

# THE BATTLE OF TRENTON.

[From Professor August Young's Famous Historical Painting.]



Washington, with his staff, is seen near the sign post of the Trenton Tavern receiving the surrender of the Hessians. Colonel Rall, the Hessian commander, who was mortally wounded in the fight, is about to be carried into the tavern, which has been converted into a hospital. A white flag by the sign post indicates the use to which the house has been put.)

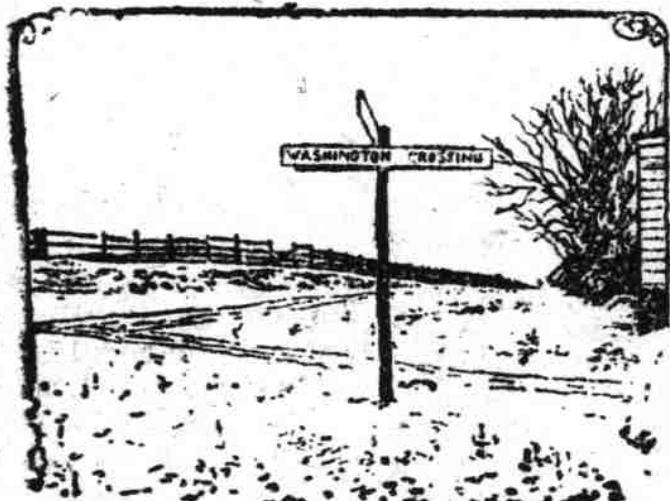
## Washington's Crossing and the Battle of Trenton.

THROUGH the early darkness of the winter's night I had found my way, with the help of sign boards, unseen wagners, and chance wayfarers, across the hills from Princeton to the Delaware, writes a correspondent of Harper's Weekly. And if one goes on a pilgrimage of devotion to the Father of his Country or of penance for his ignorance of history, one would best go in the dusk or darkness. The landscape is too modern by day.

It was disillusionizing to come out of this transforming, hallowing darkness upon a conventional little railway station, with its conventional signal lights—here where I had expected to find a reverent solitude. Where McKonkey's Ferry once was there is a covered bridge over the Delaware. The countersign is two copper coins stamped "United States of America," and it is appropriate, for the crossing of the Delaware on that memorable Christmas night 125 years ago made such a superscription possible.

By repeating a second time this countersign I persuaded the ancient keeper of the bridge to leave the gate unlocked for the night, and when I had by faith and one or two dim lights made my way through this tunnel of darkness and found frugal supper in the tavern on the Pennsylvania bank of the river, I exacted a promise from its keeper, whose only guest I was, to call me at half-past three in the morning. My arrangements for the return march were thus complete. My thoughts were all assembled on the other side of the river ready for the march, and I must lead them to their destination. It will help some future pilgrim to think of those soldiers who, with bleeding feet, marched nine miles over the frozen roads to Trenton after a sleepless night.

The emotions with which I began this Christmas journey were painfully subjective. With eyes somewhat accustomed to the dark, I looked from



THE GUIDE-POST: "WASHINGTON CROSSING, 1 M." (The country road in the background was that over which Washington passed.)

the portholes of the covered bridge down upon the invisible, but noisy, torrent below, and with imaginings that gave me an increased admiration for Colonel John Glover's amphibious men of Marblehead, who ferried soldiers, horses, and cannon over the ice-filled Delaware without the loss of a single soldier, horse or cannon. From the lower portholes I could see the glow of the lights in Trenton reflected by the overhanging clouds, but here was the blackness of despair.

