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Washington, the Man of Integrity.

AN ADDRESS BY REV. THEODORE PARKER.

The lecture last evening, before the Fraternity Association, was delivered by Rev. Theodore Parker, upon "Washington, the Man of Integrity," and was one every way worthy of the speaker and his theme.

In the beginning of the last century, said Mr. Parker, in Westmoreland County, Va., between the Potomac and Rapahannock rivers, at a spot called Bridge's Creek, there was living an obscure farmer, named Augustine Washington. He was born in 1694, and belonged to a short-lived family, which had emigrated to Virginia in 1647. He inherited but little, but by his own diligence and thrift acquired considerable property, consisting chiefly of wild land, negro slaves and cattle. In the rude husbandry of the time and place, he raised horned-beasts, swine and tobacco. Augustine was first married at the age of twenty-one, to Jane Butler, who became the mother of four children; but she died in 1728, leaving two sons, Lawrence and Augustine. Fifteen months later, for his second wife, he married Mary Bell, who is said to have been beautiful, and the belle of the neighborhood. She became the mother of six children.—George Washington was the oldest; the fifth child of his father, his mother's first. She was twenty-eight at the time of his birth, and the father thirty-eight. He was born on Saturday, the 22d of February, 1732—a day famous in the political annals of America.

He first saw the light in a rude farm-house, steep-roofed, with broad eaves, one story high, with four rooms on the floor, and some in the attic, a large chimney at each end, carried up on the outside of the house. It was old and ricketty then; not a trace of it now remains but a blue stone, with the inscription, "The Birth-Place of Washington." Descended from the common class of Virginia farmers, the boy has become a great man. No ruler of Anglo-Saxon stock has so great a reputation for the higher qualities of human virtue. For more than a thousand years no political man has left a name so much to be coveted, none become so dear to thoughtful mankind. In the long line of Kings, Generals and Emperors, from the first monarch to the last President or Pope, none rank so high for the prime excellencies of heroic virtue.—His name is the watchword of Liberty, his example and character are held up for the model of all men in authority. So much is he estimated at home, that the most selfish and deceitful of politicians use his name as a stalking-horse which they creep behind when they would deceive and exploiter the people. He is one of the great authorities of American politicians. All parties appeal to him, sometimes for good, most commonly for ill. Let us look at this new-born Saturday's child, and see what he did, what he suffered, and what he at last thereby became and was.

The lecturer then, at considerable length, sketched the life of Washington, dividing it into six periods—his boyhood and youth, his services in the French and Indian wars, his life as a Virginia farmer and as a member of various political bodies, his services in the revolutionary war, then as President, and at last, the end of all. The story is one that, though often repeated, never grows old, and the large audience listened to this review of a grand life, made vivid by the fervor and eloquence of the speaker's words, and enlivened by "fine touches of nature," with rapt attention.

Mr. Parker said he should speak first of those great acts of his life which indicated the man's character, or had a great influence upon it. In his boyhood and youth his opportunities for academic education were small. One Mr. Hobbie taught him reading, writing and spelling in his early day. After his father's death, he lived with his brother, and learned geometry at a superior school at Bridge's Creek, and became quite finished in whatever studies he entered on. He had a military spirit very soon, and at 14 he obtained a midshipman's warrant; his luggage was put on a vessel; but his mother would not let him go; he was not to be a midshipman. On such small events do grand results hinge. He afterward learned surveying. Before he was 17 he fancied he was in love with Miss Perry; but the course of true love did not run smooth.—He called her "the lowland beauty," but he survived her woeful scorn, and only his verses remain to prove that he was in love. He fell in love again, but this time he was cured by athletic sports. Thereafter, he bade farewell to verses and love.

His mother had a hard temper, fitted to command; and when Lafayette visited her in the Revolution, he found her weeding in her garden, and she had the good sense not to change her attire, but came forward at once to welcome her courtly visitor. Washington acquired much of her character.—He was trained, too, not by books, but by events. He continued his practice of surveying with success.

