THE WASHINGTONIAN.

VOLUME 1. Devoted to Total Abstinence, Morals, Education, Literature, Useful Arts, Domestic Economy, and General Intelligence. NUMBER 4.

Strictly Tee-total, and Exclusive of all Matters of a Political or Sectarian Character, and of all Advertisements of Intoxicating-drink-selling Establishments.

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ONE SQUARE, one insertion, FIFTY cents, or FOUR insertions for ONE DOLLAR.

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POETICAL FOUNT.

"Here Nature's minstrels quaff inspiring draughts."

From the New England Washingtonian.

HE IS A MAN AGAIN.

The drunkard mused, and o'er his soul
Swept thoughts of by-gone years,
And visions of full many a scene,
Radiant again appears;
And waves of childhood's ether sky,
Gold-tinted still came flitting by.

The drunkard wept, for on his heart
Weighed a dark withering blight!
Life's day to him seem'd sunless now,
Starless and cold its night!
And all the joys he once had known,
He feared forever hence had flown.

The drunkard prayed, and hark! now fell
Upon his spirit's ear,
In music tones a soothing spell,
His anguish'd soul to cheer;—
And hope, with relit, loving ray,
Broke on his long benighted day.

The drunkard smiled, for lo! the bow
Of peace again beamed bright,
And from his vice-dimmed mind had fled
The shades of misery's night.
Prayer potent, broke the enslaver's chain;
He smiled—he was a man again.

From the Mobile Herald.

RECIPE FOR MAKING BUCKWHEAT CAKES.

Do, dear James, mix up the cakes,
Just one quart of meal it takes;
Pour the water in the pot,
Be careful it is not too hot,
Sift the meal well through your hand;
Thicken well—don't let it stand;
Stir it quick—clash—clatter—
Oh, what light, delicious batter.
Now listen to the next command:
On the dresser let it stand
Just three quarters of an hour,
To feel the gently rising power
Of powders—melted into yeast,
To lighten well this precious feast.
See—now it rises to the brim,
Quick, take the ladle, dip it in.
So—let it rest, until the fire
The griddle heats, as you desire.
Be careful that the coals are glowing,
No smoke around its white curls throwing.
Apply the suet, softly, lightly,
The griddle's black face shines more brightly;
Now pour the batter on—delicious!
Don't, dear James, think me officious,
But lift the tender edges slightly—
Now turn it over, quickly, sprightly;
'Tis done—now on the white plate place it,
And to the breakfast room convey it
Smoking hot—with butter spread,
'Tis quite enough to turn our head.
Now I have eaten—thank the farmer
That grows this luscious mealy charmer;
Yes, thanks to all, the cook that bakes
These light, delicious buckwheat cakes.

SAFETY-BONDS.

"The pledge tee-total has its millions sav'd."

GENERAL PLEDGE.

We promise to abstain from all intoxicating drinks, and to discountenance the cause and practice of Intemperance.

PLEDGE OF THE JUVENILE COLD WATER ARMY OF THE DISTRICT.

This youthful band
Do with our hand,
The pledge now sign
To drink no Wine,
Nor Brandy red
To turn the head,
Nor Whiskey hot
That makes the sot,
Nor fiery Rum
To turn our home
Into a Hell,
Where none could dwell—
Whence peace would fly,
Where hope would die,
And love expire
'Mid such a fire;
So here we pledge unceasing hate,
To all that can intoxicate.

PLEDGE OF THE SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

I, without reserve, solemnly pledge my honor as a man, that I will neither make, buy, sell, nor use as a beverage, any Spirituous or Malt Liquors, Wine, or Cider.

PLEDGE OF THE UNITED BROTHERS OF TEMPERANCE.

No brother shall make, buy, sell, or use, as a beverage, any Spirituous or Malt Liquors, Wine or Cider.

A Good Example.—A boy was once tempted by some of his companions to pluck some ripe cherries from a tree which his father had forbidden him to touch.

"You need not be afraid," said they; "for if your father should find out that you had taken them, he is so kind that he will not hurt you."

"That is the very reason," replied the boy, "why I would not touch them. It is true, my father may not hurt me; yet my disobedience, I know, would hurt my father; and that would be worse to me than any thing else."

