

MISCELLANEOUS.

NATHANIEL MACON

Was a practical apostle of a sect of politicians. radically democratic, involuntarily opposed to that small majority of the American people who organized the federal constitution, modified to republican institutions, on the English model of regulation. Mr. Macon was opposed to it, as by far too monarchial—Hamilton dreaded anarchy, and deemed the English government the fittest form of republican monarchy. Jefferson, however, deemed monarchy, and thought that the American government should be original. Washington, perhaps doubted the republican experiment; but was resolved to make it in good faith, though, as he said, it cost him the drop of his blood—Macon had full faith in the most democratic institutions, willing to trust the people further, perhaps than Jefferson would have ventured—far beyond Washington—and to an extent which Hamilton considered anarchical. Madison, the disciple of Jefferson and admirer of Washington, took middle ground between them all. Washington, Jefferson, Madison, and Macon all proved the sincerity of their professions; by practising them through life, and to the last, when beyond life's common climacteric, when no selfish or improper motive could induce it, calmly dying as they lived, entirely faithful to their respective principles. Hamilton was cut off by an untimely death, in the prime of life, killed in a duel at 47 years of age, by Burr, on the same spot and about the same time where and when his eldest son was also killed in a duel. He, too, no doubt, cherished to the last the politics he professed—Selected from the government of the Old World, ranging from the bowstring despotism of Turkey, to the democratic royalty of a mother country, the founders of an American constitution chose the latter as a model, reduced it to republicanism, confederation, and much enlarged suffrage. Mr. Macon, a soldier of the American revolution, the son of a State where English Tories were most vindictive and mischievous, and born as the most hated, an innate republican, detested English monarchy, despised English aristocracy, and never could have reconciled to the turbulence of English democracy. He was a man of middle stature, between 50 and 80 years of age, when I first knew him, with a round, shining, playful countenance, bald and gray, dressed in the same plain, but not inelegant manner, and so peculiar in his dress and conversation, that one of the Jersey members told him, that if he should happen to be drowned instead of floating with the wreck of the States, he should look for Macon's boots on the shore instead of floating with the wreck. Of distinguished family, brought up to riches and accomplished education, he left Princeton college in the revolution, not for an epaulet and small sword, but the musket and knapsack of a common soldier; as such, enlisted and re-enlisted in the American army; served long in the ranks—at one time as a private under the command of his own brother—never, it is said, desiring to be commissioned as an officer.—Least this strange perversion of common ambition should seem to imply any dissolute vulgarity of disposition, it should be added that his habits, tastes, and associations, were all gentlemanly, perfectly temperate, and without the slightest touch of unsocial, gloomy, or coarse propensity. Elected to the House of Commons of North Carolina, he unfurled there his radical banner in the same quiet and inoffensive way that always marked his singular career, opposing the adoption of the federal constitution with all his ability. In 1791, chosen to the House of Representatives of the United States, he remained there five-and-twenty years by continual re-elections, having filled the great station, for a time, of Speaker of that house. But neither his principles nor his habits fitted him for its industrious, onerous, absolute, if not arbitrary, functions. To rule, or govern, was disagreeable to him, or to labor. As a speaker, he practiced the principles he always professed, of the utmost freedom; letting the house alone to keep itself in order, without the presiding officer's intervention—principles, in theory, so true, that seldom does a newly-elected Speaker return thanks for that honor, without reminding his suffragans of the house that he is that their reflected image, and that unless they keep themselves in order, it will be vain for him to attempt it. In 1816, Macon was translated to the Senate, as a representative of North Carolina in that body. In 1828, he voluntarily retired from public life, and spent the rest of his days at home, a planter and sportsman; to the last, fond of his game of whist, the chase, and other recreations. Beloved by his family, neighbors, and slaves, in charity with all mankind, at peace with himself, he died at a good old age, with much more veneration and influence than fall to the lot of many more conspicuous personages. His system of government was to govern as little as possible. Extensive discussion, and little legislation, he held to be the policy and duty of Congress. Let alone, was his policy for nations, for parties, and individuals; his strong preference in this respect being probably strengthened by plantation life and property, which begot intractable independence, and emboldened proprietors to claim a sort of Polish veto against whatever crosses their homestead, or requires their submission. Six years' service for a Senator, were, in his opinion too many, and one enough for a representative in Congress. Tyranny begins where annual elections end, was one of his maxims. Nothing is more miserable than a splendid and expensate government, was another. He was a constant advocate of frequent elections, that all offices should be elective, and for short terms of office—not as the only democratic, but likewise as the most durable tenures. High salaries he considered mere baits for irregular and ungovernable ambition. He has often heard him triumphantly argue, that the annual, and even semi-annual judicial elections in parts of New England, were the best guarantee for faithful and permanent service; and he would mention families kept in office from generation to generation by such elections, as irrefutable proof of his opinion. Armies, navies, cities, and all coercive authority, including taxes, he opposed, as well as the good-behavior tenure, and political authority of the judiciary. Unbounded confidence in popular virtue was the religion of his politics. As during most of his life British power and influence were the monsters of republican aversion, he was invariably set against those Jefferson called Anglo-men, looked with contempt upon all the important agencies, and what many consider refinements of fashionable life, and with a stronger feeling than contempt on that American idolatry of England, which is not yet extinct. Jefferson, a free thinker would level up to the doctrines of Franklin, Penn, Locke, and Milton; and extricate aristocratic and regal encroachments, which have usurped the place of aboriginal liberty and equality. Macon no so deep in thought, literature, or science, as Jefferson, would have outstripped him in actual reform. But he was a passive, not active, radical, except by example. Negation was his word and arm. His economy of the public money was the severest, sharpest, most stringent and constant refusal of almost any grant that could be proposed. Every one with legislative experience knows that many, if not most, public donations, bounties, indemnities, and allowances are unjust, often unconstitutional, to individuals, commonwealths, corporations, or companies. It requires courage, however, and fortitude, to vote against pensions, compensations for alleged wrongs, and the various other demands on Congressional charity. Mr. Macon had no such charity; disclaimed it altogether, and kept the public purse much more stingily

