

# Democrat and Sentinel.

THE BLESSINGS OF GOVERNMENT, LIKE THE DEWS OF HEAVEN, SHOULD BE DISTRIBUTED ALIKE UPON THE HIGH AND THE LOW, THE RICH AND THE POOR.

NEW SERIES.

EBENBURG, FRIDAY, JANUARY 27, 1854.

VOL. 1—NO. 21.

**TERMS:**  
The DEMOCRAT & SENTINEL is published every Friday morning, in Ebenburg, Cambria county, Pa., at \$1 50 per annum, if paid in advance, if not \$2 will be charged.  
ADVERTISEMENTS will be conspicuously inserted at the following rates, viz:  
Every subsequent insertion \$1 00  
1 square 3 months 3 00  
" " 6 " 5 00  
" " 1 year 8 00  
" " 2 " 15 00  
Business Cards with 1 copy of the Democrat & Sentinel per year 5 00  
Letters must be post paid to secure attention.

## Select Poetry.

### MY OLD COMPANIONS.

BY ELIZA COOK.

My heart has yearned like other hearts,  
With all the fervor youth imparts;  
And all the warmth that feeling lends,  
Has freely cherished "troops of friends."  
A change has passed o'er them and me,  
We are not as we used to be;  
My heart, like many another heart,  
Sees old companions all depart.

I mark the names of more than one,  
But read them on the cold white stone;  
And steps that followed where mine led,  
Now on the far off desert tread.  
The world has warmed some souls away,  
That once were honest as the day;  
Some dead, some wandering, some untrue;  
Oh! old companions are but few.

But there are green trees on the hill,  
And blue flags sweeping o'er the rill,  
And there are daisies peeping out,  
And dog rose blossoms round about.  
Ye were my friends, "long, long ago,"  
The first bright friends I sought to know  
And yet ye come—rove where I will,  
My old companions, faithful still.

And there are sunbeams rich and fair,  
As cheering as they ever were;  
And there are fresh winds playing nigh,  
As freely as in time gone by.  
The birds come singing as of yore,  
The waves yet ripple to the shore;  
How'er I feel, where'er I range,  
These old companions never change.

I'm glad I learnt to love the things  
That fortune neither takes nor brings;  
I'm glad my spirit learnt to prize  
The smiling face of sunny skies;  
'Twas well I clasp'd with doting hand  
The balmy wild flowers of the land;  
For still ye live in friendship sure,  
My old companions, bright and pure.

But be we sad, or be we gay,  
With thick curls bright, or thin locks gray,  
We never find the spring bloom meet  
Our presence with a smile less sweet.  
Oh! I am glad I learnt to love  
The tangled wood and cooling dove;  
For these will be in good or ill  
My old companions, changeless still.

## Tales and Sketches.

### The Merchant's Daughter and the Judge.

A TALE OF THE PAST.

The two vessels joined, and the mimic contest was begun. Of course, the English colors triumphed over the Papal. Up to this point, the merchant bore his pangs in silence, but when the English galleys had assumed the victory, then came the trial of patience. Effigies of the cardinals were hurled into the stream amidst the shouts and derisions of the mob. At each plunge groans issued from his breast. It was in vain that Emilia clung to his arm and implored him, by every fear, to restrain himself. His religious zeal overcame his prudence, and when at last the figure of the Pope, dressed in his pontifical robes, was hurled into the tide, the loud exclamation of agony and horror burst from his lips: "Oh monstrous impiety of an accursed and sacrilegious king!" sounded loudly above the din of the mob.

It was enough, the unhappy merchant was immediately consigned over to the secular arm. Oh! sad were those prison hours! the girl told her beads—the father prayed to all the saints—and then came the vain consolation by which one endeavored to cheat the other. They thought of their own sunny land, its balmy air, its living beauty, and that thought was home.

November came with all its gloom—the month that should have been the grade of the year, coming as it does with shroud and cerecloth, foggy, dark, and dreary; the father's brow numbered more wrinkles, the once black hair was more nearly bleached, the features more attenuated.

