

POETRY.

FROM THE LONDON MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

STANZAS.

I love to hear at mournful eve
The ploughman's pensive tone,
And still be wending on my way
When the last note is done.

I love to see the misty moon,
And cross the gusty hill,
And wind the darkness homeward lane
When all is hush'd and still.

From way thus distant, lone and late,
How sweet it is to come,
And leaving all behind so drear,
Approach our pleasant home.

While every lowly lattice shines
Along the village street,
Where round the blazing evening fire
The cheerful household meet!

And passing by each friendly door,
At length we reach our own—
And feel the smile of kindred love
More kind by absence grown.

To sit beside the fire, and hear
The threatening storm come on,—
And think upon the dreary way
And traveller alone.

To see the social tea prepared,
And hear the kettle's hum,
And still repeated from each tongue—
"How glad we are you're come!"

To sip our tea, to laugh and chat
With heart-felt social mirth,
And think no spot in all the world
Like our own pleasant hearth.

VARIETY.

All pleasure consists in Variety.
FROM THE BOSTON SPECTATOR.

THE BATTLE OF TRENTON.
The following description will probably be new to most of our readers. Its vivid details, although extracted from a work of fiction, are, we believe, agreeable to the most momentous event in our country's history; an event that raised the drooping confidence and courage of those who fought and prayed for our cause, which had before assumed an appearance almost desperate:

"The night was intensely cold, and we were delayed many hours longer than had been anticipated, by an accumulation of ice in the river. And here, if you would get a good notion of the countenance of Washington at this time the most eventful and trying moment of his life—I would recommend to you to study a picture just painted by Mr. Sully, of Philadelphia, upon this subject. He has been singularly happy—and when I recollect the face of Washington, as he reined up for half an hour, within pistol shot of me, it appears to me that some man must have painted it, who was with us at that time. Before we came down to the ferry—there was an awful solemnity, darkness and repose on it. But there, when in sight of the troops, as they were severally embarking, every man of whom, so long as the face of their commander could be seen, even after the boats had put off, kept his eyes upon it; it was full of a lottier, more animated, youthful and heroic expression, of encouragement and confidence.

"You have heard of General Knox, then Colonel—and of his stentorian voice. I assure you that no justice can be done to him or it; my ears rung for a fortnight after, at the same hour of the night—and do yet, when I remember how he galloped about, cursing and swearing, dismounting every five minutes, and lifting at his own artillery like a giant. He was a gallant fellow full of blood—with all the blunt, strong New-England hardihood. And Greene, too, he was there, the only man of all our armies capable, I believe, in case of any disaster, to take the place of Washington—there he sat, full of deep, religious composure,—his broad forehead fronting the fires that were kindled near the place of embarkation.

"At last, though not until three o'clock in the morning, we were fairly landed upon the Jersey shore, and, by 5, had taken up our line of march.

"Our whole army passed softly, and silently, by two or three officers, posted upon the road side, continually waving their swords, with a motion as if to enjoin the most deathlike stillness; and deathlike it was, for nothing could be heard, but the blowing of horses, a jolting sound now and then in the wet snow where the artillery wagons and carriages eat through into the ground—and a general rush, as deep, heavy water.

"A few moments after, a troop of Virginians, under Captain Washington, afterwards so distinguished at the south, paraded in beautiful style, through the heavy snow, and brought us intelligence which tended to accelerate our march. Before his arrival, we

had hoped (as I afterwards found) to surprise the enemy at Trenton, while yet overpowered by the festivities of the preceding night—and make his morning sleep, the sleep of death—but now that hope was abandoned, for Captain Washington had encountered his picket, exchanged a few shots, and left him prepared for what it is remarkable that he had heard a vague rumor of—our intended attack. Yet this very affair, which, at first, threatened to be so disastrous, the frolic of Captain Washington, was probably the chief reason why we succeeded in surprising the enemy at last; for, as this was not followed up, he retired to quarters, after waiting a reasonable time, as we afterwards found, thinking the whole a Virginia ruse.

"Our troops were now thrown into two divisions. We were separated from our father—who was detached under Sullivan and St. Clair to take the river road—while we, under Washington himself, Greene, Morris, and Stevens, pushed onward through what is called the Pennington road.

"A few moments afterwards—just while I tho't my heart had lost its motion entirely—for I felt, in looking about me, and seeing the dark array of substantial, but noiseless creatures, horses and wagons—as if the whole army were an apparition—a cavalcade of dead men—marching from one place of burial to another—I heard a shot, so near me that my horse leaped out of the rank. This was followed by a loud cry—two or three words—a volley—and then, shot after shot, as if a line of sentinels, sleeping upon their post, had suddenly started up, one after the other, fired off their pieces, and run in.

