written of it as a mansion, and its foundation having been laid bare showed that it was a large building. Mr. Washington spoke of the duties and cares of a Virginia matron of the olden times, and emphasized the fact that negroes were called servants and not slaves.

SENATOR DANIEL'S ORATION.

The Rose of Epping Forest—The Bride of Wakefield—The Representative Woman.

Following Mr. Washington's address, the President introduced Senator John W. Daniel, as the orator of the day. In so doing the President said Virginia was fortunate in possessing in an orator for the day one better equipped for such occasions than could be found anywhere else in the country. Senator Daniel spoke as follows:

Mr. President of the United States, Ladies of the Mary Washington Monument Association, my countrymen: George Washington was the noblest figure that ever stood in the forefront of a nation's life.

We are gathered to-day around his mother's grave.

"All that I am," said he, "I owe to my mother." All that we are as a nation we owe to him. His debt is ours. It is many times multiplied. It is ever growing as the ever-growing republic illustrates in its virtues and in its faults alike the merit of his example and the wisdom of his teachings. Beholding this monument, we rejoice that this debt is acknowledged, and realize that no limitation of time can bar rendition of justice to a noble fame.

Our gratitude goes forth to our countrywomen who have so worthily achieved this work. Men attempted it, and left it half accomplished. The State and the Federal governments alike contemplated, discussed, and postponed it. Our noble women undertook it, and it is done.

We thank you, madame, you, Mrs. President, and your companions of the Mary Washington Monument Association. Your success is your reward, and you will be henceforth blended in our veneration with her whose name is carved upon this sacred stone. It was fitting, indeed, that your pious hands should rear the first monument on the earth erected by women to a woman, and fitting, too, that it should bear the name of Mary, the mother of Washington.

WHAT THE MONUMENT STANDS FOR.

This stone represents two ideals—womanly excellence and patriotic duty. They are inseparable. Love for the mother is the first, as it is the most constant and sacred emotion of our being. Affection spreads to the family, clan, tribe, or people to which we belong and then twines around inanimate objects attracted to them by the magnetism of association. It fastens to birthplace, to living-place, to home, to motherland, to fatherland, country. This is the genesis and evolution of patriotism. But love of country is only a figure of speech. We cannot love the insensate earth, which can give back no responsive speech, or glance, or sympathy. Love must go from and to the living. Our countrymen are our country. Home is the pure, original fountain from which all patriotism must flow, and the stream can never rise above its source. As the woman is the man is. As the man and woman are the home is, and as the home so the country. Show me refined, enlightened, virtuous, and industrious homes and I will show you a good government and a great nation. The nation is the aggregate, the homes are the units; man is the builder, woman is the inspiration. Discuss constitutions, administrations, and policies as we may, the outcome must depend upon the subsoil they spring from. Make the home all right and the rest will follow. This is woman's mission. (Applause.) Our race, the youngest that has framed a language, moulded a constitution, and made a name, has recognized that mission and held it sacred. Other races roam the earth for pelf and adventure, and condescend to inferior connections. Our race roams the earth only to find the spot on which to build its homes. Indeed, it never quits home. It carries home with it. Wife and child, the domestic animals and plants, the household goods go where it goes, over the stormy billows, into the wilderness, and even to the verge of battle. It is a beautiful legend of the Rappahannock that when Spottswood and his companions came sailing hither the air was made vocal by the English swallows that they brought with them. The stars might change, but they would make the skies still resonant with the songs of the olden homes.

MARY WASHINGTON'S TITLE TO RENOWN.

You have reared this beautiful obelisk to one who was "the light of the dwelling" in a plain rural colonial home. Her history hovers around it. She was wife, mother, and widow. She nursed a hero at her breast. At her knee she trained to the love and fear of God and to the kingly virtues, honor, truth, and valor, the lion of the tribe that gave to America liberty and independence. This is her title to renown. It is enough. Eternal dignity and heavenly grace dwell upon the brow of this blessed mother; nor burnished gold, nor sculptured stone, nor rhythmic praise could add one jot or title to her chaste glory. Tributes to the lofty genius, which is the rare gift of nature, and to the brilliant deeds, which are the rare fruits of flitting opportunity, fulfil a noble function; but they often excite extravagant emulations that can never be satisfied, and individualize models which few by possibility may copy. This tribute is not to them. It is to one who possessed only the homely virtues of her sex; but what is there in human life that can be more admirable or bring it in closer proximity to the divine? She was simply a private citizen. No sovereign's crown rested on her brow. She did not lead an army, like Joan of Arc, or slay a tyrant, like Charlotte Corday. She was not versed in letters or in arts. She was not an Angel of Mercy, like Florence Nightingale, nor the consort of a hero, like the mother of Napoleon. She did not shine amidst the throngs which bow to the charms of wit, beauty, and hospitality, but in any assembly of the beautiful, the brilliant, the powerful, or the brave of her sex, no form could awaken a holier sentiment of reverence than she, and that sentiment is all the deeper because she was the unassuming wife and mother whose kingdom was her family, whose world was her home. In the shadow and in the silence from day to day and year to year she followed the guiding star of that truth which tells us that "to do that which before us lies in daily life is the prime wisdom." She was the good angel of the hearthstone—the special providence of tender hearts and helpless hands, content to bear her burdens in the sequestered vale of life, her thoughts unperverted by false ambitions, and all unlooking for the great reward that crowned her love and toil. (Applause.)

