THE MONUMENT.

Continued from First Page.

May 29th, 1880. It was impossible to properly enlarge the foundation with the funds granted in the Joint Resolution of June 14th, 1878. A careful estimate of the cost, which accompanied the original project, amounted to about $100,000, and accordingly by the Joint Resolution of June 27th, 1879, a further sum of $64,000 was granted to complete the foundation. This proved to be more than sufficient, as the foundation cost but $94,474.

As completed the new foundation covers two and a half times as much area, and extends thirteen and a half feet deeper than the old one. Indeed the bottom of the new work is only two feet above the level of high tides in the Potomac, while the water which permeates the earth of the Monument lot stands six inches above this bottom. The foundation now rests upon a bed of fine sand some two feet in thickness, and this sand stratum rests upon a bed of boulders and gravel. Borings have been made in this gravel deposit for a depth of over eighteen feet without passing through it, and so uniform is the character of the material upon which the foundation rests that the settlements of the several corners of the shaft have differed from each other by only the smallest subdivisions of the inch. The pressures on the earth beneath the foundation are nowhere greater than the experiences of years have shown this earth to be able to sustain, while the strength of the masonry in the foundation itself is largely in excess of the strains brought upon it.

THE STABILITY

of this base is assured against all natural causes except earthquakes or the washing out of the sand bed beneath the foundation.

Having enlarged the foundation, the work upon the shaft was speedily commenced. The summer of 1880 was mostly taken up in building an iron frame within the shaft, preparing the hoisting machinery, and collecting the granite and marble needed in the construction. The first marble block was set in the shaft on the 7th of August, 1880, and the last stone was placed at the level 500 on the 9th of August, 1884, thus consuming four seasons in finishing the shaft. The top-most stone of the pyramidion was set on the 6th of December, 1884, thus essentially completing the obelisk. Minor additions and modifications in the details of the interior of the shaft are still to be made, and some filling, grading, and planting are required for the terrace, but no work is proposed that can change the existing appearance or proportions of the monument.

The masonry constructed by the government is the best known to the engineering art, and the weight is so distributed that, subjected to a wind pressure of one hundred pounds per square foot on any face, corresponding to a wind velocity of one hundred and forty-five miles per hour, the monument would have a large factor of safety against overturning. The marble is of the same kind as that in the monolithic columns of the Capitol, has a fine grain, is close and compact in texture, free from disintegrating impurities, and in this climate will endure for ages.

There is not time, nor is this the occasion, to enter into the engineering details of the construction, to discuss all the strains and stresses in the several parts of the work, or the factors of safety against destructive forces. It is sufficient to say, that although the dimensions of the foundation base were originally planned without due regard to the tremendous forces to be brought into play in building so large an obelisk, the resources of modern engineering science have supplied means for the completion of the grandest monumental column ever erected in any age of the world.

In its proportions the ratios of the dimensions of the several parts of the ancient Egyptian obelisk have been carefully followed.

The entire height has been made slightly greater than ten times the breadth of base, producing an obelisk that, for grace and delicacy of outline, is not excelled by any of the larger Egyptian monoliths, while in dignity and grandeur it surpasses any that can be mentioned.

Mr. President:—For and in behalf of the joint commission for the completion of the Washington Monument, I deliver to you this column.

President Arthur was then introduced by Senator Sherman. It had been the custom for the speakers to keep on their hats, but President Arthur laid his silk hat at his side, slowly removed his heavy dogskin gloves and deposited them in it. From his inside pocket he drew his manuscript. He held the paper in his left hand, and kept his eyeglasses in place with his right hand, while he read in a clear and distinct voice the following address:

The President's Dedicatory Speech.

Fellow Countrymen: Before the dawn of the century whose eventful years will soon have faded into the past, when death had but lately robbed this republic of its most beloved and illustrious citizen, the Congress of the United State pledged the faith of the nation that in this city, bearing his honored name, and then, as now, the seat of the general government, a monument should be erected "to commemorate the great events of his military and political life."

The stately column that stretches heavenward from the plain whereon we stand, bears witness to all who behold it, that the covenant which our fathers made, their children have fulfilled.

In the completion of this great work of patriotic endeavor, there is abundant cause for national rejoicing; for while this structure shall endure, it shall be to all mankind a steadfast token of the affectionate and reverent regard in which this people continue to hold the memory of Washington. Well may he ever keep the foremost place in the hearts of his countrymen.

The faith that never faltered, the wisdom that was broader and deeper than any learning taught in schools, the courage that shrank from no peril and was dismayed by no defeat, the loyalty that kept all selfish purpose subordinate to the demands of patriotism and honor, the sagacity that displayed itself in camp and cabinet alike, and above all that harmonious union of moral and intellectual qualities which has never found its parallel among men; these are the attributes of character which the intelligent thought of this century ascribes to the grandest figure of the last.

But other and more eloquent lips than mine will to-day rehearse to you the story of his noble life and its glorious achievements.

To myself has been assigned a simpler and more formal duty, in fulfillment of which I do now, as President of the United States and in behalf of the people, receive this monument from the hands of its builder, and declare it dedicated from this time forth to the immortal name and memory of George Washington.

He was frequently interrupted by applause, and his remarks were received with great favor. His patriotic conclusion brough the whole assemblage to their feet, hats and handkerchiefs were waived and cheers loud and long filled the building. It was with difficulty that the presiding officer could regain the attention of the audience; but when he did he announced the dedication ceremonies as completed. The chilled audience hurriedly left the scene, and the procession was promptly formed.

THE PROCESSION.

At the close of the exercise at the monument the procession moved from the monument grounds in the order indicated below. As the procession moved salutes of one hundred guns were fired from the navy yard, the artillery barracks and Fort Myer, across the river. The route to the Capitol was by way of 17th street to Pennsylvania avenue, thence along the Avenue to the Capitol, where it was reviewed by the President, who occupied a stand on the east front. Along the line of march there was a large gathering of spectators, and the gaily decorated buildings, with the banners and flags floating in the strong wind, formed a frame work for the military pageant, which was striking and picturesque. As the lines of the military passed along, the men muffled in their overcoats and facing the keen wind with apparent unconcern, the spectacle assumed some of the sterner aspects which are associated with the times of war. As a whole, the civic as well as the military part of the parade was effective, and one of the most interesting that has ever been witnessed in this city.

The Order of the Procession.

The line moved in the following order:

THE CHIEF MARSHAL.

Lieut. Gen. P. H. Sheridan, U. S. A., marshal of the day, with his personal escort, the First Troop, Philadelphia City Cavalry, thirty-seven men, captain, Edward B. Grubb, first lieutenant, J. L. Wilson; second lieutenant, J. E. Carpenter; cornet, Chas. E. Kelley; surgeon, J. W. White; first sergeant, John A. Fell.

Chief of staff, Bvt. Brig. Gen. Albert Ordway, U. S. V.

Personal aids—Lieut. Col. W. J. Volkmar, U. S. A.; Mr. Linden Kent.

Aids-de-camp—Lieut. Col. M. V. Sheridan, U. S. A.; Lieut. Col. James F. Gregory, U. S. A.; Capt. S. E. Blunt, U. S. A.; Mr. Walker Blaine, Mr. Sevellon Brown, Capt. Francis V. Greene, U. S. A.; Col. H. L. Cranford, U. S. V.; Medical Director J. M. Browne, U. S. N.; Mr. H. Grafton Dulaney, Lieut. T. B. M. Mason, U. S. N.; Col. Amos Webster, U. S. V.; Mr. Edward McCauley, Lieut. W. H. Emory, jr., U. S. N.; Capt. S. S. Burdett, U. S. V.; Major Green Clay Goodloe, U. S. M. C.; Mr. R. J. Dangerfield, Bvt. Major Clayton McMichael, U. S. V., Bvt. Major John B. Fassitt, U. S. V.; Bvt. Lieut. Col. J. P. Nicholson, U. S. V.; Mr. Mills Dean, Bvt. Lieut. Col. George Truesdell, U. S. V.; Capt. I. N. Burritt, U. S. V.; Bvt. Col. Archibald Hopkins, U. S. V.; Capt. John M. Carson, U. S. V.

