

nineteen years of age, Eleanor Calvert, of Mount Airy, Md., a descendent of the second Lord Baltimore, when but fifteen years of age, and at twenty-three she was thus made a widow with four children. General Washington hastened to Eltham, Md., where the husband was sick, only to see him in his dying moments. This was the only surviving child of Mrs. Washington, the daughter having died some years before. He was deeply affected, and, weeping, said to the mother: "I adopt the two younger children as my own." These were Eleanor Custis, then two and a half years of age, who died at seventeen, of consumption, and George Washington Parke Custis, then six months old.

General Robert Edmund Lee is the son of General Henry Lee, of Revolutionary memory, and known as "Light Horse Harry," whose mother was the beautiful Miss Grimes, General Washington's first love, and whom he celebrated as "the lowland beauty." General Harry Lee was twice married. By the first marriage he had two children, Henry (an officer in the war of 1812) and Lucy. By the second wife—a Miss Carter, of Shirley—he had five children, two daughters, Anne and Mildred, and three sons. The sons were Charles Carter, Robert Edmund (the general) and Sydney Smith, the last-named, an officer in our navy, and now in the rebel navy.

General Robert E. Lee was born in 1808, and is, consequently, fifty-seven years of age. He graduated second in his class, in 1829 (Judge Charles Mason, of this city, and formerly Commissioner of Patents, standing first in that class) and was assigned to the Engineer Corps as second lieutenant; in 1835 Assistant Astronomer, fixing the boundary between Ohio and Michigan; in 1836 promoted first lieutenant; captain in 1838; chief engineer under Scott, in Mexico, and greatly distinguished, being promoted successively, by merit, major, lieutenant colonel, and colonel, for his gallantry; in 1852 superintendent Military Academy; in 1855, transferred as lieutenant colonel of the new regiment of cavalry; March 16, 1861, promoted colonel of the First Cavalry; resigned April 25, following, and reluctantly embarked in the rebellion.

The following are the children of Gen Lee: George Washington Custis Lee about 33 years of age, Mary Custis Lee, about 30, Wm. Henry Fitzhugh Lee, about 27; Annie Lee died at Berkeley Springs in 1863, and would have been now about 25; Agnes Lee, about 23; Robert E. Lee, about 20; Mildred Lee, about 18. None of them have married except Wm. Henry Fitzhugh, whose wife, Miss Charlotte Wickham, died at Richmond in 1863. The eldest son, George, graduated at the head of his class, at West Point, in 1854, and was a first lieutenant in the corps of engineers, when he followed his father into the Southern service. William Henry was farming upon the White House estate which belonged to the Custis inheritance when the war opened. He was commissioned second lieutenant in the Sixth Infantry in 1857, but resigned in 1859. Robert was at a military school in Virginia. The sons, it is well known, are all officers in the rebellion. The three surviving daughters are with their mother, who, it is believed, has latterly been at Lynchburg.

Mr. Custis, at the time of his death, owned some 200 slaves, who, by his will, were to be free at the termination of five years from his death, which period expired October 10, 1862. The most of these slaves were kept on the White House estate, and all the valuable portion were carried South; some 20 or more old men and women and young children were left at Arlington. Mr. Custis's mother owned the White House estate, and resided there when she became the wife of General Washington.

ORGANIZING A CHURCH.

Peterborough, New Hampshire, is a famous old town. It has a population of about two thousand five hundred; it also has manufactories, stores, churches, and other institutions essential to the comfort, prosperity and well being of all country towns of any pretensions throughout New England. Peterborough was settled a long while ago—just how long, we are not prepared to say. For a few years after people began to move into the town, there were of course no religious meetings; once in a while some itinerating brother would come along and hold services at the house of one of the settlers. At last the population became so large that meetings were held in a school-house; and the next step as years rolled on was to organize a church, that regular religious services might be

secured for the benefit of the souls of all—especially those of the rising generation. It was a serious question, with three or four of the brethren, how they should get the proper number of suitable brothers and sisters to commence this church; the population of the town, it was true, was large enough, but there were a number of very good men who, notwithstanding the fact that they were good men, would not answer for pillars of the church. This matter was gravely discussed, and it certainly was a subject of serious annoyance to the few honest, zealous men who saw the necessity of forming an organization dedicated to the Lord, in the young town of Peterborough.

After many grave discussions and much careful canvassing on the part of the leaders it was resolved to call a meeting of the really reliable brethren, against whom nothing could be said, and at this meeting the candidates should be voted for, and no man who could not get a majority of the votes should be allowed to join the church. With this proposition established the meeting was ready for business. The moderator waited for the first candidate; and finally a brother proposed the name of Mr. A. The name had hardly been uttered when up jumped a brother, and said that he must oppose the nomination of Mr. A.; although he had no objection to him as a neighbor and townsman, he certainly was not the right person for a member of the new church; it was a fact well known to more than himself that Mr. A. did not always make a proper use of liquor; and a man who would get drunk, was not one to be trusted with the reputation of a religious society. Others coincided with the brother who made this objection, and the proposition to admit Mr. A. was voted down.

