

the monument which "We, the people of the United States," have applied 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. So art has fitly typified his exalted life in a 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 new galaxies of stars. And meet it was that here, in the Capital of the Republic, at the distance of more than a century from its birth, the eloquent son of that illustrious State should spin in the chasm with his bridge of gold and emerald the final arch of commemoration.

And fancy, too, that in a land where the factious tongues of the elder nations are being hushed at last, and all rival strains commingled in the blood of brotherhood, the accomplished mission of America finds its flag illustration in the sage descending from the pilgrims crowning the hero sprung from the cavaliers.

It has seemed fitting to you, Mr. Chairman and gentlemen of the commission, that a citizen of the State which was the birth place 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 peculiarly 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 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. She deserved it. 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 brethren in council and in arms, and by her sister colonies, who kept the mutual pledge of "life, fortune and 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 strung forth from the wilderness, the prairie, and the prairie, and row 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 is your national capacity must always exact the just pride of patriotism more than any appellation derived from local discriminations?" And may I not seek the fountains from which sprung a character so instinct with love of country?

The Puritans of England, who, from the landing at Plymouth in 1620 to the uprising against Charles I in 1649, "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.

When Charles I was beheaded in 1649, and when his son, the second Charles, was beaten at 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 country" held allegiance to its phantom and to the exiled monarch. 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 follow 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 lands, estates which is an instinct of the free man, they planted their homes in the fertile lowlands, building great houses on broad acres, surrounding by ornamental grounds and gardens.

The 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, seedman, gardeners, brewers, butchers and cooks around him. Many of the heads of families were traveled and accomplished men. The parishes were ministered to by the learned 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 entertainment of a refined society.

Barges imported and means of friendly visitations, and the water-courses, and the boats, drawn by four or six horses became their mode of travel.

Born almost to the saddle, and to the use of fire-arms, they were keen hunters, and when the chase was over they sat by grooming boards and drank confusion to the Frenchman and Spaniard abroad, and to Roundhead and Prelate 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 Virginian, 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 anarchy has ever found amongst them; that they cherished above all things honor and courage, the virtues preservative of all other virtues; that their men became the nucleus of their 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 telegraphic and railway lines by corporate machinery; spurn all relations to politics save to debauch their 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, "let came to Virginia with a party of Cavaliers who had rebelled against him in England, from York, Yorkshire, East and West, who became a magistrat and member of the House of Burgesses, and who distinguished himself in England's warfare as the first Cavalier in Washington on this side of the water. He was the nephew of that Sir Henry Washington who had led the 1619 hope of Prince Rupert at Bristol in 1619 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 like 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

reverent studios or pretensions of ancestral dignities. But we are glad that our ancestors," says the Philosopher of Concord, "and who will say that in the capacity of a science, and to principle, and to the right of self-determination of what is principle, when the Washingtons have ever shown, which was loyalist or rebel, was not the germ of that deathless devotion to liberty and country which soon discarded all ancient forms in the mighty strike 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 forcing the bill, was soon on his travels with the revolution of 1688 in the fur blast and William of Orange upon his throne.

The Humphreys 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."

Mountains and vales are natural correspondences. A very Temple had Virginia been, sheltering the loyal cavaliers in their reverence for authority. The higher tract of the Anglo-Saxon was about to receive more honorable illustrations, and she arose, Olympian-like, in her resistance to its abuse.

And the instruments of Providence to lead her people and their brethren, had he lived in the days when mythic lore invested human heroes with a godlike name, would have been situated 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 Col. 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 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 that 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 pilgrim.

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 simply old-fashioned mahogany furniture, real and unfurnished; the swords and relics of campaigns and scenes, familiar to every school-boy now—the key of the Bastille hanging in the hall incased in glass, calling to mind Tom Paine's happy expression: "That the principle of the American revolution opened the Bastille 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, of the wild bird's note—and we are enveloped in an atmosphere of moral grandeur, which no peace of moving men nor splendid pile can regenerate. By the tumult 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 hounds o'er the sacred graves of Vernon, patriot, honor, courage, justice, virtue, truth seem bodied forth—the only imperishable realities of man's being.

