

## MISCELLANY.

From the Delaware Gazette.

### HUMAN DESIRE.

Why do we sigh for winter's reign,  
Of storm and tempest dire?  
Why sigh to hear the winds again  
Around the crowded fire?

Man like the season seeks for change,  
From Spring to Winter grim;  
And even Nature's widest range,  
Is not enough for him.

When Spring trips forth enwreath'd with  
flow'r,  
And her delicious fruits,  
Man sighs for Summer's warmer hours.

And Summer's warm pursuits.

Nor sooner Summer comes with all  
Her fertile fields to please,  
Then comes his wish for Autumn's fall,  
And her luxuriant ease,

He sees her glories all expire,  
And point him to the tomb,  
And in his heart springs up desire,  
For Winter's weary gloom:

Man fearing time's too quick decay,  
And trembling at his fate,  
Still wishes moments, months away,  
Nor ceases till too late.

To gain one toy, desire endears,  
Or fancy gives a charm,  
He oft annihilates whole years,  
Nor thinks of death's alarm.

But when possessed, the value flies  
Anticipation gave;  
Tears fill his dim and aged eyes,  
He ponders on the grave.

Fain would he give the gaudy toy,  
And all its pleasures flown,  
But to regain the soul-felt joy.  
His youthful years had known.

MILFORD BARD.

From the Boston Galaxy.

### A TALE OF A TRAINING, OR A SKETCH OF THE ADVENTURES OF THE MASSACHUSETTS MILITIA.

Nobody, up and down the country, was equal to Josh Beapole, of Rye. He grew up faster than a hop-vine or a string-bean. He was a man before he knew it, and being told of it, gave him self such airs that he was thought quite the thing by all the girls ten miles round. He was an absolute dandy, if such things could be, among the woods. He was foremost in all husking-parties, quiltings, house-warmings, sleigh-rides, and scrapes of all colors, wore an eel-skin queue and a ruffle shirt on Sundays, and so by hook and by crook got into such favor with the feminine gender, that he might almost have taken his pick out of the whole town. There was no one who could have said no, to such a gallant gay Lothario as our Josh, except one, but as the devil would have it, she happened to be the very one who Josh wanted to get.

There is no accounting for the whims of a woman, so we shall not attempt to assign the cause why Nance Crabtree turned up her nose at Josh Beapole. Certain it is that Josh stuck to her like a burr without any effect. She carried her head high, looked askew and gave Josh the go-by whenever he attempted to be familiar.

Some thought she looked upon Josh, with all his accomplishments, to be no great shakes. Others thought she had set her cap for the parson of the parish. There might have been some truth in this last supposition, for when the parson, to her great surprise, married, the widow Sly, Nance began to relent and Josh found himself getting into her favor. He laid siege to her heart with redoubled ardour, and the whole town at last thought it would be a match. Still it was now and then a little offish, and Josh was sharp sighted enough to see that he must cast about for some uncommon expedient to push his suit—the girls, thought he, are fond of titles and show and parade: Nance would have snapped up with the parson to a dead certainty; now if I can get to be a captain of militia, I shall come off conqueror. If she turns up her nose at me then, the devil is in her!

So Josh set about intriguing for office, and as the actual incumbent had been for several years somewhat cramped with the rheumatism, and unable to march faster than common time, or carry his body nearer to a perpendicular than 45 degrees, people began to think he had served his country long enough. Without much difficulty he was prevailed upon to resign. Josh set himself up as a candidate for the office, and having opened a grocery store, came in by a unanimous vote, for it is a standing maxim in the country, that the best man in the world for a militia captain is a grocer tavern-keeper. Now was Josh near the completion of his wishes. A captain who could resist a captain? But little did he think the very stick which he took up to help him over the ditch would itself knock him into the mud! However let us not anticipate the catastrophe of the story.

In order to begin the campaign with uncommon splendour, Josh, determined on a sham fight; there is nothing like a sham fight for all lovers of military glory; nothing like a sham fight for all lovers of fun and frolic up and down the country.

it was immediately noised abroad, and great preparations were made in all quarters for witnessing the grand show to be made by the Rye company, and their new captain. Josh had bespoken a brand new uniform of blue, turned out with yellow flannel, and it was tho' he would cut such a dash, and make such a flaming appearance as to steal the heart of every girl who was made of penetrable stuff. Josh was not a whit behind any body in the confidence of his hopes. 'By hokey!' said he, as he looked at himself in his regiments, 'if this don't take the sunshine out of her eyes she's harder than hickory.'

At last the long expected day came; and what a flocking, and bustling there was! the like had not been known in those parts, within the memory of the eldest inhabitants. Such throngs of jolly damsels and old grannies; such crowds of every age, sex and condition; such a rattle of chaises, carts and wagons, such an array of booths and tents, and extempore retailing shops; such a show of ginger-bread, sugar-plums and molasses candy! There was no end to the wonders and the novelties which this grand occasion brought into display. Josh marched his company up and down with great *éclat*, and though they did not display a perfect regularity of uniform, and unable exactly to keep time in marching, yet they were pronounced to have an uncommonly martial appearance.

