the form of dinners to gentlement, after which the night was often spent at the card table, on which there were no small stakes. His day began about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, when he rose from bed and dressed, and took a walk to the capitol grounds and back to his breakfast. In the evening he would attend the socity functions of the diplomats, seldom of any others, and after watering his flowers, of which he was excessively fond, would return to bed ere the sun had risen. He had an aversion to shaking hands with ladies, and gave that as an excuse for not opening his house to receptions; but, in reality, his residence was so lumbered up with old furniture, for which he had a mania, that there was not much room for entertaining any considerable number. Another hobby of his was entomology, and he had a large collection of specimens stowed away in boxes, many of which were never opened.

It was thought that he was a victim of the opium habit, and the supposition proved correct. His servants were charged never to disturb him or enter his presence except when summoned. One night, in the early part of October, 1846, he remained in his chamber undisturbed, but when late the next day one of

the domestics, despite the usage, went to his room, he found him in a lethargic condition.

Physicians, hastily called, worked on him, but their efforts proved futile. Death came in a few hours. The supposition was that death was caused by an overdose of the drug he had long been addicted to using. His funeral was a large and imposing one, attended by the president (Mr. Polk), and his cabinet, the diplomatic corps and numbers of the leading men of the nation and district. But for his eccentricities and the rules of his household, a most brilliant personage might have lived to a green old age and added luster to the family name.

There were not more than twenty houses in that neighborhood, scattered here and there. In the tall, white brick, Major Hetzel lived; also the Cooledges, Goldsboroughs and Porters. This brings my wanderings back to G street, northwest, between Nineteenth and Twentieth; to the double house, occupied by General Lewis Cass; also the Wainrights. The German Lutheran Church, where Rev. Samuel Finkel preached in German, the only church in the city, at that time, where that language was used. East, a row of frame buildings, where the Ourands, Streets and Milsons lived; then the brick house on the corner, where a boarding house was kept, where Mrs. Dr. Elzey, of

whom I have written, boarded. Mrs. Elzey used a pound of "Macoboy" snuff every week; where she sat in her room, it lay thick upon the floor. Often I would go there, and when the offered me a "seed cake" I would always refuse, for I was afraid of the snuff. She was a kind friend of our family, and sympathy is often of more value than money. At one time she lived in affluence, though then reduced to a comfortless room (with a colored woman, "Peggy," to wait upon her. Across Eighteenth street was Governor Marcey's residence. Next, Major T. P. Andrews lived, in a large, red brick house of three stories, with a one-story ell on the east, entirely covered with running roses that bloomed constantly.

In the ell was a ball room, with eating room back; an immense flower garden on the premises, in the centre of which was an old pear tree that used to hang full of little sugar pears, no larger than a plum. That tree was standing and bore fruit twelve years ago. When Major Andrews bought the house it was in a dilapidated condition. No one had lived in it since General Lear shot himself there; horses and cattle had roamed through the beautiful lower rooms; the garden was a wilderness. Suicides, in those days, were uncommon, they being buried at night; and divorces were as disgraceful. No worse stigma could

be attached to one than to have said of them, "he, or she, has been divorced." The persons were shunned in society. But those days have passed and gone. On the north side of the street, opposite Governor Marcy's, a brick house stood, a little back from the street, where lived the Misses King. Next, a frame. Next, Mr. Benjamin Rittenhouse lived. Then the wagon shops; and on the corner, Nancy Coakley, a colored woman, whose doughnuts, souse, and hominy had a reputation in our part of the city, lived. This brings us to the war department, a low, one-story building, like the treasury, on the east of the "White House."

The whole area from Seventeenth to Fifteenth streets, south of the President's house, was a "marl" where the fireworks were exhibited on the Fourth of July. It was a low, marshy place, extending to the canal. On the Fourth of July, the year Clay and Trelinghuysen were the candidates for the presidency, the fireworks were to be unusually magnificent. Thousands of people were assembled upon the grounds, waiting for the exhibition to commence. The man who had charge of the whole was intoxicated, and in some way overturned a stand, with twenty or thirty rockets. They exploded, flying through the crowd in every direction. Many were

wounded; one woman, sitting upon the south wall of the president's grounds, had a rocket driven entirely through her shoulder. She died in a few days, and many suffered for months from wounds inflicted.

From Seventeenth street, south of the war department, was built a high stone wall, octagonal in shape, twelve feet high, filled in with earth, and brought the south grounds level with the top of the wall. It would bring you out on Pennsylvania avenue and Fifteenth street, where several frame sheds stood. Mills was building, or casting, the "Equestrian Statue of General Jackson." On the corner of Fifteenth street and Pennsylvania avenue, the Misses Pillings had a thread and needle store, afterwards adding buttons, tape, linen and hosiery; after a few years you could purchase any article in their line, from the coarsest to the finest, and be sure you got the quality of things you purchased. In after years they built an elegant building on this same place, from, or with, the proceeds of their industry.

