

WASHINGTON.

Time's test for heroes is work that remains—
With Alexander's empire perished
With Caesar's fall fell all free Rome and all
lashed:
Napoleon's Waterloo left France in chains:
A thousand conquerors have seen their galls
Swept down Fate's dark, indignant tide:
A thousand tyrants, fallen in bloody pride,
Have from dead hands dropped Empire's idle
reins.
Not so Columbia's hero, statesman, sage,
Who spun a crown and left a people free!
The work he did grows on from age to age,
A nation mighty, prosperous and free!
Secure his fame against oblivion's rage,
Chariot of man, the Friend of Liberty!

—G. H. B.

IN THE OLDEN TIME



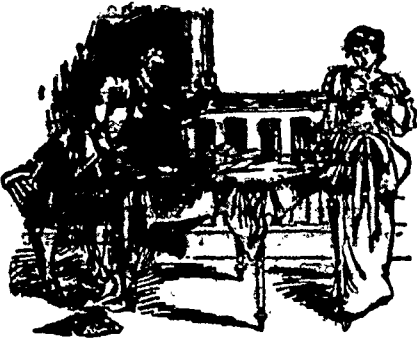
rather thick skulls to carry things with a high hand.

Everybody in the Walden Valley knew Capt. Silas Hearst in the year 1776. He was the biggest landholder in the section, and owned several thousand acres, some few hundreds of which were under cultivation. He was a man of medium height, and a perfect type of the nervous sanguine temperament. His hair was thick and rather bristly, but was always kept well oiled and brushed, and his pig-tail was invariably carefully twisted and tied with scientific precision. His forehead was rather high and narrow; a pair of piercing eyes were set under shaggy brows that nearly met over them; a hawk-like nose drooped toward a wide and firm mouth; and the clean-shaven chin projected with a self-assertive air. He was a man of massive a disposition of the church and a justice of the peace, the richest landed proprietor within thirty miles. His temper was quick and fiery, the effect of superabundant energy, but at heart no more just or kindly colonist rebelled against King George. Capt. Hearst was a patriot. Like others of our good and brave forefathers, he was too fond of having his own way to submit to British dictation. And he loved liberty and justice, and exemplified those great virtues on all occasions when his fiery temper did not get the best of him, which was somewhat oftener than would be popular nowadays.

Mrs. Hearst was a true colonial dame, and ruled her household prudently and wisely. She understood her husband thoroughly, and loved him devotedly. Those were the days when women did not scruple to take the vows of love, honor and obedience in marriage, believing it to be the perfectly orthodox and unquestionable order of things. Wives were obedient in those days, but when it came to daughters—well, the number of elopements which the chronicles of the times indicate seem to show that the young woman of the day was not so very different from her modern successor in the spirit of independence.

Molly Hearst was such a beauty as we know the colonial period was perfectly capable of producing. She was the perfected product of the aspiring and generous aristocracy of the day. She was just tall enough, just plump enough, just gracious enough and just pert enough to be utterly bewitching. So at least thought Peter Doyle, the son of an honest and well-to-do Irish gentleman who had settled in the neighborhood some years before. Molly never wore to the attention of Peter, who, to tell the truth, was the handsomest and most graceful gallant in the neighborhood, the best dancer, the wildest talker, and rumor said the keenest swordsman between the Hudson and the Alleghenies.

Capt. Silas Hearst was, within his limitations, a generous man, and he loved his beautiful daughter with a fervor that was characteristic of his nature. His pride in her was so great that he considered her worthy of an alliance with the best family in the colonies. His respected young Doyle, whom he knew to be a thoroughly manly fellow, but his rage knew no bounds when he learned that the son of the Irish lawyer aspired to his daughter's hand. In a passionate interview, he bade Molly never to see



In a Passionate Interview.

her lover again, under pain of being sent penniless out into the world. Fathers made very vigorous threats in those days.

But Molly did see her lover again. And it is to be feared that Mrs. Silas Hearst knew of the fact. Such was woman's obedience in the good old colonial days.

"What will you do?" asked Molly, when she had listened to her lover's narration of his purpose to leave home. "You must trust me, sweetheart," he replied, "but I cannot tell you. The times are perilous. Rebellion has broken out against the King. I have a duty to perform, but when peace comes, if I live, I will return to claim your hand." So they parted.