There emerges from the shades the figure of a youth over whose cradle had hovered no star of destiny, nor dangled 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 Appahannock, whose strong will could tame the most fiery horse, whose just spirit made him the nurse of his fellows; whose obedient heart bowed to a mother's yearning for her son, and laid down the old-seaman's warrant in the British Navy, which awarded his first ambition's dream—the student transcribing mathematical problems, accounts, and business forms, or listening to a father's exhortations of the river as he fell of "dark-brown beams by flood and field;" the early moralist in his thirteenth year, "contingently 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 localities, and making maps, which remain models of nice and accurate draughtsmanship; the incipient soldier studying tactics under Adjutant Mena, 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 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 in 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 Gov. 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 "fleshed his maiden sword," has heard the bullets whistle, and found "something charming in the sound;" and soon he is ordered 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 or four bullet holes through his garments, and after having the post of St. Augustin Davies has now found him out as "that heroic youth, Col. 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 26th of November, 1759, he marches into the reduced fortress of Fort Duquesne—where Pittsburg now stands, and here Titano of industry wage the interval war of toil—marches in with the advance guard of his troops, and plants the British flag over its crumbling ruins.

That self-same year Wolfe, another young and brilliant soldier of Britain, the Wolseley of his time, has sailed and triumphed on the heights of Abraham, his triumph over Canada quenched as it lit the blaze of the American independence. "The seven years' War is done. The French power in America is broken. The French power west of the Alleghenies, from the lakes to the Ohio, embracing its valleys and tributary streams, is under the scepter of King George. America has been made whole for the English-speaking race, to become in time the Greater Britain.

This, 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 world and bustling world." Already ere his word has found its scabbard, the people of the new country had made him the member of the House of Burgesses. And the quiet years roll by as a merchant, and a gentleman and representative surveyor, his farm, snips his crops, reads his books, keeps his diary, makes sketches 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 capital, alternating between these private pursuits and serving his people as member of the legislature; and justice of the county court.

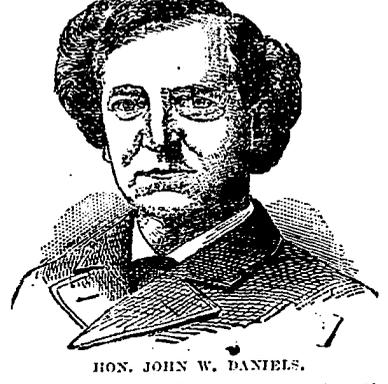
But ere long this happy life is broken. The air is electrical with the currents of revolution. England has hunched forth on the fatal policy of taxing her colonies without their consent. The spirit of Liberty and Resistance is aroused. He is still to part with the motherland which he still calls "Home." But the seal is broken. The first Colonial Congress is called. It is a delicate and delicate affair. The blow at Lexington issued. The sons of the Cavaliers spring to the aid of the Pilgrims. "God bless the man," says a brother's associate, "who would behead a brother's brother, and that the once happy plains of America are to be either drenched in blood or inhabited by slaves,—said alternative! But how can a Virginian man hesitate in his choice? He becomes commander-in-chief of the American forces. After another seven years' warfare, 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 the presidency. Once again Mount Vernon is the world's shade to receive him, and there, as the world's shadow, here now—becomes a citizen to see the whole world in peace and quietude, and the home of brotherly striving and diligent culture bestowed to the happiness of mankind." "We owe a debt to his memory," says a friend, "and the most to his farm." A spot of his was spots the sky. General Adams calls him forth as lieutenant-general and commander-in-chief to lead America on more. But the country failed. Peace reigns. The lark sings at Heaven's gate in the faint yet in the strength of manhood, though on the verge of three score years and ten he looks forth—the

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MOR. DANIEL'S ORATION.