And the daughter!—ah! youth is the transparent lamp of hope—but in her the light was dim. In fear and trembling the unhappy foreigners awaited the day of doom. The merchant's office was one little likely to meet with mercy. Henry was jealous of his title as head of the church. He had drawn up a code of articles of belief, which his subjects were desired to subscribe to; he had instituted a court of which he had made Lord Cromwell, Vicar General, for the express train of those whose orthodoxy in the king's creed was called in question. Neither could the unhappy merchant find favor with the Judge, for it was known that Cromwell was strongly attached to the growing reformation; and from the acts of severity with which he had lately visited some of the adherents of the Romish creed in his new character of Vicar General, it was scarcely probable that he would show mercy to one attached, by lineage and love, to papal Rome. Strangers as they were, unknown and unknown what had they not to fear, and what was left for hope?

wretched delinquents came to receive their doom. We suppose it to be a refinement of modern days that men are not punished for their crimes, but only to deter others from committing them. This court of Henry's seemed to think otherwise: there was all the array of human passions in the Judge, as well as in the judged. On one hand recalcitrant fear abjured his creed; on another, heroism braved all contingencies, courting the pile and the stake with even passionate desire, and the pile and stake were given with unrelenting cruelty.

At length there stood at the bar an aged man and a youthful girl; the long white hair of the one fell loosely over the shoulders, and left unshaded a face wrinkled as much by care as by age, the dark locks of the other were braided over a countenance clouded by sorrow and wet with tears.

The mockery of trial went on. It was easy to prove what even the criminal did not attempt to gainsay. The aged merchant avowed his fidelity to the Pope as a true son of the church—denied the supremacy of Henry over any part of the fold, and thus sealed his own doom.

There was an awful stillness through the court—stillness, the precursor of doom—broken only by the sobs of the weeping girl, as she clung to her father's arm. Howbeit, the expected sentence was interrupted; then came a sudden rush; attendance thronged the court. "Room for Lord Cromwell! room for Lord Cromwell!" and the Vicar General came in his pomp and state, with all the insignia of office, to assume his place of pre-eminence at that tribunal. Notes of the proceedings were laid before Lord Cromwell. He was told of the intended sentence, and he made a gesture of approbation.

A gleam of hope seemed to dawn upon the mind of the Italian girl as Lord Cromwell entered. She watched his countenance while he read; it was stern, indicative of calm determination; but there were lines in it that spoke more of mistaken duty than innate cruelty. Yet when the Vicar General gave his token of assent the steel entered Emilia's soul, and a sob, the veriest accent of despair, ran through that court, and where it met the human heart, pierced through all the cruelty and oppression that armed it, and struck upon the natural feelings that divide men from monsters.

The sound struck upon Cromwell's sensitive eye sought the place whence it proceeded; he looked on Emilia and her father. A strange emotion passed over the face of the stern judge—a perfect stillness followed.

Lord Cromwell broke the silence. He glanced over the notes that had been handed to him, speaking apparently to himself: "From Italy—a merchant—Milan—ruined by the war—say, those Milan were owing to Clement's ambition and Charles' knavery—the loss of substance—to England to reclaim an old indebtedment."

Lord Cromwell's eye rested once more upon the merchant and his daughter. "Ye are of Italy—from Milan—is that your birth place?" "We are Tuscan," replied the merchant of Lucca, "and oh! noble Lord, if there is mercy in this world show it now to this unhappy girl!"

"To both or neither?" exclaimed the girl. "We will live or die together!" The Vicar General made answer to neither. He rose abruptly; at a sign from him the proper officer declared the court adjourned. The sufferers were hurried back to their cell, some went whither they would, others where they would not; but all disappeared.

A faint and solitary light gleamed from a chink of the prison wall—it came from the narrow cell of the Italian merchant and his daughter. The girl slept—ay, slept. Sleep does not always leave the wretched to light upon lids unshaded with a tear. Reader thou has known intense misery, and canst thou remember how thou hast felt and wept and agonized until the very excitement of the misery were out of the body's power of endurance, and slept like a torpor, a stupor, a lethargy, bound thee in its chains? Into such a sleep had Emilia fallen. She was lying on the prison floor, her face pale, as if ready for the grave, the large tears yet resting upon her cheeks, and over her sat the merchant, thinking what a treasure she was and had ever been to him—he could wish that sleep to be the sleep of death.

showing her dazzled eyes with her hand, her streaming hair falling in wild disorder over her shoulders, and thus resting at the feet of her judge.

"Look on me, Emilia, said Lord Cromwell; and encouraged by the gentle accents, she raised her tear-swollen eyes to his face. As she did so the Vicar-General lifted from his brow his plumed cap and revealed the perfect outlines of his features.—And Amelia gazed as if spell-bound, until gradually shades of doubt, of wonder, of recognition, came struggling over her countenance; and, finally in a voice of passionate amazement, she exclaimed: "It is the same! It is our sick soldier guest!"

