THE ERIE OBSERVER.

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Erie Weekly Observer.

A. P. DURLIN & CO. PROPRIETORS.

B. F. SLOAN, Editor.

OFFICE, CORNER STATE ST. AND PUBLIC SQUARE, ERIE.

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Wholesale and Retail dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Dye Stuffs, Groceries, &c. No. 5, Reed House, Erie.

Select Poetry.

BABYLON.

BY CHARLES M. STEWART.

'Twas starry night. Her moonlit banks
The deep Euphrates murmured by;
The palm-trees, in that pensive hour,
Unquivering, lifted to the sky.
The moonlight trembled as it fell
In beauty on bright Babel's towers,
And all unheeded broke the spell
That marked the fond and fleeting hours.

The dates' rich treasures glowing, drooped
And flushed each ray the moonbeams gave;
Buds blushing, and night flowers stooped
To kiss, in love, their mirror wave.
Proud Babylon's halls are festive now;
Ten thousand shifting torches shine;
The bold throng there, and beauty's brow
Bloom warmer from the mantling wine

Around Belshazzar's banquet board,
Around Belshazzar's impious throne,
In mystic lines the lingering light
Hung dimly beautiful on arch and dome;
The flag hung furled in that deep hush,
That, calm in sleep, the solemn hour,
Though 'twas in life's full flow and flush,
Breathed all about the brooding tower.

But look! what means that sudden pause?
'Tis not the votive pledge I hear—
The lightening stars! O God, thy laws
Chain the bolts midway in career!
Blazing in fires, that blacken, there,
Empyreal lightning wraps the wall;
Fore-lying in its lurid glare,
Hies heaven's decree for Babel's fall.

Washington, D. C., June, 1851.

Choice Miscellany.

THE QUAKER SPY.

A TALE OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

Written for the Philadelphia Dollar Newspaper.

There stands, or did stand not more than a dozen years since, a curious looking old stone house in Bucks County, on the road leading from Newtown to Taylor's—formerly McConkey's ferry; it is not over twenty-five or thirty miles from the city of Philadelphia, and was in days past, and still is, in all probability, the residence of Enos Merrick, and Sarah, his wife—good, plain, household, domestic people, who live along quietly and unostentatiously, paying their "day and way," and in all respects sustaining the character of decent, respectable farmers.

It is a queer looking old structure, to be sure, and was *evidently erected in days long back—perhaps some time* in the first half of the eighteenth century. There it stands, a monument of the past, with its hipped roof and its gable end next the road, as was the custom of building in those days.

This was quite a famous edifice once upon a time; in that lower chamber which stands nearest the road, there was held a most memorable consultation—one which led to results whose importance it would be vain to estimate now-a-days. The Council of War which determined upon the attack upon Trenton, and the consequent capture of the Hessians, together with the turning of the tide of fortune in favor of the American arms, was held there, in that very house, on the night of the 20th of December, 1776. It was the head-quarters of Gen. Greene, the "Quaker General," as he is sometimes called; and around the Council board there assembled, sat the cool, the steadfast, the invincible Washington; the ardent and generous Lafayette, and a number of other revolutionary worthies, whose names are well recorded in the annals of their country's fame. Upon the night in question, even in this fearful and trying period, when to human observance all appeared to be lost, and when the continental army were scattering like sheep before the marauding violence of foreign wolves—even then, the excellent and noble-hearted Washington seemed to exhibit his usual dignity and self-possession, relying upon the protecting care of an over-ruling Providence, and upon the justice of a cause to which his entire energies were dedicated.

It will be remembered by the student of American history, that Washington, with a small remnant of his army—all, indeed, that was left—retreated across "the Jerseys" before the forces of Lord Cornwallis, the British commander. Having vainly attempted to dispute the landing of the British troops upon Long Island, our commander-in-chief retreated first into the counties above the city of New York, thence across the Hudson into New Jersey, and finally over the river Delaware into Bucks county, Pennsylvania, where he was temporarily quartered during the month of December of that memorable year.

The house of Mr. Merrick, alluded to above, was not over three or three and a half miles from the river, in the township of Upper Makefield, Bucks county, and was about the centre of the encampment—the troops, numbering only *some fifteen hundred, being quartered* at the farm-houses, a few miles up and down the river

It was determined at that long to be remembered council of war that an attack should be made upon the British and Hessian forces at Trenton, which was only nine or ten miles distant. This attack it was resolved should be made upon the night or morning of Christmas, when it was presumed the army of the enemy would be most off its guard in consequence of the festivities of the season. The whole affair was kept a profound secret, of course; because, from the proximity of the two armies, it will readily be conceived that the entire success of the enterprise depended upon the ability to make the attack by surprise.

