

## The Old Tree's Story.

Recently the old historic tree that over-locked the Morris Turapike on the Bishop obart estate at Summit, N. J., was cut lown.—Note in morning paper.

N the storm I waved and bent,
Till my form was almost rent,
Long before old Bishop Hobart
Sat beneath my leafy tent.
Oh, I flourished by the way-side full two
centuries ago,
But the axe has come at last and laid my
mossy branches low.

Once I waved my arms on high When I saw the banner fly As his highness General Was hing-

Went riding proudly by
the head of all his troopers, who were
trudging through the snow,
Badly battered,
Sadly tattered,
But their faces all aglow
h a set determination to annihilate the
Crown. Crown.

As they marched beneath my branches on the way to Morristown.

Oh, I feel the music still
Ali my spirit madly thrill
When I think of all those troopers
Trudging slowly up the the hill.
And the General before them, sitting proud-

of field service which have characterized modern warfare, he lacked some of

that, after full allowance has been

HE impression has at times prevailed among educated men, including

those of the mili-

tary profession, that, as Washing-

ton had neither the troops, re-sources and

ly on his horse,

Thinking of the fight at Springfield, smiled triumphantly, of course.

And I fondly bowed to him, Full of joy in every limb.

As I watched his army fading In the distance blue and dim.

All my branches sang a song:
I would like to go along With those fighters,
Who'll be righters,
Who'll be righters,
Oh, I glimmered
And I shimmered
With a patriotic thought,
For I loved the gallant leader
And the cause for which he fought;
And I wanted to become
Sticks to play upon the drum,
And the poles to hold the colors
In the battle's heat and hum—
I'd be sticks to call the rolls,
And I'd be the happy poles
High to wave the dear old banner
When it's torn with bullet-holes;
But the soldiers went without me, and I wanted the mout of sight,
With the drums a loudly rolling and the muskets shining bright.
But I felt I wore the crown
Of perennial renown
When they marched beneath my branches
On the way to Morristown.

Washington. the Soldier. We strategical Ability Memorably Memorably Memorably Washington.

was introduced early in his career, and was enjoined upon the American levies before the battle of Brooklyn, and at other times during the war. With regard to the difficulties of transportation and intercommunication in Washington's day, we are reminded that these were equally obstructive to both parties. The slow mails and travel of revolutionary times affected both armies alike. The British had better communication by water, but not by land; they suffered the disadvantage of campaigning

mented on this statement: "Nothing of the kind ever occurred. Lafayette did not stay at Mr. Hornblower's, but at the principal public house of the city. There he was visited; but the subject of the battle of Moumouth was not mentioned." The fact is recalled that an insolent letter was written by Lee to Washing-1

strong presumptive evidence in disproval of the charge. An eminent American historian sought to verify the vague tradition by the following anecdote: "It is related that, when Lafayette visited this country, in 1825, he was the guest of Chief Justice Hornblower at Newark, N. J., and that, while seated on the front porch one evening, Lafayette remarked that the only time when he ever heard Washington swear was when he rebuked Lee at meeting him on his retreat at Monmouth." The late Justice

treat at Monmouth." The late Justice Bradley, who married a daughter of Chief Justice Hornblower, thus com-

WASHINGTON PLANNING A BATTLE.

ton immediately after the battle. Lee testified that it was Washington's "manner rather than words" that gave him offence.

gave him offence.

Jefferson said of Washington that "He was incapable of fear, meeting personal dangers with the calmest unconcern." This statement is, in deed, very clearly proved by his first engagement, of which General Washington gave this description: "I fortunately escaped without any wound, for the right wing, where I stood, was exposed to and received all the enemy's fire, and it was the part where many were killed and the rest wounded. I heard the bullets low him."

Graphic Description of Washington.

One of Washington. One of Washington.

For death's dark veil hid him forever from mortal view, gives this graphic description.

