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"THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE IS THE LEGITIMATE SOURCE, AND THE HAPPINESS OF THE PEOPLE THE TRUE END OF GOVERNMENT."

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From the Boston Path-Finder.

The Old Printer.

Something of a fancy sketch, but too near the truth to make much fun of.

I see him at his case,
With his anxious, cheerless face,
Worn and brown;
And the types' unceasing click,
As they drop within his stick,
Seems of Life's old clock the tick
Running down.

Years, years away have flown,
And the printer long I've known,
Boy and man;
Time was when step elate
Distinguished his gait,
And his form was tall and straight
We now scan.

You could see him every day,
As he passed along the way
To his toil;
He labored might and main,
A living scant to gain
And some interest small attain
In the soil.

And hope was high at first,
And the golden cheat he nursed,
Till he found
That hope was but a glare
In a cold and frosty air,
And the promise, pictured fair,
Barren ground.

He ne'er was reckoned bad,
But I've seen him smile right glad
At "*leaded*" woes,
While a corresponding frown
Would spread his features round,
Where virtue's praise did sound,
If 'twere "close."

Long years he's labored on,
The morning hues are gone,
From his sky;
For others are his hours,
For others are his powers,
And his days, like passing showers,
Flitting by.

You can see him, night by night,
By the lamp's dull dreary light,
Standing there,
With cobweb curtains spread
In festoons o'er his head,
That sooty showers shed,
In his hair.

And when the waneing moon
Proclaims of night the noon,
If you roam,
You may see him, week and frail,
As his weary step do fail,
In motion like the snail,
Wending home.

His form by years is bent,
To his hair a tinge is lent
Sadly grey;
And his teeth are sore decayed,
And his eyes their trust betrayed—
Great havoc Time has made
With his clay.

But soon will come the day,
When his form will pass away
From your view,
And the spot shall know no more
The sorrows that he bore,
Or the disappointments sore
That he knew.

KATE DOUGLASS;

Or, Philadelphia in 1776.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

CHAPTER I.—THE STANLEY MANSION.

Not far from Independence Hall, and within sight of that venerable structure, there stood, in 1776, a mansion of considerable pretensions. Its dark stone doorway, its large windows, and the elaborate carving of the hall betokened it the residence of some person of wealth and consideration. It stood a short distance back from the street, and was surrounded by a garden, terminating at its lower extremity in an ancient orchard of apple trees, which, with their low, spreading branches and thick foliage, gave a rural beauty to the house.

It was in the month of June, of the year above mentioned, when a gentleman knocked at the door of this dwelling, and inquiring for its owner by name, was ushered into the parlor. This apartment was large, and wainscotted to the ceiling. It had two windows facing the street, while at the opposite extremity was an elaborately carved mantelpiece, on either side of which a door resplendent with its polished brass lock, opened into a similar room in the rear. The floor was bare except in the centre, where a superb Turkey carpet, with a rich border around it like that of a modern fire-rug, was spread. Against the walls stood, at regular distances, tall, sentinel-like chairs of mahogany, with strait backs, but legs curved, and each foot carved to resemble a lion's claw clasping a ball. One or two tables, to match these stiff, yet nevertheless aristocratic chairs, were also placed against the walls. A spinet of mahogany inlaid with some lighter wood, stood on one side of the room; and a sofa, erect and as uncomfortable as the chairs, on the other. Before the huge fire-place, which was now of course unused, stood a beautiful Chinese screen, composed of small panels of white marble set in a frame of some dark wood, each panel painted with a different scene in the richest style of the Celestial artists.

The gentleman alluded to, attracted by a picture hung in one of the recesses of the mantle-piece, walked in that direction to examine the painting. It was the portrait of a lady in the bloom of youth, but attired in the costume of the preceding generation. The face was exquisitely fair, a style of loveliness much increased by the powdered hair then in vogue, especially when the dress, as in this case, was black. An air of melancholy hung over the features of the picture, and as the visitor gazed, his own expression became more sad, when his countenance assumed a striking resemblance to that of the portrait. The same eyes of deep blue; the same noble contour of face, and the same expressive mouth were visible in the gazer and in the face the artist had limned; but the complexion of one was browned by exposure, and his hair was of the color of chesnut and not of gold, as was that of the female. As he stood there, attired in the rich fashion of a gentleman of that day, he would have struck any one as a man singularly handsome both in face and figure.