But it was indispensably necessary to despatch a confidential agent into the town of Trenton, for purposes to be here mentioned; and there was great hazard attending a mission of the kind. A double line of British sentries were thrown around the town occupied by the army of Cornwallis. No suspicious stranger was allowed to pass without a rigid examination; and hence the choice of such an agent involved heavy responsibilities; not only to the safety of the individual so selected, but to the success or failure of the entire enterprise. When, therefore, the hour for morning parade arrived, which took place in front of General Greene's quarters—this same ancient house—a call was made for a volunteer for a mission of importance. This being a customary matter in these times that "tried men's souls," it excited no especial attention among the soldiers; nor did it create any astonishment when, after a short hesitation, James Schofield, a Quaker, stepped forward from the ranks, and so designated himself for any mission of peril on which he might be sent.

A smile of approbation ran through the line as James presented himself; there were very few of the Society of Friends embodied as soldiers among the continental troops, but some there were, and among those who shared largely in the confidence of the officers was this James Schofield, a young man of fine appearance and address, and well known for more than ordinary mental endowments, as well as for his modesty and reserve.

"Thou art the very man, James," said the Colonel in command, assuming the use of plain language, "come with me, and I will make thee acquainted with one who will be glad to receive a brother into his confidence."

So saying, he led the way into the house. There, in the chamber heretofore designated, sat General Greene and General Washington. The young man entered, and the door was closed. He was then directed to bolt the door, and to take the seat that was pointed to him.

"You have offered yourself upon an expedition of importance," said Gen. Greene.

"I have," was the reply.

"Are you prepared to encounter great hazard in your country's service?" continued the General.

"Truly, if thou wilt accept my services," answered the young Quaker.

"Ah," rejoined Greene, with a smile of pleasure animating his stern features, "I perceive that thou art one of our people—what is thy name?"

"James Schofield."

"Well, James," said Greene, "I perceive that in thee which inspires me with confidence, and we will accept thy services—but there are tremendous consequences connected with this errand on which thou art to be sent!—*thou must be secret as death,*" and then lowering his voice, he continued—"it has been determined to make a night attack upon Trenton, and it is thy business to go into the town to gain certain intelligence."

"I suspected so," said Schofield, calmly, "and therefore I offered my services to thee."

A glance of suspicion passed between the two Generals at this observation.

"What! is the enterprise talked of in the camp?" asked Greene in alarm.

"O no, Nathaniel Greene," said the Quaker soldier; "but in my own breast I have thought that it might become expedient to make such an attack—and having an acquaintance nigh unto Trenton, who might be a great aid to me in forwarding a communication, I have volunteered my services. I was also upon guard last night, and was aware that a council was held in this very chamber, and among those present was the young Marquis, as thou callest him, De Lafayette. Such things meant something I was sure, and I perceive that my suspicions are correct."

"And thou wilt be prompt and faithful?" asked the General.

"*I have shouldered the murderous firelock in this unhappy controversy with Britain from the purer dictates of principle,* as I humbly trust, friend Nathaniel, and thou mayst trust me in this matter even as thou wouldst trust thine own self," answered James with feeling.

"Well," said Greene, "thou must carry this letter to Simon Leake, in Trenton; it is an announcement to him of the time and plan of our attack, and a desire to furnish us some military stores which lie secreted in a storehouse in that town. We also desire an answer of him of the disposition of the enemy's forces. You must go to-night. A horse will be provided for you at ten o'clock, and you will cross the *river* at Yardley's ferry, where a boat and ferryman will be in readiness for you; further than this you must provide for yourself, and the reward for the successful accomplishment of this errand will be twenty-five pounds, lawful money of these States; but if thou failest, James, and shouldst fall into the hands of these British Philistines, a halter will be thy penalty!"

"Fear not, friend Greene," replied the newly ordained spy. "I have a friend near by to the town of Trenton who will serve me in good stead—"

"Beware, beware of communicating thy business to *any one!" interrupted the General in a tone of caution.*

"Ah, but this one is a maiden—"

"Canst thou trust her, James?"

