

in others. "He always seemed great to me," says a companion of his younger days, "and I never thought of him otherwise than as a hero. When he came over and taught us boys surveying, to see him riding to hounds was as if he was charging an army. If he fired a shot, I thought a bird must come down, and if he flung a net, the largest fish in the river was sure to be in it. His words were always few, but they were always wise; they were not idle as our words are, they were grave, sober and strong, and ready on occasion to do their duty."

In the days of youth considered as a hero, in his maturer years he proved himself beyond all doubt deserving of the name. With the dawn of manhood there opened up new vistas, along which our gallant paced with sure and steady step to the golden gates of fame. Many as brave a soldier, many as self-sacrificing a leader, many as talented a statesman may have been born, lived, and died before and since the time of Washington without ever finding an opportunity of serving his native land, of asserting his manifold virtues, of endearing himself to the hearts of his countrymen, and of surrounding his name with an immortal halo of glory. But such was not the fate of Mount Vernon's illustrious child. Throughout his whole life, indeed, Dame Fortune seemed to lavish upon him her most gracious smiles; and never did happy chance come more opportunely to his aid than at the time when his youth was ripening into manhood.

Scarcely had he attained his twenty second year when the Seven Year's War broke out, affording ample scope for the maiden-efforts of his energetic genius. And gladly

did he grasp the opportunity. In the very first expedition of the British troops in America we find Washington one of their leaders,—the only one, in fact, who had ever seen the Indians in their war-paint. How greatly he distinguished himself in this campaign is known to all. Ever intrepid, ever prudent, ever making the best of adverse circumstances, he covered his name with glory, and defeat itself seemed but a means to fame by calling forth a still greater display of his directive genius. Well indeed might we envy "George" the hold which he had on the hearts of his countrymen when, at the conclusion of the war he left the din and stir of battle to spend his remaining days in quiet retirement amidst the fertile fields and flowery groves which graced his dear Mount Vernon.

But destiny had not decreed that old age should come upon him thus inactive. "Ere it was expected, the great American Revolution broke out; the roar of cannon again announced the departure of tranquil peace; and we find Washington Commander in Chief of a nation in arms. Vain were it for me to follow his movements throughout that campaign; vain were it to detail the many note-worthy incidents of Monmouth, of Princeton, or of Valley Forge; for well do I know that in the minds of the majority of my readers these events are as fresh as if they took place but yesterday. Suffice it to say, the venture of the colonists proved a success. It was ordained by Heaven, and for the good, let us hope, of both peoples, that the great Western Republic should sever her allegiance; and the gallant soldiers who fought on her side, their indomitable Chief, above all, had the glory of over-