MARY WASHINGTON A REPRESENTATIVE WOMAN.

But for the light that streamed from the deeds of him she bore, we would doubtless have never heard the name of Mary Washington, and the grass that grew upon this grave had not been disturbed by curious footsteps or reverential hands. But it does not follow that she shines only in the reflection of her offspring's fame. Her virtues were not created; they were only discovered by the marvellous career of her illustrious son. This memorial might indeed be due to her because of who she was, but it is far more due to her because of what she was. It is in her own right, and as the type of her sex, her people, and her race, that she deserves this tribute stone.

There were ten thousand Mary Washingtons among the mothers of the Revolution, and honoring her we honor the motherhood of heroic days and heroic men. It was in his character, all sufficient in every emergency, that was displayed the overtowering greatness of George Washington, and it is not doubted that this character was toned and shaped by his mother's hand. The principles which he applied to a nation were those simple and elementary truths which she first imprinted upon his mind in the discipline of home.

THE ROSE OF EPPING FOREST.

In Lancaster county, on the banks of the Rappahannock, where the river broadens as it blends into the Chesapeake bay, was Epping Forest, the plantation home of Colonel Joseph Ball, and there his youngest child, Mary, was born, on the 30th of November, 1706. The Ball family was of sturdy English stock, and, in the old country, as in the new, were neighbors of the Washingtons. In the old White Chapel church, in Lancaster, are the remains of many of this house, whose tombstones bear record of their honorable deeds.

We catch but a single glimpse of Mary Ball in her youth, when she was known as "The Rose of Epping Forest" and "The Belle of the Northern Neck," and that is from an old letter which was picked up during the war in a deserted mansion near the York river. It is dated "Williamsburg, Ye 7th October, 1722." It says: "Mme. Balle, of Lancaster, and her sweet Molly have gone home. Mamma thinks Molly the comeliest maiden she knows. She is about 16 years old; is taller than me, is very sensible and loving. Her hair is like unto flax. Her eyes are the color of yours, and her cheeks are like May blossoms. I wish you could see her." This is all, for the signature is lost, and the writer is unknown.

There is but one letter extant written by Mary Ball in her youth, and it is in a fair, round, though somewhat cramped hand. She writes therein that "We have not had a school-master in our neighborhood until now in nearly four years," but adds: "We have now a young minister living with us who was educated at Oxford," who teaches her sister and herself, and that she is learning pretty fast. The idea has gone out that she was illiterate; but this impression has probably been created more by the quaint, old-fashioned orthography of her composition in the few letters which survive than from any other source. It must be remembered that when she grew up Virginia was but a feeble colony on the frontier of civilization, with a meagre and scattered population of some two hundred thousand souls; that it was before the days of schools and newspapers and postal facilities, and that the standards of this day cannot be applied to it.

The only two letters written in her old age which are known contain some errors of expression, but the handwriting is by no means deficient, and she was probably as well educated as was customary in her time, and certainly she exhibited no deficiency in qualifications for her duties in life.

There is but a single known portrait of Mary Ball, it being discovered at the village of Cookham, in England, where Augustine Washington and his bride briefly sojourned before returning to America after their marriage. One is almost startled on beholding it at the resemblance of the features to those of the Father of His Country. The fine lines of the face and form are the expression of strength and delicacy, grace and beauty commingled, and wear the ineffable dignity of noble womanhood.

THE BRIDE OF WAKEFIELD.

The perturbations of the civil war in England, in which Charles I. lost his head, led to many migrations to Virginia, especially from among the discontented and overturned followers of the King. William Ball, the grandfather of Mary, came over in 1650, and in 1657 came the brothers, John and Lawrence Washington, locating in Westmoreland county, in the Northern Neck. Augustine Washington, the grandson of John, was born in 1694, and his first wife was Jane Butler. Of this marriage were born Butler, Lawrence, Augustine, and Jane. George Washington has recorded in the family Bible that Augustine Washington and Mary Ball (the second wife) were married on the 6th of March, 1730 (31). It seems from recent researches that this marriage took place in England, Augustine Washington going there on business connected with estates in which he was interested, and as an agent for the Principe Iron-Works, located near here. At this time it appears that Mary Ball was visiting her brother Joseph, who had removed to the Mother Land, and made his residence at "Stratford by Bow, nigh London." There is a pretty romance that he was injured by being thrown from a carriage and taken to the house where Mary Ball sojourned, and through this meeting she became his bride. However this may be, Augustine Washington and his bride went to his home, at Wakefield, on the banks of the Potomac, in Westmoreland, where George Washington was their first born on the 22d of February, 1732.