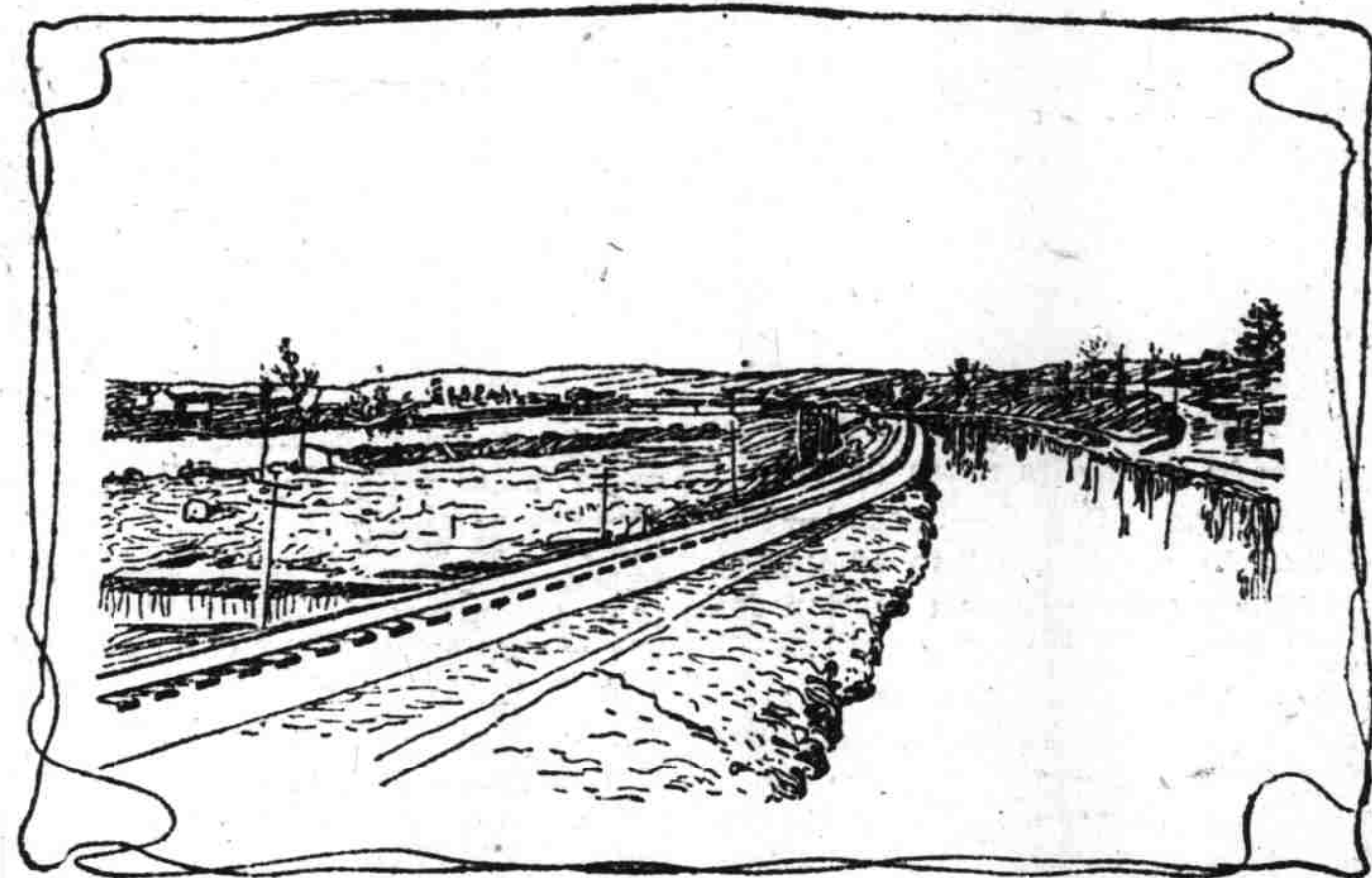
Only on the Jersey bank was there a light, and that, I could easily persuade myself, was the old ferry-house where one of Washington's staff was writing in his diary the record of the night: "Three a. m. . . . The troops are all over, and the boats have gone back for the artillery. We are three hours behind the set time. Glover's men have had a hard time to force the boats through the floating ice and the snow drifting in their faces. I never saw Washington so determined as he is now. He stands on the bank of the river wrapped in his cloak, superintending the landing of the troops. He is calm and collected, but determined. The storm is changing to sleet, and cuts like a knife. The last cannon is being landed, and we are ready to mount our horses."

It was as dark an hour in our history as the night itself was black; but it was the seemingly insuperable obstacles in the way, the very desperation of the situation, that made the victory of the morning possible, so long, at least, as the light of this

ing, it is said, above the crash of ice), and one of his successors in the Presidency (then Lieutenant James Monroe) had passed over that same road.

General Greene's men were ill-clad, ill-shod, ill-fed, and they had had no Christmas vacation. There was another division of like number, equally ill-clad, ill-shod, ill-fed, and uncomplaining, marching, silently and with only remote Christmas memories, down the lower road near the river. Upon these two fragments of an army, the hope of Washington and the cause of liberty depended.

Congress, frightened, had fled to Baltimore, and thousands in Pennsylvania and New Jersey were accepting General Howe's proclamation of protection and swearing allegiance to the British crown. The small army was dwindling; many enlistments expired New Year's Day, which was only a week distant, and in the present dreary prospects re-enlistments were not likely to be numerous. Washington had just written a letter to his brother, in which he said: "If



THE RIVER, CANAL AND RAILROAD NEAR WASHINGTON'S CROSSING.

patriot leader buried in the all but universal gloom.