"Even so," said Lord Cromwell. "Even so, my dear and gentle nurse. He who was then the poor dependant on your bounty, receiving from your charity his daily bread as an alms, hath this day presided over the issues of life and death as your judge; but fear not, gentle Emilia, the sight of these comes like the memory of youth, and kinder thoughts cross the sterner mood that lately darkened over me. They whose voice may influence the destiny of a nation gradually loose the memory of gentler thoughts. It may be Providence that hath sent thee to melt me back again into a softer nature.—Many a heart shall be gladdened, that but for my sight of thee unto death. I think me, gentle girl, of the flowers laden with dew and rich with fragrance, which thou didst lay upon my pillow, while this heart throbbled with agony of pain upon it, fondly thinking their sweetness would be a balm; and how thou wert used to steal into my chamber and listen to tales of this, the land of my home. Thou art here and how hast thou been welcomed? To a prison, and well nigh unto death. But the poor soldier hath a home; come thou and thy father and share it.

An hour! who dare prophesy its events? At the beginning of that hour the merchant and his daughter had been sorrowful captives of a prison; at its close they were the treasured guests of a palace.

**The Dignity of Man.**  
"It is a little thing to be a man"—was the expression of a poet, whose heart was embittered by neglect, and crushed by misfortune. And perhaps it is, to those who look upon him merely as a beef-eating and a coffee-drinking animal, whose digestion is rather to be preferred, than a cultivated mind, and a cultivated mind. Looking upon man in this light, he is truly a creature of very little importance. Nothing could be said more interesting or more to the point, than the remark of the old sergeant in Benham: "Give him plenty to eat and send him to sleep."

"It is a little thing to be a man." And if so, whence springs this listlessness? What causes it? If men are but a race of erect brutes—but no, this is not the theory of human life, the sum of human happiness, the limit of human progression. It is not a little thing to be a man. It is not a little thing to possess a reflecting mind, a feeling heart, an immortal soul. These gifts are great, and make men great. They are the endowments of Heaven, and ally him to it. The opposite doctrine traces his origin to the brutes, and denies his natural superiority and immortality. It loses sight of his high duties and higher destinies. It degrades him at once to the lowest level of animal existence.

Men's dignity does not consist in the fact that he is a being who eats, drinks, and sleeps. His highest honor springs not from his love of roast beef, sausages, dinner tables, and sumptuous suppers. The highest style of man is not the one who finds his chief happiness in "creature comforts" and plum puddings. There is a nobler life than the life of an epicure or a gourmand, and there is a nobler death than that caused by over indulgence, and a surfeit. Who died more like a man, than Howard, the philanthropist, who perished in ministering to the suffering of the needy, or the great Roman Emperor, who died from an excessive drinking of wine? There is no necessity for a reply—the one died in the discharge of the most kindly offices to his fellow men—the other, "like the beasts which perish."

The memory of the one is blessed—the memory of the other is unwhorled if not execrated. It has well been said that some men are buried, and from their graves through the hands of ministering love, arise fragrant flowers, and clustering boughs, which "smell sweet and blossom in the dust." But there are others who are deposited in their long home, and though no flower or bough marks the spot, yet in the record of a life spent, the record of guilt, and the crown of crime sits silent and shadowy on the tombstone.

The cultivation of the mind, and the finer feelings of our common nature are greater objects than the gratification of appetite, or the accumulation of dollars. Even looking at man as he exists in the present state of being, with no reference to the future, there are higher objects of which he is capable, and nobler aspirations which should elevate his mind. There are his mental powers to be cultivated, and his social affections to be enlarged and kindled into fresh life. And it is to these that his chief happiness is linked, and in these that his true dignity will be found. How well it would be if some persons could only be convinced that they have minds and hearts, as well as appetites and purses. Lift up your eyes and look at the heavens. Forget the things of earth for a time, and contemplate the true, the beautiful, and eternal. "Is there such a thing as an immortal soul," said Carlyle to Leigh Hunt, as they walked under the brilliant splendor of the starry heavens; and how eloquent and expressive was the answer: "Look up, and find your answer there."—*Home Gazette.*

Mistrust the man who finds everything good, the man who finds everything evil, and still more, the man who is indifferent to everything.

### A Story with a Moral.

Mr. Bones, of the firm of Fossil, Bones & Co., was one of those remarkable money making men, whose uninterrupted success in trade had won the wonder, and afforded the material for the gossip of the town for seven long years. Being of a familiar turn of mind he was frequently interrogated on the subject, and invariably gave as the secret of his success that he minded his own business.

