

The Muse! what'er the Muse inspires,
My soul the tuneful strain admires.



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SMALL TALK.

SMALL TALK is indispensable at routs,
But more so at a little coterie,
Where friends, in number eight—or thereabouts,
Meet to enjoy loquacity and tea:
If small talk were abolished, I've my doubts
If ladies would survive to fifty-three;
Nor shall the stigmata, ladies, fall on you,
Men love a little bit of small talk too.

What changes there would be, if no tongue ran,
Except in sober sense and conversation;
There's many a communicative man
Would take to silence and to cogitation:
'T would stop old maids, (if aught that's earthly can),
And cut the thread of many an oration:
Old bachelors would dandle through the day,
And go on in a very hum drum way!

What would become of those, who, when at prayers,
Lean down their heads, and whisper in their pews?
Those at the play, who give themselves such airs,
Careful each celebrated speech to lose?
How would the poor man suffer, who prepares
For small song parties, which he can't refuse?
What would become of all the gay pursuits,
If all gay people suddenly turned mutes?

Partners at balls would look extremely blue,
While waiting for their turn to point the toe:
Youths, tete a tete, would scarce know what to do,
Over their juice of grape, or juice of sloe;
Two people in a chaise, might travel through
England and Wales—and they, in fact, might go
Over the Continent, and all the way
Be confidential once or twice a day.

Lovers would think it very hard, I fear,
If sober sense they were condemned to speak,
Husbands and wives a voice would seldom hear,
Unless it happened to be washing week;
The language of the eyes, I think 'tis clear,
Old married people very seldom seek:
(Couples oft disagree, I'm told)—but this
Is just by way of a parenthesis.

How very peaceable we should be then,
None would have words, e'en bullics would be dumb,
How changed would be the busy hum of men,
The fame of certain wits would prove a hum;
Tattlers deprived of speech, would seize a pun,
They are a nuisance not to be overcome;
Schemers the credulous no more would balk,
For schemes would very rarely end in talk.

One thing, assuredly, would pass away,
One ever useful, ever sweet resource,
Which, when good folks are puzzled what to say,
Gives the discussion piquancy and force;
It keeps both male and female tongues in play,
Till male and female voices become hoarse;
SCANDAL, I mean—when sense is in repute,
The many tongues of scandal must be mute.

Literary Extracts, &c.

Variety's the very spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

BATTLE OF SARATOGA.

From a review in the *Christian Spectator* of a short tour between Hartford and Quebec, in the autumn of 1819; by Professor SILLIMAN, of Yale College, author of a *Journal of Travels in England, Holland, and Scotland*.

"THE BATTLE GROUND.—The rain having ceased, I was on horseback at early dawn, with a veteran guide to conduct me to the battle ground. Although he was 75 years old, he did not detain me a moment; in consequence of an appointment the evening before, he was waiting my arrival at his house, a mile below our inn, and declining my aid, he mounted a tall horse, from the ground. His name was Ezra Buell, a native of Lebanon, in Connecticut, which place he left in his youth, and was settled here at the time of Gen. Burgoyne's invasion. He acted, through the whole time, as a guide to the American army, and was one of three, who were constantly employed in that service. His duty led him to be always foremost, and in the post of danger; and he was therefore admirably qualified for my purpose.

"The two great battles, which decided the fate of Burgoyne's army, were fought, the first on the 19th of September, and the last on the 7th of October, on Bemus's heights, and very nearly on the same ground, which is about two miles west of the river.

"The river is, in this region, bordered for many miles by a continued meadow, of no great breadth; upon this meadow there was then, and there is now, a good road, close to the river, and parallel to it. Upon this road, marched the heavy artillery and baggage, constituting the left wing of the British army, while the advanced corps of the light troops,

forming the right wing, kept on the heights which bound the meadows.

"The American army was south and west of the British, its right wing on the river, and its left resting on the heights.—We passed over a part of their camp, a little below Stillwater.

"A great part of the battle ground was occupied by lofty forest trees, principally pine, with here and there a few cleared fields, of which the most conspicuous in these sanguinary scenes, was called Freeman's Farm, and is so called in Gen. Burgoyne's plans. Such is nearly the present situation of these heights, only there is more cleared land; the gigantic trees have been principally felled, but a considerable number remain, as witnesses to posterity; they still show the wounds made in their trunks and branches, by the missiles of contending armies; their roots still penetrate the soil that was made fruitful by the blood of the brave, and their sombre foliage still murmurs with the breeze, which once sighed as it bore departing spirits along.

"My veteran guide, warmed by my curiosity, and recalling the feelings of his prime, led me with amazing rapidity and promptitude, over fences and ditches—through water and mire—through ravines and defiles—through thick forests and open fields, and up and down very steep hills; in short, through many places where alone I would not have ventured; but it would have been shameful for me not to follow, where a man of seventy-five would lead, and to relucate at going, in peace, over ground, which the defenders of their country, and their foes, once trod, in steps of blood.

