they are, and how great they have been, and how much our country has owed them, I may well exclaim, "*Felix prole virum!*" But as I think of her Washington—of our Washington, let me rather say—I am almost ready to add, "*Læta Deum partu!*"

A celebrated philosopher of antiquity, who was nearly contemporary with Christ, but who could have known nothing of what was going on in Judea, and who, alas! did not always "reck his own rede," wrote thus to a younger friend, as a precept for a worthy life: "Some good man must be singled out and kept ever before our eyes, that we may live as if he were looking on, and do everything as if he could see it."

CHERISH HIS EXAMPLE.

Let me borrow the spirit, if not the exact letter, of that precept, and address it to the young men of my country: "Keep ever in your mind and before your mind's eye the loftiest standard of character. You have it, I need not say, supremely and unapproachably in Him who spake as never man spake, and lived as never man lived, and who died for the sins of the world. That character stands apart and alone. But of merely mortal man the monument we have dedicated to-day points out the one for all Americans to study, to imitate, and, as far as may be, to emulate. Keep his example and his character ever before your eyes and in your hearts. Live and act as if he were seeing and judging your personal conduct and your public career. Strive to approximate that lofty standard, and measure your integrity and your patriotism by your nearness to it or your departure from it. The prime meridian of universal longitude, on sea or land, may be at Greenwich, or at Paris, or where you will; but the prime meridian of pure, disinterested, patriotic, exalted human character will be marked forever by yonder Washington obelisk!"

Yes, to the young men of America, under God, it remains, as they rise up from generation to generation, to shape the destinies of their country's future, and woe unto them if, regardless of the great example which is set before them, they prove unfaithful to the tremendous responsibilities which rest upon them!

Yet let me not seem, even for a moment, to throw off upon the children the rightful share of those responsibilities which belong to their fathers. Upon us, upon us, it devolves to provide that the advancing generations shall be able to comprehend, and equal to meet, the demands which are thus before them. It is ours—it is yours especially, Senators and Representatives—to supply them with the means of that universal education which is the crying want of our land, and without which any intelligent and successful free government is impossible.

We are just entering on a new olympiad of our national history—the twenty-fifth olympiad since Washington first entered upon the administration of our Constitutional Government. The will of the people has already designated under whom the first century of that Government is to be closed, and the best hopes and wishes of every patriot will be with him in the great responsibilities on which he is about to enter. No distinction of party or of section prevents our all feeling alike that our country, by whomsoever governed, is still and always our country, to be cherished in all our hearts, to be upheld and defended by all our hands!

Most happy would it be if the 30th of April, on which the first inauguration of Washington took place in 1789, could henceforth be the date of all future inaugurations—as it might be by a slight amendment of the Constitution—giving, as it would, a much-needed extension to the short sessions of Congress, and letting the second century of our constitutional history begin where the first century began.

THE INSPIRATION.

But let the date be what it may, the inspiration of the centennial anniversary of that first great inauguration must not be lost upon us. Would that any words of mine could help us all, old and young, to resolve that the principles and character and example of Washington, as he came forward to take the oaths of office on that day, shall once more be recognized and reverenced as the model for all who succeed him, and that his disinterested purity and patriotism shall be the supreme test and standard of American statesmanship! That standard can never be taken away from us. The most elaborate and durable monuments may perish; but neither the forces of nature nor any fiendish crime of man can ever mar or mutilate a great example of public or private virtue.

Our matchless obelisk stands proudly before us to-day, and we hail it with the exultations of a united and glorious nation. It may or may not be proof against the cavils of critics; but nothing of human construction is against the casualties of time. The storms of winter must blow and beat upon it. The action of the elements must soil and discolor it. The lightnings of heaven may scar and blacken it. An earthquake may shake its foundations. Some mighty tornado or resistless cyclone may rend its massive blocks asunder and hurl huge fragments to the ground. But the character which it commemorates and illustrates is secure. It will remain unchanged and unchangeable in all its consummate purity and splendor, and will more and more command the homage of succeeding ages in all regions of the earth.

GOD BE PRAISED, THAT CHARACTER IS OURS FOREVER!

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THE DANIEL ORATION.

VIRGINIA PAYS TRIBUTE.

A Glowing Eulogy Delivered in the House of Representatives by the Hon. John W. Daniel.

Hon. John W. Daniel spoke as follows:

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the Commission: Solitary and alone in its grandeur stands forth the character of Washington in history; solitary and alone, like some peak that has no fellow in the mountain-range of greatness.

"Washington"—says Guizot—"Washington did the two greatest things which in politics it is permitted to man to attempt. He maintained by peace the independence of his country which he had conquered by war. He founded a free government in the name of the principles of order, and by re-establishing their sway." Washington did, indeed, do these things. But he did more. Out of disconnected fragments he moulded a whole and made it a country. He achieved his country's independence by the sword. He maintained that independence by peace as by war. He finally established both his country and its freedom in an enduring frame of constitutional government, fashioned to make Liberty and Union one and inseparable. These four things together constitute the unexampled achievement of Washington.

