

I was ready for any danger or for any chance.

"Lie down in the bottom of the boat, Magali," I called sharply. "That is the safest place for you. We are going about."

I spoke the truth to Magali; but, also, I did not want her to see what happened. She did what I told her to do, and then I began to wear the boat around. How I did it without swamping, I do not know. Perhaps the devils of All Souls Eve held up my mast through the black moments while we lay wallowing in the trough of the sea. But I did do it; and when I was come about I headed straight for Jan's boat—lying dead to leeward of me, not twenty yards away. The clouds thinned suddenly and almost the full light of the moon was with us. We could see each other's faces plainly—and in mine he saw what I meant to do.

"It will be all of us together, Marius!" he called to me. "Do you want to murder Magali too?"

But I did not believe that it would be all of us together: for I knew that his boat was an old one, and that mine was

new and strong. And, also, the devils had me in their hold. The gale was behind me, driving me down upon him like a thunder-bolt. As I shot close to him the moon shone out full for a moment through a rift in the clouds. In that moment I saw his face clearly. The moonlight gleamed on it. It was a ghastly dead white. But I do not suppose that it was for himself that he was afraid. Jan was not a coward, or he would not have jumped after me when I was drowning in the sea.

Once more he called to me. "Marius! For the sake of Magali—"

And then there was a crashing and a rending of planks as I shot against his boat, and a sudden upspringing of my own boat under me. And after that, for a long while, a roaring of water about me, and my own body tumbled and thrust hither and thither in it, and at last a blow which seemed to dash me down into a vast black depth that was all buzzing with little blazing stars.

But the others were upcast on the rocks dead.

## THE FIRST AMERICAN HIS HOMES AND HIS HOUSEHOLDS

BY LEILA HERBERT

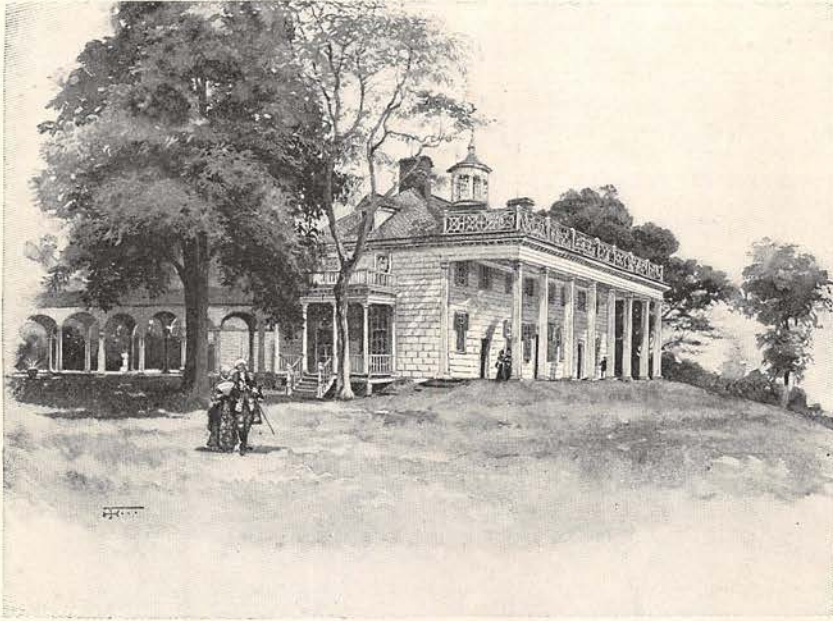
### PART IV.—FINAL DAYS AT MOUNT VERNON

WASHINGTON went at once from Philadelphia to Mount Vernon. He had longed ineffably for the quiet of his beautiful home on the Potomac, but he had only two years and nine months to live when he left the Presidency.

The love of the few that are near more than makes up for lack of the praise of the many afar; but Washington, in his last days, had both love at home and praise abroad, heaped up and running over. He dearly loved the old faces, for in them he saw none of the curiosity that always tinged the adulation of the newcomer; and a few old friends, a few old servants, superannuated pensioners, were still about him.