A Magnificent Effort, Given With a Majestic Eloquence.

When Mr. Long took his seat the band struck up "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," and as the music closed Mr. Edmunds introduced the Hon. John W. Daniels, of Virginia, who delivered another oration.



HON. JOHN W. DANIELS.

Mr. Daniels is gifted with an eminently handsome face and a melodious, but powerful voice. His gesticulation was remarkably graceful and his manner very effective. His oration was as follows:

GOD BE PRAISED, THAT CHARACTER IS OURS FOREVER.

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the Commission:

MR. COUNTRYMEN—Solitary and alone in its grandeur stands forth the character of Washington in history; solitary and alone like so no peak that has no fellow in the mountain range of greatness.

"Washington," says Gulzot—"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 molded a whole and made 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 matter of fact to-day, as when Gen. Hamilton, announcing his death to the army, said: "The voice of praise would in vain endeavor to exalt a name unrivaled in the lists of true glory." America still proclaims him, as did Col. 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 Alfred, breathing the soul of all lands and all people, 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 whose eyes have moved the panorama of man's struggles, achieve news and progress, find you anywhere the story of one whose life work is life in a fragment of that which in his life is set before you?

Conquerors, who have stretched your scepters over boundless territories; founders of empire, 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, heavy and scholastic; statesmen, whose brains have trod with mighty plans for the amelioration of human society; sages crowned with the laurels of illustrious heroes of the land, who have borne the terrors of sleep in a battle fought in the bright array from your glorious faces, and would you 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 savior of his country, unapproachable in his grandeur.

Oh! miraculous Providence that gave to America our Washington!

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

"Earth highest yearns to meet a star,"

quiet farmer from his pleasant fields, the loving patriarch from the bowers of his home, and the leader of the warriors, established in a free and happy people. Suddenly comes the mortal stroke with shivers cold. The agony is soon over. He feels his own dying pulse—the hand relaxes—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. An'ist the tears of his people, the howl of mad kings, and the laments 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.

No sum could now be made of Washington's character that did not exhaust language of its tributes and repeat the names of his names. No success 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 as a model.

Drawing his patriotic impulse, without ambition and without malice, he yielded 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 greater honor than that which he defeated, for England has been glad to claim him as the son 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 mirror that snatches brightly and brightly at the destructive hand can only multiply the forms of immortality.

Grand and manifold as were its phases, it 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 displayed the arts which wrap power in mystery in order to magnify it. He practiced the profound diplomacy of a truthfully executed 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 is no infirmity in his conduct over which charity must fling its veil; no taint of selfishness from which Purity averts her gaze; no excess of intrigue that must be lit up with colored panegyric; no subterranean go to be trod in trembling lest there be the ghost of a shadow.

A true son of nature was George Washington—of nature in her brightest intelligence and noblest mould; and difficulty, if such were to be in comprehending him, is only that of reviewing from a single standpoint the 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 his performance—the difficulty of fashioning in our minds a steady road enough to the towering figure whose greatness is diminished by nothing but the perfection of its proportions. If his exterior—in calm, brave, 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 hero of nations, could not wear his heart upon his sleeve; and yet his sternest will could not conceal its high and warm pulsations. The enemy of his guns at Boston, he did not forget to instruct his agent to administer generously of charity to his needy neighbors at home. The sufferer of women and children thrown amidst the 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 undertones.

Disinterested patriot, he would receive no honor for his military services. Refusing gifts, he was glad to bestow the benefits of his grateful State to educate the children of his brave men in the institution at Lexington which yet bears his name. Without any of the blemishes that mark the tyrant, he appeared 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 that daring intellect which grasped principle with a giant's grasp, assumed responsibility at any hazard, suffers sacrifice without pretence of martyrdom, and calmly without reply, imposes upon all and understanding on all around it, such to no unworthy triumph, but must see all things at the point of clear and unmeasured conscience, scorning all manner of meanness and cowardice. His bursts of wrath at their exhibition only heighten our admiration for this nobler passions which were kindled by the inspirations and exigencies of virtue.