than his own. With him, not only was optimism, but pessimism—paranoia the best substitute, but serious—the only one. No device or contrivance could induce his vote for such objects, which are the common contrivances for local popularity of most members of Congress, but were with him repudiated, to the great gratification of a North Carolina constituency, not rich, and sharing few national favors of the kind. In the nearly forty years he served in Congress, not one member gave so many negative votes. He was in opposition throughout much of the eight years of Washington's, and all the four of John Adams's administration; and did not coincide with all of Jefferson's and part of Madison's; preferred restrictions and measures of passive suffering, that he thought might prevent war, which he considered dangerous to republican institutions, though he voted for it as a necessary evil, and then against most of the strong acts proposed to carry it on. Though supporting the war with all his heart, according to his own peculiar politics, when Monroe, as Secretary of War, called on Congress for conscription to raise an army, and Dallas, as Secretary of the Treasury, required all the taxes to be much increased, and others superadded, Macon voted against all these measures. It was alleged, however, by others besides him, eminent supporters of the war, that some of these measures, especially conscription, were of rigor beyond law. When Mr. Epes, the son-in-law of Jefferson, chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, during the war, had constitutional scruples as to some of these measures, Monroe said that we should look to the constitution after war; but that, with the capital sacked, and the enemy threatening us at all points from Plattsburg to New Orleans, we must put forth the whole force of the nation, without too scrupulous regard of what was constitutional. When, in patriotic effort, Dallas poured out a flood of paper in treasury notes, one of Macon's maxims was, that paper money was never beat. Without ever losing the confidence of his party, no member of it so often voted against them. His opinions and inflexible remonstrances against everything with him. He never quarrelled about his frequent nays, but never abandoned or reduced them. Not taciturn or austere; he was a frequent speaker, always good humored and jovial, but always self-opinionated. Macon had intrinsic preference for the advantages of rural over city life, to form the faculties, both mental and bodily, for distinction, for courage, eloquence, endurance, and every kind of eminence. No man, should live, he said, where he can hear his neighbor's dog bark. Sometimes, when a city member addressed the house to his satisfaction, he would jokingly say, I like that; what a pity you were born in town; but for that, you might have come to something. Town he thought unfavorable to the fervor and fortitude which stimulate excellence. Frivolous occupations take place of earnest contemplation and enterprise.—Reading is not of the right sort, if there be not even too much of it. Rural life is less stagnant more racy, more thoughtful, and self-dependent. When it is not only rural, but border life, full of exposure, adventure, and exploit, it obviously conduces to greater strength of character. Some savagism may become mixed with it, which does not detract from the strength, however it may occasionally tarnish the civilization. Not one of the greatest Presidents of the United States laid the basis of his elevation in a city. Washington, Napoleon, Jackson, were sylvan born—born to effort and endurance. I believe Macon never held any office by other than popular election. Indeed he was too fond of ease for the laborious responsibility of executive place. He is an illustrious example of the eminence and celebrity attainable by faithful service in Congress, with moderate abilities, constant integrity, and no ulterior or untoward ambition. Few public speakers, secretaries, ministers, or judges, aspirants or incumbents of place by executive choice, fill, with posterity, so large a space in public esteem as Nathaniel Macon, or exercised as such influence while in any office. Born and educated among what Jefferson calls natural aristocracy, the aristocracy of virtue and talents, Macon's distinction is that he loved the people. Learning, eloquence, and action were not his merits. During his nearly forty years of life in Congress, he hardly ever proposed any measure; but sincerity, simplicity, moderation, forbearance, and integrity, gave him titles to respect which make even his memory influential. Artificial aristocracy, by birth or wealth, Jefferson deemed a mischievous ingredient in government, whose ascendancy should be prevented. But natural aristocracy, by virtue and talents, he regarded as the most precious gift of nature for the instruction, trust, and government of society; and that form of government the best, which provides most effectually for their pure selection into the office of government. Some think that the aristocracy should be put in a separate chamber of legislation where they may be hindered from doing mischief by co-ordinate branches and a protection to wealth against the agrarian and plundering enterprises of a majority of the people. "That," wrote Jefferson to Adams, "is your opinion while I think that the American constitution provides a better remedy, by leaving the free separation and election of the natural aristocracy from the mass, who will in general choose the good and the wise.—Wealth will take care of itself. Cabals in the Senate of the United States furnish us proofs that to give an elevated class power to prevent mischief, is to arm them for it." Macon's equality and radicalism went beyond Jefferson's. But he was an inactive reformer, and merely by the force of example, as the American Republic acts on the rest of the world. A planter of moderate fortune, coveting no more, disliking the labor gained riches of professional life, and the chance of trade, he disregarded the vexatious vanities of riches or office, except that of serving the people as one of many law-makers, among whom, too, his rule was to do as little as possible. After serving a quarter of a century in the House of Representatives, what most would consider promotion to the Senate, was perhaps, departure from his principles. Did he deem it rotation in office? A principle of republican government, of which Macon's twelve re-elections to the same seat in Congress, proved that he did not consider it applicable to elective places. Men grow insolent, said Tacitus, in a single year's public trust. Doubtless they should by frequent recurrence of popular election, be continually subjected to that ordeal. But when incumbents of elective posts, like Macon, are faithful, they are not often supplanted without detriment to the constituency. When one party vanquishes another, it is but just that the principal places should be filled by the victorious. But abuse of this unquestionable principle as to others demoralizes communities by pampering morbid thirst, and insatiable yearning for emolument substitutes avarice for ambition. Does not Macon's success demonstrate that the American States cannot be successfully both ambitious and aversionary. That he can no more prefer himself to the people, than serve Mammon before God? To be of the aristocracy of the democracy, is the common ambition; but Macon's desire was of the democracy of the aristocracy. Whatever (says Burke, writing of the French National Assembly) the distinguished few may have been, men of known rank or shining talents, it is the substance, or mass of the body which constitutes its character, and most finally determines its direction. In all bodies, those who will lead, must also, in a considerable degree, follow. Macon was a leading follower—not a summit, but part of the mass of Congress; not a commanding soter or writer, no demagogue, hardly commencing with his constituents but by the monosyllables of votes, always before them in print, but taking no undue means for soliciting their

