

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

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

CANTO III.

THE days grow short; but tho' the fallen sun
To lie glad swain proclaims his day's work done,
Night's pleasant shades his various tasks prolong,
And yield new subjects to my various song.
For now, the corn-house fill'd the harvest home,
Th' invited neighbours to the husking come;
A frolic scene, where work, and mirth, and play,
Unite their charms, to chase the hours away.

Where the huge heap lies centre'd in the hall,
The lamp suspended from the cheerful wall,
Brown corn-fed nymphs, and strong hard-handed beaux,
Alternate rang'd, extend in circling rows,
Assume their seats, the solid mass attack;
The dry husks rustle, and the corn-cobs crack;
The song, the laugh, alternate notes resound,
And the sweet cider trips in silence round.

The laws of Husking ev'ry wight can tell;
And sure no laws he ever keeps to well:
For each red ear a general kiss he gains,
With each smut ear he smuts the luckless swains,
But when to some sweet maid a prize is cast,
Red as her lips, and taper as her waist,
She walks the round, and culls one favour'd beau,
Who leaps, the luscious tribute to bestow.
Various the sports, as are the wits and brains
Of well-pleas'd lasses and contending swains;
Till the vast mound of corn is swept away,
And he that gets the last ear, wins the day.

Mean-while the house-wife urges all her care,
The well-earn'd feast to hasten and prepare.
The sifted meal already wait, her hand,
The milk is strain'd, the bowls in order stand,
The fire flames high; and, as a pool (that takes
The headlong stream that o'er the mill-dam breaks)
Foams, roars and rages with incessant toils,
So the vex'd caldron rages, roars and boils.

First with clean salt she seasons well the food,
Then strews the flour, and thickens all the flood.
Long o'er the simmering fire she lets it stand;
To stir it well demands a stronger hand?
The husband takes his turn; and round and round
The ladle flies; at last the toil is crown'd;
When to the board the throoping huskers pour,
And take their seats as at the corn before.

I leave them to their feast. There still belong
More copious matters to my faithful song.
For rules there are, tho' ne'er unfolded yet,
Nice rules and wise, how pudding should be ate.

Some with molasses line the luscious treat,
And mix, like Bards, the useful with the sweet.
A wholesome dish, and well deserving praise,
A great resource in those bleak wintry days,
When the chill'd earth lies buried in deep snow,
And raging Boreas dries the shivering cow.

Blest cow! thy praise shall still my notes employ,
Great source of health, the only source of joy;
Mother of Egypt's God,—but sure, for me,
Were I to leave my God, I'd worship thee.
How oft thy teats these pious hands have press'd!
How oft thy bounties prov'd my only feast!
How oft I've fed the wimpy fav'rite grain!
And roar'd like thee, to find thy children slain!

Ye swains who know her various worth to prize,
Ah! house her well from Winter's angry skies.
Potatoes, Pumpkins, should her sadness cheer,
Corn from your crib, and mashes from your beer;
When spring returns she'll well acquit the loan,
And nurse at once your infants and her own.

Milk then with pudding I should always chuse
To this in future I confine my Muse,
Till she in haste some farther hints unfold,
Well for the young, nor useless to the old.
First in your bowl the milk abundant take,
Then drop with care along the silver lake.
Your flakes of pudding; these at first will hide
Their little bulk beneath the swelling tide;
But when their growing mass no more can sink,
When the soft island looms above the brink,
Then check your hand; you've got the portion due,
So taught our fires, and what they taught is true.

There is a choice in spoons. Tho' small appear
The nice distinction, yet to me 'tis clear.
The deep bowl'd Gallic spoon contriv'd to scoop
In ample draughts the thin diluted soup,
Performs not well in those substantial things,
Whose mass adhesive to the metal clings;
Where the strong labial muscles must embrace,
The gentle curve, and sweep the hollow space,
With ease to enter and discharge the freight,
A bowl less concave but still more dilate,
Becomes the pudding best. The shape, the size,
A secret rest unknown to vulgar eyes.
Experienced feeders can alone impart
A rule so much above the lore of art.
These tuneful lips, that thousand spoons have tried,
With just precision could the point decide,
Tho' not in song; the muse but poorly shines
In cones, and cubes, and geometric lines.
Yet the true form, as near as the can tell,
Is that small section of a goose-egg-shell,
Which in two equal portions shall divide.
The distance from the centre to the side.

Fear not to flavor; 'tis no deadly sin,
Like the free Frenchman, from your joyous chin.
Suspend the ready napkin, or, like me,
Pulse with one hand your bowl upon your knee;
Jost in the zenith your wife head project,
Your full spoon, rising in a line direct,
Bold as a bucket, heeds no drops that fall,
The wide mouth'd bowl will surely catch them all.