A second brother proposed Mr. B. who was one of the first settlers of Peterborough, and he believed him a man who would make a good church-member. For a moment nothing was said; but at last a venerable gentleman who came into town the same year that Mr. B. did arose and said he really hated to appear at such a time as a witness against the man, but he felt it his duty to say that Mr. B. had been known to steal in the town from which he came, and he had good reasons for believing that he still continued the practice. The brother said he knew Mr. B. had a kind wife and likely children, but that didn't help the matter; men who are to be the lights of the church, must be honest men—certainly they must not be suspected of sheep-stealing, and that, too, from their nearest neighbors. He should vote against Mr. B. and advised the brethren to do the same. The result was that Mr. B. was rejected.

Mr. C. was next proposed by a brother who knew him to be a well-appearing man generally, and very well-informed, could make a good speech, and he thought would be, if admitted, a benefit to the church, as he would probably become an exhorter, and certainly he could lead the singing for he had heard him sing beautifully at huskings and raisings. The proposition to admit brother C. looked encouraging, but he was killed, figuratively speaking. Another brother was surprised and shocked that Mr. C. should be proposed. It was notorious that he was in the habit of using profane language, and he had himself seen him off fishing on the holy Sabbath. Mr. C. was rejected, even the brother who proposed his name voting not to admit him.

The prospect began to look a little dubious. But a forth brother brought forward the name of Lawyer D.; all present knew him, was a fine-looking, dressy, talented man, and would be an ornament to the church. Not so, thought one of his neighbors, who said it did not become him to speak of the imperfections of his fellow-townsmen, but he never could vote for a man whose familiarities with the women folks were notorious, old bachelors not above suspicion were not the right sort of material on which to found a church. These remarks were seconded by another brother, who had heard the stories about Lawyer D. and though he didn't like to think all he did was true, he said it was best to build with crooked or unsound timber. So Lawyer D. was voted not eligible.

Four men had been voted on and not one found sound. The prospects of establishing a church were getting dubious. Some of the best men in town had been proposed and serious flaws had been detected in their character. A long pause followed but at length one who had opposed the last man proposed, suggested the name of his brother-in-law, Mr. E. the storekeeper. No one seemed to have anything to say against Mr. E. although several brothers hitch-

ed about uneasily on their seats, and seemed restrained from speaking their minds freely. The moderator was about to call for a vote, when a keen-eyed little man came to his feet with a jerk, like opening a jack-knife, and said it was unplesant for him to say anything against the relations of the brother; but, ahem, you see, the fact is, gentlemen—no, brothers—if we are to have a good Christian church, we want upright men to establish it—men who will be honest in little things as well as great things—and he who gives short weight in sugar and measures his thumb twice when cutting off cotton cloth and calico, and waters his rum till there is danger that musketeers will breed in it, ain't the right man for a pillar—not by a jug full! The brother spoke excitedly, as if he had reason to know the truth of what he said, and other brothers smiled on him approvingly when he sat down. Mr. E. failed to get one half of the votes and his name was recorded among the goats at the left.

Thus matters went on. Other names were proposed, but not one was suggested that met the approbation of a majority of the brothers who were to found the church. Objections were brought against every man and woman proposed, till at last it appeared certain that the proposition must be abandoned. Finally, one brother—who had taken no part in the proceedings, got up and said, very deliberately—"Brethren, I've been a-watching your doin's pretty sharp; and I think that as a general thing ye're about right; ye've told a good deal of truth. But, brethren, I'll tell ye another thing; ye'll never have a church in Peterborough if ye don't take such material as ye've got to make it on. Some of these folks ain't very good people, I know; but have we got any better? No, we hain't. Now, I move that you pass a vote to undo all you have been a doin' a votin' these men out. The fact is, if the Lord wants a church in Peterborough, he must take such men as we've got to start it with; I'm ready to jine any man who is ready to jine me to build up the cause of Zion!"

The common-sense ideas of the old brother had their effect. After a few moments' discussion, it was voted to rescind all former votes, and the names of all those once rejected, and several others were added to the list, were voted upon and accepted as proper pillars of the new church. We need only add that the church was formed; it prospered; finally became a power in the land, and eventually a meeting-house was necessary to accomodate its increasing numbers. And thus, we are told, originated the first church in Peterborough.—[Lowell's Vox Populi.

THE CROOKED PICKLES.

The sound of brisk steps, directions in subdued tones, the carefully laid teatable, with its china and silver, all confirmed Minnie Warren's whispered, "We've got company. Aren't you glad Dede? Uncle Aaron's come." And fond Aunt Lucy had granted the inmost wish of her little heart by allowing her to think herself useful on this great domestic occasion.