Honorary staff representing states and territories—Alabama, Mr. John H. Morgan; Arkansas, Gen. James C. Tappan; California, Mr. Thos. C. Quantrell; Colorado, Major J. V. W. Vandenburgh; Connecticut, Gen. C. P. Graham; Delaware, Gen. J. Parke Postles; Florida, Col. Wallace S. Jones; Georgia, Col. Clifford W. Anderson; Illinois, Gen. Green B. Raum; Indiana, Col. R. W. McBride; Iowa, Col. William P. Hepburn; Kansas, Gen. C. W. Blair; Kentucky, Col. J. B. Castleman; Louisiana, Col. Charles A. Larendon, Maine, Gen. John M. Brown; Maryland, Col. E. L. Rogers, Massachusetts, Mr. A. A. Hayes; Michigan, Col. H. M. Duffield; Minnesota, Col. C. W. Johnson; Mississippi, Col. J. L. McCaskill; Missouri, Hon. J. W. Stone; Nebraska, Col. L. W. Colby; Nevada, Hon. John H. Kinkhead; New Hampshire, Gen. J. N. Patterson; New Jersey, Col. S. Meredith Dickinson; New York, Major Alex. H. Davis; North Carolina, Mr. Fred Stith; Ohio, Col. C. A. Layton; Oregon, Mr. E. D. Appleton; Pennsylvania, Col. P. L. Goddard; Rhode Island, Col. F. M. Bates; South Carolina, Col. J. A. Simons; Tennessee, Gen. A. B. Upshur; Texas, Col. J. E. Labatt; Vermont, Gen. William Wells; Virginia, Major L. Blackford; West Virginia, Col. Robt. White, Wisconsin, Gen. J. C. Starkweather; Arizona, Hon. J. W. Eddy; Dakota, Col. William Thompson; Idaho, Major William Hyndman; Montana, Hon. Martin Maginnis; New Mexico, Hon. F. A. Manzanares; Utah, Mr. Humphreys Mo-Master; Washington, Hon. C. S. Voorhees; Wyoming, Hon. M. E. Post.

The First Division.

The first division moved in the following order:

Brevet Major Gen. R. B. Ayres, U. S. army, marshal.

Staff—Brevet Lieut. Col. Geo. Mitchell, U. S. A.; First Lieut. Sebree Smith, U. S. A.; First Lieut. Medorem Crawford, U. S. A.; First Lieut. H. R. Lemly, U. S. A.; Second Lieut. M. C. Richards, U.S. A.; Second Lieut. W. Walke, U. S. A.; Second Lieut H. L. Hawthorne, U. S. A.; Mr. I. H. McDonald, Mr. W. J. Johnson, Mr. Arthur D. Addison.

A battalion of the 2d U. S. artillery, commanded by Lieut. Col. Loomis L. Landon, Captains Ramsay and Howell, and Lieuts. Gifford, Conkling and Curtis.

A battalion of U. S. artillery from Fortress Monroe, Va., under the command of Brevet Lieut. Col. L. L. Livingston; Adjutant Mc.Waite, Lieuts. Grimes, Adams, Oyster, Evarts, Massey, Marsh, Hunter, Barney, Stone, Blunt, Cronkhet, Lessep and Lemley.

Light Battery A, 2d U. S. artillery, Captain Frank B. Hamilton.

Battalion U. S. marine corps, under command of Capt. John H. Higbee, with Lieuts. Harrington, Porter, Russell, Turner and Gilman.

The Ancient and Honorable Artillery company of Boston, 201 men, Capt. Augustus Whittemore; First Lieut., Lieut. Col. E. B. Blasland, Second Lieut., Lieut. G. H. Gibson; adjutant, First Lieut. J. P. Frost, preceded by the Salem Cadet band.

Governor's Foot Guard of Hartford Connecticut, 101 men, Maj. John C. Kinney, Capt. J. C. Pratt, Lieuts. T. C. Naedele, J. Robert Dwyer and F. C. Clark.

The German Fusiliers of Charleston, S. C., 30 men, Capt. Henry Schachte, First Lieut. Henry B. Schroder, Second Lieut. H. Fischer.

Richmond Light Infantry Blues of Richmond, Va., organized in 1793, Capt. Sol. Cutchins.

Washington Light Infantry corps of the District of Columbia, Lieut. Col. William G. Moore commanding; Captains Dalton, Entwisle, Ross, and Miller, Lieuts. Sloan, Cash and Duffy, 120 men, with the corps band.

Washington Continentals, District of Columbia, 25 men, Lieut. Vermillion in command, Second Lieut. W. G. Moses, Lieut. W. E. Clapp, with a drum corps.

Emmet Guard, District of Columbia, 25 men, Capt. W. H. Murphy, Lieuts. J. H. Kelley and P. Dillon.

Washington Rifle Corps, of the District of Columbia, 30 men, Capt. Geo. F. Hammar in command, Lieuts. Dunn and Javins, with a drum corps.

Washington Cadet Corps, of the District of Columbia, with National band, commanded by Major C. A. Fleetwood, Capt. J. R. Brown, Lieut. A. L. Alexander.

Capital City Guards, of the District of Columbia, commanded by Capt. Thos. S. Kelly, Lieut. J. H. Campbell.

National Rifles, District of Columbia, commanded by Lieut. J. O. Manson, Lieuts. G. W. Evans and W. C. Keech, preceded by the 5th Maryland regiment band. The National Rifles Cadets, commanded by Lieut. Domer, was in line.

The Lawrence Light Guards, Co. E, of Medford Mass., 60 men; Capt. J. E. Clark, Lieuts. J. T. Coleman and H. M. Smith.

The Detroit Light Infantry, of Michigan; Capt. Chas. Dupont, Lieut. Geo. W. Corns, 2d Lieut. H. B. Lothrop.

The Alexandria Light Infantry, 60 men; Capt. Geo. A. Mushback, Lieuts. Samuel L. Monroe and Albert Bryan.

Washington High School Cadets, of the District of Columbia; Major Frederick Sohon, Capts. S. S. Williamson, W. S. Teel, jr., E. C. Brown, W. S. Armstrong, preceded by the Charles Co. band, Md.

The Corcoran Cadet corps, of the District of Columbia; Capt. E. C. Edwards.

St. John's Academy Cadet corps, of Alexandria, Va.; Major W. L. Pierce.

The Second Division.

The second division formed at the monument, led by Maj. Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, of Virginia, marshal. Staff—Col. Thomas Smith, Maj. J. Courtland H. Smith, Mr. Henry Dangerfield, Mr. Bernard P. Green, Dr. Arthur Snowden, Col. Frederick A. Windsor, Major S. A. Robertson, Mr. Barbour Thompson, Mr. Eppa Hunton, jr., Mr. W. L. Smoot, Mr. J. G. Beckham.

This division was headed by the carriages for the Senators and members of Congress and others of the civic procession specially distinguished, arranged in the following order; First, the Congressional commission, orators and chaplains; second, the Washington National Monument society, members and ex-members of the joint commission; third, Col. Casey and his assistants and a detail of workmen; fourth, the President and cabinet; fifth, the judiciary; sixth, the diplomatic corps—the Swiss minister, Col. Frey and his first secretary, Major Kloss; the Chinese minister and three secretaries; the Mexican minister, alone; the Colombian minister and family, the Hawaiian minister, Mr. Carter, wife and daughter; the Russian minister and his first Secretary, Mr. Gregor; the Spanish minister and nephew, the Japanese minister and two secretaries, and the French minister and chancellor; and 7th, the governors of states, Members and Senators and other distinguished people; the District Commissioners, officers of the army and navy, and the Society of the Cincinnati. Nearly all the members of Congress and Senators were present. Among the state governors present were Gov. Stockley, Delaware; Gov. Robinson, of Massachusetts; Gov. Alger, of Michigan; Gov. Harrison; of Connecticut, and Gov. Bowen.

THE MASONIC DISPLAY.

The Masonic column, which came next, was marshaled by Harrison Dingman, grand marshal of the grand lodge, with the following aides:—L. D. Wine, Will A. Short, J. C. Dulin, T. G. Loockerman, Chas. H. Smith and H. A. Johnston. The line was headed by the Frederick City band, with twenty handsomely uniformed members, under the leadership of C. S. McKallip.

The order of the procession was as follows:—Washington Commandery No. 1, K. T.; A. M. Tubman, generalissimo, actg. em. commander; W. H. Orcutt, captain general; Dan'l McFarlan, prelate; W. G. Henderson, senior warden; J. H. Olcott, junior warden; H. H. Hazard, recorder; Z. W. Cromwell, standard bearer; O. S. Firmin, sword bearer; J. H. Brogh, warder; W. S. Jenks, M. Hebner, H.K. Simpson, guards; W.E. Cox, sentinel.

There were about 70 members in line. Washington Commandery was the only Templar organization present at the ceremonies of laying the corner-stone in 1848.