Going north on Fifteenth street to Douglass' greenhouse, were shops of different kinds, in the old frame buildings with underground cellars, where could be seen, at all hours, people of the roughest kind, going in and out. Next Miss Pillings', on the avenue, was a restaurant; then Brown's hotel, where the "Indian

delegation" always stopped. I have seen often twenty or more Indians at once, sitting on the porch or on the curbstone; and savage creatures they looked, with paint, feathers and blankets. Then an alley. Next Mr. Owens' tailoring establishment was a dwelling. Then, on the corner, a hotel (not Willard's). This hotel was a small affair in comparison with the hotels of today; it extended half a block north, on Fourteenth street. Across Fourteenth street, on the corner, was a drug store. Next, east, on E street, running back from the avenue, where it made an angle, Dr. William Miller, considered the first in the city, and at that time the largest practitioner; next, Dr. Humphreys, a dentist; next, a very large printing office; next, the National theatre, where Jenny Lind sang a short time before, it was almost destroyed by fire. From the theatre to the corner of Thirteenth were three or four eating houses. Turning south on Thirteenth street, to the avenues, the stores began. A store on the corner. Next a Mr. Travis lived, in a three-story brick. Next, Mrs. Voss, jewelry, musical instruments, knitting silks, beads, etc. At that time purses and reticules were carried by the ladies. I knitted dozens for that store. Next came France's lottery office, bringing you to Twelfth street.

Going back to Fifteenth street, where the avenue

turned, on the South Side, were a row of brick houses. Three or four were the auditor's offices. Next, Mr. Labbie had a dancing school, where most of the children attended, especially those whose parents lived in the "West End," as all that part of the city west of the President's house was called. General Thomas lived next. Mr. George Lamb had a harness and saddler shop next. Two or three houses brought you to the corner. Across the street, east, a very large livery stable. It was burned with one hundred and fifty horses. For weeks you could smell the scorched flesh.

Marr's Globe Hotel came next. Then, the Odeon building, an upstairs room, where fairs and entertainments were held. Under this building a family named Morrow lived. Mr. Morrow always spoke in a whisper; some affliction of the throat. He had a beautiful daughter, named Julia. A grocery store on the corner; you were then at Thirteenth street. From this corner, going south and east, was a path to the steamboat landing. Not a house, or vestige of anything, on the "Island," as it was called. This path, I think, crossed the grounds where the "Smithsonian Institute" now stands. Going back to the avenue and Thirteenth, north side, was Mrs. Anderson's music store, one of the handsomest in the city.

Besides music, she had school books, stationery—I believe anything in her line you could call for could be found in this store. Her husband was dreadfully dissipated, never drawing a sober breath. She had a daughter named Gertrude, a very beautiful girl. About this time many refuges came from Europe. Gertrude, unfortunately, married one of them, and afterward learned he had a family in the Old Country. Next was a very large confectionery and fruit store, kept by a Frenchman named "Gautier." Several beautiful stores from this point: Mr. Lewis, jeweler; Mrs. Chambers, worsted and patterns; Mrs. Clitch, variety store; Madame Buhler, hair dresser and costumer in general. Galt's jewelry store was in this neighborhood; Savage's, hardware, etc.; Woodward's, hardware and stoves; Broadbent's fancy store, where the first lady clerks in the city were employed. This street ran back from the avenue, which made another angle.

Opposite these stores, and in the government reservation on the south side, was the Centre Market, held three times a week. It was a sight to behold, the things displayed for sale, and everything clean as a pin; in fruit season the peaches could be scented for blocks in every direction. I think the market extended from Ninth to Seventh, and from the avenue to the canal. At Seventh street was a bridge over the canal,

and from this point another way to get to the "long bridge" and steamboat landing. The Long Bridge was a mile across the Potomac, with a draw near the centre; after crossing the bridge you were in Virginia, for about this time the state retroceeded from the District the land that was given to the District when first laid out.

It was called a mile from the corner of Fifteenth street to the foot of the Capitol. It was the principal promenade in the city. No car tracks; the street was macadamized. They had begun to enlarge the treasury buildings, and the streets were blockaded with "derricks" and hundreds of men cutting stone. Other parts of the city were being built. Mr. Samuel Stott built the double brick on H street, where General Winfield Scott lived. Mr. William Wilson built two frame houses on Twentieth street, between G and H; the Ray's stone house, on the corner of the same street. At this time Washington began to grow. Smith's Presbyterian Church, on Ninth street, south of McLeod's school, was commenced. Houses were being built on H street. We could stand on our front step and count more than four hundred houses in process of erection.

Going north, out Fifteenth street, over the commons, was a two-story brick house, painted yellow,

where Mrs. Charles Hill lived for many years. Not any houses to be seen, except Mr. Morsell's, until you came to Franklin row, which was east and north of the "Demineaux" building, of which I have written. It seemed almost in the country. The "Soldiers' Home," built by Mr. George W. Riggs for a country residence, was out this road. Mrs. Riggs was a beautiful lady, of Irish parentage, daughter of Mrs. Shedden, a widow who had two daughters, Cecelia and Janet. Cecelia became the wife of Commodore Cooper, who died, leaving her a widow without children. Janet married Mr. George W. Riggs; she had a large family, and died in London, while on a visit, in 1872. The Columbian College and Mr. Stone, engraver, had his residence in this neighborhood; his place of business was on the south side of Pennsylvania avenue, but I have forgotten the exact location.