His military career commenced early, and he was active in raising troops to act against the savages. When he joined the expedition of Braddock, he had more knowledge than the commander himself; and had his advice been followed, he would have been successful. After that defeat, Washington was appointed Commander-in-Chief. He had many difficulties to contend with. In all his proceedings he was firm, but very moderate, and this moderation is peculiar, since it is so rare for military men to lose an opportunity to be tyrants.

From 1759 to 1774, with his rich and beautiful wife, Mr. Curtis's widow, he lived on his farm, in the old style of Virginia elegance, dressing elegantly and visited by many guests. He had the Washington arms on his liveries and elsewhere, and other expensive and fashionable goods from London. Thus the river of his life spread out over a broad shallow of ease and pleasure. His diary shows not a philosophic thought or tendency to inquiry, but he recorded in his diary very minute things, such as his astonishment that four pecks of grain should make five pecks of meal. One year he was in the Virginia Assembly, where he made no speeches longer than ten minutes, but was distinguished for quiet and dignified integrity. At the coming of evil rumors from the North, he was not the first to move. In 1769 he was ready to raise and equip a thousand men, pay them, and march them to Boston.

It is not difficult, said Mr. P., to understand a character which is so plain, the features so distinct and strongly marked.—Look at his intellect. He had not great reason—the philosophic power which loves universal laws and scientific truths, resting upon them for ends. He was not a speculative man; he did not turn his thought to ideas. He had no tendency to science; did not look for causes, modes of operation, general laws—only for facts. He was concerned for measures, not with principles. He had not much imagination, that poetic power which rests in ideal beauty for its ends.—There was litle of the ideal element in him. He took no notice of the handsome things in nature, art or literature. I remember but one reference to anything of the kind, and that is the "lowland beauty" who so charmed him in boyhood, where the attraction, probably, was not purely scientific. (Laughter.)

He wrote much. It is not always easy to ascertain what came from his own pen, and what from his secretary's. Almost all his great state papers were partly, if not wholly, the work of other men. The celebrated "Farewell Address" must be referred to Mr. Madison, who made the first draft in 1792, when Washington intended to retire, and to Mr. Hamilton—possibly a yet abler man—who, in '97, wrote it over again. Washington wrote it over anew with his own hand, and made alterations; still, I think the substance of the work came from Madison and Hamilton.

Commonly, his style is conventional, tame, dull. It is refreshing to find that he sometimes departed from this language. He calls the British soldiers "red coats;" Gen. Putnam, "Old Put;" talks of "kicking up some dust in New England," and "making a rumpus in Massachusetts;" complains that men are nominated for high places "who are not fit to be shoe-blacks;" speaks of "the rascally tories," and talks of "the scoundrel from Marblehead;" but, in general, his style is plain, business-like, without fancy or figure of speech, or even of wrath. It is not grass, that you pick up by handfuls growing in the fields, but hay, which you pull down from the mow in the barn, ready for use.

Washington had not much imagination. He had a great understanding, and uncommon common sense; that admirable balance of faculties which we call good judgment—the power of seeing the most expedient way of doing what must be done; a quality I find more rare than what we call genius. Yet his understanding was not of wide range, but limited to a few principles that pertain to practical affairs. Although thus gifted, he was not a great originator. I think he invented nothing, discovered nothing—in politics, war, or agriculture. He was a soldier sixteen years. I do not find that he advanced anything new in military affairs. He sat in the Virginia Assembly of Burghesses, in the Continental Congress, and in the Convention to frame the Constitution; but I do not find that he brought forward any new idea, or even proposed a new measure. He was eight years President, and left behind him no more marks of originating, inventive talent.