"And so," he said, soliloquizing, "this was my mother, who died in giving me birth. Ah! would that she had lived to guide me with her dear counsels now, when I have no one in the wide world to look to for advice. An orphan since my earliest childhood, for most of my life at school in a foreign land, I never knew what it was to have a home, or any one to love me. And now I am to meet, for the first time, that uncle, her brother, who, because she married for worth and not for fortune, would never see her more. It is strange that he should have allowed her portrait to hang in his parlor, but perhaps it has only been placed here since he relented, and resolved to make her son his heir. I have heard he is singular as well as stern; but though for my parent's sake I accepted his offered reconciliation, he will find, if he attempts to make me his slave, as I have heard he wished her to be, that the blood of Mowbry brooks unjust restraint no easier than that of Stanley. But, pshaw! of what am I thinking? An almost penniless cadet, I am summoned from England and offered one of the richest inheritances in the colonies, and forsooth, before I have been five minutes in my uncle's house, I am speculating about a quarrel."

He smiled as he spoke, and was about to walk to a seat in another part of the room, when suddenly he heard the door in the opposite recess open, followed by the rustling of a female dress, while immediately the form of a tall and singularly graceful girl crossed the parlor with a light footstep, and began to arrange some flowers in a vase that stood on a table between the front windows. The back of this lovely creature was towards him, but, as she executed her pretty task, her face was turned occasionally half round, and Mowbry thought he had never seen anything so charming. It was not that the features were so regularly beautiful, for perhaps the forehead was too broad for a classic model, and the nose was slightly turned up, but then the mouth was unrivalled, the complexion bewitching, and the eyes sparkling with mingled mischief and sentiment. As, she arranged the flowers, she hummed a sportive air, pausing now and then to admire the effects she produced. It was evident she was unaware of the presence of a spectator.—So light was her every movement, and so sprightly her whole air, that Mowbry knew not whether to think he saw some fairy sprite or a being of real flesh and blood.

"Heigho!" she said, at last, when her task was finished, "what dull mornings these are. So much politics that one never sees a beau. I am dying of ennui for want of a flirtation. Not a new book worth reading, either, since Goldsmith's last poem. Now if I only had some one to talk to, I might manage to get along."

Though Mowbry had never seen this fair creature before, he somehow felt immediately at home, and he answered almost unconsciously in the same spirit with which she spoke.

"And why will not I do?" he said, advancing a step, with a smile and one of the profound bows of that courtly age.

At the unexpected sound of a voice, and that voice belonging to a stranger, the young female started, and looked around. Her color was heightened, and her eyes flashed proudly, while she measured Mowbry with a scornful look. It seemed to him, indeed, as if her very form expanded. Standing with her foot thrown back, and her bosom swelling indignantly, she looked, as he often afterwards told her, every inch a queen.

But Mowbry, instead of flinching before the angry beauty, only smiled the more, and seemed, in fact, rather to enjoy the scene. When, however, he noticed the color deepened on her cheek, and her lip compressing as if at an insult, he said—

"I believe I must introduce myself: Mr. Mowbry, a nephew of Mr. Stanley, and, I believe, for some time an unexpected guest. I have lingered in New York longer than was allowable, perhaps, but had I heard that some unknown deity presided, as I find, in my uncle's house, I should have come by express."

The brow of the beauty cleared off at his name, but her lip curled at the concluding words.

"Spare your compliments, Mr. Mowbry," she said, "for like the bills of Congress, they do not pass freely here." Then changing her whole manner, as she saw him color at her rebuke, she advanced, and frankly tendering him her hand, added, "but I must introduce myself. I am called Catharine Douglass by my god-mothers, but Kate by a wicked world, and am a humble niece of your good uncle's. I live here as you will hereafter: and so destiny has intended us, I suppose, for friends: on which supposition I give you my hand."

"A niece of Mr. Stanley! Then you must be cousin to me," answered Mowbry, rather eagerly.

"Not so fast," cried the sprightly girl, withdrawing her hand quickly, "for I am a niece of his deceased wife, and so no connexion whatever of yours: for which I devoutly thank the stars, if you give such cousin shakes as that. Why, my poor fingers are dislocated, I verily believe." And she pressed them between those of her other hand, and made a pretty grimace as if in pain.