"On our way to Freeman's Farm, we traced the line of the British encampment, still marked by a breast-work of logs, now rotten, but retaining their forms; they were, at the time, covered with earth, and the barrier between contending armies is now a fence, to mark the peaceful divisions of agriculture. This breast-work, I suppose to be a part of the line of encampment, occupied by Gen. Burgoyne after the battle of the 19th of September, and which was stormed on the evening of the 7th of October.

"The old man showed me the exact spot where an accidental skirmish between advanced parties of the two armies soon brought on the general and bloody battle of September 19.

"This was on Freeman's Farm, a field which was then cleared, although surrounded by a forest. The British picket here occupied a small house, when a part of Col. Morgan's corps fell in with, and immediately drove them from it, leaving the house almost encircled with their dead. The pursuing party almost immediately, and very unexpectedly, fell in with the British line, and were in part captured and the rest dispersed.

"This incident occurred at half past 12 o'clock; there was then an intermission till one, when the action was sharply renewed; but it did not become general, till three, from which time it raged with unabated fury till night. The theatre of action (says Gen. Wilkinson) was such, that although the combatants changed ground a dozen times, in the course of the day, the contest terminated on the spot where it began. This may be explained in a few words. The British line was formed on an eminence in a thin pine wood, having before it Freeman's Farm, an oblong field, stretching from the centre towards its right, the ground in front sloping gently down to the verge of this field, which was bordered on the opposite side by a close wood; the sanguinary scene lay in the cleared ground between the eminence occupied by the enemy, and the wood just described; the fire of our marksmen from this wood was too deadly to be withstood, by the enemy, in line, and when they gave way and broke, our men rushing from their covert, pursued them to the eminence, where, having their flanks protected, they rallied, and charging in turn, drove us back into the wood, from whence a dreadful fire would again force them to fall back; and in this manner did the battle fluctuate, like waves of a stormy sea, with alternate advantages, for four hours, without one moment's intermission. The British artillery fell into our possession at every charge, but we could neither turn the pieces upon the enemy, nor bring them off; the wood prevented the last, and the want of a match the first, as the livestock was invariably carried off, and the rapidity of the transitions did not allow us time to provide one; the slaughter of this brigade of artillerymen was remarkable, the Captain (Jones) and 36 men being killed or wounded out of 48. It was truly a gallant conflict, in which death, by familiarity, lost its terrors, and certainly a drawn battle, as night alone terminated it; the British army keeping its ground in rear of the field of action, and our corps, when they could no longer distinguish objects, retiring to their camp.—Yet General Burgoyne claimed a victory.

"It had, however, with respect to him, all the consequences of a defeat; his loss was between five and six hundred, while ours was but little more than half that number; his loss was irreparable, ours easily repaired, and in proportion to our entire army, as well as absolutely, it was much less than his.

"The stress of the action, as regards the British, lay principally on the 20th, 21st and 62d regiments; the latter, which was five hundred strong when it left Canada, was reduced to less than sixty men, and to four or five officers. (Gordon.)

"General Burgoyne states, that there was scarcely ever an interval of a minute in the smoke, when some British officer was not shot by the American riflemen, posted in the trees, in the rear and on the flank of their line. A shot which was meant for Gen. Burgoyne, severely wounded Capt. Green, an aid of General Phillips; the mistake was owing to the captain's having a rich laced furniture to his saddle, which caused the marksman to mistake him for the General.

"Such was the ardour of the Americans, that, as Gen. Wilkinson states, the wounded men, after having their wounds dressed, in many instances returned again into the battle.

"The battle of the 7th of October was fought on the same ground, but it was not so stationary; it commenced further to the right, and extended, in its various periods, over more surface, eventually occupying, not only Freeman's Farm, but it was urged by the Americans to the very camp of the enemy, which, towards night, was most impetuously stormed, and in part carried.

"The interval between the 19th of Sept. and the 7th of October, was one of great anxiety to both armies; not a night passed, (adds Gen. Burgoyne,) without firing, and sometimes concerted attacks upon our pickets; no foraging party could be made without great detachments to cover it; it was the plan of the enemy to harass the army by constant alarms, and their superiority of numbers enabled them to attempt it without fatigue to themselves. By being habituated to fire, our soldiers became indifferent to it, and were capable of eating or sleeping when it was very near them; but I do not believe that either officer or soldier ever slept during that interval, without his clothes, or that any general officer or commander of a regiment passed a single night without being upon his legs, occasionally, at different hours, and constantly an hour before daylight.

"The battle of the 7th was brought on by a movement of Gen. Burgoyne, who caused one thousand five hundred men, with ten pieces of artillery, to march towards the left of the American army, for the purpose of discovering whether it was possible to force a passage; or, in case a retreat of the royal army should become indispensable, to dislodge the Americans from their entrenchments, and also to cover a forage, which had now become pressingly necessary. It was about the middle of the afternoon, that the British were observed advancing, and the Americans, with small arms, lost no time in attacking the British grenadiers and artillery, although under a tremendous fire from the latter; the battle soon extended along the whole line; Col. Morgan, at the same moment, attacked with his riflemen, on the right wing; Col. Ackland, the commander of the grenadiers, fell wounded; the grenadiers were defeated, and most of the artillery taken, after great slaughter.

