The Morning Post.

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PITTSBURGH:
TUESDAY MORNING, MAY 16, 1849.

WASHINGTON—HIS HOME AND HOUSEHOLD.

From the Custis Recollections and Private Memoirs of the Life and Character of Washington.

Wherever WASHINGTON established a home—whether temporary or fixed, whether amid the log huts of Morristown or the Valley Forge, the Presidential mansions in New York or Philadelphia, or his own beloved Mount Vernon—everywhere, order, method, punctuality reigned. His household, whether civil or military, was always upon a liberal scale, and was conducted with a due regard to economy and usefulness.

THE STEWARD.—Francis, who kept the first tavern in New York, where Washington took leave of his officers in 1783, was the first Steward to the President. Francis was a rare Whig in the Revolutionary day, and attached no little importance to his person and character, from the circumstances of the memorable parting of the commander-in-chief with his old and long endeared companions in arms, having taken place at Francis's tavern, in New York. The Stewart was a man of talent and considerable taste in the line of his profession, but was at the same time ambitious, fond of display, and regardless of expense. This produced continued difficulties between the President and, certainly, one of the most devotedly attached to him, of all his household. The expenses of the Presidential Mansion were settled weekly; and upon the bills being presented, the President would rate his Steward soundly upon his expensiveness, saying that while he wished to live conformably to his high station, liberally, nay handsomely, he abhorred waste and extravagance, and insisted that his household should be conducted with due regard to economy and usefulness.

Francis would promise amendment, and the next week the same scene would be re-enacted in all parts, the Steward retiring in tears, and exclaiming, "Well, he may discharge me; he may kill me, if he will; but while I have the honor to be his Steward, his establishment shall be supplied with the very best of everything that the whole country can afford."

The story of the fish, related in another part of the work, happened during Francis's stewardship. Washington was remarkably fond of fish. It was the habit for New England ladies frequently to prepare the codfish in a very nice manner, and send it enveloped in cloths, so as to be warm for the President's Saturday dinner, he always eating codfish on that day, as a compliment to his New England recollections. It happened that a single codfish on that day, as a compliment to his New England recollections. It happened that a single shad was caught in the Delaware, in February, and brought to the Philadelphia market for sale. Francis pounced upon it with the speed of an osprey, regardless of price, but charmed that he had secured a delicacy that, above all others, he knew would be agreeable to the palate of his Chief. When the fish was served, Washington suspected a departure from his orders touching the provision to be made for his table, and said to Francis, who stood at his post at the sideboard, "what fish is this?" "A shad, a very fine shad," was the reply; "I knew your Excellency was particularly fond of this very kind of fish, and was so fortunate as to procure this one in market—a solitary one, and the first of the season." "The price, sir, the price!" continued Washington, in a stern, commanding tone. "Three, three, three dollars," stammered out the conscience-stricken Steward. "Take it away," thundered the Chief; take it away, sir; it shall never be said that my table sets such an example of luxury and extravagance." Poor Francis trembingly obeyed, and the first shad of the season was removed untouched, to be speedily discussed by the gourmands of the servants' hall.

THE CHIEF COOK.—This celebrated artiste, as he would have been termed in modern parlance, was named Hercules, familiarly termed Uncle Harkless. Trained in the mysteries of his art from early youth, and in the palmy days of Virginia, when her thousand chimneys smoked to indicate the generous hospitality that reigned throughout the whole length and breadth of her wide domain, Uncle Harkless was, at the period of the first Presidency, as highly accomplished a proficient in the culinary art as could be found in the United States. He was a dark brown man, little if any above the usual size, yet possessed of such great muscular power as to entitle him to be compared with his namesake of fabulous history.

The Chief Cook gloried in the cleanliness and dicety of his kitchen. Under his iron discipline, woe to his underlings if speck or spot could be discovered on the tables or dressers, or if the utensils did not shine like polished silver. With the luckless wights who had offended in these particulars there was no arrest of judgment, for judgment and execution went hand in hand. The Steward, indeed the whole household, treated the Chief Cook with much respect, as well for his valuable services as for his general good character and pleasing manners.

It was while he was preparing the Thursday or Congress Dinner, that Uncle Harkless shone in all his splendor. During his labors upon this banquet, he required some half dozen aprons and napkins out of numbers. It was surprising the order and discipline that was observed in so bustling a place. His underlings flew in all directions to execute his orders, while he, the great master-spirit, seemed to possess the power of ubiquity, and to be everywhere at the same moment. When the roast, roasted in a very large and capacious oven, was ready, in snow-white apron, silk shorts and stockings, and hair in full powder, placed the first dish on the table, the clock being on the stroke of twelve, ceased "the labors of Hercules." While the officers of the republic were very pleasantly engaged in discussing the savory viands of the Congress Dinner, the Chief Cook retired to make his toilet for an evening promenade. His perquisites for the slops of the kitchen were from one to two hundred dollars a year. Though homely in person, he lavished the most of these large avails upon his toilet, his linen was of the exceptionable quality and whiteness, then black shorts, ditto waistcoat, ditto stockings, shoes highly polished, with large buckles covering a considerable part of the foot, blue cloth coat with velvet collar and bright metal buttons, a long watch chain, dangling from his fob, a cocked hat, and a gold headed cane, completed the grand costume of (days,) of the President's kitchen.

As arrayed, the Chief Cook invariably passed the front door, the Porter making a low bow, which was promptly returned. Joining his loungers of the pave, he proceeded up street, attracting considerable attention, street being, in the old times, the resort of fashionables "do congregate." Many were little surprised on beholding so extraordinary a personage; while others who knew him, would in formal and respectful bow, that they might in return the salute of one of the most gentlemen, and the veriest dandy of near-years ago.

Old Hickory,

New Orleans Delta has a good article relative to Gen. Jackson's course while in the Presidential office, in selecting the objects of his patronage in favor, it says:

"He sought young men of character and merit among the poorer classes of the people, and brought them forward by encouragement and government. He crowded West Point with the energetic sons of the democracy of the land, the working men. He busied himself in the most insignificant details, to discover merit and capacity.—Where he found them surrounded by difficulties, he perceived promise and merit struggling against poverty and adverse fortune, he never failed to come to their relief. Well do we remember how in 1832, hearing of the gallantry of a young man who had defended his mother and sisters against the attacks of negroes in the Southampton Insurrection in Virginia, the old Hero despatched a messenger to the "young hero" with the offer of a lieutenant's commission in the Navy, or a place at West Point. And, on another occasion, we remember a gallant officer, who had lost his right arm in a skirmish with the Indians, received a