"What a wild, yet fascinating creature she is, and what a treasure to find her here," said Mowbry to himself; then he added aloud, "pray forgive me, but I was so glad to count cousin with somebody that I was scarcely aware what I did. I have never known a relative of any kind since I was a child."

"You have not?" she said, catching something of the sadness with which he had made his concluding remark, and lifting her eyes in sympathy to his face.

"No. I lost my mother at my birth, and my father five years after. My nearest connexion in England, where I was when he died, did not wish to be troubled with me, but sent me at once to a school, from which, in due time, I passed to the University. Since then I have served in a diplomatic station abroad, and have been but little in England; but, had I lived there, I think I should scarcely have sought those who neglected me when a child. I often wished I had a sister."

"Did you? Then let me be one," said Kate, artlessly, again proffering her hand; for her sensitive soul was deeply affected by the heart-felt emotion in which his simple narrative had been told.

Mowbry pressed the tiny fingers thus again offered to him, but did not speak: his eyes, however, looked the thanks he could not express. The seriousness might soon have become embarrassing, but Kate, in a moment, smiling up at Mowbry, said—

"This is better than having a cousin, is it not?—For my part I think it quite delightful that you are to be my brother—you are quite presentable, I declare, only rather a giant." Then as her eye caught sight of their figures reflected in an opposite mirror, she suddenly ranged herself by his side, and continued, "Why, you are a perfect Hercules compared with such a poor little child as myself."

Mowbry thought her anything but a child in mind or person, but did not venture to tell her so, after the rebuff his first compliment received.—Though slighter and shorter than himself, she was tall for her sex, reaching above his shoulder, which few women did. They were standing thus, side by side, laughing and talking as if they had known each other a year, when Mr. Stanley entered.

"Stole a march on me, I declare, Kate," he said. "Here I find you and Mowbry making love to each other before I can even hobble down stairs to meet him. Oh ho, you cunning puss, you need not blush. Glad to see you, Mr. Mowbry—look very much like my poor sister—pray take a seat—there, I declare, that saucy minx has run away and left me to get acquainted with you as I can. But I hope we are friends."

CHAPTER II.—THE PARTY IN '76.

Weeks passed. Mowbry had become settled in his new abode, and was publicly acknowledged as his uncle's heir. A round of entertainments, given partly to him, and partly to some strangers of distinction, made the aristocratic circles of Philadelphia particularly lively that summer, and as Philadelphia was then considered the capital of the country and regarded as the wealthiest American city, these circles were of course unusually brilliant.

His acquaintance with Kate progressed with great rapidity. Indeed, nothing like reserve had been known between them since their first interview. Under the name of a brother, Mowbry had advanced at once to intimacy; he read with Kate, walked with her, rode with her, and generally was her cavalier on all occasions. Such companionship between two young persons of opposite sexes is always dangerous to the peace of one or both, especially when the lady is beautiful and fascinating like our heroine. Kate was a girl whose conversation, if she had been absolutely plain in face, would have made a listener forget it; what then was the influence she exercised, when to talent was added loveliness! A delightful frankness, a sprightliness that rarely flagged, and a wide observation of life and manners for one so young, rendered her a companion peculiarly dangerous to Mowbry. Long before he knew it, he was irrevocably in love, but so familiar was their intercourse, that he did not discover the state of his heart, until a trifling incident awoke his jealousy.

An evening party in 1776 was a very different affair from what it is now. The guests assembled at an early hour, invariably in pairs and it was considered a breach of etiquette for a gentleman to pay much attention except to his partner. Conversation was the staple production of the evening. On some occasions there was a dance, more frequently music, but oftener neither.

One morning Kate looked up from her sewing and said to Mowbry, who was loitering at the window—

"Are you going to Mrs. P——'s to-night?"

"If course. Are you not?"

"Yes, I have accepted an invitation from Mr. Despencer to accompany him."

Mowbry had been carelessly tapping the pane, but at these words he suddenly faced Kate, and with an air of pique and anger, said—

"I thought you went with me—you always did—It is a standing engagement."

His tone aroused the high spirit of Kate, and she answered with a heightened color.

"I knew no such thing. Not at liberty to go with whom I like—"

"I did not mean to say that exactly," replied Mowbry, haughtily. "But I thought—I believe—"

Kate's little fingers were plying the needle twice as briskly as before, but this was the only sign of agitation on her part, and she answered peremptorily.