good will. Yet his popularity never failed. Success was transcendent, and the influence of his name still endures and increases. The contrast of Hamilton has almost disappeared. The federalism of Washington and the constitutionalism of Madison have been, in a measure, superseded by the republicanism of Jefferson, which may be swallowed up in the radicalism of Macon. Will that be declining or advancing? C. J. Ingersoll.

**HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF N. CAROLINA.**  
We have received from the President of the Historical Society of the University of North Carolina, its first report, for which we return our thanks. The association should be organized by every lover of his State, and each citizen should feel himself especially called upon to further the objects of the Society. The history of North Carolina has been too long unwritten, and she has suffered much from the ignorance which has in consequence prevailed, as to the part she bore in our struggle for independence. In a letter now before us, dated 1774, from one of the ripest scholars, and most sagacious minds in North Carolina, to his friend in London—the extract, "I can venture to assure you that North Carolina will not be behind any of her sister Colonies in virtue and a steady adherence to such resolves as the Continental Congress, now sitting at Philadelphia, shall adopt." In another letter dated 5th August, 1774, Mr. William Hooper writes to his friend Judge Vredel, the people of Cape Fear have sent a vessel laden with provisions for the support of Boston. The subscription in a few days amounted to \$200, and in all other respects they discover a very proper respect for the injuries done to that people." Again, we extract from papers of our possession, dated 5th Nov. 1788. "During the whole of the late war (the war of the Revolution) whenever the neighboring States were invaded, North Carolina was sure to lend them assistance. We have seen in the course of the campaign, 8000 or 7000 men of the North Carolina militia, in South Carolina, or on their march to that relief, and she now counts 8000 or 4000 of her citizens who fall a sacrifice in Georgia or South Carolina, to their zeal for the welfare of the Union. We say nothing of the Continental Army, nor of those who fell within the States. It is the enemy pervaded every part of the country, and such services could be ascertained without money! Surely not. But North Carolina uniformly supported and paid her own militia, though they were in the Continental service, and she furnished provisions to the Southern armies. Who has paid for the vast stores consumed by such bodies of armed men in other States. Commissioners were appointed to settle the claims of individuals against the United States, and certificates for many millions were issued by those Commissioners; but no such officers have had occasion to settle accounts in North Carolina, because the State has paid all the debts of her citizens due by the United States, except a small balance due the Continental Congress. These debts amounted to several millions.—These, we have every reason to believe, are the words of General ROBERT HOWE, of our own time, who could speak knowingly of the matters he treated of, as he commanded the South. We know that some of the North Carolina troops in the Southern army were paid neither by the State, nor by the Union, but the commanding officers. But we have not room to say more—and we have already said enough to show that much ignorance prevails on the subject of the early history of North Carolina,—that great injustice has been done her illustrious dead—it is enough then, to state, that it is the object of the Historical Society to repair this injustice, to remove this evil, to insure the hearty co-operation of every North Carolinian whose soul is not dead within him.—Wilmington Chronicle.

**STATISTICS OF WILMINGTON.**  
A consideration of the following facts will give our friends at home and abroad, some idea of the importance and business of Wilmington. We do not pretend to mathematical accuracy in our figures and statements, but we have consulted the best sources of information, and think that our statement does not vary far from the truth, if it be not strictly correct.  
The number of steam saw-mills, capable of running altogether, 180 saws, is nine. These mills cut annually, thirty millions of feet of lumber, valued at \$360,000. Capital invested in a saw mill, \$16,000—capital stock, \$12,500—and \$12,500—wages paid for white service, \$4,000. This gives for the nine steam saw mills, three of which have planing mills attached, four hundred and five thousand dollars invested in the manufacture of lumber. There are eleven distilleries up, and going up, which run six or eight stills—consuming two hundred thousand barrels of turpentine: worth four hundred thousand dollars. Capital invested in distilleries, \$85,000—labor, \$66,000—overseers wages, \$6,000—capital to work distilleries, \$28,750—total amount invested in the manufacture of turpentine, \$242,750. Besides distilleries in town, included in our calculation, there are nine in the immediate vicinity which consume on an average 10,000 barrels of the raw material. Worth for 10,000 barrels, \$180,000. There are also several lumber mills, at Orton, and elsewhere not included in our estimate. The river lumber may be estimated at 15,000,000 feet, worth \$130,000. This timber exported, 5,000,000 ft. is estimated at \$40,000. Crude, or unmanufactured turpentine exported, 75,000 bbls., worth \$168,000. Tar shipped, 30,000 bbls., worth \$45,000. Rice exported, 15,000 bushels, worth at 80 cts. per bushel, \$12,000. Ground-peas 50,000 bushels, worth \$5,000. Staves, shingles, &c., \$100,000.  
It will be perceived that in this exhibit, we only include a few of the leading, and most valuable articles which enter into the trade of Wilmington. We have said nothing of the 14,000 cotton, fish seed, beeswax, manufactured goods, minerals, &c., &c.; which are shipped from and through our port. We have forbore to do so, because we have been unable to obtain reliable information of the amount and value of these commodities; and in matters of business, it is better not to include in vague conjectures, than to be misled by them. The population, health, business, and wealth, is a subject of the most careless observer, but it is less so our citizens not to be idle. Not to lay his hands upon their ears, but to make a "strong pull, a long pull" on "the tide which leads to fortune." We have already done much yet, much remains to be done—and Wilmingtonians will be intrusted to themselves if they do not accomplish it.—Wilmington Chronicle.