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 heaven dawns a smile, and which suspicion never dare 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 are all conformable to those of a god."

Great as a cot may not be said of him as of Marlborough, and he informed 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 monuments of war were a burlesque of its necessities, he defeated the trained bands and veteran generals of Europe; and that when he had secured the name of the American Fabius, destined to a station 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 in a "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 Point was a succession of disasters and retreats. But with the calm 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 fortune," he wrenched victory from stubborn fortune, compelling the reluctant oracle to exclaim as to Alexander: "My son, thou art invisible." 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 in his country, he was seen to have a new and fit and far-reaching combination, and wined 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.

Great in action as by the council board, the best horseman and knottiest figure of his time, he seemed destined by nature to lead in those bold strokes which needs must come between the battalions 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 petrified a leader of less hardy mould—and then the fet sweep at Trenton. We behold him as when at Monmouth he turns back the retreating lines, and gallantly falls back, charging 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 such 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 ever be general to the foe?"—then bolts into the thickest fray. Col. Fitzgarden, his aid, drops his reins and pulls his bat 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 country, and bring up the troops, the day is ours." "Cour de Lion" might have

doed his plume to such a chief—for a great knight was he, who met his foe full tilt in the shock of battle and buried them down with an arm whose sword flamed with righteous indignation.

As children pore over the picture—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 reek of those dark hours when the chinking head and the great sword of the conqueror in 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 the great battles, when he foresaw his civil role 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-trodden courses, rested in the chariot race, guided by an eye that never quailed, reined by a hand that never trembled. He had a more inflexible 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 their implicit obedience; with a more unflinching 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 Shakespeare or a poem of Milton, handled with Kant the tangled skein of metaphysics, probed the sercices of mind and matter with Bacon, constructed a railroad or an engine like Stephenson, wooed the electric spark from lightning to earth with Franklin, or walked with Newton the highways 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 marvelous exertions of mind, body and spirit to be free. He knew the materials he dealt with by intuitive perception of the heart of man—his 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.

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, by his genial kindness of his nature, could act independently party, retain the confidence and affections, use the brain, and have thrust upon him the unaiming 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 brilliance which flames in instant coruscation across the black brow of night, and then is not; but if a steady unflinching 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 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, inasmuch 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 it illustrate the Anglo-Saxon trait of just resistance to the abuse of power—standing in front of his soldier husbandmen on the fields of Boston and telling the "generals of earth's greatness" that "the rebels" were "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 principles of the Declaration of Independence, that to secure the inalienable rights of man, and that no man is entitled 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 on 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 form; that rival passions burned in intestine flames; that crises came demanding wider reaching and more constructive facilities than may be exhibited in war or higher heroism than may be avouched in battle.

And it was then that the soldier uplifted the vigor of his helmet and disclosed the countenance of the sage, and the path of the hero of martial fame to the heights of civil achievement still more resplendent, became the world-wide statesman, like Venust in her transit, sunk the light of his past 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 the huge 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 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 with which we read, 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 the old assumed that the rights of the States should become but thirteen States, pursuing their local interests until annihilated in a general crash, the cause would be lost and the fable of the bundle of stick applied to us.

In rapid succession his notes of alarm and invitations for aid to union followed each other to the leading men of States, North and South. Turning to his own State, and appealing to George Mason: "Where," he exclaimed, "is there an arm or a 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 moments should be improved and might never return, and that the States should be united and successful against the usurpation of Britain, we may call a prey 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 futuward to avert it!

Why almost a miracle the weak confederation, a barrel without a hoop," was held together by the force of outside pressure, and soon America was free of outside pressure. 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 undelivered Liberty gave loose to license. An unpaid army with unshathed swords clamored around a poverty-stricken and helpless Congress; and, grovning at last impatient, even with their chief, officers high in rank plotted insurrection, and circulated an anonymous address, urging "the amendment of the justice to the fears of government and suspecting 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.

