

FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY.

He lives, ever lives, in the hearts of the free. The wing of his fame spreads across the broad sea; He lives where the banner of freedom's unfurled. The pride of his country, the wealth of the world.

His work is done; But while the race of mankind endure Let his great example stand, Colossal scene of every land; And keep the soldier firm, the statesman pure. Till in all lands and thro' all human story, The path of duty be the path of glory.—Tennyson.

WASHINGTON--THE MAN.

Memoirs and valet reminiscences have made more than one popular idol totter on its pedestal. But not so with the immortal American patriot whose 167th birthday will soon be celebrated. George Washington bears microscopic inspection. Under none of the innumerable sidelights which have been thrown upon his character and personality does his dignity dwindle. Scattered here and there through the great rubbish-heaps that have been written about him are many minute details of the little things which reveal to us the actual man Washington as those who lived near him saw him and knew him. Put them together and examine him with all the light they throw upon the frail human envelope which bound him, and he is still George Washington—the one over-shadowing heroic figure of our American life and history.

It was said of George Washington during his life—said by those who knew him best: said by the artists who studied his features and tried to reproduce them upon canvases—that there was a shadowy something in his face which the memory could never quite picture in his absence, and which Gilbert Stuart admitted he could not distinctly depict or even suggest with his brush. So it is very clear none of the portraits enable us to think of him as he actually was. We know he had dark brown hair; that his eyes were light blue, verging upon gray; that his nose was long and prominent, with too much breadth to be Roman and not quite enough to be coarse or heavy. We have Gilbert Stuart's statement that his eyes were set in sockets larger than those of any person this great portrait artist had ever painted. Stuart and many other people tell us that the habitual expression of his eyes was reflective almost to the point of melancholy. We know, too, that his cheek bones were broad and high.

About the mouth there is more uncertainty, except that it was wide and straight and closed in a line so firm and strong that one man who saw him says he gave the impression of always having his jaws tightly clinched. But there is a bit of human history about that mouth. It turns upon the fact that the immortal George suffered the torments of the damned with toothache, including swelling of the jaws and all the other infernal accessories of that malady. His teeth were bad from early manhood. One by one he had them pulled out, until when Gilbert Stuart painted his portrait that expression of the mouth was so changed by the gum cavities that the artist tried the experiment of attempting to build out to the original lines by filling in the vacant places with cotton. Beyond conveying to posterity an irreverent suspicion that the Father of His Country chewed tobacco, the success of Stuart's experiment was only moderate.

Later on in life Washington had to make a general allowance of all his natural teeth and supply their places with false ones. But the dentists of those days were not so skillful as they are now, and it is hardly to be believed they left the mouth with the original expression nature gave it.

There was one portrait of Washington which those who knew him best said looked more like him than any other, and yet that the one now least generally known. It was the Sharpley portrait, painted in 1795, four years before his death, and when Washington was sixty-three years of age. There is something about this picture which makes you instinctively feel that it looks like the man it was intended for. All the others convey a certain suspicion of idealization and flattery. This one has the distinct stamp of truth and honesty. It is the picture of somebody whom it is possible to think of as having been a living reality and not a myth.

With this picture before us and by the aid of the many minute details that have been written about his personal appearance it is possible to form an idea of how Washington really looked, although, of course, we must allow for the absence of that "certain something" in his face which the artists could never catch and which his intimates—so far as Washington had any intimates—never could distinctly recall in his absence. It is interesting to speculate in this connection on how George would look were he to come back to us in this year of grace 1869, the 167th anniversary of his birth. All the information we have on the subject goes to show that in his later years, as well as in his youth, he was particular in the matter of dress. The details he sent to his London tailor are very minute, and his criticisms of garments already delivered to him by that worthy are searching and vigorous. Showing that the tailor's work had been subjected to a very careful inspection by a man who knew just what he wanted and intended to have it.

It is not at all improbable that if Washington were instructing a tailor to-day he would direct that the trousers be a little wider at the bottom and cover more of the foot than is the fashion just now. For the fact is George did have a prodigious foot area. A man six feet three inches high would naturally have a good-sized foot, but Washington's are described as "a little larger than the ordinary." And what applies to his feet applies to his hands. It would

be irreverent to say that he had a hand like a ham, but if he were alive and "in politics" to-day it is highly probable this delicate descriptive comparison would find its way into the personal gossip of the reptile press. Washington almost from his boyhood was a soldier. In time of peace his favorite amusements involved horse-back riding and vigorous bodily exercise out of doors. This padded his powerful frame with a uniformly developed set of muscles powerful enough to make even a Sandow admire. If he did not throw a stone across the Rappahannock there is no reason why he might not have done so. He certainly did stand on the Palisades and shy a stone far out into the Hudson at a point where most men could not have given it force sufficient to have carried it to the water's edge. That a man of such a build and developed by such a life should have big hands and feet is inevitable.