**A YANKEE TRICK.**—A short time since a peddler arrived at Cincinnati, from Boston, with a large stock of tables and chimney clocks, round a store, and made a grand display of his wares, but put such high prices on his articles that no one would buy them. Not many days had passed when another person came, made a seizure of the person and property of the clock merchant, incarcerated the one, and put the ware up for sale, by auction. The notoriety of the circumstance attracted a numerous crowd, and all the clocks were disposed of at extraordinary high prices. The account being wound up, the merchant was released by his creditor, and they both returned on their way rejoicing at having cheated the good citizens of Cincinnati, by selling their timekeepers which would not keep time, and were not worth half the money which they, by the confederacy, had obtained for them.

**THE BATTLE OF TRENTON.**  
THE MANUSCRIPT OF AN EYE-WITNESS.  
"Where's the ballist on the night air sung."  
I had already put my foot in the stirrup before an aid-de-camp from the commander-in-chief galloped up to me with a summons to the side of Washington. The General in chief was already on horseback, surrounded by his staff, and on the point of setting out. He was calm and collected as if in his cabinet. No sooner did he see me than he raised his hat as a signal to halt. I checked my steed on the instant, and lifting my hat waited for his commands.  
"You are a native of this country."  
"Yes your Excellency."  
"You know the road from M'Conhey's ferry to Trenton, by the river and Pennington—the by-roads and all?"  
"As well as I know my own Alphabet," and I patted the neck of my impatient charger.  
"Then I may have occasion for you—you will remain with the staff; at that is a spirited animal you ride, Lieut. Archer," he added, smiling, as the fiery steed made a demouville, that set half the group in commotion.  
"Your Excellency."  
"Never mind," said Washington, smiling again as another impatient spring of my charger cut about the sentence, "I see the heads of the column are in motion, you will remember," and waving his hand, he gave the rein to the steed—while I fell bewildered in the staff.  
The ferry was close at hand, but the intense cold made the march any thing but pleasant.—We all, however, hoped on the morrow to reconquer our country, by striking a signal victory. Column after column of our little army defiled at the ferry, and the night had scarcely set in before the last attachment had been embarked. As I wheeled my horse on the instant to look back thro' the obscurity of the night. The night was dark, wild and threatening, the clouds betokened an approaching tempest, and I could with difficulty penetrate with my eye the increasing gloom.—As I put my hand across my brow to pierce into the darkness, a gust of wind, sweeping down the river, whirled the snow into my face and momentarily blinded my sight. At last I discerned the opposite shore amid the obscurity. The landscape was wild and gloomy. A few desolate log-cabin houses only were in sight, and they now jammed with a crash together and floating slowly and leaving scarcely space for the boats to pass. The dangers of the navigation can better be imagined than described, for the utmost exertions could just prevent the frail structures from being crushed. Occasionally a stray life would be heard whistling over the waters, mingling feebly with the fierce piping of the wind, and anon, the deep toll of the drum would beam across the night, the neigh of a horse would float from the opposite shore, or the crash of the jamming ice would be heard like far-off thunder. The cannon beneath me were dragging a piece of artillery up the ascent, and the men were rapidly forming on the shore below as they landed. It was a stirring scene. At this instant, a band of the regiment struck up an enlivening air, and plunging my towels into my steed, I whirled him around in the road, and went off on a gallop to overtake the General's staff.  