His old white horse, the Revolutionary

veteran "Nelson," ran neighing to a call and caress when Washington passed him feeding stiffly in the paddock. Horse, master, friends, and servants were affectionately to grow older together. Still within-doors was the lovely thrifty wife, busy as a clock, her white hair marking the flight of time. Like the sun-dial on the west lawn, the hand, her soul, still pointed upward, no matter where the shadows might range. Billy was now dilettante shoemaker; Christopher, a younger man, his master's valet, faithful and trusted, making Billy, the former incumbent, perhaps think for a moment that none of us is really needed in this world. That is where Billy could have made a mistake. Father Jack, the ancient fisherman, did not come into the



MOUNT VERNON.

home life at Mount Vernon in the days when his step was as "peert" as any, in the honeymoon of his mistress. But youth has no more than its own advantage. More interesting now, Father Jack's tongue loosened when his legs grew stiff and the color forsook his kinky hair. If a boy could endure to sit with him in his boat, riding upon the Potomac beneath a beating sun that sweetly warmed the old African's back, Father Jack might tell him hair-raising tales of the king, his father, an Ethiopian monarch—that is, if the ancient fisherman could keep awake. The old fellow fished and dozed, and often waked to deny most indignantly that he had been asleep. When it was time to bring in the fish for dinner, the cook hoisted on shore a signal. To catch either Father Jack's eye when awake, or his one perfectly sound ear, frantic waving and shrieks sometimes failed. Father Jack was more than a hundred.

What is this moving upon the waters as if to attack Mount Vernon?

A vessel, not very big.

It heaves to. The gun, not very big, is ready; fired!

A boat is lowered, is manned (one man). It puts ashore.

"A fish, sir, for the General, with the compliments of Captain Benjamin Grymes, of the Life Guards, sir."

Old Benjamin Grymes, a faithful heart, lived not far down the Potomac, and gloried in repeating this performance.

Tom Davis shortened the lives of the canvas-back ducks on the Potomac near by. He was as faithful to the game course for the General's dinner as Father Jack or Captain Grymes to the fish.

"The country people about Mount Vernon loved Washington as a neighbor and a friend, and not as the distant great man of the army and the Presidency."

The deer-park fence rotted. The deer ran wild over the estate, but the General allowed no poaching. He caught a fellow making off in a boat with a freshly killed deer, and waded into the water and seized him, not tenderly.

Louis Philippe and his two brothers and the Duc de Liancourt, welcome now to Washington's house, gazed with swelling hearts upon the scene at Mount Vernon, peace everywhere but at times in the glorious sky.

Washington mourned with them the sorry fate of many French friends, former officers in the American Revolution; among them de Warville—once, too, a

visitor at Mount Vernon—guillotined because, though an ardent republican, he opposed the cowardly murder of the King.

Said the Duc de Liancourt:

"In the days of my power, under the ancient régime of France, I had fifty servants to wait upon me, but yet my coat was never as well brushed as now that I do it myself."

Visitors, heralded and unheralded, continued to come, though the house was "in a litter and dirt" from necessary repairs; and Mrs. Washington had a swelling in her face. The demands upon the host were too many for an elderly man. The General sent for his nephew, Lawrence Lewis, to help entertain. This was not

the nephew, Robert Lewis, who had been secretary during the Presidency.

Lawrence fell in love with Nelly Custis. What bachelor would not? She was religion, culture, daring, fun, turned by femininity to charm.

France grossly insulted United States envoys, and the envoys waited to be insulted again before they came home. After making sure that they were well enough cuffed, the United States prepared for war, vigorously and unmistakably; appointed Washington commander-in-chief. Principally from his home on the Potomac, by an active correspondence, Washington organized the army. France, partly by victories our



WASHINGTON AS HIS OWN GAME-WARDEN.

ships had won at sea, and partly by our military preparations at home, was scared into politeness. She received our ambassador, and the "quasi war" ended. The trophies left at Mount Vernon were a gorgeously embroidered uniform for Washington, and the full, fluffy white plumes General Pinckney presented for his chapeau.

A direct history of Washington lies in the letters extant that he wrote on his farm. He replied unflinching to correspondents, either personally or through a secretary. His literary style became masterful; at times turgid, involved, in stating fact; in setting forth opinion or plan of action his words were as clear as the Thames in its upper reaches, or as a mountain cascade in Georgia when it has been long since the rain fell. At intervals, to his latest day, he misspelled in this fashion: "of" for "off," "expence," "excepting" for "accepting," "sparce." He became careful and usually correct in punctuation. Not only in his letters, but in his diary, he wrote of his wife as "Mrs. Washington." He rarely referred without prefix to any man not a servant. He once wrote of the steward as "Mr." Hyde. He liked to see "a tub stand on its own bottom," and did nothing to upset it.

It is from Washington's dryness of fact concerning himself that comes much of the dryness of his history as often written. He is unconscious of and never notes down any trait indicating greatness in himself.



WASHINGTON AS HIS OWN SURVEYOR.

He was not above a pun. Colonel Lear was in Washington. He was suffering from rheumatism in his feet. The General wrote to Lear's doctor, "It would be well for him [Lear] to remain in the Federal City as long as he could derive benefit to his understanding from your friendly prescriptions."