Columbia Commandery, No. 2.—Officers—Jas. F. Allen, em. commander; E. H. Chamberlin, generalissimo; Robt. Ball, captain general; Geo. Gibson, treasurer; Wm. Pittis, recorder.

With Columbia Commandery marched the visiting members from Palestine Commandery, of Trenton, N. J.—James McKinney, eminent commander; Jos. L. Bragg, captain general, and visiting members from Maryland Commandery, of Baltimore.

Potomac Commandery, No. 3.—Officers—Jos. Libbey, em. commander; A. B. Jackson, generalissimo; R. W. Darby, captain general; J. H. Schultze, treasurer; C. F. Shekell, recorder.

De Molay Mounted Commandery, No. 4.—Officers—T. Somerville, em. commander; G. A. Shehan, generalissimo; R. T. Heiston, captain general; W. S. Roose, treasurer.

Then followed delegates from the Grand Commanderies of Maryland and Virginia. The Royal Arch Masons of the District were next in line. This part of the line was closed with the Grand Royal Arch Chapter of the District. Officers—Geo. E. Corson, R. E. D. G. H. Priest; Wm. G. Powers, R. E. G. King; Will A. Short, R. E. G. Scribe; L. G. Stephens, R. E. G. Secretary; M. R. Thorp, R. E. G. Treasurer; John Lockie, E. G. Visitor and Lec.; T. G. Addison, Rev. and E. G. Chap.; W. R. Bushby, E. G. Capt. of Host; Robt. Ball, E. G. P. Sojourner; E. S. Holmes, E. G. R. A. Captain; Alex. McKenzie, E. G. M. of 3d Vail; J. M. Fernandez, E. G. M. of 2d Vail; H. M. Gillman, E. G. M. of 1st Vail; L. Stoddard, Grand Sentinel. The Master Masons, of the District, arrayed in the blue lodge regalia, followed in a long line.

Du Pont Lodge, of Du Pont Mills, Del., with the following officers: James E. McGilligan, master; Theodore Work, senior warden; John Lynn, junior warden; David Logan, senior deacon; Nelson Talley, junior deacon; Alex. Colhoun, secretary; Joseph Clark; treasurer; P. F. Massey, marshal. Other members present—Henry Steward, Edward Murphy, Luther Cloud, Stephen Cloud, Harry Lodge, James Sterling and Samuel Moore.

The Alexandria Washington Lodge, of Alexandria, Va., and delegations from Washington Lodge, No. 3, of Baltimore; St. John's Lodge, No. 1, of New York city, Worshipful Master, W. H. MacDougal; Past W. M. J. B. Rose, S. deacon; John Lowe, S. warden; A. J. Phillips, J. warden; E. M. Shaw, J. deacon; W. H. Gedney, treasurer. Fredericksburg Lodge, No. 4, of Fredericksburg, Va.

Members in the city of Grand Lodges of various states came next in line, and were formed in the following order: Grand Tiler Thomas J. Edwards, with drawn sword; Grand Stewards Frank N. Carver and Edward Kern, with rods; junior and senior wardens of lodges, masters of lodges, past masters, past grand masters, past grand treasurers, past grand secretaries, past junior grand wardens, past senior grand wardens, past grand deputy masters; the Grand Pursuivant, O. S. Firman; Grand Lecturer, Joseph Hamacher; Grand Chaplain, C. B. Smith; Grand Secretary, Wm. R. Singleton; Grand Treasurer, C. C. Duncanson; Senior Grand Warden, Jose M. Yznaga; Junior Grand Warden Jesse W. Lee, jr.; three masters, bearing the lesser lights; Edw. M. Boleter, Naval Lodge, No. 4; Isaac Birch, Potomac, No. 5; Thos. H. Young, Lebanon, No. 7; bearer of the Great Light, M. J. Moore, of Columbia Lodge, No. 3; three bearers of silver goblets; J. M. Eggleston, National Lodge, No. 12, bearing the cup of corn; Chas. R. Smith, B.B. French Lodge, No. 15, the cup of oil; and L.C. Williamson, of Washington Centennial Lodge, No. 14, the cup of wine; bearer of level, Ira W. Hopkins, of Hiram Lodge, No. 10; bearer of plumb, Geo. P. Bohrer, of St. John's Lodge, No. 11; bearer of square, John F. Sheiry, of New Jerusalem Lodge, No. 9; past grand masters, deputy grand master, Thomas P. Chiffelle.

The Grand Sword-Bearer—Orville Drown.

The Most Worshipful Grand Master, Myron M. Parker, supported by the Senior and Junior Grand Deacons—Emmett C. Elmore and Thos. F. Gibbs.

Among the visiting Masons in line were John F. Miller, past grand commander of Texas; Frank A. Reed, grand commander of Virginia; A. F. Chapman, grand recorder of Massa, chusetts and Rhode Island; C. F. Catlin past grand commander of Nebraska; J. E. Krebbs, past grand commander of Maryland; C. C. Isaacs, department grand commander of Maryland; J. L. Beall, grand captain general of Virginia; James McCain, eminent commander of Palestine Commandery, of Trenton, N. J.; Joseph Ashton, generalissimo, and J. L. Bragg, captain general of Palestine Commandery, of Trenton, N. J.; Sir Knight J. S. Carr, of Springfield, Mass.; Sir Knight H. Stunkey, of De Molay Commandery of Boston, Mass.; Sir Knight J. E. Farrar, of Haverhill Commandery, Massachusetts; W. E. Arnold, eminent commander Maryland Commandery, No. 1, of Baltimore, with fifteen sir knights; John R. Thomas, G. M., of Illinois; Sidney M. Hedges, of Boston Commandery.

Third Division.

The right wing of this division, which was formed on 17th street, right resting on B, was composed of the Grand Army of the Republic; Bvt. Brig. Gen. W. W. Dudley, U. S. A., marshal; staff—Lieut. Col. G. C. Kniffin, Lieut. Col. E. C. Ford, Major E. W. Clark, Capt. J. B. Tanner, Capt. Fred. Mack, Capt. S. A. Johnson and Major T. Gaines.

Naval academy band of twenty-nine pieces, led by Prof. Schoef.

Union Veteran corps (first company), Capt. M. A. Dillon, with sixty-two rank and file; dark blue overcoats, fatigue cap.

George Washington Post, No. 103, G. A. R., of New York, Gen. M. T. McMahon; 35 men in the uniform of the army. Grand Army of the Republic, Department of the Potomac, N. M. Brooks commander; John Cameron assistant adjutant general, followed by the posts as follows: John A. Rawlins Post, No. 1, H. E. Weaver, commander. Kit Carson Post, No. 2, Marcus L. Hopkins, commander. Lincoln Post, No. 3, H. H. Smith, commander. O. P. Morton Post, No. 4, Chas. H. Shoater, commander. George G. Mead Post, No. 5, John B. Dowd, commander. John F. Reynolds Post, No. 6, S. E. Faunce, commander. James A. Garfield Post, No. 7, J. H. Jochum, commander. Burnside Post, No. 8, C. H. Ingram, commander. Chas. Sumner Post, No. 9, George M. Arnold, commander. Farragut Post, No. 10, W. T. Van Doren, commander. This Department would have had out 1,000 men had the weather been more favorable, but as it was there were some 500 men in the line. Being in the uniform of the Grand Army, and carrying flags and banners, they made a handsome show.

Delegation of the Boston Light Guard, who were here July 4th, 1848—Col. George Clark, jr., C. W. Thompson, F. S. Drake, J. E. Bradley, H. R. Danforth and J. W. Wilson—wearing blue badges, with "Boston Light Guard, 1848-1885."

Delegation of Independent Order of Rechabites, with red sash, blue apron, and cap trimmed with gold lace—S. W. Shoemaker, chief ruler.

Survivors of the eighth battalion, D. C. volunteers, and Maennerchor, marshaled by A. E. L. Keese, who was the marshal of the German division at the laying of the corner-stone. Their flags in line, headed by Myer's band.

The Journeymen Stonecutters' Association, Joseph Fanning, chief marshal, and D. Rothwell and Jas. Kelly, assistant marshal, with over one hundred members in line. Messrs. Charles Sword and John Lyon, who had been elected by the association to represent the marble and granite cutters' organizations on the floor of the House, were in line with their tickets of admission signed by John Sherman. Among the members of this body was William Bivins, one of the original stonecutters employed on the monument, in 1848, when the corner stone was laid.

Brotherhood of Carpenters, No. 1, of Washington, D. C., and Carpenters' Union, No. 29, of Baltimore, Md., the line being about 400 strong, marshaled by Thomas Galloway, and preceded by Winchester (Va.) brass band, with 19 pieces, presented a fine appearance. The organizations had a handsome banner, on which were the implements of the craft.