Was not this an excellent reason?

POPULAR SELECTIONS.

"From grave to gay, from lively to severe."

VIRTUE REWARDED.

A GOOD STORY, WELL TOLD.

On the 8th of January, during the cold which reigned so severely in Paris, at the moment when the snow was falling in heavy flakes, a stoppage of passengers, horses, and vehicles took place suddenly at the corner of the Rue St. Honore and the Rue de l'Arbre Sec.

"What's the matter?" asked a young man, whose accent declared him to be an inhabitant of the south of France.

"I really can't inform you Monsieur, I was going to ask the question myself."

"It's only a man who has fallen on the ice," said an orange woman who had overheard the colloquy, "nothing more. Two sous apiece, come buy!"

"It's a man dead drunk," said a porter, pushing his way out of the crowd.

"Bah!" cried an old woman, "I'll bet that it's one of those cursed omnibuses which has overturned some poor wretch. I had my leg broken by one two years ago."

"No such thing," cried a stout man, warmly wrapped up in a thick wrap-rascal, a large handkerchief up to his nose, and his hands fixed in his side pockets. "It's no such thing. It's a man struck with cold and hunger; he is dying, that's evident. Poor man! These things quite affects me! I should have stopped to lend him some assistance, but the fact is I am too late as it is, for my wife is waiting dinner for me. Pardon, Monsieur, permit me to pass."

The stranger, however, to whom this remark was addressed, pushed the stout man in the contrary direction, and pressed through the crowd of gazers until he arrived, and without difficulty, at the spot where the cause of this assemblage was lying. There, near the fountain, was extended on the ice an old man scarcely covered with a few rags. The stranger yielding only to the dictates of a kind heart, stooped down, and was in the act of raising the unhappy man, when a cry broke the silence of the crowd, and a sweet voice exclaimed, "It's my old man!" At the same moment a young girl piercing the crowd joined her feeble aid to that of the stranger.

"You know him, then?" he demanded, without looking at the new comer, but in trying to prevent her from having any share in the burden.

"Yes, and no, Monsieur," she replied, taking out a smelling bottle. "I know him by sight, bnt am ignorant of his name."

A third person came to add his assistance to the efforts of the young people. "It's old Gerald!" he said. "He must have gone out this morning, the first for these four days. This way, Monsieur," said he, speaking to the stranger, "he lives here, at number 30, and I am the porter of the house. Come, let me take your place, my little woman," continued he to the young girl, "this gentleman and I can take him to his room in the top of the house. It is sheer want that has reduced him to this state. They say he was once rich, and I believe it, for it is only the rich who allow themselves to famish from hunger when they are poor—we have still two stories to go up—I would not be guilty of such a foolish act; I would at once go to the mayor and demand aid. Take care, the stairs are not steep; it is so dark here, you can't well see: It is different with me, I am used to the place; that's the door. Push. He never needed a key to lock up his property, poor man. They say Gerald is not his name. Diable! how cold it is up here under these tiles!"

They placed the old man on some straw in one corner of the garret, and the stranger hastened to feel his pulse. "He is dying of cold and want," said he; "here, my friend, here's the money for you, bring up some soup, some wine, and some fire." The porter held out his hand for the money, when the stranger suddenly exclaimed, after having searched his pockets, "Good heaven! they have taken my purse!" and his features expressed, most vividly, vexation, and fear for the old man's recovery.

"I will get them," cried a gentle voice; it was that of the young girl, who had followed them unperceived. She hurried out of the room and returned speedily, for she perceived that the slightest delay might be fatal. A woman followed her bringing fire and wood, with which she lit a fire, and then retired. The young messenger was loaded with a bottle of wine, and the wing of a fowl, wrapped up in a piece of newspaper. She placed the whole near the old man, and then kneeling down arranged the fire, and stirred it up to a blaze.