In his letters to Dr. Craik, the Fairfaxes, Lafayette, Chastellux, Greene, Light Horse Harry Lee, Robert Morris, Knox, Washington expressed his affection in generous, outspoken terms. To Nelly Custis, absent at her first ball, he wrote, when her heart was free, "Be assured, a sensible woman can never be happy with a fool."

Of Nelly Custis, Latrobe, the Frenchman, wrote, "She has more perfection of



RECEIVING HIS OLD FRIENDS AT MOUNT VERNON.

form, of expression, of color, of softness, and of firmness of mind than I have ever seen before." She had many suitors. The love-lorn Lawrence Lewis won her hand. The General approved. Lawrence, tall, firm-eyed, was his favorite among all his nephews. The wedding was on Washington's birthday, in 1799. Nelly, with a woman's eye to the splendid, wanted Washington to wear on the absorbing occasion his new uniform as commander-in-chief of the provisional army. He would not, but wore the old Continental uniform, buff and blue, wearing which he had planned and fought so many battles. He was fond of the buff and blue.

He rode about his farms in the hot summer, surveying, carrying his compass himself; his dress suitably plain drab, a great round hat on his head, an umbrella fixed in the saddle. He was quietly collecting and digesting items for his will, and for the minute directions he was writing

to his agent for the conduct of the estate for several years to come. If belated, he galloped home at a round pace in time for the getting-ready-for-dinner bell.

His health, it seemed, was vigorous.

In the autumn he was riding with George Washington Parke Custis. They dismounted. Remounting, the General's horse threw him. He seemed not to regret the hurt, which was not serious, but merely the fact of falling. As soon as he got up he began to explain why he fell.

"I am not hurt," said he. "I have had a very complete tumble, owing to a cause no horseman could well avoid. I was poised in the stirrup and had not gained the saddle when the scary animal sprang from under me."

He had no fancy to play King Lear, testing his judgment of false and true. Lawrence and Nelly wished to build a house of their own. They made inquiries concerning lands. Washington

had provided in his will to leave them an adjoining farm, and for their convenience told them of it, offering to rent them the farm to build on.

"You may conceive," he said in a letter to Lawrence, "that building before you have an absolute title to the land is hazardous. To obviate this, I shall only remark that it is not likely any occurrence will happen or any change take place that would alter my present intention (if the conduct of yourself and wife is such as to merit a continuance of it); but be this as it may, that you may proceed on sure ground with respect to the buildings, I will agree, and this letter shall be an evidence of it, that if hereafter I should find cause to make any other disposition of the property here mentioned, I will pay the actual cost of said buildings to you or yours.

"Although I have not the most distant idea that any event will happen that could affect a change in my determination, nor any suspicion that you or Nelly could conduct yourselves in such a manner as to incur my serious displeasure, yet, at the same time that I am inclined to do justice to others, it behooves me to take care of myself, by keeping the staff in my own hands."

In December a cold brought on a throat trouble, easily remedied now by tracheotomy. The doctors' method of hastening death in that day was to let blood. They bled him. He was soon past hope.

As he lay dying he felt his pulse, his

mind still at work when his body was nearly conquered.

While the ghastly death-shadows deepened in his face, Mrs. Washington, at his bedside, silently prayed, the Bible on her knee. She went by a mental path of agony far into the Dark Valley with him that had been the house-band indeed.



"THE MOST CHEERLESS ROOM WAS THE ONLY ONE FROM WHICH SHE COULD SEE HER HUSBAND'S GRAVE."

Her grief was quiet. When his great frame, only two days before in perfect health, lay stretched in repose from which it would never rise, she said:

"It is well I have no more troubles to go through. I shall soon follow him."

It was on Saturday night, between ten and eleven o'clock, the 14th of December, 1799.

The coffin—the grewsome thing that collects to the mind all the horrors of



WASHINGTON'S LAST FAREWELL.

death—was brought the next morning from Alexandria. It was of mahogany, lined with lead.

His body lay unburied till Wednesday between three and four in the afternoon. He had requested not to be laid in the vault within less than three days after death.

It was in another respect as he had wished. None were present but lovers, friends, and neighbors. But of these there were so many that his body was removed from the banquet-hall to the river piazza, that they might better see in farewell his noble face.

The stately pillars were so tall that the loving sky looked once more upon him.

The mourning procession wound about the grounds of Mount Vernon to lay him to rest in the old tomb on the hill-side. Cyrus and Wilson, two black grooms in blacker weeds, led his riderless horse. Before them the troops of Alexandria, horse and foot, moved in funeral step, while music breathed solemn hope through the leafless trees. Four clergymen in white followed. Next the unriden horse eight sorrowing men, officers and masons, bore with heart-felt reverence the lifeless rider prone at a tall man's length. The household, friends, a body of masons, and servants followed in silence, broken by sounds of weeping. Minute-guns were fired from a vessel in the river.