But he was a good organizer; naturally systematic, industrious, regular, by early habit, he had the art to make things take the orderly shape to serve the purpose he had in view. Thus, his large farm was organized with masterly skill. In the French and Indian wars. he took the raw material and organized it into companies and regiments, making a snug little army. In the war of the Revolution he did the same thing, on a larger scale and under greater difficulties than before. He laid out the plan of a battle with great good sense. I think there was no originality in his mode. He followed the old schemes, and always took abundent counsel. As President, he had much of this organizing work to attend to, and it was admirably done; but with the help of John Adams, Jefferson, Hamilton, Jay, and other great men. He had a masterly talent for laying his hands on great men and setting them to do their proper work, and of knowing when it was well done. He did not invent, but found out who could invent, and knew when he discovered the right thing. His great talent was that of administration. He had that rare combination of judgment, capacity and courage which made him able to manage all things well. He was fond of details; no little thing was too minute for his delicate eye.

Some pleasant anecdotes were told in illustration of this trait of character, one of which was to the effect that Washington, distrusting the capacity of the negro to be a good soldier, or, at any rate, to be placed on guard, one night put on an unmilitary coat and advanced to a colored sentry, and heard the challenge, "Who goes there?" "A friend." "Friend, advance, without arms, and give the countersign." Washington said "Roxbury." "No, sare."—"Medford." "No, sare." "Boston."—"No, sare. I tell you what, Massa Washington, no man go by here without he say *Cambridge*." [Laughter and applause.]—Washington said "Cambridge," and passed by, but gave orders that the colored man should be relieved of his duties as sentinel after that.

He administered his farm with nice and rare economy. His day-books show what all the men were doing at home each day. With the same skill he administered the affairs of the army in the French and Indian war, and, on a greater scale, the affairs of the Revolutionary war. The more you look at the fact, the more you are astonished at the difficulty of his position, and the more you are amazed at the consummate skill with which he administered his humble means, material and human, and at the grand results he brought to pass.

He was not a brilliant commander. He never fought a brilliant campaign, and only one brilliant battle—that of Trenton.—But I do not think that Alexander or Cæsar; that Napoleon, or even Hannibal, had more administrative skill, save only in this—he lacked the power of making rapid concentrations upon the field of battle. He must think it all over, draw it on paper, and plan his movements. and fix the place for his troops. Hence he was successful only in attacks, and not equally able when the assault was made on him. He had a far-sighted judgment; in much time he prepared and wrought for much time. He had military talent, not genius for war.

As President, he administered the political affairs of the nation with the same skill, the same patience in details, the same comprehensive diligence. He was a man of judgment, not genius. In all important matters, he required every Cabinet officer to write out a complete report in the case which was presented to him, and to tell what measures he thought ought to be adopted; then, studying all these carefully, he made up his mind, after a thorough knowledge of the facts, and getting the opinions of three or four able men.

But the superiority of Washington was not in intellect. He was always surrounded by men who were greatly his superior in mental force. His excellence was moral. He had that admirable balance of the moral powers which is to virtue what good sense is to intellect. One of the most cautious of men, he was not morally enthusiastic or transcendental. There was no "moonshine" in his moral, more than in his military character. His virtue was not

——"Too fair and good
For human nature's daily food."

His natural temptations, I think, did not incline him much to the vices of passion in his youth, for he was of that stern and austere make that leads to asceticism rather than to indulgence. He wrote in his copy-book at the age of thirteen, "Labor to keep alive in your hearts that spark of celestial fire called conscience." In few hearts did it ever burn with steadier or more constant flame. Yet he was a man, not ascetic. He had a nice love of order, a quick instinct for decorum. This appears in his note-books, in the accuracy of his diagrams as a surveyor, in the clear, round hand, and hard, lucid style of his writings, in the regularity of his habits, in the stately deportment that marked him in the camp, in the crowd, and in the Senate of the nation. Yet, if you look carefully, you find more order in things and less order in thought. He was accurate in his accounts, punctual in regard to time, orderly in all things.