Late investigations have led to the declaration by historical writers that the small, four-roomed house which has figured in many volumes as the birthplace of Washington is a fiction, and that the building was, in fact, a mansion of considerable size and pretensions. Some have rejoiced over this discovery, on the ground that so stately and elegant a man as General Washington could hardly have been the outcome of so humble a dwelling. But who has not learned that good manners are the product of refined minds and gentle hearts and not of stately halls? Ruffians have come forth from palaces, and many of the sweetest and noblest natures have grown up under humbler roofs than that of the Wakefield cottage, which so long figured as the birthplace of Washington.

All Europe was amazed when out of the forests and fields of the remote colonies of the Atlantic coast, from North to South, there stepped forth at the drum-beat of revolution heroes, scholars, statesmen, soldiers, and chieftains who overcame its master spirits in debate and foiled its ablest commanders in the field of combat. It made the same mistake that the world is constantly making in the conceit that greatness of soul must be associated with splendid surroundings. How fruitful were all these colonial homes let history speak; nor is this old State that gave so many of them to the world degenerate now. Enough to say that Lee and his compatriots of this age suffer nothing by comparison with Washington and his Continentals. Our race is a rich plant-bed from which scions of genius and greatness are ever springing. Let exigencies call and they will ever answer.

Whether great or small, the Wakefield home disappeared in flames on a windy April day in 1735. A stone was set upon this site by George Washington Parke Custis, in 1815, and, more recently, the Government of the United States has made provision for an imposing memorial to be erected over it.

THE WIDOW OF PINE GROVE.

Now that Wakefield was burned, Augustine Washington removed to his plantation in Stafford county, sometimes called Ferry farm, just across the Rappahannock from this city. The plain wooden homestead of four rooms stood upon the river's bank, surrounded by orchards, gardens, and trees. Those who wish to associate Washington with the grandeurs of stately living in his youth would find all their theories dispelled by a glimpse of the modest dwelling where he spent his boyhood years. But nature was bountiful in its beauties in the lovely landscape that stretched before it. In Ovenwharton parish, where it was situated, the family had many excellent neighbors, and there came forth from this little home a race of men whose fame could gather no splendor had the roofs which sheltered their childhood been fretted with gold and blazoned with diamonds. I have little patience with those who are discontented if they cannot find some link between great virtues and ancestral dignities. The heroic principle in our people does not depend for perpetuity on family trees.

It is true that the books are filled with the pedigrees and coats-of-arms of the distinguished families with which Mary Ball and her son were connected. Families, like nations, may have their devices, and it may be worthy of note that that of the Washington family furnished the pattern from which the stars and stripes of our national flag are taken. The insignia of a noble name handed down from generation to generation, and held up as the incentive of integrity and valor, may well be cherished. But all glories of ancestral escutcheons are so overshadowed by the deeds of Washington that they fade into insignificance. Proud and just Democracy, scornful of honors not self-won, pays its tributes solely to the man, the woman, and the deed. George Washington was great because he stood for the freedom of his people. Mary Washington was great because she implanted in his youthful breast righteous indignation against wrong, which must ever be the inspiration of the hero.

Not many years of happiness were in store for Augustine Washington, the father, in his new home. He was a noble man, and one of noble appearance—tall, athletic, with fair, florid complexion, brown hair, and fine gray eyes. But the record was soon written: "Augustine Washington departed this life ye 12th day of April, 1743, age, 43 years."

"She is the most excellent woman," says Goethe, "who, when the husband dies, becomes as a father to the children."

This was now the part which the widow Washington, in her 37th year, was called on to perform for the five children confided to her care—George, Betty, Samuel, John Augustine, and Charles—still another, Mildred, having died in infancy. Her husband showed his confidence in her by relegating to her by will the management of their estates until their majority, and these heavy responsibilities she now assumed. To them all she proved equal. Pleasing stories are told of how the widow would gather her brood around her, reading them lessons from some good book, and then repairing to her domestic tasks. She exacted the strictest obedience from her children, directed alike their amusements and their education, manifesting in her administration of family affairs great good sense, resolution, and business capacity.

She sent George to an old-field school of Master Hobby, the sexton of the parish church, and then under his brother's guidance to Master Williams. He proved an apt scholar, and soon possessed the rudiments of a practical education, which was expanded in later life by reading into scholarly accomplishments. But it was she, the mother, that first cast his mind and heart in the right mould.

When George was 14 years of age his half brother, Lawrence, who had been a soldier and had campaigned the West Indies with General Wentworth and Admiral Vernon, obtained for him a midshipman's warrant in the British navy. The ship was ready to sail, and the incipient midshipman's baggage was aboard, when Mrs. Washington received a letter from her brother, Joseph Ball, in England, telling her that she had better make her son "apprentice to a tinker" than send him to sea. This decided the doubtful mother, and the reluctant boy obeyed. But for this incident the name of Washington might have been associated with the naval triumphs of that flag which has "braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze," but what would have been the history of America? How true it is that there is nothing trivial in the concerns of man.