None of Washington's relatives were present—his death was so unexpected, the means of communication so slow. Mrs. Washington did not see his body laid in the grave: she remained in the house. George Washington Parke Custis was absent. Nelly Custis Lewis lay ill in an upper chamber.

Washington's will is a remarkable paper, circumstantially clear and legal, written without legal assistance, his name signed at the bottom of each page. Its minuteness made peace after death. There was small chance of dispute over the distribution of his large property, though divided among a great number of persons and two institutions.

Under his management, his hands almost constantly full of affairs of state, the Mount Vernon property from 2500 acres had increased to 9000, on which in one year he had grown 7000 bushels of wheat and 10,000 of Indian corn, besides a large quantity of other produce. In the summer of 1799 he had there 36 horses,

57 mules, 15 asses, 329 horned cattle, and an unnumbered stock of hogs—live-stock in value to the amount of \$35,000. In addition to the Mount Vernon estate he held at his death titles to more than forty-four tracts of land, variously situated in Virginia, Ohio, Maryland, Pennsylvania, New York, Northwest Territory, Kentucky, the District of Columbia, and the Dismal Swamp. He was one of the greatest landholders on the North American Continent. He has been called land poor. At times he was straitened for ready money.

In reading his will one thinks no expectant relative, relative-in-law, friend, or servant could have been disappointed, though that is, after all, scarcely probable.

To my dearly beloved wife, Martha Washington, I give and bequeath the use, profit and benefit of my whole Estate, real and personal, for the term of her natural life, except such parts thereof as are specially disposed of hereafter.

Of those specially disposed of, Nelly and Lawrence received the estate conditionally promised: they had behaved themselves. To George Washington Parke Custis was bequeathed a lot in the city of Washington, also the superb Arlington property, overlooking the Potomac, where later lived the devisee's daughter, married to Robert E. Lee, and where, later still, were buried 16,000 bodies of Americans slain in a brothers' quarrel.

The General left endowment for the Washington and Lee University, and for a national university to be founded in the city of Washington, an institution that he believed would be of great political advantage to the nation. The latter bequest he prefaced so:

*It has always been a source of serious regret with me to see the youth of these United States sent to foreign countries for the purpose of education, often before their minds were formed or they had imbibed any adequate ideas of the happiness of their own, contracting too frequently not only habits of dissipation and extravagance, but principles unfriendly to Republican Government and to the true and genuine liberties of mankind, which thereafter are rarely overcome. For these reasons it has been my ardent wish to see a plan devised on a liberal scale which would have a tendency to spread systematic ideas through all parts of this rising Empire, thereby to do away local attachments and State prejudices as far as the nature of things would, or indeed ought to admit, from our*



national councils. Looking anxiously forward to the accomplishment of so desirable an object as this is, (in my estimation) my mind has not been able to contemplate any plan more likely to effect the measure than the establishment of a University in a central part of the United States to which the youth of fortune and talents from all parts thereof might be sent for the completion of their education in all the branches of polite literature in arts and sciences—in acquiring knowledge in the principles of Politics and good government and (as a matter of infinite importance in my judgment) by associating with each other and forming friendships in juvenile years, be enabled to free themselves in a proper degree from those local prejudices and habitual jealousies which have just been mentioned and which when carried to excess are never failing sources of disquietude to the Public mind and pregnant of mischievous consequences to this country.

With protective provision for the old and infirm, Washington bequeathed the slaves he held in his own right, 124 in number, their freedom at the death of Mrs. Washington—not liberating them at once because of their intermarriage with hers. He probably knew of her intention to free her slaves by will, but he left her to do as she would with her own. None of the property mentioned in his will came to him by marriage.

Now for Billy.

And to my mulatto man William (calling himself William Lee) I give immediate freedom or if he should prefer it (on account of the accidents which have befallen him and which have rendered him in-capable of walking or any active employment) to remain in the situation he now is, it shall be optional in him to do so.

In either case an annuity of thirty dollars was given him.

Sarah, dead Bishop's daughter, received a hundred dollars.

Mrs. Washington never again slept in the chamber in which the General died. She staid instead in a little attic room, uncomfortable and stuffy, whose low sloping ceiling seemed offering to fall on one's head. It had but a single dormer-window to let in a bit of light, and a faint breath to cool the heated roof air in summer. It was cold in winter; had neither stove nor fireplace. The tiny window looked out upon the General's grave. It was the custom in Virginia, by way of respect, to close for two years the room in which a member of the family had recently died. It has been lately

said that it was for this reason Mrs. Washington selected the attic room. A *non sequitur*. There were ten other bedrooms to which she might have gone; this, the most cheerless, was the only one from which she could see her husband's grave. The morbid choice was actuated by heart-sickness that religion could not control.

