



COLONEL STEWART AND HIS ADJUTANT RECONNOITRING.

813  
WATER WAIF:

A

Story of the Revolution.

FOUNDED ON INCIDENTS CONNECTED WITH  
THE BATTLE OF TRENTON.

BY

ELIZABETH S. BLADEN.

For Library Use Only

DO NOT CIRCULATE



J813

B632

PHILADELPHIA:

CLAXTON, REMSEN & HAFFELFINGER,

624, 626 & 628 MARKET STREET.

1876.

.....

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1876, by  
ELIZABETH S. BLADEN,  
in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

.....

J. FAGAN & SON,  
STEREOTYPE FOUNDERS,  
PHILADELPHIA.

Selheimer & Moore, Printers,  
501 Chestnut Street.



TO

*One whose name is synonymous with Benevolence and Patriotism, whose comprehensive mind and liberal sentiments have been mainly instrumental in bringing to a successful issue both Civic and National Enterprises; the Father of the Episcopal Hospital, and the chief promoter of the Centennial Celebration of his country's glories,*

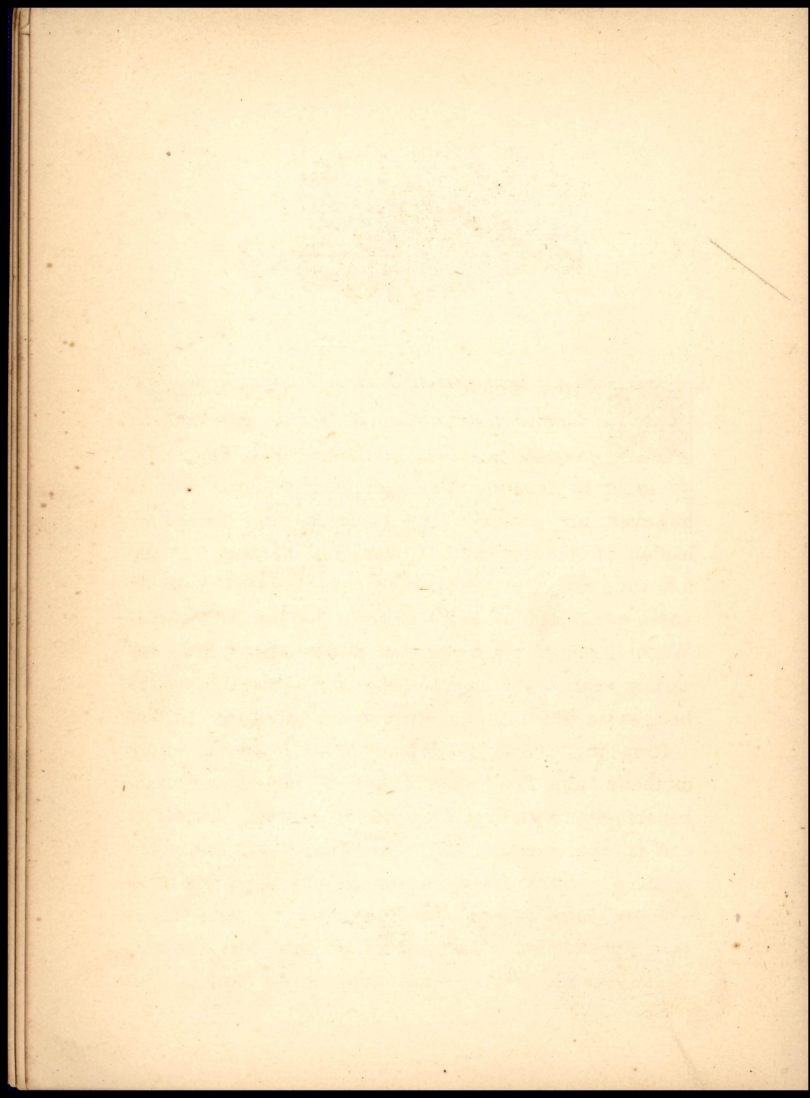
JOHN WELSH, Esq.,

OF PHILADELPHIA,

*This Little Volume is Respectfully Dedicated*


*BY THE AUTHORESS.*







PREFACE

N the contemplation of the grand doings of nations, the historian is apt to pass over in silence those little events in daily life which go so far to illustrate the character of a hero. These, however, are preserved by tradition, and the recollection of some of them, woven into narrative in the following pages, is designed to convey to the mind of youth a just estimate of the sterling character of General Washington, the mainspring of whose actions, from his earliest years to the closing scene of a Christian's death-bed, was a steadfast adherence to the principles of truth.

It was my fortune in childhood to see frequently at my mother's table the relict of one of our revolutionary heroes—the widow of General Armstrong. Indeed, I can faintly remember that silver-haired and portly old gentleman himself, who on sunny days appeared occasionally seated at the door of his house. I have also a vivid recollection of that stately old lady, Mrs. General Hollingsworth, whose white book-muslin turban and

surplice formed such a striking contrast to the dress of other ladies of that period. Partly from hearsay and partly from the subsequent conversation of my elders, I gleaned the main incidents of this story, as well as many other reminiscences of the daily life of Mrs. Washington at such times through the Revolution when she visited her husband during his military career. One of these I cannot refrain from relating, since it rather grotesquely illustrates the necessities of the times.

“On one occasion,” said Mrs. Hollingsworth, (who, by the way, was called Aunt Hollingsworth by every body who knew her in the city of Pittsburgh, where she resided,) “Mrs. Washington invited us all to tea. There was quite a large party of distinguished officers with their wives present. When the butter was served, it was execrable, and Mrs. Washington said to the colored man who waited upon us,—

“‘Thomas, this is not the butter we had at dinner; bring some other.’

“Thomas went out of the room, returning with a new supply which proved no better than the first.

“‘Thomas,’ said Mrs. Washington, ‘I know we have better butter than this; bring in the butter crock.’

“‘I can’t, Missus, indeed I can’t,’ replied Thomas.

“‘Nonsense, Thomas,’ spoke up the General; ‘do at once as your mistress bids you.’

“After a prolonged absence, Thomas reappeared

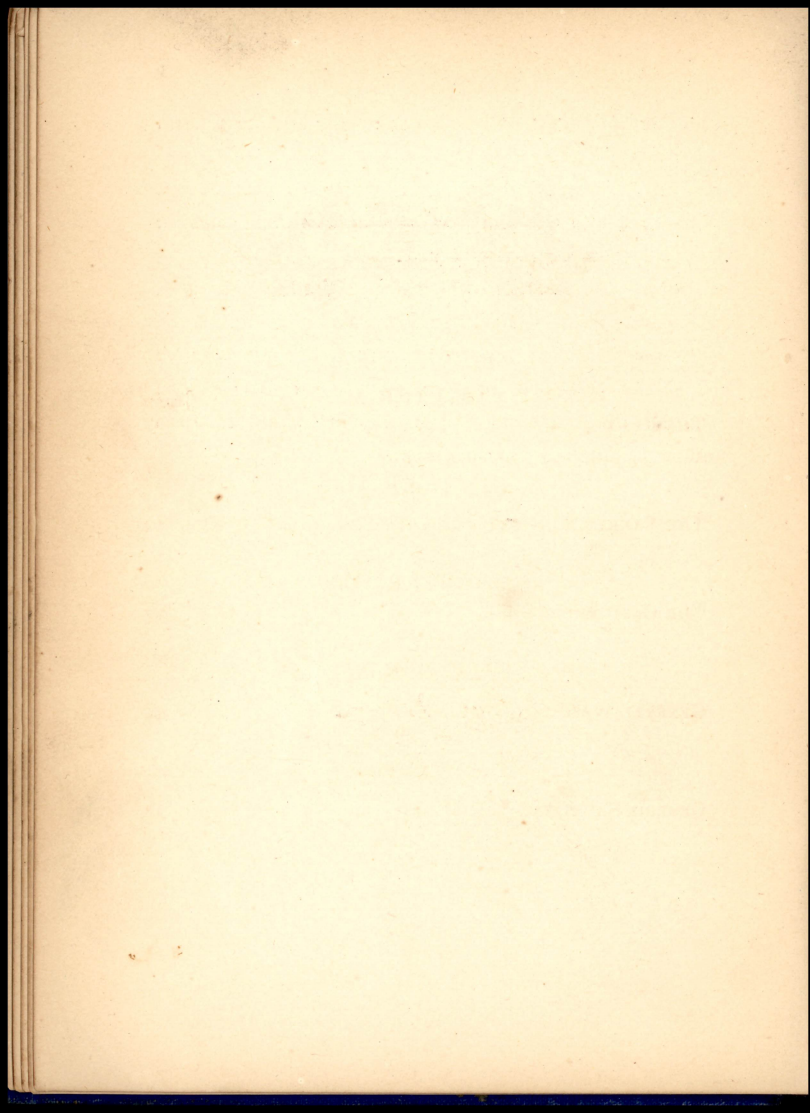
carrying the butter crock, which turned out to be a china washbasin."

The difficulty of getting crockery was so great at that time that this was the best substitute which could be found for that necessary utensil.

What trifling details go to make up the life of a hero, our young readers can judge from this anecdote.

It is well, at this season of centennial celebration, to recall the virtues of the great men of the past; that in this instance they may serve to point a moral, if not adorn a tale, is my earnest hope.