It was now ten o'clock, and so much time had been consumed that it became impossible to reach our destination before daybreak, and consequently all certainty of a surprise was over. A hasty council was therefore called on horseback to determine whether to retreat or not. A few minutes decided. All were unanimous to proceed at every peril.  
"Gentlemen," said Washington, after they had generally spoken, "then we all agree; the attack shall take place—General," he continued, turning to Sullivan, "your brigade shall march by the river road while I will take that by Pennington—let us arrive as near 8 o'clock as possible. But do not pause when you reach the outposts—drive them in before their ranks can form, and pursue them to the very centre of the town. I shall be there to take them in the flank—the rest will leave to take the God of battles. And now gentlemen tour posts. In five minutes we were in motion.  
The eagerness of our troops to come up to the enemy was never more conspicuous than on the morning of that eventful day. We had scarcely left sight of Sullivan's detachment across the intervening fields, before the long threatening storm burst over us. The night was intensely cold; the sleet and rain rattled incessantly upon the men's knapsacks, and the wind shrieked, howled and roared among the old pine trees with terrific violence. At times the snow fell perpendicularly downwards—then it beat horizontally into our faces with furious impetuosity, and again it was sweeping away on the whistling tempest far in to the gloom. The tramp of the men—the low orders of the officers—the occasional rattle of a musket were almost lost in the shrill voice of a gale, or the deep, solemn roar of the forest. Even these sounds at length ceased, and we continued to march in profound silence, increasing as we drew near the outposts of the enemy. The redoubtable violence of the gale, though it added to the sufferings of our brave continentals, was even hailed with joy, as it decreased the chances of our discovery, and made us once more hope for a successful surprise. Nor were the sufferings light. Through that dreadful night nothing but the lofty patriotism of freemen could have sustained them. Half clothed, many shoeless, whole companies without blankets, they yet pressed heavily against the storm, though drenched to the skin, shivering at every blast, and too often marking their footsteps with blood. Old as I am, the recollection is still vivid in my mind. God forbid that such sufferings should ever have to be endured again.  
The dawn at last came but the storm still raged. The trees were borne down with the sleet, and the slush was ankle deep in the roads. The fields that we passed were covered with wet and spongy snow, and the half buried houses looked bleak and desolate in the uncertain morning light. It has been my lot to witness but few such foreboding scenes. At this instant a messenger dashed furiously up to announce that the outposts of the British were being driven in.  
"Forward—forward—forward," cried Washington, himself galloping up to the head of the columns, "push on my brave fellows—on."  
The men started like bunters at the cry of the pack, as their General's voice, seconded by a heavy fire from the riflemen in the van, and forgetting every thing but the foe, marched rapidly in silent eagerness, towards the sound of the conflict. As they emerged from the woods the scene burst upon them.  
The town lay but a short distance ahead, just discernible through the twilight, and seemed buried in repose.  
The streets were wholly deserted, and as yet, the alarm had not reached the main body of the enemy. A single horseman was seen however, fleeing a moment through the mist—he was lost behind a clump of trees, and then re-appeared, dashing wildly down the main street of the village. I had no doubt, but that he was a messenger from the outposts for the re-inforcement, and if suffered to rally once we knew all hope was gone. To the forces he left we now turned our attention.  
The first charge of our gallant continentals had driven the outposts in like the shock of an avalanche. Just aroused from sleep, and taken completely by surprise, they did not at first pretend to make a stand, but retreated rapidly in