"Our advance were well furnished with bayonets—and they immediately charged upon the picket, and we dashed after them, trampling them to death, with our horses, riding over them like a whirlwind, without speaking a word or firing a shot. This was scarcely done, when we heard the firing of the other division, at the opposite quarter—so admirably timed had been the arrangement—and we immediately galloped into the centre of the town, foot and foot, determined to ride the enemy down, or bayonet them, before they had time to form. Washington was dreadfully exposed. The first picket, thinking this a second attack of the same little skirmishing party, that had fired into them before, neglected to give the alarm:—and the outposts, though they fought most gallantly, retreating step by step, behind the houses, disputing every inch, and presenting their bright bayonets, without a flash of powder, wherever we rode in upon them—so that we could not, with all our cutting and spurring, force our horses upon them—and then the moment that we had faced about, blazing away upon us, and running to the next house—were driven in.

"At last we had an opportunity for fair play; the Hessians were formed, and forming, with the whole glittering with bayonets. A tremendous struggle was going on at our right, under the very eye of Washington, with the enemy's artillery, which was taken; when, with a troop of horse, Archibald rode down, his cap off, his sword flashing, like a firebrand, in the light and smoke of the musketry—'charge! charge! he cried—'charge! my brave fellows! and provoke them to fire.' Another troop! another! and another! thundered down, from the right and left, but with no effect at all upon the invisible Germans; the front rank kneeled all round—while the rest were forming, and presented their bayonets, without firing a shot.

"By heaven!" said Archibald, shouting, as if his heart would break, to Captain Washington, "I will try them again!" and, as he said so, he rode, at full speed, so near, that it appeared to me that he could have struck the enemy with his sword—and fired his pistol into their faces. Our front rank followed the example—and the next moment, all the Hessians brought their pieces up to their cheeks, and poured a tremendous volley in upon us—I saw my father fall—Arthur reel in his stirrups—but Archibald, as if prepared for this very thing, shouted, "wheel and charge!"

"Wheel and charge!" repeated a hundred voices in our rear—wheel and charge!

"We obeyed—and the snow flew—and the swords flashed—and the next moment, a hundred of the enemy—the whole of his front rank, were trampled to death before us, and twenty human heads rolled upon the ground, among the feet of our horses.

"The infantry, under Greene, poured in volley after volley, at the same time; and Knox, having brought round his light field pieces to bear, as if they had been blunderbusses, played in upon them an uninterrupted rail of thunder and smoke.

It was impossible to stand it—no human being could have endured the hurricane of fire bullets longer. They threw down their arms—about one thousand men in all—and then it was—*then*—when it was necessary to move about the quieter operations of strife, that we began to feel the intense coldness of the night—the keen air cutting into our new wounds, like rough broken glass."

FROM THE BARNSTABLE GAZETTE.

THE VOYAGE.

The following narrative possesses the interesting quality of truth; and the Captain of whom we speak, is a person of acquaintance of ours now living, as well as a majority of the crew, all of whom are inhabitants of this Cape, and can vouch for the authenticity of the history, which we shall attempt to relate without exaggeration:

