

NORTH SHORE NEWS-LETTER

LOCAL
SOCIAL
GENERAL
ECONOMIC
INDEPENDENT

Thirteenth Year

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1909

Number 7

Ancestral Lands of the Washingtons

MANY of the kindred of George Washington are living on the ancestral lands in Westmoreland county, Virginia. Within pistol shot of the site of the house in which Washington was born is Blenheim house, built by William Augustin Washington, nephew of George Washington and son of George Washington's elder half-brother Augustine. Lena Washington Hungerford, great-great-grandniece of George Washington, dwells there to-day.

Fredericksburg by the Rappahannock was the boyhood home of George Washington. There he attended school to Mr. Hobby, and there the apocryphal cherry tree incident was laid; there he subdued the wild colt, and there he threw a silver dollar, or other object, across the Rappahannock river. The colt incident is believable and the pitching story is plausible.

It was at Fredericksburg that Washington was initiated into Masonry. It was there that he took final leave of his mother, before assuming the office of president in New York, and it was there that Mrs. Washington, successively known in that city and the country roundabout as "the Rose of Epping Forest," "Belle of Lancaster," "the Roman Matron" and "Old Madame," died August 25, 1789.

Not long after the birth of George Washington, between Pope's and Bridge's creeks in Westmoreland county, the Washington family—mother, father, Augustine, Lawrence and George—removed to a farm in Stafford county, directly across the river from Fredericksburg. The date of the removal of the Washingtons from the Potomac to the Rappahannock is doubtful, but it occurred between 1735 and 1740. The Rappahannock farm had been owned several years by Augustine Washington, the elder. This farm has been variously called Pine Grove and the Ferry farm, the latter name being suggested by the fact that the farm was opposite the lower Fredericksburg ferry.

George Washington's father died April 12, 1743, leaving large landed possessions. Whether he was buried on the Rappahannock farm, or whether his body was taken back to the old Washington family burying ground on the lower Potomac is not known. He bequeathed the old home place on the Potomac to his eldest son, Augustine. To his son Lawrence he left the farm on the Potomac between Hunting creek and Dogue run, which Lawrence subsequently named Mount Vernon. To George, when he should come of age, he bequeathed the farm on the Rappahannock.

This house was occupied by Mrs. Washington until it burned after George had changed his place of living to his half-brother's home in Mount Vernon. After the fire Mrs. Washington removed to a small frame cottage in Fredericksburg, where she lived many years, and where she died. It was in this house that Washington took his last leave of his mother, four months before her death. The house still stands at the corner of Charles and Lewis streets. It is owned by the Society for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities, and is furnished much as it was when Mrs. Washington lived there. The room in which she died and her bed are preserved intact.

The Ferry farm in Washington's time comprised about 2,000 acres. It was on this land that Burnside conducted his main operations against the confederate position behind Fredericksburg. After more than a century of transfers and subdivisions the Washington homestead has been reduced to 200 acres. The present owner is F. H. Corson, a farmer.

One of the original Washington houses is standing about 100 yards from the Corson cottage. Only the weather boarding has been renewed. It is a frame shanty, and the story goes that it was used as an office of the estate when the Washingtons lived there.

Of the 200 acres surrounding the house two are in garden and orchard, 18 in oak timber and the remainder in farming land, planted this year in wheat and corn. When Corson bought the land it was deeply scarred with Burnside's earthworks, there being 13

SIMPLICITY

Power were mine to wield control
Of Time within my heart
and soul,
Saving from ruin and decay
What I hold dearest, I should pray:
That I may never cease to be
Wooded daily by Expectancy;
That evening shadows in mine eyes
Dim not the light of new surprise;
That I may feel, till life be spent,
Each day the sweet bewilderment
Of fresh delight in simple things—
In snowy winters, golden springs,
And quicker heartbeats at the thought
Of all the good that man has wrought.
But may I never face a dawn
With all the awe and wonder gone,
Or in late twilight fail to see
Charm in the stars' old sorcery.

MEREDITH NICHOLSON

Copyright 1904, The Bobbs-Merrill Company

gun pits near where the house stands. These pits have been obliterated, with the exception of one, which has been left as a relic.

Fredericksburg has grown southward till a part of the city is directly across from the Washington home site. The steamboat landing on the city side is within easy pistol shot of the Washington house. When the wind blows from the northeast the whistle of steamboats on the Potomac river, 15 miles away, may be heard.

To the north of the Washington house, but still on land that was the Washington farm, is Chatham, one of the noble places of Virginia. During the union operations against Marye's Heights, Chatham was Burnside's headquarters. It was then the property of Maj. Horace Lacy. After the war it was bought by "Ollie" Watson, a New Yorker, and now is owned by a rich cotton manufacturer named Bailey, who lives at Griffin, Ga.