disorder before our vanguard. A few moments, however, had sufficed to recall their feeble faculties; and perceiving the insignificant force opposed to them, they halted, hesitated, rallied, poured in a heavy fire, and even advanced cheering to the onset. But at this moment our main body emerged from the wood, and when my eye first fell upon the Hessian grenadiers, they were beginning again to stagger.  
"On—on—push on continentals of the —," shouted the officer in command.  
The men with admirable discipline still forebore their shouts, and steadily pressed on against the now flying outposts. In another instant the Hessians were in full retreat upon the town.  
"By Heaven!" ejaculated an aid-de-camp at my side as a rolling fire of musketry was all at once heard at the distance of half a mile across the village, "there goes Sullivan's brigade—the day is our own."  
"Charge that artillery from a detachment from the eastern regiment," shouted the General as the battery of the enemy was seen a little to the right.  
The men levelled their bayonets, marched steadily to the mouth of the cannon, and before the artillery could bring their pieces to bear, carried them with a cheer. Just then the surprised enemy were seen endeavoring to form in the main street ahead, and the rapidly increasing fire on the side of Sullivan, told that the day in that quarter was fiercely maintained. A few moments of indecision would ruin all.  
"Press on—press on there," shouted the Commander-in-Chief, "charge them before they can form—follow me." The effect was electric. Gallant as they had been before, our brave troops now seemed carried away with perfect enthusiasm. The men burst into a cheer at the sight of their Commander's daring, and dashing into the town carried every thing before them.  
The half formed Hessians opened a desultory fire, fell in before our impetuous attack, wavered, broke, and in five minutes were flying pell-mell through the town—while our troops, with admirable discipline still maintaining their ranks, pressed steadily up the street, driving the foe before them. They had scarcely gone a hundred yards before the banners of Sullivan's brigade were seen floating through the mist ahead—a cheer burst from our men, it was answered back from our approaching comrades, and perceiving themselves hemmed in on all sides, the whole regiment was ours, and the foe having surrendered, every unmanly exultation had disappeared from the countenances of our troops.—The fortune of war had turned against their foe, it was not the part of a brave man to add insult to misfortune.  
We were on the point of dismounting when an aid-de-camp wheeled around the corner of the street ahead, and checking his foaming charger at the side of Washington, exclaimed breathlessly.  
"A detachment has escaped—they are in full retreat on the Princeton road."  
Quick as thought the Commander-in-chief flung himself into the saddle again, and looking hastily around the troop of officers, singled me out.  
"Lieutenant Archer, you know the roads—Colonel C—will march his regiment round and prevent the enemy's retreat. You will take them by the shortest route."  
I bowed in humble submission to the saddle bow, and perceiving the Colonel was some distance ahead, went like an arrow down the street to join him. It was but the work of an instant to wheel the men into a neighboring avenue, and before five minutes the muskets of the retiring foe could be seen through the intervening trees; I had chosen a cross path, which making it were the longest side of a triangle, entered the Princeton road a short distance above the town, and would enable us to cut off the enemy's retreat. The struggle to attain the desired point, where the two roads intersect was short but fierce. We had already advanced, and although the enemy pressed on with the eagerness of despair, our gallant fellows were on their part with the enthusiasm of conscious victory. As we were cheered by finding ourselves ahead, a bold, quick push enabled us to reach it some seconds before the foe, and rapidly facing about as we wheeled into the road, we summoned the discomfited enemy to surrender. In half an hour I reported myself at head quarters as the aid-de-camp to Colonel —, to announce our success.  
The exultation of our countrymen on learning the victory at Trenton, no pen can picture. One universal shout of victory rolled from Massachusetts to Georgia, and we were hailed everywhere as the saviours of the country. The drooping spirits of the colonies were re-animating by the news, the hopes for a successful termination of the contest once more aroused; and the enemies, paralyzed by the blow, retreated in disorder towards Princeton and New Brunswick. Years have passed since then, but I shall never forget the Battle of Trenton.

