

The stairways are of granite and the balusters of bronze, and the entire construction is fireproof; for the records and archives deposited within its walls are priceless and beyond restoration. Portraits of national heroes adorn the walls, and in one corridor are shown models of the uniform of the army at various periods of the Service. Among the groups is one which represents the dress of Washington's Life Guard, who served as his bodyguard, and whose motto was "Conquer or die."

"Before long," said Mrs. Kinney, "we may hope to see a model of the Army Nurse Corps in this *galère*." We wonder if it is now to be found there; it would be very appropriate as the harbinger of the happy day to come when "the war drum throbs no longer and the battle flags are furled."

The State Library contains 50,000 volumes, and we had a peep at the national heirlooms treasured there. Here hangs, under glass, the original of Thos. Jefferson's first draft of the great Declaration; it is in his handwriting, with interlineations by Franklin and John Adams. Encased in a sheath of black leather, with silver mountings, was Washington's sword; the handle is of ivory, pale green, wound with silver wire. The belt of white leather has silver mountings. The Staff of Franklin is also here, bequeathed by him to Washington, his will providing: "My fine crab tree walking stick, with a gold head curiously wrought in the form of the Cap of Liberty, I give to my friend, and the friend of mankind, General Washington. If it were a sceptre, he has merited it, and would become it." Then we looked on Thomas Jefferson's desk, on which he wrote the Declaration. The Great Seal of the United States, so well known to the world, is shown in wax replica; and last, but not least, a solemn and responsible personage came with the key of the safe in which, under glass, are kept the time-worn, inestimably precious originals of the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution, and of Washington's commission as Commander-in-Chief—historic documents which no ardent soul can look on without emotion.

THE CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY.

During that happy half-week we found time for two visits to the Library of Congress, the most recent proof of America's determination to have the public buildings of her capital second to none in the world. It is a dream of beauty without and within. Built in the Italian Renaissance style, it covers 3½ acres of ground. The material of the exterior walls is white granite from New Hampshire, and it glistens in the sun, like the Parthenon of old. The interior is rich in choice marbles from Europe, Africa and America, and all that is great and lovely has been symbolised in its decoration. I would that I had space to describe but a tithe of it.

The view from the Visitors' Gallery of the Rotunda and Central Reading Room is wonderfully

imposing. The richness of the colour-effect lies in the marbles—rose-red from Numidia, and shades of yellow from Siena. The stucco ornaments of the dome are in old ivory, and comprise a great variety of designs.

Upon the entablature of the eight piers stand female figures of colossal stature symbolising the subjects named beneath them. Above each figure is a tablet supported by flying figures of boys, on which is inscribed a quotation chosen by President Eliot, of Harvard.

Religion, holding a flower:

What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?—*Micah vi., 8.*

Commerce, holding miniature locomotive and ship:

He tastes the spices of Arabia, yet never feel the scorching sun which brings them forth.—*Considerations on East India Trade.*

History, with a book and a reflecting mirror:

One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off Divine event,
To which the whole creation moves.—*Tennyson.*

Art, laurel-crowned, with a model of the Parthenon for architecture, a brush and palette for painting, and a mallet for sculpture:

As one lamp lights another, nor grows less,
So nobleness enkindleth nobleness.—*Lowell.*

Philosophy, with a book:

The inquiry, knowledge, and belief of truth is the sovereign good of human nature.—*Bacon.*

Poetry, with scroll:

Hither, as to their fountain, other stars
Repairing, in their golden urns draw light.—*Milton.*

Law, with the stone table of the laws and a scroll:

Of law there can be no less acknowledged than that her voice is the harmony of the world.—*Hooker.*

Science, with a globe and triangle and mirror:

The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handiwork.—*Psalms xix., 1.*

If the fame of the "Congressional" is now worldwide, it must be seen to realise its greatness and beauty. Once seen, it is easy to sympathise with the pride and joy of the American people in its erection and existence.

As we looked our last on the City of Great Aspirations, we realised how immeasurably far-reaching is the Love of a People—the lowly and the high, all are the common and rightful owners of the queenly Washington. The lavish embellishment of their capital is the outward visible sign of an innate, passionate, and justifiable pride of a great nation in their unique birthright.

Farewell, Fair Federal City of the West; as thy people increase in Greatness, so shalt thou grow in Glory.

ETHEL G. FENWICK.

It has been decided to replace the Mengo Hospital, Uganda, which was burned down last November through a lightning stroke, by a more substantial building at a cost of £2,000. All parties in Uganda without distinction of creed are joining in the work. The natives will contribute the bricks and timber.

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