Capt. Hearst, on the outbreak of hostilities, offered his sword to Gov. George Clinton, and was made a member of his staff. Later he raised a company, equipping it at his own expense, and was stationed at West Point under Gen. Arnold.

The war at last ended, the colonies were free, and Capt. Silas Hearst returned to his home, to enter upon a career of political activity in connection with the formation of the new State Federal government. When civil matters were restored to quiet Peter Doyle appeared again in the

community, as handsome and debonaire as he had been seven long years before. And he was not backward in again laying siege to the hand of pretty Molly Hearst. He boldly presented himself to Capt. Hearst in his own mansion, accompanied by a friend, and claimed his daughter's hand as the fulfillment of a promise given before the outbreak of the war.

Capt. Hearst's face flushed when he heard the bold claim, and his jaws shut like a steel trap. He rang a bell and summoned his daughter.

Molly entered the room with downcast head, but with a certain air that indicated defiance to the coming storm.

"My daughter," said the Captain gravely, "do you love this man?"

"I do, father," replied Molly firmly. "But you have not seen him for seven years?" queried the parent.

"Not until the past week, in mother's presence," answered Molly.

"It is well," said Silas Hearst, in measured tones. "I have no fault to find with your early regard for him. He is a well-favored youth. Once I would have objected that his social standing was below your birth and merit, but the day of such views has passed away. But I have a right to demand that the suitor for my daughter's hand should have been a patriot and a friend of liberty. Peter Doyle," he exclaimed, turning to the young man, "I charge you with having been a traitor to your country and a spy of the tyrant George Third. You were associated with the traitor Arnold in the plan to surrender West Point to the enemy. Dely it if you can."

The scene was a dramatic one, as the true patriot pointed his finger sternly at the young man, who drew himself proudly up, while Molly stepped aside in trepidation, glancing nervously over her shoulder at the three excited men.

Peter Doyle's friend stepped quickly forward.

"Capt. Hearst," he said, with a graceful bow and an air of quiet but singular authority, "allow me to introduce myself—a formality that has doubtless been intentionally neglected. I am Col. Alexander Hamilton, aide-de-camp to Gen. George Washington. I have come here as the bearer of a message to you from my commander in reference to his and my good friend, Peter Doyle."

Capt. Hearst stepped back in unfeigned surprise, but a moment later accepted the message extended to him. It read as follows:

"This is to certify that Lieut. Peter Doyle, Jr., has been employed by me on secret duty during the war that has



Molly Stepped Aside.

resulted so gloriously for the colonies, and that it was through information received from him that I was enabled to foil the machinations of the traitor Arnold to betray the post of West Point to the enemy. I further certify that his father is my old friend, Peter Doyle, who has rendered both myself and his country many services, and whose purse was ever open to the cause of liberty in its days of trial.

"GEO. WASHINGTON."

"Good heavens! What is this?" exclaimed Capt. Hearst. "Can this be true?" he demanded sharply, turning to Col. Hamilton.

The pale and slight aide-de-camp drew himself up proudly and with a superb air of authority.

"It is true," he replied, in ringing out stern tones. "I received the letter from Gen. Washington, and was told to deliver it to you. I can personally vouch for the truth of its contents. It is but a slight tribute of justice to one of the bravest and truest of American patriots."

Capt. Hearst was painfully embarrassed. His face flushed. His hands worked convulsively, and the note dropped at his feet.

"Damn it!" he exclaimed at last. "am I to be made a fool of in my old age? Come here, my girl! Go and tell your lover. Let it be a sign that there is peace between us. Col. Hamilton, you are aware of my efforts to thwart the conspiracy at West Point. I knew of Peter Doyle's communications with the traitor Arnold. I deemed him a fellow conspirator with that infamous villain. The scales have dropped from my eyes. Peter Doyle, forgive me. No man shall ever say that I was consciously unjust."

Col. Hamilton deftly separated the lovers, and led the young and old soldier face to face, and placed their hands together.

"My reward in this little drama," he said, "shall be a kiss from the expectant bride," and he saluted Molly gallantly.

"Capt. Hearst," he added, throwing his arms around the aged veteran. "I am commissioned also to convey to you Gen. Washington's acknowledgments for your valuable services in the war, and to say that he will be pleased to stop and see you when he leaves Newburgh for New York, which will be in about a month. And I wish to say further that there has been no needless mystery in this matter. Lieut. Doyle asked to have his real position in the war properly explained to you, and for many reasons it could not be done sooner."