"Trust her! Why, she is my betrothed, my beloved Deborah!" exclaimed the young man with much enthusiasm, "and she loves thee, Nathaniel Greene, and she loves George Washington, and she loves the great cause of American liberty better than she loveth her own heart's blood—may I not trust her?"

"Well, go, James, and success attend thee," kindly remarked the General, as he took his hand whilst dismissing him. A single encouraging glance from Washington prompted the young adventurer to a similar liberty with himself, and he grasped the huge right hand of the American commander with an energy which was of itself an earnest of an honest and devoted heart.

That night, near the hour of eleven, the clattering of a horse's feet was heard upon the road running through the village of Darlington—an ancient hamlet, which remains its own even to this day, without any increase or diminution in the number or character of its inhabitants. At the time of the revolution it was particularly noted for a set of drinking, rowdying fellows, who were pretty firm, however, in their attachment for the Whig cause; but their valor was not quite so abundantly displayed in good works. They staid at home and swore valiantly about Cornwallis and the "tarnal Hessians," whom, as they said, King George had hired at a hundred dollars a head to come over and "fight against us freemen." Oftentimes of an evening, over a good fire and good whiskey, they would sit and discuss the affairs of the country, and throw into one common stock such items of news as they were able to pick up from the various accessible sources—from travelers, from market people, and otherwise. The house in which their nightly assemblages took place was built of logs, and was afterwards for many years occupied by Doughty Biles as a seminary of learning. The remains of its old chimney may still be seen by the curious in antiquarian researches.

Jacob Hibbs seemed to be the head spokesman upon the evening in question. He had just returned from the "Philadelphy market," where he had gathered some information which he was detailing to his auditors with an air of some importance. "He had seed a man that knowed what the Continental Congress was a doing—that he had—and he heard another man tell how he had listened with *his own ears to the Declaration of Independence,* when it was read from the State-house steps last summer!"

"Well," hiccupped Billy Beans, "I wonder what is to be done now—I reckon the Congress'll give the thing up, wont they?"

"Not a bit of it," quoth Jack Slack, an independent sort of a fellow, who had been in the army, and whose term of enlistment had recently expired, "not a bit of it, Uncle Billy, this Congress is full of spunk, and they'll not give it up till the last horn blows, I tell you."

"Why," answered Beans, "hasn't Howe made a proclamation, and offered pardon to all as is willing to return to allegiance again?—and as for Washington, they tell me he's hiding about over here at Keith's, clean out o' reach of Cornwallis' red-coats; *for* my part I think the game's up with the continentals, any how."

"Now, jest look here, old man," said the discharged militia-man, "I don't want to create any fuss in this company, but I don't love to hear them alurs cast upon my old commander. I tell you this, General Washington's a glorious fellow, and the day will come when his name will stand number one in this country, mind I tell you."

"I've a notion," interposed Jake Hibbs, "that Cornwallis will be for pushing on to Philadelphy before the winter's over—there was such a talk when I was down. If he does it will help the price of marketing mightily—butter will go up, sure."

"Is you goin' to join the army again, Jackey Slack?" inquired a sleepy chap by the name of Brooks, who sat listening with a dull comprehension to the conversation.

"I can't say yet, Mossy," answered Slack, "the pay is mighty poor, and the prospect still poorer; however, I'll wait awhile, and if things take a turn so as that a fellow shouldn't run too much risk, *I'll 'list again, I reckon.*"

"Which one of the Feasters there ever 'Shamoky wa it that joined Capt. Willett's company of horse soldiers, say Johnny?" asked Brooks again.

"I reckon it was old Simon's son Abe; he'd a deal of a notion for taking it a horseback; but to my ideas of things I'd rather go afoot, and then you've no horse to see after—*it's desperate troublesome to be a trooper,*"

"Is continental money a getting any worse, Mister Hibbs, in Philadelph a?" inquired Billy Beans.

"It's no worse, I reckon," answered Hibbs, "I got twenty-five dollars a pound, paper currency, for my butter, and that's a considerable depreciation, I should say, Uncle Billy; but hark! what's that, eh? There comes a horse down the road—listen!"

And to be sure a horseman was heard plainly enough, at this late hour of the night, coming rapidly down the road; the party threw open the cabin door, and hastily arranged themselves across the way to intercept the traveller.

"Who goes there?" inquired Slack.