Another trial came when the French and Indian war broke out in 1755, and Washington was about to go with General Braddock on his disastrous expedition. So opposed was Mrs. Washington to this that she visited Mount Vernon and urged him to forego his plans. But he was now a man, with a man's responsibility, and when he said to her that his country and his sense of duty alike demanded that he should not shrink from the undertaking, and reminded her that the God to whom she had committed him had heretofore protected him from harm, it was the mother who resigned her wishes to her son.

THE MATRON OF FREDERICKSBURG

The search-lights of history have unfolded to us nothing of interest touching Mrs. Washington from the time of the French and Indian war until the awakening of the great Revolution. Fortunate is the woman, said the Greek of old, of whom neither good nor ill is spoken. And, curtained away from the world, the matron lived under the great Taskmaster's eye, in the bosom of that home, by whose fruit ye shall know her. Forty years had rolled by since she settled at Pine Grove, with the infant George, just three years old. And, while she delved and spun in silence, how had great events rushed forward; how had the child become the father to the man! Grave tasks were his while yet a boy. Step by step he ascended the ladder of honor and usefulness. A surveyor for Lord Fairfax at 16; crossing the Blue Ridge on horseback; traversing the wilderness to the bounds of civilization, getting six pistoles, or something more than $7 a day, for his efficient service, while in leisure hours he read the history of England and the Spectator, and books of that high order; appointed public surveyor a little later, and then Adjutant-General of Virginia troops at 19, managing the great plantation and training the militia of the State; at 21 penetrating the northwest as a negotiator for Governor Dinwiddie, and fighting the French; aide-de-camp to Braddock, a little later, in his ill-starred expedition, suffering defeat; with the victor at Fort Duquesne, where Pittsburg now stands, at 26; and member of the Virginia House of Burgesses at 27—and then ever onward, ever upward, until, as the great Revolution broke out, we find him journeying to Philadelphia as a delegate to the Continental Congress, and presently appearing on the field of Boston as commander-in-chief of the Continental army.

Now, at General Washington's desire, Mrs. Washington removed to Fredericksburg, and occupied the house which still stands at the corner of Charles and Lewis streets in this town. Near by was the Kenmore House, the home of her daughter Bettie, the wife of its proprietor, Colonel Fielding Lewis, and she was urged to make that her home. But the independent matron declared, with thanks, "My wants are few in this life, and I feel perfectly competent to take care of myself." Hers was a familiar form in Fredericksburg during the Revolution and its people showed her every respect as she walked the streets leaning on her cane. Often might she be seen driving the old-fashioned two-wheel chaise to or from the Stafford farm, where she still directed those who tilled it. Devout and worshipful, she appeared every Sabbath at church at the appointed hour, and while the armies under her son were struggling for our freedom the knitting needles were busily plied, and from her home went forth her modest contributions of supplies for him and his soldiers. A favorite resort of hers, sometimes called "Oratory Rock," was a secluded spot sheltered by climbing vines from observation, on Colonel Lewis's estate, where she frequently retired alone for meditation and devotion—a spot near this place of burial which she herself selected.

When the news of the victories of Trenton and Princeton (in that ten days' campaign which Frederick the Great called the most brilliant in the annals of war) came to Fredericksburg, friends gathered around her with congratulations upon the great achievements of her son. She simply said she knew George would deserve well of his country; and when paragraphs of letters were read in which his skill and bravery were applauded, she said: "Gentlemen, here is too much flattery; still, George will not forget the lessons I have taught him; he will not forget himself, though he is the object of so much praise."

THE NEWS FROM YORKTOWN.

That was a great day when the news came to Fredericksburg—"Cornwallis has surrendered." With red spurs rode the couriers that carried the glad tidings, and the hearts of the people leaped with joy. "Thank God the war is ended and we shall be blessed with peace, happiness, and independence, for the country is free," was her exclamation when told of the great event.

Yes, on the 19th of October, 1781, twenty-eight British captains had stepped forth from the lines and surrendered as many colors to the ragged Continentals. With instinctive magnanimity the conquerors gave a banquet to their captive officers, and Washington saluted Cornwallis with a toast to the British army. Thus the brave honor the brave. Affairs at Yorktown settled, he turned his face northward to the seat of government, then at Philadelphia, and on the 11th of November he arrived here, attended by a brilliant retinue of French and American officers.

No sooner had he reached the town than he sent word to his mother of his arrival, and desired to know when it would be her pleasure to receive him. She laid aside her household cares to meet at the door with a warm embrace the son whom she had not seen for seven years. She inquired about his health, remarked on the lines of care that time had graved upon his face, talked much of old times and friends, but of his glory said not a word. Here was the great audit this side the judgment throne. The soldier of his people had laid his country's freedom at his mother's feet, and if ever in this world a foretaste of heavenly joy be given to human, to Mary and George Washington alike this was the hour.

THE BANQUET IN FREDERICKSBURG.