Mount Vernon is unhealthy. Chilling mists creep up from the river in the late evening, laden with sufficient miasma to explain the constant store of quinine the General kept on hand for slaves and family. Mrs. Washington died of a bilious fever in the little attic room in May, 1802, two and a half years after the General's death. She was laid beside him.

Unfortunately, both the General's and Mrs. Washington's wills provided for the sale at her death of all properties "not specially disposed of." The mansion at Mount Vernon was almost bared of furniture. With the immediate farm, out-buildings, and tomb, the house went to the General's nephew Bushrod Washington, a United States Supreme Court judge.

Billy remained. I am sorry to say he took to drink. He had a fit of delirium tremens. West Ford, a mulatto philosopher, ministered to him. When Billy was quiet, West Ford opened a vein to bleed him. The blood would not flow. Billy was dead. In the little matter of dying, Billy was active. He was each one of five that died in various parts of the United States, the last one of him in 1867, when he was more than a hundred and thirty years old.

Judge Washington died in 1829. Mount Vernon became the property of Colonel John Augustine Washington, his nephew.

A grave-robber broke into General Washington's tomb to steal his body. He made off with a ghastly head. It was recovered. The thief had mistaken the coffin; the head was not that of the General, but of another of the family, a number of whom were buried in the vault. The General's coffin was opened to make sure: his body lay in repose undisturbed.

At the late date of 1837, a wish expressed by the General in his will was obeyed. He had called attention to his selection of a spot for a new tomb for himself and family, and those of the family already buried in the old vault. The old tomb was disadvantageously situated on the side of a hill which was sub-

ject to landslides. For the new vault he specified not only the spot, but also dimensions and materials. According to these, his own plans, a tomb was built, and his and Mrs. Washington's bodies were transferred to it, along with the remains in the old vault of other members of the family. The latter were buried together within the vault, out of sight, while the bodies of General and Mrs. Washington are in stone coffins above-ground, within plain view between the slender bars of a grated iron door.

It is for this reason that the most illustrious of our dead has so simple a mausoleum—obedience to his wish. The vault is squarish, of red brick, topped with a bit of marble. It would be unsightly but that in summer vines clamber about it and whispering trees shelter it. Before snows whiten the roof, leaves flutter to the ground and bare a wonderful network of dark branches that lock and contrast with the sky in a frame for his resting-place. At all times a stretch of river and of woodland dimpled with hollows beautifies it triumphantly.

From behind the tomb on a night of last April the moon shone round, and on the chill earth dropped a soft cover of light and shade. A few blanched clouds flecked the sky, giving a wide wake to the awing night queen in her robe of silver yellow. Within the vault, faintly, solemnly, the sarcophagi of General and Lady Washington showed gloom-white. A whippoorwill near by, changing his tree but seldom, from a full throat sang his three clear soprano notes more than two hundred times without stopping to take breath; the tree-frog added his cool, thoughtful voice; and crickets and katydids punctuated a high-keyed victory-chorus to Infinitude. There are three hundred and sixty-five nights in a year—a new scene at the tomb every night. Think of it when the lightning flashes and the trees beat about in a storm! Nature was partial to Washington, and she shifts the elements in earth and heaven and honors him still. But she loves and is kind to wooing. There are more pleasing garlands about the General's tomb because white-haired Edmund Parker, a quondam slave, guarding it, tends the vine faithfully. Edmund, one of Colonel John Augustine Washington's negroes, is "a member of the family." Love lightens his labor.

We anticipate. It was more than twenty years after the erection of the new tomb and the removal of the bodies to it when the Ladies' Mount Vernon Association of the Union came into possession, and placed on guard at Mount Vernon Edmund and his fellow-laborers to make to Nature their effective prayer of work.

Virginia farms, it is said, average a bankruptcy to every third generation. Dismal days came to the Washingtons' home.

It is a greedy and luxurious family of houses, the big house and the little ones. In the General's time they ate up proceeds of surrounding farms to keep themselves going; afterwards many of those farms served other mansions. A sorry sight the place became. The roofs leaked; some of them fell in. More than one of the out-houses gave up altogether and fell down. The arcades that led in pretty curves from each side of the mansion to the "every-day" and "banquet" kitchens held straight as long as they could, but worms, rot, and neglect had assailed, and they leaned and sank. The tall pillars on the river piazza woke melancholy echoes with their fall; the few ragged columns left were not disdainful; uncouth poles straggled into service between them and helped prop up the weakened eaves. The tomb was dilapidated.