There still stands a small house a few rods above the bridge where Washington is said to have refreshed himself with coffee before starting upon the march. Yes, Washington had entered that door; he had drunk coffee made in that very fireplace; he had kissed the great-grandmother or the great-great-aunt of the present owner, for her kindness, and with his men had gone marching down the lane (through which I stumbled myself later) on his way to the main road.

The entire army marched to Bear Tavern, thence to Birmingham, and there the divisions separated: General Sullivan's division, with whom were St. Clair and Stark, taking the "River Road" to the right, and General Greene's the "Scotch Road" to the left, leading down through the woods and past the race-course to the Pennington Road. It was this latter division which Washington accompanied, and it gave me a real sense of companionship with the great men of the early days of the republic to remember, as I plowed through the mud ankle-deep, beset by rain, that not only Washington himself, but his first Secretary of the Treasury (then Captain Alexander Hamilton), his first Secretary of War (then Colonel Henry Knox, whose voice could be heard that night at the Cross-

every nerve is not strained to recruit a new army I think the game is up. I cannot entertain the idea that our cause will finally sink, though it may remain for some time under a cloud." It was more than a coincidence that the password that night was "Victory or Death."

Below Birmingham, after the divisions had separated, a courier clattering across fields reported to Washington that the muskets of many of the men were rendered useless by the



OLD HOUSE WHERE WASHINGTON TOOK BREAKFAST, DECEMBER 26, 1776.

sleet, in spite of their efforts to keep the priming covered with their handkerchiefs or coats. And the answer that was spoken through the darkness with determined voice was suggestive of the temper that dictated that password: "Then tell the general (Sullivan) to use the bayonet and penetrate into the town; for the town must be taken, and I am resolved to take it."

It was difficult and uncomfortable enough making one's way even when unencumbered through the wind and rain and mud, but how much more painful the march must have been up and down those same hills glazed with ice, for those men with muskets and in tatters.

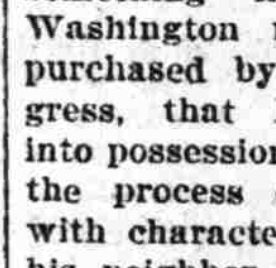
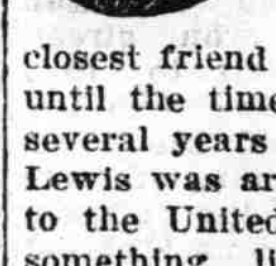
Washington and his two little armies did not reach the Hessian outposts till eight o'clock. He had planned to make the attack under the cover of the night, but there had been a delay at the Crossing, and clouds could no longer keep back the light. There was no choice, however; retreat would have meant certain disaster. I had made a quicker journey, but as I came out of the woods the dawn was upon the road. It was no longer possible to keep up the illusion of the night, and through the yet hazy morning I could see the tall battle monument from whose height the figure of Washington guards the town.

### Relics Made Into Cuff Buttons.

A pair of pearl and gold cuff buttons which in the form of waistcoat buttons were owned by George Washington and worn by him upon the occasion of his inauguration as President and also at his marriage to Martha Dandridge Custis, are the valued possession of Professor Leonidas Polk Wheat, of Virginia, now living in Washington. These modest but greatly cherished relics of Washington are among the few personal belongings of General Washington that have not been purchased or otherwise obtained by the Government.

Professor Wheat is a member of one of the oldest families in Clark County, Virginia, where resides a colony of descendants of the Washington family. The buttons were presented to Professor Wheat by Henry Lewellyn Dangerfield Lewis, great-great-nephew of General Washington.

Mr. Lewis was Professor Wheat's



closest friend and neighbor from 1878 until the time of the former's death, several years ago. It was when Mr. Lewis was arranging for the transfer to the United States Government of something like \$40,000 worth of Washington relics, which had been purchased by a special act of Congress, that Professor Wheat came into possession of the buttons. During the process of packing Mr. Lewis, with characteristic generosity, invited his neighbor to select from the collection some souvenir. Professor Wheat selected two buttons from Washington's waistcoat and had them made into cuff buttons.

Professor Wheat obtained from Mr. Lewis and his wife a written guarantee that the buttons had been the property of George Washington and had been worn by him on several occasions, notably at his inauguration as the first President of the United States, and also at his wedding.

The buttons are of unique design, and in diameter about the size of a silver half-dollar. Evidence of their authenticity is engraved on the reverse side of the buttons, and reads as follows: "Geo. P. W. from H. L. D. L. Property of George Washington."—New York Herald.

### Famous Sayings of Washington.

To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual means of preserving peace.

'Tis our policy to steer clear of permanent alliances with any portion of the foreign world.

The pure and benign light of revelation has a meliorating influence on mankind.

