

Family Circle.

INDEPENDENCE HILL—JULY 4th, 1776.

When it was certain that the "Declaration" would be adopted and confirmed by the signature of the Delegates in Congress, it was determined to announce the event by ringing the old State House Bell, which bore the inscription "Proclaim Liberty throughout the land, to the inhabitants thereof" and the old bellman posted his little boy at the door of the Hall to wait the instruction of the door-keeper when to ring. At the word, the little patriot-son rushed out, and ringing up his hands, shouted—"Ring! Ring! Ring!"

There was tumult in the city. In the quaint old Quaker town, And the streets were rife with people Paing rattle up and down; People gathering at corners, Where they whispered each to each, And the sweet sound of their temple With the earnestness of speech.

As the black Atlantic currents Leash the wild Newfoundland shores, So they beat against the door; And the mingling of their voices Made a harmony profound. The quiet street, the distant bell, Was all turbulent with sound.

"Will they do it?" "Dare they do it?" "Who is speaking?" "What of Adams?" "What of Sherman?" "What of the old man?" "Let me hear!" "When a nation's life is at stake, We're no longer to be trifled with."

So they beat the portal— Mat and woman, maid and child; And the July sun, in his own vein, Shed his patriot blood in vain, Now behold the world of light!

Alone in that high step, See the bellman, old and gray; His feet weary, his hands aching, And his iron-socketed ax; So he sits with one hand ready On the clapper of the bell, When his eye should catch the signal, Very happy news to tell.

See! See the dense crowd quivers Through all its lengthy line, As his hand beside the portal, He strikes the iron-socketed ax; With his small hands upward lifted, Breezes dallying with his hair, Hark! with deep, clear intonation, Breaks his young voice on the air.

Hushed the people's swelling murmur, List the boy's strong, earnest cry; "Ring! He shouts aloud; "Ring! Grandpa! Ring! O ring for LIBERTY!" And straightway, at the signal, He strikes the iron-socketed ax; And sends the good news, making Iron-music through the land.

How they shouted! What rejoicing! How the old bell shook the air, Till the clang of his ax, and the old man's glad shout, And the glad gliding Delaware! How the bonfires and the torches Flamed in the night's repose; And from the flames, like Phoenix, Fair Liberty arose!

That old bell now is silent, And hushed its iron tongue, But the spirit it awakened, Still lives—forever young. And while we greet the sunlight On the Fourth of each July, We'll not forget the path he trod, Who, 'twixt the sea and sky, Rang out our Independence!

Which, please God, shall never die!

condition to know any body without some very distinguishing mark of identity. Yet, half-intoxicated as he was, his naturally kind feelings were not altogether dulled. He talked to Binings, and talked confidentially. "Take him, Binings, I know about the Blue Flag. He's a young 'un. He can stand what we can."

Binings, thus encouraged, persuaded the stumbling, staggering fellow to yield up that heavy burden; and they gave a shout of relief as Gideon and the four strong sailors bore their silent companion away.

"On the bed in the neat, quiet 'sick-room' of the establishment the poor young fellow was laid, for the time unconscious as the dead. Ah, if he had passed into eternity from that state of brutal intoxication, what would have been the fate of his soul?"

In the presence of Gideon and the four friendly tars, Binings took possession of the lad's pocket-book, after duly counting his money, and laid beside it in his strong-box the few other loose articles he had about him. Among the latter was a dog's head, a small bottle of medicine, and a piece of paper.

"The dog's head, I'll bet a dollar," exclaimed Binings, as he laid it on the table. "His mother, rather," said Binings, as he looked into the sweet face that gazed on him from that picture. Time had marked the brow with passing years, but it bore no signs of age. His eyes were bright and clear, and his cheeks were flushed with the glow of health.

"Who am I? Where am I? These are the questions proposed to the confused brain of the young man when he awoke, after his long, heavy sleep. He had no recollection of the night's events, and he knew not where he was.

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"but mother, I am afraid it will kill her. She has not been like herself for months. It's the thought of Theodore that preys on her, I know, though she never talks about it. You would not wonder at a wife of my age, if you knew how changed she is. She hardly notices anything; she sits as if she was in a dream. I don't know what to do for her, and to bring her to her senses, I don't know what to do for her, and to bring her to her senses, I don't know what to do for her."

"Perhaps you are right," said Ella thoughtfully. "At this moment there was an interruption to the conversation. A stout, curly-headed boy burst into the room, and, without a word, laid down a sailor down stairs talking with you, and she wants to see you this minute. I say, there she is coming herself."

"Something in the kind. As I was strolling over to see the ladies on parade, I began to hear heart-rending cries of distress, and I burst from the seats of the different companies to see what was the matter."

"Orders to be ready to march at a moment's notice!"—so I learned, from the drums, that the regiment was to march at once. "Richmond!"—so I learned, from the drums, that the regiment was to march at once. "Richmond!"—so I learned, from the drums, that the regiment was to march at once.

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watch; and when I arrived, a thousand Jerseymen, were working, not at all like the Jerseymen, with picks, spades, and shovels, cutting into Virginia, digging into Virginia, shovelling up Virginia, for Virginia's protection against the British. And I must cut short my story, for I have not time to tell you of the great matters press. As to the residence of the Seventh in the cedar-grove for two days and two nights,—how they endured the hardship of bivouac on soft earth, and the starvation of coffee and milk,—how they dug manfully in the trenches by gangs all these two laborious days,—with what supreme artistic finish their work was achieved,—how they chopped off their corns with axes, as they cleared the brush-wood from the glacis,—how they blustered their hands,—how they chafed that they were not lunging with battalions steel at the breasts of the minions of the oligarchy,—how Washington, seeing the smoke of burning rubbish, and hearing the rattling of musket-practice, or of noising 'dropping shots of target-practice, or of noising the musket shooting each other by accident,—how Washington, alarmed, imagined a battle, and went into panic accordingly,—all this, is it not written in the daily papers?"

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WATCH THE HEALTH OF YOUR CHILDREN.

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SAVING FUNDS.

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