He had a great power of wrath. Inheriting the high, quick temper of his mother, in youth he was "sudden and quick in quarrel;" in middle life his wrath was tremendous, sometimes getting vent in words, sometimes in blows. He never overcome this. Jefferson tells us of one occasion on which the President was much inflamed, and got into one of those fits of passion, and called a certain man a "rascal," (I do not think he *mis*-called him,) and said, "By —— I had rather be in my grave than in my present situation." Hamilton, who worshipped him in public, and led him behind the scenes, complains that in the later years of the Revolutionary war, his temper greatly offended the officers.

There are some men who find great fault with Washington for this. I do not love a man for losing his temper; but I have lived too long, and seen too many men, to suppose that when men fire cannon, they dip their Pope's head in holy water to swab them out, and utter benedictions before touching off their piece! [Laughter.] It is with great passions that men fight great wars; and when I find a great man, I expect him to be great all round, in his material basis as well as in his mental superstructure. But it is rather a refreshing fact to find that this cool, cautious, diplomatic man, could once in a while swear. [Laughter and loud applause.]

By nature and education he had strong love of approbation; he was greedy of applause. Proof of that you find in all his life; but yet, in all his manly public life, as legislator, general, President, you cannot find a single instance in which he courted popularity. An office always sought him—he never it. In no instance did he ever stoop his proud head to shun abuse, or to pick up favor out of the mire where the mob and politicians tread with unclean feet. Admirers were about him—he could not help that; but there was no place for a flatterer; and in all his public addresses, in his official letters, in his private letters, in his journals, in his writings, in his familiar talk, there is no evidence that he ever referred to himself, or alluded to any great or good deed he ever did. After 1790, the eyes of the nation, yes, the eyes of the world were on the noblest man in it. His eye was on the nation and on God's eternal right; it was not on George Washington, or his great deeds. Popularity—it is the boy's bonfire in the street; Merit—it is the heavenly light of sun, moon, and stars, which never sets, and asks no favor of any man.

Washington was courageous. He had that animal courage which laughs at danger and despises fear. This was tempered with caution; it was a discreet valor, that did not waste its strength. But he had that high moral courage which dares confront perils worse than whistling bullets; upholds a righteous cause, though ever so unpopular, and fears nothing so much as to do wrong. When defeated, he still bore up, "bating no jot of heart or hope," and wrote home, "Our cause is so good, God will not permit it to fail."

The highest moral quality is integrity—faithfulness to conviction and delegated trust. That is the crowning virtue, and Washington had it in the highest degree. Here I know not who is his superior. In the whole range of American history I find no superior. I cannot put my finger upon a single act of his public or private life which would detract from this high praise. He did get angry, he did swear. Let him do so; he kept his integrity, and if he did wrong in his wrath, he asked the man's forgiveness when the wrath was over. He had no subtlety, no cunning, no duplicity. He hated liars—it was a great merit. He withdrew from Jefferson when he found him fraudulent, and from his secretary, Mr. Lee, whom he loved as his own brother, when he found him false to some small trust. He would not give Aaron Burr an office, because, "although he has got a great intellect, he is an intriguer."

There was nothing little, nothing mean in him. There wes nothing selfish in his ambition. He rises above the most of men about him, in the camp, in the cabinet, as the tall pine tree above the little bushes at its foot. Some of the officers of the army, sided by monarchical men in the States, wanted to make Washington King, but he pushed the crown away from him with conscientious horror. In all the history of mankind, where do you find such an example of forbearance? A triumphant soldier refusing power, preferring to go back and till his ground!

"His means were honest as his ende."