The hospitable citizens of Fredericksburg prepared a splendid entertainment for the French and American officers who attended Washington in the Town Hall, which was decked with evergreens and flags, and blazed with light on that festive night. Mrs. Washington was invited. There was much public curiosity, especially among the foreign friends, to behold the mother of the conqueror of Cornwallis. Leaning on the arm of her son, she entered the room, dressed in a plain black silk robe. Her appearance had all the easy composure and dignity and courtesy, as if she were accustomed to such occasions, but at an early hour she excused herself, observing that it was time for old folks to be in bed, and retired, as she came, on the arm of her son. This was her only appearance in public life during her lifetime. It made a deep impression upon the beholders, especially the French. Names of ancient lore were heard to fall from their lips, as we are told, and they declared that "if such are the matrons of America, well may she boast of illustrious sons."

THE VISIT OF LAFAYETTE.

In 1784, the Marquis de Lafayette revisited the United States, and did not fail to come to Fredericksburg to pay his respects to Mrs. Washington. Conducted by her grandson they approached her house, and found her busy at work in her garden, clad in homespun garments, her head covered with a plain straw hat. Her face beamed with pleasure as she met Lafayette, and she said to him: "Ah, Marquis, you see an old woman, but come in, I can make you welcome to my dwelling without the parade of changing my dress." When he spoke of the great career of George Washington, she simply said: "I am not surprised at what George has done, because he was always a good boy." "I have seen," said Lafayette, "the only Roman matron."

LAST MEETING OF MOTHER AND SON—DEATH.

On the 14th of April, 1789, Washington received at Mount Vernon official intelligence that he had been chosen President of the United States. He at once prepared to go to New York and enter upon the duties of his office, but before doing so he set out on the evening of the same day, mounted on his horse, and attended by his favorite body-servant, Billy Lee, to visit his mother in this town. He found her feeble in body, but bright-minded and cheerful, and he informed her that he had been elected President, and had come to bid her an affectionate farewell before assuming his office. "So soon," he said, "as the public business which must necessarily be encountered in arranging a new government can be disposed of, I shall hasten to Virginia——" and here she interrupted him, and said: "You will see me no more. Age and disease warn me that I shall not be long in this world; I trust in God. I am somewhat prepared for a better. But go; fulfil the high destinies which Heaven appears to assign you; go, and may Heaven's and your mother's blessing be with you always." This was the last meeting between the mother and the son. On August 25th of that year she died, and on the 27th of that month, 1789, at the age of 83, she was laid to rest in the spot around which we are now assembled.

THE END CROWNS THE WORK.

For many years this grave remained unmarked. But that this monument has been slow to rise is no proof that Mary Washington was unappreciated or forgotten. A hundred years after the death of Dante the people of Florence, where he was born, begged his body from Revenna, where he died. Eighteen hundred years after Armenius, in the Black Forest, beat back the legions of Varus the people of a great empire reared a monument to him. That this monument is reared now is better proof of appreciation than if it had been done under the momentary impulse of some transient feeting. Time is the great test, and the hoary years today set their seal on her crowning glory, and the teeming generations of which she did not dream rise up to call her blessed. One circumstance and another has led to the delay. In 1833 the Hon. Silas E. Burroughs, of Buffalo, N. Y., an opulent citizen, offered to erect a monument at his private expense. The corner-stone thereof was laid with imposing ceremonies by the President of the United States, General Andrew Jackson, on the 7th day of May, 1833, in the presence of a mighty concourse of people and many distinguished guests. Reverses cut short Mr. Burroughs's plan, and, going to a distant land to repair his fortunes, he ever bore in mind the desire to complete the work, of which, alas! his death forbade the consummation by his hands. Generous patriot, let him not be forgotten! (Applause.) The half-finished monument fell into decay. Meantime, more than three-score years have rolled by. Vast changes have taken place, and in the convulsions of civil strife armies found their battle-fields among these old-time graves, and in the blood of the living were soaked the cerements of the dead. But ideas never die. Holy thoughts struggle ever for fruition. Peace ever lifts her fair face up through the smoke of conflict. Patriotic hands essay again the broken tasks which have fallen from those of passion, and loving hearts bind up the wounds of hate.

Once again the May-time breaks, with its sunshine, its verdure, and its blossoms, over the land whose hills and plains were shaken and whose homes were shattered by the thunders of war; but no more do the long lines come gleaming on to the deadly fray; no more is heard "the noise of the captains, and the shouting"; no more are seen the garments rolled in blood. Yet history repeats itself, and a mighty host again is marshaled upon these plains. Manhood and womanhood and childhood are here, the people have come from far and wide—the old Masonic lodge of which Washington was a member and the volunteer soldiery are gathered here, and our noble Chief Magistrate and Commander-in-Chief, who fills the seat of Washington and Jackson—they are all here to lift up the pure ideals of the republic, and to imbibe and impress the lessons of this consecrated day. "I prophesy," says Thomas Carlyle, "that the world will once more become sincere, a believing world, with many heroes in it, a heroic world. It will then be a victorious world, never till then." Fireside lessons and the mothers' love must make it so; sincere, believing, heroic, victorious. In scenes like this are tokens of fulfilment of the prophet's vision. Patriotism, kneeling by this good woman's grave, invokes its inspiration, and prays God's blessing on the land of Washington. (Great applause.)