Mr. Samuel Redfern had a farm of twelve acres on this road, about three miles from the city, in the neighborhood of Rock Creek Church, and burying ground. In warm weather Mrs. Redfern, with her two daughters, Elizabeth and Janie, would have her "carryall" with three seats, and take a load of children out to the farm, and there give them a treat of berries and cream. It was a feast, I can assure you.

The house was occupied, except one room, which was furnished with chairs and table; also dishes and cups. We would have a picnic, I can tell you, which we all enjoyed.

At this time all the city north of I street, from the "Northern Liberties" to Georgetown, was a marshy cow pasture, with only an occasional small house. Where Sheppherd's row now stands was unfit to live upon; and Sheppherd was a clerk in Reed's grocery store, on F street. Truly, Washington was a city of "magnificent distances." Over on the hill, somewhere between Nineteenth and Twenty-first streets, was a place called "Favier's Garden," where he had lovely flowers growing, and a pit he called "the laboratory," where men manufactured and bottled "soda water," to be sold in the city or at his restaurant, corner Nineteenth and F streets. No houses from Twentieth south of G. street. You could see the canal, with its wood and coal yards, and I remember to have gone to a launch near Georgetown, near Water street, in the neighborhood of Haman's brewery.

All this time the whortleberries, blackberries and wild Azelia grew. I remember two red-brick houses north of the avenue, way out on the commons, two or more blocks apart, but exactly alike. Two windows on either side of a front door, which was very wide;

five windows in the second story, all closed with white board shutters, and were used for some purpose that would not bear investigation. They were called "the Lock-up houses." The slaughter houses of Walker and Little, butchers, were in this vicinity.

About this time Mr. Charles Abert built a square brick, corner of Eighteenth and I, east side; and still later a row of bricks were built running east to General McComb's. On the south side of this street was Abbott's school for boys, on the corner. Next west, Mr. John M. Moore's; next, Mr. Gordon's; several houses were west of these houses. On the corner, a blue frame, where Mrs. Hagar kept a bakery. A few years after, houses were built on the east side of Eighteenth from H to I streets. On the corner of Eighteenth and H, Mr. Parker built two houses, or a double house, with entrances on the east and west. The house had a porch on either side; rather a peculiar looking house, but very convenient. On the west side of the street Mr. Robinson lived, on the corner. Next, Mr. Darnall's; next, Mr. Soussa; next, Mr. Daniel Brown; next, Mrs. Forest, a dressmaker; next, a brick house, near the corner, where Mr. Caball lived. And across the street Miss Betsy Watson lived; this house was a white brick, standing back from the street, a lovely flower garden in front. Tulips, hyacinths and

crocus peeped soon as the snow melted; an Althea tree on each side of the front gate, ten or twelve feet high, covered with blooms, one white, the other purple flowers. Next west, a white two-story frame—very few houses in Washington at this time were more than two stories. In this house Mrs. Doyle had a room, and taught a class in "Theomsi Painting." She was a cripple, having been stunned by lightning August 12th, 1839. That same storm like to have extinguished your humble servant; then you would not have had this little history. I will relate the circumstances.

I was returning from McLeod's school; not a house from where Daniel Webster lived, on Sixteenth street, until you came to a paint-shop, owned by William Keefe, near the corner of Eighteenth. The rain was coming down in torrents, an incessant lightning flash. I was carrying over my head a silk parasol, with a steel point on the top. One blinding flash came and turned my parasol inside out, and almost perked it from me. The flash ran up and down the handle, but I held it fast and ran; we lived on the next block. I put my parasol behind the door. The next morning I went to get it; it was "tinder." Everyone said the parasol had saved my life, the silk being a non-conductor, the steel point having drawn the flash. There

were many persons killed during that storm, both in Georgetown and Washington. Mrs. Doyle lived on Bridge street, Georgeton; she, with a colored girl, was standing in a door when the flash came, killing the girl instantly, stunning Mrs. Doyle, making her a cripple for life.

The next house was a three-story brick, where Mrs. Waugh lived. She was called a "Quaker preacher," a lovely woman, very large and stately looking, with the sweetest smile always upon her face. Next west, a low, square, brick house—"the Quaker Meeting House." Next, a brick, where Mr. Ratcliffe lived. A vacant lot on the corner; and back from the street was the house of Mr. Charles Calvert. This was the city of Washington from 1836 to 1842.

It has been many years since I saw it; it has, no doubt, changed much, but the times and places of which I have written are fixed in my memory. I could find each landmark. I lived eighteen years in this neighborhood. I remember the building of Schnider's foundry, corner Eighteenth and F; the two bricks east, in one of which lived the daughter of Hon. Edward Everett. I have forgotten her name, but I have seen him many times. Next, Mr. Charles Wilcox lived; he went gunning one day on the Potomac, and, coming home in a boat, accidentally touched

his gun and blew the top of his head off. He had a wife and two small children. The two two-and-a-half-story houses next, where Mr. Charles Barnard and Mr. George McGlue lived. Next, the white frame cottage where Grandmother Dunn, of whom I have written, lived. Next, another frame, where Mr. Robert O. Knowles lived and where Count Bobolon had rooms, I suppose because General Gratiot lived opposite. Next, Major Emory. Next, the "Rush building," where at one time Jefferson Davis lived; also Philip Kerney; also the British minister, Bulwer. Next, Mr. Hilbus, a piano tuner; next, Mr. F. A. Wagler, music teacher; and on the corner, Mr. McCaskie. This brings us to the crab apple and hawthorne hedge I have mentioned before; also to the jail, or ell, where Gadsby kept his negroes until they were sold to Georgia. It was a long, one-story brick, with windows barred with iron, and sometimes at night you could hear their howls and cries.