The world has ratified the profound remark of Fisher Ames, that "he changed mankind's ideas of political greatness." It has approved the opinion of Edward Everett, that he was "the greatest of good men and the best of great men." It has felt for him, with Erskine, "an awful reverence." It has attested the declaration of Brougham that "he was the greatest man of his own or of any age." It is a matter of fact to-day as when General Hamilton, announcing his death to the army, said: "The voice of praise would in vain endeavor to exalt a name unrivalled in the lists of true glory." America still proclaims him, as did Colonel Henry Lee in the House of Representatives, "the man first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." And from beyond the sea the voice of Alfieri, breathing the soul of all lands and all peoples, still pronounces the blessing: "Happy are you who have for the sublime and permanent basis of your glory the love of country demonstrated by deeds."

Tell me, ye who have unrolled the scrolls that bear the records of the rise and fall of nations; ye before whose eyes has moved the panorama of man's struggles, achievements, and progression, find you anywhere the story of one whose life-work is more than a fragment of that which in his life is set before you?

SOLITARY IN HIS GRANDEUR.

Conquerers who have stretched your sceptres over boundless territories; founders of empires who have held your dominions in the reign of law; reformers who have cried aloud in the wilderness of oppression; teachers who have striven to cast down false doctrine, heresy, and schisms; statesmen whose brains have throbbed with mighty plans for the amelioration of human society; scar-crowned Vikings of the sea, illustrious heroes of the land, who have borne the standards of siege and battle—come forth in bright array from your glorious fanes, and would ye be measured by the measure of his stature? Behold you not in him a more illustrious and more venerable presence? Statesman, Soldier, Patriot, Sage, Reformer of Creeds, Teacher of Truth and Justice, Achiever and Preserver of Liberty,—the First of Men,—Founder and Saviour of his Country—Father of his People;—this is he, solitary and unapproachable in his grandeur.

Oh! felicitous Providence that gave to America our Washington!

High soars into the sky to-day, higher than the Pyramids or the dome of St. Paul's or St. Peter's—the loftiest and most imposing structure that man has ever reared—high soars into the sky to where

"Earth highest yearns to meet a star,"

the monument which "we, the people of the United States," have uplifted to his memory. It is a fitting monument, more fitting than any statue; for his image could only display him in some one phase of his varied character, as the commander, the statesman, the planter of Mount Vernon, or the Chief Magistrate of his country. So art has fitly typified his exalted life in yon plain lofty shaft. Such is his greatness that only by a symbol could it be represented. As Justice must be blind in order to be whole in contemplation, so History must be silent that by this mighty sign she may disclose the amplitude of her story.

It was fitting that the eminent citizen who thirty-seven years ago spoke at the laying of the corner-stone should be the orator at the consummation of the work which he inaugurated. It was Massachusetts that struck the first blow for independence; it was her voice that made the stones of Boston to "rise in mutiny"; it was her blessed blood that sealed the covenant of our salvation. The firmament of our national life she has thickly sown with deeds of glory.

John Adams, of Massachusetts, was among the first to urge the name of Washington to the Continental Congress when it commissioned him as commander-in-chief of the American forces. It was upon her soil that he drew the sword which was sheathed at Yorktown, and first gave to the battle breeze the thirteen stripes that now float in the new galaxies of stars; and meet it was that here in the Capitol of the republic, at the distance of more than a century from its birth, the eloquent son of that illustrious State should span the chasm with his bridge of gold and emblazon the final arch of commemoration.

And I fancy, too, that in a land where the factious tongues of the older nations are being hushed at last, and all rival strains commingled in the blood of brotherhood, the accomplished mission of America finds fitting illustration in the Sage descending from the Pilgrims crowning the Hero sprung from the Cavaliers.

VIRGINIA'S GREAT MEN.

It has seemed fitting to you, Mr. Chairman and gentlemen of the Commission, that a citizen of the State which was the birthplace and the home of Washington—whose House of Burgesses, of which he was a member, made the first burst of opposition against the stamp act, although less pecuniarily interested therein than their New England brethren, and was the first representative body to recommend a General Congress of the Colonies; of the State whose Mason drew that Bill of Rights which has been called the Magna Charta of America; whose Jefferson wrote, whose Richard Henry Lee moved, the Declaration that those colonies be "free and independent States:" whose Henry condensed the Revolution into the electric sentence, "Liberty or death;" of the State which cemented union with the vast territorial dowry out of which five States have been carved, having now here some ninety representatives; of that State whose Madison was named "the Father of the Constitution," and whose Marshall became its most eminent expounder, of the State which holds within its bosom the sacred ashes of Washington, and cherishes not less the principles which once kindled them with fires of Heaven descended—it has seemed fitting to you, gentlemen, that a citizen of that State should also be invited to deliver an address on this occasion.

Would with all my heart that a worthier one, not I, had been your choice. Too highly do I esteem the position in which you place me to feel aught but solemn distrustfulness and apprehension. And who, indeed, might not shrink from such a theatre, when a Winthrop's eloquence still thrilled all hearts, with Washington the theme?

Yet, in Virginia's name I thank you for the honor done her, even in the person of her humble son who is the medium of its acceptance. She deserved it. In her merit I hide my insignificance. Times there are when even hardihood is virtue; and to such virtue alone do I lay claim in venturing to abide your choice to be her spokesman.

None more than her could I offend did I take opportunity to give her undue exaltation. Her foremost son does not belong to her alone, nor does she so claim him. His part and her part in the revolution would have been as naught but for what was done so gloriously by his brothers in council and in arms, and by her sister colonies who kept the mutual pledge of "life, fortune, and sacred honor."