"But, me no bats, sir. What do you mean to say, if not that? Why should I not go with Mr. Despencer?"

"I do not like him. He is a conceited puppy of an Englishman, who, because his uncle is an earl fancies that he is better than anybody in the colonies. Yet who were his ancestors? A century ago they may have been blacking boots for the Mowbrys or Douglasses for all I know;—they rose from nothing, and have not had an earldom a single generation yet."

"I thought you despised birth,' answered Kate with a smile. The taunt was the more provoking, because, not an hour befroe, Mowbry had been expatiating on the superiority of rank over merit.

"And so I do,' answered he though stammeringly and embarrassed. "So I do." But this fellow is such a popinjay."

"Why his manners are considered a model," retorted Kate.

"He is forever quoting Frebch, which I know you do not understand; how can you bear that?" said he, with a sneer.

"I answer him in Latin, of which he is as ignorant. We colonial ladies, I am aware, know little of French literature, but like Lady Jane Grey, we understand the dead languages better than you gentlemen.

Mowbry bit his lip, and looked out of the window in silence; at last he said somewhat sullenly,

"Then you mean to go with the Parisian fop?"

"Certainly."

"False and heartless—"

What more his passion would have hurried him into saying, we do not know, for, at these words, Kate rose to her feet and faced the speaker, her eyes flashing with indignation and contempt.

"What do you mean, sir, by addressing me thus? Who gave you the right to control me? Oh! if I was a man," she added, "you would not dare to insult me with your tyrannical whims; I would teach you, sir, that the blood of a Douglass lives still in their decendant, though one of the humblest."

Mowbry actually retreated from the indignant beauty. Before he could recover from the surprise of the address, Kate, with a scornful curl of the lip, turned away, picked up her work basket, and without even a courtesy, left the apartment. If he thought of an apology, he was too proud to follow her with it after such contemptuous treatment; so he took his hat and sauntered out. Before he returned, he made an engagement with one of the belles of the city to escort her to the assembly that evening.

Mowbry, when he saw Kate enter with her partner, had to confess, in spite of his anger with her, that she never had looked lovelier.

The altercation of the morning had called a brighter color than usual to her cheeks, and for some cause or another she was in high spirits. She conversed animatedly with her handsome attendant, who appeared perfectly devoted to her. During the course of the evening, she and Mowbry with their respective partners, were thrown together in one corner of the parlor.

"I understand," said Mr. Despencer with a shrug of contempt, "that the Congress passed a Declaration of Independce to-day, and that they have ordered it to be printed to-morrow, from the State House. What do you think of it, Mr. Mowbry?"

At this period the aristocratic circle of Philadelphia was decidedly opposed to severing the connexion between the colonies and the mother country. Even those persons whose sympathies had been heretofore American, regarded the step as premature, hence the speaker expected a prompt assent to his implied censure. Mowbry, though educated abroad, leaned to the popular side, and the events of the day having soured his temper, he answered with uncommon bitterness—

"I think the sooner the colonies accept it, sir, and drive every foreigner out of the country, the better. I am an American, and not fond of seeing the heel of the tyrant on the neck of my fellow-citizens."

His hearer's face flushed with momentary anger, but he was too brave a man to seek an insult in the words of Mowbry, so he contentented himself by answering with cutting irony.

"Methinks so fiery a knight as you seem to be, Mr. Mowbry, would prefer fighting with Mr. Washington to playing the carpet knight here. They say your great militia captain wants men of mettle amazingly."

Kate saw that the conversation was likely to become angrier, and thought it was time to interfere. Had she been on good terms with Mowbry, she would have taken his part, for her woman's heart was with her suffering country, and that in spite of the half tory atmosphere with which she was surrounded; but offended at Mowbry's caprice, and piqued that he had not made an apology before this, she said, laying her hand on Mr. Despencer's arm, and rising—

"Come, I see Mrs. Morris beckoning to me and you must escort me across the room. Her husband can tell us, I suppose, all about this Declaration of Independence, for he is a member of Congress; and I confess I am dying to hear more about it. We will leave you here," she continued, turning archly to Mr. Mowbry's partner, "to convert my fiery cousin, or if that fails, to enlist with him. If Venus cannot soothe Mars, Minerva can accompany him to the field; and you, my dear Miss, can play either goddess at will."