"May I get the pickles?"

"Mind and pick out all the straight ones, dear."

"Yes'm;" and back she skipped with a plateful, so green, so hard, so sure to be brittle, that even fastidious Aunt Lucy was satisfied.

Minnie dropped into her little chair, watching for an opportunity, "to take a step for auntie," and as she sat, grave lines were drawn upon the serious little face, that drew Aunt Lucy's eyes toward her, busy as she was.

"Why did you tell me to get the straight pickles Aunt Lucy?"

"O, because they look a little nicer for company, the crooked ones taste as well."

Minnie fell back, pondering the idea she could not express.

"Aunt Lucy!"

"What dear?"

"Do you love Uncle Aaron better than you do Uncle John? Didn't you tell me Uncle John was a dear, good man. Aren't they both your brothers, just the same?"

"Indeed they are, and I love them both," answered Miss True, quick tears dimming her glasses.

"But—but"—the earnest eyes, the quivering lip asked permission to go on, Miss True's smile granting it.

"You have made toast and cooked chicken, and put on the prettiest dishes for Uncle Aaron, but when Uncle John was here you said: 'Never mind; the blue dishes are just as well,' and you didn't tell me to get straight pickles, either. But auntie, I'm very sure you

told me to treat my little playmates just alike."

"Well, Minnie, I know that Uncle Aaron was more particular about his eating than Uncle John. He is used to having things very nice at home, while Uncle John is not."

"I know," chimed in the flexible, expressive child's voice, "I know why—because Uncle John is poor. But, auntie, if he don't get nice things often, won't he like them better when he does?"

This naive home question, put with moist eyes and deprecating tone, was too much for Aunt True. She would have boxed a pert child's ears, but she answered Minnie (would that all of us could be as wise) humbly;

"Dear child, Aunt Lucy was wrong; she loves her brothers just alike, and means to treat them so, and when Uncle John comes again he shall have a nice supper."

"Yes, and I'll get the straight pickles too!"

"I declare," said Aunt Lucy, shutting herself into the buttery, while the four years of experience outside walked away with a happy face:

"I declare Lucinda, that child of yours does ask such questions, did you hear her? I shall never see a crooked pickle again without being ashamed of myself. You must be careful; that pickle jar has taught Minnie more about the sin of respect of persons than the whole second chapter of James would have done."

AN OUT-TRAVELED TRAVELER.—They have out in Atlanta a hotel keeper named Thompson, who is considered rather sharp at a joke, but he sometimes meets his match, as the following proves:

The traveler called very late for his breakfast, and the meal was hurriedly prepared. Thompson, feeling the food was not quite up to the mark, made all sorts of apologies around the eater, who worked away in silence, never raised his head beyond the affirmative influence of his fork, or by any act even acknowledged the presence of mine host.

This sulky demeanor rather vexed the landlord, who, changing the range of his battery, stuck his thumbs in his arm-holes, and said:

"Now, mister, confound me if I hain't made all the apologies necessary, and more too, considering the breakfast, and who gets it; and I tell you, I have seen dirtier, worse cooked and worse looking, and a deal of a sight smaller breakfasts than this is, several times."

The weary, hungry one laid down his tools, swallowed the bite *in transitu*, and modestly looking up at the fuming landlord, exclaimed:

"Is what you say true?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, then, I'll be blamed if you hain't out-traveled me."

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.—You cannot go into the meadow and pick up a daisy by the roots without breaking up a society of nice relations and detecting a principle more extensive and refined than mere gravitation. The handful of earth that follows the tiny roots of the little flower is replete with social elements. A little social circle has been formed around that germinating daisy. The sun-beam and the dew-drop met there, and the soft summer breeze came whispering through the tall grass to join the silent concert. The earth took them to the daisy germ, and all went to work to show that flower to the sun, each mingled in the honey of its influence, and they nursed the "wee cannie thing," with an alimant that made it grow. And when it lifted its eyes toward the sky they wove a soft carpet of grass for its feet. And the sun saw it through the green leaves and he smiled as he passed on; and by starlight and moonlight they worked on. And the daisy lifted up its head, and one morning while the sun was looking, it put on its silver-rimmed diadem, and showed its yellow petals to the stars. And it nodded to the little birds that were swimming in the sky, and all of them that had silver-lined wings, and birds in black, gray and quaker-brown came, and the querulous blue-bird, and the courtesying yellow-bird came, and sung a coronation of that daisy.

—In Poland and Lithuania, such is the depreciation of real property that estates are offered for comparatively next to nothing, and yet fail to find purchasers.

—A week filled up with selfishness, and the Sabbath stuffed full of religious exercises, will make a very good Pharisee, but a poor Christian.