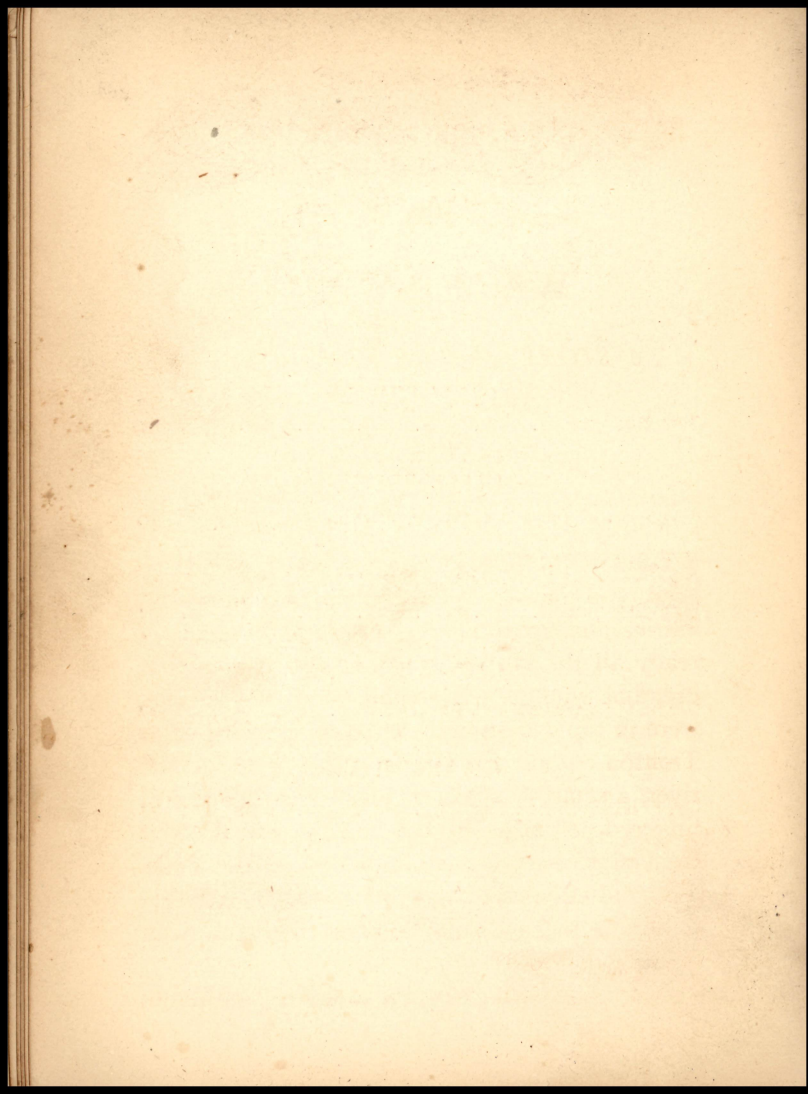






# CONTENTS

	PAGE
CHAPTER I.	
THE RESCUE . . . . .	7
CHAPTER II.	
THE YANKEE PONY AND THE TORY COW . . . . .	19
CHAPTER III.	
THE CAPTURE . . . . .	34
CHAPTER IV.	
GENERAL WASHINGTON'S PRESENT. . . . .	42
CHAPTER V.	
GEORGIE SAVES HER FATHER . . . . .	71






# WATER-WAIF:

*A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.*

---

## CHAPTER I.

### THE RESCUE.

ASHINGTON'S army had crossed the Delaware. The last flat-bottomed boat had reached the Jersey shore, and already all the gallant soldiers who passed that dreadful winter in the camp at Valley Forge, were in rapid motion to fall upon the British at Trenton. On the Pennsylvania side of the river, a small detachment of the rear-guard still lingered, left there by the humane and prudent General to succor any stragglers whose weakness and exhaustion had prevented their keeping up with the main body of the American forces.

Around a roaring fire, five men were gathered,

for the weather, beginning to assume the bitter cold of winter, was damp and penetrating, while a chilling, sleeting rain had begun to fall.

Four of these men were clad in home-spun garments, with little about them to indicate their military character, save their arms, and that martial bearing which is inseparable from long and disciplined service. The fifth, was differently attired, and seemed, by his costume, to be better off than the others, and more careful of his personal appearance. He wore the original Continental costume. A dark blue swallow-tailed coat, a buff vest, knee breeches, long ribbed stockings, and a jaunty turned-up hat, adorned with the buck tail. His companions were cooking their breakfast, which, owing to the fact, that one of them had just received a visit from his wife, was somewhat more luxurious than the soldiers of the Revolution usually enjoyed. This man's name was Silas Jones, and his farm was within five miles of the present camp. When Washington made his successful move across the Delaware the whole surrounding country was roused, and persons having friends in the army made every effort to see them. In this, however, they were not always successful, for troops on a rapid march

have no time to talk to any one, but when, as in the present case, the men were stationary for a few hours, their relatives generally managed to carry them some comforts. Mrs. Jones had walked all the distance from her home to see her husband, carrying on her arm a basket of provisions, a flannel shirt and two pairs of knitted hose, which had been made by her daughter, Nannie. This last was the most acceptable gift that could be made to a soldier in those days, both because woven stockings were almost impossible to get and also for the reason that knitted ones are the only things in which a soldier could march comfortably. When Mrs. Jones found that her husband was likely to remain for a day or two in her neighborhood she started back to her farm, determined to return before night with additional supplies — but this time she would drive Troutwine, her pony. Troutwine had been on a long journey the previous day, and his mistress remembering that a “merciful man is merciful to his beast” preferred to let him rest while she made the journey on foot. However, she would return with Troutwine in the evening, who would, by that time, be himself again, for he was a young and frisky little fellow, and so much in the habit of play-

ing with the Jones children that he was as full of frolic as they were.

On one occasion when the British had gone through that portion of the country, carrying off all the horses and cattle they could find, the officer in command of a foraging party had taken possession of Troutwine. The Jones children clung around their equine friend with cries and tears, beseeching the captain to leave them their playfellow, but in vain. He mounted him himself and attempted to ride off, but Troutwine refused to move. At this show of stubbornness the officer grew angry, dug his cruel spurs into the pony's sides, lashing him savagely with his whip. Trout said nothing, as indeed he could not be expected to do, but placing his fore-feet firmly on the ground, and giving a tremendous kick with his hind heels, pitched the Englishman over his head, where he landed in a great mud puddle, and before the soldiers could recover from their surprise he galloped into the woods. The raiders having no time to lose were therefore obliged to depart without Troutwine. The next morning, before the Jones family were up, they heard a low whinnying at the back kitchen door, and when they all ran down together to open it, in walked Trout

straight up to the fire as though he wanted to warm himself.

As a rule, Mrs. Jones did not allow this sort of intrusion, for she thought Trout's place was in the stable, but to-day she could not say a word, and the patriotic pony breakfasted off wheat bread and apples for that morning, at least. After this escape, Trout seemed to have a dread of anything red, that being the color of the uniform of the British soldiers, so the Jones girls gave up wearing scarlet ribbons for his sake. Indeed, Troutwine was one of those characters that are always meeting with adventures. Even his name had come to him in a singular fashion.

Mr. Jones was very fond of fishing. His favorite sport was to go off into the hills and fish for those little speckled fish called trout, in which the brooks at that time abounded. His boys took after him in this love of sport, and would frequently go down to the river and bring home a fine string of fish to their mother.

One summer day, all the children started off to fish, and the pony went, too, to carry Bessie, a little pet aged five. Bessie wanted "to fess" too, she said, so her brother Silas gave her a line to hold in the water. Bessie soon dis-

covered that the line had no hook, so she called to her brother,

“Si, I can’t fess wisout a hook. ’At’s not the way to fess.”

So Silas tied a hook to the line, bidding Bessie be careful not to let it catch in her clothing. She sat for some time quietly enough, but presently the pony, who had been browsing on the grass, got tired of the constant biting of the flies and trotted up to the water’s edge where Bessie sat.

“Oh, pony!” said Bessie, “do ou want to fess too; well ou can.” Whereupon she tied the end of her line to one of his feet and began to build a dam with little stones. Pony finding the water pleasant to his hoofs wandered out farther into the stream, where he stood quietly gazing up and down. Presently he felt a pull at the line and jerked his foot up. There was another dreadful tug, and pony, after his usual fashion when frightened, scampered off into shore. Silas thinking something was wrong, ran after him and found that he had landed a large water-turtle.

“Oh, come, Bessie,” he called out; “come and see what pony has caught.”

Bessie ran up breathless, and, seeing a turtle,

cried, "Oh, my pony, he caught a toutline!" Silas tried to explain to her that a turtle was not a trout, or, indeed, a fish at all, but she burst into tears at such a suggestion, and persisting in calling him her "Toutline," the whole family adopted the name. So pony was thereafter called "Troutline" by Mrs. Jones, "Toutwine" by Bessie, and "Trout" by the boys.

But to return to our soldiers. At the time our story opens, one man was making some rye coffee in an iron pot, another held a huge slice of salt pork on a stick over a fire, while Jones himself was cutting and distributing large slices of delicious home-made bread to his comrades.

"This is a luxury," said the man in the bucktail hat, whose name was Wildare. "I have n't tasted a bite of home-made bread for six months, and then such bread as this, baked in a brick oven, it's enough to make a man fight two armies."

"Mrs. Jones is a good baker," said Jones, sententiously. "She's a clever woman, and a contriving woman, take her all and all, though she's overly neat about her kitchen, but if it had n't been for her managing ways my farm would have gone to the dogs this three years past. War's a sad thing after all. When Con-

gress called for more men, three years ago, to defend the country, I was just getting my harvest in. Likely sheaves of wheat as ever you see. I said, I'll have to wait a week till we house this, Sallie. The country'll have to do without Silas Jones for one more week."

"Silas Jones," said Sallie, "is that the kind of a father my boys have got? Suppose every man would wait a week before he enlisted, how much harvest would the red coats leave in your barns after you did house it? No, sir; you go and fight for General George Washington, and I'll get the harvest in—and she did it. She took care of the farm and the house and the children, and never was the chance missed of sending me the best she could get."

"You're a lucky man, Jones," said a gloomy-looking man, who sat near. "My poor wife died of fright when the armies were in Jersey. When I left her, I saw it in her face that we were parting forever in this life, but she clasped her little baby in her arms and bid me go. One night a party of British troops was passing our poor cabin. One of the men, in pure wantonness, fired his musket in the window, the ball struck my child in her mother's arms. Through snow and cold she ran with her dying little one

to the nearest neighbor's house, and by morning she was a raving maniac. But I'll pay them, I'll pay them," he added, savagely, as he grasped his musket. "If this war lasts twenty years, it would not be long enough for me. I never spare a red coat, for how do I know but he's the man that shot my child?"

"That's the way to talk, Elliot," shouted Wildare, "kill the varmints, they need it." "Friends," said Jones, solemnly, "I'm sorry to hear you talk so. It's bad to harbor such thoughts in your heart; while it's right to fight for your country, to fight for revenge is murder." Jones was a God-fearing man, who never neglected to say a word in season to his companions, who, many of them separated from home and church and refining influences, often forgot the holy teachings of their childhood. What more he might have added was interrupted by a hasty exclamation from Wildare, who sprang to his feet, and advancing to the river, cried, "What's that?"

All the men followed him and looked out upon the swollen stream, which, now grown to a flood, was pouring an increased volume of water between its banks. Though the river was pretty well broken up, occasional blocks of ice

made their appearance. These had jammed against jutting points on the shore, but in some cases, becoming detached, they floated like miniature icebergs down the current. Here and there they lapped upon each other and had proved the most formidable obstacles to the broad flat-bottomed boats, in which, under the cover of the darkness, Washington had crossed the river. Logs and broken furniture went sweeping along, while, through the drizzling sleet, the artillery of the combatant forces might be heard with a dull booming sound, conveyed to the ear through the moist atmosphere. Over all hung a leaden sky enhancing the general gloom of nature.

