

A TEACHER,
Who cannot give his name for his head
would fall. Head-hunters are not con-
fined to the jungles.

WASHINGTON'S CROSSING

BY T. J. WALKER.

Why leave unmarked the famous place
Where Washington once led,
His little band of valiant men,
Unclothed, unshod, unfed,
To brave the water's icy snares
That this great nation live;
And yet in memory of that dead,
No honor give.

Save for the name, a moss-clad stone,
No shaft, nor columns rise;
And yet no spot in this fair land
Is more immortalized!
Is not the greatness of the past,
The Crossing's cherished fame,
Enough to build a monument
All worthy of the name?

Our country's boundless wealth grows
on,
The millions mount apace;
Yet not a copper, not a flag,
To designate the place.
Oh, countrymen this long neglect,
Is dead, I hope for aye.
Buy up the land, lay out the walks,
Our country's own alway.
Lambertville, N. J., Jan. 24, 1912.

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