The fire department of the District, which closed the 3d division, was all out in full dress parade, with their engines and truck companies, headed by Chief Engineer Martin Cronin and his assistants, and made a handsome display. Two of the companies were compelled to leave the line at the commencement to attend a fire in South Washington, but they afterwards rejoined the line near the White Lot, south of the President's house.

THE CEREMONIES AT THE CAPITOL.

After the procession was dismissed, Representatives, Senators, members of the Supreme Court, the diplomatic corps and invited guests assembled in the Hall of Representatives, where the proceedings were continued. Prayer was offered by Rev. S. A. Wallis, of Pohick church, near Mount Vernon. The following oration, by Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, of Massachusetts, was then read by Hon. John D. Long, of Massachusetts.

ORATION.

President Arthur, Senators and Representatives of the United States:

By a joint Resolution of Congress, you have called upon me to address you in this Hall to-day, on the completion of yonder colossal monument to the Father of his Country. Nothing less imperative than your call could have brought me before you for such an effort. Nearly seven and thirty years have passed away since it was my privilege to perform a similar service at the laying of the corner-stone of that monument. In the prime of manhood, and in the pride of official station, it was not difficult for me to speak to assembled thousands, in the open air, without notes, under the scorching rays of a midsummer sun. But what was easy for me then is impossible for me now. I am here to-day, as I need not tell you, in far other condition for the service you have assigned me,—changed, changed in almost everything, except an inextinguishable love for my Country and its Union, and an undying reverence for the memory of Washington. On these alone I rest for inspiration, assured that, with your indulgence, and the blessing of God which I devoutly invoke, they will be sufficient to sustain me in serving as a medium for keeping up the continuity between the hearts and hands which laid the foundation of this gigantic structure, and those younger hearts and hands which have at last brought forth the capstone with shoutings. It is for this you have summoned me. It is for this alone I have obeyed your call.

Meantime, I cannot wholly forget that the venerable ex-President, John Quincy Adams,—at whose death-bed, in my official chamber beneath this roof, I was a privileged watcher thirty-seven years ago this very day,—had been originally designated to pronounce the Corner-stone Oration, as one who had received his first commission, in the long and brilliant career at home and abroad which awaited him, from the hands of Washington himself. In that enviable distinction I certainly have no share; but I may be pardoned for remembering that, in calling upon me to supply the place of Mr. Adams, it was borne in mind that I had but lately taken the oath as Speaker at his hands and from his lips, and that thus, as was suggested at the time, the electric chain, though lengthened by a single link, was still unbroken. Let me hope that the magnetism of that chain may not even yet be entirely exhausted, and that I may still catch something of its vivifying and quickening power, while I attempt to bring to the memory of Washington the remnants of a voice which is failing, and of a vigor which, I am conscious, is ebbing away!

It is now, Mr. President, Senators a. l Representatives, more than half a century since a voluntary Association of patriotic citizens initated the project of erecting a National Monument to Washington in the city which bears his name. More than a whole century ago, indeed,—in that great year of our Lord which witnessed the Treaty of Peace and Independence, 1783,—Congress had ordered an Equestrian Statue of him to be executed, "to testify the love, admiration and gratitude of his countrymen;" and again, immediately after his death, in 1799, Congress had solemnly voted a marble monument to him at the Capital, "so designed as to commemorate the great events of his military and political life." But our beloved country, while yet in its infancy, and, I may add, in its indigency, with no experience in matters of art, and heavily weighed down by the great debt of the Revolutionary War, knew better how to vote monuments than how to build them, or, still more, how to pay for them. Yorktown monuments and Washington monuments, and the statues of I know not how many heroes of our struggle for Independence, made a fine show on paper in our early records, and were creditable to those who ordered them; but their practical execution seems to have been indefinitely postponed.

The Washington Monument Association, instituted in 1833, resolved that no such postponement should longer be endured, and proceeded to organize themselves for the work which has at length been completed. They had for their first President the great Chief Justice, John Marshall, the personal friend and chosen biographer of Washington, whose impressive image you have so recently and so worthily unveiled on yonder Western Terrace. They had for their second President the not less illustrious James Madison, the father of the Constitution of which Marshall was the interpreter, and whose statue might well have no inferior place on the same Terrace. Among the other officers and managers of that Association, I cannot forget the names of William W. Seaton, whose memory is deservedly cherished by all who knew him; of that grand old soldier and patriot, Winfield Scott; of Generals Archibald Henderson and Nathan Towson; of Walter Jones, and Peter Force, and Philip Fendall; together with that of its indefatigable General Agent, honest old Elisha Whittlesey. To that Association our earliest and most grateful acknowledgments are due on this occasion. But of those whom I have named, and of many others whom I might name, so long among the honored and familiar figures of this metropolis, not one is left to be the subject of our congratulations. We all rejoice meanwhile to welcome the presence of one of their contemporaries and friends, whose munificent endowments for Art, Education, Religion and Charity entitle him to so enviable a place on the roll of American philanthropists,—the venerable William W. Corcoran, now, and for many years past, our senior Vice President.

Nearly fifteen years, however, elapsed before the plans or the funds of this Association were in a state of sufficient forwardness to warrant them even in fixing a day for laying the first foundation-stone of the contemplated structure. That day arrived at last,—the 4th of July, 1848. And a great day it was in this capital of the nation. There had been no day like it here before, and there have been but few, if any, days like it here since. If any one desires a description of it, he will find a most exact and vivid one in the columns of the old *National Intelligencer*,—doubtless from the pen of that prince of editors, the accomplished Joseph Gales. I recall, among the varied features of the long procession, Freemasons of every order, with their richest regalia, including the precious gavel and apron of Washington himself; Firemen, with their old-fashioned engines; Odd Fellows from a thousand Lodges; Temperance Societies, and other Associations, innumerable; the children of the Schools, long ago grown to mature manhood; the military escort of regulars, marines, and volunteer militia from all parts of the country, commanded by Generals Quitman and Cadwalader and Colonel May, then crowned with laurels won in Mexico, which long ago were laid upon their graves. I recall, too, the masses of the people, of all classes and sexes and ages and colors, gazing from the windows, or thronging the sidewalks, or grouped in countless thousands upon the Monument grounds. But I look around in vain for any of the principal witnesses of that imposing ceremonial;—the venerable widows of Alexander Hamilton and James Madison; President Polk and his Cabinet, as then constituted,—Buchanan, Marcy, John Y. Mason, Walker, Cave Johnson and Clifford; Vice-President Dallas; George Washington Parke Custis, the adopted son of the great Chief; not forgetting Abraham Lincoln and Andrew Johnson, both then members of the House of Representatives, and for whom the liveliest imagination could hardly have pictured what the future had in store for them. Of that whole Congress there are now but a handful of survivors, and probably not more than two or three of them present here to-day,—not one in either branch of Congress, nor one, as I believe, in any department of the national service.

To those of us who took part in the laying of that first stone, or who witnessed the ceremonies of the august occasion, and who have followed the slow ascent of the stupendous pile, sometimes with hope and sometimes with despair, its successful completion is, I need not say, an unspeakable relief, as well as a heart-felt delight and joy. I hazard little in saying that there are some here to-day,—unwearied workers in the cause, like my friends Horatio King and Dr. Toner,—to name no others,—to whose parting hour a special pang would have been added, had they died without the sight which now greets their longing eyes on yonder plain.

I dare not venture on any detailed description, of the long intervening agony between the laying of the first stone and the lifting of the last. It would fill a volume, and will be sure hereafter to furnish material for an elaoorate monograph, whose author will literally find "sermons in stones,"—for almost every stone has its story, if not its sermon. Every year of the first decade, certainly, had its eventful and noteworthy experiences. The early enthusiasm which elicited contributions, to the amount of more than a quarter of a million of dollars, from men, women, and children in all parts of the land, and which carried up the shaft more than a hundred and fifty-six feet almost at a bound; the presentation and formal reception of massive blocks of marble, granite, porphyry, or freestone from every State in the Union and from so many foreign nations,—beginning, according to the catalogue, with a stone from Bunker Hill, and ending with one from the Emperor of Brazil; the annual assemblies at its base on each succeeding Fourth of July, with speeches by distinguished visitors; the sudden illness and sad death of that sterling patriot, President Zachary Taylor, after an exposure to the midday heat at the gathering in 1850, when the well-remembered Senator Foote of Mississippi had indulged in too exhuberant an address;—these were among its beginnings;—the end was still a whole generation distant.

