



THE FATHER of HIS COUNTRY

Why We Delight to Celebrate Washington's Birthday.

BORN upon our soil—of parents also born upon it—never for a moment having had sight of the old world—instructed according to the modes of his time, only in the spare, plain, but wholesome elementary knowledge which our institutions provide for the children of the people—growing up beneath and penetrated by the genuine influences of American society—living from infancy to manhood and age amidst our expanding, but not luxurious civilization—partaking in our great destiny of labor, our long contest with unreclaimed nature and uncivilized man—our agony of glory, the war of independence—our great victory of peace, the formation of the union, and the establishment of the constitution—he is all, all our own. Washington is ours.

The foregoing was written by Daniel Webster in regard to the Father of His Country, the anniversary of whose



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birth occurs February 22, an occasion that is ever freshly remembered by American hearts. "He was the first man of the time in which he grew," wrote Rufus Choate. "His memory is first and most sacred in our love; and ever, hereafter, till the last drop of blood shall freeze in the last American heart, his name shall be a spell of power and might. There is one personal, one vast, felicity which no man can share with him. It was the daily beauty and towering and matchless glory of his life which enabled him to create his country, and at the same time secure an undying love and regard from the whole American people. Undoubtedly there were brave and wise and good men before his day in every colony. But the American nation, as a nation, I do not reckon to have begun before 1774, and the first love of that young America was Washington. The first word she lisped was his name. Her earliest breath spoke it. It is still her proud ejaculation. It will be the last gasp of her expiring life. About and around him we call up no dissentient, discordant and dissatisfied elements, no sectional prejudice or bias, no party, no creed, no dogma of politics. None of these shall assail him. Yes, when the storm of battle grows darkest and rages highest, the memory of Washington shall nerve every American arm and

cheer every American heart. It shall reilluminate that Promethean fire, that sublime flame of patriotism, that devoted love of country which his words have commended, which his example has consecrated."

The story of George Washington's life is an old one, but the salient facts will bear repeating. He was born at Wakefield, Westmoreland county, Va., February 22, 1732, lived from 1735 to 1799 at what is now Mount Vernon, and when he was seven years old he was taken to an estate on the Rappahannock almost opposite Fredericksburg. The father was one of the prosperous planters of Virginia, able to give his children what education the times could afford. The first teacher of George is reputed to have been a convict, whom his father bought for the purpose. All of Washington's schooling ended before he was 16. His long and brilliant career as a soldier and statesman has given to history some of its most interesting pages.

"It was strange," wrote Thackeray, "that in a savage forest of Pennsylvania a young Virginia officer should fire a shot, and waken up a war that was to last for 60 years, which was to cost his own country, and pass into Europe, to cost France her American colonies, to sever ours from us and create the great western republic; to rage over the old world when extinguished in the new; and, of all the myriads engaged in the vast contest, to leave the prize of the greatest fame with him who struck the first blow."

As to the esteem and affection in which the name and character of Washington were held one cannot do better than quote Lafayette, who wrote from France as follows:

"Were you but such a man as Julius Caesar, or the king of Prussia, I should almost be sorry for you at the end of the great tragedy where you are acting such a part. But, with my dear general, I rejoice at the blessings of a peace when our noble ends have been secured. Remember our Valley Forge times; and, from a recollection of past dangers and labors, we shall be still more pleased at our present comfortable situation. I cannot but envy the happiness of my grandchildren, when they will be about celebrating and worshipping your name. To have one of their ancestors among your soldiers, to know he had the good fortune to be the friend of your heart, will be the eternal honor in which they shall glory."

The poet Shelley, aboard an American ship, drinking to the health of Washington and the prosperity of the American commonwealth, remarked: "As a warrior and statesman he was righteous in all he did, unlike all who lived before or since; he never used his power but for the benefit of his fellow-creatures."

Four New Brothers.

"My affections are already engaged," he said.
She turned pale.
"I am very sorry," he added.
Then he arose and took his hat.
"Good-night," he said.
She looked after his retreating form.
"That's my fourth failure," she said, "but the year is young yet."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Cheerful View.