It was during the last war, in the year 1815, when our enterprising seamen were in the practice of purchasing British Licenses to carry Yankee notions to foreign ports, unharmed by their cruisers, that Captain H—availed himself of a bargain of this kind, to keep himself from the rust of idleness. The vessel which he had provided for his purpose, was one of those queer rigged nondescript things called a yacht, formerly owned by the British, and which had seen much and severe service. Age had weakened her joints, and the bar-moles found an undisturbed resting place upon her bottom, where they quietly reposed side by side, untroubled by the rude visits of the scraper. Taking advantage of a fair wind,—for she would sail with no other,—he, amid the jokes of his fellow captains, commenced his voyage for Bermuda. It was a deadening sight to observe her creeping and queaking over the waves, complaining with her timbers like a man afflicted with the gout. A fair wind, however, carried them to the latitude of Bermuda, though the captain found that he was to the leeward of his port of destination, and he was under the necessity of beating his vessel there against a head wind, a thing by no means so easily done as said. Having tried this manœuvre for three weeks, he ascertained that he was still farther from that Island than when he first arrived in its latitude; for his craft, like a man in a fit of intoxication, although she looked most strenuously in one direction, yet, Paddy fashion, advanced backwards from the point toward which she was aiming at. Finding it in vain to attempt reaching Bermuda with a head wind, and being out of patience, with the length and fatigue of the voyage, he was on the point of bearing away for the West Indies, when, one morning, he discovered, close hauled to the wind, a vessel, at his stern, which looked rather rakish, or in common parlance, like an armed vessel—to attempt escaping, if he wished it, was in vain. It was mortifying to observe the comparative speed of the stranger, as in naval pride she boomed lightly over the waves, tossing off the spray from her dark sides, as the war-horse flings the foam from the bit—a few moments exhibited the ports of a ship of some force, and soon the bugle of the main-mast was heard above the roar of the warters; the glancing of sabres and muskets flashed from the deck, and without hesitation the stranger ranged alongside, and the boarding officer ascertained the character of the vessel and her disabilities for the voyage which she had undertaken. The notions and commodities of the vessel, consisting of provisions, &c. attracted the eye of the officer, and as the countries were then at war, he proceeded to help himself to squash, knocking open the butter kegs, and beef barrels, as tho' he felt himself perfectly at home. The Captain of the Yacht, who, with the assistance of a beard of three weeks growth, had something almost ferocious in his appearance—yet this ferocity was wholly exterior, and was in fact a lover of fun.—As he presented himself on deck, and discovered the proceedings of the officer, he addressed him in a harsh tone, inquiring what he was about—the officer informed him that his vessel was a lawful prize to His Majesty's packet,—then bound to Bermuda, and he was now reaping the benefit of his capture. The Yankee, however, forbade him from meddling with his property, and deliberately drew forth his pencil, enumerating the articles taken out, with scrupulous nicety. Still the officer proceeded in his duty, and having obtained a proper amount of the delicacies, left a crew on board his prize, and a hawser was made fast to the Yacht, and she taken in tow by the captors. In three days they tugged her into the port of Bermuda, where a fleet of British men of war were then lying, and she was anchored at some distance below them, and the packet proceeded to town.

The difficulty which presented itself

to the captain of the packet, was simply this—he had no commission to capture, but only a letter of marque; yet the temptation of the Yankee cargo was so great, that it could not be resisted, and the yacht was left below the town, for the purpose of having no interloping frigate to share profits while the packet went up to obtain the proper documents for capture—having procured which, they proceeded to take possession under their new commission. The Secretary of the Governor accompanied the Captain of the packet, and stepped on board the yacht "as one having authority." The Yankee marched up to him, "savagely as a meat axe," and asked his name and capacity—the reply was, "I am Secretary to the Governor of Bermuda."

"You are?"
"I am, and I declare your vessel to be a good prize." "Well," replied the American Captain, "you are the very man I wished to see—have you a knife?" At this the dandy gentleman made a retrograde motion, to get out of the way of one whom he thought insane; but, on assurance that he should not be harmed, he, at arms length, presented him a pen-knife, with which the Yankee ripped open the top of his boot, and drew from thence a British licence. Never were there seen countenances more chop-fallen than those of the Prizemaster & Co. The paper was strictly examined, and found to be authentic; the appearance of affairs was wonderfully changed. "And now," said the Yankee, with a sneer, "Mr. Secretary to the governor of Bermuda, with your permission, I will dress and wait on your master!" The Prizemaster gathered himself up and departed, sensible of the slips between the cup and the lip, in life's journey. The Secretary politely accompanied the Captain to the Governor's residence. The cargo was sold at an enormous profit, as provisions were in great demand. The Captain of the British packet sent him an equivalent for the goods taken out, at Bermuda prices; and from being a captured vessel, and the crew prisoners, she was changed to a welcome visitor, with a friendly freight; but the money paid for the purloinings of the Prizemaster was returned, with an assurance that the beef and butter were paid for in towing, as without the disinterested assistance of His Majesty's packet, the yacht would have found the bottom of the ocean much sooner than the Island of Bermuda!

Literary Anecdote.—A curious literary anecdote has reached us, of the times of Henry VIII. Tonstall, Bishop of London, whose extreme moderation, of which he was accused at the time, preferred burning books to burning authors, which was then getting into practice, to testify his abhorrence of Tindall's principles, who had printed a translation of the New Testament, a sealed book for the multitude, thought of purchasing all the copies of Tindall's translation, and annihilating them in one common flame. This occurred to him when passing through Antwerp, in 1529, then a place of residence for the Tindalists. He employed an English merchant there for this business, who happened to be a secret follower of Tindal, and acquainted him with the Bishop's intention. Tindal was extremely glad to hear of the project, for he was desirous of printing a more correct edition of his version, but the first impression still hung on his hands, and he was too poor to make a new one. He furnished the English merchant with all his unsold copies, which the Bishop eagerly bought, and had them all publicly burned in Cheapside; which the people not only declared was "a burning of the Word of God," but it influenced the desire of reading that volume, that the second edition was sought after at any price, and when one of the Tindalists, who was promised by the Lord Chancellor, in a private examination, that he should not suffer if he would reveal who encouraged and supported his party at Antwerp, the Tindalist immediately accepted the offer, and assured the Lord Chancellor that the greatest encouragement they had was from Tonstall, Bishop of London, who had bought up half the first impression, and enabled them to produce a second!