Later on came the long, long disheartening pause, when—partly owing to the financial embarrassments of the times, partly owing to the political contentions and convulsions of the country, and partly owing to unhappy dissensions in the Association itself—any further contributions failed to be forthcoming, all interest in the Monument seemed to flag and die away, and all work on it was suspended and practically abandoned. A deplorable Civil War soon followed, and all efforts to renew popular interest in its completion were palsied.

How shall I depict the sorry spectacle which those first one hundred and fifty-six feet, in their seemingly hopeless, helpless condition, with that dismal derrick still standing as in mockery upon their summit, presented to the eye of every comer to the Capital for nearly a quarter of a century! No wonder the unsightly pile became the subject of pity or derision. No wonder there were periodical panics about the security of its foundation, and a chronic condemnation of the original design. No wonder that suggestions for tearing it all down began to be entertained in many minds, and were advocated by many pens and tongues. That truncated shaft, with its untidy surroundings, looked only like an insult to the memory of Washington. It symbolized nothing but an ungrateful country, not destined—as, God be thanked, it still was—to growth, and grandeur, and imperishable glory, but doomed to premature decay, to discord, strife, and ultimate disunion. Its very presence was calculated to discourage many hearts from other things, as well as from itself. It was an abomination of desolation standing where it ought not. All that followed of confusion and contention in our country's history seemed foreshadowed and prefigured in that humiliating spectacle, and one could almost read on its sides in letters of blood, "Divided! Weighed in the balance! Found wanting!"

And well might that crude and undigested mass have stood so forever, or until the hand of man or the operation of the elements should have crushed and crumbled it into dust, if our Union had then perished. An unfinished, fragmentary, crumbling monument to Washington would have been a fit emblem of a divided and ruined Country. Washington himself would not have had it finished. He would have desired no tribute, however imposing, from either half of a disunited Republic. He would have turned with abhorrence from being throught the Father of anything less than One Country, with one Constitution and one Destiny.

And how cheering and how inspiring the reflection, how grand and glorious the fact, that no sooner were our unhappy contentions at an end, no sooner were Union and Liberty, one and inseparable, once more and, as we trust and believe, forever reasserted and reassured, than this monument to Washington gave signs of fresh life, began to attract new interest and new effort, and soon was seen rising again slowly but steadily toward the skies,—stone after stone, course upon course, piled up in peace, with foundations extended to the full demand of the enormous weight to be placed upon them, until we can now hail it as complete! Henceforth and forever it shall be lovingly associated, not only with the memory of him in whose honor it has been erected, but with an era of assured peace, unity, and concord, which would have been dearer to his heart than the costliest personal memorial which the toil and treasure of his countrymen could have constructed. The Union is itself the all-sufficient and the only sufficient monument to Washington. The Union was nearest and dearest to his great heart. "The Union in any event," were the most emphatic words of his immortal Farewell Address. Nothing less than the Union would ever have been accepted or recognized by him as a monument commensurate with his services and his fame. Nothing less ought ever to be accepted or recognized as such by us, or by those who shall rise up, generation after generation, to do homage to his memory!

For the grand consummation which we celebrate to-day, we are indebted primarily to the National Government, under the successive Presidents of the past nine years, with the concurrent action of the two branches of Congress, prompted by Committees so often under the lead of the veteran Senator Morrill of Vermont. The wise decision and emphatic resolution of Congress, on the 2d of August, 1876,—inspired by the Centennial Celebration of American Independence, and adopted, as it auspiciously happened, on the hundredth anniversary of the formal signing of the great Declaration,—that the monument should no longer be left unfinished, with the appointment of a Joint Commission to direct and supervise its completion, settled the whole matter. To that Joint Commission, consisting of the President of the United States for the time being, the Senior Vice-President of the Monument Association, the Chief of Engineers of the United States Army, with the architects of the Capitol and the Treasury, the congratulations and thanks of us all may well be tendered. But I think they will all cordially agree with me that the main credit and honor of what has been accomplished belongs peculiarly and pre-eminently to the distinguished officer of Engineers who has been their devoted and untiring Agent from the outset. The marvelous work of extending and strengthening the foundations of a structure already weighing, as it did, not less than thirty-two thousand tons,—sixty-four million pounds,—an operation which has won the admiration of engineers all over the world, and which will always associate this monument with a signal triumph of scientific skill,—was executed upon his responsibility and under his personal supervision. His, too, have been the ingenious and effective arrangements by which the enormous shaft has been carried up, course after course, until it has reached its destined height of five hundred and fifty-five feet, as we see it at this hour. To Colonel Thomas Lincoln Casey, whose name is associated in three generations with valued military service to his country, the successful completion of the monument is due. But he would not have us forget his accomplished Assistant, Captain George W. Davis, and neither of them would have us fail to remember Superintendent McLaughlin and the hard-handed and honest-hearted mechanics who have labored so long under their direction.

Finis coronat opus. The completion crowns the work. To-day that work speaks for itself, and needs no other orator. Mute and lifeless as it seems, it has a living and audible voice for all who behold it, and no one can misinterpret its language. Nor will any one, I think, longer cavil about its design. That design, let me add, originally prepared by the Washington architect, Robert Mills, of South Carolina, and adopted long before I had any relations to this Association, was commended to public favor by such illustrious names as Andrew Jackson, John Quincy Adams, Albert Gallatin, Henry Clay, and Daniel Webster. A colonnade encircling its base, and intended as a sort of Pantheon, was soon discarded from the plan. Its main feature, from the first, was an obelisk, after the example of that which had then been recently agreed upon for Bunker Hill. And so it stands to-day, a simple, sublime obelisk of pure white marble, its proportions, in spite of its immense height, conforming exactly to those of the most celebrated obelisks of antiquity, as my accomplished and lamented friend, our late Minister to Italy, so happily pointed out to us. It is not, indeed, as were those ancient obelisks, a monolith, a single stone cut whole from the quarry; that would have been obviously impossible for anything so colossal. Nor could we have been expected to attempt the impossible in deference to Egyptian methods of construction. We might almost as well be called on to adopt as the emblems of American Progress the bronze Crabs which were found at the base of Cleopatra's Needle! America is certainly at liberty to present new models in art as well as in government, or to improve upon old ones; and, as I ventured to suggest some years ago, our monument to Washington will be all the more significant and symbolic in embodying, as it does, the idea of our cherished National motto, E PLURIBUS UNUM. That compact, consolidated structure, with its countless blocks, inside and outside, held firmly in position by their own weight and pressure, will ever be an instructive type of the National strength and grandeur which can only be secured by the union of "many into one."

Had the Fine Arts, indeed, made such advances in our country forty years ago as we are now proud to recognize, it is not improbable that a different design might have been adopted; but I am by no means sure it would have been a more effective and appropriate one. There will always be ample opportunity for the display of decorative art in our land. The streets and squares of this city and of all our great cities are wide open for the statues and architectural memorials of our distinguished statesmen and soldiers, and such monuments are everywhere welcomed and honored. But is not—I ask in all sincerity—is not the acknowledged pre-eminence of the Father of his Country, first without a second, more fitly and adequately represented by that soaring shaft, rising high above trees and spires and domes, and all the smoke and stir of earth,—as he ever rose above sectional prejudices, and party politics, and personal interests,—overtopping and dominating all its surroundings, gleaming and glistening out at every vista as far as human sight can reach, arresting and riveting the eye at every turn, while it shoots triumphantly to the skies? Does not—does not, I repeat, that Colossal Unit remind all who gaze at it, more forcibly than any arch or statue could do, that there is one name in American history above all other names, one character more exalted than all other characters, one example to be studied and reverenced beyond all other examples, one bright particular star in the clear upper sky of our firmament, whose guiding light and peerless lustre are for all men and for all ages, never to be lost sight of, never to be unheeded? Of that name, of that character, of that example, of that glorious guiding light, our Obelisk, standing on the very spot selected by Washington himself for a monument to the American Revolution, and on the site which marks our National meridian, will be a unique memorial and symbol forever.

For oh, my friends, let us not longer forget, or even seem to forget, that we are here to commemorate, not the Monument, but the Man. That stupendous pile has not been reared for any vain purpose of challenging admiration for itself. It is not, I need not say it is not, as a specimen of advanced art, for it makes no pretension to that;—it is not as a signal illustration of engineering skill and science, though that may confidently be claimed for it;—it is not, certainly it is not, as the tallest existing structure in the world,—for we do not measure the greatness of men by the height of their monuments, and we know that this distinction may be done away with, here or elsewhere, in future years;—but it is as a Memorial of the pre-eminent figure in modern or in ancient history, the world over,—of the man who has left the loftiest example of public and private virtues, and whose exalted character challenges the admiration and the homage of mankind;—it is this example, and this character,—it is the Man, and not the Monument,—that we are here to commemorate!