Not a moment did Washington hesitate. He convened his officers, and going before them he read them an address which for homely trust argument, magnanimous temper, and boldness of courage, surpassed all that was to be added, is not exceeded by the grandest utterance 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 find myself growing blind." This unaffected touch of nature completed the master's spell. The late fomenters of insurrection gathered to their chief with words of veneration—the storm went by—and says Curtis in his History of the Constitution, "had the commander-in-chief been other than Washington the land would have been deluged with the blood of civil war."

But not yet was Washington's work accomplished. Peace dawned upon the weary land, and parting with his soldiers, he pleaded with them for union. "Happy, thrice happy, shall they be pronounced," he said, "who have contrived anything in erecting this stupendous fabric of freedom and empire; who have assisted in protecting the rights of human nature and establishing an asylum for the poor and oppressed of all nations and religions." But still the foundations of the stupendous fabric trembled, and no cement held its stones together. It was then that, with thickening peril, Washington rose to his highest station to utter the words which shall forth his utterance, impelled by the intrepid impulse of a soul that could not see the hope of a nation perish without leaping into the stream to save it, he addressed the whole people of America in a circular to the Governors of the States: "Convinced of the importance of the crisis, silence in me," he said, "would be a crime. I will therefore speak the language of freedom and sincerity." He set forth the need of union in a strain that touched the quick of sensibility; he held up the citizens of America as sole lords of a vast tract of continent; he portrayed the fate, opportunity for political happiness with which heaven had crowned them; he pointed out the blessings that would attend their collective wisdom; that in their fate was involved that of unborn millions; that mutual concessions and sacrifices must be made, and that supreme power must be lodged somewhere to regulate and govern the general concerns of the Confederate Republic, without which the union would not be of long duration. And he urged that happiness would be ours if we seized the occasion and made it our own.

In this one of the very greatest acts of Washington, was revealed the heart of the man, the spirit of the hero, the wisdom of the sage—I might almost say the sacred inspiration of the prophet.

But still the wing of the eagle drooped; the gathering storms baffled his sunward flight. Even with Washington in the van the column wavered and halted—States straggling to the rear that had hitherto been foremost for permanent Union, under an efficacious constitution. And while three years rolled by amidst the jargon of sectional and local contentions, "the half-sarved governments" as Washington depicted it, "limped along on crutches, tottering at every step." And while monarchical Europe with saturnine face declared that the American hope of union was the wild and visionary notion of romance, and predicted that we would be to the end of time a disunited people, suspicious and distrustful of each other, divided and subdivided into petty commonwealths and principalities, lo! the very earth yawned under the feet of America, and in that very region whence had come forth a glorious host of orators, statesmen and soldiers, to plead the cause and fight the battles of independence, lo! the volcanic fires of rebellion burst forth upon the heads of the faithful, and the militia were levelling the guns of the revolution against the breasts of their brethren. "What, gracious God! is man?" Washington exclaimed: "It was but the other day that we were shedding our blood to obtain the Constitution under which we live, and now we are unseathing our swords to overturn them." But see! there is a ray of hope, Maryland and Virginia had already entered into a commercial treaty for regulating the navigation of the rivers and great bay in which they had common interests, and Washington had been one of the commissioners in its negotiation. And now, at the suggestion of Maryland, Virginia had called on all the States to meet in convention at Annapolis, to adopt commercial regulations for the whole country. Could this foundation be laid, the eyes of the nation builders foresaw that the permanent structure would ere long rise upon it; but when the day of meeting came no State north of New York or south of Virginia was represented, and in their helplessness those assembled could only recommend a constitutional convention to meet in Philadelphia in May, 1787, to provide for the exigencies of the situation. And still thick clouds and darkness rested on the land, and there lowered upon its hopes a night as black as that upon the freezing Delaware; but through its gloom the dauntless leader was still marching on to the consummation of his colossal work, with a hope that never died, with a courage that never faltered, with a wisdom that never yielded that "all is vanity."

