

THE HASTY-PUDDING, A POEM,
IN THREE CANTOS.

*Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci.
He makes a good breakfast who mixes pudding with molasses.*

CANTO II.

TO mix the food by vicious rules of art,
To kill the stomach and to sink the heart,
To make mankind to social virtue four,
Cram o'er each dish, and be what they devour;
For this the kitchen Muse first fram'd her book,
Commanding sweat to stream from every cook;
Children no more their antic gambols tri'd,
And friends to physis wonder'd why they died.

Not to the Yankee—his abundant feast,
With simples furnish'd, and with plainness dress'd,
A numerous offspring gathers round the board,
And cheers alike the servant and the lord;
Whose well-bought hunger prompts the joyous taste,
And health attends them from the short repast.

While the full pail rewards the milk-maid's toil,
The mother fees the morning cauldron boil;
To stir the pudding next demands their care,
To spread the table and the bowls prepare;
To feed the children, as their portions cool,
And comb their heads, and send them off to school.

Yet may the simplest dish some rules impart,
For nature scorns not all the aids of art.
Ev'n Hasty-Pudding, purest of all food,
May still be bad, indifferent, or good;
As sage experience the short process guides,
Or want of skill, or want of care presides.
Whoe'er would form it on the surest plan,
To rear the child and long sustain the man;
To shield the morals while it mends the size
And all the powers of every food supplies,
Attend the lessons that the Muse shall bring.
Suspend your spoons, and listen while I sing.

But since, O man! thy life and health demand
Not food alone, but labour from thy hand,
First in the field, beneath the sun's strong rays,
Ask of thy mother earth the needful maize;
She loves the race that courts her yielding soil,
And gives her bounties to the sons of toil.
When now the ox, obedient to thy call,
Repays the loan that fill'd the winter stall,
Pursue his traces o'er the furrow'd plain,
And plant in measur'd hills the golden grain.
But when the tender germe begins to shoot,
And the green spire declares the sprouting root,
Then guard your nursing from each greedy foe,
Th' insidious worm, the all devouring crow.
A little ashes, sprinkled round the spire,
Soon sleep'd in rain, will bid the worm retire;
The feather'd robber with his hungry maw
Swift flies the field before your man of straw,
A frightful image, such as school-boys bring
When met to burn the Pope, or hang the King.

Thrice in the season, through each verdant row
Wield the strong plow-share and the faithful hoe;
The faithful hoe, a double task that takes,
To till the summer corn, and roast the winter cakes.

Slow spring the blade, while check'd by chilling rains,
Ere yet the sun the feat of Cancer gains;
But when his fiercest fire emblaze the land,
Then start the juices, then the roots expand;
Then, like a column of Corinthian mould,
The stalk struts upward, and the leaves unfold;
The bushy branches all the ridges fill;
Entwine their arms, and kiss from hill to hill.
Here cease to vex them, all your cares are done;
Leave the last labours to the parent sun;
Beneath his genial smiles the well-drest field,
When autumn calls, a plentiful crop shall yield.

Now the strong foliage bears the standards high,
And shoots the tall top-gallants to the sky;
The suckling ears their silky fringes bend,
And pregnant grown, their swelling coats distend;
The loaded stalk, while still the burthen grows,
O'er hangs the space that runs between the rows;
High as a hop-field waves the silent grove,
A safe retreat for little thieves of love,
When the plough'd roasting ears invite the maid,
To meet her swain beneath the new-form'd shade,
His generous hand unloads the cumbrous hill,
And the green spoils her ready basket fill;
Small compensation for the two-fold bliss,
The promis'd wedding and the present kiss.

Slight depredations these; but now the moon
Calls from his hollow tree the fly raccoon;
And while by night he bears his prize away,
The bolder squirrel labors thro' the day,
Both thieves alike, but provident of time,
A virtue rare, that almost hides their crime.
Then let them steal the little stores they can,
And fill their gran'ries from the toils of man;
We've one advantage where they take no part,—
With all their wiles they ne'er have found the art.
To boil the Hasty-Pudding; here we shine
Superior far to tenants of the pine;
This envy'd boon to man shall still belong,
Unshar'd by them in substance or in song.
At last the closing season browns the plain,
And ripe October gathers in the grain;
Deep loaded carts the spacious corn-house fill,
The sack distended marches to the mill;
The lab'ring mill beneath the burthen groans,
And shows the future pudding from the stones;
Till the glad house-wife greets the powder'd gold,
And the new crop exterminates the old,

Latest European Intelligence.

LONDON, APRIL 11.