Across the river at the upper end of Fredericksburg is the great house of Kenmore. George Washington's sister Elizabeth became the wife of Maj. Fielding Lewis of Fredericksburg, a revolutionary officer of distinction. He built Kenmore in 1749. One of their sons was intimately associated with George Washington and became the husband of Nellie Custis, granddaughter of the wife of George Washington

and adopted daughter of Washington. The mother of Washington was buried at a romantic spot in the Kenmore grounds. Soon after the death of Mrs. Washington her widowed daughter Betty moved from Kenmore to live with her daughter, Mrs. Carter, in Lancaster county. There she died in 1797 and her children sold Kenmore. The purchasers laid out their family burial ground close to the grave of Mary Washington, and inclosed their lot with a high brick wall, leaving the Washington grave outside. Mary Washington's grave was long neglected. Various efforts to erect a monument failed, until in the early '90s a Fredericksburg auctioneer offered the land on which the grave was for sale. This aroused indignation, money was subscribed and May 10, 1894, the present classic shaft that marks the grave of "Mary, Mother of Washington," was dedicated.

Give Your Dog More Water.
Fully one-half of canine misery comes from lack of drinking water. The agony of thirst frays dog temper to the vicious point, and impatient animals are much like cross humanity, ready to resent an act or look. Thoughtful families leave basins of fresh water where stray animals can find it, but they are not many, and they will never do as much good as

running water in places where it can be reached at will. Dog lovers are many, but they do not always give due attention to the animals which more than repay their kindness and affection. Let us make a New Year's resolution to use our influence to establish a few sensible preventives of mad dog scares, chief of which is plenty of fresh water for all animals.

The Pace That Tells.
"How fast was he going?" asked Magistrate Krotel.
"So fast that the bulldog on the seat beside him looked like a dachshund," replied the copper.
And the accused was held for sessions.—Graphic.

How it Might Work Out.
"I often wish I had more leisure for substantial reading," said the slightly insincere person.
"No doubt," answered Miss Cayenne. "In that case you would have more time to play golf."
In Book Form.
"He is going to put his play into book form."
"What does that mean?"
"Means he'll write 100,000 words, divide 'em into chapters and print 'em between covers."

AN ANCIENT RACE DYING OUT.

Veddahs of Ceylon Regarded as Representing the Stone Age.

The oldest inhabitants of Ceylon are passing away. These are the famous Veddahs.

Fifty years ago it was estimated that 8,000 of them were still living in the forests, but Dr. Max Moszkowski, who has recently visited them, says there are only 50 or 60 of them still alive and that a few more years will see the end of their race.

The Veddahs have interested anthropologists because they have been regarded as the best living types of the man of the stone age.

The attitude of the Cingalese toward them is remarkable. They hold the poor creatures in great honor and rank them as belonging to the highest caste in the island. The reason is that they are reputed to have descended from the ancient demons or spirits that were the original possessors of the island.

These nomad, hunting people, never leaving their forests, living under trees and in caves, without knowledge of pottery or any other art except that of making bows and arrows, are perishing because of their way of living and of their inability to stand up when stronger folk are pressing closer around them. They are exactly what they were centuries ago when people of India came and conquered their green island.

INURED TO POVERTY AND TOIL.

Natives of Shantung Province Live Lives of Wretchedness.

Of Shantung province, China, a correspondent writes: "A little more than a generation ago one of the greatest famines in the memory of man spread devastation in the great over-populated sections of the west of this province and now famine faces the stouthearted toilers of the land once again. The Shantungese illustrate well the law of the survival of the fittest, for such dire poverty only permits the strong ones to live, with the result that we find sturdy men of great endurance all over this province. Living on the land, which barely produces a sufficiency for Shantung's teeming millions, the people have become hardy, for they are hardened to all kinds of privations. Their brains are deadened by ceaseless toil and this may account for the reputed backwardness of this province in progress along commercial and industrial lines. A less long-suffering people would have a revolution every year. It is an axiom with westerners that discontent is an absolute condition of progress, and we who live among the Chinese know there can hardly be a race in the world so contented as they are, considering their lot. This is one of the factors which makes the regeneration of China such an enormous problem."

HAD ACCENT OF THE OLD SOO.

And Irishman Thought Color Was Due to the Hot Sun.

It is said to be a peculiarity of the Island of Montserrat that the negroes speak in a rich Irish brogue. This phenomenon is explained by the fact that in the seventeenth century the colony was peopled almost entirely by the Irish. In "The Cradle of the Deep" Sir Frederick Treves gives the following incident illustrative of the care with which this dialect has been preserved. It is quoted from Ober.

An Irishman fresh from Donegal arrives at Montserrat, and leaning over the steamer's rail, addresses himself in the following terms to a coal-black negro who has come alongside with provisions:

"Say, Cuffee, phwat's the chance for a lad ashore?"
"Good, yer honor, if ye're not afraid of warruk. But me name's not Cuffee, an', please ye, it's Pat Mulvaney."
"Mulvaney? And do ye mane to say ye're Oirish?"
"O' do."
"The saints defend us! An' how long have ye been out here?"
"A matter of tin year or so."
"Tin year! An' ye's black as me hat! Save me soul, I took ye for a nuygur."—Youth's Companion.

STORE

ne 76

the fact
arefully
bles, we
acies.

assure
th our

NEY
RIES

Phones
7 and 127

ROCERIES
OODS

ERVICE