Southern women are full of sentiment. In 1855, Miss Pamela Cunningham, of South Carolina, saw the place in this condition. She resolved that the home of the great American should be restored and honored by Americans; that she herself would cause it to be done if nobody else would. Appealed to by individual members—Miss Cunningham's friends—to buy the property, to be cared for by the nation, the Legislature of Virginia and the national Congress had not time, had not the money; many no doubt thought it might not take in Buncombe. Miss Cunningham's enthusiasm founded an association of ladies from all parts of the Union. The association raised money to buy the place, has since restored it to what it was in the General's time (counting the plan now on foot exactly to restore the entrance-hall to its original white with old-fashioned paper), and keeps it in order for the people of the United States to visit and love. To the dismantled house much of the furniture

has come back that had made wide journeys; some of it, since the public sale at Mrs. Washington's death. Much is not returned, but with study of the inventories made at the deaths of the General and Lady Washington, the quaint rooms are all furnished as nearly as possible in the style of a hundred years ago. A gentleman of unusual executive ability is resident superintendent.

If there is no sentiment in business, there is business in sentiment.

The commonwealth of Virginia would not alienate the property. Suggestions to remove Washington's remains to New York or elsewhere cannot materialize. The Ladies' Mount Vernon Association of the Union, a corporate body, organized for a national purpose, gained legal right to buy the home and tomb from Colonel Washington by charter of the Legislature of Virginia. A part of Article III. of the charter granted, amended March 19, 1858, reads:

The said vault, the remains in and around it, and the inclosure shall never be removed or disturbed.

Judge Bushrod Washington and Colonel John Augustine Washington lie buried in front of the tomb, a white shaft marking the grave of each. The latter became a Confederate officer and was killed in the civil war. He sleeps beside the Union's father—the last of the Washingtons that will be buried at Mount Vernon.

“Genius is the infinite capacity to take pains.”

Washington was many-sided; he neglected no duty, public, domestic, or recreative. At Mount Vernon, looking minutely into private concerns, he wrote minutely on public matters, and hunted and danced and entertained. As President, foreseeing that his acts would be precedents, he rejected all offers of patronage, and allowed no condescension on the part of foreign representatives, insisted on Executive prerogatives, and refused to encroach on the domain of Congress, managed internal insurrection and war with Indians, swept clear of alliance with France, sustained Hamilton in finance, builded reverence for the Constitution, gave dinner parties, went to the play and balls and assemblies, remembered the laws of health to obey

them, and managed with exactness his personal fortune.

His style of living, had it been wasteful, would have bankrupted him, so generous was it. It was executive ability, which is but masterful attention to details, that made him victor in domestic problems as in public. Generous Robert Morris, our noble Washington of finance, his wealth gone, an unthanking country allowed us to see lying neglected in a debtor's prison. But for his executive genius, exacting honesty in far detail, justifying generosity, the debtor's law might have had its terrors for Washington.

He did not cheapen honesty with thriftlessness, nor good-nature with gullibility. When his property, parts of it in sections as large as his original estate had been, went into other hands, it was quickly shown what had been the source of his financial prosperity and thrift. To accuse him of smallness because of exactness, as, to the surprise of many, a few have done, is like reproaching the canary that he loses not a note in his scale.

In the paintings of Turner, in the plays of Shakspeare, it is not the one thing only that is beautiful, but the all. When the “Fighting Téméraire” looms to her last berth, the sky is by to illumine the picture, radiantly to touch the sensible. Washington, a *chef-d'œuvre* of the Great Artist, as general and as statesman, stands forth, beside him, around him, the glow of his private life, the unfettered happiness of his household held to rectitude and order.

The sky is mathematical, one color having its proportion to another, that the whole may be beauty.

Lafayette said that Nature did honor to herself in creating Washington, “and to show the perfection of her work, she placed him in such a position that each quality must have failed had it not been sustained by all the others.”

Two writers of history go on the assumption that the Washington of history did not exist, because it could not be.

Vegetable nature is beautiful and human nature never?

George Washington is not an ideal—he is a fact.

No man's ideals approach the beauty of reality.

In his painting “Ulysses deriding Polyphemus,” what is Turner's glorious, glowing, threatening sunset at sea to the

actual splendor of a sunset in Alabama? No painter, even when most idealizing, has rendered Washington an Apollo; yet no Apollo is so handsome as Stuart's Washington; and no bust made of Washington is so magnificent as the exact reproduction of his face in a plaster cast. Nature casts her noblemen into forms of beauty never dreamed of by art. Washington's large, somewhat hooked, nose, firm-set mouth, and double chin are Washington's self, no man's ideal; so are his caution, his daring, his modesty, and his sublime—to the indolent, half-ludicrous—exactness.