"Say no more," said Capt. Hearst, in husky tones. "I am satisfied—nay, more, I am honored. My boy, your father must dine with us to-day. I will send for him at once. Col. Hamilton, you will remain with us, I know. This is the happiest day of my life. Come, Molly, where is your mother? Bring her here at once. She must share in my happiness, as I know she has shared in this conspiracy."—Julius Pence.

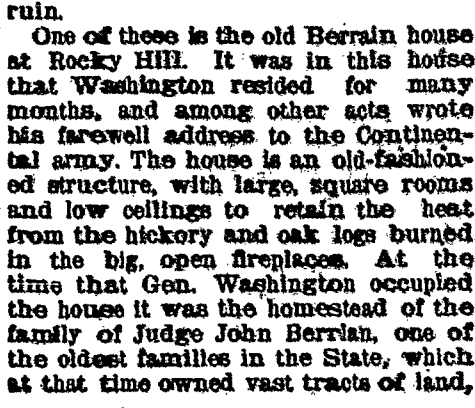
Those who can dine only on dainties will often go supperless to bed.—Aesop.

IT STILL STANDS.

The House in which Washington wrote the Farewell Address.

The Little State of New Jersey, as every schoolboy knows, was the scene of many stirring events during the revolution, and almost every city, town and hamlet has, or claims to have, a landmark of which its inhabitants are very proud and delight to point out to visitors. As in many other parts of the country, however, some of these landmarks, which should have the greatest claims on the American people from a historical point of view, have been neglected, apparently forgotten and allowed to go to decay and ruin.

One of these is the old Berrian house at Rocky Hill. It was in this house that Washington resided for many months, and among other acts wrote his farewell address to the Continental army. The house is an old-fashioned structure, with large, square rooms and low ceilings to retain the heat from the hickory and oak logs burned in the big, open fireplaces. At the time that Gen. Washington occupied the house it was the homestead of the family of Judge John Berrian, one of the oldest families in the State, which at that time owned vast tracts of land.



The Farewell House.

obtained by grants from the crown. Judge Berrian, when the clash came, remained loyal to the American cause, and his house became the refuge for Gen. Washington on more than one occasion.

The old Berrian mansion is located about a quarter of a mile from the village, on a steep bluff overlooking the Millstone river. The little village of Rocky Hill is about six miles from Princeton at the foot of the bluff. Off the old post road and located in among the densely wooded hills of Somerset county, it was unknown to Cornwallis or his soldiers, and after the battles of Trenton and Princeton was just the place for Washington and his band of Continentals to retire to for rest and refuge.

Washington afterward returned at different periods to Rocky Hill during the progress of the war, but the longest time he resided in the Berrian house was from June, 1783, to the following November. This was just after Congress had adjourned at Trenton to meet at Princeton in the old college buildings, and here Washington was summoned to meet them. Accompanied by Mrs. Washington and a part of his military family, Washington took up his residence in the old Berrian house. The General and his staff rode daily over the seven miles of road to Princeton, where Congress was in session.

Gen. Washington, evidently found life exceedingly restful and pleasant in the Berrian house, and found time to indulge in the simple social recreations of the neighborhood. Among the people he called upon was the family of John Van Horn, a wealthy farmer, with whom was staying the noted painter, Dunlap. The latter, in his reminiscences of Washington, mentions the agreeable surprise among the people over the pleasant discovery that the great General possessed a liking for social pleasures and could appreciate a joke by laughing as heartily as other men. It was supposed that Washington was always serious and grave.

Gen. Washington and Mrs. Washington were still living in the Berrian house on November 2, 1783, and while there the General wrote his farewell address to the little army of patriots. Washington left Rocky Hill at the end of November and went to Newburg to prepare for his triumphant entry with his army into New York. It is probable that he never returned to the old Berrian house on Rocky Hill, although he left behind him many interesting reminiscences of his prolonged stay there.

The Continental Flag.

It is not probable that any colors were carried by the few Americans at the battle of Red Bank, but soon afterward the staunch old Continentals chose a flag inscribed with the arms of Connecticut, bearing the motto "Qui transtulit sustinet," which was literally translated to mean, "God, who transported us hither, will support us."

There are many and conflicting statements about the flag of that time, and no doubt many conflicts took place without the inspiring sight of a flag. At the battle of Bunker Hill, on June 17, 1775, tradition has it that a large red flag bearing the taunt "Come if you dare," was carried by the patriots. This may be true, because during those times flags were sought to convey the sentiment of the people, rather than to serve as a poetic symbol of Liberty and Union.