Assembled in these Legislative Halls of the Nation, as near to the Anniversary of his birth as a due respect for the Day of our Lord will allow, to signalize the long-delayed accomplishment of so vast a work, it is upon him in whose honor it has been upreared, and upon the incomparable and inestimable services he has rendered to his country and to the world, that our thoughts should be concentrated at this hour. Yet what can I say, what can any man say, of Washington, which has not already been rendered as familiar as household words, not merely to those who hear me, but to all readers of history and all lovers of Liberty throughout the world? How could I hope to glean anything from a field long ago so carefully and lovingly reaped by such men as John Marshall and Jared Sparks, by Guizot and Edward Everett and Washington Irving, as well as by our eminent living historian, the venerable George Bancroft, happily here with us to-day?

Others, many others, whom I dare not attempt to name or number, have vied with each other in describing a career, of whose minutest details no American is ever weary, and whose variety and interest can never be exhausted. Every stage and step of that career, every scene of that great and glorious life, from the hour of his birth, one hundred and fifty-three years ago,—"about ten in the morning of ye 11th day of February, 1731-2," as recorded in his mother's Bible,—in that primitive Virginia farmhouse in the county of Westmoreland, of which the remains of the "great brick chimney of the kitchen" have been identified only within a few years past,—every scene, I say, of that grand and glorious life, from that ever memorable hour of his nativity, has been traced and illustrated by the most accomplished and brilliant pens and tongues of our land.

His childhood, under the loving charge of that venerated mother, who delighted to say that "George had always been a good son," who happily lived not only to see him safely restored to her after the exposures and perils of the Revolutionary struggle, but to see him, in her eighty-second year, unanimously elected to be the President in Peace of the country of which he had been the Saviour in War; his primary education in that "old-field schoolhouse," with Hobby, the sexton of the parish, for his first master; his early and romantic adventures as a and-surveyor; his narrow escape from being a midshipman in the British Navy, at fourteen years of age, for which a warrant had been obtained and his luggage actually put on board a man-of-war anchored in the river just below Mount Vernon; his still narrower and hair-breadth escapes from Indian arrows and from French bullets, and his survival—the only mounted officer not killed—at the defeat of Braddock, of whom he was an aide-de-camp; together with that most remarkable prediction of the Virginia pastor, Samuel Davies, afterward President of Princeton College, pointing him out—in a sermon, in 1755, on his return, at the age of twenty-three, from the disastrous field of the Monongahela—as "that heroic youth, Colonel Washington, whom I cannot but hope Providence has preserved in so signal a manner for some important service to his country;"—who has forgotten, who can ever forget, these most impressive incidents of that opening career by which he was indeed so providentially preserved, prepared and trained up for the eventful and illustrious future which awaited him?

Still less can any American forget his taking his seat, soon afterward, in the Virginia House of Burgesses,—with the striking tribute to his modesty which he won from the Speaker,—and his subsequent election to the Continental Congress at Philadelphia, where on the 15th of June, 1775, at the suggestion of John Adams, and on the motion of Thomas Johnson, afterward Governor of Maryland, he was unanimously appointed "General and Commander-in-Chief of such Forces as are, or shall be, raised for the maintenance and preservation of American Liberty." Nor can any of us require to be reminded of the heroic fortitude, the unswerving constancy and the unsparing self-devotion, with which he conducted, through seven or eight years, that protracted contest, with all its toils and trials, its vexations and vicissitudes, from the successful Siege of Boston, his first great triumph, followed by those masterly movements on the Delaware which no less celebrated a soldier than Frederick the Great declared "the most brilliant achievements of any recorded in the annals of military action,"—and so along,—through all the successes and reverses and sufferings and trials of Monmouth and Brandywine and Germantown and Valley Forge,—to the siege of Yorktown, in 1781, where, with the aid of our generous and gallant allies, under the lead of Rochambeau and De Grasse and Lafayette, he won at last that crowning victory on the soil of his beloved Virginia.

Nor need I recall to you the still nobler triumphs witnessed during all this period,—triumphs in which no one but he had any share,—triumphs over himself: not merely in his magnanimous appreciation of the exploits of his subordinates, even when unjustly and maliciously contrasted with disappointments and alleged inaction of his own, but in repelling the machinations of discontented and mutinous officers at Newburgh, in spurning overtures to invest him with dictatorial and even Kingly power, and in finally surrendering his sword and commission so simply, so sublimely, to the Congress from which he had received them.

Or, turning sharply from this summary and familiar sketch of his military career,—of which, take it for all in all, its long duration, its slender means, its vast theatre, its glorious aims and ends and results, there is no parallel in history,—turning sharply from all this, need I recall him, in this presence, presiding with paramount influence and authority over the Convention which framed the Constitution of the United States, and then, with such consummate discretion, dignity, and wisdom, over the original administration of that Constitution, when the principles and precedents of our great Federal system of government were moulded, formed and established?

It was well said by John Milton, in one of his powerful Defences of the People of England, "War has made many great, whom Peace makes small." But of Washington we may say, as Milton said of Cromwell, that, while War made him great, Peace made him greater; or rather that both War and Peace alike gave opportunity for the display of those incomparable innate qualities, which no mere circumstances could create or destroy.

But his sword was not quite yet ready to rest quietly in its scabbard. Need I recall him once more, after his retirement from a second term of the Chief Magistracy, accepting a subordinate position under his successor in the Presidency, as Lieutenant-General of the American Armies, in view of an impending foreign war, which, thank God, was so happily averted?

Nor can any one who hears me require to be reminded of that last scene of all, when, in his eight-and-sixtieth year, having been overtaken by a fatal shower of sleet and snow, in the midst of those Agricultural pursuits in which he so much delighted, at Mount Vernon, he laid himself calmly down to die,—"not afraid to go," as he whispered to his physician,—and left his whole country in tears such as had never flowed before. "Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace!"

Eighty-five years ago to-morrow—his sixty-eighth birthday—was solemnly assigned by Congress for a general manifestation of that overwhelming national sorrow, and for the commemoration, by eulogies, addresses, sermons, and religious rites, of the great life which had thus been closed. But long before that anniversary arrived, and one day only after the sad tidings had reached the seat of government in Philadelphia, President John Adams, in reply to a message of the House of Representatives, had anticipated all panegyrics by a declaration, as true to-day as it was then, that he was "the most illustrious and beloved personage which this country ever produced;" while Henry Lee, of Virginia, through the lips of John Marshall, had summed up and condensed all that was felt, and all that could be or ever can be said, in those imperishable words which will go ringing down the centuries, in every clime, in every tongue, till time shall be no more,—"First in War, First in Peace, and First in the hearts of his Countrymen!"

But there are other imperishable words which will resound through the ages,—words of his own, not less memorable than his acts,—some of them in private letters, some of them in official correspondence, some of them in inaugural addresses, and some of them, I need not say, in that immortal Farewell Address which an eminent English historian has pronounced "unequalled by any composition of uninspired wisdom," and which ought to be learned by heart by the children of our schools, like the Laws of the Twelve Tables in the schools of ancient Rome, and never forgotten when those children grow up to the privileges and responsibilities of manhood.

It was a custom of the ancient Egyptians, from whom the idea of our monument has been borrowed,—I should rather say, evolved,—to cover their obelisks with hieroglyphical inscriptions, some of which have to this day perplexed and baffled all efforts to decipher them. Neither Champollion, nor the later Lepsius, nor any of the most skilful Egyptologists, have succeeded in giving an altogether satisfactory reading of the legends on Pompey's Pillar and Cleopatra's Needle. And those inscriptions, at their best, engraved as they were, on the granite or porphyry, with the letters enamelled with gold, and boasted of as illuminating the world with their rays, tell us little except the dates and doings of some despotic Pharoah, whom we would willingly have seen drowned in the ocean of oblivion, as one of them so deservedly was in the depths of the Red Sea. One row of the inscriptions on Cleopatra's Needle, as it so strangely greets us in the fashionable promenade of our commercial capital, informs us, in magniloquent terms, of Thothmes III., who lived in the age in which Moses was born, the age which saw the exodus of the Israelites. He is set down as a "Child of the Sun, endowed with power, life and stability." Other inscriptions style him, or some other Pharoah to whom they relate, the "Chastiser of Foreign Nations," "The Conqueror," "The Strong Bull!"

