

it not been for this, that, or the other accident. The geese cackled, the ass brayed or the dog barked. But the mere cackling of geese never amounts to much. Depend upon it, there must be Roman hearts somewhere near, as well as geese, if anything is to be done. Even if the thirteen colonies had failed, failure could have been only temporary in the case of such a people. It has been said that Washington was not a perfect character, that his officers were jealous, his men intractable and mutinous, and Congress selfish and incompetent. But, supposing all these charges true, what has been proved? Simply that the hero is not a hero to his valet, and that an heroic epoch under mundane conditions is not wholly celestial. But, at a little distance, the picture is seen to better advantage. The mountain side is rough to the man who is climbing it, but to him who looks at it from a distant point of vantage, it is soft as velvet. It is seen under a haze, or rosy or purple light. So the events of the Revolutionary war became glorified to the generations following. They saw them through a golden haze, which concealed everything mean and petty. These events constituted an inexhaustible reservoir, from which the nation drank for nearly a century. Incidents of all kinds, love stories, tales of intrigue and danger, of desperate but successful valor were woven round every battle-field. The Revolutionary struggle made a deplorable schism in the English-speaking race, but at the same time it made a nation, and it taught the mother country a lesson that she has never forgotten. Nearly a century afterwards, just when people were becoming slightly tired of Fourth of July fire-cracker celebrations, a still greater thing was given to the American people to do. They were