SALEM, MAY 24.

INTERESTING NARRATIVE.

Capt. Shillaber, from Magadore, has favoured us with a deposition taken at the office of the American Consul in that place, of which the following is an abstract:—

"John Brodie, (the deponent) of Green Brier County in Virginia, a seaman on board schooner Betsey, of Norfolk, Samuel Shore, master, sailed in said schooner from Norfolk the 18th of April, 1802, on a voyage to Madeira, laden with Indian corn and pipe slaves, and had favourable weather for the first three weeks, and then the master suspecting that they were to the eastward of Madeira, put about, and beat to the westward for about a fortnight, when finding they were not to the eastward of Madeira, they put about again, and for the first two or three days had favourable winds from N. and N. W. and then it came round to E. and N. E. On the 17th day of June, as the water was nearly out, the master called all hands aft to advise with them as they could not fetch Madeira, whether it would not be best to bear away for Teneriffe. This was agreed to, and on the 20th they found themselves in latitude of Teneriffe, but no appearance of land; the last of the water was that day served out, and they had no fresh provisions on board; the wind from N. to E. N. E. and they kept standing on for the land. The day following they killed the dog, and served it out. On the morning of the 28th they got soundings, and saw land about mid-day. The master then sent Thomas Beck and David Evan ashore in the Boat to seek for water, and the schooner stood in till about 2 P. M. and then came to anchor, and remained there till the evening of the 29th, when as there was no appearance of the boat, they cut the cable, and ran the vessel ashore on a sandy beach. The surf here was violent, and Charles Rivers, the mate, attempting to swim ashore, was drowned in it. Shortly after, the master and two remaining seamen, who assisted him, went overboard, and reached the shore in safety. They laid on the beach that night, and in the morning the master was so weak as not to be able to walk, but the deponent and Thomas Lewis went different ways to look for water; the former returned about noon, without any; Lewis never appeared again. The deponent then laid down by the side of the master, who was unable to rise; and shortly after, a body of Moors come upon them, and stripped them of all their cloaths. The deponent made known to them, by signs, that they wanted water; and some of them conducted him to a well about two miles off, which he had before passed, without observing it. He drank, and they gave him a skin of water to carry to the master, who drank a little.

By this time the Moors had been on board the vessel, and had brought on shore what of the rigging they could cut away, or find loose. The deponent went to them to see if he could find any thing to eat; but found what bread there was quite spoiled by the salt water, and that a calf of beef and another of pork had been washed over, and all the meat lost. He ate a little of the bread and then went to the master, but found him dead. He made a hole in the sand and buried him. He then returned to the Moors, and found them roasting Indian corn, and eating it, and he ate some also. The Moors made tents of the sails, and staid there about eight days; during which time they got every thing from on board which they could and then burnt the vessel. After this they travelled to the southward, taking the deponent with them to a place where they remained about a month. Here he found the oars of the boat, which he understood had come on shore there, and the men had been carried to the northward. A Moor then came with some camels, and took the deponent away with him, travelling northward three days; and after stopping there five days, another Moor took him, and travelled northward four days more; he was then delivered to another who kept him four months, and then brought him to within sight of Santa Cruz, where he staid about three weeks; and after keeping him travelling about, and stopping occasionally, he was sent to Magadore, where he arrived the 2d of March last."

About the 8th of April, the American Agent at Magadore received intelligence from Saltee, that Beck and Evan, who went ashore in the boat, were there, on their way from Morocco to the Consul General of the U. S. at Tangiers, to be sent from there to Gibraltar.

LONDON.

COMMON PLEAS—GUILDHALL, February 24.

THOMPSON vs. PHILTON.

Crocodiles and Humming-Birds.

THIS was an action of great importance to naturalists and nicknackitarians. The Plaintiff was a person justly celebrated for his extraordinary ingenuity in stuffing and embalming animals. He could equally impart the semblance of real life, to the mortal remains of a lion or cockchafer. It is to a genius like his, the admirers of Nature's rare and beautiful productions, are indebted, for the preservation of those wonderful animals, birds and reptiles which enrich the British and Leverian Museum, the cabinet of Sir Hans Sloane, and other collections of lesser notoriety. Without the aid of his sublime art, Cook, Le Valiant, Damberger, and others, who have explored the globe, might as well have staid at home, at least as far as regards the naturalists. In vain might birds of radiant plumage have been caught, if the application of the science of preserving them after death had not been the means of transmitting their properties and singularities to distant climates, and subsequent generations.