I must say a word of his religious character, for that is the great deep thing in him. Here there appears the same peculiarity as in his intellectual and moral character. He had much of the principle, little of the sentiment of religion. He was more moral than he was pious. In early life, a certain respect for ecclesiastical forms made him a vestryman at two churches. This respect for outward forms, with ministers and reporters for newspapers, very often passes for the substance of religion. It does not appear that Washington took a deep and spontaneous delight in religious emotions, more than in poetry, in works of art, or in the beauty of nature. But he had devout reverence for the First Cause of all things—a deep, a sublime and unfailing trust in that Providence which watches over the affairs of nations and of men, and is sure to give the just the ultimate victory. I find his religion in his stern determination to do his duty to his God, with his habitual reverence for that holy name. In the last years of his life, from 1776 to the time of his death, he partook of the Lord's Supper but once. Ministers have taken their revenge for the omission, and have denied his religious character. It is not easy to ascertain in detail his theological opinions, for these he kept to himself. In one of his addresses he speaks of the "pure and benign light of revelation," and of the "Divine Author of our blessed religion." Silence is a figure of speech, and in the later years of his life, I suppose his theological opinions were those of John Adams, Dr. Franklin and Thomas Jefferson, only he was not a speculative man. and did not care to publish them to the world.

Anxious to claim him for the Christian Church, ministers have rested his Christian character on the fact that he whipped men for swearing, that he had prayers in Fort Necessity in 1754, was a vestryman in his youth, and once in high office, attended the Communion, and partook of what is called the Sacrament. If they are satisfied with such proof, I am content; but I find the proof of Washington's religion in his veraciousness, in his abhorrence of falsehood, in that moral courage which never failed him, and in that matchless integrity, where he stands superior to the rest of mankind.—Above all, I find it in his relation to the nation's greatest crime. He was born a slaveholder, he was brought up with slavery all about him, slaves fell to him by marriage, the entailed property of his wife. Washington wished to get rid of it, but could not. The African slave trade was thought as honorable as dealing in land, cotton, wheat or oil. Washington always disliked slavery; thought it wrong, wicked.

In June, 1774, he was chairman of the committee that drafted the Fairfax Resolves, and they declared that no slaves ought to be imported into any of the British colonies on this continent. They express their wish to have an entire stop put forever to this "wicked, cruel and unnatural work." When Lafayette bought a plantation on one of the French islands, for the purpose of emancipating the slaves, Washington wrote to him—"I should be happy to join you in so noble a work. Would to God a like spirit would infuse itself into the minds of the people of Virginia! But I despair of it. By degrees it might be done. Decidedly, it ought to be effected, and that by the legislative authority." He sought to promote the emancipation of all slaves in Virginia. This could not be done. At last, by his will, he sets free all his own bondmen, their deliverance to take place at the death of his wife—it could not before; and he charges his executors to see that this clause respecting the slaves be religiously fulfilled, without evasion, neglect or delay. Here he was superior to his age; here I find proof of his religious character. If Christianity be more than one of the humbugs imposed upon a groaning world, it is because it teaches a religion which consists in piety, the natural love of God, and morality, the natural keeping of his laws; and if piety and morality be religion, then who shall dare to charge Washington with lack of Christianity? Ministers who fawn upon wickedness, and statesmen who enact iniquity into law! Before he left the earth, he wrenched the fetters from off each bondman's foot, and as he began his flight to heaven, he dropped them into the bottomless pit—where they who seek, perhaps may find! [Applause.]

After stating some facts to show that Washington, although in character as much a New Englander as Franklin or either Adams, yet could not understand New England and the equality which existed here among all classes, Mr. Parker said: I have heard it stated that Washington was not a great soldier. Certainly, he created an army out of the roughest material, and outgeneralled everything that Britain sent against him; and in the midst of poverty, in the midst of opposition, organized victory. He was not brilliant nor rapid; he was slow, defensive, and victorious. He knew how to make an empty bag stand upright, which Poor Richard says is a hard thing.