Joel Grump—Well, I see our boodlin' common council's gone an' voted \$200 fer Washington birthday doin's—another sheer waste o' good money.
Hiram Pond—Mebbe it'll turn out a lucky investment, Joel, like three years ago, when the cannon busted an' killed four on 'em.—Judge.

Martha Washington

THERE was a ready response of good and prominent women in both England and America to the call for aid during the late Spanish-American and South African wars. This brings to mind the kind and helpful attitude of Martha Washington during a critical period of American history, long since happily superseded by the good feeling, based on mutual understanding, that both countries now seek constantly to foster. William Perrine tells the story:

"Martha Washington was then 45 years of age, and those who went to the camp and expected to find her arrayed in the gowns which they had supposed would be worn by the general's wife



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were disappointed. 'Whilst our husbands and brothers are examples of patriotism,' she would say to her countrywomen, 'we must be patterns of industry.' She did not hesitate to wear a brown dress and a speckled apron when receiving fastidious and elegant visitors at Morristown. It was said afterward that she acquired her inveterate habit of knitting in her zeal at Valley Forge to relieve the barefooted men around her. On every fair day she might be seen walking through the rude streets of the town of huts with a basket in her hand. Entering the hut of a sergeant, she found him dying on a pallet of straw, his wife beside him in the anguish of final separation. She ministered to his comfort with food prepared by her own hands. Then, kneeling, she earnestly prayed with her 'sweet and solemn voice' for the stricken couple. All day long she was busy with these errands of grace, or in the kitchen at the stone house, or in urging other women to lend a helping hand. And when she passed along the lines of the troops she would sometimes hear the fervent cry: 'God bless Lady Washington!' or 'Long live Lady Washington!' Well, indeed, might the men feel that they could fight to their very last drop of blood with a commander whose wife, who was formerly the belle and leader of her set among the dames and damsels of Virginia, was not ashamed to be seen darning his and her own stockings!"

GEORGE REVISES HISTORY.



Teacher—The first thing the Puritans did after landing on Plymouth Rock was to fall upon their knees. What was the next thing they did?

Little George Washington—They fell upon the aborigines.—Boston Budget.

Stage-Struck.

Mother—It won't do to take our daughter to the theater so often. I am afraid she already imagines herself an actress.

Father—Has she taken to studying Shakespeare?

Mother—N-o; but within the past six weeks she has been engaged to half a dozen different men.—N. Y. Weekly.

Where Johnny Demurred.

"Remember, Johnny," said his elderly uncle, "that actions speak louder than words."

"Sometimes they don't," objected Johnny. "When mamma's spankin' me I can yell a good deal louder than she can spank."—Chicago Tribune.

Giving and Receiving.

Goodman—Do you ever think of the good old saying that it's more blessed to give than to receive?

Pugsley—Yes, when I've got the boxing gloves on I do.—Vogue.



Short Extracts from His Farewell Address to the Nation He Had Founded.

Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness—these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens. The mere politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and to cherish them.

It is of infinite moment that you should properly estimate the immense value of your national union to your collective and individual happiness; that you should cherish cordial, habitual, and immovable attachment to it; accustoming yourselves to think and speak of it as the palladium of your political safety and prosperity; watching for its preservation with jealous anxiety; discountenancing whatever may suggest even a suspicion that it can in any event be abandoned; and indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts.

Citizens, by birth or choice, of a common country, that country has a right to concentrate your affections. The name of "American," which belongs to you in your national capacity, must always exact the just pride of patriotism, more than any appellations derived from local discriminations. With slight shades of difference you have the same religion, manners, habits, and political principles. You have, in a common cause, triumphed together.

Observe good faith and justice toward all nations; cultivate peace and harmony with all. Religion and morality enjoin this conduct; and can it be that good policy does not equally enjoin it? It will be worthy of a free, enlightened, and at no distant period a great nation to give mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence.

As an important source of strength and security, cherish public credit. One method of preserving it is to use it as sparingly as possible, avoiding expense by cultivating peace, but remembering also that timely disbursements to prepare for danger frequently prevent much greater disbursements to repel it; avoiding likewise the accumulations of debt, not only by shunning occasions of expense but by vigorous exertions in times of peace to discharge the debts which unavoidable wars may have occasioned; not ungenerously throwing upon posterity the burden which we ourselves ought to bear.

