

consideration—I don't want to be an alarmist, I don't want to be a revivalist; but I want to say to you, the great sin that is creeping in among this people, together with other worldly sins, is the sin of adultery. This is creeping in amongst us, and in some instances our daughters are running the streets as common harlots, and we, seemingly, cannot help ourselves. But I want to say to you, there needs be an awakening. I want to tell you there needs to be a fear planted in the hearts of the young people. Take the Book of Mormon. Go to the 316th page, and read what Alma said to his son Corianton, who had left the ministry, and had followed after the harlot Isabel. He told him what a terrible crime adultery was, that it was next to the shedding of innocent blood. O, I am fearful that our young people do not comprehend that great sin that is creeping in amongst us; and, as the Prophet Joseph said, a man that commits adultery cannot enter into the celestial kingdom of God. If he enters any kingdom, it will not be the celestial kingdom of God. I pray that our people may be moved upon to be a virtuous, to be an honest, to be a faithful people; this is the prayer of my heart, in the name of Jesus. Amen.

#### SIDELIGHTS ON GEORGE WASHINGTON

Washington, D. C., Feb. 20, 1898.—I have been for some time gathering bits of queer gossip and tradition about George Washington. A large number of his papers are on file in the state department. Papers showing that he was behind in his accounts with the government are on file in the treasury department, and the national museum has one of the largest collections of Washingtonia in existence. Alexandria is full of unpublished traditions of George Washington. I spent a couple of days there some time ago, and though I found no one living who had ever seen Washington, I got a fairly good idea of him from the stories concerning him which have been handed down from father to son. Mount Vernon is only nine miles from Alexandria. Washington got the most of his supplies at Alexandria. He came there to vote, and until a few years ago the little office in which he did business there still stood. It was at Alexandria that Washington met General Braddock, and with him started out on that disastrous campaign. His last review of troops was made from the steps of an Alexandria hotel about a year before his death, and when I last visited the town I was offered a mahogany bed which had stood in this hotel, and on which, it was said, Washington had slept many a time.

From the tradition of Alexandria, and from many other sources, I have tried to make up in my mind's eye a picture of George Washington as he really was. He was exceedingly tall, and, when young, quite slender. He had enormous hands and feet. His boots were No. 13 and his ordinary walking shoes No. 12. No one can look at the silk stockings which hang up in Mount Vernon and not realize that it took a big leg to fill them. He was a man of muscle. During his service in the army he weighed 200 pounds, and was so strong that he could lift his tent with one hand, although it usually required the strength of two men to place it on the camp wagon. I mean, of course, when it was folded up and wrapped around the poles. Washington could hold a musket with one hand and fire it. He was a good shot and a good swordsman. The pictures of the father of our country make you think that Washington was a brunette. His face is dark and somber. The truth is he had a skin like an Irish baby,

and his hair was almost red. He had a broad chest, but not a full one.

His voice was not strong, and during his last days he had a hacking cough. His eyes were cold gray, and it is said that he seldom smiled, although there is no reason to believe that he had considerable humor about him. His nose was prominent. He was particular as to his appearance and fastidious in dress. He wore plain clothes and always kept himself well shaven, acting as his own barber.

During the latter part of his life he wore false teeth, made by a dentist named Greenwood. His teeth did not fit well and pushed out his lower lip. He had a lot of trouble with his teeth and I have before me a copy of a letter which his dentist wrote to him a year before he died. The dentist tells Washington that the old set of teeth which he sent him from Philadelphia was very black, and that it must have been discolored by his soaking them in port wine or by his drinking too much port wine. He warns Washington that wines containing acid are bad for the teeth, and advises him to take out his teeth after dinner and put them in clean water, and should any holes be eaten in them by the acid, to fill them with wax and seal them tight with a piece of red-hot iron, such as a nail. He closes his letter as follows:

"If your teeth grow black, take some chalk and a pine or cedar stick; it will rub off. If you want your teeth more yellow, soak them in broth or put liquor, but not in tea or acids. To preserve teeth they must be very often changed and cleaned, for whatever attacks them must be repelled as often, or it will gain ground and destroy the work. Two sets I repaired is done on a different plan than when entirely new, for the teeth are screwed on the bars instead of having the bars cast red-hot on them, which is the reason I believe they dissolve so soon near to the bars."