Senator Daniel was never in better trim for speaking, and some of his flights carried his vast audience by storm.

PREAMBLE AND RESOLUTIONS.

Thanks of the Local to the National Mary Washington Association.

When Senator Daniel had finished Governor O'Ferrall read the following preamble and resolutions, which had been adopted by the Mary Washington Monument Association of Fredericksburg:

Whereas, "The Mary Washington Monument Association" of Fredericksburg, Virginia, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine, inaugurated the movement for the completion of the unfinished monument over "Mary, the Mother of Washington," or, if that were impracticable, for the erection of a new monument on the site of the old one, acquiring by deed of gift from G. W. Shepherd and C. Wistar Wallace the fee simple interest in the two lots adjoining said site, respectively, on the south and north sides thereof, by purchase the title to the remaining lot now embraced in the grounds attached to the monument, and from the heirs of Silas Burruss the right to the "old monument."

And, whereas, "The National Mary Washington Memorial Association," which was chartered on the 22d day of February, 1890, with superior advantages for collecting the money needed, through their ability to reach a wide extending territory, and by means of their distinguished president, Mrs. Amelia C. Waite, the Vice-Presidents of States, and their secretary, Mrs. Margaret Hetzel, requested that a conveyance be made of said monument and grounds to the said last mentioned association.

And, whereas, The said "Fredericksburg Association" did, on the 31 day of February, 1891, duly convey to the said National Association all their aforesaid rights to said grounds and monument, on condition that there should be erected thereon a monument suitable to preserve the memory of Washington's distinguished mother, and that the National Association should forever thereafter take charge of the monument and protect and improve the adjoining grounds; and,

Whereas, The monument has been duly erected by said national association, and is to be dedicated on the 10th of May, 1894, with appropriate ceremonies; now, therefore, be it

Be it resolved by the "Mary Washington Monument Association" of Fredericksburg, Virginia, That the most heartfelt thanks of the association are due and are hereby tendered to the National Mary Washington Memorial Association for the able and effective way in which the monument on their part has been pushed to a successful completion, for their earnest and untiring efforts, for their zeal and devotion to this sacred cause, and for their patriotism so well expressed in this enduring shaft of granite.

And be it further resolved, That this association do also tender their thanks to those friends who, more especially in the beginning of this undertaking, came to their aid with untiring interest and unflagging zeal, prominent among whom stand the names of Dr. James P. Smith, the lamented General Frank Hatton, and Mrs. M. V. Terhune.

PRESIDENT'S MOVEMENTS.

Received at Senator Little's—Visits the Mary Washington House.

This closed the exercises proper, and when the preamble and resolutions had been delivered to Mrs. Walt, president of the National Mary Washington Monument Association, President Cleveland descended to the press platform, and held a public reception, thousands shaking hands with him. The Chief Executive may be a hard-worked man, but he did not show it yesterday, and seemed to enjoy the day thoroughly. From the reception stand, in company with Postmaster-General Bissell and Private-Secretary Thurber, he was escorted to the residence of Senator Little, where, in a short time, he was joined by Governor O'Ferrall and staff, Mayor Ellyson, General Anderson and staff, Captain John Cussins, Colonel Hawes, and others. At the quaint old Little mansion open house was kept all day, and true Virginia hospitality was dispensed. Indeed, this was the rule of the Fredericksburg homes.

The presidential party expressed themselves delighted with the experiences of the day. Private-Secretary Thurber declared that he wanted to remain in Fredericksburg several days.

Mr. Gresham, Secretary of State, was loud in his praise of the manner in which everything had been conducted. He said that the dedication had passed off without a hitch and had nowhere degenerated into the commonplace. Leaving Senator Little's the President visited the Mary Washington house and lunched with the ladies of the local Monument Association. The President took the interest of a boy in everything he saw.

The general verdict of the visitors, irrespective of whether they were distinguished guests or not, was that never had a city the size of Fredericksburg undertaken a similar affair with more pronounced success as to every detail.

FORMALLY DEDICATED.

Tested and Pronounced Mechanically Complete by Grand Master Page.

The next feature of the programme was the formal dedication of the monument by the Grand Lodge of Masons of Virginia according to the ancient rites of the order. At the signal that all was ready Grand-Master Page said:

Fredericksburg Lodge, No. 4, within whose sacred precincts our Brother George Washington was made a Mason, which laid the corner-stone of the original structure, was invited by the "Washington National Mary Washington Association" to dedicate this monument to the memory of Mary Washington. At the solicitation of that lodge the Grand Lodge of Virginia will proceed to discharge that duty.