On no one point has there been more discussion and probably more misrepresentation than on the subject of Washington's religious faith. It is quite natural that there should be on the part of the clergy an effort to establish that a man whose example was likely to wield so tremendous a weight was a staunch churchman and rigid observer of all religious rites. As a matter of fact he was neither one nor the other. He was baptized in the Protestant Episcopal Church, but he never was a communicant. In point of fact his breadth of views was so great that he was more than once accused of atheism. Whatever were his real views he seems to have kept them to himself, although in all public ways he threw his influence on the side of religion.

WASHINGTON AS A SENTINEL.

William Perrine gives a graphic picture of Washington's memorable winter of suffering at Valley Forge in the Ladies' Home Journal. "Sentinels pacing in the snow on the outposts took off their caps and stood in them to save their feet from freezing," he writes. "Here and there could be found even officers in a sort of dressing-gown made of woolen bedcovers. The stout-hearted women of New Jersey sent their quilted clothes as Christmas presents, with the patriotic jest that as women were said sometimes to wear the trousers, so now there would be an excuse for men who might wear petticoats. Washington, who never exaggerated, said that few men had more than one shirt, many only half a one, and some none at all. Nearly three thousand men were barefooted, and occasionally might be seen a soldier who was all but naked. Sometimes there was nothing to eat in the camp but rotted 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 agents and the Continental Congress had brought twelve thousand men to 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 man. Washington himself dined one day on potatoes and hickory nuts. 'My good man,' he said to the sentinels 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. '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."

A Good Example.
She—"I should think all young men would try and emulate the example of George Washington."
He—"But there are not rich widows enough to go round."

Thomas Jefferson's Eulogy.
"Perhaps the strongest feature in his character was prudence, never acting until every circumstance, every consideration was maturely weighed; refraining if he saw a doubt, but when once decided, going through with his purpose, whatever obstacle opposed. His integrity was pure, his justice the most inflexible I ever knew."—Thomas Jefferson.

Nathaniel Hawthorne's Tribute.
"His face was grander than any sculptor had wrought in marble. None could behold him without awe and reverence. One of Washington's most invaluable characteristics was the faculty of bringing order out of confusion. The influence of his mind was like light gleaming through an unshaped world."—Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Daniel Webster on Washington.
"America has furnished the character of Washington, and if our American institutions had done nothing else, that alone would entitle them to the respect of mankind."—Daniel Webster.

Thumb Nails for Paint Brushes.
The ancient Chinese and Japanese frequently used to draw pictures with their thumbnails. The nails were allowed to grow to a length of some eighteen inches, and were pared to a point and dipped in vermilion or sky-blue ink—the only colors used in these thumb nail sketches.

Unexplored Territory.
Throughout the entire world there are about 29,000,000 square miles of unexplored territory. In Africa there are 6,500,000 square miles, arctic regions 3,600,000, antarctic regions 5,900,000, America 2,000,000, Australia 2,000,000, Asia 200,000 and various islands 900,000.



GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Characteristics of the Great Leader Who Was Reversed by All.

If there is one name more than another that stands out before the mind of the American boy it is that of George Washington. When the boy beholds the flag of his country flying over him upon a day marking some great national event, then does that open face, its lines of character clear and strong and deep, the lips firm but pleasant set, be seen as his eye watches his banners every flap. Not the greatest man in war, perhaps, when measured by the Old World Napoleonic standard, but in the results afterward obtained from war, human liberty, and the creating of a nation, where at last the word "Man" might have its true significance, and "King" mean the will of constitutional majorities, if results are the measure, then certainly in this man's labors is the world's greatest greatness found. Because he insisted that the people should rule themselves, and that he, at his highest, was but their servant. Nor their servant in the sense of the demagogue, who is the cunning knave of an insane master when he voices the passion of the mob, but the diviner and translator of a people's best thought in highest act. For the first time in all history came in Washington a military dictator who refused to dictate.

For at one time in the Revolutionary struggle the Congress so clothed with power the commander-in-chief of its army. It was done against the teachings and light of history, which told that man had ever done in such a situation—relegated to himself unlimited power. As such then it was a hazardous act. But clear above the thought of self, or the glory of ambition, he stood, this man, George Washington, his voice rising on the storm and guiding and directing the contest. Simple, democratic, profound, his words ever measured to the exigencies of the occasion, he blazoned his name on history's page as a man of great and noble caliber.

The stormy period of the strife over the suspension that followed when States, weakly connected and of diverging interest, as some of them in their nearness of vision thought, presented yet further duties on a course unlit by the experience of the past.