"A friend!" answered Schofield, for it was he.

"We'll see about that ourselves," remarked Billy Beans, who came bustling up to the horses head to stop him; but as he was about to seize to bridle rein, he shrunk back quite dismayed at the sound of Schofield's sabre ringing from its steel scabbard.

"I tell thee I'm a friend, and I'm on business from head-quarters," hastily remarked Schofield, in a serious tone, "and thee mustn't interfere with me at thy peril,"—so saying, he put spurs to his horse and galloped away.

"Can't you tell us no news from the army, Mister Sargeant Shadbelly?" called out Billy Beans after the disappearing trooper, but no answer was returned, and the party, with sundry ominous suppositions and sage wonderings, separated for the night and went to their homes.

Meanwhile Schofield pursued his onward course, arrived at Yardley's ferry, and was carried in silence and safety over the Doleware river; and when he reached the Jersey shore, he took a southward direction towards Trenton. It was only an hour or so after midnight when he very cautiously approached a farm-house within a mile of the town, and within sight, for the moon was shining, of the advanced pickets of the enemy. He silenced the house dog by speaking in a low tone to him, and the well known voice immediately brought the animal fawning about his heels.

"Be quiet, Trusty! down you rascal, down!" said his old friend.

Casting one or two small pebbles against the window-pane of an upper chamber, James was soon cheered by the sound of some one stirring above.

"Hist! Deborah, Deborah!" called he lowly but yet distinctly, as she hoisted the sash; "'tis I—'tis thy James—thine own James Schofield come to see thee—be very silent and listen to me!"

"O James, James, my dear James, is it indeed thee?" answered a soft and very sweet female voice from the opened window, "stay, James, I'll come down presently—nay, I'll call father, and he'll let the in and make a fire to warm thee!"

"Nay, nay, Deborah; it must not be; thee must alarm no one, I'm here upon important business, and I want thy aid and assistance. Haste thee, my dear girl, and dress thyself, and come down, so that I may grasp thy soft hand one moment before I tell thee my errand!"

We pass by the meeting of the lovers; they joyed to meet, as only occasionally it was they could meet in those troublous times, and they renewed the vows of attachment, which had ere while passed between them. O it was a precious meeting that, for they had not met for many months, and they spent one short half hour in fond forgetfulness of all else save that they were once more together—that they once again heard the sweet accents of love coming warm from the heart and flowing from the lips.

But suddenly, as if remembering himself, and remembering that the stern dictates of duty could not stay for the dalliance of love, he exclaimed in accents of responsibility and authority.

"Deborah!"

"Speak, James, for thy servant heareth," was the calm reply, as she grasped his upraised hands in both of hers.

"Deborah, my dear Deborah, hear me," he answered; "it is not for the fond words that fall from thy precious lips that I have ventured so much on this wintry night—that I have left the camp, have crossed the river, and am now almost within the jaws of the enemy. I have an errand of a different nature—it is for any poor, distracted and almost overwhelming country that I have come out; and there are two many dangers surrounding me now to spend a long time embraces, my Deborah, even though they are as balm of Gilead to my care-worn heart. Listen, dearest, and be silent and secret."

He then detailed to her what he knew of the expected attack upon Trenton, and how that he had been sent with a letter to old Simon Leake, to be conveyed into his hands alone.

"And now, Deborah," continued Samuel Schofield, "thou canst help me,—nay, thou canst render thy country efficient service by thy well directed efforts—Take this letter—'tis of more value than refined gold—and don thine humblest apparel, then hasten, even now, while it is yet night, to the house of Joseph Wilson, and say to him that thou wilt accompany him as a market maiden in his cart as he goes in with produce this morning. Do not let him put thee off—go with him by all means; thou wilt pass the sentries without observation, only being cautious to act thy part well as an attendant upon Joseph, and showing no regard for things about thee. In all probability thou wilt see friend Leake upon the market-place quite early, if perchance not, seek him out and convey this letter into his hands. But O, be secret as the grave for thy life, maiden, might pay the forfeit of a discovery; and may the Lord guide thee, and send thee a safe and successful issue, of thine enterprise. I will await in the forest hard by for thy return, and at the hour of ten this night, when all is quiet, call the from thy chamber and receive thine answer. Now, Deborah, thou hast a season and an *opportunity*, such as I have oft heard thee desire, to be of service to George Washington—be faithful and show no fear."