Watching him in his home life, we see from his actions and words that he believes in an overruling Providence, and the righteousness and efficacy of the Christian religion; that he upholds the dignity of personal labor, the necessity for thrift, the value of dress, the needfulness in manner of the little niceties that help to round out the universe—with thankfulness we perceive that in all things our first President was a gentleman.

The man that neglects appropriate dress, a part of thought given to others, cannot see in their value the rounding characteristics of Washington.

He was the first American gentleman whose gentility was not European, did not end in futility, in keeping the hands clear of work, in seeing never-passable gulfs between themselves and "the ladies of Bloxham who wear such wonderful hats." The American gentleman knows that they can come up every day from Bloxham and revolutionize their headgear and their manners. He knows that there are heights still for every honest man to climb. He is willing to share his gentleness. He is aware that, as in government we have found it better to be led by the great descendants of ignorant men than by imbecile descendants of the great—we want no George III. to lose us our best jewel—so we still get seed for gentlemen from pure, obscure American life.

There are many of us who have prouder English blood than flowed in the veins of Washington's ancestors, though they were of a good valorous old family of England; but we know, have seen, and do not theorize, that in fair condition, descendants of the Earls of Pembroke are content to make nails—which is well,

provided they are good nails—while a Jewish peddler's daughter can gracefully entertain the Countess. Circumstance is the king which all Europeans worship, thinking to revere inherent qualities of ancestry.

We have among us, and had in George Washington, all the graces of European nobility, springing from the most inexhaustible soil, striking roots in the ground of the eternal truth that the Caucasian is dominant among races; that his is a seed containing within itself in right environment the probability of rich growth in lordly ability, with no greater chance of failure in individuals than in separate seeds of wheat.

There are few things lovelier than a European lady; the American lady is one of them. We are willing to leave in Europe the exquisite patrician, scornful of all but his class. Like the beautiful Egyptian pyramids, built of the cruel toil of many, he is a monument to tyranny that no sane nation to-day should think of reproducing. We go on to better things.

Washington distinctly wished the gentlemen of the nation to take part in politics. "Unless the virtuous and independent men of the country will come forward," writes he, "it is not difficult to predict the consequences."

In his farewell address, Washington besought Americans to make Americanism lovable. His ways followed two injunctions of St. Paul—"Let no man despise thee," and, "Put them in mind....to obey magistrates."

The law is the conscience of our nation.

It may be news to many stay-at-home Americans that there is no nation of such power whose flag is less respected in Europe than that of America. With wondering surprise, one observes this needless fact from Italy to Russia and back again through England.

With the exception of very few powers—and those for the most part small ones—all Europe is looking on, wishing us evil. Our prosperity is a continued assertion that her cherished beliefs have not the support of reason.

Washington was a loyal, law-abiding royalist, brought face to face with the fatal defects of monarchy in its least objectionable form, the English. A few years later, rid of the English yoke, he writes, referring to some of the many

Americans discontented under the first imperfect union:

I am told that even respectable characters speak of a monarchical government without horror.

Where the idea of monarchy has lost the horror that belongs to it, vigorous, generating liberty is dead.

It is the institution that is wise or unwise. Kings are not necessarily tyrants or incapables. Kingship does not of itself destroy the chance of greatness among all men, but no kingly heroism excuses the existence of a monarchy among any but a people that are children.

America is not a republic because it is easier to be than a monarchy. It is more difficult, for the only sure foundations upon which to build republics are education, patriotism, and courage. All this none knew better than George Washington.

Washington was full of the pride of Americanism. He wrote:

The first duty of Americans is to be American. Do justice to all and never forget that we are Americans, the remembrance of which will convince us that we ought not to be French or English.

Americanism will nicely pick and choose the virtues of all other countries, and in its own eminent virtue overtop them all.

Oh, long life to the star-reaching pride of Americanism, courteous, generous, just!

George Washington in his will made his dying declaration against the education abroad of the men of America. Though the university for which he left endowment is not built, his words of warning have not been forgotten by his countrymen.

A new George Washington, viewing the woman problem, will beseech the men of America to keep their young women also at home; as they value the beauty of Americanism, not to send their daughters to the schools of France or England or Germany, whence they return utterly misunderstanding the religious and lofty pride of republicanism, despising the labor of their fathers while benefiting by it, and won over in the defencelessness of youth to a punier standard.

When old age shall come upon us as a nation, and it is already long since our

youth looked on fresh ideals, it may be we shall drift, hoodwinking ourselves, into corrupt national policies, but long may it be ere the code of individual honor will not fit to that of the nation, and we come to hold that a man must be honest, but men need not! America has kept and must keep her conscience.