He had taken his usual ride, and the clear, healthy flush on his check and his sprightly manner brought the remark from both of us (another nephew) that we had never seen the General looking so well. I have some-

THE PASSING OF WASHINGTON. Tis Well" Were the Last Words of the Father of His Country. "As the day advanced the patient

"As the day advanced the patient Washington began to realize the extreme gravity of his condition," writes William Perrine, of "The Last Years of Washington's Life," in the Ladies' Home Journal. "Suffering and nearly exhausted, he asked his wife to bring him his wills from his desk, and indicated which of the two should he destroyed. Toward night he beto bring him his wills from his desk, and indicated which of the two should be destroyed. Toward night he became very weak. 'I find I am going now,' he said, and added, after giving injunctions as to his accounts and papers, 'it is the account we all must pay.' Occasionally he made such remarks during the evening as, 'Doctor, I die hard, but'l am not afraid to go,' and 'You had better not take any more trouble about me, but let me go off quietly; I cannot last long.' Doctor Craik could do little more than press the hand of his old friend and then sit by the fireside in the simply furnished room, sadly waiting for the end. Mrs. Washington, seated at the foot of the bed, listened in silent grief. At ten o'clock the dying man, not without much effort, made those around him, who included four servants, understand that he wished to be buried decently and that his body might not be put in the vault until three days after his death. The last words he was heard to say when he was told that he had been understood, were, "Tis well.' Not long afterward his breathing became easier; he rested quietly; he even made a movement to feel his own pulse, but his countenance changed, his fand fell, and he died without a struggle cr a sigh. Major Lear motioned that the end had died without a struggle or a sigh. Major Lear motioned that the end had come. 'Tis well,' said the widow in a composed voice. 'I shall soon fol-



THE TALL COMMANDER (WASHINGTON) GRAVELY WALKED UP AND DOWN AS GUARD OVER HIS OWN HOUSE."

formly insubordinate, and was in discredit when he was allowed to go abroad and fight under various flags as a military adventurer. He knew nothing of handling a large command

knowledge, nor the broad range the broad range the have characters, he lacked some of ts which develop t. It is with the at impression that ington has written "Washington the lacked some of the part in the lacked some of t the material elements which develop the typical soldier. It is with the view of dispelling that impression that General H. B. Carrington has written the book entitled "Washington, the Soldier." He contends in his preface that after full allowance has been once overestimated officer, Charles Lee. The fact is that, as a subaltern in the British army, he had been unimade for changes in army and battle formation, tactical action and armament, as well as for the greater facili-ties that now exist for the transporta-tion of troops and army supplies, it remains true that the relative effect tion of troops and army supplies, it remains true that the relative effect of all these changes upon success in war on a grand scale has not been to alter seriously those principles of military science which have shaped battle original battle of Monmouth he had never been under fire at the head of American troops. He was just cool enough and brave enough at Monmouth to retreat with his division; it was saved chiefly by the self-possession of its officers and the endurance of the rank and file. He was unequal to the command, even had he desired battle. He did not destreategy, grand tactics and minor tactics. These are thus defined: Strategy, grand tactics and minor tactics. These are thus defined: Strategy is the effecting of those combinations which will insure the highest possible advantage in the employment of military force. The strategical ability of Washington was memorably exhibited in the campaign of Yorktown. By grand tactics is meant the ability to handle a military force in the field. An illustration of this principle was Washington's adjustment to the field of the warting the very movement and of state of Monmouth he head of American troops. He was just cool enough and brave enough at Monmouth to retreat with his division; it was saved chiefly by the self-possession of its officers and the endurance of the rank and file. He was unequal to the command, even had he desired battle. He did not desired battle with any chance of being taken prisoner would have exposed him to a double penalty for treason at the bability to handle a military force in the field. An illustration of this principle were Washington's adjustment and the first at the head of American troops. He was just cool enough and troops. He ability to handle a military force in the field. An illustration of this principle was Washington's achievement which he had advised.



WASHINGTON INSPECTING BRITISH PRISONERS AT PRINCETON.

at the battle of Monmouth, when he

An attempt has been made by some rallied the Continental army, which he found already in full reseat. Washington was guilty of pro-When one speaks of minor tactics, fanity at the battle of Moumouth. Our one refers to the instruction of the author finds it hard to believe that one refers to the instruction of the soldier, individually and en masse, ir the details of his military drills, the use of his weapons and the perfection of discipline. As regards this part of a commander's duty, the author of this book points out that Washington never lost sight of the set-up of the individual soldier, looking upon him as the best dependence in the hour of battle. Self-reliance obedience to at the details of his military drills, the cither Charles Lee or his witnesses with the profame without they been spoken, for the sake of vindicating Lee when the latter's commission and honor were in this book points out that Washington never lost sight of the set-up of the individual soldier, looking upon him as the best dependence in the hour of battle. Self-reliance obedience to the details of his witnesses would not have testified to profame without they been spoken, for the sake of vindicating Lee when the latter's commission and honor were in this book points out that Washington, As a matter of fact, every witness agreed with Lee as to the terms used; none of these implied as the best dependence in the hour of battle. Self-reliance obedience to

whistle, and, believe me, there is something charming in the sound."