The Gadsbys lived on the corner of H and Eighteenth streets, and kept a very large hotel on Pennsylvania avenue, near Four and a half street. It was the first-class hotel in the city. Their dwelling, on the corner, was a large, square, brick, with balconies of iron at the windows above and below. Mr. Gadsby was the grandfather of John Chapman, the artist who

painted the picture, "The Baptism of Pocahontas," placed in the rotunda of the Capitol. At this time the rotunda, with the wings containing the hall of representatives and senate chamber, was the whole structure, which has since become the magnificent building. There were about twenty acres enclosed in an iron railing. The grounds were beautiful; Nature had more to do with it than art. The immense forest trees in the grounds were scattered here and there. There were fountains and pools filled with gold and silver fish, swimming and sporting in the sun; a charming sight to the eyes of a child, as I was at that time, and long to be remembered.

I suppose everything has been changed. Around the Capitol were negro huts, vacant lots, with nothing pleasant to look upon. The croaking of frogs was the only music heard in "Swampoodle," as it was called. I believe the first house of any consequence built on the north side of the hill was that of Hon. Stephen A. Douglass, who built many years afterward. From the south side of the Capitol you could see the navy yard, the penitentiary and the old city of Alexandria; you also had a fine view of Arlington and the blue water of the Potomac, and I doubt if all the magnificence and splendor now in and around the city could compensate those who saw and knew it

in the years of which I write—fifty years ago, or more.

Arlington, the residence then of G. W. Parker Custis, was daily visited by strangers, and many were the picnic parties enjoyed there in the lovely woods surrounding the mansion. I remember going there. After you entered the grounds, which were reached either by going over the Long Bridge or going across in rowboats, the road turned east and passed under an arched way that divided the public grounds from the gardens around the house; a large spring flowed near the roots of an immense tree. That supplied water for any number of persons. Mr. Custis had two or three pavillions built to accommodate the parties, either to set the tables or to dance. Frequently he would come down to the grounds and participate in their amusements. He has been known to take his violin and play for the dancers. For many years Arlington was celebrated for its enjoyable picnics; but that was before the war, or before its grounds had been consecrated by the burial of the dead.

I shall have to write of some of the singular characters, whom I have often seen. Miss Anna Royal lived on Capitol Hill, and edited and printed a weekly paper, called "The Huntress." It was said the type she used to print her paper was the old, worn type

given her by the printers in the city. The work she did herself. One had to have good eyes to be able to read the "blurred" sheet that was presented. She walked the avenue, and every stranger was solicited to become a subscriber; if you did, or did not, give her your name, you might look out for it in the next week's issue.

Beau Hickman was quite a character in the city. I have seen him often dressed in the height of fashion or style, scarlet necktie and yellow vest. He never failed to attract attention by his gaudy attire, and many were the stories and anecdotes told of his eccentricities and doings. "Blind Joe" was also one to be remembered. From his earliest childhood he always carried his basket; was led by a dog tied by a string. He had his particular places, and never failed to have his basket well filled. He lived with his aunts, named Moran, in an old, white house, standing back from the street, at Nineteenth and G.

At this time the churches were not very numerous. The oldest one, I suppose, was the Foundry, corner Fourteenth and G streets. Dr. Laurie's Presbyterian Church, on F, between Fourteenth and Fifteenth. Rev. Obediah B. Brown's Baptist, on Tenth, between F and G, next north of the Medical College and in the neighborhood of Ford's theatre, where Lincoln

was assassinated in after years. St. Patrick's Catholic, corner Tenth and G, with Female Orphan Asylum opposite, or nearly so. The Methodist Protestant, or Radical Church, on Eleventh street, between F and G. I remember going to that church one Sabbath evening to listen to the Rev. Thomas Stockton, his subject was: "Beauties of the New Jerusalem." He was very tall and slender and, as he stood in the pulpit, looked ghostly. He held the attention of the congregation more than two hours. At any time you could have heard a pin fall. The people were packed like sardines in a box, more than three-fourths were standing. When he ended, his voice almost in a whisper, his arms elevated, he looked as if he were ready to ascend to the beautiful land he had so eloquently described. Everyone drew a long breath, or sigh, and retired from the church without remark. Dr. Gurley's Presbyterian, corner New York avenue and H streets. St. Matthew's Catholic, corner H and Fourteenth. St. John's Episcopal, corner Fifteenth and a half and H, called Parson Hawley's Church. Asbury Chapel, negro Methodist, northeast from St. Matthew's. Ryland Chapel, Methodist, in the "Northern Liberties." Union Chapel, Methodist, corner Twentieth and H. Colored Baptist Church, corner Nineteenth and T. The German Lutheran, on G,

between Nineteenth and Twentieth. The Union Chapel and St. Matthew's were new, scarcely finished at this time. There was a Unitarian Church, and another, called the Metropolitan Methodist, in the neighborhood of the City Hall, or, on Four and a half street, in the eastern part of the city.