Signed, your very humble servant John Greenwood. Dated New York, Dec. 28, 1798.

Washington was an eminently fair man. He had a quick temper, but as a rule he kept it under control. Sometimes, however, it got the best of him. This was the case once in Alexandria. One of the county officers told me the story as we stood on the second floor of the market house in Alexandria and looked down at the open court within it, which is now filled with hundreds of booths where the farmers bring their products for sale on market days. "It was on that spot," said the officer, "Washington was knocked down by Lieut. Payne. Payne was a candidate for the legislature against Fairfax of Alexandria. Washington supported Fairfax, and when he met Payne here, he made a remark that Payne considered an insult, and Payne knocked him down. The story went like lightning through the town that Col. Washington was killed, and some of his troops who were stationed at Alexandria rushed in and would have made short work of Payne had Washington not prevented them. He pointed to his black eye and told them that this was a personal matter and that he knew how to handle it. Every one thought that this meant a duel. The next day Payne got a note from Washington asking him to come to the hotel. He expected a duel, but went. Washington, however, was in an amicable mood. He felt that he had been in the wrong, and said, "Mr. Payne, I was wrong yesterday, but if you have had sufficient satisfaction, let us be friends." There was a decanter of wine and two glasses on the table which Washington had ordered to smoothe over the quarrel. The two drank together and became such strong friends after that that Payne

was one of the pall-bearers at Washington's funeral.

Every one drank in the days of Washington, and the father of his country always had wines upon his table. I have nowhere seen it stated that he ever drank to excess, although he usually consumed five glasses of Madeira wine at dessert. During his youth he was a very fair politician, and among the items of his election expenses when he was a candidate for the house of burgesses of Virginia were a hoghead and a barrel of whisky, thirty-five gallons of wine and forty-three gallons of beer.

George Washington was simple in his tastes, and during his youth he was an enormous eater, but was not particular as to what he had. He wanted plain food and plenty of it. During his later years he ate very little. His breakfast at Mount Vernon was of corn cakes, honey and tea, with possibly an egg, and after that he ate no more until dinner. He kept, however, a good table, and usually had friends with him. His table manners were not of the best. I have a book written by Maclay, which gives his experiences when he was in the United States Senate at the time Washington was President. Maclay dined with Washington a number of times, and scattered through his diary rare bits of gossip about Washington. At two of the dinners he describes Washington, as amusing himself between the courses by playing the devil's tattoo upon the table with his fork. At another time he says: "The President kept a fork in his hand when the cloth was taken away. I thought it was for the purpose of picking nuts. He ate no nuts, but played with the fork, striking on the edge of the table with it."

Washington, at this time, had some trouble in keeping up his establishment. When the revolutionary war closed he had plenty of land, but little money. He had exhausted his private fortune during the war, and he had to borrow enough to take him to New York to be inaugurated as President. The result was he was quite careful of his expenses, and would not tolerate extravagance. An instance of this kind occurred one day when he found the first shad of the season on his table. The President was very fond of fish, and when the shad was brought into the dining room his nostrils dilated at the savory odor struck them, and he asked:

"What fish is that?"

"A shad," replied the steward, excitedly: "a very fine shad. I knew your excellency was extravagantly fond of this fish, and I was so fortunate as to procure this one in the market. It was the only one, sir, and the first of the season."

"But the price, man? The price? The price?" demanded Washington sternly.

"Three—three—three dollars," stammered the steward.

"Take it away! Take it away!" said Washington. "It shall never be said that my table sets such an example of luxury and extravagance!"

And so the \$3 fish was taken from the room, to be devoured by the servants.

As the years went on Washington's lands increased in value, and when he died he was one of the richest men of his time. He owned lands and stocks and negroes, and his estates amounted to thousands of acres. He had houses in Alexandria and property in Washington. He had valuable lands near the present site of Pittsburg. He was throughout his life a money maker, and I was told at Alexandria that when he was a boy he got \$5 a day and upward for his surveying. He put his surplus money into lands, and an ad-