The old man by degrees recovered his senses; he was presented with food in small quantities, and in a short time animation was restored. Too weak to thank his benefactors, he could only express his feelings by looks of the most touching gratitude, particularly when they rested on the young girl still occupied near the hearth. To the stranger she appeared nothing less than a charming and mysterious vision. Who could this young creature be, who so earnestly and effectively devoted herself to a work of charity, when her attire gave every indication of privation and penury? Cold as the weather was, the bonnet which encircled her delicate and beautiful features, was of black straw; the silk gloves, mended in several places, served to cover her hands, but cortainly not to guarantee them from the cold. An old cashmere, worn to the last extremity, was thrown over a faded gown of dark silk, and her whole appearance betokened the absence of any warm garment. The young man would undoubtedly have been struck by the extreme beauty of her features, had there been no other charm to attract him; but there was about her that indescribable something which pleases more than mere beauty—and that is, a union of goodness and elegance, which is, indeed, but seldom to be met with, but when seen is irresistible. At last her self-imposed task was over—she approached the old man, and stooping down towards him, nodded her head kindly as she uttered the words, "I will soon return."

She then took a small case which she had put down on her entrance, and saluting the stranger, she left the room, and descended the narrow stairs with a rapid step.

The young man gazed on her a moment, and then turned toward the invalid. "I, on the contrary, shall not return, for I leave Paris this evening; but you shall soon hear from me"—then pressed the old man's hand kindly, and departed.

When he emerged from the gateway of the house into the street, though hopeless of seeing his young assistant in the work of benevolence in which he had been engaged, he still could not avoid looking round to see if by chance she was still in sight. As chance would have it, she was standing as if undecided at the door of a jeweller's shop at some distance. At last she appeared to have formed her determination, for she opened the door and entered. Without exactly analyzing the cause of his curiosity, the stranger approached the window of the shop, and observed what was going on within. He saw the young girl take off her gloves, and whilst he was admiring the dazzling whiteness and aristocratic form of the hand, she drew with some emotion a ring from her finger, and presented it to the person at the counter. He took it, examined it carefully, rubbed and tested the stone, and then methodically took a small pair of scales, and, having ascertained the weight, offered his customer a price, which it was easy to see she accepted, from the movement of assent with which she bent her head. The jeweller opened a drawer, and counted out some money, which he pushed over the counter; and having written down the name and address, he cast the ring into another drawer, amongst a heap of jewels of all sorts and colors. The girl then departed, and in a minute afterwards the young man entered into the shop.

In a short time afterwards she turned into a plain looking house, in one of the streets off the Rue St. Honore; and opening a door on the Rue de Chassee, she entered hastily, crying, "Here I am, dear mother. You must have been uneasy at my long absence."

Madame Revial, the person to whom these words were addressed, appeared infirm, but more for trouble than from years. She was stretched on a sofa, and appeared in delicate health. Her features, unusually pale, assumed an appearance of animation when her daughter entered, and then immediately became more sombre than before.

"Dear Anna," said she, "I have an unpleasant piece of news to acquaint you with; it was this, perhaps, that made me rather fear your return than take note of your prolonged absence."

Anna having cast on a chair her shawl and bonnet, immediately seated herself on a low stool, near the end of the sofa which supported her mother's head. The latter passed her hand affectionately over the dark hair of her daughter, and then continued:

"You know that your father had promised your hand to the son of M. Barsac, of Bordeaux, his oldest friend. The death of your father—the lengthened illness which has so much reduced me—had not overcome my courage, as long as I could live in the hope of seeing you one day rich and happy, under the protection of a worthy husband. This very morning the scaffolding of happiness which I loved so much to build up for you, fell to the ground. This letter, addressed to our old habitation, ought to have come to hand yesterday. Here, read for yourself."