Over north from New York avenue, between Twelfth and Thirteenth, on an elevation, was a row of beautiful houses, called "Franklin Row." No other houses were near, it seemed to be out of the city at that time. A vacant lot, with a marshy spring in the centre, was between the "row" and New York avenue. The Indians had a dance in this lot in 1835 or 1836.

Thomas H. Benton lived near the City Hall, on Four and a half street, and the railroad depot was on Pennsylvania avenue, near the foot of the Capitol. Mrs. Fremont was visiting her father at this time, and her niece, Miss Nina, was a pupil in the convent in Georgetown.

I remember seeing every president from General Jackson to Franklin Pierce. Martin Van Buren was very fastidious in regard to eating. One incident I will relate: There lived near us a family named Moore. Mrs. Moore agreed to supply the president, each morning, two fresh-laid eggs for his breakfast.

Occasionally she would send an egg a day old. He would invariably, next morning, send her word the eggs were not according to contract. I have often seen Mrs. Van Buren with ladies, walking on Pennsylvania avenue, accompanied by her son, Prince John, then a lad; he would allow them to get several steps ahead, then run and push his mother with all his force, and nearly throw her down. Many times have I seen him "cut that caper."

John Tyler came next. It was during his administration that the big gun on board the Princeton, a steamer laying at the navy yard, exploded, instantly killing eight men; and had not the president, a few moments before, accompanied Miss Gardiner to the cabin, he, too, would have been killed. It was an awful catastrophe. The news came at sundawn (no telegraph at that time), filling the city with mourning and consternation, for nearly all the killed were cabinet officers. I think Mr. Gardiner was one of those killed. I know Judge Upshur and Commodore Kennon were. The names of the others I have forgotten.

The bodies were laid out in the East Room at the White House, where they lay in state for several days. The funeral procession was over a mile in length. They were buried in Congressional burying ground, on Capitol Hill. Eight hearses, each drawn by four

white horses, each horse's head held and led by a colored groom, dressed in white. It was an awful sight and I think all who beheld it remembered it till their dying day. The marine band, from the navy yard, and others, accompanied the remains, playing funeral dirges. The buildings along the avenue were draped with mourning, the flags flying at "half mast." Mr. Lemuel Williams was the undertaker; he lived on Pennsylvania avenue, between Seventeenth and Eighteenth.

The funeral of President Harrison had occurred only a short time before; his death was the first that had been in the White House. In those days were no state dinners; only the New Year's reception. January first was the great day in Washington society, everyone making calls. The only resident foreign ministers at that time were the British ministers, Mr. Fox, a bachelor, and Packinham, who had no family. The French minister, Paget, lived on the hill near Georgetown.

Washington at this time was a great village with houses scattered here and there. The only avenue was Pennsylvania, running from the Capitol nearly to Georgetown. The houses were not very thickly built. The other avenues were, I suppose, laid out (anyway,

in imagination). The only one I heard of at that time was New York. This was in 1843.

Next to Tyler came James K. Polk, a very sedate and quiet gentleman, whom I have met hundreds of times. His usual custom was to rise early, take a walk 'round the grounds outside of the wall surrounding the President's mansion, considered a mile in extent. My early walk was to take my completed knitting work, either to Mrs. Voss or Mrs. Anderson. I would often meet him; after a while I would receive a bow and smile from him.

Houses were being built on H street. Mr. Charles Balmain built a double house near the centre of the block, between Seventeenth and Eighteenth. Mrs. Keefe, a widow, lived in a cottage, west of the Balmain house. Mr. Cathcart built a large brick on the corner of Seventeenth and H. A row of brick houses was being built on the west side of Seventeenth, and from H to Pennsylvania avenue. Mrs. Titball lived in the first one of the row. There was a large brick house standing there for many years, near the corner of H and Seventeenth. It was a tenement house, for several persons lived there, whose names I have forgotten.

Mrs. Titball was the mother of Misses Ringgold; also of Major Ringgold, who had married in the West

and whose wife died shortly after he came to Washington. He was an artist and painted the portraits of several majors and generals. He was painting the portrait of Judge Upshur when he was killed by the explosion on board the Princeton. Mr. Isaac Holland lived next Mrs. Titball; he was "sergeant-at-arms" in the Capitol, a position he held for several years. It was his son, Stewart, that went down with Lieutenant Herndon on board the "Artic," a steamship that was lost at sea in January, 1852. Mr. Holland's eldest son, Nicholas, was one of the "Forty-niners." Two or three houses and you were on the avenue. A large brick stood on the corner; was occupied by Mr. Oliver Dunham, as an office. Turn west; Mr. Lemuel Williams' shop and residence. Next, Mr. James Kelly's tin shop. Then, several vacant lots, for many years. Near the corner of Eighteenth street and the avenue, a double three-story brick was built with stores on the first floor. Mr. Robert Bates lived in one of them and had a first-class tailoring establishment. From Eighteenth to Nineteenth, a government reservation on either side.