New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia—your comrade of the days that tried men's souls, salutes you in honor, and affection—no laurel could be plucked too bright for Virginia's hand to lay upon your brows!

And ye, our younger companions, who have sprung forth from the wilderness, the prairie, and the mountain, and now extend your empire to the far slopes where your teeming cities light their lamps by the setting sun—what grander tribute to the past—what happier assurance of the present—what more auspicious omens of the future could Heaven vouchsafe us than those which live, and move, and have their being in your presence?

But may I not remind you that Washington was a Virginian before he became an American, to tell his countrymen that "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 if I seek the fountains from which sprung a character so instinct with all-embracing patriotism, I shall pursue a line that seems not without suggestion in the invitation given me, and may not be without an useful lesson.

The Puritans of England, who, from the landing at Plymouth in 1620 to the uprising against Charles I. in 1640, "turned to the New World," in the language of Canning, "to redress the balance of the Old," were quickly followed to America by a new stream of immigration that has left as marked an impress upon our civilization between the South Atlantic and the Mississippi as the sons of the Pilgrims have made between the North Atlantic and the Lakes.

VIRGINIA'S LOYALTY.

When Charles I. was beheaded in 1649, and when his son, the second Charles, was beaten as Worcester in 1651, multitudes of the King's men turned their faces also to the new land of hope; the very events which checked the emigration of the Puritans to New England, giving impulse to the tide which moved the Cavaliers to the Old Dominion. Between 1650 and 1670 the Virginia colony increased from fifteen thousand to forty thousand souls; and nearly one half of this number thither came within the decade after the execution of the King and the rise of Cromwell's Commonwealth on the ruins of his throne.

Intense loyalists were these new Virginians who "would defend the crown if it hung upon a bush"; and when indeed its substance vanished with the royal head that wore it, these "faithful subjects of King and Church" held allegiance to its phantom and to the exiled claimant. But they were not inattentive to their liberties, and if Virginia was the last of all the countries belonging to England to submit to Cromwell, yet she was also the "first State in the world composed of separate boroughs, diffused over an extensive surface, where representation was organized on the principle of universal suffrage." And in the very terms of surrender to the Commonwealth it was stipulated that "the people of Virginia" should have all the liberties of the free-born people of England; should entrust their business as formerly to their own Grand Assembly, and should remain unquestioned for past loyalty to the King.

As in New England the Pilgrim colony grew apace, so in Virginia prospered that of the cavaliers. With the love of landed estates, which is an instinct of their race, they planted their homes in the fertile lowlands, building great houses on broad acres, surrounded by ornamental grounds and gardens.

Mimic empires were these large estates, and a certain baronial air pervaded them. Trade with Europe loaded the tables of their proprietors with luxuries; rich plate adorned them. Household drudgeries were separated from the main dwelling. The family became a government within itself—the mistress a rural queen—the master a local potentate, with his graziers, seedsmen, gardners, brewers, butchers, and cooks around him. Many of the heads of families were travelled and accomplished men. The parishes were ministered to by the clergy of the Established Church. In the old College of William and Mary ere long were found the resources of classic education, and in the old capital town of Williamsburg the winter season shone resplendent with the entertainments of a refined society.

OLD CIVILIZATION.

Barges imported from England were resources of amusement and means of friendly visitations along the water-courses, and heavy coaches drawn by four or six horses became their mode of travel.

"Born almost to the saddle and to the use of firearms, they were keen hunters, and when the chase was over they sat by groaning boards and drank confusion to the Frenchman and Spaniard abroad and to Roundhead and Prelatist at home. When the lurking and predatory Indians became the object of pursuit, no speed of his could elude their fiery and gallantly-mounted cavalry."

This was the Virginia, these the Virginians, of the olden time. If even in retrospect their somewhat aristocratic manners touch the sensitive nerve of a democratic people, it may at least be said of them that nothing like Despotism, Nihilism, Communism, or dynamite was ever found amongst them; that they cherished honor and courage, the virtues preservative of all other virtues; that their homes became the nurseries of men, and leaders of men, who could cope with great forces, resolve great problems, and assert great principles. And it is at least true that their habits of thought and living never proved more dangerous to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" than those of others who in later days corrupt the suffrage in the rank growth of cities; build palaces and pile up millions amid crowded paupers; monopolize telegraph and railway lines by corporate machinery; spurn all relations to politics save to debauch its agencies for personal gain; and know no Goddess of Liberty and no Eagle of Country, save in the images which satire itself has stamped on the Almighty Dollar.

In 1657, while yet "a Cromwell filled the Stuart's throne," there came to Virginia with a party of Carlists who had rebelled against him, John Washington, of Yorkshire, England, who became a magistrate and member of the House of Burgesses, and who distinguished himself in Indian warfare as the first Colonel Washington on this side of the water. He was the nephew of that Sir Henry Washington who had led the forlorn hope of Prince Rupert at Bristol in 1643, and who, with a starving and mutinous garrison, had defended Worcester in 1649, answering all calls for surrender that he "awaited his Majesty's commands."

And his progenitors had for centuries, running back to the Norman Conquest, been men of mark and fair renown.