**THE CHARACTER OF JUDGE STONEY.**  
BY DANIEL WESTER.  
We are persuaded that we gratify our readers no less than ourselves by transferring to our columns from the Boston papers the following report of the remarks of Mr. WESTER, on introducing, at the Bar Meeting of Suffolk (at Boston) the resolutions published in our last, in honor of the memory of Judge STONEY.  
Mr. WESTER addressed the Chair in substance as follows:  
We have just heard from you, sir, a continuation of the solemn fact, which we had previously heard through other channels of intelligence, and which has drawn together the whole Suffolk Bar, and all connected with the courts of this county, to testify their sense of the loss which this country sustained. It is drawn from his retirement the venerable man (Judge DAVIS) whom we all respect and honor, who was for thirty years the associate of the deceased upon the bench. He has called here another Judge (Judge BURTON) who has retired from a seat upon that bench, which you preside, and who was himself the instructor in the law of him whose loss we mourn. The members of the school over which he lately presided, the friends with whom he was associated in public or in private life, have come here to-day. One sentiment only prevails among all, a sense of profound grief. But all of him is not dead. With all our sense of the irreparable loss, we feel that he still lives among us, in his spirit, in his recorded wisdom, and in the decisions of authority which he has pronounced. "Vix enim, vivique semper; atque etiam latius memoria hominum, et sermone, versabitur, postquam ab oculis recessit."  
Chief Justice, the loss is not felt alone among this bar, and in the courts of this Commonwealth, but is felt in every bar and in every court in the Union. It is not confined to this country nor to this continent. He had a wide range of reputation. In the High Court of Parliament, in every court of Westminster Hall, in every distinguished judicature in Europe, in the courts of Paris, of Berlin, of Stockholm, and of St. Petersburg, in the universities of Germany, Italy, and Spain, his authority was received; and when they hear of his death, will agree that such a great luminary has fallen. He has in some measure repaid the debt which America owes to England; and the mother can receive from her daughter, without humiliation and without envy, the reversed hereditary transmission from the child to the parent. By the comprehensiveness of his mind, and by his vast and varied attainments, he was most fitted to compare the codes of different nations, and comprehend the results of such research.  
His love of country was pure, and he regarded justice as the great interest of man, and the only foundation of civilization. On this foundation he has built his fame, and united his own name with that of his country. It was to constitutional law that much of his attention was directed, and in the elucidation of which he was pre-eminent. "Ad rempublicam firmam, et ad stabilendam vires, et amandam populorum omnia eius pergit instituta."  
But it is unnecessary for this day to speak in detail of his public or judicial services. That duty will remain for us to perform, and it will not doubt be executed in a manner worthy of the occasion. Still, in the homage that will be paid to him, there is one tribute which may well come from us. We can bear witness to his strict upright life and purity of character; his simplicity and unostentatious habits; the ease and affability of his intercourse; his great vivacity amidst the severest labors; the cheering and animating tone of his conversation, and his fidelity to his friends; and of some of us can testify to his large and systematic charities, not disposed in a public manner, but gladdening the hearts of those whom he assisted in private, diffusing happiness like the dew of heaven.  
Mr. Chief Justice, one may live as a conqueror, a king, or a magistrate, but he must die as a man. The bed of death brings every man to his pure individuality; to the intense contemplation of the deepest of all relations, the relation between the creature and his creator. This relation the deceased always acknowledged. He revered the Scriptures of Truth; he received from them this lesson, and submitted himself in all things to the will of Providence. His career on earth was sustained. To the last hour of his life, his faculties remained unimpaired, and his lamp went out at the close undimmed, and without flickering or obscurity. His last words which were heard by mortal ears were a fervid supplication to his Maker to take him to himself.