At this time I was a pupil in Miss Lydia S. English's seminary in Georgetown. I have forgotten the name of the street where it was located. Miss Lipscomb has occupied the premises since. The house

was peculiar in its construction, being built upon the side of a hill, on a street running north and south, and occupying the whole block. You entered the front door on the street, walked through and you would find yourself on the third floor, back. The main school room was on the first floor, where all the scholars assembled to answer the roll, after which the higher classes ascended a flight of stairs to the study, a room where the boarders always sat in the evenings to prepare their lessons. The house had three porches; back upon the two upper ones opened the sleeping rooms of the boarders, who, at this time, numbered 150. Under the lowest porch were several wooden swings; in the hall, under the main school room, the girls would dance at recess; the dining room was next the hall, and all around this, and under the sleeping rooms, were the class rooms, each teacher having his own class room, which were in the basement on the street, but in the second story in the back. The flights of stairs we had to go up and down eight times a day, for the school hours were divided into eight "periods."

Miss Lydia S. English and her sister, Miss Jane, were the principals. Misses Ann and Jane Wright, Miss Roberta Johnson, Miss Harriett Annan, Misses Caroline and Rebecca Tenney, Misses Louisa and

Phebe Nourse, teachers who lived in Georgetown; Miss Topham, Miss Healy, Miss Robinson, from Massachusetts; Miss Sarah Josepha Hale, daughter of Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, Authoress, from Pennsylvania; Miss Grace Fletcher, niece of Daniel Webster, and Mrs. Dr. Dane, widow of Dr. Dane, of New York.

This seminary had a great reputation, having at that time boarders from every state in the Union and from Canada. There were two Drennens; two Sevier, daughters of Ambrose H. Sevier, each senators, or members, from Arkansas, I believe. One thing I remember were the fine, large "pecans," sent in barrels, by their parents, to these young ladies in the winter; and how generous they were to divide with the girls, of which I was one. Two daughters of Senator Bagby, of Georgia; also Miss Moseby, cousin of the Bagbys. They were beautiful young ladies, dressing elegantly, but, having left their servants, or maids at home, presented the most ridiculous appearance to the girls who had always waited upon themselves; their shoes were untied, their hair uncombed, and they were no further advanced in their studies than children in the primary department. They were advanced in their musical education, being performers on the harp, violin and piano, but of books they knew nothing, and their language was "negro lingo." Miss

Cornelia Whitehead was another boarder. I have forgotten where her home was; somewhere in the north. She was very beautiful, her manners polished, her education far advanced; she came to the seminary to be finished before making her "debut." She could compare favorably with Miss Harriett Williams, who lived in Georgetown and who had married Count De Bodisco, the Russian minister, a few years before.

The Williams were not in very good circumstances, the father being a hatter, having his establishment on Bridge street, near High. His daughters attended the school, and one day, as the minister was driving by the seminary at noon, as he often did, the young ladies were being dismissed; and many were beautiful as well as mischievous. He rode in an open barouche, drawn by four white horses, two postillions in livery behind, two drivers in front, Bodisco sitting on the back seat. They were an imposing sight, moving slowly along to catch a good view of the girls. Miss Williams, full of fun, said, so I have heard, "Girls, shall I stop the Russians?" and immediately stepped into the street, in front of the horses and stooped down to tie her show. All were astonished at the action, but as she looked up, so full of mischief, the minister was captivated. Not many months after they were married. I have seen her many times, after

their return from Russia, where she was not received at court. They came back to live in Georgetown, in the neighborhood of "Oak Hill Cemetery." Many times has our botany class wondered over the hill where the cemetery now it. Fifty years ago it was a rough hill, Rock Creek running north and east, an old mill on the other side of the creek. The beautiful wild flowers we gathered. I have now in my possession an herbarium, prepared from flowers gathered there in 1845. Jack-in-the-Pulpit, wild Lady Slippers, wild Larkspur, Ragged Robbin, with violets, anemonees and many others.

Mr. and Mrs. Bodisco brought back with them, from Russia, two nephews, who were educated in Georgetown at the college. Young men they were at that time. Waldimer Bodisco was the name of one of them. They lived happily, Mrs. Bodisco being a devoted wife and mother. There were five children. He died before my removal to the West and was burial at Oak Hill. The people were thinking of making it a cemetery at that time.

I was visiting in Georgetown. There was a burying ground out High street, near the centre of the city. The people were talking of removing the bodies, as the land was valuable for building purposes. Many had been taken to other places, and everything

that remained was in a dilapidated condition. While wandering among the tombs we came across the resting place of Lorenzo Dow. I suppose everyone has heard of him. A stone slab, resting upon a brick foundation, marked his grave.

The Catholic convent was in this neighborhood, surrounded by a high wall. When I was twelve or thirteen years of age I witnessed the ceremony of five nuns being consecrated; three the white veil, two the black. Fathers Gurley and Rider, with others, were the priests who officiated. It was a most impressive scene, and the music sublime. You could go from the convent to the college by a winding path, through a lovely vinyard, which was a mile walk. Anyway, it was beautiful on the heights of Georgetown.