Anna took the letter which her mother held out to her, and, looking at the signature, remarked: "It is from Jules Barsac himself;" she then read the contents aloud:

"Madame: As long as fortune smiled on me, I thought with delight on the alliance which M. Revial and my father contracted for me; but the late failure of the firm of Dandelius & Co., has drawn on ours, and as a man of honor I deem myself bound to restore to you my promise. If your daughter and myself were well acquainted, and if mutual affection had been the basis of the projected union, I would have bent my knee before you, Madame, and prayed to wait until I repaired our disaster; but have I the right to call on another to partake in my poverty, and to join in my labors! Do I even know what space of time it may take to acquire a fortune worthy of that which you have lost? He that is above can only tell. Your daughter, brought up under your protecting care, is, so I am informed, both amiable and lovely. Who is there, then, who will not be proud and happy to give her an honorable name, and a position in society equal to that in which she was born? As to me, I have nothing left, and unwillingly I am forced to renounce the favor designed for me. You will pardon me, Madame, for leaving Paris without paying my respects to you; but I should fear, after having seen your daughter, to carry with me a keen regret, which might trouble the calm of an existence now consecrated to labor.

Farewell, then, Madame; believe me to be penetrated with every sentiment of respect for you, and to remain

Your most humble and ob't serv't,
JULES BARSAC."

(To be continued.)

A SCENE OF THE REVOLUTION.

BATTLE OF BENNINGTON.

General Burgoyne's progress towards Albany was delayed through the want of a speedy and sufficient supply of provisions. He considered in what way the difficulty was to be surmounted. According to information, the Americans had a great deposit of corn, flour, and store cattle at Bennington, which was guarded only by the militia. Every day's account confirmed the persuasion of the loyalty of one description of inhabitants in that part of the country, and of the panic of the other. He therefore entertained the design of surprising the stores at Bennington, and of sending a very large detachment upon the expedition; but was diverted from the latter (as supposed) by Major Skeen, who assured him, "The friends to the British cause are as five to one, and they only want the appearance of a protecting power to show themselves." Relying upon their attachment, the general sent the German Lieutenant Colonel Baum, with only about 500 men and 100 Indians, who carried with them two light pieces of artillery. To facilitate the operation, the army moved along the east shore of Hudson river, and encamped nearly opposite to Saratoga; and a bridge of rafts being thrown over the advanced corps passed to that place. Lieutanant Colonel Breyman's corps, consisting of the Brunswick grenadiers, light infantry, and chasseurs, were posted at Battenkill, in order, if necessary, to support Baum. Stark, hearing that a party of Indians were at Cambridge, sent Lieutenant-Colonel Gregg with 200 men to stop their progress. Towards night he was informed by an express that there was a large body of regulars in the rear of the Indians. On that he drew together his brigade, and the militia who were on hand, in order to stop their march; sent to Manchester for Colonel Warner's regiment, and forwarded expresses to the neighboring militia to join him with all speed. He then marched, in the morning of the 14th, with Colonels Warner, Williams, and Brush, and the men present, and in about seven miles met Gregg retreating, and the enemy within a mile of him. The troops drew up in order of battle; and the enemy, upon coming in sight, halted upon a very advantageous ground. Baum, perceiving that the Americans were too strong to be attacked by his present force, sent an express to Burgoyne with an account of his situation; and Breyman was immediately despatched to reinforce him. Meanwhile small parties of the Americans skirmished with the enemy, killed and wounded 30 of them, with two Indian chiefs, without any loss to themselves, which had a good effect upon their courage. The ground Stark occupied not being suitable for a general action, he retreated about a mile and encamped. In a council of war, it was determined to send two detachments into the enemy's rear, while the rest of the troops attacked in front.

