The Sun.

VOL. XLVII.—NO. 176. NEW YORK, MONDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1880. PRICE TWO CENTS.

WASHINGTON UNFORGOTTEN.

TWO DAYS' PATRIOTIC OBSERVANCE OF THE FATHER'S BIRTHDAY.

His Monument Decorated—Survivors of 1812 in his St. Paul's Church Pew—Colfax's and Other Occasional Sermons—Fulton Brews a Third Term Lesson—To-Day's Celebration.

Washington's birthday falling this year on Sunday, to-day becomes the legal holiday. All places of public business will be closed, and so will most places of private business. Salutes will be fired at the Navy Yard and the Battery. The Eleventh Regiment will parade in the afternoon, the Ninth will have a reception at the Madison Square Garden in the evening, the Third Cavalry and veterans of the Sixty-ninth will celebrate in their armories, the Washington Grays will have a reunion in the Lexington Avenue Opera House, and other military organizations will express patriotism in various appropriate ways. A significant meeting will be that of the German Republicans at Cooper Institute, in the evening, to disfavor a third term for Grant. There will be numerous society dinners. Extra matinée performances will be given at many of the theatres.

Flags were flying everywhere yesterday. An interesting observance of the day was by the George Washington Camp No. 1 of the United States War Veterans. They met at Clarendon Hall at 2 o'clock P. M. When Officer-of-the-Day John McKeegan gave the order, "Attention!" fifty men were in line. In a column of fours, the command marched to the Washington monument in Union square. The statue had already been decorated with bouquets of flowers and festoons of evergreen. The men stood at parade rest while a ladder was placed on the base of the monument. Comrade Bracken climbed up the figure, and, standing on the horse's back, placed a wreath of laurel leaves upon the crown of Washington's head, and another one over the extended arm. Then the commands, "Attention!" "Fours right!" "Guide left!" "Forward, march!" were given in quick succession, and the column marched down Broadway to Trinity Church, where they were given seats. The Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix, in his sermon, touched upon the horrors of war and the beauties of the pastoral life. A march composed especially for the Veteran Corps was played by the organist.

Half up the northern aisle in St. Paul's Episcopal Church, in Broadway, between Vesey and Fulton streets, is the only double pew in the house. It was built for Washington. At the regular service yesterday morning it was occupied by eight veterans of the war of 1812. One of them, Mr. David Van Arsdale, who is 84 years old, came to the church from the Battery, where he had hoisted the Stars and Stripes on the lofty flagstaff in the park. Another, Adjutant J. Gould Warren, had begun his celebration of the day by running up the colors at the old fort in Central Park. The other veterans were Cyrus Adams Dayton, aged 85; Samuel Sylvester, 87; Michael Van Name, 84; Charles Oakley, 91; Gardner R. Lambridge, 78; and Thomas Blank, 85. The congregation regarded the venerable men with great interest. The usual Episcopal morning service was conducted by the Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg. Before the discourse, the Rev. Mr. Thompson said that the vestry of the church had not been informed that the gentleman who occupied the pew of the Father of his Country intended to be present. His remarks upon the occasion, therefore, must be impromptu, and they were confined to a few hearty words of welcome to a church that was contemporaneous with their youth and service in behalf of their country.

The Rev. Robert Collyer said in the Church of the Messiah, Lexington Avenue, that the people in these times was to drift from Washington as a man toward Washington as a myth, though the myth resembled the man as much as does flesh and blood. Master George was not like the grown-up children in the story by Dickens, but ever young. The untrue story of the cherry tree was the first of the myths. I was first told by old Mr. Wing, and those who knew Mr. Wing best believed him least. There was one thing, too, that Mr. Collyer did not like about the story. The father insinuates the son criminate himself—something that was abhorred in all our criminal law. The boy would doubtless have told the truth in any event, however, under such circumstances, because he was his mother's boy. He was described by Sir Matthew Hale as one who dog-eared by Washington at a place where it is specially insisted that we must render an account for the deeds done in the body. He was fond of adventures, fond of playing soldiers, and he was soldier of fortune. He was idle, thoughtless, fond of pleasure, but there was no meanness. He fell in love before he was 15, and wrote poetry, worse than which could hardly have been written. Before he was 16 he sometimes made 320 a day at surveying. Yet he was always bad at spelling. He was 6 feet 2 inches in his stockings, and he had the largest hands in the thirteen colonies. Timothy Pickering claimed to have the next large set. He had great muscular strength, a burstting chest. He was brave as a lion, and more bashful than a girl. This bashfulness he never got over. He could talk to hostile Indians, or to the great Louis, without a blush or a stammer, but not to a woman. Mr. Collyer said he loved to watch this bashfulness in the man. It was a proof that to him woman-hood was a sacred temple. He married, first, at 20, in Mt. Collyer's opinion, five years too late. He had good business ability. It had been said that great men were bad business men. This was not true of the greatest. Byron and Shelley were bad business men; but Shakespeare, Washington, and Lincoln, even as great that in his own way none was greater, were not. Several instances were given of Washington's close attention to details of business. He is could give money with boundless generosity. During the revolution, so far as Mr. Collyer knew, he took no salary but, on the other hand, he expended $75,000 from his own purse. He was an abstemious man. From the camp he found time to write to his wife to be sure and let no one go away hungry from his table.

Tradition let us know that there was such a thing as a certain picture for George Washington. Martha Washington had a temper. His reproof had often been repeated since—was, as it was handed down to us:

"Well, well, my dear, I'll see to it, I'll see to it. Let me go to my prayers."

He could jump into a river after a man who had snapped his gun at him when interrupted in shooting his game, but him to shore, give him restoratives, and then go on and finish the game. When his troops were retreating, he rode among them, and snapped his rashes at them saying the truth must be told, because we are in the stranger.

Another said Mr. Collyer, became while his audience smiled, "Boys, you must not swear when you are in the presence of a gentleman."

The Rev. Dr. H. A. Tobey, in St. Paul's Methodist Church, described the people's manifestations, resources, and social relations of this country before the revolution, and, comparing with the usefulness of the United States, said that to Washington more than to any other man is this increase due. The nation will never cease to owe to Washington a debt of gratitude. Considerations of expediency or policy never swerved him from principle. He carried conscientiousness in which he lived into an interest in the hottest place in the temple of human glory. Conquerors seem to think that power is magnificent sublime. But when we stand say that the world by necessity belongs to patriots. The great Republic of Washington stands in a small Republic of Central Washington. They had only a country half as many. Are we country not left to keep alive the honest, simple patriotism of George Washington.

The Rev. Dr. D. Fulton sermonized unequivocally against a third term from pulpit. In the morning sermon, he dwelt on the life of the man after of Washington. Dr. Fulton said that Washington was a man of seven-fold force. He was a man of prayer. He was a man of the highest sense of honor and of the most delicate sensibility. He was a man of the most tender affection, and yet he was a man who could be stern and severe. He was a man who would do what he thought was right, and let the world say what it pleased. He was a man who would be