Just pride and modesty of individuality alike forbid the seeking from any source of a borrowed lustre, and the Washingtons were never studious or pretentious of ancestral dignities. But "we are quotations from our ancestors," says the philosopher of Concord,—and who will say that in the loyalty to conscience, and to principle, and to the right of self-determination of what is principle, which the Washingtons have ever shown, whether as loyalist or rebel, was not the germ of that deathless devotion to Liberty and country which soon discarded all ancient forms in the mighty stroke for independence?

Two traits of the Anglo-Saxon have ever been equally conspicuous—respect for authority—resistance to its abuse. Exacting service from the one, even the second Charles learned somewhat of the second. When pressed by James to an extreme measure he answered: "Brother, I am too old to start again on my travels." James becoming king, and forgetting the hint, was soon on his travels, with the revolution of 1688 in full blast, and William of Orange upon his throne.

The Barons of Runnymede had, indeed, written in their great charter that if the king violated any article thereof they should have the right to levy war against him until full satisfaction was made. And we know not which is most admirable, the wit or the wisdom of the English lawyer, John Selden, who, being asked by what law he justified the right of resistance, answered: "By the *custom* of England, which is part of the common law."

THE INSTRUMENT OF PROVIDENCE.

Mountains and vales are natural correspondences. A very Tempe had Virginia been, sheltering the loyal cavaliers in their reverence for authority. The higher trait of the Anglo-Saxon was about to receive more memorable illustration, and she uprose, Olympus-like, in her resistance to its abuse.

And the instrument of Providence to lead her people and their brethren, had he lived in the days when mythic lore invested human heroes with a godlike grace, would have been shrouded in the glory of Olympian Jove.

One hundred and fifty-three years ago, on the banks of the Potomac, in the county of Westmoreland, on a spot marked now only by a memorial-stone—of the blood of the people whom I have faintly described—the fourth in descent from the Colonel John Washington whom I have named, there was born a son to Augustine and Mary Washington. And not many miles above his birthplace is the dwelling where he was reared and lived, and now lies buried.

Borne upon the bosom of that river which here mirrors Capitol, dome, and monumental shaft, in its seaward flow the river itself seems to reverse its current and bear us silently into the past. Scarce has the vista of the city faded from our gaze when we behold on the woodland height those swells above the waters—amidst walks and groves and gardens—the white porch of that old colonial plantation home which has become the shrine of many a pilgrimage.

Contrasting it, as there it stands to-day, with the marble halls that we have left behind us, we realize the truth of Emerson: "The atmosphere of moral sentiment is a region of grandeur which reduces all material magnificence to toys, yet opens to every wretch that has reason the doors of the universe."

The quaint old wooden mansion, with the stately but simple old-fashioned mahogany furniture, real and ungarnished; the swords and relics of campaigns and scenes familiar to every school-boy now: the key of the Bastile hanging in the hall encased in glass, calling to mind Tom Paine's happy expression "that the principle of the American Revolution opened the Bastile is not to be doubted: therefore the key comes to the right place"; the black-velvet coat worn when the farewell address to the army was made—the rooms all in nicety of preparation as if expectant of the coming host—we move amongst these memorials of days and men long vanished—we stand under the great trees and watch the solemn river—we gaze upon the simple tomb whose silence is unbroken, save by the murmur of the waters, or the wild bird's note—and we are enveloped in an atmosphere of moral grandeur which no pageantry of moving men nor splendid pile can generate. By the tumulus of Marathon the Greeks have the tradition that in the gloom of night may yet be heard the neighing of horses and the clash of arms. In the spell that broods o'er the sacred graves of Vernon, Patriotism, Honor, Courage, Justice, Virtue, Truth, seem bodied forth—the only imperishable realities of man's being.

WASHINGTON'S SPIRIT.

There emerges from the shades the figure of a youth over whose cradle had hovered no star of destiny nor dandled a royal crown—an ingenuous youth, and one who in his early days gave auguries of great powers; the boy whose strong arm could fling a stone across the Rappahannock—whose strong will could tame the most fiery horse—whose just spirit made him the umpire of his fellows; whose obedient heart bowed to a mother's yearning for her son, and laid down the Midshipman's warrant in the British Navy which answered his first ambition's dream—the student transcribing mathematical problems, accounts, and business forms, or listening to soldiers and seamen of vessels in the river as they tell of "hair-breadth 'scapes by flood and field"; the early moralist in his thirteenth year compiling matured "Rules for behavior and conversation"; the surveyor of sixteen, exploring the wilderness for Lord Fairfax—sleeping on the ground, climbing mountains, swimming rivers, killing and cooking his own game, noting in his diary soils, minerals, and locations, and making maps which remain models of nice and accurate draughtmanship; the incipient soldier studying tactics under Adjutant Muse and taking lessons in broadsword fence from the soldier of fortune, old Jacob Van Braam—the Major and Adjutant-General of the Virginia frontier forces at nineteen—we seem to see him yet as there he stood, a model of manly beauty in his youthful prime—a man in all that makes a man, ere manhood's years have been fulfilled—standing on the threshold of a grand career—"hearing his days before him, and the trumpet of his life."

