

coming, not only veterans amply provided and inured to war, but wretchedness, cold, hunger, dissensions, treason within their own camp, where all must have been ruined, but for the pure, unquenchable flame of patriotism that was forever burning in the bosom of the heroic leader. What a constancy, what a magnanimity, what a surprising persistency! Washington before the enemy was no better nor braver than hundreds that fought with him or against him; but Washington, the Chief of a nation in arms, doing battle with distracted parties; calm in the midst of conspiracy, serene against the open foe before him and the darker enemies at his back; Washington inspiring order and spirit into troops hungry and in rags; stung by ingratitude, but betraying no anger, and ever ready to forgive; in defeat invincible, magnanimous in conquest, and never so sublime as on that day when he laid down his victorious sword and sought his noble retirement; here indeed is a character to admire and revere; a life without a stain, a fame without a flaw.

As has been correctly remarked by a well-known and highly esteemed English writer,—“His great and surprising triumphs were not in those rare engagements with the enemy when he obtained a trifling mastery; but over Congress, over hunger and disease; over lukewarm friends and smiling foes in his own camp, whom his great spirit had to meet and master. When the struggle was over, and our impotent chiefs who had conducted it began to squabble and accuse each other in their own defense before the nation, what charges and counter-charges were brought; what pretexts of delays were urged; what piteous excuses

were put forward that this fleet arrived too late; that this regiment mistook its orders; that these cannon-balls would not fit those guns; and so to the end of the chapter! Here was a general who beat us with *no* shot at times, and no powder, and no money; and *he* never thought of a convention; *his* courage never capitulated! Throughout all the doubt and darkness, the danger and long tempest of the war, I think it was only the American leader's indomitable soul that remained entirely steady.”

But it was not for the achievements he wrought on the battlefield only, or in the camp that the subject of this essay is lauded and extolled in history; in the time of peace as well, his services were of inestimable value to his country. Washington it was who had been foremost in the struggle which gave to his land the title “nation;” and when that struggle had ended, his grateful fellow-countrymen turned to him as the one best fitted to establish the code of laws which was to govern them. Bold had been the step by which the nation had been founded; and equally daring was the scheme on which he proposed she should be ruled. He had counselled and encouraged a feeble colony—just struggling into existence, without ships, without munitions of war, bounded on one side by a limitless forest filled with hostile savages, and on the other by the ocean whose bosom was spotted with the fleets of her foes,—to stand up in the simple majesty of justice, and for the sake of a mere principle to enter into open combat with the most powerful empire in the world. He had arisen in the midst of the gathering storm sending his cheering voice through the gloom; he had engaged in an