ANECDOTE.

The great John Howe, in his sermon on "the divine authority of the Holy Scriptures," relates the following circumstance communicated to him by Dr. Goodwin.

"He told me he, Goodwin, being in his youth a student at Cambridge, and having heard much of Mr. Rogers, of Dedham, purposely took a journey to hear him preach on his lecture day; a lecture so thronged and frequented, that to those who attended not early, there was no possibility of getting into that

very large and spacious church. Mr. Rogers was at the time discussing the subject of the Scriptures; and in the sermon he expostulated with the people about their neglect of the Bible. He personated God to the congregation, thus addressing them. "I have trusted you so long with my Bible; you have slighted it; it lies in your houses covered with dust and cobwebs; you care not to look into it. Do you use my Bible so?—well, you shall have my Bible no longer." He then took up the Bible from the cushion, and seemed as if he were going away with it, and carrying it from them; but immediately turned again, and personated the people to God, fell down on his knees, cried, and pleaded most earnestly, "O Lord, whatever thou doest to us, take not thy Bible from us!—kill our children—burn our houses—destroy our goods—only spare us thy Bible—only take not away thy Bible." Then he addressed the people as an answer from God. "Say you so?—well, I will try you a little longer; here is my Bible for you. I will yet see how you will use it; whether you will love it more—whether you will practise it more, and live more according to it." By these actions he put the congregation into so strange a posture, that the people generally were deluged with their own tears. Dr. Goodwin himself when he retired to take his horse again, was fain to hang a quarter of an hour upon the neck of his horse weeping, before he had power to mount; so great was the impression upon him, on having been thus expostulated with for the neglect of the Bible."

The late Dr. Dodd, who was executed for forgery, as he was stepping into the mourning coach which conveyed him to the scaffold, was asked by a woman who had imbibed the notions of the Free Thinkers—"Now! where, where is the Lord thy God?" He, in reply, told her to go home, and turn to the seventh chapter of Micah, 8th, 9th, and 10th verses.—She did so, and afterwards went and hung herself. The following are the verses referred to:—"Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy: when I fall I shall arise; when I sit in darkness the Lord shall be a light unto me. I will bear the indignation of the Lord, because I have sinned against him, until he plead my cause, and execute judgment for me: he will bring me forth to the light, and I shall behold his righteousness. Then she that is mine enemy shall see it, and shame shall cover her which said unto me, where is the Lord thy God? Mine eyes shall behold her: now shall she be trodden down as the mire of the streets."

ORIGINAL SIN.

I overheard a discourse something like alteration between a deacon, his son and servants. Some one had informed him that the cattle had broken into the cornfield, and were making great ravages. His servants were ordered to make haste and turn them out, and repair the breach. "How came they there?" says one:—"Which way did they get in?" cries another. "It is impossible; the fences are good," says a third. "Don't stand there talking to no purpose," cries the deacon, with increasing earnestness. "They are in the field destroying the corn. I see them with my own eyes. Out with them speedily, and put up the fence." As I approached him, he began to be more calm. "Your pardon, sir—these fellows have vexed me. They make me think of our parson's sermons on the origin of sin, spending his time in needlessly inquiring how it came into the world, while he ought to be exhorting us to duty and piety." "Your observation is just," said I, "and your directions to your servants contain sound orthodox; a good practical improvement of the discourse we have heard to-day."

"So the thought strikes me," replied the deacon; "I will hint it to the clergy in general: 'Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel,' &c."

Economy in Candles.—In such candlesticks as are not made to slide, the candles are frequently permitted to burn in the socket to great waste, and to the injury of the candlestick; this may be prevented by taking out early the short piece of candle, placing it between three common pins stuck in an old cork in the candlestick. A pound of candles 10 in the pound, will give a greater quantity of light by one-fourth, than a pound of 6 in the pound; because the tallow is more perfectly consumed in consequence of a greater surface of wick being exposed to the air. In large wicks the tallow is not burnt, but distilled away.

DUNSTON.—A fool who is vain of being the figure of some fashionable tailor, and thinks the wealth of his wardrobe will conceal the poverty of his ideas; though, like his long candle, stuck in the hole of a tin, he is mostly burnt.