Perhaps Kate could have said nothing more cutting to Mowbry. Aware, at last, that he was in love, her indifference maddened him; yet he had the good sense to see that he had already rendered himself conspicuous, and pride forced him, for the rest of the evening, to act more guardedly.

CHAPTER III.—THE FIRST FOURTH.

The next day there was to be a breakfast party at Mr. Stanley's, and after the meal was over, the guests assembled in the great parlor. This was the apartment which was described in the first chapter of our narrative; and from its windows, a view was commanded, across some open lots, of the State House. This venerable structure, at that time, presented a widely different appearance from what it does now. The grounds in the rear were not laid out in gravel walks and grass plots, as at present, but were wild and rude, with only here and there a tree sprinkled about. Neither of the buildings now erected at the corners of Fifth and Sixth streets, were standing, nor were the long rows of offices between them and the State House. The old pile itself, however, presented much the same appearance as now, except that the steeple then had no spire, but consisted simply of a square wooden tower, rising one story above the roof, and surmounted by two octagonal belfries, with dome-like tops.

Crowds had been collecting for some time, both in the front and rear of the building, and exactly as the hour of noon struck the State House began to toll. After it rung for some time, the running of the spectators in the direction of the door facing the South, announced that the chief point of curiosity was there. The guests grouped at the windows of Mr. Stanley's mansion, now beheld a man elevated above the crowd on some temporary platform, and holding in his hand a sheet from which he proceeded to read. It was impossible to hear at the distance, but several of the gentlemen took their hats and joined the crowd, among them Mr. Despencer, Mowbry and others. Thus they heard that immortal document read for the first time, to a public assembly—that declaration of man's inalienable rights, which since has shaken the thrones of half a world. When it was over, and the crowd dispersed, the party returned to the house, all more or less thoughtful.

Mr. Despencer had by this time forgotten his altercation with Mowbry the evening before. He was prejudiced in favor of his own country, he was anything but the coxcomb a jealous rival represented him; and indeed he was now filled with serious misgivings as to the result of the struggle between America and England. Hitherto, though blood had been shed on both sides, there had been hope of an accommodation, but the Declaration of Independence had now forever set a seal of separation between the mother country and the colonies.

"I must confess that this has been an imposing ceremony even to one accustomed to the pomp of courts" remarked Mr. Despencer, when the party had re-assembled, breaking a silence of some continuance. "Is it true, too, as I hear, that the bell which tolled to announce this separation of America from England, has the remarkable motto, which your John Adams claims to be prophetic of this event?"

"It has," answered Kate, to whom Despencer appealed by a look. "I remember it well for I have often read it upon the bell. 'Proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison doors to them that are bound.' It is a text from Isaiah."

"It will proclaim the death-warrants rather to the demagogues who have brought things to this pass," said Mr. Stanley, whose prejudices were all on the side of royalty. "And yet there are some who have signed that instrument, whom I should be sorry to see executed as traitors, as *I* fear they will be. My friend Morris, for instance, and one or two gentlemen of birth and breeding."

"I confess," said Mowbry, "I do not see how any American can hesitate to favor this declaration. For my part I am for Independence, heart and soul."

Kate's eye met his, for a moment, with a flash which puzzled him; it might mean admiration or anger. But Mr. Stanley rose from his chair, every feature of his face working with passion, and advanced directly towards his nephew, while a profound silence fell on the guests, as if all instinctively foresaw the explosion that was coming.

"What do I hear?" exclaimed Mr. Stanley, almost breathless with rage, addressing Mr. Mowbry. "Repeat those words again!" And he struck his cane, which his gout compelled him always to carry, fiercely on the floor.

Mowbry had made up his mind for this avowal the night before, and he felt a secret exultation that it would be publicly witnessed by Kate and his dreaded rival. "She may not love him," he said to himself, "but she shall see that I can sacrifice everything for principle. Will her English lover do as much?"

Thus feeling, he returned his uncle's angry look, and mildly, but firmly answered—

"I am for the Independence of my county; and feel it my duty in this crisis, to assume arms in her behalf."

If a thunderbolt had fallen on the assembly it could not have produced a more startling effect than these words; for his stern and unforgiving character was as well known as his loyalty. A gasp for breath passed through the room, and then all was, for a moment, still. Kate had risen instinctively, and grasped Despencer's arm, where she stood, pale as death, and with her lips parted with terror. Mowbry noted this well, but he attributed her agitation only to natural womanly concern; while her seeking refuge and support from Despencer in the moment of alarm, he regarded as more unequivocal. "She loves him," he thought; and with this bitter reflection, he could have looked death in the face without flinching.