Arbitrary power is most easily established on the ruins of liberty abused to licentiousness.

There is an indissoluble union between a magnanimous policy and the solid rewards of public prosperity and felicity.

Of all dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity religion and morality are indispensable supports. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle.

Born in a land of liberty, my anxious recollections, my sympathetic feelings and my best wishes are irresistibly excited whenever in any country I see an oppressed nation unfurl the banners of freedom.

The preservation of the sacred fire of liberty and the destiny of the republican model of government are justly considered as deeply, perhaps as finally, staked on the experiment intrusted to the hands of the American people.

### HE THOUGHT HE KNEW IT ALL.

I knew a man who thought he knew it all. He knew how earth became a rolling ball. He knew the source and secret of all life. He also knew how Adam came to fall. He knew the causes of the glacial age. And what it was that made the deluge rage. He knew—in fact, he knew most everything. In his own mind he was earth's greatest sage.

His knowledge was of such stupendous girth. It took in everything upon the earth. And in the heavens; but most strange of all, He didn't know a thing of real worth.

He knew where people go when they are dead. He knew all wonders ever sung or said. He knew the past and future; but for all He didn't know enough to earn his bread.

He was a marvel of omniscience. He knew the secret of the hence and whence. He was a bundle of great theories. The only thing he lacked was common sense.

—J. A. Edgerton, in Denver (Col.) News.



Little Elmer—"Papa, what is it that makes a statesman great?" Professor Broadhead—"Death, my son."—Harper's Bazaar.

'Tis not because her ways are chill, Nor that she's ily bred; It's just because she's dressed to kill She tries to cut me dead. —Philadelphia Record.

Visitor—"Well, Joy, I am glad to see that you are not at all shy." Joy—"Oh, no, I am not shy now, thank you. But I was very when I was born!"—Punch.

Mrs. Crawford—"I suppose you suffer a great deal from your dyspepsia?" Mrs. Crabsaw—"Not half as much as I did when my husband had it."—Judge.

When men do foolish things we say: "That is, indeed, their natural way." And if they're wise, we're not content— We murmur: "Twas an accident." —Washington Star.

Lady Visitor—"And was your husband good and kind to you during your long illness?" Parishoner—"Oh! yes, miss, 'c just was kind; 'e was more like a friend than a 'usband."—London Tatler.

Miss Angular—"Do you think my age is beginning to tell on me?" Miss Plumpleigh—"Yes, dear, but then you have no cause for worry. It doesn't begin to tell the whole truth."—Chicago News.

"De Graff" is one of the most remarkably successful financiers this city has produced in a decade. "I thought he was broke." "Broke? Why, that man can write his debts in six figures!"—Indianapolis News.

Mrs. O'Flinn—"I'm writin' to the schule tacher, darlin', an' I want ut to be foine. How many capitals do you put into a sentence?" Jennie—"Och, be generous with them. Put in half a dozen."—Boston Courier.

"Tut, tut," said the dentist. "That nerve does not reach up so far as you say. It is not a foot long at all. That's all in your mind." "Um-m-m-n!" groaned the writhing man, "It surely feels as if it were nearly all there!"—Atlanta Constitution.

"Henry, how is the plot of that sea novel running?" "Well, just at this chapter there is a terrible storm and the passengers are afraid the boat will go to the top." "You mean to the bottom." "No; this is a submarine boat."—Philadelphia Record.

"And now that you are through college, what are you going to do?" asked a friend of the youthful candidate. "I shall study medicine," was the grave reply of the young man. "But isn't that profession already over-crowded?" asked the friend. "Possibly it is," answered the knowing youth, "but I propose to study medicine just the same, and those who are already in the profession will have to take their chances."—Tit-Bits.

Breastworks of Snow as a Defense.

Recent experiments made in Norway have proved that snow is a substance which offers a surprising resistance to penetration by a rifle bullet. Its resistance has been found to be far greater than wood, though not, of course, so great as earth. It was shown that a wall of snow, four feet thick, is absolutely proof against the Norwegian army rifle, which is an arm of great penetrative force. Volleys were fired at the snow breastworks, first at a distance of half a mile, and then gradually at decreasing distances, until the range was only fifty yards, and the white walls were not once penetrated. This suggests a new means of field defense in winter campaigning, snow being much more easily handled than earth or sand bags. Troops intrenching themselves in snow banks would be a novel and picturesque sight. It is disputed whether or not Andrew Jackson made use of cotton bales in his defenses at the battle of New Orleans, though he got the credit for having done so. Whether he did or not, he will have to give place in the matter of novel breastworks to the general who shall first use field fortifications of snow.