According to the plan previously drawn up, the sham fight was to represent the capture of Lord Cornwallis, at Yorktown; and a spacious pigsty on the side of a hill was fixed upon to be the scene of conflict. The wooden walls of this formidable dwelling were accordingly cleared of the swinish multitude, and by the help of a few plank and rafters metamorphosed into the fortification of Yorktown. Josh placed half his company under Lieutenant Shute in the pig sty, to act as the British army under Lord Cornwallis, while he himself in the character of General Washington took the command of the besieging army. The whole plan of the attack, defence and surrender was as follows:

Lord Cornwallis was to open the campaign by detailing half a platoon of his forces under Corporal Spinbutton to forage in Deacon Style's cabbage garden. These on being attacked by General Washington's advanced guard, who were to form a corps of observation at the Hole in the Wall, were to retreat across Dog's Folly and Mud Lane till they reached Turkey Cock's Vengeance, where they were to make a stand and receive a reinforcement from Yorktown; whereupon the American advance guard were to commence a retreat, and be hotly pursued by the British across Peg's Run and Long twisted Bogery till they reached Dog's Misery, where the main army, under General Washington in person, was to be stationed. Here Corporal Spinbutton was to receive a check and draw off his forces, leaving behind him his baggage, consisting of two knapsacks of bread and cheese. The whole American Army was then to take up the line of march, and proceed in three columns through Widow M'Quirk's cow pasture and Skunk Slab's orchard, till they arrived at Deacon Style's cabbage garden, where they were to debouch and prepare for the grand attack. The assault was to be made by the main body, under Gen. Washington, while a detachment of five men, under Sergeant Doolittle, was to manoeuvre upon the enemy's flank and storm his outworks, consisting of a couple of bay-cocks. Hereupon the enemy was to beat a parley, and Lord Cornwallis was to despatch a flag of truce to General Washington, to treat of a surrender; but the two generals not agreeing about the terms, the action was to be renewed, and a sharp firing kept up as long as the ammunition held out. At this time finding the fortune of the day going against him, General Washington was to put himself at the head of the troops and lead them on at the point of the bayonet. The detachment above mentioned having possessed themselves of the enemies haycock, outworks, and the ravelin and half moon made by a pile of logs, were to pour in a galling fire and enfilade the whole tenaille of the enemy's works. Taking advantage of this, General Washington was to enter the intrenchments, sword in hand, when the enemy was to hoist a white flag, and the surrender of the pigsty was to follow.

Certainly Josh Beapole's general orders were drawn up as well as any of Bonaparte's bulletins. The plan of the campaign was excellent, and not a man on the ground but would have betted ten to one that Josh and his army would carry the pigsty; but by the strangest chance in the world it turned out that Count O'Reilly did not take Algiers, but Algiers took him!

The rival armies took their stations and the battle began. Immense crowds flocked around the scene of action, all wrapt in wonder and breathless with curiosity to view the great spectacle of the capture of Yorktown. All eyes were turned upon General Washington, the hero of this eventful day. Josh did really cut a most gallant figure at the head of the American army on this oc-

casion. His dazzling regiments, with their show of brass buttons and yellow baize, shone out among the general officers of the staff like the meridian sun among the stars. His enormous chapeau surmounted with a bunch of cockerel feathers, a yard in height, caused him to loom up from the rank and file of the army, like one of Don Quixote's giants; while his legs being incased in a monstrous pair of new cowhide boots, that came a foot and a half above his knees, imparted a most imposing military stiffness to his gait. "General Washington! General Washington!" exclaimed every tongue—and every one agreed that

Take him all in all,

They ne'er should look upon his like again. The old men gaped and wondered, the old women did the same; the boys shouted and marvelled, the girls looked on, stared and admired. Josh Beapole never appeared so irresistible before, Nance was absolutely delighted, and every body thought she was positively done for.

The first part of the plan of operations succeeded to admiration. The grand attack commenced, the outworks were carried by assault. The American army pressed forward, General Washington flourished his sword and exclaimed, "On! on! my brave boys;" Lord Cornwallis mounted the ramparts of the citadel and thundered defiance at the assailants. Bang! bang! went the guns, buzz! buzz! shouted the spectators. The musketry roared again, the drums beat a terrible *general*, the sky was rent with shouts and shrouded in smoke! Sure never did pigsty present a scene so sublime before.

But just at this moment all the spectators were struck with surprise at observing an uncommon appearance in Yorktown. The firing suddenly ceased and the whole garrison fell instantly into sudden confusion; presently Lord Cornwallis came tumbling over the walls of the pigsty with his whole staff at his heels, and the rank and file of the garrison after them hurly burly, pell mell, scampering off like madmen. Every body stared and was struck with astonishment. But we must go back for a moment to explain the cause of this.

The same pigsty, as we said before, was cleared of its tenants a day or two previous, and the pigs shut up in another enclosure. It so happened that an obstinate surly old sow, not liking her new quarters, contrived to get loose early on the morning of the battle. After rooting about the fields, and stuffing herself with a monstrous meal, she trudged instinctively back to her old dwelling, where she got in unobserved while every body was absent at dinner. There she snuggled away in a dark corner and fell fast asleep.