Grand Senior Warden A. R. Courtney: The Most Worshipful Grand Lodge has assembled for the purpose of dedicating the monument here erected to the memory of Mary Washington, the mother of the first President of these United States, and also of our illustrious Brother George Washington, a past master of Alexandria Washington Lodge, No. 22, of this Grand Jurisdiction. This you will announce to our Grand Junior Warden that the brethren may have due notice thereof and govern themselves accordingly.

Grand Senior Warden, again: Right Worshipful Grand Junior Warden, it is the order of the Most Worshipful Grand Master that this Grand Lodge do now proceed to dedicate, with Masonic ceremonies, the monument here erected to the memory of Mary Washington. This you will announce to the brethren that they, having due notice thereof, may govern themselves accordingly.

Grand Junior Warden F. T. Read: Brethren, you have heard the order of the Most Worshipful Grand Master. You will take due notice thereof and act and govern yourselves accordingly.

Grand Master Page: Right Worshipful Grand Secretary, you will make due proclamation.

Grand Secretary Isaacs: Brethren, and all here present, you will take due notice that the Most Worshipful Grand Master, with the assistance of his grand officers, will now proceed to dedicate this monument, erected to the memory of Mary Washington, the distinguished mother of our illustrious Brother George Washington. I enjoin on you silence, and request that you conduct yourselves in harmony with the importance and solemnity of the occasion.

Grand Master Page: Brethren, no Mason should enter upon any undertaking without first invoking a blessing of Deity. Our Grand Chaplain will lead in prayer.

Prayer was offered by the acting Grand Chaplain, Rev. Preston Nash, and after the monument had been tested according to the manner of trying corner-stones, and corn-wine and oil poured upon it, the Grand Master made this declaration.

"This monument has been finished according to the designs laid down on the Trestle Board. It is true work and square work. I now, as Grand Master of Masons in the State of Virginia, do, by virtue of my office, dedicate it to the memory of Mary Washington, the mother of General George Washington, the first President of these United States, a member during life of Fredericksburg Lodge, No. 4, and the first master of Alexandria Lodge, No. 22, both lodges being under our immediate Masonic Jurisdiction."

The Masonic ceremony, which was peculiarly impressive, closed with a blessing from the acting Grand Chaplain.

THE MASONIC BANQUET.

Dazzling Effect of Decorations—The President and Governor Again Speak.

The Masonic banquet tendered by Fredericksburg Lodge, in which George Washington was made a Mason, was one of the most elegant affairs of its character that has ever been witnessed in the State. It took place in the Opera-House, and plates were laid for 350 guests. On the auditorium floor there were seven long tables. The tables for the especially-distinguished guests were upon the stage.

The hall was beautifully decorated with flags, festoons, and streamers of bunting, flowers, ferns, and palms, and these combined with the dresses of the lady guests and the floral ornamentation of the tables, and the glass- and silverware, produced a dazzling effect.

The Marine Band occupied the northeast corner of the hall, and discoursed the strains of the most popular modern composers. On the stage were President Cleveland, Vice-President Stevenson, Chief-Justice Fuller, Associate-Justice Harlan, Mr. George Alfred Townsend, Postmaster-General Bissell, Secretary Lamont, Private-Secretary Thurber, Governor O'Ferrall, and several members his staff, Senator John W. Daniel, Congressman James Y. Marshall, E. E. Meredith, and W. A. Jones, Judge B. R. Wellford, Grand-Master Mann Page, and many other members of the Grand Lodge of Masons of Virginia, Hon. Charles H. Mansue, of Missouri; Hon. Joseph T. Lawless, Secretary of the Commonwealth; Mrs. O'Ferrall, and the ladies accompanying her to Fredericksburg, Mrs. Joseph Bryan, of Richmond; Mrs. Amelia Waite, president of the National Mary Washington Association; Mrs Terhune (Marion Harland), and many others of prominence. Other Richmonders occupying seats around the banquet tables were: Major James D. Patton, Mr. Joseph Bryan, Colonel Jo Lane Stern, Dr. C. H. Carrington, who went as surgeon of the regiment; Postmaster W. H. Cullingworth, Mr. William Ryan, Captain L. T. Christian, Colonel William E. Tanner, Major Sol Cutchins, Captain George W. Anderson, Mr. J. A. Cosby, Mr. W. C. Wilkensen, and others.

At the commencement of the dinner, which was served in admirable style, Judge J. B. Sener, chairman of the Banquet Committee, rapped the big body to order, and Rev. Preston Nash, rector of Christ church, Richmond, and acting grand chaplain of the Grand Lodge, offered the invocation.

THE PRESIDENT SPEAKS AGAIN.

It was just after this, while the Marine Band was playing a familiar air, that the face of the President appeared at the door, and there was a tremendous outbreak of applause.

Mr. Cleveland was escorted to the stage, where he was presented to the audience by Judge Sener.

