

POETRY.

MORNING SALUTATION BETWEEN
SOUL AND BODY.

BODY.
Tell me, my Soul, where hast thou been
Wand'ring the livelong night?
What hast thou done, what hast thou seen
In the course of thy silent flight?

SOUL.
I have been to visit the silent tomb,
Where my hopes all buried lie—
Fairer flowers in my path way bloom;
Dearest to me, tho' lost in gloom,
Are those that have past me by.
I have been wandering quite alone
Mid the ruins of happier days—
Fairy palaces overthrown—
Shining visions all scattered and gone,
Lost in the desolate maze.
I have been wand'ring, I know not where,
Seeking for something that was not there—
Comfortless, void and vain;
But I heard from afar the distant hum
Of the waking multitude, and I come,
I come to thee again.

A PLEASANT MISTAKE.

Charles to the altar led the lovely Jane,
And to her father's house returned again,
Where, to convey them on their wedding tour,
Already stood a laundress and four,
When lo! the gathering showers at once descend,
Cloud rolls on cloud, and warring winds contend:
This moves him not, but in his hands his bride,
And seats himself, enraptured by her side,
When thus to cheer the fair one he begun:
"I hope we soon shall have a little sun."
But she to whom the weather gave no pain,
Who heeded not the blast, nor pattering rain,
But most about her future state bethought her,
Replied—My dear—I'd rather have a little daughter.

THE CONFESSIONS OF AN
ENGLISH GLUTTON.

(Continued.)

I was sent home from six successive schools, on various pretences; but the true reason was, that inordinate craving which no indulgence could satisfy. I eat out of all proportion; and my father was obliged to take me entirely to himself. My mother was miserable, but of inexhaustible generosity; my aunt Griselda was dead, and I had no check upon me. Doctors from all parts were consulted on my case. Innumerable councils and consultations were held ineffectually, to ascertain whether that refrigeration of stomach, which they all agreed was the primal cause of my malady, was joined with dryness, contraction, vellication, or absterision. They tried every remedy and every regimen, without success. The fact was, I wanted nothing but food, for which they would have substituted physic. So that between my mother and my physicians, I had both in abundance—and for the mind as well as the body. The *anima medicæ* was plentifully supplied me by my father, for I had natural parts, and loved reading. But the whole turn of my studies was bent towards descriptions of feasts and festivals. I devoured all authors, ancient or modern, who bore at all upon my pursuit. Appetite, mental as well as bodily, grew by what it fed on; and I continually chewed, as it were, the cud of my culinary knowledge. I rummaged Aristophanes for the Grecian repasts, and thumbed over Macrobius and Martial for the Roman. While seizing on every delicacy within my reach, I feasted my imagination with dainties not to be got at—the Phrygian attigan, Ambracian kid, and Melian crane. I revered the memory of Sergius Arata, who, we are told by Pliny, was the inventor of oyster-beds; of Hortensius the orator who first used peacock at supper; of Vitellius, Apicius, and other illustrious Romans, Their sumptuous gluttonies and gorgeous feasts.

These classical associations refined my taste, and seemed to impart a more acute and

accurate power to my palate. As I began to feel their influence, I blushed for the former grossness of my nature, and shrunk from the common gratification to which I had been addicted. I felt an involuntary loathing towards edibles of a mean and low-lived nature. I turned with disgust from the common casualties of a family dinner, and began to view with unutterable abhorrence shoulders of mutton, beef and cabbage, and the like. A feeling, I should rather say a passion, (the technical phrase at present for every sensation a little stronger than ordinary,) a passion seemed to have taken possession of my mind for culinary refinements, dietetic dainties—the *delicata fercula*, fit only for superior tastes, but incomprehensible to the profane. A new light seemed breaking on me; a new sense, or at least a considerable improvement on my old sense of tasting, seemed imparted to me by miracle. My notions of the dignity of appetite became expanded; I no longer looked on man as a mere masticating machine—the butcher and sepulchre of the animal world. I took a more elevated view of his powers and properties, and I felt as though imbued with an essence of pure and ethereal epicurism, if I may so express myself—and why may I not?—my contemporaries would not flinch from the phrase.