Right in the middle of the stream a small white frame house was visible. It floated rapidly on, supported by the floor of a porch which surrounded it. It was apparently one of those little summer tenements put up on the river's bank, where the wealthier citizens of the period were in the habit of spending their summer holidays.

"There's lots of plunder in that house," said Wildare, "and I am going to board it."

"Are you mad, Wildare?" cried his companions. "You would risk your life in that flood."

"I don't care if I do," replied Wildare, "I bet you there's something to warm me up there," and he hastily removed his hat and shoes.

In another moment he was buffeting the stream with the long, easy strokes of a practised swimmer. The struggle against the force of the current was a fierce one, but he was a man of herculean strength, and before his comrades had recovered from their horror at his temerity, he had reached the house, and, clinging to the porch, succeeded in getting in. In breathless silence they awaited his reappearance, for every moment seemed to threaten him with destruction. Jones put up a silent prayer for his preservation, for, in spite of his reckless ways, Wildare had many good qualities, and was a brave soldier.

In a few moments they saw him at the door, carrying a large bundle under his arm.

"Throw that away," shouted Jones. "You cannot swim with one arm in that current."

Wildare's only answer was a long jump into the river, where he struck out with vigor.

All the men now shouted to him to drop his burden, but he heedlessly struggled on. A trunk of a tree which was sweeping past came

rapidly toward him — one blow from that would have been fatal, but Wildare saw his danger, he made a rapid curve, and sent it rushing by. On he came, sometimes treading water, sometimes swimming. Once he lay upon his back and floated, and at last he reached a point within ten feet of the shore. The watchers breathed again, but just as they thought he was saved, a huge block of ice became loosened from its fastenings, and with a great crash struck him on the free arm. Still he did not drop his burden, but with his head above water, gazed piteously at his friends.

“I can stand this no longer,” cried Elliot, “even if he is a fool, he shan’t go down without help,” and tearing off his coat, he sprang into the water, and quickly reached him. But Wildare had only been stunned, and with Elliot to help, he at last reached the shore. The men carried him to the fire, and attempted to relieve him of his burden.

“Yes, look at it,” said Wildare, as he sank exhausted on the earth, and drawing off a dripping blanket, the rude soldiers saw gazing up at them the sweet eyes of a little child.



## CHAPTER II.

### THE YANKEE PONY AND THE TORY COW.

**F** a bombshell had fallen in the midst of the five men seated by the camp-fire, they would each and all have been alert for action, but this sudden advent of the beautiful, helpless little infant filled them with consternation. Wildare, who was returning to animation, was overwhelmed with questions. But with that practical availability which was one of his most striking characteristics, he at once applied himself to making the little one comfortable.

First he laid aside a little lace cap which had been bound around her head with a brown ribbon. The cap was neatly lined and wadded, and had doubtless been instrumental in saving her life in the seething flood from which she had been recovered. Next he removed a brown woollen dress, which was made of some soft fabric, and fastened at the waist with a broad

sash of brown ribbon, then two dainty skirts trimmed with lace, the little shirt, and finally two tiny shoes and stockings. When all were taken off, a delicate chain of gold was found around the child's neck, to which was attached a gold locket, engraved on which were the initials C. S. Inside the locket were seen a miniature of a lady, and two locks of hair.

Wildare did not stop to examine it, however. He borrowed Elliot's brandy flask and rubbed the little one thoroughly. "Now give me some dry things," he said.

"Dry things!" replied the men; "you'll have to take our shirts then, they're all we've got that's dry."

"Not so bad as that," said Wildare. "Jones, let us have those stockings you were bragging on a while ago."

"What can you do with stockings?" asked Jones, as he handed them over.

"You'll see," returned Wildare, taking the long hose and poking the babe's feet and legs into one of them, which was wide and long enough to come up nearly to her waist, the mate of which he tied around her, while the remaining pair he carefully stretched across her breast and shoulders. Then taking a blanket,

he wrapped her two or three times in it, head and all, leaving nothing but eyes, nose, and mouth peeping out. Then mixing a little of the brandy with some water, he poured it down her throat and said "he thought she would do."

When he had finished his preparations for the child's comfort, and not before, he consented to gratify his comrades' curiosity in regard to how he found her.

"After I boarded the house," he said, "it was so dark that I could hardly see anything, so I went feeling about in hopes of getting something valuable, or at least a few bottles of wine, for I knew those rich fellows who build these little fish-houses generally keep good supplies in them. Presently I came to a corner where a wooden case lay. While I was fumbling around, I heard something breathe. I thought it was a cat, and said, 'Well, puss, I'll give you a chance to swim for it;' but as I tried to catch it by the back of the neck, a small hand caught my finger, and I found it was a child. Just then the house began to rock like a cradle, and I determined to make a rush for my life; but the baby held on to me. So I said, 'Well, young one, we'll try it together.' I took her in my arms, jumped in the river, and if it had n't been for you, old

fellow, we would have gone down together." With which he grasped Elliot's hand, and gave it a hearty shake.

His listeners were deeply moved. Wildare was a cool hand in a fight, and even out of a battle rather too fond of a quarrel; he drank deeply, swore, and did many other things that were reprehensible, but low down in his heart there was a deep well of tender pity, which God had made the instrument of a life's redemption. Things, however, were now growing serious. The day was advancing, and the little one was getting hungry.

"She'll starve," said one of the men, who always took a gloomy view of things. "We hain't no victuals fit for babies."

Wildare, however, soon solved this difficulty, for, giving her a piece of warm fat in one hand and a chunk of bread in the other, she not only began to eat with all the ferocity of juvenile hunger, but recovered her energies sufficiently to daub her preserver's face all over with her provender.

"Hold her a minute," exclaimed Wildare, as he placed her in the gloomy man's arms; and, seizing a tin-cup, started off at a run.

"What freak is he after now?" asked Jones. "That man is never still."

“Well, he’s our sergeant,” said Elliot, “and has a right to do as he thinks best.”

Wildare ran rapidly till he came to a fence, which he jumped, when he reached the object of his search. This was a cow, which his quick eye had caught sight of in the distance. Fortunately, he found she had not been milked since early morning; and having had frequent practice in amateur foraging, he soon filled his cup, with it he returned in triumph to his friends. Taking the baby, he placed the contents to her lips, which she finished in an incredibly short time.

“I guess I’ll keep that cow,” said Wildare, again starting off, and before his astonished friends could realize it, he had taken off his belt and led her into camp, where he picketed her securely with a bayonet.

“Suppose, sergeant, that that cow belongs to some poor family, who are depending on her for their support,” exclaimed Jones.

“We won’t suppose anything of the kind,” returned Wildare; “we’ll suppose she is a Tory cow, and I have made her a prisoner of war. At any rate, I’ve confiscated too many cows for my own use to let baby suffer for the want of this one. So, baby, there’s mammy till a

better one comes along ; and now, there 's your baby until you get leave of absence."

After awhile the little thing fell asleep, and Wildare, taking her in his arms, was soon nodding over her, for he was worn out by his late exertions and began to feel their effects. Indeed, his shoulder had been severely cut, and the exposure in the ice-bound river began to tell upon him ; but it was not until there was no necessity for immediate exertion on behalf of his little charge that his body overpowered his will, reaction setting in.

As the day crept on he grew feverish, had pains in all his bones, and experienced the utter sense of depression, which is usually the forerunner of a severe illness. Jones, seeing his condition, began to grow anxious about him, for they were miles from any dwelling. He had just suggested to his comrades the necessity for one of them to go and seek assistance, when a cheering object hove in sight. A stout little pony, drawing a covered wagon, in which a woman and a boy were seated, was indeed a welcome sight. It was Troutwine and Mrs. Jones and Bobby Jones, the latter a sharp-witted boy of thirteen, who sprang into his father's arms with shouts of joy.

"Why, Bob, how you have grown," cried his father. "I thought you was Silas."

Mrs. Jones descended from the vehicle, removing a huge basket and several hampers.

"Why, old woman, you must have thought we were going to stay here all winter from the lots of things you've brought," laughed Jones, while his eyes glistened with suppressed tears, at this evidence of his wife's thought for him.

"Well, Silas, you see," said his wife, "I could not do less than bring a joint, and a pair of blankets, and Nannie would send some pumpkin pies, and Aunt Theo would roast a pair of biddies (biddies were chickens), and Silas sent a bushel of apples, and Bob would bring some walnuts and shellbarks, and Bessie boiled a dozen eggs. It looks bulkier than it is, but I don't think, when there's five of you here, that there'll be much to carry outside when you march, unless it's the nuts, which ain't worth much anyhow."

"We'll have a feast at any rate," returned Silas, "and thank you kindly; but it's a pity you did n't bring anything for our baby."

"Your what?" exclaimed Mrs. Jones, in dismay.

Silas led her to poor Wildare, who, now

nearly unconscious, lay stretched with the sleeping child in his arms, before the fire, and recited to her all the incidents which we have already related.

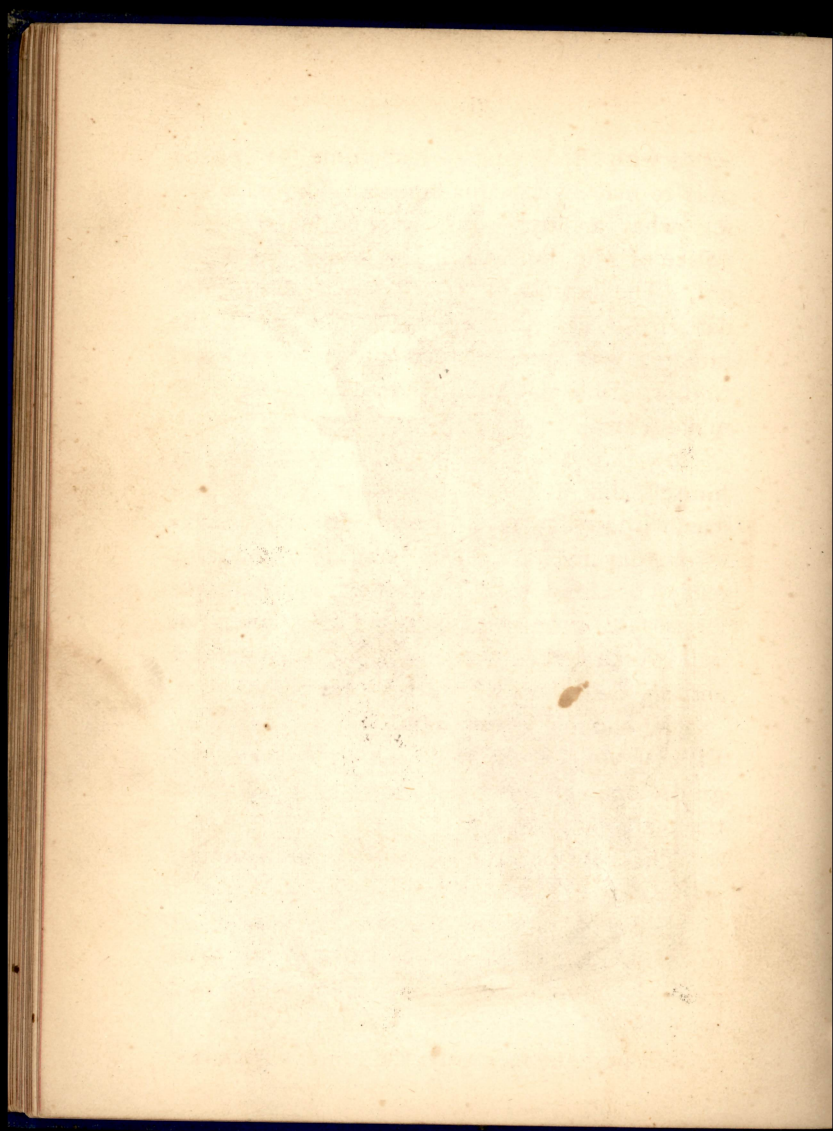
“I’ll tell you what,” said Mrs. Jones, “you’ve got to put that man and that child in that wagon, and I’ll drive them back to Hillside before night, for your Sergeant’s bound to have a tough pull for his life, or I’m much mistaken.”