The scene changes. Out into the world of stern adventure he passes, taking as naturally to the field and the frontier as the eagle to the air. At the age of twenty-one he is riding from Williamsburg to the French post at Venango, in Western Pennsylvania, on a mission for Governor Dinwiddie, which requires "courage to cope with savages and sagacity to negotiate with white men"—in that mission which Edward Everett recognizes as "the first movement of a military nature which resulted in the establishment of American independence." At twenty-two he has "flashed his maiden sword," has heard the bullets whistle, and found "something charming in the sound"; and soon he is Colonel of the Virginia regiment in the unfortunate affair at Fort Necessity, and is compelled to capitulate and retreat, losing a sixth of his command. He quits the service on a point of military etiquette and honor, but at twenty-three he reappears as volunteer aid by the side of Braddock in the ill-starred expedition against Fort Duquesne, and is the only mounted officer unscathed in the disaster, escaping with four bullet-holes through his garments, and after having two horses shot under him.

A PROPHECY FULFILLED.

The prophetic eye of Samuel Davies has now pointed him out as "that heroic youth, Colonel Washington, whom I can but believe Providence has hitherto preserved in so signal a manner for some important service to his country." Soon the prophecy is fulfilled. The same year he is in command of the Virginia frontier forces, arduous conflicts of various fortunes are ere long ended, and on the 25th of November, 1759, he marches into the reduced fortress of Fort Duquesne—where Pittsburgh now stands, and her Titans of industry wage the eternal war of toil—marches in with the advanced guard of his troops, and plants the British flag over its smoking ruins.

That self-same year Wolfe, another young and brilliant soldier of Britain, the Wolseley of his time, has scaled and triumphed on the heights of Abraham—his flame of valor quenched as it lit the blaze of victory. Canada surrenders. The Seven-Years' War is done. The French power in America is broken. The vast region west of the Alleghanies, from the lakes to the Ohio, embracing its valley and tributary streams, is under the sceptre of King George. America has been made whole to the English-speaking race, to become in time the Greater Britain.

Thus, building wiser than he knew, Washington had taken no small part in cherishing the seed of a nascent nation. Mount Vernon welcomes back the soldier of twenty-seven who has become a name. Domestic felicity spreads its charms around him with the "agreeable partner" whom he has taken to his bosom, and he dreams of "more happiness than he has experienced in the wide and bustling world." Already ere his sword had found its scabbard the people of Frederick county had made him their member of the House of Burgesses. And the quiet years roll by as the planter, merchant, and representative, superintends his farm, ships his crops, posts his books, keeps his diary, matures schemes of internal improvement, leaps on his horse and chases the fox for amusement, or rides over to Annapolis and leads the dance at the Maryland Capitol—alternating between these private pursuits and serving his people as a member of the Legislature and justice of the County Court.

But ere long this happy life is broken. The air is electrical with the currents of Revolution; England has launched forth on the fatal policy of taxing her colonies without their consent. The spirit of liberty and resistance is aroused. He is loth to part with the mother-land which he still calls "home." But she is deaf to reason. The first Colonial Congress is called. He is a delegate, and rides to Philadelphia with Henry and Pendleton. The blow at Lexington is struck. The sons of the Cavaliers spring to the side of the sons of the Pilgrims. "Unhappy it is," he says, "that a brother's sword should be sheathed in a brother's breast, and that the once happy plains of America are to be either drenched in blood or inhabited by slaves. Sad alternative! But how can a virtuous man hesitate in his choice?" He becomes commander-in-chief of the American forces. After another seven years' war he is the deliverer of his country. The old confederation passes away. The Constitution is established. He is twice chosen President of the United States, and renounces further service. Once again Mount Vernon's grateful shades receive him, and there he—world-crowned hero now—becomes again the simple citizen, wishing his fellow-men "to see the whole world in peace, and its inhabitants one band of brothers, striving who could contribute most to the happiness of mankind"—without a wish for himself but "to live and die an honest man on his farm." A spec of war spots the sky. John Adams calls him forth as lieutenant-general and commander-in-chief to lead America once more. But the cloud vanishes. Peace reigns. The lark sings at Heaven's gate in the fair morn of the new nation. Serene, contented, yet in the strength of manhood, though on the verge of three-score years and ten, he looks forth—the quiet farmer from his pleasant fields—the loving patriarch from the bowers of home—looks forth and sees the work of his hands established in a free and happy people. Suddenly comes the mortal stroke with severe cold. The agony is soon over. He feels his own dying pulse—the land relaxes—he murmurs, "It is well"; and Washington is no more. While yet Time had crumbled never a stone, nor dimmed the lustrous surface, prone to earth the mighty column fell.

Washington, the Friend of Liberty, is no more!

The solemn cry filled the universe. Amidst the tears of his people, the bowed heads of kings, and the lamentations of the nations, they laid him there to rest upon the banks of the river whose murmurs were his boyhood's music—that river which, rising in mountain fastnesses, amongst the grandest works of nature, and reflecting in its course the proudest works of man, is but a symbol of his history—which, in its ceaseless and ever-widening flow, is but a symbol of his eternal fame.

LANGUAGE FAILS.

No sum could now be made of Washington's character that did not exhaust language of its tributes and repeat virtue by all her names. No sum could be made of his achievements that did not unfold the history of his country and its institutions—the history of his age and its progress—the history of man and his destiny to be free. But, whether character or achievement be regarded, the riches before us only expose the poverty of praise. So clear was he in his great office that no ideal of the Leader or Ruler can be formed that does not shrink by the side of the reality. And so has he impressed himself upon the minds of men that no man can justly aspire to be the chief of a great free people who does not adopt his principles and emulate his example.

