

who gave his inestimable services without pay, who scorned self-aggrandizement, who kindly but firmly refused a third election to the presidency after having been twice the unanimous choice of his admiring citizens. This wonderful patriot was now a humble Virginia farmer, never so satisfied as when in the field with his toiling workmen, or sitting by his cheerful fire conversing with his old comrades of the Revolution, recalling the days that tried men's souls, when all but him believed the sun of liberty had set, and when he alone, with unfaltering vision and faith, saw the triumph that was certain to come to his country.

Washington was now an old man. He had the same magnificent frame that made him the greatest of athletes in his young manhood; but the grand proportions had shrunk somewhat, his step had lost a part of its elasticity, and when he read a paper or letter he was obliged to use spectacles, as befits those of his years.

The doors of Mount Vernon were never closed, for everyone was welcome. The Southerners have always been the soul of hospitality, and Washington was their chief. His manner on this evening, when his devoted wife had bidden her visitors good-night and withdrawn to her apartments, showed his pleasure in the company of the two men, whose conversation ranged over many subjects, but centred