In the early days of the Revolution a flag that was well known was of blue with a field of white quartered by a red St. George's cross. In the top inner corner stood a pine tree.

In Lossing's "Field Book of the American Revolution" he writes that one Mrs. Manning said the above-described flag was carried at the battle of Bunker Hill. She gave as her authority that her father, who was in the battle, had told her so. There are several mentions of this flag in various historical accounts of the Revolution.

His Soliloquy.

"Alas!" exclaimed the turkey who had eaten too freely of the branded cherries and had been plucked by the farmer's wife under the impression that his gobbling days were over; "alas! I am a-silving picked, sure."

And the assembled fowls blushing, admitted the truth of the assertion only the laughable rooster, charging to see at him.—Indianapolis Journal.

WASHINGTON—NAPOLEON.

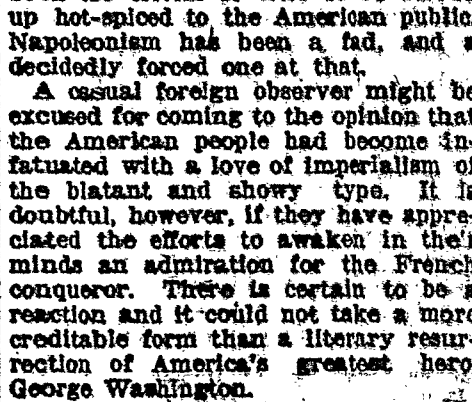
AN INQUIRY INTO THEIR RELATIVE GREATNESS.

Compared as Patriots, Statesmen and Soldiers—The Touchstones of Success—Napoleon's Fatal Genius—Washington as a Tactician.

OWEVER important from a historical standpoint, the recent revival of interest in the career of Napoleon Bonaparte may be, the excessive attention given the subject in this country is somewhat absurd. A dozen prominent magazines have devoted their leading pages for months past to Napoleonic literature, the stage is overrun with Napoleonic dramas, and the daily press has apparently reflected an almost insane desire on the part of the American public for Napoleonic pabulum. Nothing in the career of the great Corsican has apparently been too trivial or trite to be served up hot-spiced to the American public. Napoleonism has been a fad, and a decidedly forced one at that.

A casual foreign observer might be excused for coming to the opinion that the American people had become infatuated with a love of imperialism of the blatant and showy type. It is doubtful, however, if they have appreciated the efforts to awaken in their minds an admiration for the French conqueror. There is certain to be a reaction and it could not take a more creditable form than a literary resurrection of America's greatest hero, George Washington.

It is probable that the more recent events of the civil war have some what obscured to the American eye the figure of Washington. This is said to be particularly the case in the West, where empires and pictures of Lincoln, Grant and other heroes of the war for the Union, are familiar, but where that of Washington is rarely seen. Yet it may be fairly said that the fame of Washington has not diminished, nor is it ever likely to diminish, as that of the greatest figure in American history.



Washington at 23.

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No estimate of Washington's abilities is complete that does not consider him in the threefold character of patriot, statesman and soldier. He was great in each of these characters; in the three combined, he was unparalleled. The strength of Washington in comparison with Napoleon can readily be shown by this threefold method of comparison, and the method is proper, because both men sought to create a nation by the sword, and to maintain it by statecraft. As a patriot, Washington's reputation is equal to if not superior to that of any other great leader in history. From pure love of free institutions, he laid aside all temptations to enjoy personal power, and in doing so afforded the world an example of unselfish statesmanship as lofty as it was vital to freedom in America. Napoleon, with no greater opportunity or temptation, betrayed the liberties France had aspired to, and placed the crown of a despot upon his head.

Take the test of statesmanship. How sound the seeing and luminous was Washington's judgment in political matters? His genius absolutely dominated the politics of the revolution, and he was the only statesman of his time whose influence was based upon an almost unerring judgment of the necessities of each situation as it arose, that brought the warring elements of colonial discord into harmony, created armies, provided resources, formed alliances and aroused a national spirit upon American soil. Surrounded after the war by a group of the most aspiring and brilliant political theorists that any young nation ever brought forth, his suggestion, statesmanship easily asserted itself. Men of the intellectual genius of Jefferson, Hamilton, Madison, Franklin and their con-

tempers readily bent to his will, and became the instruments of his conservatism in framing a constitution that the world has learned to recognize as the greatest political instrument ever drawn.