But what a contrast to his high calm air, was the excited manner of Mr. Stanley. His face red with passion, his whole frame trembling as if in an ague fit, the uncle tottered up to his nephew, shaking his cane in Mowbry's face.

"Out of my house this instant," he cried. "I disinherit you from this hour. Do you dare to talk treason here, you young villain? Oh! you may well retreat," he continued, as Mowbry stepped back to avoid being struck. "If I was younger I would call you out; as it is, I have a mind to lay my cane across you."

The nephew mastered his passion, and said with strange coolness—

"Do not strike me Mr. Stanley, for you are an old man, and I cannot strike back. You would be sorry for it some day."

One of the gentlemen simultaneously laid his hand soothingly on the arm of the excited uncle, who, controlled by the act, turned and nodded obedience. Bringing his cane down to the floor, however, he continued—

"I will not demean myself to strike you sir, and I beg pardon of these ladies for my passion. But," he continued, elevating his fine form proudly, "the Stanleys, father and son, have been true to their king since they crossed the channel in the train of the Conqueror; and so too, I have heard, the Mowbrys have ever been also. To see one of their descendents now deserting their royal master, and leagued with a parcel of traitors, puts me beside myself. He is the last of either line, too," said the old man sadly; "but God wills it I suppose."

The tone in which these words were spoken thrilled every heart in the room, and almost made the tears spring to Mowbry's eyes. He knew that his uncle loved him, and felt how bitter his present conduct must be to the old man; he therefore after a pause said respectfully,—

"Mr. Stanley, my opinions are conscientious ones, as yours—and each of us must act as we think to be right. God above will judge our hearts. I feel that, hereafter, in this world, I must be a stranger to all in this company," and he glanced at Kate, but her eyes were on the floor—she was weeping, though he knew it not—so choking down a last pang, he said, "but in Heaven's name, perhaps, we may meet again. I go forth, a homeless, nameless man, an outcast from my family; but I shall be fitter, perhaps, to die for freedom."

He felt that he would show weakness if he remained, so, taking a last glance around the room, and seeing that Kate still averted her head, he rushed from the apartment. In the hall, he flung a gathering tear from his eye, and left the house.

His uncle stood speechless with amazement during Mowbry's last address; but when the hall door clanged to after the exile, the old man gave a vacant look around, uttered a groan, and fell to the floor in a fit of apoplexy.

The free use of the lancet, however, restored him to consciousness; but it was long before he left his bed. Kate watched by him like a daughter, and often in tears, for which, as the sufferer noticed them, he blessed her. [...] wicked boy, "I am glad," he said. "It was the dream of my age to see you and him united before I died; but it is fortunate I said nothing of it, I would now rather behold you in your coffin."

Kate shuddered and her tears fell faster. She felt that the old man, as well as the exile was deceived, and that she must bear her sorrows alone and in silence.

CHAPTER IV.—TRENTON.

The night was black and threatened storm. The Delaware surged sullenly along, the ice grinding and splitting with the tide; while the giant trees, that overhung its banks, tossed their skeleton arms in the wind, groaning as if in agony. A few stars were occasionally seen on high, but they were visible only for a moment, before driving clouds hid them from sight.

It was the night of the twenty-fourth of December, 1776, a date that will ever be memorable in American annals. Washington, after having been defeated at Long Island, had endeavored subsequently to make a stand in New York, but had been forced to retreat through New Jersey, his army dwindling from twenty thousand to three thousand, while the British general, at the head of nearly thirty thousand troops, thundered in pursuit.—Throwing the Delaware between him and the royal army, Washington had gained a breathing spell for his men. But he soon discovered that his inaction would not do: that, if persisted in, the country was lost. The British had already overrun New Jersey, and hundreds of former patriots, believing the cause of freedom shipwrecked, were endeavoring to preserve their lives and property by giving in their adhesion to the royal cause. Every day added to the number of those who thus deserted the popular side. In this emergency, Washington determined on a midnight march to Trenton, hoping to cut off the detachment of royal troops there, and perhaps, save his country at the brink of ruin.