Deborah Sterling was no common maiden; her heart had early been enlisted in that great and good cause, and as James had truly said, she had more than once, in a depreciatory tone, complained that he and other men could go forth and do battle, like valiant hearts, in the sacred cause of liberty, whilst she, a poor, weak, dependant girl, was obliged to remain inactively at home.—She was *one of* those women, and there were many of them in the unwritten annals of the Revolution, whose yearnings of heart were for American liberty, and who would gladly have embraced any post even of danger, so that some little might be accomplished by their own hands *for the great* and the good cause.

With eagerness and delight she therefore undertook the dangerous and important mission, and with but one more word of love and undiminished affection, they parted, *ere* yet the day had dawned, and before Deborah's father and the rest of his family were astir. Leaving a note in her bed-room, as a hint to her parents of the nature of her enterprise, and to account for her strange absence, she sallied forth, and as the first streaks of morn were kindling the eastern sky, she was to be seen *costumed* as a market woman,—in a petticoat and short-gown, and seated in a market cart beside Joseph Wilson, with a huge basket of eggs in her lap. O how her heart throbbed with joy and secret enthusiasm when they passed the lines of sentinels without a question asked or a word uttered! As she sat down in Trenton market-place on that cold, chill December morning, to assist in the sale of Josey's cartload of marketing, with a feeling of intensity—a mingled glow of patriotic ardor and maiden pride, which it would be vain to attempt to portray in terms—with that letter *in her bosom—that dear, precious* letter, written in Washington's own hand, which was to serve, perhaps, as one of the means in the hands of a benign Providence for the country's deliverance.

Closely she scanned the visage of each passer-by as they came their customary round to purchase provisions for the day, at the humble market of Trenton, as it then was, rendered more thronged, however, than usual by vast addition to the present population of the place, the British and the Hessians. The rich abundance of the present supplies of that city might well shame the meagre market of 1776; but times have altered since that day, and we will not stop to institute a further comparison.—But it was not to sell the butter and eggs, the potatoes and mutton, that Deborah Sterling strained her longing eyes at every passer-by. She had a higher and a loftier scheme in she was revolving how perchance she might see Simon Leake in private, if contrary to his usual custom he should fail to be one of the earliest visiters upon the ground. But it was not long that she remained in doubt or uncertainty, for the tall form of that venerable man was ere long seen amongst the crowd. It was now sunrise, and the crowd was increasing every moment, and Deborah was *obliged* to use circumspection. There were eyes of observation all around her, and British officers were mingling in among the people, so that her situation was hazardous, unless the utmost care and precaution were used. She caught the old gentleman's eye, however, and as he extended his hand to her, with an expression of surprise upon his countenance, she placed her finger upon her lip as if to enjoin silence, whilst at the same time she displayed to his gaze the tiny letter concealed in the hollow of her hand, as it rested carelessly upon her bosom. He started, as well he might, for the well known characters of the beloved Washington were too peculiar to admit a minutes doubt or hesitation. But a single sign of secrecy from her re-assured the old gentleman, and she slyly placed the letter in his hand; from thence it was conveyed to the deep recesses of a huge coat pocket, not to be even glanced at until he had retired to his own house, and there in the privacy of his own chamber, he drew forth the epistle so mysteriously conveyed to him, and read as follows:—

HEAD QUARTERS, at Keith's }
29th December, 1776. }

MY DEAR SIR.—It was determined in Council of war, held on the last night, to make an attack on the combined British and Hessian forces at Trenton, and it is of the utmost importance that our faithful friends should be apprised of the fact so that they may be in expectation of it, and may also be in readiness to render us whatever assistance they can.

You will find in Wood's back warehouse half a dozen barrels marked "Chalk;" they are somewhat concealed beneath old boxes and barrels. These belong to the army stores, and contain gun and musket cartriges, and they will be of infinite service to us when we reach the town, if our enterprise should be in any degree successful. You will be in readiness on the morning of Tuesday next, before day light, to deliver said barrels to the order of Gen. Knox, the commander of the artillery corps. You will render a distinguished service to the cause, as well as a personal favor to myself, by sending to me a briefly written account of the number and disposition of the enemies forces occupying the town of Trenton, together with such other information as may be serviceable to us in our anticipated assault.