Sometimes, while Washington was at Valley Forge, there was nothing to eat in the camp but rotten salted herrings. Men were known to snatch at the dough of half-baked cakes in the kitchens of the farmers' wives.

The contractors and the commissary The contractors and the commissary agents and the Continental Congress

CHARMED BY THE BULLETS' WHISTLE

the verge of starvation, and the blood of General Wayne ran hot with rage as he looked on his poor fellows weak with hunger. Indeed, there was but one horn tumbler and also but one wooden dish for every mess. Washington himself dined one day on pota-toes and hickory nuts. "My good man," he said to the sentinel in front of his headquarters, pacing up and down in the bitterness of a cold morning, "have you had anything to eat?" "No, sir," was the reply. eat?" "No, sir," was the reply.
"Give me your musket, then, and go
inside and get some breakfast," and
the tall commander gravely walked up
and down as guard over his own house.

Washington.

In early youth he conquered fate by night Of steadfastness to principle; Innate Were those fine qualities which made him great—
A leader in the war of wrong and right.

The Cincinnatus of the West—a crown He held as but a symbol of disgrace; He worked for God and for the human

race, And won immortal glory and renown.

He was the first in peace his valor won; The first in war that made a nation free; The first in hearts that owed him lib-

times thought him decidedly the handsomest man I ever saw; and when in a lively mood so full of pleasantry —so agreeable to all with whom he associated—that I could hardly realize that he was the same Washington whose dignity awed all who approached him.

A Descendant of Washington

Standing in the crowd at Mount Vernon recently without any mark of distinction, or without presenting any claims, was Mrs. William Thomas Unclaims, was Mrs. William Thomas Underwood, of Chicago, Betty Washington's great-granddaughter. Betty Washington married Howell Lewis, and his daughter married Mr. Lovell, of Kentucky, Mrs. Underwood's father. Mrs. Underwood's grandmother possesses Washington's scapula and all of his Masonic relics, which are kept in a safety deposit yanlt. in a safety deposit vault.

Lines Suggested by the Hundredth'Anniversary of Washington's Death.

Time dims the lengthening scroll of fame, Year after year the honored tracings

fade, And many an erstwhile well-remembered

name
Slaks slowly into faint and glimmering shade,
And is entirely forgot. Not so with thee;
Thy fame is like the everlasting hill;
A hundred years sweep on destroyingly,
And wreek the work of man, but thou art still,
In spite of time and death, a living power,
Whose force is felt throughout the broadening land,
Inspiring multitudes who bless the hour
That placed the patriots' weal in thy safe hand.
A century its varying course has run,
But names thee still the Nation's noblest son.

-Albert Ulmann. A Solemn Warning.

"George," said the Graudfather of His Country, "I have a good mind to thrash you within an inch of your

"Just as you please, father," re-plied George, sadly but firmly; "but, if you do, I don't believe the American people will ever forgive vou!"--Puck.

## DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED

Subject: A Warning Sounded—The Talent of the Church of Christ is Unde-veloped and Its Energy Dormant— The Enemy Profits by This,

veloped and its Energy Dormant—
The Enemy Profits by This.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage shows how the cause of right-cousness has lost many of its weapons and how they are to be recaptured and put into effective operation; text, I. Samuel xili., 19-21: "Now there was no smith found throughout all the land of Israel, for the Philistines said, Lest the Hebrews make them swords or spears. But all the Israelites went down to the Philistines, to sharpen every man his share, and his coulter, and his ax, and his mattock. Yet they had a file for the mattock, and for the coulters, and for the forks, and in the axes, and to sharpen the goads."