Upon consultation with the other men, it was decided that Mrs. Jones’ plan was a good one, and as the detachment was only to stop in its present locality until the next day, and then cross the river to join the main body of the army, no other course seemed practicable. Wildare was lifted carefully into the wagon, and made as comfortable as possible. Mrs. Jones took the sleeping babe in her arms, and after an affectionate adieu to her husband, Troutwine’s head was turned towards home.

It was not in the nature of Troutwine, however, to remain an unnoticed or inactive spectator of any scene. He had stood patiently for some time, while preliminaries were arranged, and then getting tired of doing nothing, he began looking around for possibilities. At last he spied the captive cow, and being on friendly



HILLSIDE.



terms with the bovine race at home, he moved over to make her acquaintance. The cow seeing what a little pony he was did not take notice of him, but with his wagon it was different. The bottom of which having been filled with fresh hay, to keep warm the feet of the inmates, was a subject of much greater interest to her. She put in her head and began to make a meal.

Now, Trout not being able to reach the hay himself, did not feel inclined to let the cow feast with impunity, and being otherwise unable to prevent her, he turned round and took a nip out of her hind leg. At this sudden and painful assault in the rear, the cow gave a jump and pull, which jerked out the bayonet picket-pin, and off she raced to parts unknown.

The sudden commotion startled the men, Elliot giving a shout, at which Wildare, languidly opening his eyes, inquired, "What was the matter?"

"The cow has run off with your bayonet," said Elliot.

"Didn't I tell you she was a Tory cow?" asked Wildare, with a feeble smile; "but never mind the bayonet, it will pay for the milk I took for baby."

All things being ready, the pony was started.

The rain had ceased before the influence of a sharp wind, and as night began to fall, a gibbous moon rose slowly in the murky sky. Serenely she came sailing up a dark-browed cloud, and as she passed its rugged border, cast a flood of silver radiance over the beautifully diversified rolling country through which the travellers passed. For a time their road lay through a section recently traversed by Washington and his army. That humane and eminent commander had given the strictest orders to respect private property, but no war can be carried on, even in the holiest of causes, without great suffering following in its footsteps. Fences were broken down, homesteads deserted, and the general desolation struck a chill of horror to the heart of the observer.

As Mrs. Jones gazed on the universal havoc, she sent up an inward prayer for the quick coming of the reign of the Prince of Peace, which would turn the hearts of the tyrants to her suffering countrymen. As they advanced farther, however, these sad evidences of violence disappeared. A number of Friends, or Quakers as they were then called, had settled in that neighborhood, and around their dwellings neatness and order were everywhere conspicuous.

Leaving these behind, Troutwine drew them through an undulating region, the path sometimes penetrating thick woods, at others passing amid smiling farms. Finally, turning into a lane, he began to ascend a hill which led to the drive at Hillside.

Hillside was the name of Mr. Jones' farm. It was so called from the fact that the house was built upon a hill; the back fronting the highway, and the main entrance facing the river. It was a rather peculiar house, with overhanging eaves, and porches or galleries running all around it, both on the lower and second stories, on to which double doors opened out from all the rooms. These doors had glass windows in the upper part of them, which were fitted with solid wooden shutters that were put up at night. The front and back doors were of massive thickness and fitted with heavy locks. Some distance from the house stood a large, white barn, which had been originally built to hold great quantities of grain and accommodate many cows and horses. Both house and barn were built against the hill, so that in front there was one story more than in the back. The upper part of the barn was also used for a carriage house, for the property had originally belonged

to a family of wealth, who had long since vacated it, owing to circumstances which we shall hereafter relate. As Troutwine trotted up to the house, the back door was thrown open, and the whole family came pouring out. There was Silas, a sturdy lad of sixteen, and Nannie, scarcely a year younger, and Tom, and old Aunt Theo, the colored servant, and her son Nick, and the two big house dogs, Snap and Bran; who, as Mrs. Jones descended with the baby in her arms, jumped up so joyfully to welcome her that they nearly knocked her down.

"Here, Nannie," called her mother, "take the baby; and you, Silas and Aunt Theo, help Sergeant Wildare out, for I fear he is not able to help himself."

Though surprised at this unexpected accession to their family, the times were too unsettled to make any unusual event a matter of much wonder to the Jones children, and being useful little souls, each quickly performed the part assigned him or her, and in a short time Wildare was in a comfortable bed, after having partaken of a steaming posset administered by Aunt Theo, and Nannie had fed the baby and snugly ensconced it beside her in a soft feather bed.

"Now, Nick," said Mrs. Jones, "take Trout-wine to the barn, ungear him and put him in his stable, and be sure to push the wagon into the carriage-house yourself,"—for Nick, who was inclined to be lazy, had a habit of driving Trout into the carriage-house and there taking off his harness. This saved him the trouble of pushing in the wagon and carrying the harness from the stable up to the carriage-house. But as there was in the building a large trap or hole, through which the hay was thrown down into the feed-room, Mrs. Jones was always fearful that Trout might, through Nick's carelessness, tumble down, to the danger of his neck and limbs.

"Now, where's my Bessie? I must kiss her for papa before I go to sleep," exclaimed Mrs. Jones, after giving all her instructions.

"Law, honey!" said Aunt Theo, "the little lamb's been asleep these two hours. She began to cry for mammy, so I giv her bread and lasses and sings her 'On Jordan's Stormy Banks I Stand,' an' she goes off sound as a little hedgehog. She's snug in bed."

Hardly had Bessie's mother turned to seek her pet child, when a great cry from Nick started the whole family. At first they thought

the Hessians were at the door, for Nick appeared breathless on the threshold, crying,

“Oh, Miss Jones! oh, Miss Jones! Trout’s killed, he’s bin done gone down the feed-hole!”

Silas, his mother, and Aunt Theo rushed out to the barn, and there, sure enough, was poor Trout, wedged firmly in the trap, neither able to get up or down. Nick had disobeyed orders, and driven him into the carriage-house in the dark. Nannie, hearing the noise, slipped on some clothing, and meeting Bob, who had also got up, ran to see what was the matter.

“There’s no getting him out,” said Mrs. Jones, as the poor little pony looked patiently out of his soft, brown eyes at them.

“You’ll have to shoot him, Silas, to put him out of his misery.”

“Oh, I can’t, mother; what will Bessie do?”

At this Nick began to howl, “Oh, don’t, Missus, don’t shoot Trout; I’ll go down and push him out below.”

“You born natural fool,” cried Aunt Theo, and off she trotted, as they all thought, in disgust.

In a few moments back she came with an apronful of red apples, and, going around in front of the captive, asked:

“Could yer eat an apple, Trout?”

Evidently Trout thought he could, for he opened his mouth to take it, but Aunt Theo pulled it back. Then Trout raised his head, and gazing anxiously at the apples, put up his fore feet, and, to the surprise of everybody, scrambled out.

“I thought that pony were playing possum,” said Aunt Theo, as they all at last sought their beds.





## CHAPTER III.

### THE CAPTURE.

**W**HILE the events which we have related in two preceding chapters were taking place, General Washington had been achieving for his country one of her greatest moral victories. In 1776, the aspect of public affairs was extremely unfavorable to the United States. The existing army, with the exception of a few remaining regiments from Virginia, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and New York, would dissolve in a few days. New Jersey had, in a great measure, submitted to the enemy. The militia of Pennsylvania had not turned out with the alacrity expected from them. General Washington feared that General Howe, the commander of the British forces, would avail himself of the ice which was now to be expected, and of the dissolution of the American army, to pass the Delaware and seize Philadelphia. Impelled by these considerations and that enter-

prise of temper, which he so eminently possessed, he formed the daring project of attacking at the same instant all the British posts on the river. The plan formed was to cross in the night at McKonkey's Ferry, about nine miles above Trenton, to march down in two divisions, one taking the river road and the other the Pennington road, both of which led into the town. General Washington, himself, accompanied the upper division, and arrived at the outpost on that road at precisely eight o'clock. He immediately drove them in, and in three minutes heard the fire from the division which had taken the river road. The picket-guard kept up a fire from behind houses as they retreated, but the Americans followed them with such order and rapidity that they could make no stand. Finding themselves surrounded, and their artillery already seized, they laid down their arms and surrendered prisoners of war.

Unfortunately, the quantity of ice had rendered it impracticable for General Irvin to execute that part of the plan which had been allotted to him. With his utmost efforts he could not cross the river, in consequence of which the lower road towards Bordentown remained open. A party of the enemy, about five hun-

dred men, stationed in the lower end of Trenton, availed themselves of this circumstance, and, crossing the bridge in the commencement of the action, marched down the river to Bordentown, on which accidental circumstance our story hangs. Among the unrecorded heroes, hundreds of whose names have been passed by fame, who assisted during that never-to-be-forgotten season of privation and suffering amid the snow at Valley Forge, was a young gentleman named Stewart, a lieutenant of one of the infantry corps, who had been selected, from his knowledge of the country, to cross the river in advance of the enemy and gather information of their movements, a commission which he executed with such judgment that he had again been sent forward to meet General Irvin, at a point on the lower road, with further orders. The place of rendezvous selected was a little summer residence belonging to one of his relatives, and eager to see once more the face of his young wife, from whom he had been separated nineteen months, he sent her word by a trusty messenger to be before him at the cottage.