One that studies to portray the noble beginnings of our nation must be willing to present the whole truth, the noble as well as the unsightly, which latter seems to be supposed, by those diseased unfortunates peculiarly known as moderns, to be the only truth. History rings with the love and praise of Washington because history is required to be historical, and because, as Cabot Lodge says, though in other words, in his exquisite biography of Washington, it is only necessary for an untruth to get into print to meet its best chance for a fall.

To defamers of the great, a morsel of notoriety is ready. A glib pen that writes of the eminent easily catches the eye.

General Charles Lee, adventurer, proven traitor, is produced against Washington's probity by a recent writer who is anxious, he says, to make Washington beloved, and fearing that he stands forth too noble to suit the public, tries among other ways to make him an attractive picture by turning a magnifying glass on his hands and feet.

Three critics do not make a country. The love of George Washington is full and strong from one end of this favored land to the other.

It is surprising to see the reverence displayed toward him in contemporary accounts. Hostile criticism, not wanting, is small beside the volume of praise. Those that saw him daily knew his greatness. His critics were mostly those that but once beheld him or those who never met him. He had not the prophet's fate.

One of his contemporaries, Thomas Dawes, of Massachusetts, wrote in 1781:

May the name of Washington continue steeled, as it ever has been, to the dark, slanderous arrow that flieth in secret; for none have offered to eclipse his glory but have afterwards sunk away diminished and shorn of their beams.

Washington did so much to take off the bad odor from goodness, it is a pity that any should have attempted to ex-

tenuate his virtue. Many that loved him, in reporting rendered him somewhat in their own image, a tendency illustrated by the much-observed fact that the face of Christ is Italian, Spanish, or German according to the nationality of the painter. This is why Weems made Washington's greatness ridiculous with the cherry-tree story. Weems loved Washington devotedly, and was a ridiculous story-teller.

In the new National Library in Washington, looking up at the ceiling upon the names, encircled with laurel leaves, of Emerson, Browning, Wordsworth, Longfellow, Keats, I saw that these men had made their mere names as pretty as a flower.

Washington's name is other than a flower—a jewel not subject to envious dissolving elements nor to the sleeping seasons.

## A WIDOW IN THE WILDERNESS

BY ANNIE HOWELLS FRÉCHETTE

TWO men were standing upon the shore of a far Western lake, which, stretching away for many a mile, is lost in the dimness of late afternoon. Its surface was unbroken by any sign of human life, save a tiny canoe which glided silently across the sinking sun.

One of the two men was the factor of the Hudson Bay post which was just at hand; the other had in charge the exploring party whose canoes were drawn up on the beach for the night. More than half of his life had been spent in the wilds of Canada, and his trained eye never missed an unusual sight or sound.

"Whose canoe is that?" he asked of the factor as he let fall the hand under which he had been focussing his gaze.

The factor watched the canoe till it slid past the sun's disc into the shadows. "It must belong to the widow of Pierre —. You remember, don't you, the one-eyed Indian who worked for you last summer? He died last winter, and that must be his widow. They had their camp near the end of the lake, and she often fishes there. She'll have a hard time this winter—poor thing. As you go past her camp to-morrow you had better stop and see how she is off—and advise her to go nearer her people."

The next day the party broke camp and paddled across the lake. On the western shore lay an old bark canoe, scarcely holding together, yet evidently trusted as sea-worthy, as its damp sides showed that it had just been drawn from the water. On the brow of the low bluff overlooking the lake stood a tent, brown and weather-stained. Its ragged sides flapped in the

breeze, which already had the chill of autumn in it as it came over the thousand miles of wilderness and rippled the lake in long lines upon the narrow beach.

In front of the tent sat an Indian woman holding a baby to her breast, and grouped around her stood four tiny dusky children watching the canoes as they rounded in to shore. The chief engineer went up the slope to the woman. She lifted her eyes when he stood beside her, and said "Goo'-day," copying, as she had caught it, the Englishman's usual salutation. Then she was silent. The nursing baby turned from the brown breast and looked up with listless eyes which seemed to fill the wan little face. Then it stretched out its thin clawlike hand and clutched his finger.

"Your baby is sick," he said, in the woman's own language.

"Yes; it has been sick all its life."

"It is not nourished," he went on, taking the starved child into his arms. Years before, he had been a physician, and the healing instinct had never left him.

"You have no food for it."

"We have fish."

"Do you remember me?"

"Yes; you were here last year."

"And your husband is dead?"

"Yes; he died last winter."

"Were you alone with him?"

"Yes; I buried him."

She had not spoken to any one but her children for weeks; but now, when suddenly one stood before her who belonged to happier days, she showed neither surprise nor pleasure nor pain.

"And what are you going to do?"