In comparison, how weak and unsuccessful was Napoleon's political career? He broke the most sacred pledges, divorced his wife, and exhausted his vast energies for intrigue in order to found a dynasty that left absolute ruin as the result of a single battle. No doubt, Napoleon had some great political ideas, as is shown by the Code Napoleon, but he was singularly lacking in constructive statesmanship, and his political career in its entirety stamps him as little better than a reckless and criminal adventurer.

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It is claimed by the partisans of Napoleon, however, that his transcendent military genius obscured all other facts, and marks him as the greatest leader of the age. It is idle to deny that he possessed a marvellous capacity both for planning campaigns and fighting battles; but after all, it is not success, the true test of a military career? Can the sweeping final failure of Napoleon's vast military



Washington at 40. Seen in the light of history, Moscow and Waterloo are as much touchstones of his genius as a soldier as are Austerlitz and Jena. He was a fatalist in action as well as in belief. He defied the very laws of ultimate success. He rode for a fall, and his fall was inevitable. His record as a soldier was indeed brilliant—the most brilliant failure in history.

On the contrary, Washington's career as a soldier was a pronounced success in its results. His campaigns, even when his strength was weakest and the clouds darkest, resulted in completely familiar British efforts to overrun the rebellious colonies. His tactics were sound, and his army, though drilled armies were not so well equipped by the veterans opposed to them, but he never lost a battle that crippled his resources or sacrificed the success he had in view. It is difficult to compare Washington at Yorktown, at the head of 15,000 men, with Napoleon at Waterloo, at the head of 150,000. The sense of proportion seems to be lost. Yet the last battle of the American here was a splendid termination to the long struggle of the colonies—a final complete triumph toward which the stars will of one clear-eyed leader had carried the American armies. No better campaign in its plan and execution was ever designed or carried out. It clearly demonstrated Washington's tactical skill, and showed what he could do with poorer resources and a real army. There is no reason to doubt that, had Washington, at the outset of the colonial rebellion, possessed a well-drilled and equipped army, he would have started the world by a brilliant series of victories over the British invaders. His prudence, wonderful capacity for detail, untiring energy and faithful courage are the inspiring signs of

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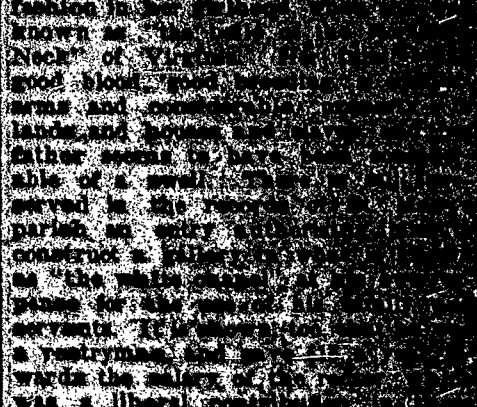
On the contrary, Washington's career as a soldier was a pronounced success in its results. His campaigns, even when his strength was weakest and the clouds darkest, resulted in completely familiar British efforts to overrun the rebellious colonies. His tactics were sound, and his army, though drilled armies were not so well equipped by the veterans opposed to them, but he never lost a battle that crippled his resources or sacrificed the success he had in view. It is difficult to compare Washington at Yorktown, at the head of 15,000 men, with Napoleon at Waterloo, at the head of 150,000. The sense of proportion seems to be lost. Yet the last battle of the American here was a splendid termination to the long struggle of the colonies—a final complete triumph toward which the stars will of one clear-eyed leader had carried the American armies. No better campaign in its plan and execution was ever designed or carried out. It clearly demonstrated Washington's tactical skill, and showed what he could do with poorer resources and a real army. There is no reason to doubt that, had Washington, at the outset of the colonial rebellion, possessed a well-drilled and equipped army, he would have started the world by a brilliant series of victories over the British invaders. His prudence, wonderful capacity for detail, untiring energy and faithful courage are the inspiring signs of

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It is claimed by the partisans of Napoleon, however, that his transcendent military genius obscured all other facts, and marks him as the greatest leader of the age. It is idle to deny that he possessed a marvellous capacity both for planning campaigns and fighting battles; but after all, it is not success, the true test of a military career? Can the sweeping final failure of Napoleon's vast military



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