What a galling subjugation for the Israelites! The Philistines had carried off all the blacksmitts and torn down all the blacksmitts shops and abolished the blacksmiths' trade in the land of Israel. The Philistines would not even allow these parties to work their valuable mines of brass and iron, nor might they make any swords left in all the land. Yea, these Philistines wont on until they had taken all the grindstones from the land of Israel, so that if an Israelitish farmer wanted to sharpen his plow or his axe he had to go over to the garrison of the Philistines to get it done. There was only one sharpening instrument left in the land, and that was a file, the farmers and mechanics having nothing to whet up the coulter and the goad and the pickax save a simple file. Industry was hindered and work practically disgraced. The great idea of these Philistines was to keep the Israelites disarneed, They might get iron out of the hills to make swords of, but they would not have any blacksmiths to weld this iron. If they got the Iron welded, they would have no grindstones on which to bring the instruments of agriculture or the military weapons up to an edge, they mould have no grindstones on which to bring the instruments of agriculture or the military weapons up to an edge.

odle, you poor, wenponless Israelites, reduced to a file, now I pity you! But these Philistines were not forever to keep their heel on the neck of God's children. Jonathan, on his hands and knees, climbs up a great rock, beyond which were the Philistines, and his armor bearer, on his hands and knees, climbs up a great rerock, beyond which were the Philistines, the Lord throwing a great terror upon them. So it was then; so it's now. Two men of God on their knees mightier than a Philistine host on their feet!

I learn, first, from this subject that it is dangarous for the church of God to allow its weapons to stay in the hands of its enemies. These Israelites might again and again, have obtained a supply of swords and weapons—as, for instance, when they took the spoils of the Ammonites—but these Israelites seemed content to have no swords, no spears, no blacksmiths, no grindstones, no active iron mines, until it was too late for them to make any resistance. I see the farmers tugging along with their pickaxes and plow, and I sav, "Where are you going with those things?" They say, "Oh, we are going over to the garrison of the Philistines to get these things sharpened!" I say, "You foolish men! Why don't you sharpen them at home?" "Oh," they say, "the black-smiths' shops are all torn down, and we have nothing left us but a file!"

So it is in the church of Jesus Christ today, We are too willing to give up our weapons to the enemy. The world boasts that it has gobbled up the schools, and the colleges, and the arts, and the sciences, and the itterature, and the printing press. Infidelity is making a mighty attempt to get all our weapons in its hand and then to keep them. You know it is making this boast all the time, and after awhile, when the great battle, between sin and righteousness has opened, if we do not look out we'll be as badly off as these Israelities, without any swords to light with and without any swords to light with and without any sharpening instruments. I call upon the superintendents of literary ins

legiance to the Lord God of truth. Ah, my friend, that day must come, and if the great body of Christian men have not the fatth or courage or the consecration to do it, then let some Jonathan on his busy hands and on his praying knees climb up on the rock of hindrance and, in the name of the Lord God of Israel, slash to pieces those literary Philistines. If these men will not be converted to God, then they must be overthrown.

Hagain, I learn from this subject what a large amount of the church's resources is actually hidden and buried and undeveloped. The Bible intimates that that was revery rich land, this land of Israel, statistic that is the difficulty with the church of God at this day. It statient is not developed. If one-half of its energy could be brought out, it might take the public injutiles of the day by the throat and make them bits the dust. If human eloquence were consecrated to the Lord Jesus Christ, twould in a few years persuadethe whole sent th to surrender to God. There is smough undeveloped energy in this city to bring all the United States to Christ, but it is buried under strata of indifference and curried into howitzers and carbines for the Lord's boat?

The vast majority of Christians in this day are uscless. The most of the metal is under the bills. Oh, is it not time for the crew are a sleep in the harmocks. The most of the metal is under the bills. Oh, is it not time for the crew are a sleep in the harmocks. The most of the metal is under the bills. Oh, is it not time for the crew are a sleep in the harmocks. The most of the metal is under the bills. Oh, is it not time for the crew are a sleep in the harmocks. The most of the metal is under the bills. Oh, is it not time for the crew are a sleep in the harmocks. The most of the metal is under the bills. Oh, is not time for the crew are a sleep in the harmocks. The most of the metal is under the bills. Oh, is not time for the crew are a sleep in the harmocks. The most of the crew are a sleep in the harmocks. The most of the crew are a l