Mrs. Stewart, eager to meet her husband, refused to listen to the advice of the excellent

friends with whom she had found refuge during his absence in the army, had taken her little girl, and travelling on horseback, safely reached the rendezvous. Her escort, a faithful colored man, had already built a fire; little Katie, fallen sound asleep, been deposited in bed, and the fond wife was just about showing the baby's pretty features to the father, who had never yet looked upon them, when the sound of an approaching body of men fell upon their ears.

"There is the General," cried Lieutenant Stewart, "I must signal him." Opening the door and stepping out into the road, his wife, unwilling to lose sight of him, even for a moment, followed, when almost instantly they were surrounded by a body of red coats.

"Surrender!" cried the foremost soldier, as Stewart instinctively placed himself in an attitude of defence, and in a moment he was overpowered and bound.

"Seize her too," exclaimed the speaker, as the wife clung fondly to her husband.

"Oh, my child, my child, let me take her," shrieked the agonized mother.

"Bring them along," roared the brutal soldier, "they are both rebels."

In vain Mrs. Stewart appealed to the instincts

of humanity supposed to exist in every human breast. The British soldier of that period was but a machine — he knew nothing but the orders of his superior officer, and it was not until the detachment reached Bordentown that her husband had any opportunity of appealing to one in authority. Then, alas! his wife was beyond the pain of feeling, for nature had given way, and she was raving in all the agonies of a brain fever.

Lieutenant Stewart, to whom this sad experience was worse than all the horrors of the battle-field, finally, through the influence of the commander, got leave, two days later, to seek for his child. But when he reached the spot where he had left her, the country was inundated, and all signs of the cottage swept away. Vainly he sought for traces of the old negro, who had accompanied his wife, and the only inference that remained was that both had perished in the flood.

Tenderly and skilfully the excellent friends, to whose care Mrs. Stewart had been consigned, watched her fatal malady, but, alas! without hope. At last the crisis came. The moans and cries of pain were hushed. The blue eyes lost their brilliant fire. The delicately formed

head ceased its restless tossings, and lay at peace upon the snowy pillow. Her husband lifted one of the attenuated hands in his, and pressing it silently to his lips, strode from the room, bearing within him a heart from which, amid the seething of malignant spirits, the peace of God had fled.

It is the saddest feature of war, that however righteous its cause, however justifiable its object, the helpless and innocent are the first to suffer from its effects. Women and children, who have no voice in its proclamation, must ever bear the burden of its horrors, while the brow of the victorious general is crowned with laurels, and pæans of praise resound in his honor. Where is the tribute to the ruined homestead, the orphaned children, or the widowed wife? What plaudits of a grateful country can give back to the torn heart of a mother her murdered son? Let us not then be niggard in our gratitude to the brave men of the past, those to whom we owe a country and a name among the other nations of the earth. What humanity may do to commemorate their virtues, let us do quickly, and while deploring the necessity for the means necessary to reach the great results, let us remember that to them, under the

providence of God, we are debtors for the freedom and liberty of our great country, for the blessings of a free gospel and the free school, and above all, let us never forget that the Bible is the handbook of liberty.

While Mrs. Stewart lay dying at Bordentown, the battle of Princeton had taken place, which, together with the battle of Trenton, had an influence on the fate of the war, much more extensive in its consequences than from a mere estimate of the killed and taken would be supposed. They saved Philadelphia for the present winter. They recovered the State of Jersey, and, what was of still more importance, they revived the drooping spirits of America, and gave a sensible impulse to the recruiting service throughout the United States.

Lieutenant Stewart was detailed to assist in enlisting recruits, and so great was his success in this special branch of the service, that he was given a sort of roving commission throughout the States of New Jersey and Pennsylvania, to augment the forces of the patriots. Perhaps the recital of his own sad story may have had much to do in inflaming men's minds against the tyrants who had inflicted these terrible injuries upon him, for it is a curious fact, that

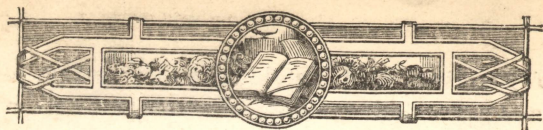
the realization of individual suffering is much more powerful to rouse our sympathies than wholesale calamities, however appalling.

At the termination of his recruiting duties, Lieutenant Stewart went into active service and speedily rose to the rank of Colonel. He was a stern, forbidding man, with few human sympathies, and a most excellent officer, though somewhat of a martinet. He was feared rather than loved by his men, and preserved a rigid discipline among them, which would have been found totally impracticable in the earlier years of the Revolution.

The series of subsequent events which I am about to narrate, prove very conclusively that the strictest ideas of justice, if exercised without that tempering spirit of love and mercy taught by our Saviour, are apt to produce, even in a worldly sense, results far from satisfactory.

4\*





## CHAPTER IV.

### GENERAL WASHINGTON'S PRESENT.

**W**HEN Bessie Jones wakened up on the morning following the advent of the two strangers, so unexpectedly domiciled in their household, her first act was to hop out of bed and toddle down stairs in her red flannel nightgown. The first person she met was her brother Silas, who was bringing in an armful of wood to the kitchen fire.

"Hello, Bessie," he said, "did you know General George Washington had sent you a present?"

"Oh, oh!" cried Bessie; "where ith me pesent from Goge Washington?"

"It's up-stairs in bed with Nannie, I guess," replied her brother.

Bessie waited to hear no more, but ran rapidly up-stairs to the room where her sister slept.

"Wake up, wake up," she cried, pulling at

her, as she climbed on the bed, "an' give me me pesent."

"Present!" exclaimed Nannie, half awake; "what present?"

"Why, Silas saths Goge Washington sent me a pesent," urged Bessie, sturdily.

"I guess this is what he meant," said Nannie, as she uncovered the rosy little baby, just beginning to open its eyes.

"Oh, oh!" exclaimed Bessie, as she crept in beside it, and hugged and kissed it again and again. "Oh, me 'ittle Goge, me 'ittle Goge!" Her sister began to laugh at her, telling her it was not a little George, but a little girl.

There being no fire in the room, the children soon made their way to the great kitchen, where a cheerful blaze roared up the huge chimney. It was a comfortable apartment, with a spinning-wheel in one corner, a great table in the centre, and an oaken settee stretching all around the sides of the room. On the side next the fire, a temporary bed had been arranged for Wildare, to which he had been removed, in order that he might have the assistance and society of the family, while at their usual avocations. As soon as the rescued child, who was carried by Nannie into the room, caught

sight of her preserver, she struggled to the floor, and running towards him, called, "Mamma, mamma," which so touched the rude soldier, that, weak and ill as he was, he clasped her to his heart. During all that day, and for many after, she was the pet and darling of the family. But at length, Wildare, under careful nursing, completely recovered his strength, and determined to rejoin his company. Before this came about, however, the little foundling's name had been settled, for Bessie, who belonged to that class of persons who always have their own way, insisted upon calling her Goge, and Wildare said, "George Washington let it be, for, to my mind, he's the best man alive." And although the Jones family objected on the ground of its being a masculine appellation, Mrs. Jones remarked:

"That she had heard tell of gals as were called Georgianna." So the dividing parties compromised on Georgie, and Georgie the little pet learned to answer to.

She was one of those children who seemed to be born with a love for all the world in their hearts — to fear she was a stranger. The most forbidding-looking straggler, who found his way to the Jones mansion was sure to be

greeted by her with a smile. Bran and Snap, the house-dogs, were her constant companions, and Troutwine, her fast friend; while Bessie looked upon her as her own peculiar property and always called her "her pesent."

Three years passed in this happy fashion. Wildare, who was still in the army, had made many but ineffectual efforts to discover her relatives, and was constant in his letters and as frequent in his visits to the little girl as circumstances would permit. Indeed, he looked upon her as his adopted daughter, sending all his scanty pay to Mrs. Jones, for her support. Since the day when, at the risk of his own life, he had swum with her in his arms through the ice-drifting river, he seemed to be a changed man. He gave up drinking ardent spirits and card-playing, and strove to advance himself as only a man does who has an object in life.

But at the end of three years great changes took place in the Jones family. Mrs. Jones was suddenly stricken with a fever, and died in a few days. Silas, who was still with the army, could not get his discharge, as the forces were on the eve of action. The family was broken up, and the children quartered among the neighbors.

It happened, fortunately for Georgie, that Wildare, whom she always called papa, came to visit them at this sad time, and finding there was difficulty in providing homes for the large family thus thrown helpless on the world, he determined to take Georgie with him and keep her himself. Having a little ready money, he bought Troutwine, and seating her upon the pony's back, and followed by Snap, he started at daybreak across the country. Snap had been Bessie's parting gift to Georgie, he being so fierce a dog that none of the neighbors would give him shelter. Bran, on the contrary, being of an amiable disposition, had many homes offered to him.

It was a sad picture to gaze on — the motherless household assembled on the front porch to bid their little playfellow adieu. Silas and Nannie, who were old enough to appreciate their dreadful loss, stood silently in speechless woe, and little Georgie, as she kissed Nannie's pale cheek, down which the tears were trickling, said:

“Don't cry, Nannie; maby I'll find Mamma Jones.”

Bob was vociferous in his grief, and Bessie, throwing her arms around the dog's shaggy neck, cried:

“Oh, Snap, Snap, be good to Georgie. I’ve lost everything now!”

Here Georgie, who was a brave little thing, could restrain her tears no longer; so Wildare, to spare her as much as possible, hurried Troutwine away.

In order to understand this sudden disruption of the hitherto comfortable household, it is necessary to go back to a statement made in a preceding chapter, that the mansion they lived in had formerly belonged to a family of wealth and importance, and had been only occupied by its present possessors as tenants. The original owner was a Scotch gentleman, who had been dead for some years, whose two sons had taken opposite sides in the struggle between Great Britain and her colonies. The agent of the tory owner had for several years received the rent, but during the winter preceding these sad events, he had been obliged to quit the country, and the estates had been handed over to the American owner, who was an officer in our army, and who had notified the tenants that he required possession. The knowledge of this had been a great blow to Mrs. Jones, for while the produce of the farm had sufficed to keep the family, it had done

nothing more, and to move from the spot which she looked upon as home, had doubtless precipitated the illness which had proved fatal. After the death of Mrs. Jones, such was the unsettled state of the country, that the sale of such stock as remained and the household furniture barely sufficed to pay the back rent and funeral expenses. Silas had determined to enlist in the army. Nannie, who was an excellent spinner, readily got a situation to work, while the younger boys and Bessie were provided for by the neighbors. Aunt Theo alone of all the household remained behind.

“Them as wants to,” she said, “can go; but the house suits me and I suit it; an’ I reckon the new master ’ll be glad of a hot fire when he comes; and Bran, if you know what’s good for yer, you’d stay, too.”