Drawing his sword from patriotic impulse, without ambition and without malice, he wielded it without vindictiveness and sheathed it without reproach. All that humanity could conceive he did to suppress the cruelties of war and soothe its sorrows. He never struck a coward's blow. To him age, infancy, and helplessness were ever sacred. He tolerated no extremity unless to curb the excesses of his enemy, and he never poisoned the sting of defeat by the exultation of the conqueror.

Peace he welcomed as the heaven-sent herald of friendship; and no country has given him greater honor than that which he defeated, for England has been glad to claim him as the scion of her blood; proud, like our sister American States, to divide with Virginia the honor of producing him.

Fascinated by the perfection of the man, we are loth to break the mirror of admiration into the fragments of analysis. But, lo! as we attempt it every fragment becomes the miniature of such sublimity and beauty that the destructive hand can only multiply the forms of immortality.

Grand and manifold as were its phases, there is yet no difficulty in understanding the character of Washington. He was no veiled prophet. He never acted a part. Simple, natural, and unaffected, his life lies before us—a fair and open manuscript. He disdained the arts which wrap power in mystery in order to magnify it. He practiced the profound diplomacy of truthful speech—the consummate tact of direct attention. Looking ever to the All-Wise Disposer of events, he relied on that Providence which helps men, by giving them high hearts and hopes, to help themselves with the means which their Creator has put at their service. There was no infirmity in his conduct over which Charity must fling its veil; no taint of selfishness from which Purity averts her gaze; no dark recess of intrigue that must be lit up with colored panegyric; no subterranean passage to be trod in trembling lest there be stirred the ghost of a buried crime.

A true son of nature was George Washington—of nature in her brightest intelligence and noblest mould; and difficulty, if such there be in comprehending him, is only that of reviewing from a single standpoint the vast procession of those civil and military achievements which filled nearly half a century of his life, and in realizing the magnitude of those qualities which were requisite to their performance—the difficulty of fashioning in our minds a pedestal broad enough to bear the towering figure whose greatness is diminished by nothing but the perfection of its proportions. If his exterior—in calm, grave, and resolute repose—ever impressed the casual observer as austere and cold, it was only because he did not reflect that no great heart like his could have lived unbroken unless bound by iron nerves in an iron frame. The commander of armies, the chief of a people, the hope of nations, could not wear his heart upon his sleeve; and yet his sternest will could not conceal its high and warm pulsations. Under the enemy's guns at Boston he did not forget to instruct his agent to administer generously of charity to his needy neighbors at home. The sufferings of women and children, thrown adrift by war, and of his bleeding comrades, pierced his soul. And the moist eye and trembling voice with which he bade farewell to his veterans bespoke the underlying tenderness of his nature, even as the storm-wind makes music in its under-tones.

INTEREST IN EDUCATION.

Disinterested patriot, he would receive no pay for his military services. Refusing gifts, he was glad to guide the benefaction of a grateful State to educate the children of his fallen braves in the institution at Lexington which yet bears his name. Without any of the blemishes that mark the tyrant, he appealed so loftily to the virtuous element in man that he almost created the qualities of which his country needed the exercise; and yet he was so magnanimous and forbearing to the weaknesses of others that he often obliterated the vice of which he feared the consequence. But his virtue was more than this. It was of that daring, intrepid kind that, seizing principle with a giant's grasp, assumes responsibility at any hazard, suffers sacrifice without pretence of martyrdom, bears calumny without reply, imposes superior will and understanding on all around it, capitulates to no unworthy triumph, but must carry all things at the point of clear and blameless conscience.

Invested with the powers of a dictator, the country bestowing them felt no distrust of his integrity; he receiving them, gave assurance that, as the sword was the last resort of liberty, so it should be the first thing laid aside when liberty was won. And keeping the faith in all things, he left mankind bewildered whether to admire him most for what he was or what he would not be. Over and above all his virtues was the matchless manhood of personal honor, to which Confidence gave in safety the key of every treasure on which Temptation dared not smile, on which Suspicion never cast a frown. And why prolong the catalogue? "If you are presented with medals of Cæsar, of Trajan, or Alexander, on examining their features you are still led to ask what was their stature and the forms of their persons; but if you discover in a heap of ruin the head or the limb of an antique Apollo, be not anxious about the other parts, but rest assured that they were all conformable to those of a god."

Great as a commander, it may not be said of him as of Marlborough, that "he never formed the plan of a campaign that he did not execute; never besieged a city that he did not take; never fought a battle that he did not gain." But it can be said of him that, at the head of raw volunteers, hungry to the edge of famine, ragged almost to nakedness, whose muniments of war were a burlesque of its necessities, he defeated the trained bands and veteran generals of Europe; and that, when he had already earned the name of the American Fabius, destined to save a nation by delay, he suddenly displayed the daring of a Marcellus. It may be said that he was the first general to employ large bodies of light infantry as skirmishers—catching the idea from his Indian warfare and so developing it that it was copied by the great Frederick of Prussia, and ere long perfected into the system now almost universal. It can be said of him, as testified by John Adams, that "it required more serenity of temper, a deeper understanding and more courage than fell to the lot of Marlborough to ride on the whirlwind" of such tempestuous times as Washington dealt with, and that he did ride on the whirlwind and direct the storm. It can be said that he was tried in a crucible to which Marlborough was never subjected—adversity, defeat, depression of fortune bordering on despair. The first battle of his youth ended in capitulation. The first general engagement of the revolution at Long Island opened a succession of disasters and retreats. But with the energy that remoulds broken opportunities into greater ones, with "the firmness of mind that cannot be unlocked by trifles, but which when unlocked displays a cabinet of fortitude," he wrenched victory from stubborn fortune, compelling the reluctant oracle to exclaim as to Alexander: "My son, thou art invincible." So did he weave the net of war by land and sea that at the very moment when an elated adversary was about to strike the final blow for his country's fall he surrounded him by swift and far-reaching combinations, and twine the lilies of France with the stars and stripes of America over the ramparts of Yorktown. And if success be made the test of merit, let it be remembered that he conducted the greatest military and civil enterprises of his age, and left no room for fancy to divine greater perfection of accomplishment.

