

on a grander theater in less than two-thirds of Ames' length of days. Had Washburn lived on, even up to the age of his own father—that is, eight and twenty years longer, what would he not have acquired? All rich men have found it first hard to make a little, and then easy to make much. Understanding better than most millionaires the true uses of wealth, he would have abounded more and more in benefactions. He would have devised new charities.

New charities, I say, he would have devised, for, like the apostle Paul, he strove not to build upon another man's foundation, but as a wise master-buildër he laid foundations himself, that others might build thereon. Thus he was founder of the Dominican school, and of the observatory in this city, founder of the People's Library in La Crosse, founder of the hospital in Minneapolis—founder, I had almost said, of our Historical Society, of which he was president at his death—founder of modern milling on a mammoth scale, which doubles every grain of wheat. He deserves to outrank many founders of cities. His handiwork is nobler than theirs, and will outlast it—monumental as the pillars of Hercules.

Washburn is said to have failed to put the crowning keystone on the arch of his political aspirations. But if he failed to be elected senator, it was confessed on all hands that no office could honor him so much as he would honor the office, and that his failure was owing to his ignorance, or scorn, of political mysteries, say rather meannesses.

"A falcon, towering in his pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawked at and killed."

I am reminded of the lion of Lucerne—one of the grandest designs of Thorwaldsen. It is thirty feet long, and cut in a cliff of living rock overhanging a pool which mirrors every feature. That king of beasts has a spear thrust through his heart, but still, though moribund, grasps with both paws the escutcheon of France, symbolizing the unflinching firmness and fidelity of the Swiss guard, who died fighting against fearful odds in defense of the French monarch. Washburn also felt the iron enter his soul, but he remained tenacious of his principles to the last, no matter who might prove recreant, or what he himself might suffer.