Bran, hearing this, turned back, and seeing Aunt Theo had no intention of moving, he quietly stretched himself in his accustomed place. In a few days Bessie came back also. The stern regime applied to young girls in those days did not suit the petted child of the household, and, with such assistance as her brother and sister managed to give her, she and Aunt Theo succeeded in making out to live. And there they

waited patiently for the coming of the owner, who still delayed. They had a few hens which laid them eggs, and an old cow which still gave them a little milk. Bessie went often to the creek to fish, and brought from the orchard such fruit as still remained ungathered, and abundance of nuts and berries. One night Bob wandered in disconsolately. He clung to Bessie, crying, and Bessie to him.

"Childer," said old Aunt Theo, "since the owner of this house haint come, yer better stay here till he does." So Bob sat down contented, and that same night, about nine o'clock, as the three sat round the fire, there came a knock at the door, and Theo, opening it, dropped on her knees, aghast, crying,

"De Lord bress you, Marster Stewart; is it you or your ghost come back again?"

"Is it possible," exclaimed the stern, soldierly figure on the stoop, "that you are Aunt Theo?"

"I is, young marster, I is, tho' it's twenty years since I seed yer."

"Are these your children?" queried the gentleman, pointing to Bessie and her brother, who sat huddled together near the fire.

Then Aunt Theo related the sad story of their mother's death and their father's fighting

for his country, and how the helpless were driven from their home to earn their bread.

"God forbid that they should do any such thing," exclaimed Colonel Stewart. "Can't you send for the other two and bring them back again?"

"Yes, yes," cried Bessie; "but how can we get Georgie and Troutwine?"

"Who are they?" asked Colonel Stewart.

"Georgie is a present Gen. Washington sent me," said Bessie. "She was in a house in the river, when Sergeant Wildare jumped in and swam out with her. He brought her here and gave her to me."

"What is this the child is saying?" asked the Colonel, excitedly, while Aunt Theo told him the story of her rescue.

"Have you anything belonging to her?" he asked, with vehemence.

"Yes, young marster, I has," replied Aunt Theo. "I'se kep' her little shirt and clothes."

"Bring them to me, quickly," urged the Colonel, trembling with the new-born hope within him.

With tottering steps, the old woman went to a cupboard and drew forth a little bundle of infant's clothes. Eagerly he scanned the once

dainty garments, and discovered, in delicate cross-stitch, the letters *C. S.*

"Where is this man? Where is this child?" he cried, impetuously; "for it may be, it must be, my own lost daughter."

"I don't know," replied Aunt Theo; "he's somewheres in the army, if the little angel is n't killed by this time."

The Colonel covered his face with his hands. The strong man trembled with emotion. "Oh, fate! fate!" he cried, "thus for the second time to be on the eve of beholding my child that I have never seen, and to be thus baffled!"

The children sat silent, awed by the sight of a soldier in tears. Presently, Aunt Theo rose and moved towards him. Laying her hand tenderly on his shoulder, she raised her eyes to heaven, saying:

"Trust in de Lord, young marster; de Lord will provide."

The soldier raised his head. "You are right," he said, "for the Lord has given me hope. This night I must be in the saddle; but, before I go, I will place a written power of possession of these premises in your hands, for the use of these children. Bring the other two back, and I will leave you money for their maintenance.

May the mercy that I show to them be returned to my little homeless wanderer."

So saying, he drew writing materials from the pocket of his riding-cloak, and at once executed the document. Then, throwing a purse of gold on the table, strode from the room.

The poor old negress threw herself upon her knees. "Praise de Lord," she cried. "Praise de Lord; He hab showed mércy unto de third generation ob dem dat feared Him."

Silas and Nannie Jones were soon restored to their old home. With some of the money left by Colonel Stewart, some stock was purchased and fall crops put in, and Bessie, amid returning prosperity, renewed her lamentations for Georgie and Troutwine.

Wildare had determined to take Georgie into camp with him. Since the day that he had saved her he had been constantly longing for her presence, "and now," he argued, "since she was old enough to take care of herself (she was a little over five) she was such a little thing that she could be slipped anywhere." So into camp Georgie trotted on Troutwine's back, and the soldiers, who believed her to be Wildare's child, treated her with great kindness. Unfortunately, on the road, her bundle of clothing

had been lost, but Wildare did not consider this a great misfortune, and as he could turn his hands to many things, he in his spare time made her a little jacket and pantaloons out of an old suit of his own, and as her hair was short and her name Georgie, the men soon began to regard her as a boy—a mistake which was innocently facilitated by saying in her pretty lisping way that “her name was George Washington,” thus unintentionally misleading them. Never in her life had the little one been happier. The constant life in the open air, the bright accoutrements of the soldiers, the martial music of the regimental band, pleased and impressed her buoyant temperament. Of a naturally robust constitution, she had never known an hour’s sickness, and such little culture as she had received in the plain family where she had lived, had not been of a nature to cultivate her imagination in the direction of fanciful terrors. Free as the birds of the air, she sang or whistled all day — her happiest duty to tend the camp-fire, or fill the canteens of the soldiers with water from the adjacent spring.

In one of his wanderings Wildare had picked up a buffalo robe, which he spread over some hemlock branches for her bed, and there she

lay at nights cuddled up in a blanket close to him, his sweetest dreams coming when her soft little hand lay across his face. At the first blush of daybreak she was up and out of the tent looking for Troutwine, and Trout, who, like Georgie, had managed to get a dispensation from military discipline, was soon at her side to see what she had for breakfast, of which he was sure to get a share.

One morning a benevolent-looking officer was strolling through the camp, when he came upon a pretty picture. A little boy was sitting upon a log, while a pony was surreptitiously poking his nose in his lap.

"Now go away, Trout; you've had more than your share of bread," said the child, as she tried to escape from the too affectionate approaches of the pony.

"What is the matter, my child?" inquired the officer, as he drew nearer.

"Why, sir," said Georgie, "Trout won't eat any meat, and he eats up all my bread as well as his own."

"He must be a Tory pony if he does that," replied the officer; "that's the way they do."

"No, sir," cried the child, with flashing eyes. "Trout's no Tory pony. He's a good Yankee Doodle pony, he is."

“And what is your name, my boy?” inquired the officer, kindly.

“My name is George Washington, and I’m Sergeant Wildare’s child,” eagerly answered Georgie.

“Indeed!” returned the officer; “then you must be a friend of mine, for that’s my name, too.”

“Yes, General,” cried Georgie, jumping off the log and making a military salute with her little hand, “we’re all friends of your’s in this camp. Hurrah for General Washington,” and, throwing up her cap, she capered about delightedly.

“Hush, hush, my child,” said the General; “it is not necessary to tell the whole camp I am about, but you are a brave little fellow, and here is something to remember me by,” at the same time detaching a pencil-case from his guard-chain and giving it to the little one.

Georgie stood still until the General was out of sight, then ran to another part of the camp to show it to Wildare.

“See here, Georgie,” said he, “we will put it on the chain you wear around your neck with your locket. You may some day want a favor of the General, and he will remember you by

it." For Wildare always kept the chain on Georgie's neck, hoping that it might possibly furnish the clue to find her missing parents.

The quiet days of camp life were now at an end. Another action had been decided upon, and Wildare's company ordered to an outlying post of danger. In the hurried movements of the army there was no time to dispose of Georgie, so mounted upon Troutwine she travelled beside Wildare, who had been ordered, with others, to support a small body of cavalry detailed for special service. Unfortunately in passing through a defile the troops fell into an ambushade, and in spite of a brave resistance were almost entirely cut to pieces. The cavalry, owing to the fleetness of their horses, escaped, and Troutwine, following a good example, galloped off with them, carrying Georgie on his back. The few survivors of the infantry were taken prisoners, and Wildare, with the rest, carried to the Tory camp. Poor little Georgie; she was indeed alone in the world now. All her friends among the soldiers were in the infantry, and with the exception of Troutwine and Snap, who were still faithful, she did not see a single familiar face.

One of the troopers noticing her, said, "This is a new recruit, where did he spring from?"

She told them "she was Sergeant Wildare's child, and wanted to go to him." Then a bright thought struck their leader.

"You look like a smart little chap; do you think you could carry a message to your father?"

"Yes, yes," said Georgie; "I know I could."

One of the troopers was then sent to guide her to a certain point, and show her how to reach the Tory camp, and Georgie, leaving Troutwine in the woods, marched boldly up to a red-coated soldier who stood on guard near the prisoners, who were seated in melancholy mood upon the ground, with their hands pinioned behind them.

"Can I go to my father?" asked Georgie, looking very bravely into the soldier's face.

"Who is your father?" queried the sentinel, gazing with surprise at the little mite who addressed him.

"That man over there," answered Georgie.

"Well, I suppose you may; you're not knee high to a grasshopper anyhow."

So Georgie, followed by Snap, walked over to Wildare, and putting her arms around his neck as though to kiss him, whispered in his ear, "Father, the soldiers say to escape; they

are just across the hill at the New Forks, and will help you."

"Can't you get a knife, Georgie, and cut the rope that binds my hands?" whispered her father.

"No, father; but lie down on the ground, and I'll take Snap around and make him gnaw them," replied Georgie, in a low tone.