A KNIGHTLY FIGURE.

Great in action as by the council board, the finest horseman and knightliest figure of his time, he seemed designed by nature to lead in those bold strokes which needs must come when the battle lies with a single man—those critical moments of the campaign or the strife when if the mind hesitates or a nerve flinches all is lost. We can never forget the passage of the Delaware that black December night, amidst shrieking winds and great upheaving blocks of ice, which would have terrified a leader of less hardy mould, and then the fell swoop at Trenton. We behold him as when at Monmouth he turns back the retreating lines, and galloping his white charger along the ranks until he falls, leaps on his Arabian bay and shouts to his men: "Stand fast, my boys, the southern troops are coming to support you!" And we hear Lafayette exclaim, "Never did I behold so superb a man." We see him again at Princeton, dashing through a storm of shot to rally the wavering troops; he reins his horse between the contending lines and cries: "Will you leave your general to the foe?" then bolts into the thickest fray. Colonel Fitzgerald, his aid, drops his reins and pulls his hat down over his eyes that he may not see his chieftain fall, when through the smoke he reappears waving his hat, cheering on his men, and shouting: "Away, dear Colonel, and bring up the troops; the day is ours." "Cœur de Lion" might have doffed his plume to such a chief—for a great knight was he, who met his foes full tilt in the shock of battle and hurled them down with an arm whose sword flamed with righteous indignation.

As children pore over the pictures in their books ere they can read the words annexed to them, so we linger with tingling blood by such inspiring scenes, while little do we reck of those dark hours when the aching head pondered the problems of a country's fate. And yet there is a greater theatre in which Washington appears, although not so often has its curtain been uplifted.

For it was as a statesman that Washington was greatest. Not in the sense that Hamilton and Jefferson, Adams and Madison were statesmen; but in a larger sense. Men may marshal armies who cannot drill divisions. Men may marshal nations in storm and travail who have not the accomplishments of their Cabinet Ministers. Not so versed as they was he in the details of political science. And yet as he studied tactics when he anticipated war, so he studied politics when he foresaw his civil *rôle* approaching, reading the history and examining the principles of ancient and modern confederacies, and making notes of their virtues, defects, and methods of operation. His pen did not possess the facile play and classic grace of their pens, but his vigorous eloquence had the clear ring of our mother tongue. I will not say that he was so astute, so quick, so inventive as the one or another of them—that his mind was characterized by the vivacity of wit, the rich colorings of fancy, or daring flights of imagination. But with him thought and action, like well-trained coursers, kept abreast in the chariot-race, guided by an eye that never quailed, reined by a hand that never trembled. He had a more infallible discrimination of circumstances and men than any of his contemporaries. He weighed facts in a juster scale, with larger equity and firmer equanimity. He best applied to them the lessons of experience. With greater ascendancy of character he held men to their appointed tasks; with more inspiring virtue he commanded more implicit confidence. He bore a truer divining rod, and through a wilderness of contention he alone was the unerring Pathfinder of the People.

There can indeed be no right conception of Washington that does not accord him a great and extraordinary genius. I will not say he could have produced a play of Shakspeare, or a poem of Milton, handled with Kant the tangled skein of metaphysics, probed the secrecies of mind and matter with Bacon, constructed a railroad or an engine like Stephenson, wooed the electric spark from heaven to earth with Franklin, or walked with Newton the pathways of the spheres. But if his genius were of a different order it was of as rare and high an order. It dealt with man in the concrete—with his vast concerns of business, stretching over a continent and projected into the ages—with his seething passions, with his marvellous exertions of mind, body, and spirit to be free. He knew the materials he dealt with by intuitive perception of the heart of man—by experience and observation of his aspirations and his powers—by reflection upon his complex relations, rights, and duties as a social being. He knew just where between men and States to erect the monumental mark to divide just reverence for authority from just resistance to its abuse. A poet of social facts, he interpreted by his deeds the harmonies of justice.

KINGLINESS OF HIS NATURE.

Practical, yet exalted, not stumbling in the pit as he gazed upon the stars, he would "put no man in any office of consequence whose political tenets were opposed to the measures which the General Government were pursuing." Yet he himself, by the kingliness of his nature, could act independently of party, return the confidence and affections, use the brains, and have thrust upon him the unanimous suffrage of all parties—walking the dizzy heights of power, in the perfect balance of every faculty, and surviving in that rarified atmosphere which lesser frames could only breathe to perish.