Our Washington Needle, while it has all of the severe simplicity, and far more than all of the massive grandeur, which were the characteristics of Egyptian architecture, bears no inscriptions whatever, and none are likely ever to be carved on it. Around its base bas-reliefs in bronze may possibly one day be placed, illustrative of some of the great events of Washington's life; while on the terrace beneath may, perhaps, be arranged emblematic figures of Justice and Patriotism, of Peace, Liberty and Union. All this, however, may well be left for future years, or even for future generations. Each succeeding generation, indeed, will take its own pride in doing whatever may be wisely done in adorning the surroundings of this majestic pile, and in thus testifying its own homage to the memory of the Father of his Country. Yet to the mind's eye of an American Patriot those marble faces will never seem vacant,—never seem void or voiceless. No mystic figures or hieroglyphical signs will, indeed, be descried on them. No such vainglorious words as "Conqueror," or "Chastiser of Foreign Nations," nor any such haughty assumption or heathen ascription as "Child of the Sun," will be deciphered on them. But ever and anon, as he gazes, there will come flashing forth in letters of living light some of the great words, and grand precepts, and noble lessons of principle and duty, which are the matchless bequest of Washington to his country and to mankind.

Can we not all read there already, as if graven by some invisible finger, or inscribed with some sympathetic ink,—which it requires no learning of scholars, no lore of Egypt, nothing but love of our own land, to draw out and make legible,—those masterly words of his Letter to the Governors of the States, in 1783:—

"There are four things which, I humbly conceive, are essential to the well-being—I may even venture to say, to the existence—of the United States as an independent Power: First, an indissoluble Union of the States under one Federal head; Second, a sacred regard to Public Justice; Third, the adoption of a proper Peace Establishment; and Fourth, the prevalence of that pacific and friendly disposition among the People of the United States which will induce them to forget their local prejudices and policies, to make those mutual concessions which are requisite to the general prosperity, and, in some instances, to sacrifice their individual advantages to the interest of the Community. These are the Pillars on which the glorious fabric of our Independency and National Character must be supported."

Can we not read again, on another of those seemingly vacant sides, that familiar passage in his Farewell Address,—a jewel of thought and phraseology, often imitated, but never matched,—"The name of American, which belongs to you in your National capacity, must always exalt the just pride of patriotism more than any appellation derived from local discriminations"? and, not far below it, his memorable warning against Party Spirit,—"A fire not to be quenched, it demands a uniform vigilance to prevent its bursting into a flame, lest, instead of warming, it should consume"?

Still again, terser legends from the same prolific source salute our eager gaze: "Cherish Public Credit;"—"Observe good faith and justice towards all nations; cultivate peace and harmony with all;"—"Promote, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of Knowledge. In proportion as the structure of a Government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened."

And, above all,—a thousand-fold more precious than all the rest,—there will come streaming down from time to time, to many an eager and longing eye, from the very point where its tiny aluminium apex reaches nearest to the skies,—and shining forth with a radiance which no vision of Constantine, no Labarum for his legions, could ever have eclipsed,—some of those solemnly reiterated declarations and counsels, which might almost be called the Confession and Creed of Washington, and which can never be forgotten by any Christian Patriot:—

"When I contemplate the interposition of Providence, as it was visibly manifest in guiding us through the Revolution, in preparing us for the reception of the General Government, and in conciliating the good-will of the people of America toward one another after its adoption, I feel myself oppressed and almost overwhelmed with a sense of Divine munificence. I feel that nothing is due to my personal agency in all those wonderful and complicated events, except what can be attributed to an honest zeal for the good of my country."—"No people can be bound to acknowledge and adore an Invisible Hand which conducts the affairs of men, more than the people of the United States. Every step by which they have advanced to the character of an Independent Nation seems to have been distinguished by some token of Providential Agency."—"Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, Religion and Morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism, who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of men and of citizens."

And thus on all those seemingly blank and empty sides will be seen, from time to time, in his own unequalled language, the grand precepts and principles of Peace, Justice, Education, Morality, and Religion, which he strove to inculcate, while, encircling and illuminating them all, and enveloping the whole monument, from corner-stone to cap-stone, will be read with rapture by every patriotic eye, and be echoed by every patriotic heart, "The Union, the Union in any event!"

But what are all the noble words which Washington wrote or uttered, what are all the incidents of his birth and death, what are all the details of his marvelous career from its commencement to its close, in comparison with his own exalted character as a Man! Rarely was Webster more impressive than when, on the completion of the monument at Bunker Hill, in describing what our Country had accomplished for the welfare of mankind, he gave utterance with his characteristic terseness, and in his inimitable tones, to the simple assertion, "America has furnished to the World the Character of Washington!" And well did he add that, "if our American Institutions had done nothing else, that alone would have entitled them to the respect of Mankind."

The character of Washington! Who can delineate it worthily? Who can describe that priceless gift of America to the world, in terms which may do it any sort of justice, or afford any degree of satisfaction to his hearers or to himself?

Modest, disinterested, generous, just,—of clean hands and a pure heart,—self-denying and self-sacrificing, seeking nothing for himself, declining all remuneration beyond the reimbursement of his outlays, scrupulous to a farthing in keeping his accounts, of spotless integrity, scorning gifts, charitable to the needy, forgiving injuries and injustices, brave, fearless, heroic, with a prudence ever governing his impulses and a wisdom ever guiding his valor,—true to his friends, true to his whole country, true to himself,—fearing God, believing in Christ, no stranger to private devotion or public worship, or to the holiest offices of the Church to which he belonged, but ever gratefully recognizing a Divine aid and direction in all that he attempted and in all that he accomplished,—what epithet, what attribute, could be added to that consummate character to commend it as an example above all other characters in merely human history!

From first to last, he never solicited, or sought, an office, military or civil. Every office stood candidate for him, and was ennobled by his acceptance of it. Honors clustered around him as if by the force of "first intention." Responsibilities heap themselves on his shoulders as if by the law of gravitation. They could rest safely nowhere else, and they found him ever ready to bear them all, ever equal to discharge them all. To what is called personal magnetism he could have had little pretension. A vein of dignified reserve, which Houdon and Stuart have rightly made his peculiar characteristic in marble and on canvas, repressed all familiarities with him. His magnetism was that of merit,—superior, surpassing merit,—the merit of spotless integrity, of recognized ability, and of unwearied willingness to spend and be spent in the service of his country. That was sufficient to attract irresistibly to his support, not only the great mass of the people, but the wisest and best of his contemporaries in all quarters of the Union, and from them he selected, with signal discrimination, such advisers and counsellors, in War and in Peace, as have never surrounded any other American leader. No jealousy of their abilities and accomplishments ever ruffled his breast, and with them he achieved our Independence, organized our Constitutional Government, and stamped his name indelibly on the age in which he lived as the Age of Washington!

Well did Chief Justice Marshall, in that admirable Preface to the biography of his revered and illustrious friend, sum up with judicial precision the services he was about to describe in detail. Well and truly did he say, "As if the chosen instrument of Heaven, selected for the purpose of effecting the great designs of Providence respecting this our Western Hemisphere, it was the peculiar lot of this distinguished man, at every epoch when the destinies of his country seemed dependent on the measures adopted, to be called by the united voice of his fellow-citizens to those high stations on which the success of those measures principally depended."

I do not forget that there have been other men, in other days, in other lands, and in our own land, who have been called to command larger armies, to preside over more distracted councils, to administer more extended governments, and to grapple with as complicated and critical affairs. Gratitude and honor wait ever on their persons and their names! But we do not estimate Miltiades at Marathon, or Pausanias at Platæa, or Themistocles at Salamis, or Epaminondas at Mantinea or Leuctra, or Leonidas at Thermopylæ, by the number of the forces which they led on land or on sea. Nor do we gauge the glory of Columbus by the size of the little fleet with which he ventured so heroically upon the perils of a mighty unknown deep. There are some circumstances which cannot occur twice; some occasions of which there can be no repetition; some names which will always assert their individual pre-eminence, and will admit of no rivalry or comparison. The glory of Columbus can never be eclipsed, never approached, till our New World shall require a fresh discovery; and the glory of Washington will remain unique and peerless until American Independence shall require to be again achieved, or the foundations of Constitutional Liberty to be laid anew.

Think not that I am claiming an immaculate perfection for any mortal man. One Being only has ever walked this earth of ours without sin. Washington had his infirmities and his passions like the rest of us; he would have been more, or less, than human had he never been overcome by them. There were young officers around him, in camp and elsewhere, not unlikely to have thrown temptations in his path, whether he ever yielded to them or not. There were treacherous men, too, whose words in council, or conduct in battle, or secret plottings behind his back, aroused his righteous indignation, and gave occasion for memorable bursts of anger. Now and then there was a disaster, like that of St. Clair's expedition against the Indians in 1791, the first tidings of which stirred the very depths of his soul, and betrayed him into a momentary outbreak of mingled grief and rage, which proved how violent were the emotions he was so generally able to control.