My father was a plain sort of man—liked plain speaking, plain feeding, and so on. But he had his antipathies—and among them was roast-pig. Had he lived to our times, he might probably have been won over by a popular essay on the subject, which describes, in pathetic phrase, the manifold delights attending on that dish—the fat which is no fat—the lean which is not lean—the eyes melting from their sockets, and other tender touches of description. Be this as it may, my unenlightened parent would never suffer roast-pig upon his table, and so it happened, that, at sixteen years of age, I had never seen one. But on the arrival of that anniversary, I was indulged by my mother with a most exquisite and tender two-months porker, in all its sucking innocence, and succulent delight, as the prime dish in that annual birth-day feast, to which I was accustomed, in my own apartment—all doors closed—no ingress allowed—no intruding domestics—no greedy companions to divide my indulgences—no eyes to stare at me, or rob me of a portion of the pleasure with which I eat in, as it were, in vision, the spirit of every anticipated preparation, while savoury fragrance was wafted to my brain, and seemed to float over my imagination in clouds of incense, at once voluptuous and invigorating. Ah, this is the true enjoyment of a feast! On the present occasion, I sat in the full glory of my solitude—sublimely individual, as the Grand Lama of Tibet, or the Brother of the Sun and Moon. The door was fastened—the servant evaporated; a fair proportion of preparatory foundation—soup, fish, &c.—had been laid in *secundum artem*—the *mensa prima*, in short was just despatched, when I gently raised the cover from the dish, where the beautiful porker lay smoking in its rich brown symmetry of form and hue, enveloped in a vapour of such deliciousness, and floating in a gravy of indescribable perfection! After those delightful moments of dalliance (almost dearer to the epicure than the very fulness of actual indulgence) were well over—after my palate was prepared by preliminary inhalements of the odorous essence—I seized my knife and fork, and plunged in *medias res*. Never shall I forget the flavour of the first morsel—it was sublime! But oh! it was, as I may say, the last; for losing, in the excess of over-enjoyment, all presence of mind and management of mouth, I attacked, without economy or method, my inanimate victim. It was

one of my boyish extravagancies to conform myself in these my solitary feasts to the strict regulations of Roman custom. I began with an egg, and ended with an apple, and flung into the fire-place (as there was no fire, it being summer season) a little morsel, as an offering to the *dii patellarii*. On this occasion, however, I forgot myself and my habits—I rushed, as it were, upon my prey—slashed right and left, through crackling, stuffing, body, and bones. I flung aside the knife and fork—seized in my hands the passive animal with indiscriminate voracity—thrust whole ribs and limbs at once into my mouth—crammed the delicious ruin by whole-sale down my throat, until at last my head began to swim—my eyes seemed starting from their sockets—a suffocating thickness seemed gathering (no wonder) in my throat—a fulness of brain seemed bursting through my skull, my veins seemed swelled into gigantic magnitude—I lost all reason and remembrance, and fell, in that state, fairly under the table.

This, reader, is what we call, in common phrase, a surfeit. But what language may describe its consequences, or give a just expression to the sufferings it leaves behind? The first awakening, from the apoplectic trance, as the lancet of the surgeon gives you a hint that you are alive, when the only taste upon the tongue—the only object in the eye—the only flavour in the nostril, is the once-loved, but now deep loathed dish! The deadly sickening with which one turns, and twists, and closes one's lids, and holds one's nose, and smacks one's lips—to shut out and stifle, and shake off the detested sight, and smell, and taste: but in vain, in vain, in vain! But let me not press the point. Forty-two years have passed since that memorable day—forty thousand recollections of that infernal pig have flashed across my brain, and fastened on my palate, and fumed my olfactories; and there they are, every one, as fresh—What do I say? a million times more fresh and more intolerable than ever. Fough!—It comes again—

(To be continued.)