A gentleman met Mr. Bones on the Assanpink bridge. He was gazing intently on the dashing, foaming waters, as they fell over the dam; he was evidently in a brown study. Our friend ventured to disturb his cogitations.

"Mr. Bones, tell me how to make a thousand dollars."

"Well, here you may learn the secret of making money. That water would waste away, and be of no practicable use to anybody, but for the dam. That dam turns it to good account, makes it perform some useful purpose, and then suffers it to pass along. That large paper mill is kept in constant motion by this simple economy. Many mouths are fed in the manufacture of the article of paper, and intelligence is scattered broadcast over the land on the sheets that are daily turned out, and in the different processes through which it passes money is made. So it is in the living of hundreds of people. They get enough of money, it passes through their hands every day, and at the year's end they are no better off. What's the reason? They want a dam! Their expenditures are increasing, and no practical good is attained. They want them dammed up, so that nothing will pass through their hands without bringing something back—without accomplishing some useful purpose. Dam up your expenses, and you will soon have occasion to spare a little, just like that dam. Look at it, my friend."—*Gazette.*

### Afflicting Story of a Wife.

We find the following in the police reports of the London papers, where others of a similar nature often occur.—A custom house officer, named Mears, doing duty in the London Dock, saw a woman on a swivel bridge, leaning over the rails, with her head resting on her hand, and looking towards the water. She was crying, and appeared to be in great trouble. The officer, suspecting her intention, asked her what she was doing there; but she refused to satisfy him, or give any account of herself. She then moved away, and about ten minutes afterwards returned to the same spot, and resumed her former attitude. The custom officer called the attention of a police constable to the woman, and he spoke to her. She went away; but soon returned again, and was in the act of getting over the rails of the bridge into the entrance dock, which is there twenty four or twenty six feet in depth, when a boy seized her dress, and held her suspended over the water until assistance was procured. If the woman had got into the water, as she was nearly doing, one hundred men could not get her have got out alive. When brought up before Mr. Ingham, the magistrate, he asked the woman what account she had to give of herself? Woman (abstractedly, and with a vacant stare)—What is it, sir? What is it? Mr. Ingham—What have you to say for yourself? The woman (suddenly recollecting herself)—Last night, sir, I was at home with my four little children, with no food. I went out, scarcely knowing what I did; but I had no intention to throw myself over the bridge. (Here she sobbed loudly.) Mr. Ingham said he would remand the prisoner to the House of Detention for a week, and she would be properly taken care of. Inquiries must be made concerning her means of obtaining a living. The prisoner—What is to become of my poor children?—Mr. Ingham—I will issue orders for them to be properly taken care of in the workhouse. The prisoner employed of the magistrate not to send her to prison, and said she never had a key turned on her before. The mother of the prisoner here stepped forward, and said she lived in the same house with her daughter, who struggled hard to maintain four young children, and had a very bad father to them. Her daughter's husband was a very drunken, brutal man, who had been in the practice of beating his wife. Mr. Ingham—then why did she come here to complain of her husband? The doors of this court are always open to receive complaints from women who are maltreated by their husbands. The mother—I don't know, sir; but, indeed, I can assure you, my daughter works very hard. Mr. Ingham—I think the best course will be to send her to prison for a week, and she will have time to reflect; and let the parish officers take care of the children and feed them. The mother—has a shop of work (slop work) and will lose it if she is sent to prison; she works early and late. Mr. Ingham—Has she had relief from the parish? The Mother—Once only. Mr. Ingham—Has her husband struck her lately? Not within the last fortnight. Mr. Ingham—If he strikes her again, come here for a warrant. If you will take charge of her, and protect her, I will let her go. The mother—I will, sir. Mr. Ingham—Then take her away with you. The poor and apparently heart-broken woman left the dock, crying loudly.

Poetry reveals to us the loveliness of nature brings back the freshness of youthful feeling, revives the relish of simple pleasures, keeps unquenched the enthusiasm which warmed the spring time of our being refines youthful love strengthens our interest in human nature, by vivid delineation of its tenderest and softest feelings, and through the brightness of its prophetic visions helps faith to lay hold on future life.—*Channing*

The following from glorious genial CLARKE is too tempting. We must copy it for the benefit of our readers who are not fortunate enough to read "Old Knick."