Other men there were, renowned orators, writers who were with the pen philosophers, men of genius, the giants of a new and great age, but they all turned to Washington, as the man to stand above the rest in the formulating of a constitution, and afterward under it when this new experiment in representative self-government, the ship of state was to move out into the unknown waters. Holding the high honor of first citizen for eight years he lays down all with these words in his farewell address, in which he tells his people to be proud of their title to nationality, and that it is above all local pride.

"The name, American, which belongs to you in your national capacity, must always exalt the just pride of patriotism more than any appellation derived from local administrations, with slight shades of difference you have the same religion, manners, habits and political principles. You fought and triumphed together; this independence and liberty you possess are the work of just councils and just efforts of a common tongue, suffering and success."

In this way did Washington admonish against a danger which was culminated in a great war. But when that war passed, again across a reunited land, revered again, and henceforth, let us hope, will be forever, the name of George Washington.

Bishop Potter's Tribute.
"An Englishman by race and lineage, he concentrated in his own person and character every best trait and attribute that has made the Anglo-Saxon name a glory to his children and a terror to its enemies the world over. But he was not so much an Englishman that; when the time came for him to be so, he was not even more an American; and in all that he was and did, a patriot so exalted and a leader so great and wise, that what men called him when he came to be inaugurated the first President of the United States, the civilized world has not since ceased to call him—'The Father of his Country.'"—Bishop Potter.

Line-In on Washington.
"Washington is the mightiest name on earth. Long since mightiest in cause of civil liberty; still mightiest in moral reformation. Of that name no eulogy is expected. It cannot be. To add brightness to the sun or glory to the name of Washington is alike impossible. Let none attempt it. In solemn awe pronounce the name, and in its naked, deathless splendor leave it shining on."—Abraham Lincoln.

Still the First American.
"We have made marvelous progress in material things, but the steadily enduring shaft that we have created at the national capital at Washington symbolizes the fact that he is still the first American citizen."—Ex-President Harrison.

A Woman's Opinion.
"To give an opinion on Washington seems to me about like giving an opinion on Faith or Honor or Patriotism."—Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward.



WASHINGTON AT PRINCETON

Rode to Front, Rallied Troops and Won the Day.

Cornwallis had left all his stores at Brunswick, and three regiments of foot and three companies of horses at Princeton. Thither then Washington was marching that winter night. He meant to strike his superior enemy another blow at a weak point. By daybreak he was near Princeton and moved with the main army straight from the town. Mercer was detached with 300 men to destroy the bridge which gave the most direct connection with Cornwallis. The enemy had started at sunrise, and one regiment was already over the bridge when they saw the Americans. Colonel Mawhood at once recrossed the bridge and both Americans and English made for some high commanding ground. The Americans reached the desired point first, and a sharp fight ensued. The American rifles did great execution, but without bayonets could not stand the charge. Mercer was mortally wounded, and his men began to retreat. As Mawhood advanced he came upon the main American Army, marching rapidly to the scene of action. The new Pennsylvania militia in the van moved under the British fire and began to give way. Washington, forgetting, as he was too apt to do, his position, his importance and everything but the fight, rode rapidly to the front, reined his horse within thirty yards of the enemy and called to his men to stand firm. The wavering ceased, the Americans advanced, the British halted and then gave way. The Seventeenth regiment was badly cut up, broken and dispersed. The other two fled into the town, made a brief stand, gave way again and were driven in rout to Brunswick. Washington broke down the bridges, and leaving Cornwallis, who had discovered that he had been outgeneraled, to gaze at him from the other side of the Millstone and of Stony Brook, moved off to Somerset courthouse, where he stopped to rest his men, who had been marching for eighteen hours. It was too late to reach the magazines at Brunswick, but the work was done.

An Impressive Scene.

The hour now approached, in which it became necessary for the American chief to take leave of his officers, who had been endeared to him by a long series of common sufferings and dangers. This was done in a solemn manner. The officers having previously assembled for the purpose, General Washington joined them, and calling for a glass of wine, thus addressed them:—"With a heart full of love and gratitude, I now take leave of you. I most devoutly wish that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been and honorable." Having drunk, he added,—"I cannot come to each of you to take my leave, but shall be obliged to you if each of you will come and take me by the hand." General Knox, being next, turned to him. Incapable of utterance, Washington grasped his hand, and embraced him. The officers came up successively, and he took an affectionate leave of each of them. Not a word was articulated on either side. A majestic silence prevailed. The tear of sensibility glistened in every eye. The tenderness of the scene exceeded all description. When the last of the officers had taken his leave, Washington left the room, and passed through the corps of light infantry to the place of embarkation. The officers followed in a solemn, mute procession, with dejected countenances. On his entering the barge to cross the North River, he turned toward the companions of his glory, and by waving his hat, bade them a silent adieu. Some of them answered this last signal of respect and affection with tears; and all of them gazed upon the barge, which conveyed him from their sight, till they could no longer distinguish in it the person of their beloved commander-in-chief.