**BRAVE ACT OF A BOY!**  
Mr. Wm. Sublett of Foxhatten, who keeps tavern in the vicinity of Judge Perry, has also a store house, about 50 yards from his dwelling, and across the Canterbury road, leading by his house. One night last week, there was an attempt near day break, to break into this store house. Mr. Sublett's son, Thomas, 14 years old, and a younger brother, slept in it for the protection of the property. Thomas Sublett was awakened by the boring of holes in the door, but took no notice. The window was then assailed, and a pane of glass broken out. This, had he not been guarded by his bed side, would yet make an extraordinary feat for his age, a horse's presence of mind. He could not see the burglar in the hands as he broke the window pane, but would not, for he heard voices without, and knowing there was more than one engaged, resolved his first to make it the more effective, fearing that if he only wounded the assailant, himself and his brother would be murdered: The assailant, having at length broken through the window, and entered the room, young Sublett fell upon him, and with the contents of his gun in his hands, and a coolness and self-command, which, considering his tender age, the time of night, and the circumstances of extreme personal danger, justify the highest commendation.  
The burglar thus shot, never spoke after, and lived but a short time—half an hour we think. He proved to be the property of Robert Pemberton, Esq., of Upper Maiden's Adventure. We know not what became of the assailant, but the next day one of Mr. Pemberton's hirelings was arrested upon suspicion of being an accomplice. It proved to be no robbery, murder the boys, and then bore the store, and was well founded. This incident is now in Foxhatten jail.  
The country, we are sure, will applaud the spirit and self-command of young Sublett. His younger brother did not awake during the whole affair.

Richmond Wigs.

CHARLOTTE, September 19, 1845.  
RAIL ROAD FROM CAMDEN TO CAMDEN.—We are rejoiced to notice from proceedings of meetings in Camden and some other places that the prospect of the Rail Road being taken to Camden is very flattering. The citizens of Camden held an adjourned meeting on the 6th inst., which says the Journal, "was well attended and considerable spirit manifested on the occasion. The road must be built, seems to be felt by every body, and this being the case, we cannot indulge any fears for the result." Eighty thousand dollars have already been subscribed in Camden and twenty-five thousand dollars at Statesburg, Santee District S. C.—Journal.

DESCRIPTION.—A run-away slave is thus described: "He is thick set, usually wears a glass hat, five feet high, and iron shoes with copper eyes."