"Here they are again," the LITTLE FOLK—and hearty Christmas-welcome to them all! "The more, the merrier!" If we cannot provide for them all at one time, we will endeavor to do it at another. By the bye, it has been well said by one who read the thoughts and open hearts of children as one reads a book, that "grown persons are apt to put a lower estimate than is just on the understandings of children. They rate them by what they know, and children know very little. But their capacity of comprehension is great. Hence the continual wonder of those who are unaccustomed to them, at "the old fashioned ways" of some lone little one who has no play-fellows, and at the odd mixture of folly and wisdom in its sayings. A continual battle goes on in a child's mind, between what it knows and what it comprehends. Its answers are foolish from partial ignorance, and wise from extreme quickness of apprehension. The great art of education is so to train this last faculty, as neither to depress nor over-exert it. But "let the children come in," now:

A lady one day observed her little boy of some six summers, who was playing in the garden, showing signs of anger; she said nothing, but he soon came in, and approaching her, said: "Ma, do the premonitions say we have a swearing-pump in our heads?" His mother told him she did not know of any; when the little fellow remarked that his head felt very queer, and he came near swearing; and he added:

"Grand-pa has got a large bump on his head, and he swears awfully sometimes!"

A little girl had a beautiful head of hair, which hung in "clustering curls" down in her neck. One hot summer day, she went up stairs, and cut all the curls off. Coming down, she met her mother, who exclaimed, with surprise: "Why, Mary! what have you been doing to your hair?" To which she responded, that "she had cut it off and laid it away in her box, but that she intended to put it on again to-morrow, as Aunt Nancy did!"

"What do you learn at school?" said I to my little boy, four years of age.  
"Reading and spelling, Papa, if you please."  
"And what do the other boys learn?"  
"Oh! arithmetic, and geography, and Felocypede."  
"What? Felocypede?"  
"Yes, papa; but not about wooden horses, but about other things."  
Now what do you suppose he meant?—*Philosophy!*

"Papa!" said the same littleurchin to me, when he was but three years old, and had just begun to catch the phrases of older children—it was the pensive hour of twilight, and drawing near his bed-time—"Papa, will you make a prayer for me, before I go to bed?"  
"Yes, my darling, if you wish it; but why not let your mamma say your prayers for you, as she does on other nights?"  
"O, papa, I don't want you to say those prayers: 'Our Father,' 'Now I lay me,' but pray yourself: make a prayer to God for me!"  
So I put up, with all my heart, a serious petition to his Heavenly Father, for my little boy.

He listened attentively, and, as it seemed, most seriously; but, just as I concluded, he exclaimed, with eyes sparkling with mirth: "Good, papa! good! Now pray again—pray again! God!"

"When I was in London," writes an esteemed and popular correspondent, "I became much interested in a little Quaker boy, a child of remarkable intellect, but of a peculiar, quaint simplicity, as delicious as indescribable. His queer, deep sayings used now to convulse me with laughter, now melt me to tears. One of the anecdotes told me by his father is brief enough to relate here, and may amuse you. When Charlie was about four years of age, his grand-mother died. She was a stately and elegant woman; in the very type of an English Quaker-lady. Charlie had always been accustomed to see her in rich silks, golden browns or silvery greys, with kerchiefs of costly muslin, and the most recherche of lace caps; and when he came to see her in her bed-dress, he eyed her with more curiosity than sorrow. The good old lady was very old, and said, solemnly:

"Grand-mamma must bid little Charlie goodbye, for she is going away to Heaven, and will never see him any more in this world."  
Charlie, in return, gave her a look of simple astonishment, and exclaimed:  
"Why, Grand-mamma, thou art not going up to see God, in that night-cap, art thou?"  
"We remember an anecdote of one of the sweetest and most simple hearted of all our little friends. Sitting on a foot-stool at her mother's side, she had been recounting her list of brothers, sisters, uncles, aunts, cousins, and the like.—"Now," said she, "I have got all the relations but one; I should like a foot-mother. I haven't got any, save I, Mother!"  
It was the sad fate of this sweet child, in after years, to perish in that compound of calamity and infatuation which the law decides to be no crime—the burning of the Henry Clay. She passed from among us, radiant in youth and goodness, leaving four little children, one an infant, to prove the tender mercies of those that may come after.