ANECDOTE OF JOHN Q. ADAMS.

From a sketch of his character, by Mr. C. Miner, M. C. from Pennsylvania:—The industry and attention to business of Mr. Adams, has been mentioned. The following anecdote was told of him, when Secretary of State. A gentleman who was going to Europe, came to Washington, having intricate and important business to settle at the Department. He told Mr. Adams how urgent was his business—how necessary it was for him to return to New York, if possible, a day or two before the packet sailed which would go in ten days. The Secretary heard him to the end; "Will you come to my house to-morrow morning at 4 o'clock?" "In the morning—four in the morning, did I understand you, Sir?" "Yes, it is too early for you?" "By no means, if it suits your convenience, Sir." At four Mr. Adams met him at the door—conducted him to his study—there was no ceremony; but a direct sitting down to business—at nine, after five hours intense application, they rose—the business was completed—took breakfast together, and the gentleman was in New York two or three days before he had even hoped to get his business completed.

USEFUL DOMESTIC HINTS.

To make Butter of good quality.—The milk should be most carefully strained through a fine strainer, so that it may be quite free from the dust and hairs that fall in the milking. The milk in the pans and churn should be kept in a cool airy part of the house or dairy, quite free from smoke. When the butter is gathered off the churn, great care should be taken in the

making to expel the milk, by repeated washing with clean cold water: and afterwards by frequent pressure of the hands—all the watery particles must also be expelled; this is a principal object, for if milk or water be left in it a strong smell and unpleasant taste will soon afterwards be the consequence. The great fault of Irish butter is excessive saltness. This has been long complained of, and but little improvement has yet been made. There should never be more salt used, than in the proportion of one ounce of salt to a pound of butter, which is four pounds to a firkin—even less than this is sufficient. The finest salt should be used—if coarse, it should be bruised fine. By using the proportion of only half an ounce of salt, and one eighth of an ounce of saltpetre to each pound of butter, it will have the sweetness of the Dutch, which is so greatly prized in the London market. The precise proportion of salt used for one making, should be used also for the others—for, if the inspector finds one layer more salted than the rest, he must mark it a lower character. It is a very wrong practice to keep a making of butter to the next churning, for the purpose of mixing the two churnings together; this mode invariably produces butter of soft quality, that will not harden. Where only one or two cows are kept, so that some days will intervene between the packing of each churning, it is recommended, that after the new-made butter is well packed in the firkin, it should be covered with a clean linen towel, damped with pickle. The new firkin should not, as is commonly the practice, be either seeped or scalded, or any dry salt put in it, but the butter when prepared should be packed very firmly with the hand, in the clean dry cask, and pressed tight to the sides, to prevent air being lodged in it. Butter should always be sent to market while new. When kept, it must degenerate in quality—and, allowing that an advance should take place in the market, the rise is seldom equivalent to the decline of character.

Directions for salting Hay.—When the rick is made, on each layer of hay about a quarter of a peck of salt ought to be equally scattered, and on this plan, we believe, four bushels of salt will be required to twenty loads; if six bushels be allowed, the better; and the farmer will find the expense amply repaid in the improved condition of his cattle, when the hay is consumed. It is a fact, the cattle will prefer damaged hay to which salt has been added, to the best hay without it; and in cases where straw was mixed with the hay so salted, they took it with avidity, leaving the primest provender untouched. Salt is equally beneficial when used with clover. Salted hay is also excellent for sheep, when put on (especially early in the season: by giving it them in the wet and rainy autumn in 1801, Lord Somerville did not lose a single sheep, though his neighbours suffered considerably, and he very justly attributed it to the salted hay.

Yeast.—The following method of making yeast for bread, is both easy and expeditious. Boil one pound of good flour, a quarter of a pound of brown sugar, and a little salt, in two gallons of water, for one hour; when milk-warm, bottle it, and cork it close. It will be fit for use in twenty-four hours. One pint of this will make eighty pounds of bread.

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