America's Patron Saint.
"His countrymen are charged with fond idolatry of his memory and his greatness is pleasantly depicted as a mythological exaggeration. But no church ever canonized a saint more worthily than he is canonized by the national affection, and to no ancient hero, benefactor or law-giver were divinity honors ever so justly decreed as to Washington the homage of the world."—George William Curtis.

Dr. Depew's Opinion of Him.
"Washington was never dramatic, but on great occasions not only rose to the full ideal of the event—he became the event. No man ever stood for so much to his country and to mankind as George Washington, Madison and Jay each represented some of the elements which formed the Union; Washington embodied them all."—Chauncey M. Depew.

His Fame Imperishable.
"Washington's character and fame will never be disowned or dishonored by any part of this or any other nation. Other nations claim a share in the honor which shines on all the people of the world."—William M. Everts.

Symbol of Purity and Truth.
"Let us then, discarding all inferior strife, hold up to our children the example of Washington as the symbol, not merely of wisdom, but of purity and truth."—Charles Francis Adams.

His Memory Enduring.
"When the storm of battle blows loudest and rages highest, the memory of Washington shall nerve every American and cheer every American breast. It shall reillumine that Promethean fire, that sublime flame of patriotism, that devoted love of country, which his words have commended, which his example has consecrated."—Rufus Choate.

WASHINGTON--A FIGHTER.

One hundred and sixty-seven years ago Mary Ball Washington was about to become a mother for the first time. One hundred times she said to Augustine Washington, her husband, "I hope it will be a boy." And one hundred times he said kindly, but calmly having been through the same experience four times with his first wife, "of course it will, Mary; don't worry."

Luckily for us, was a boy, and the boy was George Washington. This being his birthday and a holiday, you will perhaps find time to consider what manner of man he was and how he compares with the men we call great nowadays. Our intention, which we are frank to confess at the outset, is to show that he was a fighting man. When he was a young boy, he wrote neatly in his copybook:

"Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience." When he had finished that he went out and thrashed all the boys he could get hold of. He played soldier and made them let him be captain. He wrestled, fought, raced and indicated in various ways that he was ready for trouble.

When he was fourteen, his mother found it very hard to keep him from enlisting in the navy.

At nineteen he had a command in the militia. When still a mere boy, at the Monongahela, he had four bullet holes through his coat and two horses shot under him. This was fighting. He was ready for it, with Indians with Englishmen, with Frenchmen or any other sort of men that needed a beating—and they got it from him whenever they felt that they needed it.

For fourteen or fifteen years he lived peacefully as a member of the Virginia House of Burgesses. He had plenty of money and plenty of opportunity to cultivate a fine aristocratic horror of war. But the love of fight was alive in him all the time. When he heard in '73 of the outrageous sufferings in Boston, he did not suggest mildness and a careful investigation. He said: "I will raise a thousand men, subsidize them at my own expense, and march with them at their head, for the relief of Boston." Vulgar and common and quarrelsome, wasn't it? But it's just what he said.

This quarrelsome Washington was positively delighted with the Declaration of independence, in spite of its degrading advice to resent snubs. Without any hesitation he undertook to whip England with an army of forty thousand soldiers and about twenty-five hundred straggling, unarmed men. His soldiers had just nine cartridges each, and England at that time had twenty-four thousand troops in this country, unlimited ammunition and all England in reserve to call upon.

Well, as you may have read, Washington made England give up a good many million dollars worth of American real estate—which she will never get back—and still he was not tired of fighting. Frederick the Great sent him his portrait—"From the oldest general in Europe to the greatest General in the world." Even that did not make Washington feel that the time had come to stop. When he was sixty-two years old he heard of uprisings in Pennsylvania against a liquor tax. He was ready to start out at the head of the militia just as quickly as he could pull on his white buckskin breeches, but the uprising decided to give up.

When he was sixty-four years old he accepted the command of all troops raised or to be raised in the United States; and he was ready at a word to fight France as he had fought England. He could easily have suggested peaceful talk, since France had been so useful to us. But his motto was "If anybody wants trouble, let him apply to the United States, and he can have it in doses to suit."

When the time came to die, he gave Death a fight. He said: "I die hard, but I'm not afraid to go." When death had finally won, he knew it, and he still showed fight. He said to his doctors: "I feel myself going; I pray you take no more trouble about me."

He set an example living, and he set an example dying, and he will set an example as long as men are men—it is a fighting example.

He was first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen because he was first in war. When he was dead and gone to a Heaven where rewards—if admitted—certainly take second place; Napoleon bound all his flags and standards with crepe for ten days, and the ships of England—those that he had not sent to the bottom of the sea—put their flags at half mast.

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PRINTING
of every description executed at short notice by the Tribune Company.