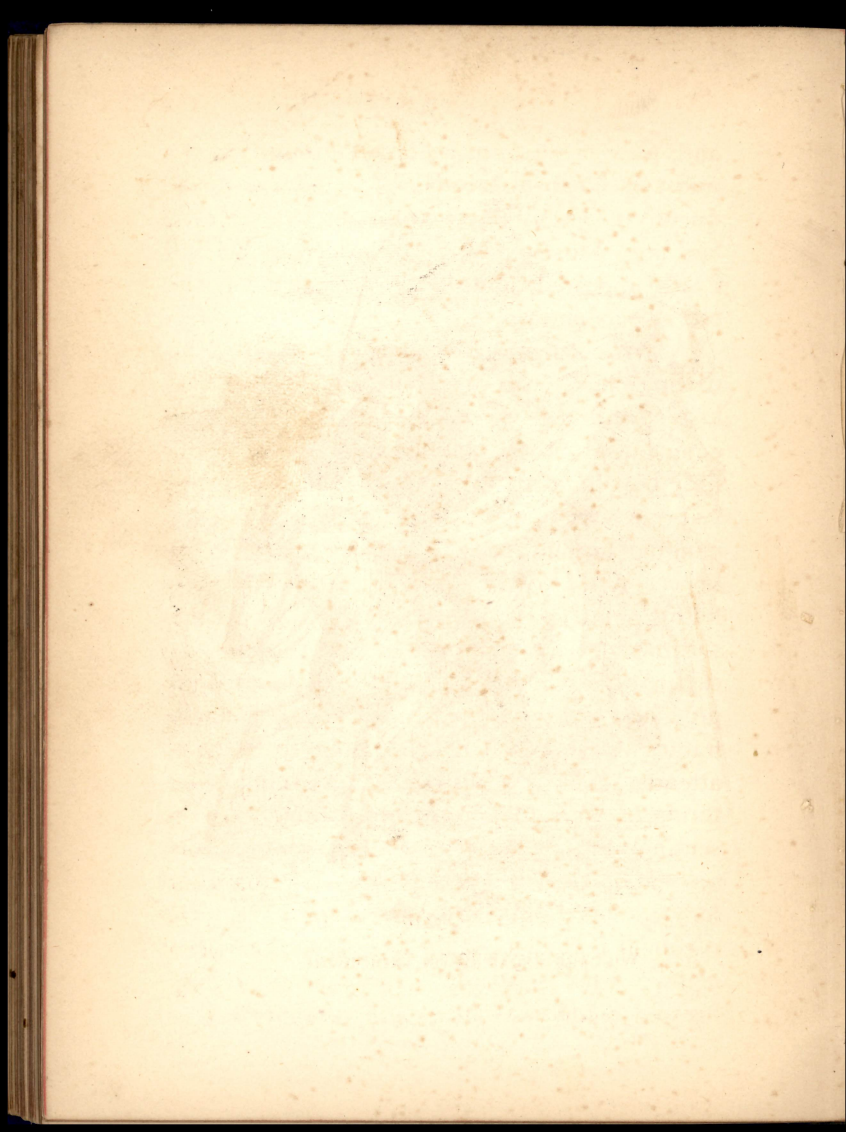
Presently Wildare lay down on the ground as though wearied, making a sign to his three companions to do likewise, and Georgie led Snap around behind them, giving him the proper signal. Then the child, with a tact beyond her years, started up to the sentinel and began to talk to him in order to distract his attention.

Night had commenced to fall. Wildare, soon feeling his own hands free, sent Georgie to his companions to ascertain if their's were in like condition. The unsuspecting sentinel still marched back and forth. Just as he turned his back to Wildare, the latter dealt him a tremendous blow, and before his friends could hear his cries, Snap had sprung at his throat, and he was struggling for his life.

Wildare, seizing Georgie in his arms, rushed through the thicket, sprang on Troutwine's back,



WILDARE ESCAPING ON TROUTWINE.



and, after a sharp ride, found himself in the midst of his own friends, where he was subsequently joined by the two captives, whose bonds had been loosened by Snap, and Snap himself finally appeared, somewhat demoralized by his recent encounter.

Wildare, when again in safety, clasped his darling child in his arms, and covered her with kisses, while he was much complimented by his companions on the courage and address of his little boy, for such they supposed her to be, and Georgie was jubilant over her father's escape, clinging around him and begging to sit on his knee. When Wildare awoke in the morning following the events narrated above, he was surprised to find the little one still asleep, but supposed that the fatigue of the day and night previous had been too much for her tender frame. Covering her up warmly, he went to attend "guard mounting," a morning mustering of the soldiers previous to changing the sentinels around the post or camp where troops are stationed. Where these are well drilled and fully equipped, this is a beautiful spectacle. The regiment is drawn out in line, while the "drum major," who is usually a tall and splendidly-dressed soldier, advances and presents his re-

port to the "officer of the day." Military evolutions are then gone through with, and parties detached to relieve the sentinels at their posts. Even amid the straitened means of the Revolutionary period of our history, some portion of "the pomp and circumstance of war" was maintained, and the hour of "guard mounting" had ever been to Georgie a dramatic and charming spectacle. Wildare was, therefore, greatly surprised, on being freed from duty, not to see his little pet running towards him with outstretched arms. "Poor child, she is tired," he thought, and hastened to his tent to see that she was warmly covered.

Alas! when he entered, what a spectacle met his eyes. Georgie was, indeed, there, but how sadly changed. Her eyes were burning with the light of fever, while the scarlet flush that covered her face and the wild snatches of song that she screamed rather than sang, gave evidence of delirium. Quickly her protector ran for the surgeon, and in answer to his anxious inquiries learned that her condition was indeed critical. The surgeon was both kind and skilful, and such rude remedies as were to be had were willingly applied, but day after day went past without apparent change for the better,

until at last the crisis came. The little one slept, and as her adopted father watched devotedly by her side, the blue eyes opened, and, with a faint smile, she murmured, "father."

"Strange," said the surgeon, "that, while so many children surrounded with all the comforts that money can furnish, die in spite of the best care, here is this little one wrung from the grave amid the most unpromising surroundings." And, though the doctor spoke deprecatingly of his own ability, he smiled a smile of satisfaction at his professional success.

Georgie recovered rapidly, but she was still weak and unable to leave her bed, and Wildare, whose love for her seemed to have grown ten-fold since there was danger of losing her, spent every moment of his spare time in ministering to her comfort.

All through the night he used to sit watching her, forgetful of the fact that he was exhausting by overwork his physical energies. One night he was obliged to leave her. It was his turn to stand as sentinel, so giving her a parting kiss, he put her in charge of the doctor, who had become greatly interested in his little patient, and went to his post.

As Wildare paced slowly back and forth over

his beat, he felt an inexpressible languor steal over him. The moon, which was at the full, rose majestically over a bank of clouds, while star after star came forth to attend her stately steps. A forest of dark pines environed him, while on his ear fell the distant hum of the camp with a monotonous droning. Gradually, this ceased. Slowly the moon and stars faded from his sight. Exhausted nature asserted her rights, and the sentinel slept upon his post.

At a point remote from the tent where George lay, stood a handsome marquee. Lights were burning within it, where a stern-looking officer sat at a rude table, bending over a topographical map.

"Come, Cross," said he, "it is time to post the relief; and I am going the rounds myself tonight to see how these fellows do their duty."

The young officer thus addressed lighted a lantern, and assisting his superior to throw a military cloak over his shoulders, prepared to accompany him.

"Which way shall we go, Colonel?" he inquired.

"To the pines first," replied the Colonel, and both started out into the night.

Taking a circuitous route, it was some time

before they reached their destination. During their walk, the Colonel found sundry things to excite his ire. At one place he stepped into a pool of water, at another, stumbled over a fallen log, and when he reached the pines his wrath culminated as his approaching step was not met with the expected "halt" of the sentinel. On the contrary, his astonished eyes perceived the form of Wildare extended upon the ground.

"Has he been killed?" he exclaimed, in anger. The loud tones of his voice woke the sentinel, who was indeed hardly conscious that he had slept, but he was too good a soldier to attempt defence, nor was his commander a man to bandy words with a subordinate. At this moment the relief came up, and the unfortunate man was marched off to camp a prisoner.

Things were quickly done in those days. A court-martial, a brief affair at best, was convened on the second day after Wildare's arrest. The evidence was conclusive, and the sleeping sentinel was condemned to die.

Poor Georgie, for three days she had missed her supposed father, and with tears and sobs had begged to be taken to him. The surgeon, who had succeeded in getting an old camp woman to look after her material wants and him-

self been unremitting in his care, finally made a personal appeal to Colonel Stewart for mercy, or at least a reprieve for the prisoner; but when he urged the sad case of the helpless child, the commander, who was very strict in his notions of discipline, only looked upon her presence in camp as another infringement of military rule, and refused to listen. Dr. Wylie returned to the weeping child and told her that her father had been sent on distant duty, determining to provide for her future himself.

On the night preceding his execution, he again visited Wildare and told him his intention, receiving from him an account of the manner in which Georgie had fallen into his hands, and his fruitless efforts to discover her friends.

On the morning of the execution Dr. Wylie again attempted to see Colonel Stewart, but was unsuccessful, and, with a heavy heart, he bent his steps to the tent where Georgie lay, but paused as he remembered that his presence was demanded at the fatal scene.

Bright and beautiful broke the winter morning, which was to be the last of Wildare's life. He was a brave man, who did not fear to die; but when he thought of the years in which he had fought and bled for his country, and the

little life to which he had consecrated his own, his heart hardened against the man who had hurled him to his fate. With unbending mien he prepared for death, turning a deaf ear to the exhortations of the good chaplain, who urged him to a better mood of thought. Time sped rapidly on, and the hour came when all was ready for his execution. Sitting on his coffin by his open grave, he calmly faced the twelve soldiers drawn up in line to send the fatal bullet to his heart. Three of those selected, with a cruel fatality, had been the friends and companions of his military career, and, with faces paler than the prisoner's, they gazed in a distracted manner before them. Among the twelve there was but one bullet, no one knowing in which gun it had been placed; but of the hundreds of soldiers drawn up to witness the horrible but impressive spectacle, every man looked as though he were startled with horror at the consciousness that he was individually to be the murderer.

When all things were in readiness, the order to fire came, and twelve muskets flashed simultaneously through the clear morning air. Almost at the same instant a faint shriek was heard, and as the smoke cleared away, a young

child was seen lying on Wildare's breast, clad in a white night-dress, down which a scarlet stream of blood was flowing.

Executions were unusual in the Revolutionary army, nor was discipline so closely maintained as at later periods of our history. This unexpected occurrence produced a surprising effect, and to heighten the excitement, a party of cavalry were seen approaching the spot. The surgeon, who had sprung forward to see to the dying child, turned his foot on an object upon which he trod, and stooping to see what it was, picked up a gold locket, which, in his excitement, he placed in his pocket. But Georgie, for it was she, was not dead.

"You shall not shoot my father! You shall not!" she shrieked. Alas, she was wrenched away, and Colonel Stewart, who was himself upon the scene, gave the order to fire again.

Georgie, who had been for a moment stupefied by the greatness of her grief, wrenched herself from the hold of the surgeon, and, running to the side of the foremost horseman of the advancing party, cried:

"It is General Washington. Oh, General Washington, save my father! save my father! I am little George Washington! Oh, don't you remember! oh, don't you remember!"

As the diminutive, ghost-like figure stood before him, there flashed across the mind of the father of his country, by one of those instantaneous processes of memory of which we are all more or less cognizant, and which is an instinct of great men, a recollection of a scene a few months since, in which Georgie had vindicated the character of Troutwine in his presence, and his gift and promise to the child.

Calling an orderly, he commanded the prisoner to be reprieved, greatly to the disgust of Colonel Stewart, who intimated to him that such a course would be subversive of all discipline, which remonstrance was silenced by General Washington's never-to-be-forgotten reply:

"George Washington's word is never broken."

"Where is your pencil-case, my child?" he next inquired.

"Here, here," said she, feeling around her neck, but without success. In fact, it was the pencil-case that had saved her life. The solitary bullet aimed at her father's heart had struck the golden toy, which hung down her back, and glanced off, carrying the precious token with it, only grazing her soft skin.