I am, in great confidence, yours, &c.,

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

With an enthusiasm *never, perhaps, known before* by a market maiden, did Deborah assist her friend Josey in the profitable disposal of his load of marketing, and not long before the hour for packing up to return home arrived, the same dignified form of old Mr. Leake was again seen winding his way among the wagons of the country people. As he passed along he again grasped the hand of Deborah, and with many kind salutations to her father and mother, he managed with adroitness to slip the note of reply into her fingers, and so, unperceived by any one, the precious missile found its place of concealment in her bosom.

She arrived safely at home, passing the sentries as before unchallenged. Her parents were in much anxiety on account of her absence, but they knew their daughter well, and they were entirely assured that some event of public importance, as had been hinted, could alone have prompted such a course. That night, punctually at ten, James was at the door. But he had not at this time to cast pebbles against the glass of the chamber to awaken from sleep his beloved Deborah; as may be expected, she was on the alert, and the first faint footfall that was heard in the yard below brought her to the door to receive him.

There was not now the stern necessity for haste as in the hurried interview previously. In anticipation of this and of an hour's enjoyment of his dear society, Deborah had been careful to renew the fire in the sitting-room after her parents had retired for the night. Nor was a bountiful supper wanting to the comfort of the poor, half-starved trooper, who had lain close in a thicket the whole day, with only the meagre contents of his wallet to satisfy the cravings of nature. His excellent Deborah was a noble provider among her other valued qualities, and gave substantial promise to him, by such forecast, how famous a housewife she would make for him when the troublesome war was over and done with, and when they could sit down "under their own vine and fig-tree," and reap the rich harvest of domestic security and home-felt peace. One other sweet season of that joy that lovers only know they now had, James and Deborah, as they sat together upon the old-fashioned settee, where they had so often sat in days past, when quietness prevailed throughout the neighborhood—there they sat, we say, their hands clasped, and gazing intently each into the other's very eyes. An hour or two of such calm and innocent, yet blessed and blissful delight, was an ample repayment—no doubt they thought so—for weari-some days, days, aye months of anxiety and toil. They were willing to endure, "to suffer and be strong," to wait for that bright hour to come, which was to unite them in the bonds of an inseperable tie, and so to complete that harmony which in heart and in hope was already so happily begun.

Poor James!—but we will not anticipate.

"Heaven from all creatures hides the book of Fate," and this worthy pair, unwitted as yet in hand, but so thoroughly united in heart, were doomed to other and severer trials, as will be seen in the sequel.

Deborah recounted her adventures as a market lassie, and her heart was elevated with a proud feeling of satisfaction whilst she dwelt upon the details of her success It was a great thing to possess the personal consciousness of having done a praiseworthy act, an act of noble disinterestedness and duty. It was still a greater thing to have merited the applause of her lover, and to have appeared noble in his eyes; but greater far than all was the tribute which in after days she received in words of compliment from Washington's own lips.

But it was now time to separate, for it was midnight; the one, to the lonely road and to the busy camp, to convey to his commander the letter which had been duly delivered over to him by Deborah. As for herself she went to a sleepless pillow—her mind awhile agitated by the pleasing thoughts of her day's duties, and anon the tears of sorrowful forboding would flow apace.

The mission of young Schofield gave great satisfaction to Washington, and he was speedily promoted to the post of Orderly Sergeant in his own company, a vacancy then occurring; intelligence of an important character was obtained, and preparations were quietly made for an attack on the night before Christmas. Something great was to be undertaken soon, that was evident, but from the severity of the season, and the condition of the Delaware river, now flowing full of ice from bank to bank, no one for a moment supposed that Trenton was to be the object of attack. And even up to the very hour of marching on the night of Monday the 24th of December, the soldiers of the American army were ignorant of their destination; but when they *drew near to the* river, and hauled upon the bank of that lovely ferry (McKonkey's.) then they for the first time began to realize a painful apprehension of the toils, the hardships, and the dangers that awaited them.

The pencil of Sully has rendered the occasion ever memorable by his noble work of art which has been so often copied and reproduced in engravings. The quiet river still, to this day, rolls on in beauty, but you may look in vain for any association of the past except as they exist in your own bosom. You know of the historical fact, but of all the sufferings of that terrible night of "Washington crossing the Delaware," nothing, nothing remains. The actors themselves, officers and soldiers have all passed away. Here and there, perhaps, an octegenarian may be found, who with tremulous voice and even more tremulous hand will point you to the river, and feebly exclaim, "'Twas a sad night."