It was not permitted to the Roman to despair of the republic, nor did he—our chieftain. "It will all come right at last," he said. It did. And now let the historian, Bancroft, speak: "From this state of despair the country was lifted by Madison and Virginia." Again, he says: "We come now to a weak more glorious for Virginia, beyond any in her annals, except in the history of any republic that had ever before existed." It was that work in which Madison, "giving effect to his own cherished wishes, and the still earlier wishes of Washington, addressing as it were the whole country, and marshalling all the States," warned them "that the crisis had arrived at which the people of America are to decide the solemn question whether they would by wise and magnanimous efforts reap the fruits of independence and of Union, or whether by giving way to unmanly jealousies and prejudices, or to partial and transitory interests they would renounce the blessings prepared for them by the revolution," and conjuring them "to concur in such further concessions and provisions as may be necessary to secure the objects for which that government was instituted and made the United States as happy in peace as they had been glorious in war." In such manner my countrymen, Virginia adopting the words of Madison and moved by the constant spirit of Washington, joined in convoking that constitutional convention, in which he headed her delegation, and over which he presided, and whose deliberations resulted in the formation and adoption of that instrument which the Premier of Great Britain pronounced "the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man."

In such manner America heard and harkened to the voice of her chief, and now, closing the thirteen commonwealths, and faced to the future on the line of the Union under the sacred sign of the Constitution.

Thus at last was the crowning work of Washington accomplished. The outworn tempests of age and the tumults of civil commotion the ages bore their fruit, the long yearning of humanity was answered. "Rome to America" is the eloquent inscription on one stone of your colossal shaft, taken from the ancient Temple of Peace that once stood hard by the Palace of the Cæsars. Uprisen from the sea of revolution, the fabric of the ruins of battered bastilles and dismantled palaces of unhallowed power, stood forth now the republic of republics, the nation of nations the constitution of constitutions, to which all lands and times and tongues had contributed of their wisdom. And the priestess of liberty was in her holy temple.

When Marathon had been fought and Greece kept free, each of the victorious generals voted himself to be first in honor, but all agreed that Miltiades was second. When the most memorable struggle for the rights of human nature of which time holds record was thus happily concluded in the monument of their preservation, whoever else was second, unanimous acclaim declared that Washington was first. Nor in that struggle alone does he stand foremost. In the name of the people of the United States, their President, their Senators, and their Representatives, and their judges, do crown to-day with the grandest crown that veneration has ever lifted to the brows of glory him whom Virginia gave to America, who America has given to the world and to the ages, and whom mankind with universal suffrage has proclaimed the foremost of the founders of empire in the first degree of greatness, whom liberty herself has anointed as the first citizen in the great republic of humanity.

Encompassed by the inviolate seas stands to-day the American republic which he founded—a free Great Britain—uplifted above the powers and principalities of the earth, even as his monument is uplifted over roof and dome and spire of the multitudinous city.

Long live the Republic of Washington! Respected by mankind, beloved of all its sons, long may it be the asylum of the poor and oppressed of all lands and liberties—long may it be the citadel of that liberty which writes beneath the eagle's folded wings: "We will deny to no man right and justice."

Long live the United States of America! Filled with the free magnanimous spirit; crowned by the wisdom of the ages, and whom mankind with universal suffrage has proclaimed the foremost of the founders of empire in the first degree of greatness, whom liberty herself has anointed as the first citizen in the great republic of humanity.

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minds, Speaker Carlisle and Mr. Long warmly congratulated him. Senator Bayard shook him cordially by the hand and made a neat little speech expressing his appreciation of Senator Brown. Representatives Holman, Dorsheimer, Rosecrans, Tucker, Breckenridge and many others also pressed forward to tender their congratulations to the eloquent orator. After benediction by the chaplain of the House the vast assemblage dispersed.