The entrance to Georgetown, at this time, was very difficult, for the old bridge had been torn away and for a summer we crossed Rock Creek on a "Tontoon bridge," or bridge of boats, going down the hill on Washington side and up a hill on the other. In wet weather it was a dangerous thing to do. After crossing you were on Bridge street. The Presbyterian Church, on the second square, south side, had the tomb of Parson Balch between the front entrances. I suppose it is there yet, though fifty years have

passed. On the first street, after passing the bridge, going north, was the Methodist Church, whose pastor was the Rev. Lyttleton Morgan, belonging to a family of several sons, all of whom were ministers. His wife was an authoress, whose "non de plume" was "Lucy Seymore." The two books she had written then (fifty years ago or more) were the "Polish Orphan" and the "Swiss Heiress," sequel. Kosciusko was one of the principal characters. Up Bridge street, three or four blocks, was the Union Hotel, on the corner of the street that led to the seminary, of which I have written. At this hotel, at this time, "Iturbide," a Mexican or Spanish refugee, lived for a long time. I have often seen him sitting upon the porch, enveloped in a cloud of smoke, for he was devoted to the "weed."

Mr. Abbott kept a school for boys two or three blocks from Miss English's seminary. At the examinations he would attend, and sometimes examine the higher classes. I tell you, we would "quake," but we were always ready to answer any questions or problem he would ask. He remarked we were fitted for college as well as any of his boys. I can recall some of the girls' names who attended school when I did. Ridgeleys, Ratcliffs, Rileys, Vincents, Edes, Essex, Lyons, Smiths, without number, Peters, France,

Brookes, Witherell, Nourse, Rittenhouse, Shoemaker, Hills, Wilcox, Carnsi, Bonnycastle, Offley, Coakley, Partridge, Aberts, Hydes, Munros, Johnsons, Moores, Sheckels, all living on streets running west from the seminary.

After leaving the school I went to Alexandria and taught in Miss Lydia Kesley's school, corner of Duke and Washington streets. She was a widow, with two daughters and one son, William, who died in Washington, after he became of age. Julia, the eldest daughter, married General Scheff, and Miss Lydia was a teacher of music for many years. While at Alexandria we visited the "cemetries" south of the city, in the vicinity of "Yates Garden," and saw the grave of the Female Stranger, of whom I had heard my mother speak so often in my childhood. She had died in the "twenties." Her grave was surrounded by a white paling, a large marble slab, upon a stone foundation, four by six feet, with the inscription, "Sacred to the Memory of the Female Stranger," with the stanza:

"How loved, how valued, once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by who begot;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
'Tis all thou art, 'tis all the proud shall be."

My mother had seen her sitting at the window of the hotel, and described her as being very beautiful; she looked like an English lady and was extremely young, not out of her "teens," She was brought there, no name given, or whence she came. She pined away and died.

It was during the administration of James K. Polk that the "Marine Band" discoursed beautiful music, every Saturday afternoon from two until five o'clock, in the South grounds of the President's mansion. All the fashion and elegance of Washington society was brought out by these Saturday afternoon receptions. Afterward, the same was inaugurated Wednesday, in the grounds of the Capitol. No carriages or horses were allowed in either place, but all were welcome to promenade the lovely gravelled walk, not stepping upon the grass. The walks were twenty feet or more wide, the gravel smooth and white as snow. Pennsylvania avenue was a beautiful walk from Fifteenth street to the Capitol gates. The ascent to the Capitol was reached by stone steps, on either side two very large iron gates, level with the avenue. Enter the gates six or eight stone steps, ascend a few steps further on another flight of steps and again, and again, until more than a hundred steps brought you to the wide gravel walks, similar to those at the Presi-

dent's house. Surrounding the Capitol building were perpetual fountains. It would be useless for me to enumerate the statuary that surrounds the Capitol, or name the pictures in the rotunda. Much has been added since 1850. I do not suppose any of the old pictures have been discarded, but will always remain while this people exist.

The cornerstone of the Washington Monument was laid, President James K. Polk officiating, Robert C. Winthrop delivering the oration. The first line of telegraph was put up between Washington and Baltimore. The cornerstone of the Smithsonian Institute was laid, and preparations began for the beautiful edifice that commemorates the liberality of its foundation. Mr. Reeves built a stone house eat of Daniel Webster's, on H street. Mr. Elisha Riggs built a fine brick on H street, corner of Seventeenth. Everywhere were signs of improvement.

I must mention some of the great men I have seen. I saw every one of the presidents from Andrew Jackson to General Taylor—Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, John C. Calhoun, Thaddeus Stevens, James Buchannan. I used to meet every morning, on my way to school, Dixon H. Lewis, senator from Alabama. I think he was an immense man. As he sat in his chair in the Senate his head looked like a knob on the top of a

sugar bowl. He dressed generally in black. I believe his weight was between four and five hundred. No carriage or vehicle of any description could be found in the city large or strong enough to accommodate him. I have heard ridiculous stories concerning him, which I will not relate, as I wish nothing but positive truths to appear. Lieutenant Herndon, his wife and daughter, I remember well. Colonel Totten, his wife, his younger daughters, Grace and Gertrude; Major Marcoe, wife, daughter and son; Colonel French Forrest, his wife and daughter, Emily, who married Lieutenant Norden and died shortly, and his son, Douglass; Mr. and Mrs. Randal, who was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Monroe, who lived in the six buildings. Their eldest daughter, Juliana, married a Mr. Elliott. Emily, the other daughter, married a banker, and Deborah died. I must not forget Miss Mary Murry. She was the daughter of a widow lady, living on Tenth street. She taught music and was the first singer in the choir of St. Matthew's Catholic Church. I have heard her sing often; on certain occasions her solos were magnificent. She had the reputation of being equal to Jenny Lind. She had many scholars in our part of the city and was very intimate in the family of Mr. Samuel Redfern.