Seated on a beehive, which had been placed upon the ground for his accommodation, and wrapped in his military cloak, the great hero watched anxiously the progress of the boats, as, struggling amid the drifting ice, they made their slow and toilsome progress from the Pennsylvania to the Jersey side. Hour after hour had passed since he assumed this post, nor had he left it except for a brisk walk along the river bank occasionally, to keep his blood from congealing. Every quarter of an hour or more an officer would approach for orders, or to give intelligence; and the conversation that ensued, was usually in brief words on the part of Washington, showing the pre-occupation of his mind. At last a tall and soldierly figure approached.

"Ah! is that you, Mowbry?" said the hero.

"It is, your excellency," was the reply. "I have been sent by Gen. Knox to inform you that the artillery and caissons are safely landed; and with no further damage than the wetting of a little powder."

"It is well. I could see that the guns were safe, even by the fitful light of these few stars, but I am glad to be assured there is so little damage done. It is very late however."

"It is four o'clock, your excellency."

"We must push on without a moment's loss, then," replied Washington, rising. He gave an anxious look at the sky, and said—"do you think it will storm?"

The young man made no answer in words; but he took off his cap, which was of fur, and presented the icy particles which had collected there, to his general's touch.

"Good God," said Washington, deeply moved, "is it indeed so? Excuse what may seem an irreverent expression, young man," he added, "but to-night my brain is almost wild, and the prospect of being defeated in this enterprise, as this gathering storm forebodes, destroys my equanimity. I have put everything on the hazard of a die. We must conquer to-night, or lie cold and lifeless by morning. But, I wander—you have seen me unmanned for a moment—forget it. And now to action."

As he spoke he drew his cloak tightly around him, and strode quickly forward in the direction of his horse, which a faithful groom was holding for him near by.

The sight of the general-in-chief in motion, convinced all that the moment to set forth had arrived. The troops, who had been landed for some time, and had only waited for the artillery, now gathered into their ranks, and, in silence, the little army began its march.

After proceeding about a mile, Washington divided his army, one portion under Sullivan taking the river road, while the other portion, with himself at its head, pursued the direct way. The wind howled dismally across the landscape; the few stars, heretofore seen, disappeared; and soon mingled rain and hail began to rattle on the soldier's knapsacks, and sting their faces. Yet, bending to the tempest, the men struggled onward. No sound of fife or drum was heard, but in silence the little army pursued its way. No gilded trappings shone out in the ghastly light, but the privates, destitute even of shoes, left their bloody footsteps on the ground. The low rumbling of the artillery wagon and stifled tread of a thousand men, the ringing of the sleet on the moving mass, and the creaking of the forest trees as the storm tossed them about were the only sounds during that long march of eight miles. Occasionally a man dropped from the ranks completely exhausted, but the rest struggled manfully along. Now and then, as the army passed some lonely farm-house, the inmate, half rousing from his slumber, fancied he heard strange sounds on the breeze, but reflecting that it could only be the noise of the tempest, he turned and slept again, little thinking that at that very hour the destiny of America hung trembling in the balance.

It was nearly daybreak when the outposts of Trenton loomed dimly through the uncertain light and fast falling sleet. The artillery was at the front, and close by it, as was his duty, marched Mowbry. At this instant, Washington rode up evidently in considerable emotion; and shading his eyes with his hand, peered ahead. Then he turned, and reining in his horse, looked down on the soldiers who crowded round him.

"My brave boys," he said, in a low voice, which trembled with agitation, "the enemy are just ahead; but do not yet see us. All depends on surprise. Now or never—this is our last chance. Forward."

Tears gushed from every eye at this address; the voice, the manner affected the men even more than the words. The column dashed forward, each man determined to conquer or die. The out-posts were driven in, and flying toward the town, carried the alarm with them. But fast as they fled to bear the news of their surprise, still faster pursued the Americans; and the two parties entered the outskirts of Trenton almost at the same moment.

The noise of the firing at the outposts had, however, been heard, and the enemy roused from their beds, or from the tavern, where most of them spent the night, came rushing into the street. The privates arranged themselves in ranks, and the officers hurrying hither and thither to [...], threw men. Col. Rahl, the Hessian commander, had been down the pack of cards with which he had been playing since the preceding evening, sprang to the door and placed himself at the head of his forces. But [...], with the artillery, at Knox playing in front, the Americans came pouring down the street, wild with the enthusiasm the words of their leader had excited. Before that dauntless charge, before those showers of grape-shot, no enemy could have stood. The Hessians broke and fled, and, in a few minutes, the day was won.