"After a most sanguinary contest, of less than one hour, the discomfiture and retreat of the British became general, and they had scarcely regained their camp, before the lines were stormed with the greatest fury, and part of Lord Balcarras' camp was for a short time in our possession.

"I saw this spot, and also that where the Germans under Col. Breyman, forming the right reserve of the army, were stormed in their encampment by Gen. Learned and Col. Brooks, now Governour Brooks, of Massachusetts. Gen. Arnold was wounded on this occasion; Col. Breyman was killed, and the Germans were either captured, slain, or forced to retreat in the most precipitate manner, leaving the British encampment on the right entirely unprotected, and liable to be assailed the next morning. All the British officers bear testimony to the valour and obstinacy of the attacks of the Americans. The fact was the British were sorely defeated, routed, and vigorously pursued to their lines, which, it seems probable, would have been entirely carried by assault, had not darkness, as in the battle of the 19th, put an end to the sanguinary contest. It is obvious, from Gen. Burgoyne's own account, and from the testimony of his officers, that this was a severe defeat; and such a one as has rarely been experienced by a British army; this army was reduced by it to the greatest distress, and nothing but night saved them from destruction.

"I was on the ground where the grena-

diers, and where the artillery were stationed. "Here, upon this hill, (said my hoary guide,) on the very spot where we now stand, the dead men lay thicker than you ever saw sheaves on a fruitful harvest field." "Were they British or Americans?" "Both, (he replied,) but principally British." I suppose that it is of this ground that Gen. Wilkinson remarks: "It presented a scene of complicated horror and exultation.—In the square space of twelve or fifteen yards, lay 18 grenadiers, in the agonies of death; and three officers, propped up against stumps of trees, two of them mortally wounded, bleeding and almost speechless."

"My guide, proceeding with his narrative said, "there stood a British field piece, which had been twice taken, and retaken, and finally remained in our possession; I was on the ground, and said to an American Colonel, who came up at the moment, "Colonel, we have taken this piece, and now we want you to swear it true to America"—so the Colonel swore it true, and we turned it around, and fired upon the British with their own cannon, and with their own ammunition still remaining unconsumed in their boxes." I presume Gen. Wilkinson alludes to the same anecdote, when he says, "I found the courageous Colonel Cilley a straddle on a brass 12 pounder, and exulting in its capture."—pp. 102—111.

Much depended on the success of the attempt to resist Burgoyne. Had he reached in safety the navigable waters of the Hudson, and established a communication with Sir Henry Clinton, the consequences might have been most deplorable. We well remember hearing the late President Dwight state that when the substantial yeomanry of the land, proceeded to meet this formidable enemy, an enemy powerful in fact, and who had vaunted of his strength in all the pride of martial confidence, they did it, feeling that the decision then to be made would be a final one. So oppressive were the taxes, so numerous the privations, so great in every point of view, the sacrifices attendant upon war, that they wished to make one mighty effort to stay the progress of a destructive torrent, and when marching to the scene of trial, expressed the opinion, that if the effort in this instance should be unavailing, the desolation of the land was inevitable. They went not with confidence of success, but determined to use the means which God had furnished them for obtaining it. This will account for the desperate manner in which they attacked the fortifications where veteran men were entrenched, and the victory which was obtained will ever remain a proof that the discipline of an army contending for fame or reward, will not avail before the ardour of men determined to be free.

ANECDOTE OF GIBBON.

In a letter from Madame De Genlis.

I hear from Lausanne that Mr. Gibbon [the celebrated historian] has been settled there for some time, and is extremely well received. He is, they tell me, grown so prodigiously fat, that he walks with great difficulty; yet with this figure and strange face, Mr. Gibbon is infinitely gallant, and is fallen in love with a beautiful woman, Madame De Crouzas. One day, finding himself with her tete a tete for the first time, desirous of availing himself of so favorable a moment, he fell suddenly on his knees, and made a declaration of his flame in the most passionate terms. Madame De Crouzas replied in a manner sufficiently repulsive to discourage every temptation to renew the scene, and Mr. Gibbon appeared very much embarrassed, but nevertheless retained his prostrate attitude; and notwithstanding Madame's repeated invitation to reseal himself on the chair, he was motionless and silent. "But, sir," repeated Madame De Crouzas, "rise, I beseech you." "Alas! Madam," at last repeated this unfortunate lover, "I am not able." In truth the corpulency of his person totally impeded the possibility of recovering his legs without assistance. Madame De Crouzas then rang the bell, and desired the servant to help Mr. Gibbon to rise.

ANECDOTE.

People who are resolved to please always at all events, frequently overshoot themselves, and render themselves ridiculous by being too good. A lady going to eat plumb cake and candy at a friend's house one morning, ran to the cradle to see the *fine boy*, as soon as she came in: unfortunately the *cat* had taken up the *baby's* place; but before she could give herself time to see her mistake, she exclaimed, with uplifted eyes and hands, "Oh! what a sweet child! the *very picture of his father!*"

Have not to do with any man in his passion; for men are not like iron, to be wrought upon when they are hot.