But the roaring of the musketry and the rolling of the drums and the shouting of the multitude and the trampling up and down of Lord Cornwallis and his soldiers upon the citadel of Yorktown, at length aroused the snoring animal and she opened her eyes with a most significant grunt, wondering what could keep this dreadful potho'er her head. Getting up and poking her snout into the open air, she found her peaceful domicile filled with men of war making such a racket and tantara as were enough to drive any hog in the universe crazy.

No hog could be more hoggish than the one of which we speak. She was a cross-grained, snappish and as malicious a piece of pork as the country for ten miles round could show; and more than that, she was of about four-hundred pounds weight. In an instant she sprang among the enemy and knocked down a platoon of them before any one was aware of the new assailant. The next instant she butted an *aid-de-camp* out at the sally port, and gave Lord Cornwallis a grip in the rear at the slack of his pataulons, which ruined that portion of his regiments forever and aye. His lordship sprang over the walls in a jiffy without waiting for his suite, and the whole garrison was put to the rout in the twinkling of an eye. Some threw themselves over the ramparts, others climbed up the bastion, others scuttled off the half moon, the fierce animal meanwhile rooting hither and thither among them, knocking down, and biting, and scratching and kicking, at a most terrible rate. Those who could not get out in season were obliged to turn upon the assailant by beating her with the butt ends of their muskets. Dire was the confusion! The soldiers belaboured the porker and the porker pummelled the soldiers, bit their legs, tumbled them down and trampled them under foot!—Chaos was come again! The soldiers roared and shouted, the old sow squealed in triumph, the walls of the pigsty trembled with the clamor, the bastions came tumbling down, the citadel shook to its foundations, kicks, thumps, cuffs, thwacks, bangs, blows, pokes, hits, fore-strokes, and back-strokes prevailed; shouting, screaming, yelling and grunting filled the air! The walls tumbled with a terrible crash, and the old sow came scampering down the hill at a gallop after the routed army!

This happened at the very instant in

which General Washington had put himself at the head of the army to lead on the attack. He was flourishing his sword in a most fierce martial attitude, when the furious animal took him between the legs and carried him off at a full gallop. His new cow hide boots so stiffened him at the knees that he was astride of the animal's back without the power to throw himself off. Away went General Washington extemporaneously mounted without saddle or bridle, with his head to the rear, and grasping the tail of his steed with as tight a grip as muscles could exert. In an instant he broke thro' the centre of his own line, put the *corps de reserve* to the rout, and in ten seconds was among the thickest of the throng of spectators, knocking down all before him, frightening the females out of their wits, breaking horses loose, overturning carts and tables loaded with apples, nuts, cakes, bottles, decanters and glasses, and making such devastation as never had been witnessed since time was. The multitude scrambled to save themselves and pushed one another down in the attempt. The whole field was in a hurly-burly. Josh and his steed galloped off and have not been heard of since—Nance was married last week to corporal Spinbutton, who is now a captain. He has just arrived in Boston as a member of the General Court, and was seen at a milliner's shop in Washington st. yesterday cheapeening a new bonnet,

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### CINCINNATI PRICES CURRENT. [CORRECTED WEEKLY.]

ARTICLES.	FROM	TO
Ashes, pot, ton,	95 00	
Pearl "	100 00	
Bees' wax	1b	18
Candles, dipped	1b	10
Mould	1b	12
Castings	per ton	60 00
Cigars, Amer. 1st qual	1000	75 00
Spanish "	8	10 00
Coffee best qual per lb		14 15
Cotton per lb		12 13
Coal, bushel,		10
Corn, do.		18
Meal do		20
Cotton Yarn, Nos. 5 to 10 lb		25
Feathers live geese & ducks	lb	23 25
Flaxseed bushel		37 40
Flour sup. fresh from wagons	bbl 3 20	3 50
Fine		3 50
Ginseng per lb		10 12
Gunpowder Lexington Ky keg	5 50	6 00
Dupont's "		7 50
Hay, ton,		10
Hemp per lb		5 7
Hops, lb.		12 15
Lead pig and bar	lb	4 0
Leather sole, Eastern tan lb		23 25
do Cincinnati "		25 27
Calf skins dozen	18 00	26 00
Upper do	26 00	28 00
Iron, Jumata hammered ton	130 00	135 00
Puddled "	80 00	100 07
Hoop, 6, 8 & 10d "		130 00
Nail rods "		156 00
Mackerel No 1 per bbl		10 00
No 2 & 3 "	9 00	7 50
Molasses, New Orleans gal		37
Nails, own'd 4d & 10d lb		8
Jumata "		9
Pittsburgh common "		6 7
Oats, bushel,		18 20
Oil, Tanners, per bbl	22	23 00
Linsseed gal	55	60
Paints, White lead, in oil, keg	3 25	3 30
Do do dry lb		15
Red do do		15
Spanish Brown "		4 0
Whiting "		3 4
Porter, Pittsburgh, bbl	6	9 00
Cincinnati:		8