Never was a victory more complete. With the exception of a few dragoons, who escaped by a back road, the whole force at Trenton was either killed or captured. Among the former was Col. Rahl.

"Ah! Gen. Knox," said Washington, grasping the hand of that officer, after the fight was over, "I have to thank you for the execution your artillery did, on this glorious morning. I ought also to thank Captain Mowbry, whom I saw directing the pieces so well: but I do not see him."

"Alas! your excellency, he is wounded, and I fear mortally."

"Where is he?" said Washington, anxiously.

"He has been carried to yonder tavern," said Knox, "where your [...] surgeon there attends him. Yet life, perhaps, is of so little value to him that he will scarce thank us for our pains to preserve it: I have noticed that, from the day he joined the army, just before the battle of Long Island, up to this hour, he has always recklessly exposed himself, as if he sought death."

"Perhaps some disappointment of the heart, poor lad!" sighed the great leader, as he led the way toward the low, wooden tavern, in a room of which Mowbry lay, weltering in blood.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

A NOVEL BUSTLE.—A pauper named Mary Da[...]ly escaped from the county house on Friday las[t] and came into town, pawning a portion of her dre[ss] on the way for a bottle of whiskey, upon which sh[e] very soon got drunk. She was arrested by a co[n]stable and taken to the Watch House, and he[r] pockets searched for the purpose of finding he[r] liquor bottle, but none was found. She was locke[d] up in a cell for the night, and yesterday morning [the] watchman on going into the cell found her bot[tle] holding about a pint, on the floor partially emp[tied] of its contents. On being questioned as to whe[re] she had concealed it about her person, she replie[d] that she had worn it for a *bustle*, and showed th[e] strings by which it had been fastened in its plac[e]. The bottle had made so respectable an appear[ance] bustle that the constables supposed it to be th[e] indispensable article of wearing apparel and left [it] undisturbed. How true it is that "appearances a[re] often deceptive."—*Rochester American.*

"A YOKE OF OXEN AT ONE CHAW."—Ma[ny] years ago a Mr. Miller, one of the early settlers [of] a neighboring town, sold a yoke of oxen for $5[...] and received in payment a fifty dollar bank bi[ll] which he carefully folded up and deposited in [his] "tobacco box" for safe keeping. Mr. M. was [ac]customed to make use of the "weed" at any ho[ur] of the day or *night* even, whenever he felt an i[n]clination for it. The night following the sale of th[e] oxen he sought his "tobacco box," and finding [a] convenient portion, he put it into his mouth, a[nd] not readily obtaining the full benefit expected, [he] chewed it up most vigorously and effectually, e[x]claiming as he did so, "no *strength* to the tobacco[!] NO STRENGTH to the tobacco!!" when, recollecti[ng] the transaction of the day, and the place where [he] deposited the treasure, he added, "Oho! a *yoke* [of] *oxen at one chaw!* AT ONE CHAW!!"

THE DOCTOR'S WELCOME.—In a town "way dow[n] East," there resides a certain M. D., who never h[as] any particular desire to be disturbed after he h[as] yielded to the influence of the "drowsy god." O[ne] very cold night last winter, he was aroused fro[m] his peaceful slumbers by a loud knocking at h[is] door. After some hesitation he arose and went [to] the window and yelled—

"Who's there?"

"Friend," was the answer.

"What do you want?" was the next inquiry.

"Want to stay here all night."

"Stay *there* then, and be hanged!" was the b[e]nevolent reply.

A sailor calling upon a Liverpool goldsmith, as[ked] him what might be the value of an ingot of gold as big as his arm. The shop-keeper beckoned h[im] into a back room, and primed him with grog. [He] then asked to see the ingot.

"Oh," said Jack, "I haven't got it yet. But I['m] going to Californy, and would like to know [the] value of such a lump before I start."

The jeweler started him out of his shop.

A SENSIBLE INDIAN.—An Indian chief said t[o a] man who wished to introduce liquor among [his] people, "What good does it do?" "It make[s a] man like a bear." "Carry it to our enemies, a[nd] they will kill one another."

"My dear madam," said a doctor to his pati[ent], "I am truly gratified to see you in life. At [my] last visit yesterday, you know I told you you [had] but six hours to live." "Yes doctor you did[;] I did not take the dose you left for me."