In London nothing more has transpired respecting the negotiation than in Paris. Dispatches were received by Lord HAWKESBURY and by General ANDROSSI on Saturday night; but by what we can learn nothing decisive has occurred. Our Ministers demand Malta. They have it. BONAPARTE demands the Treaty of Amiens: Here the negotiation stands. The parties seem to be at issue; the question is, who will strike the first blow? The necessity of striking the first blow is thrown upon England.—BONAPARTE is not obliged to make any additional armaments, or go to any additional expence in consequence of the approach of War with England. Protracted negotiation, armament, and expence, are destructive of this country.—By a protracted negotiation, BONAPARTE makes a War, in which he is victorious and England is disabled.—Hence he waits the execution of the Treaty of Amiens, and allows our Government to consume itself about Malta. Ministers neither have courage to give up Malta, or to declare War. Each dispatch from Paris brings them advice that BONAPARTE will not cede Malta to them. What do they do? Strike a blow? No. They arm. Each challenge they receive to fight (we mean according to their ideas of necessity), they meet, not by fighting, but by preparation. First Mr. ADDINGTON throws off his coat; but BONAPARTE won't yield; then he throws off his waistcoat, still BONAPARTE won't yield. On he proceeds, asking the CHIEF CONSUL, as he strips off each article of dress, will you give up Malta? Thus it is that the daily answer to the complaints of protracted negotiation is, that War is more certain. The fault of extending the negotiation Ministers attempt to cover by vigorous preparations for War. And thus, on the arrival of every dispatch from Paris, refusing their demand, we hear of new ships put into commission, additional orders given for military preparations, &c.—All is War! War! War!—Such was the talk of yesterday. But in truth it may be that all is doubt and fear.

APRIL 13.

The French Papers, and the Hamburg Mail, which arrived yesterday, brought no intelligence of importance; but the Dutch Mail was of a very different description. In the *Flushing Courant Extraordinary*, appears a decree by BONAPARTE, placing Flushing in a state of siege, and thus in effect declaring all Holland as much beneath his yoke as the Department of the Seine. Here he drops the mask, and we presume he will no longer mock Europe by speaking of the independent Republic of Batavia. These are the independent Allies of France, these are the relations of amity and good neighbourhood which the Powers of the Continent are to maintain with the GRAND CONSUL. Such an outrage upon state decorum has not occurred during the French Revolution. If Flushing can be put in a state of siege by a decree from Paris, so may Hamburg, Copenhagen, and Lisbon. How the Powers of the Continent will view this violation of good faith, this insult to public decency, this step which, more than any other, extends and establishes BONAPARTE's power, we know not; but every man of common sense, and impartial feeling, must execrate it as the most tyrannical and alarming, that has stained the history of BONAPARTE's reign. To place a town in a state of siege, is the most severe act of a Government, the greatest exercise of power which it can practise over the subjects it has in charge. By this act, BONAPARTE has asserted his absolute dominion over Holland, and of course, over the other allies of France, which have hitherto had the character of being less independent. Switzerland, Spain, and Italy, North of Naples, may now, according to this precedent, be placed in a state of siege by a decree from Paris. Paris is now the metropolis, the capital of all these countries, as well as of that enormous empire actually called France. They may make local arrangements of police, or take measures of internal regulation; but the moment the greatest question of all comes to be decided, that which involves every man's happiness and the national welfare, the question of Peace or War; BONAPARTE will declare them in a state of siege, and pour in French troops to enforce his mandate at the point of the bayonet. The British Ministry will, no doubt, disapprove the language we hold. They set a precedent for BONAPARTE's present step in the Preliminaries of Peace. They accepted of Trinidad and Ceylon from the hands of the CHIEF CONSUL, without inquiring whether Spain or Holland were willing to surrender them. Since they admitted BONAPARTE's right to give away a Dutch colony, they cannot dispute his right to place a Dutch town in a state of siege.

After the first surprise at this exercise of power has subsided, we proceed to enquire into the motives of the CHIEF CONSUL, and in these we discover something not unfavourable to the interests of this country. It has long been a favourite project of the English Cabinet, with a view to the emancipation of Holland, to obtain possession of the Island of Walcheren, on which Flushing stands. Several small English squadrons have lately cruised off Flushing, and other parts of the Coasts of Holland. Admiral THORNBOROUGH failed for that Coast a few days ago. England is fitting out all the Dutch men of war at Chatham and Sheerness, professedly to defend the mouth of the Thames, but possibly to invade the Island of Walcheren, with the inhabitants of which, of Flushing in particular, an understanding may exist. Of this BONAPARTE may have intelligence. He may have applied to the Dutch Government to put the town in a state of siege, and they may have refused. (We have heard of a serious negotiation between the French and Batavian Governments very embarrassing to the latter.) Such a refusal would raise his suspicions, and hence he may have issued a decree which properly should have come from the Hague. By issuing that decree he has completely superseded the Dutch Government in its functions. It is remarkable, however, that this decree takes no notice of the cause which has given rise to it. We all know the cause is an alarm of a descent from England; but from what appears, the cause may be internal disorder,

without any reference to this country. The general belief and marching of troops to Holland, betray BONAPARTE's fears of the attachment of that country. His financial operations on the Dutch have, no doubt, cured them of French fraternity, and raised a longing for British connection. The emancipation of Holland would be one of the happiest events that could occur for this country and for Europe. Once emancipated, Holland would be able to maintain its independence, and her connection with this country would secure a free intercourse at all times with the Continent. These circumstances, BONAPARTE, no doubt, well understands, and hence his first anxiety is for the Batavian Republic. He will march his armies into it with the view of securing it to France in the first instance, and with the design also of attacking England from thence, when opportunity offers.