On the 15th of August it rained all day, which retarded the intended assault; however there were frequent skirmishings in small parties. The heavy rain, together with the badness of the roads, prevented also Breyman's advancing to Baum's assistance with despatch. The next day, August 16th, Stark being joined in the morning by Colonel Seymonds, from Berkshire, pursued his plan. Baum, in the meanwhile, had entrenched, and rendered his post as defensible as time and its nature would permit. Gen. Stark detached Nichols with his force to the rear of his left; Colonel Henrick, with 300 men, was sent to the rear of his right; they were to join and then attack. Warner, Hubard, and Stickney, with 200, were posted still further on his right. A hundred men were also advanced towards his front, to draw his attention that way. About three o'clock in the afternoon all were ready for the attack. Before Nichols and Henrick could join, the Indians pushed off between the two corps, but receiving a fire as they passed, had three killed and two wounded. Nichols then began the assault upon Baum, and was followed by the rest; those in front pushing forward. In a few moments the action became general, and lasted about two hours, with one continued noise like the ruffling of a drum. Baum made a brave defence; and the German dragoons kept togsther after having expended their ammunition, and, led by their colonel, charged with their swords, but were soon overpowered. The whole detachment, though well closed by two breastworks, were forced to give way to the superior number and courage of the Americans, who, with their brown firelocks, scarce a bayonet, little discipline, and not a single piece of cannon, ventured to attack 500 well-trained regulars, furnished with the best and completest arms and accoutrements, having two pieces of artillery, being advantageously posted, and accompanied by 100 Indians. When the militia had gained the victory, they dispersed to collect plunder, which they were very desirous of securing. This nearly proved fatal to them. While thus busied, Stark received information that the reinforcement under Breyman was within two miles of him. Happily, at that instant, Warner's continental regiment, which had been sent for from Manchester, came up fresh, marched on, and began to engage; meanwhile the militia collected as fast as possible, and pushed on to its assistance. The battle became general, and continued obstinate on both sides till sunset, when the Germans gave way, partly through a failure of ammunition, leaving their two pieces of artillery behind them, and a number of prisoners. They retreated in the best manner they could, improving the advantage of the evening, and of the night.

The Americans took four brass field pieces, twelve brass drums, 250 dragoon swords, four ammunition wagons, and about 700 prisoners, among whom was Lieutenant Colonel Baum. Three hundred dead are said to have been found upon the spot; but if so, surely the slain on each side must have been included. The Americans lost but about 100 killed and wounded. The courage of the men was sharpened by the prospect of advantage, for in Gen. Stark's orders they were promised all the plunder that should be taken in the enemy's camp. The royal officers were astonished to see how undauntedly they rushed on the mouths of the cannon. Both men and officers are entitled to much honor for their gallant behavior. Colonels Warner and Henrick's superior skill in military matters was of service to the general, who was less conversant with them than they, but his rank in the army of the United States was afterwards given him by Congress, on the 4th of October, when they "Resolved, That the thanks of Congress be presented to General Stark, of the New Hampshire militia, and the officers and troops under his command, for their brave and successful attack upon, and signal victory over the enemy, in their lines at Bennington; and that Brigadier Stark be appointed a Brigadier General in the army of the United States." Never were thanks more deservedly bestowed. This was the first turn of affairs in favor of the Americans in the northern department after the death of General Montgomery. It raised the spirits of the country, and made the militia willing to turn out, beyond what would otherwise have been done.

POETRY—LOTS OF IT.

In the advertising columns of the Schuylerville Herald we find some delightful poetry—beautiful stanzas surrounded by *dull*, barren prose, like roses blooming in a desert of sand. The following are samples of the bowers contained in the gay parterre.

Mr. Paul C. Wells does blacksmithing, and such like.

"On the middle floor there's wagons made,
By L. Bartlett, master of his trade,
On the floor above, they're painted by
J. Osburn, and set out to dry.'

Pretty, very pretty, indeed, so far as it goes, L. Bartlett makes the wagons, and J. Osburn paints 'em; but why not give the name of the ought-to-be distinguished individual who sets them out to dry? That's what we want to know, who sets *them* out to dry?

"Mr. G. R. Lewis has a boot and shoe store
Near the bridge, and just next door,
To John Gale's dry goods store,
Close to the mills, in open sight,
Opposite a pile of boards, both new and bright."

When we go to Schuylerville we shall know where to find Mr. Lewis's store, provided they don't remove the pile of boards, and they are kept "new and bright." This puts us in mind of the Dutchman's house, which stood, *generally*, about six feet behind a little speckled dog.

"Losse & Mott have a dry good store,
In Schuylerville, where in days of yore,
Burgoyne was taken, as you well know,
Without being able to strike a blow."

Served the old fellow exactly right; but what a queer *dry goods* store Messrs. Losse & Mott have! They keep calicoes, drugs, brandy, bibles, turnips, new testaments, potatoes, pots, kettles, whiskey, prayer books, pig yokes, catechisms, bonnets, bustles, Baxter's Dying Thoughts, and putty. Do you call them dry goods?—*N. Y. Mercury.*