The Defendant in this action had been fortunate enough to obtain a tremendous crocodile of the Nile, adorned with crests, scales of gold, and a triple row of teeth; he had also procured specimens of all the birds that built their nests

within the Tropics, and no doubt he had besides, a splendid collection of orang-outangs, lions, tigers, camels, leopards, bears, wolves, mountain-cats, and dor-mice; but this did not appear in evidence.—But it was however, proved he had an original inhabitant of the banks of the Phasis, a king-fisher, a fly-bird and a humming-bird. All these he wished to have embalmed, conformably to the principles adopted by the ancient Egyptians. This the Plaintiff expressly undertook to do; and he performed his task in a manner that gave entire satisfaction to the Defendant; but however delighted the Defendant was with his crocodile and humming-bird, he experienced very different sensations when the king-fisher was sent in;—He refused to pay it and employed a person by the name of Hart to examine the work, and report his opinion.—Now it happened that Hart had set up the proposition of a stuffer of animals in opposition to the Plaintiff, and of course it was natural he would have a tendency to undervalue his labours. He reported that so far from stuffing the humming-bird as he ought to have done, he had only been humming the Defendant; instead of putting artificial eyes, to resemble those of nature, he had left the withered orbs without the least appearance of speculation; the same objection applied to the other birds, but in a more material degree to the crocodile, which absolutely appeared as blind as a bat. The Plaintiff contended it was not within the scope of his contract to find eyes for the blind; he was no oculist, his business was to stuff the birds and his demand was not to be counteracted by such stuff as the Defendant wished to impose upon the Court.

Lord Alvanley (the Judge) was of opinion that as the Plaintiff had been employed to perform fanciful work he had a right to charge a fanciful price, and that it was unjust, upon the opinion of a rival in trade, to cut down his demand.

The jury were of the same opinion, and gave the Plaintiff the full amount of his bill.

TURK'S ISLAND SALT.

FOR SALE on board the Schooner FAME, Captain JONES, from BERMUDA.—And a few Hogheads of MOLASSES—for which FISH will be taken in payment.—Apply to

WILLIAM and THOMAS PAGAN, & Co.
SAINT JOHN, 4th JUNE, 1803.

FOR SALE,

A Valuable FARM on the Nashwalk, of Five Hundred Acres; the property of JOSEPH SWIFT, Esq. For particulars, apply to Capt. CALES FOWLER, near Frederickton.
28th MAY, 1803.—6W.

Ludlow, Fraser and Robinson,

Have Received by the ROSINA, from Greenock, and ADRIATIC, from London,

A VERY GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF
GROCERIES and DRY GOODS,

SUITABLE FOR THE SEASON,
WHICH will be opened for Sale at their STORES in this CITY and at FREDERICTON, on the most reasonable terms.

All kinds of FURS and SKINS taken in payment and the highest prices allowed.

SAINT JOHN, 25th MAY, 1803.

SPRING GOODS,

Received by the Ship ROSINA, Captain POTTER, from GREENOCK,

For Sale by JOHN BLACK, & Co.

CONSISTING OF
CORDAGE, all sizes, ANCHORS of ditto,
SAIL CLOTH, SALMON TWINE,
PAINTS and OIL, LEAD, SOAP, CANDLES,
BARLEY, LOAF SUGAR,
BOTTLED PORTER,
PORT and SHERRY-WINE,

AND A GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF
DRY GOODS.

The AMERICA is daily expected from Liverpool, with a quantity of SALT and ENGLISH GOODS.
10th MAY, 1803.

Donaldson and Hendricks,

HAVE JUST RECEIVED

Per the Ship ROSINA, Capt. Potter, from GREENOCK,
A FRESH SUPPLY OF

BRITISH GOODS,

All of which they will dispose of, at their usual low prices.
Saint John, 14th May, 1803.

MADEIRA WINE.

THE SUBSCRIBER has on hand a few quarter Casks of Old London particular of a very superior quality, which will be Sold low if applied for soon.

JAMES CODNER.
Saint John, 20th April, 1803.

JUST IMPORTED,

In the Schooner PHOEBE, from ST. KITTS and TURK'S ISLAND,
And for Sale by the Subscriber, at his Store on the North side of the Market-Ship.

HIGH Proof and good flavored WINDWARD ISLAND RUM, BROWN SUGAR, LIME JUICE, and TURK'S ISLAND SALT.

Also, For Sale at above,
JAMAICA SPIRITS, MOLASSES,
FLOUR and CORN.

NEHEMIAH MERRITT,
Saint John, 7th May, 1802.