### Effects of Female Facination.

The control which a female sometimes exercises over the judgment of a man appears to be so unlike that which inferior animals are said to exert over each other. The power of the charmer is almost irresistible. Petrarch, with his Laura and Abelard, with his Heloise, are significant examples of this remark. The Paris correspondent of the New Orleans Crescent, in a recent letter, gives another illustration of this masculine weakness in the person of an old friend of the writer, whom he had not met for many years. He says:—"It was not until we had been together several days that I learned that the woman he had with him was not his wife. She was a masculine creature, with nothing beautiful about her save a pair of magnificent eyes, and they were black as night. She had had a large measure of non-vanities in the Rue Richelieu where she was supposed to be very wealthy, and where she had helped him run through the major part of his fortune. When I first saw them, she exercised over poor R. a kind of actual facination. He did not love her—and yet he could not shake her off—he did not seem even to wish it. She watched him (I can use no other simile) exactly as a cat watches a mouse. That she loved him there could be no doubt; but her affection had a dash of ferocity in it, something like that of a tigress towards her whelps. Finally, after endorsing her paper to the tune of 50,000 francs, he suddenly left the country, (to get out of her reach I suppose,) and no one knew of his whereabouts for two years. At the end of that period his mistress got wind of his hiding place, and one fine morning, leaving her business in the hands of a clerk, she packed up her fig leaves, stepped across the ocean, and found her recalcitrant lover engaged in successful mercantile operations in the city of Panama. There the same routine of reckless extravagance was run through with again, more madly than ever. But it seems she grew jealous of him, (the gentle tigress!) and so took it into her head to poison him, which she did with a big dose of arsenic. But his iron constitution got, however, the better of the drug, and they were returning together when I first encountered them. The rest of the story is soon told. I had a curiosity to walk down and see her store. I found it all closed up, and the words "to let" painted in glaring capitals upon the shutters. She was arrested and thrown into prison for debt immediately upon her arrival in Paris, and he, to escape the same fate, assumed the garb of a Maltese sailor; and the last I saw of him was late at night, in one of the "hotels meubles" of the Quartier Latin, where I left him surrounded by an admiring audience, singing French songs of doubtful morality.

**The Maiden and the Hero.**  
On the night of the battle of Brandywine, I was sent with a message from General Green to Count Pulaski, a noble Polisher, who took a prominent part in our freedom. He was quartered in a next farm house, near the upper forts. After our business was finished, the Count asked me to take some refreshments, and at the same time he called out—  
"Mary, my lass, Mary!"  
In an instant a rosy-checked girl entered, her face beaming with joy, it would seem, at the very sound of Pulaski's voice.  
"Did you call me, Count?" said she timidly.  
"How often have I told you, my little love," he said, bending his tall form to her, "how much I love you; call me your dear Pulaski. This is a republic, my little favorite.—We have no Counts, you know."  
"But you are a Count, sir, when at home, and they say you come a long way over the ocean to fight for us."  
"Yes, Mary, very true, I did come a long way; the reason why, was, I had to come, in a measure. Now can you get for this gentleman, and myself a little refreshment? He has a long way to ride to night."  
"Certainly, sir," and she went out of the room like a fairy.  
"Fine pleasant girl," said Pulaski, "would that I had the wealth that I once had, I would give her a portion that would send half the youth hereabout after her sweet face."  
On the morning of the eleventh of September, 1777 the British army advanced in full force to Chadd's Ford, for the purpose of crossing the Brandywine Creek, and bringing on an action with Washington. Sir William Howe's three Maxwell's division across the creek by ten o'clock, at one of the lower fords.

large force advancing up the side of the creek and uniting with Lord Cornwallis, who commanded the left wing of the army, crossed at the upper fords of the river and creek.

It soon happened that during the raging of the conflict, in carrying orders I passed immediately in the direction of Pulaski's quarters that I had visited the night before. Suddenly a sheet of flame burst forth. The house was on fire. Near the doorstep lay the body of Mary, her head cut open by a sabre, and her brains oozing out of the terrible wound! I had not been there but half a minute, when Pulaski at the head of a troop of cavalry galloped to the house. Never shall I forget the expression of his face, as he shouted like a demon on seeing the inanimate form—  
"Who did this?"

A little boy that had not been before noticed, who was lying amid the grass, his leg dreadfully mangled, said:  
"There they go!"  
He pointed to a company of Hessians then some distance off.  
"Right wheel, men, charge!"  
And they did charge; I do not think that one man of the Hessian corps ever left the field except to be placed in the grave.

The last I saw of Pulaski was on the banks of Brandywine.

An organ in Williamsburg was not played the other Sunday, on account of having a new stop—which was put on by the sheriff.