Washington is the first man of his type. When will there be another? As yet American rhetoricians do not tell half his excellence, because they are afraid the people cannot comprehend it. Cromwell was the greatest Anglo-Saxon that ever ruled on a large scale. In intellect he was superior to Washington, in integrity immeasurably below him. Washington never dissembled,—he sought nothing for himself; in him there is no unsound spot, save his wrath, and that is hardly unsound—rather a protuberance than a weak spot. There is nothing little or mean in his character. The whole was clean and presentable. I think better of mankind because he lived, enriching the earth with a life so full of humanity. Shall we make an idol of him? Worship him with huzzas on Fourth of Julys, and stupid rhetoric the rest of the year? Shall we build him a great monument, and bottom it in a slave pen? They may do it who like. His glory is already writ on the continent! More than two hundred places bear his name. He is entrenched in the great earthworks of America. The people are his monument. The Indians understand him. The New York Indians say Washington alone, of all white men, has been admitted to the Indian heaven. There, opposite the large gate where the good Indians go in, there is, in a great park, a palace which is General Washington's home. There every Indian sees him, with his military coat, and his great hat, and his sword by his side. With reverent homage they salute the great man; he returns the salutation, his hand upon his sword, but says nothing. Such, says the Indian, is his reward from the Great Spirit, for his justice to the red man. God be thanked for such men:

"Souls supreme, in each hard instinct tried,
Above all pain, all passion, and all pride;
The rage of power, the blast of public breath,
The lust of lucre, and the dread of death."

The lecture of Mr. Parker occupied one hour and forty minutes, but the large audience listened with unabated interest to the close.

Annexation of Maine to Canada.

The New York *Tribune* publishes a private letter from London containing statements that are "important if true." They are, substantially, that the State of Maine is necessary to the complete construction of the great Colonial Railroad through Canada, and Lord Lyons is to be sent to Washington to secure its annexation to Canada. He says:

"The scheme to which I have referred consists in the acquisition of the State of Maine by Great Britain, and in constituting it a member of the confederation of provinces extending from Vancouver's Island to Newfoundland, north of the American line to the Arctic regions."

Maine abounds in good seaports, accessible at all seasons of the year, and is consequently the most prolific school for sailors in the New World. Its proximity to New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Newfoundland and other Islands, is thought to present an obstacle to the before mentioned plan of a vice-regal empire, as well as to be dangerous to the commerce likely to flow from it. Besides, there is already established an English railway from Portland to Montreal. Its terminus at Portland is being filled up with English families, representatives of important Canada and British interests. These interests the imperial government has declared its intention to protect and enlarge by fair and honest means, if possible, but the possession of the State of Maine is considered so essential to the development of the projected Canadian Empire, as well as the security of the trade between it and the British West Indies and Europe, that it has, I believe, been decided to take it by force if the reasonable representations of the English Government to the Cabinet at Washington, backed by the offer of a liberal pecuniary indemnity, should fail.

Gila Diggings.

The following is an extract of a letter from Mr. W. D. Kirk, to his wife, dated Gila River, December 3d, 1858. He says:

"I had a very hard trip; I had to walk nearly all the way. I was out prospecting yesterday, but did not find a fortune. The mines here are quite different from any that I ever saw, and I certainly cannot boast of them. There are some rich ravines here, but they are so small and the dirt so shallow that by a few day's work they are entirely exhausted. Tell all my friends not to be in a hurry till they hear from me, which they shall do as soon as practicable. There is one miserable little monte bank in operation here, but it amounts to nothing. This is the most God forsaken country that I ever saw; everything is very high, but is gradually coming down.

"Still they Go."

Another lot of negroes numbering some seventy-five, left yesterday on the steamer New Falls City. These negroes are in fine condition, physically speaking. The lot is made up of several small lots, shipped by different traders to a Southern market, and it appeared to us that females and children comprised the majority of the number.

The long row of sooty faces, arranged along the boat's hurricane deck, and gazing quietly on the wharf, taking nearly a their last look on the Missouri soil, from which they had just stepped forever, as hundreds of their species are doing every week, could not but be very suggestive to the mind of the reflective spectators. One of our pro-slavery friends remarked to us, "It is one of the signs of the times—the niggers are vanishing sure."—*St. Louis Dem., 21st.*

It is not what we earn, but what we save, that makes us rich. It is not what we eat, but what we digest, that makes us fat. It is not what we read, but what we remember, that makes us learn. All this is very simple, but it is worth remembering.