The basis of our political system is the right of the people to make and alter their constitutions of government. But the constitution which at any time exists till changed by an explicit and authentic act of the whole people is sacredly obligatory upon all. The idea of the power and the right of the people to establish government presupposes the duty of every citizen to obey the established government.

And remember especially that for the efficient management of your common interests, in a country so extensive as ours, a government of as much vigor as is consistent with the perfect security of liberty is indispensable. Liberty itself will find in such a government, with powers properly distributed and adjusted, its surest guardian.

Although, in reviewing the incidents of my administration, I am unconscious of intentional error, I am nevertheless too sensible of my defects not to think it probable that I may have committed many errors. Whatever they may be I frequently beseech the Almighty to avert or mitigate the evils to which they may tend. I shall also carry with me the hope that my country will never cease to view them with indulgence, and that after 45 years of my life dedicated to its service, with an upright zeal, the faults of incompetent abilities will be consigned to oblivion, as myself must soon be to the mansions of rest.



The heights are still in the windless air,
And the meadows all aglow
With aster-blossoms and goldenrods,
While the river winds below.

A quiet haze o'er the valley broods,
And the leaning hills entold
The guarded gates of the storied camp,
As there in the days of old.

Peace reigns to-day where the campfires
burned
And the winter smoke upcurled,
While the loyal sons of freedom held
The fate of the vast New World.

The woodpecker beats his sharp rattle,
The jay with a scream upsprings,
And far in his note of quick alarm
The sentinel's challenge rings!

In shadows that drift across the hills,
Or trail in the tangled grass,
The ghostly files of an army march
To-day, as the shadows pass.

Along the lines of the old redoubt,
By valley and meadows wide,
Where the winter fires to ashes turned,
The shadowy legions glide.

Their footprints bluish with a crimson stain,
By valley and meadows wide,
While faces pale with fever and pain
Glow yet with a hope untold.

Brave hearts and true of the olden time!
Dim shades of the long ago!
Who kept the vigil of Freedom well
At Valley Forge in the snow!
—Youth's Companion.

AS A PLANTER.

How Washington Managed His Plantation and Marketed His Crop of Tobacco.

As a Virginia planter Washington's chief crop was tobacco. This tobacco was shipped to the London market under his own name, loaded upon vessels which sailed up the Potomac to Mount Vernon, or other landings convenient to it. An agent in London disposed of the shipments.

Twice a year Washington would forward lists of needful articles for farm and household to this agent, requesting that the things be purchased and shipped to Mount Vernon. Wear-

ing apparel in this way was ordered for every member of his family, the names and measurements of each person being given.

In addition to the general bill for these purchases made by the agent, the latter was required to forward receipts for bills from those persons of whom he bought goods. In this way a check was kept upon the purchases made. In those days as a planter Washington was his own bookkeeper, and the care with which his books were kept is an example of the thoroughness that made the man.

HIS CLOSING YEARS.

The Venerable Washington Was Not Permitted to Live Them in Peace and Quiet.

While Washington was permitted to spend his remaining days at Mount Vernon, he did not succeed in finding the peace and leisure that he had longed for. His house was filled with guests, and his correspondence was large and laborious. In one of the kaleidoscopic changes in the government of France the United States was on the verge of war with that people, and Washington was made commander-in-chief of the forces which were to be raised. He accepted under protest, with the condition that he should not be called in active service unless the country was invaded. The cloud passed over, however, without war. During his closing years he took great interest in projects for opening up commerce with the country being settled west of the Alleghenies, and made a donation which led to the establishment of Washington college, now Washington and Lee university. He took much interest in the Society of the Cincinnati, comprising commissioned officers of the revolution. The care of his estates took up the remainder of his time, and of leisure he had none. The end came December 14, 1799, through a cold he took from getting wet in looking over his estate.

Changeable.

Clara—Are you an optimist or a pessimist?
Clarence—When I'm tired I'm a pessimist; when I'm rested I'm an optimist.—Detroit Free Press.