his troops were afrighted—rising up in his stirrups, his hair flying in the wind, he lifted up his voice until 20,000 troops heard him crying out, "Forward, the whole line." We want all the laymen enlisted. Ministers are numerically too small. They do the best they can. They are the most overworked class on earth. Many of them die of dyspepsia because they cannot get the right kind of food to eat or, getting the right kind of food to eat or, getting the right kind of food to eat or, getting the right kind of food to eat or, getting the right kind of food to eat or, getting the right kind of food to eat or, getting the right kind of food to eat or, getting the right kind of food to eat or, getting the right kind of food to eat or, getting the right kind of food to eat or, getting the right kind of food to eat or, getting the right kind of food to eat or, getting the right kind of food to eat or, getting the right kind of food to eat or his town of the owner of the control of the con

to convert and save the world than it is the work of the pew. If mey go to rain, there will be as much blood on your skirts as on mine.

Let us quit this grand farce of trying to save the world by a few clergymen, and let all hands lay hold of the work. Give us in all our churches two or three aroused and qualified men and women to help. In most churches to do all the work. A vast majority of churches are at their wits' end how to carry on a prayer meeting if the minister is not there, when there ought to be enough pent up energy and religious force to make a meeting go on with such power that the minister would never be missed. The church stands working the pumps of a few ministerial cisterns until the buckets are dry and choked, while there are thousands of fountains from which might be dipped up the waters of eternal life. Before you and I have the sod pressing our cyclids we will under god decide whether our children shall grow up amid the accursed surroundings of vice and shame or come to an inheritance of righteousness. Long, loud, bitter with be dipped up the curse that scorches our grave if, holding within the church to-day enough men and women to save the city, we act the course that scorches our grave if, holding within the church to-day enough men and women from. I wish I could put enough moral explosives under the conventionalities and majestic stupidities of the day to blow them to atoms and that then, with 50,003 men and women from all the churches knowing nothing but Christ and a desire to bring all the world to Him, we might move upon the enemy's works. For a little while heaven would not have trumpets enough to celebrate the victories. Again, I learn from this subject that we sometimes do well to take advantage of the world's grindstones. These Israelites were reduced to a file, and so they went over to the garrison of the Philistines to get their axes and their goads and their plows sharpened. The Bible distinctly states it—the text which I rend at the beginning of the service—that they had no

transfer it to the cause of Christ. If they have science and art it will do us good to rub against it.

In other words, let usemploy the wor life grindstones. We will listen to their musle, and we will watch their acumen, and we will use their grindstones, and will borrow their philosophical apparatus to make our experiments, and we will borrow their printing presses to publish our Bibles, and we will borrow their printing presses to publish our Bibles, and we will borrow their printing presses to publish our Bibles, and we will borrow their ships to transport our missionaries. That was what made Paul such a master in his day. He not only got all the learning he could get of Dr. Gamaliel, but afterward, standing on Mars hill and in crowded thoroughfare, quoted their poetry, and grasped their logic, and wielded their eloquence, and employed their mythology until Dionysius, the Arcopagite, learned in the schools of Athens and Heliopolis, went down under his tremendous powers.

That was what gave Thomas Chalmers his power in his day. He conquered the world's satronomy and compelled it to rins out the wisdom and greatness of the Lord until, for the second time, the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy. That was what gave to Jonathan Edwards his influence in his day. He conquered the world's metaphysics and forced it into the service of God until not only the old meeting house at Northampton, Mass., but all Christendom, felt thrilled by his Christian power. Well, now, my friends, we all have tools of Christian power, Do not let them lose their edges. We want no rusty blades in this fight. We want no coulter that cannot fell the trees. We want no goad that cannot start the lazy team. Let us get the very best grindstones we can find, though they be in possession of the Pallistines, compelling them to turn the crank while we bear down with all our might on the swift revolving wheel until all our energies and and men to the proper took the spears and the swords; then they took the spears a

the swords; then they took the blacksmiths; then they took the grindstones, and they took everything but a file. Oh, that is the way sin works! It grabs everything. It begins with robbery and ends with robbery, It despoils this faculty and that faculty and keeps on until the whole nature is gone. Was the man eloquent before, it generally thiekens his tongue. Was he fine in personal appearance, it mars his visuge. Was he affluent, it sends the sherrif to sell him out. Was he influential, it destroys his popularity. Was he placed and genial and loving, it makes him splenetic and cross, and so utterly is he changed that you can see he's sarcastic and rasping and that the Philistines have left him nothing but a file.