

THE PEERLESS EDITOR.

[FOR THE CONSERVATIVE.]

The Peerless Leader looked around
For something he could do,
When the smoke of battle cleared away,
And his campaign was through;
When his campaign was through, my friends,
And all his toil was o'er;
When the roorback roared into its lair,
And the hewgag hewed no more.

The lecture platform had its charms,
As lecture platforms have;
But the Peerless Leader's wearied mind
Was wanting other salve;
Was wanting other salve, my friends,
Strange, weird as it may seem,
For even orators need rest,
And that is no pipe-dream.

The managers of large museums
Some tempting offers make;
"O come and join the bearded dame,
And put her in the shade;
And put her in the shade, my friend,
Surpass the tattooed Greek,
And the Armless Wonder put to shame"—
But the Peerless would not speak.

The Peerless Leader looked afar
To the land where heathen bow
To handmade gods in a gloomy mosque,
As they do in old Hang Chow;
As they do in old Hang Chow, my friends,
And I heard the Peerless say:
"I would stack up high as a god on wheels,
But I cannot get away."

The Peerless viewed the ghastly wounds
He'd gained in Spanish wars;
And he thought somewhat of starting forth
As a grim and gory Mars;
As a grim and gory Mars, my friends,
In the Filipino cause;
"But I might get shot," he said; "then what
Would I do with my gifted jaws?"

The Peerless looked at his Trenchant Pen,
At his Trenchant Pen looked he;
"I shall wield the lever that moves the world,"
He cried, in ecstatic glee;
He cried in ecstatic glee, my friends,
And pranced like a green bay colt;
And we sit and wait in a weird suspense,
Till he gives the world a jolt.

—KIPYARD RUDLING.

TREES.

[Extracts from an article written for the "Herald of Freedom," published in Concord, N. H., on August 6, 1841, by its editor.]

We feel strongly inclined, in this season of drought and glaring sunshine, to pay a tribute to the magnificent trees which embosom and adorn the otherwise unsightly little capital of New Hampshire, and to the eye of the observer at a distance multiply its dwellings, and augment its dimensions to the appearance of a small city. We know no country village this side of the water better off than this on the score of shade, not excepting old Worcester, Mass., with all its stately buttonwoods. And what a glorious object is a tree! How magnificent a forest of them on the boundless plain or the mighty hill-side! And the single tree—there is scarcely its match for beauty among un-

intelligent objects on the face of the earth. It is surpassed, perhaps, only by him who walks among them in thinking grace and beauty. "In form," though not in "moving" like him the tree "how express and admirable." The solitary tree—or the row—or group, planted by human hands, or spared by them from ordinary extermination, near the abodes of men.

The thick-topped maple, with its wholesome looking foliage and impervious boughs, in whose close and dark recesses the hang bird sings her "wood-note wild" in the hot summer noon. The lofty, clear-limbed, open-boughed button-wood—with its dainty leaf, its scarred trunk and excoriated branches. And the elm, the patriarch of the family of shade;—the majestic, the umbrageous, the antlered elm. We remember one at this moment—in sight from our old home on the banks of the Penigewasett. We have seen larger, but never one of such perfect symmetry and beauty. It stood just across that cold stream near the bridge "Fayette"—by the roadside—on the margin of the wide interval. "One among thousands" it stood of the multitudes which the taste of its early proprietor had left dispersed about on the broad landscape. It stood upon the ground as lightly as though it "rose in dance"—and its full top bending over toward the ground on every side with the dignity of the forest-tree and all the grace of the weeping willow. You could gaze upon it for hours; it was the handiwork and architecture of God, on which the eye of man never tires, but always looks with refreshing and delight. [In 1891 this tree was about eighty feet in height, and as perfect as when my father described it fifty years before.]

We remember a clump of white pines, too—right opposite on the other side of the stream;—tall mast pines—of the primitive woods—aborigines. We seem to hear their evening murmur, mingled with the flow of the rapids that hurried by their foot. How they came to be left there, we can hardly imagine. They are on the verge of the village and must have stood there since long before the settlement of the town, and have survived the ages of half a dozen hewing and hacking generations. We remember a crane lighting down on the tip-top of one of the tallest of them, one day at sunset.

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But we sat down to pay a hasty tribute to the trees of Concord. We turn down Main street to the patriarchs, the monarchs of Concord trees, and the peers at least of any we have ever beheld this side of old England, and indeed they would show with reputation even there, and would scarcely dishonor one of the royal avenues of Windsor Park, or even that king of kingly walks, the "Long Walk" from Windsor Castle, three miles

into Windsor Forest, lined on each side with a double row of British Elms! These royal Concord tress are about half way between the south church and the pitch of the hill below it. They range along the west side of Main street—high up from the road, and cast their old shadows toward sunset, far off into the beautiful meadows and winding river. They are doubtless the oldest in the place. We have never seen any of such venerable appearance. They stand so thick as to interweave their long branches. You look upward into their dark tops, the giant branches running away up into the wilderness of foliage and bending off in great curves down again over the distant road, intersecting each other in countless Gothic arches, like the roofing and recesses in the abbeys and priories of England; branches big enough for trunks to great trees—and then the trunks themselves—vast, shapeless, and rooted all abroad in the ground, to withstand the wrestlings of a century's winds among their mighty tops. You feel awed and overwhelmed as you look up, as when in Westminster Abbey or old York Minster. Here you are gazing on the originals, there on the architectural copies—the coping and the lancet arch of the old cathedral being borrowed doubtless from the tree top. God built the elm and your Christopher Wrens and Inigo Joneses the "solemn temples" of Britain. Yet they get the homage and admiration of men rather than the architect of the universe.

We must release our readers and pen with a call on every man to plant a tree. It is a virtue to set out trees. It is loving our neighbors as ourselves. Set out trees—not to make your home outshine your neighbors; but for him to look at and walk under,—and to beautify God's earth, which he clothed with trees and you cut them all down. Every tree is a "feather in the earth's cap," a plume in her bonnet, a tress on her forehead. It is a comfort, an ornament, a refreshing to the people, and when peace and liberty prevail, we will have an Eden of them from one end of the land (and the world) to the other.

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