Georgie, assured of her father's safety, was carried to the tent and clothed, and Wildare,

whose former record had been placed before the Commander-in-Chief, was unconditionally pardoned and permitted to rejoin her.

The only person dissatisfied with this happy conclusion was Colonel Stewart, who, meeting Dr. Wylie the following day, inquired abruptly, "What is this ridiculous story I hear about this child and a pencil-case?"

"I don't know about the pencil-case," answered the Doctor, "but Wildare is a fine fellow; and as he pulled the child out of the river at the risk of his life, I am glad she saved him for him. But that reminds me I have got her locket in my pocket, and the face of a very pretty woman it has in it. Look at it."

Colonel Stewart absently extended his hand, then starting back, exclaimed:

"For mercy sake, Wylie, tell me where you got this? It is the picture of my wife, my lost wife."

"It must belong to Georgie," replied the Doctor. "Wildare told me she had it on her neck when he swam with her from a house that was sweeping with the flood down the Delaware, after the battle of Trenton."

"I thought the child was a boy," said Colonel Stewart, with ill-concealed emotion.

"So did I," replied the Doctor, "until the

night before Wildare was going to be shot, for he always kept her dressed like a boy while he had her in camp."

"Come at once and let us see this man," urged Colonel Stewart, seizing the Doctor by the arm.

"Oh, no, Colonel; that would be subversive of all military discipline," returned the Doctor, with a smile. "The proper plan is to send your orderly, and require his presence."

"Confound military discipline," shouted Colonel Stewart. "Do you suppose I am going to wait for such formalities when I am wild to see my child? I am an impatient man at the best of times."

"That is true, Colonel; you were impatient yesterday to have the man that saved your child's life killed, and it's only through the uncovenanted mercies of the Lord that you did n't murder her too."

"Spare me, Doctor, spare me your reproaches and show me where my child is. Let me see this man and question him. You know I am rich, and any atonement I can make you may command."

"Well, well, come along," replied the Doctor, as he led the way to Wildare's tent, which was really but a short distance.

When they entered, Wildare was seated upon an inverted keg, with Georgie upon his knee. Dr. Wylie opened the conversation by asking the soldier to relate the incidents of Georgie's rescue, but, to his surprise, Wildare remained silent.

"See," said Colonel Stewart, holding out the locket, "this is the picture of my wife, there are my child's initials, 'C. S.,' Catherine Stewart. The child is mine. Will you not authenticate the story and give her to me?"

"No," replied Wildare, "I admit nothing. My term of enlistment expired to-day. To-day I leave the army and devote the balance of my life to my child."

"Just heaven," cried the Colonel, "my sin has found me out. I took my wife from her parents, and my child is stolen from me."

"No, sir," said Wildare; "yesterday you refused mercy to me, and to-day it is my turn. I show none to you, but the child shall decide. Georgie, there stands the man who ordered me to be shot, and by whose orders your little arm is disabled. He wants to be your father. Choose between us. Will you leave me?"

"Never, never," cried Georgie, clinging round the neck of her protector.



## CHAPTER V.

### GEORGIE SAVES HER FATHER.

**C**OLONEL STEWART was helpless. Without Wildare's evidence he could not authenticate his claim upon his daughter. This was indeed retribution. The sight of his child had convinced him that she was, indeed, his own, and to again lose her, at the moment of her recovery, was insupportable. He determined to take her forcibly from Wildare as he left the camp.

As the shades of evening began to fall, Georgie, mounted upon Troutwine, with Wildare and Snap marching by her side, started along the highway, intending to pass the night at a neighboring farm-house. As they passed through a portion of the road bordered by thick forests, two men sprang from the shadow of the trees, one of whom seized Troutwine's bridle, while the other grappled with Wildare.

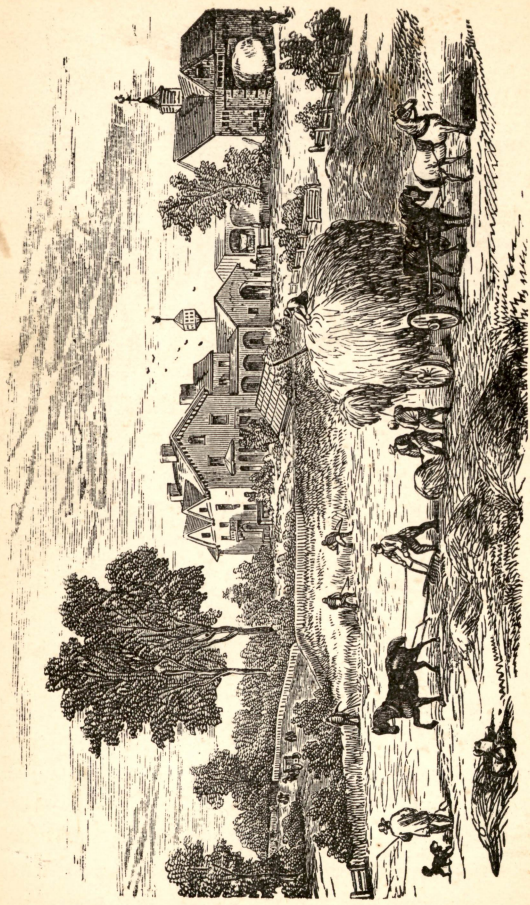
He, however, soon settled his assailant, and, turning to Georgie, observed her attacker dragging her from the pony's back. As he did so, however, Snap rushed forward, with his tremendous jaws open, and seizing the abductor by the throat, soon had him on the ground.

"Snap, Snap," shouted Wildare, as he recognized Colonel Stewart, "come off, come off." But the dog was now beyond the control of his master's voice.

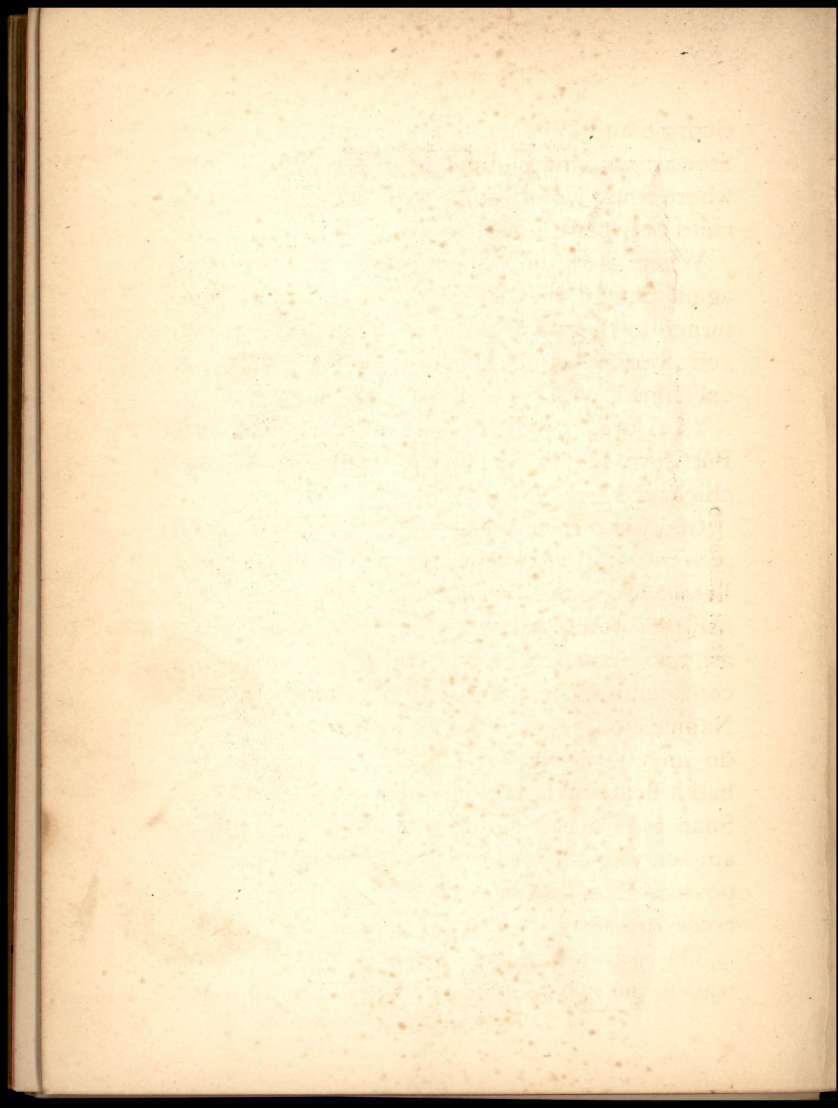
"Call him off, Georgie, call him off; he is killing your own father," cried Wildare.

"Snap, Snap," cried Georgie at this command. "Oh, Snap," and seeing Wildare's evident distress, she threw her little arms around the rough brute's neck and repeated, "Stop Snap for Georgie."

In a moment the dog loosened his hold, and turned to lick the child's hand and face. Wildare hastened to the assistance of Colonel Stewart, nor was he an instant too soon. Finally, however, the Colonel was somewhat recovered and taken to the farm-house near by. A long and serious illness followed, during which Wildare nursed him most faithfully. Upon his recovery, so reconciled had the two become to each other, that it was arranged that



GEORGIE'S HOME.



Georgie and Wildare should return to Colonel Stewart's country house near Bristol with him, where they would share the affection of their child between them.

When old Aunt Theo heard the story, and again beheld the pet of the Jones children returned to them under the protection of her real and adopted father, she raised her hands and exclaimed, with fervent thanksgiving :

“O Lord, now let dy sarvant 'part in peace !  
But fust I'll make some waffles and fried chicken.”

Georgie resumed her girl's attire, and had a governess provided for her, whose instructions Bessie Jones also profited by. The Jones boys had their future taken care of by Colonel Stewart, and Wildare became a farmer of credit and consideration, settling down to matrimony with Nannie Jones. Troutwine was never asked to do any harder work than carry Georgie, and had a neat stable and paddock of his own, and Snap took up his abode with Wildare, where, I am sorry to say, as old age advanced, he took possession of the hearth-rug and became very cross and surly.

The war was ended. Peace and prosperity waved their banners over the “Land of the

Free and the Home of the Brave." It was a glad day in the city of Trenton, for Washington was to cross the Aspartic and be welcomed by the citizens. Triumphal arches adorned the streets. Every house was hung with banners, while all the inhabitants, from far and near, thronged the thoroughfares to do him honor. A band of charming girls advanced to meet the warrior "first in peace, first in war, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," and as the loveliest of the throng stood forth to strew flowers in his path, the General asked of the officer who rode by his side:

"Who is that beautiful child?"

"That is little George Washington and Catherine Stewart, my daughter," replied Colonel Stewart, "who would not have been here to-day, except for our own noble General."