He made no boast of virtue or of valor, and no amount of flattery ever led him to be otherwise than distrustful of his own ability and merits. As early as 1757, when only twenty-five years of age, he wrote to Governor Dinwiddie: "That I have foibles, and perhaps many of them, I shall not deny; I should esteem myself, as the world also would, vain and empty were I to arrogate perfection." On accepting the command of the Army of the Revolution, in 1775, he said to Congress: "I beg it may be remembered by every gentleman in the room, that I this day declare, with the utmost sincerity, I do not think myself equal to the command I am honored with." And, in 1777, when informed that anonymous accusations against him had been sent to Laurens, then President of Congress, he wrote privately to beg that the paper might at once be submitted to the body to which it was addressed, adding these frank and noble words: "Why should I be exempt from censure,—the unfailing lot of an elevated station? Merit and talents which I cannot pretend to rival have ever been subject to it. My heart tells me it has been my unremitted aim to do the best which circumstances would permit; yet I may have been very often mistaken in my judgment of the means, and may, in many instances, deserve the imputation of error." And when, at last, he was contemplating a final retirement from the Presidency, and, in one of the drafts of his Farewell Address, had written that he withdrew "with a pure heart and undefiled hands," or words to that effect he suppressed the passage and all other similar expressions, lest, as he suggested, he should seem to claim for himself a measure of perfection which all the world now unites in according to him. For I hazard little in asserting that all the world does now accord to Washington a tribute, which has the indorsement of the Encyclopædia Britannica, that, "of all men that have ever lived, he was the greatest of good men, and the best of great men." Or, let me borrow the same idea from a great English poet, who gave his young life and brilliant genius to the cause of Liberty in modern Greece. "Where," wrote Byron,—

"Where may the wearied eye repose
When gazing on the great,
Where neither guilty glory glows,
Nor despicable state!
Yes, One—the first, the last, the best,
The Cincinnatus of the West,
Whom envy dared not hate—
Bequeathed the name of Washington,
To make men blush there was but One!"

To what other name have such tributes ever been paid by great and good men, abroad as well as at home? You have not forgotten the language of Lord Erskine, in his inscription of one of his productions to Washington himself: "You are the only being for whom I have an awful reverence!" You have not forgotten the language of Charles James Fox, in the House of Commons: "Illustrious Man, before whom all borrowed greatness sinks into insignificance." You have not forgotten the language of Lord Brougham, twice uttered, at long intervals, and with a purpose, as Brougham himself once told me, to impress and enforce those emphatic words as his fixed and final judgment: "Until time shall be no more will a test of the progress which our race has made in Wisdom and Virtue be derived from the veneration paid to the immortal name of Washington!"

Nor can I fail to welcome the crowning tribute, perhaps, from our mother land,—reaching me, as it has, at the last moment of revising what I had prepared for this occasion,—in a published letter from Gladstone, her great Prime Minister, who, after saying, in casual conversation, that Washington was "the purest figure in history," writes deliberately, "that if, among all the pedestals supplied by history for public characters of extraordinary nobility and purity, I saw one higher than all the rest, and if I were required, at a moment's notice, to name the fittest occupant for it, I think my choice, at any time during the last forty-five years, would have lighted, and it would now light, upon Washington!"

But if any one would get a full impression of the affection and veneration in which Washington was held by his contemporaries, let him turn, almost at random, to the letters which were addressed to him, or which were written about him, by the eminent men, military or civil, American or European, who were privileged to correspond with him, or who ever so casually found occasion to allude to his career and character. And let him by no means forget, as he reads them, that those letters were written a hundred years ago, when language was more measured, if not more sincere, than now, and before the indiscriminate use of the superlative, and the exaggerations and adulations of flatterers and parasites, sending great and small alike down to posterity as patterns of every virtue under Heaven, had tended to render such tributes as suspicious as they often are worthless.

What, for instance, said plain-speaking old Benjamin Franklin? "My fine crab-tree walking stick, with a gold head curiously wrought in the form of the cap of Liberty,"—these are the words of his Will, in 1789,—"I give to my friend and the friend of mankind, George Washington. If it were a sceptre, he has merited it, and would become it."

"Happy, happy America," wrote Gouverneur Morris from Paris, in 1793, when the French Revolution was making such terrific progress,—"happy, happy America, governed by reason, by law, by the man whom she loves, whom she almost adores! It is the pride of my life to consider that man as my friend, and I hope long to be honored with that title."

"I have always admired," wrote to him Count Herzburg, from Berlin, where he had presided for thirty years over the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, under Frederick the Great,—"I have always admired your great virtues and qualities, your disinterested patriotism, your unshaken courage and simplicity of manners,—qualifications by which you surpass men even the most celebrated of antiquity."

"I am sorry," wrote Patrick Henry, then Governor of Virginia, in allusion to the accusations of one of the notorious faction of 1777,—"I am sorry there should be one man who counts himself my friend, who is not yours."

Thomas Jefferson, who, we all know, sometimes differed from him, took pains, at a later period of his life, to say of him in a record for posterity: "His integrity was most pure; his justice the most inflexible I have ever known; no motives of interest or consanguinity, of friendship or hatred, being able to bias his decision. He was, indeed, in every sense of the word, a wise, a good, and a great man."

"If I could now present myself," wrote Edmund Randolph, who had made injurious imputations on Washington before and after his dismissal from the Cabinet in 1795,—"if I could now present myself before your venerated uncle," he wrote most touchingly to Judge Bushrod Washington in 1810, "it would be my pride to confess my contrition, that I suffered my irritation, let the cause be what it might, to use some of those expressions respecting him, which, at this moment of indifference to the world, I wish to recall, as being inconsistent with my subsequent conviction. My life will, I hope, be sufficiently extended for the recording of my sincere opinion of his virtues and merit, in a style which is not the result of a mind merely debilitated by misfortune, but of that Christian Philosophy on which alone I depend for inward tranquillity."

And far more touching and more telling still is the fact, that even Thomas Conway, the leader of that despicable cabal at Valley Forge, but who lived to redeem his name in other lands, if not in our own,—when believing himself to be mortally wounded in a duel, in 1778, and "just able," as he said, "to hold the pen for a few minutes,"—employed those few minutes in writing to Washington to express his "sincere grief for having done, written, or said anything disagreeable" to him, adding these memorable words: "You are, in my eyes, the great and good man. May you long enjoy the love, veneration, and esteem of these states, whose liberties you have asserted by your virtues!"

From his illustrious friend, Alexander Hamilton, I need not cite a word. His whole life bore testimony, more impressive than words, to an admiration and affection for his great chief, which could not be exceeded, and which no momentary misunderstandings could shake.

But listen once more, and only once more, to Lafayette, writing to Washington from Cadiz in 1783, when the glad tidings of the Treaty of Peace had just reached him: "Were you but such a man as Julius Cæsar, or the King of Prussia, I should almost be sorry for you at the end of the great tragedy where you are acting such a part. But, with my dear General, I rejoice at the blessings of a Peace in which our noble ends have been secured. * * * As for you, who truly can say you have done all this, what must your virtuous and good heart feel in the happy moment when the Revolution you have made is now firmly established!" Rightly and truly did Lafayette say that his beloved General was of another spirit and of a different mould from Cæsar and Frederick. Washington had little, or nothing, in common with the great military heroes of his own or any other age,—conquering for the sake of conquest,—"wading through slaughter to a throne,"—and overrunning the world, at a countless cost of blood and treasure, to gratify their own ambition, or to realize some mad dream of universal empire. No ancient Plutarch has furnished any just parallel for him in this respect. No modern Plutarch will find one. In all history, ancient and modern alike, he stands, in this respect, as individual and unique as yonder majestic Needle.

In his Eulogy on Washington before the Legislature of Massachusetts, the eloquent Fisher Ames, my earliest predecessor in Congress from the Boston district, said, eighty-five years ago, that, in contemplating his career and character, "Mankind perceived some change in their ideas of greatness. * * * The splendor of power, and even the name of Conqueror, had grown dim in their eyes. * * * They knew and felt that the world's wealth, and its empire too, would be a bribe far beneath his acceptance." Yes, they all saw that he bore ever in his mind and in his heart, as he said at Phila-

Continued on Eighth Page.