Brilliant I will not call him, if the brightness of the rippling river exceed the solemn glory of old ocean. Brilliant I will not call him, if darkness must be visible in order to display the light; for he had none of that rocket-like brilliancy which flames in instant coruscation across the black brow of night, and then is not. But if a steady, unflickering flame, slow rising to its lofty sphere, high hung in the heavens of contemplation, dispensing far and wide its rays, revealing all things on which it shines in due proportions and in large relations, making right, duty, and destiny so plain that in the vision we are scarce conscious of the light—if this be brilliancy, then the genius of Washington was as full-orbed and luminous as the god of day in his zenith.

This is genius in rarest manifestation, and as life is greater than any theory of living, in so much does he who points the path of destiny and brings great things to pass exceed the mere dreamer of great dreams.

The work of Washington filled the rounded measure of his splendid faculties. Grandly did he illustrate the Anglo-Saxon trait of just resistance to the abuse of power—standing in front of his soldier-husbandmen in the fields of Boston, and telling the general of earth's greatest empire, who stigmatized them as "rebels" and threatened them "with the punishment of the cord," that "he could conceive of no rank more honorable than that which flows from the uncorrupted choice of a brave and free people, the original and purest fountain of all power"; and that, "far from making it a plea for cruelty, a mind of true magnanimity and enlarged ideas would comprehend and respect it." Victoriously did he vindicate the principle of the Declaration of Independence, that to secure the inalienable rights of man "governments are instituted amongst men deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed, and that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to institute new government, laying its foundation in such principle and organizing the power in such forms as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness." By these signs he conquered, and had his career ended here none other would have surpassed; whose would have equalled it?

But where the fame of so many successful warriors has found conclusion or gone beyond only to be tarnished his took new flight upward.

If I might venture to discriminate, I would say that it was in the conflicts of opinion that succeeded the Revolution that the greatness of Washington most displayed itself; for it was then that peril thickened in most subtle forms; that rival passions burned in intestine flames; that crises came demanding wider-reaching and more constructive faculties than may be exhibited in war and higher heroism than may be avouched in battle.

CIVIL ACHIEVEMENTS.

And it was then that the soldier, passing from the fields of martial fame to the heights of civil achievement still more resplendent, became the world-wide statesman—and the wars of the Revolution, like Venus in her transit, sunk the light of his vast exploits only in the sun of a new-found glory.

First to perceive and swift to point out the defects in the Articles of Confederation, they became manifest to all long before victory crowned the warfare conducted under them. Charged by them with the public defence, Congress could not put a soldier in the field, and charged with defraying expenses, it could not levy a dollar of imposts or taxes. It could, indeed, borrow money with the assent of nine States of the thirteen; but what mockery of finance was that when the borrower could not command any resource of payment.

The States had indeed put but a sceptre of straw in the legislative hand of the Confederation—what wonder that it soon wore a crown of thorns! The paper currency ere long dissolved to nothingness, for four days the army was without food, and whole regiments drifted from the ranks of our hard-pressed defenders. "I see," said Washington, "one head gradually changing into thirteen; I see one army gradually branching into thirteen, which, instead of looking up to Congress as the supreme controlling power, are considering themselves as dependent upon their respective States." While yet his sword could not slumber, his busy pen was warning the statesmen of the country that unless Congress were invested with adequate powers, or should assume them as matter of right, we should become but thirteen States pursuing local interests until annihilated in a general crash—the cause would be lost—and the fable of the bundle of sticks applied to us.

In rapid succession his notes of alarm and invocations for aid to the Union followed each other to the leading men of the States North and South. Turning to his own State, and appealing to George Mason: "Where," he exclaimed, "where are our men of abilities? Why do they not come forth and save the country?" He compared the affairs of this great continent to the mechanism of a clock, of which each State was putting its own small part in order, but neglecting the great wheel or spring which was to put the whole in motion. He summoned Jefferson, Wythe, and Pendleton to his assistance, telling them that the present temper of the States was friendly to lasting union, that the moment should be improved, and might never return, and that "after gloriously and successfully contending against the usurpation of Britain we may fall a pray to our own folly and disputes."

How keen the prophet's pen that through the smoke of war discerned the coming evil; how diligent the patriot's hand that amidst awful responsibilities reached futureward to avert it!

By almost a miracle the weak Confederation, "a barrel without a hoop," was held together perforce of outside pressure; and soon America was free!

But not yet had beaten Britain concluded peace, not yet had dried the blood of Victory's field ere "follies and disputes" confounded all things with their Babel tongues and intoxicated Liberty gave loose to license. An unpaid army with unsheathed swords clamored around a poverty-stricken and helpless Congress. And grown at last impatient, even with their chief, officers high in rank plotted insurrection and circulated an anonymous address urging it "to appeal from the justice to the fears of government, and suspect the man who would advise to longer forbearance." Anarchy was about to wreck the Arch of Triumph—poor, exhausted, bleeding, weeping America lay in agony upon her bed of laurels.

A TOUCH OF NATURE.

Not a moment did Washington hesitate. He convened his officers, and, going before them, he read them an address which, for home-thrust argument, magnanimous temper, and the eloquence of persuasion which leaves nothing to be added, is not exceeded by the noblest utterances of Greek or Roman. A nobler than Coriolanus was before them, who needed no mother's or wife's reproachful tears to turn the threatening steel from the gates of Rome. Pausing as he read his speech, he put on his spectacles and said: "I have grown gray in your service, and now

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