And the result too, of the attack upon Trenton, is well known—how that the army of Cornwallis was surprised and routed,—and nearly one thousand Hessians were captured as prisoners of war. These were marched over to Newtown, then the county seat of Buck's county, Pennsylvania, and there quartered. The old jail of that place now torn down, and the old stone Presbyterian Church, now torn up and made new and fashionable, were filled with these prisoners. This quiet village used to be rich in relics of revolutionary times, and the antiquarian may even yet find some ancient edifices there once trod by the feet of Washington and the good La Fayette.

Some few noble spirits fell a sacrifice upon the morning of the attack upon Trenton—one in particular deserves our attention and sympathy. It was James Schofield, our self-denying youth, whose patriotic bearing it has been our pleasure in this brief chronicle, to contemplate. He fell at the close of the action wounded though the body by a musket ball. He was fighting bravely at the head of his detachment when he recieved the wound which prostrated him to the earth. He felt, any he had almost a presentiment, that the wound would prove mortal, and he directed that he should be immediately conveyed to the house of Nathan Sterling, which was done. We will not, cannot portray the sad scene of that meeting, between Deborah, and her now wounded, helpless, perhaps dying James! So different from the interview, the stolen and secret interview, they had enjoyed so short a time before.

During the few first days after the battle it was not supposed that the wound would necessarily prove fatal. Entire quiet was enjoyed, and all this, and all that surgical skill could affect, were secured to the wounded man. And by that bedside of suffering sat the patient and steadfast Deborah. She seemed to desire never to leave him, and whether she slept or ate was a thing scarcely to be observed by others, so completely was her existance dedicated, in fullness of sympathy, to him who lay there prostrate and bleeding and pale—apparently ebbing out the last sands of his youthful life, an offering upon the alter of his country. Day by day he seemed alternately to revive and decline; and day by day did hope and despair equally occupy a place in the bosom of his faithful nurse, his betrothed Deborah. She was strong minded however, beyond the generality of her sex, and even to the last glimmerings of the frail taper of life, she was never disqualified for her duty of watchfulness beside his bed. Whilst there was apparant hope she still felt the keenness of anxiety, lest such hope might prove to be ill founded; but when the delusive symptoms all failed, and when the reality of his situation was but to evident, then she armed herself for the blow, and meekly rested upon the assurances of God's own word, resolving in her own heart that "His will should be done?"

And so poor James Schofield died, and Deborah Sterling followed him to his last, long, lowly resting place in the grave. She gazed upon his noble but now cold and inanimate form, and she vowed a vow in her own breast of eternal fidelity to him alone. Not many years ago his tomb might have been seen in the old Trenton burying ground. It was erected after the war by the surviving soldiers of his company; it was

TO THE MEMORY OF
JAMES SCHOFIELD,
Aged 22.
He fell in the battle of Trenton in 1776.
Many hearts mourned his loss.

Yes, many hearts have mourned his loss, but among them all none was such a devoted heart as that which occupied the breast of Deborah Sterling. Faithful to her promise she never married. A long life spent in the active duties of charity and kindness to the sick, and to the afflicted and the unfortunate, and particularly to the widows and orphans of the revolutionary soldiers, was reserved to this lovely woman.

She died at 0 A 1816, and, at her own request was buried near to her beloved James. No stone marks the spot of her sepulchre. It was in accordance with her own request, for her mission on earth had been one of meekness and modest usefulness, and she wished that no emblazonment should be made upon her grave. Faithful to her early, her first, her only love, she had grown into reverence for his memory, and it was among the last requests she made, to be laid in silence and unostentation near his remains, and there she would rest in peace.

Anachronisms.

A gentleman of this city, distinguished for his brilliant wit, as well as fine legal attainments, told us that he once met with an old painting (by a French artist, which possessed considerable merit) of "The Lord's Supper," and that both ends of the table were decorated with tumblers, holding *cegar lighters.* Such *anachronisms* are very common. There is, we believe, a picture in this city at present, of "The Birth of Christ," where the Virgin Mary is represented as sleeping on a French bedstead of the most fashionable *mode* while Chist is lying in a modern washing tub. There is a celebrated picture in Germany of "The Garden of Eden"—Adam and Eve, of course, occupying a position in the fore-ground; while, in the back-ground, conspicuous, from his hunting costume, stands a German