

A VISIT TO WHEATLAND

A school composition by Annie E. Kramph

About 1858.

It was one of those bright, sunny bracing mornings which December in a good--humored mood sometimes favors us, that we concluded to walk to Wheatland, which is not more than a mile distant from our city. We started with the heroic resolution of “not getting tired” and with a zeal not unworthy of imitation, wended our way through various streets and at last found ourselves in the country – and in the mud, for alas, in our city ignorance, we had never thought of the probability of that same bright sunny morning, that we had declared so beautiful, drawing the frost out of the ground and making the road so muddy; but with stout hearts and willing feet (Provided the mud didn't stick too fast} we struggled on until we came to what one might safely call “dry land” again – viz the pike. Now feeling that the danger was past we passed on our way with lighter hearts (and feet, for we rubbed them off on the grass) and were pleasantly conversing when we all were roused by an exclamation from one of our companions, and turning in the direction in which she was looking, we saw to our dismay, that we had mistaking the road and that, instead of fronting we were backing Wheatland. One of two alternatives we had to choose either to go all the way back to get upon the other pike, or to cut across, by means of a lane, that was so winding, that it went sorely against our wills to cross it. The latter we chose notwithstanding, and we were soon wading through it. We met a farmer, who told us to keep to the north side of the fence as the sun had not yet reached there. We followed his wholesome advice and found it quite pleasant and after a brisk walk of a few minutes, we arrived at the gate of the domains of the President of the United States. Wheatland is pleasantly located on a gentle rising ground, which is laid out in old-fashioned straight walks edged with myrtle whose dark green leaves peep through the tangled grass, and thickly strewn autumn leaves. Around and near the house are some old fir trees which lift their proud heads to the sky not hoary but green with age, having wandered through the grounds and investigated everything worthy of attention down to the dog a noble specimen of the Newfoundland breed, and the chickens which certainly looked entirely too lazy to belong to a President, we commenced our homeward return, just one half hour after the time appointed rather remarkable when one considers that long walks are not in vogue.