APRIL 15.

By the Hamburg Mail of yesterday we have various accounts, which seem to place the fact out of doubt that the Emperor of GERMANY will take no part in any war between Great-Britain and France. On receiving dispatches from London and Paris, communicating the King of ENGLAND's Message to Parliament, His IMPERIAL MAJESTY called a Council, in which it was resolved he should observe a strict neutrality, and that his ports in the Adriatic should admit the ships of either of the Belligerent Powers, according to the rules which neutrals observe. The FRENCH AMBASSADOR is said to have taken offence at this, France expecting that every harbour of the Continent will be shut against the British flag. The King of PRUSSIA, it is added, will occupy the Hanoverian dominions, should a rupture take place; and the Emperor of RUSSIA will revive the armed neutrality. These would be vexatious proceedings. Prussia would be glad of any pretext to seize on Hanover; but, it is tolerably certain, that Russia would be more favourable to this country than to France, in the event of hostilities; and it is quite certain, Austria would join us, if there were a prospect of her success in a continental war.

The opinion in favour of Peace revived again yesterday, and the funds felt the beneficial effects of it. A letter from Amsterdam, dated April 5th, states, that on the arrival of a Courier from General ANDROSSI, at Paris, on the 29th ult., a Council of State was held, and that the result of its deliberations was favourable to Peace. It further adds, that the *Ultimatum* of the French Government had been sent to England; that England is to evacuate Malta, and that a Treaty of Commerce is to be negotiated between the two countries. This letter, though bringing intelligence a fortnight old, agrees with the reports of the day. The best French accounts say the Consular Government has resolved to stand entirely on the defensive, that it will not strike the first blow, and that in the mean time it is making exertions to gain over all other Powers to its side. BONAPARTE is reported to have explained to Mr. LIVINGSTON, the American Minister at Paris, that the interruption the subjects of the United States met with on the Mississippi, was the effect of a mistake, and that the navigation of that river should be free to them as formerly. Should this be true, Mr. MONROE, the American Envoy Extraordinary, who is just arrived at Havre from the United States, and was expected at Paris on the 11th instant, finding the object of his mission fulfilled before his arrival, may the sooner come to London to succeed Mr. KING, the station to which he is ultimately destined. Under these circumstances, and on a review of the situation of affairs, the public hopes of peace began to revive yesterday particularly on the strength of French information. The question rests with the English Cabinet, which, according to report, is too much occupied in negotiating with Mr. Pitt, and in making arrangements for a new Ministry, to attend much to the two latter *ultima* they sent to Paris, or to prepare a third. It is now whispered, as probable, that Mr. PITT may come into power to assist in causing the French Government to observe the Treaty of Peace with fidelity.

An article in the Paris Journals, which arrived yesterday, dated the 26th of March, says, the *Niger* has arrived there within a week from Malta, confirming the news of part of the English having evacuated Egypt. This is later intelligence from Malta by a fortnight, than we have otherwise received; and hence, the account of the evacuation of Egypt is probably accurate.

The *Moniteur* gives the speeches of Gen. BRUNZ, the French Ambassador, made to the Porte on his introduction. They are very curious pieces. After all the perfidy of France to the Turks, after seizing Egypt without a pretext, and attempting to overthrow the whole Empire, the Consular Ambassador has the assurance to boast of the good faith and good will of France towards the Ottoman Government! But it is the custom to address the Eastern Sovereigns in hyperbole.

APRIL 24.

A curious discovery was lately made near Deux-Ponts. During the late war, the Prussians had been encamped for a long time in the woods of Cassel, which they destroyed, except some few trees. One of those trees having been lately sold, the buyer wanted to have it down;—when it was cut to a certain depth, it split of itself, and shewed a man's skeleton, whose head was covered with the remains of a hat, and the body wrapped in some old rags. A purse, was near him, half rotten, and which contained about 100 Louis d'or. The buttons and pieces of cloth which remained, and which seemed to have made a part of a Prussian uniform, render it probable that an Officer of that nation, having got upon the tree in the dark, without knowing that it was hollow, had fallen to the bottom of the trunk, where he was starved to death.

Private letters brought by the Dutch Mail state, that the entrance of the French troops has excited the utmost dissatisfaction in that country. At some of the frontier towns it seems that their entrance was opposed by the Governors; but the French forced their way in, and put the Dutch Officers under arrest. The Batavian Government, it is also stated, have made a representation to the Chief Consul, that in case of the renewal of the war, they will endeavour to maintain a strict neutrality.

The discontent of the Swiss is every day becoming more