

But my task is now hardest because the strongest impression of us all is that Washburn needs no eulogy, more than God needs proof of his existence. When sophists wandered over Greece proposing to declaim in praise of Hercules, men put them to shame, and sometimes reduced them to silence, by asking, "who has ever blamed him? Show us who has ever convicted him of faults, before you utter superfluous encomiums." In like manner our real feeling is that of the old Roman whose advice was, "Would you praise Cæsar, say Cæsar, go no farther." So of Washburn I may say, "More than his name is less."

But Washburn was our Hercules in more than one sense. He was like him a pioneer hero. He cleansed our Augean stable, slew many a lion, dragon and hydra that beset our path, and brought us the apples of the Hesperides. Both touched society at many points, and everywhere approved themselves masters of the situation. Tried in all vicissitudes of many colored life, the experience of both was often painful, but always profitable to their own characters. Thus both turned out

"Not like idle ore,  
But iron dug in central gloom,  
And heated hot by burning fears,  
And dipped in baths of hissing tears,  
And battered by the dints of doom,  
To shape and use."

How Washburn's will had grown in skill! How much his capacities had been developed! But was not the greatest still behind, and not yet revealed?

I see before me the portrait of Nathaniel Ames. Twenty-two years ago he sat before me as I was delivering a Fourth of July oration in this park. He was the only surviving Revolutionary soldier in Wisconsin, and already in his hundredth year. He had served on the coast of Connecticut, had been a pioneer in western New York before the close of the eighteenth century, and was among the early pilgrims west of Lake Michigan. I called him a three-fold man—a man of three lives. He had fought the foes of his country on the land and on the sea, and, if the Almighty had given him wings, he would have fought them in the air. All this was done by Washburn and