The President advanced to the edge of the platform and said: "I feel greatly embarrassed by the reverence with which I have been introduced to you, and I feel more embarrassed by the reverence that should be given to the association under whose auspices this splendid entertainment is given. I congratulate this Masonic body, and acknowledge my shortcoming in that I am not a member of the fraternity. This is not so much my fault as it is my misfortune. I do belong to a fraternity, however—a fraternity to which George Washington and Andrew Jackson belonged. It is an association whose interest is a united stand for American industries, whose watchword is the people's cause. It is not as old as the building of Solomon's temple, but of the age of American institutions. It is a fraternity the fruits of whose labors wil always be liberty and independence. Would you know the name of this fraternity? It is the free and accepted patriotism of American citizens."

The President was tremendously applauded. Shortly after President Cleveland had taken his seat Governor O'Ferrall entered the banquet hall. The cheers that greeted him were deafening.

THE GOVERNOR INTRODUCED.

In introducing his Excellency Judge Sener said that it was a fact that the Governor of the State which gave to the land the mother of the Father of this country was entitled to distinction.

Governor O'Ferrall did not attempt to make a speech. He thanked the chairman for the courtesy extended him. He said that he had already talked about Virginia to-day. He was reminded of a banquet which he recently attended in Atlanta, Ga. On that occasion Rev. J. William Jones spoke upon Virginia. Judge Kelley talked upon a subject touching the Old Dominion, the Chief-Justice of Georgia talked about the mother of States, and he himself discussed the merits and history of this glorious old Commonwealth. The Governor thanked the audience and those in charge of the banquet for the courtesy shown him, told an anecdote about a man who forgot his speech, and took his seat.

Mrs. Waite, president of the National Mary Washington Association, entered the hall at this stage of the proceedings. She was presented to those present, and gracefully bowed her acknowledgement.

THE REGULAR TOASTS.

After the dinner came the regular toasts and responses. The first was "To the Mother of Mary, the Mother of Washington," and was responded to in an original poem by George Alfred Townsend. Mr. Townsend's lines showed much tenderness and pathos. They dealt both with the life and character of George Washington, and with the gentleness and fortitude of his maternal relative.

Vice-President Adlai E. Stevenson responded to the toast, "To George Washington, the Master Workman of His Age." The Vice-President dealt with Washington as a Mason and as a public man. His heroic character was, he said, manifest in all stages of his life. Even before Mr. Stevenson began his remarks there was much talking throughout the hall, and during his speech it became so bad that he stopped. However it should be said that immediately before the Vice-President was introduced, Miss Ryan, of New York, who was present as the representative of Mrs. Roger A. Pryor, of the New York Mary Washington Association, was quite badly hurt by falling from the stage. Miss Ryan had started to descend from the stage, and, as she placed her foot upon the steps, the latter wrenched around slightly, throwing her with great force to the floor. For more than two hours she was senseless, and blood streamed from her nostrils and mouth. Dr. Carrington, of Richmond, was promptly summoned, and the injured lady was removed to an adjoining room, and her wounds dressed. Miss Ryan was most painfully, though not dangerously injured. Her tongue was cut partially off, and her lips and mouth lacerated and bruised.

When the confusion had subsided the Vice-President resumed, and said:

"As a citizen of Illinois, the greatest of all these States given by Virginia, I come aty our bidding, and sit at your generous board. No Illinoisan can forget that during the darkest hour of our Colonial struggle, George Rogers Clarke, a Virginian, at the head of a band worthy of mention with the heroes of Thermopylae, captured the garrison at Kaskaskia, the ancient seat of empire of the Illinois territory, and thus we wrested the Mississippi Valley from the grasp of Great Britain.

WASHINGTON DAY.

"This, sir, is Washington day. From eloquent lips have fallen burning words that fitly commemorate the character, the worth, the virtues of the mother of the first President. To her monument, as to a holy place, will, with the coming years, bend the footsteps of a grateful people.

"We would do honor now to the memory of her illustrious son. All that he was to his country, to the world, cannot be told—cannot be measured. Was it Carlyle who said 'When the times demand a man, the man appears?' During those struggles from Lexington to Yorktown this man bore upon his great heart the sorrows, the burdens, the hopes, the aspirations of all his countrymen. No less great in peace than in war, it was his to preside over the convention which formulated our Federal Constitution—the great law of laws for a free people. Elected without a dissenting voice President of the United States, he sought grateful retirement in his Virginia home at the close of his administration. His work was done. He was the Past Master Workman.

"As general of the army which achieved our independence; as presiding officer of the assembly of sages which gave us the great organic law appropriately declared by Mr. Gladstone to be the 'grandest work ever struck off at a given time from the brain and purpose of man'; as the first Chief Magistrate of the Republic, and as a private citizen, when the twilight shadows were gathering about him—in all his relations to his fellows he knew no rival. He dwelt apart. He was the recognized master-workman. His most eloquent eulogist has well said: 'Virginia gave Washington to America and America gave him to the world and to the ages.'

WASHINGTON AS A MASON.

"And yet, this man, after his voluntary retirement from power and place, thought it derogated nothing from his great dignity to wear the insignia and preside over the deliberations of a lodge of Ancient, Free,