Junius Brutus Booth about this time had an engage-

ment in the city. The National Theatre was being remodeled, or repaired, after the fire. No other place, but a hall on the second floor, on Four and a half streets, could be gotten. I saw him play "Romeo and Juliet," "The Stranger," and "Richard the Third." On one of these evenings an accident occurred. One of the footlights, from some cause, ignited a flowing curtain on one side of the stage. In an instant it was in a blaze, and the audience in the greatest confusion. One of the actors rushed forward, tore the curtain from its fastenings, and extinguished it. After fifteen minutes, order was restored, and the performance finished. The room of the theater was very small, the door narrow, opening inward, and, being on the second floor, if the fire had not been put out, a great many lives would have been lost.

I witnessed the inauguration of James K. Polk, but not of General Taylor. As soon as Taylor took his seat, he thought it his duty to "cut off the heads" of those in office. No other administration had begun its work so soon, or so thoroughly. Men whose lives had been spent in office, until they were fit for nothing else, was dismissed, and persons put in office who knew nothing of the duties assigned them. Was it wise to dismiss the faithful and tried, and put in those who had no care for the discharge of duties other

than to get the pay for their services, which were, in reality, no services at all? One subject, I well remember; he came from Indiana as "poor as a church mouse," was employed in one of the departments, kept boarders to support his wife and himself, for there were no children then, keeping his salary to "shave the poor fellows whose pay would not suffice from one month to another. He was called the "curb-stone broker," loaning a poor fellow five dollars and in a month getting ten in return from the poor fellow, who could not help himself. He died a few months ago, worth millions. I wonder if all of his transactions were of the same character as those that fell under my notice!

No females could get employment in the government offices at that time. Men were employed exclusively. One more little incident I must relate; it is among the last of my reminiscences: One afternoon, as walking upon Pennsylvania avenue, near the National Theatre, with a lady friend, we saw coming toward us (a sight I can never forget—it is so fixed in my memory—while life shall last) a person, a stranger; shall I describe her dress? Green checkered gingham, short, six or eight inches from the ground; blue and white mixed cotton hose; low shoes, tied with narrow pink tape, such as was used in the offices

for tying packages; a lovely, black silk mantilla, with four ruffles, such as were worn by ladies dressed in the height of fashion, at that time; a leghorn bonnet, with three delicate pink ostrich plumes; hair curled in ringlets, falling below her waist; her hands without gloves. Such incongruity of dress would attract attention at that time. We knew she was from the West. That person was the mother of Mrs. Robert I. Flemming, of Georgetown heights. This was in 1849.

The Fourth of July, 1850, was an excessively hot day, and the celebration was above the ordinary. The procession was more than a mile in length, the avenue literally filled. I forget whether it was laying the corner stone of some building or not, but I remember seeing the President in the procession. Time and again he would remove his hat and wipe the perspiration from his head and face. I did not think it would be his last appearance in public, but it was. The celebration was over by three o'clock. All have heard how he drank milk and ate cherry pie, and died on the ninth of July, 1850.

This brings me to the end of my reminiscences. I might, in many instances, have been more elaborate in my descriptions, but I considered "discretion the better part of valor." Not much could be gained by

repeating all I knew. Those who were young people at that time can tell if my writing is truthful. I think it is. My grammar may not be as pure as it once was. I have learned the sayings of the "Westerners," from a forty years' residence with them; but hoping you will excuse all mistakes and imperfections, I am, truly,

Yours, &c.,

THE AUTHOR.

August, 1909.

"BEYOND THE VEIL."

Wesley Taylor.

Beyond the mystic veil of death,
Shall we exist as conscious selves,
Or shall we sleep unconsciously,
Like dusty tomes upon the shelves?

If man has not immortal life,
Wherein to live, to move and love,
Then wherefore give him longings for
A purer life, beyond,—above.

Where all his aspirations tend,
And all his hopes and yearnings are?
If life, with earthly toil shall cease,
And all his aims no fruitage bear.

If love,—affection are but dross,
If hope is but a mocking fiend,
That points to ripened fields beyond,
Yet knows the grain will ne'er be gleaned.

Then wherefore, reason give to man,
That he may trace effect to cause;
Why lure him to the gates of bliss,
Then bid him at the threshold pause.

Are we but lilies of the field;
But grass, that trembles in the dew;
Our lives, all purposeless and vain,
Or shall we take a broader view,

And look on life as something real,
And reaching far beyond the veil
That hides the unseen from the seen,
As the real, though all else should fail?

Oh! conscious life beyond the grave!
Thou aim and object of the soul!
Oh! man, thou seemest a very god,
If thou but win the precious goal.

How grand the thought, that earthly life
Shall fadeless laurels gain at last;
That all the dread and fear of death,
Shall linger only in the past.

And surely, when life's toils are o'er,
We shall not sleep the dreamless sleep,
Immortal seeds of love we'll sow,
And of the ripened fruitage reap.

Beyond the veil, we there may learn
The depths of God's infinite love
And progress there with beckoning hand,
Will guide us onward and above.

(This copy made from the original poem, through the kindness of Mrs. Taylor, by Stanley H. Wheat, Sr., July 8, 1894.)