

SEAT OF THE MUSES.

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 I.

YE Alps audacious, thro' the heav'ns that rise,
To cramp the day and hide me from the skies;
Ye Gallic flags, that o'er their heights unfurl'd,
Bear death to kings, and freedom to the world,
I sing not you. A foster theme I chuse,
A virgin theme, unconscious of the Muse,
But fruitful, rich, well suited to inspire
The purest frenzy of poetic fire.

Despise it not, ye Bards to terror steel'd,
Who hurl your thunders round the epic field;
Nor ye who strain your midnight throats to sing
Joys that the vineyard and the still-house bring;
Or on some distant fair your notes employ,
And speak of raptures that you ne'er enjoy.
I sing the sweets I know, the charms I feel,
My morning incense, and my evening meal,
The sweets of Hasty Pudding. Come, dear bowl,
Glide o'er my palate, and inspire my soul.
The milk beside thee, smocking from the kine,
Its substance mingled, married in with thine,
Shall cool and temper thy superior heat,
And save the pains of blowing while I eat.

Oh! could the smooth, the emblematic song,
Flow like the genial juices o'er my tongue,
Could those mild morsels in my numbers chime,
And, as they roll in sublimance, roll in rhyme,
No more thy awkward unpoetic name,
Should shun the Muse, or prejudice thy fame;
But rising grateful to th' accustomed ear,
All Bards should catch it, and all realms revere!

Assist me first with pious toil to trace
Thro' wrecks of time thy lineage and thy race;
Declare what lovely squaw, in days of yore,
(Ere great Columbus sought thy native shore)
First gave thee to the world; her works of fame
Have liv'd indeed, but liv'd without a name.
Some tawny Ceres, goddess of her days,
First learn'd with stones to crack the well dry'd maize,
Thro' the rough sieve to shake the golden show'r,
In boiling water stir the yellow flour:
The yellow flour, bestrew'd and stir'd with haffe,
Swells at the flood and thickens to a paffe,
Then puffs and wallops, rises to the brim,
Drinks the dry knobs that on the surface swim;
The knobs at last the busy ladle breaks,
And the whole mass its true consistence takes.

Could but her sacred name, unknown so long,
Rise, like her labors, to the son of song,
To her, to them, I'd consecrate my lays,
And blow her pudding with the breath of praise.
If 'twas Oella, whom I sang before,
I here ascribe her one great virtue more.
Not thro' the rich Peruvian realms alone
The fame of Sol's sweet daughter should be known,
But o'er the world's wide climes should live secure,
Far as his rays extend, as long as they endure.

Dear hasty-pudding, what unpromis'd joy
Expands my heart, to meet thee in Savoy!
Doom'd o'er the world thro' devious paths to roam,
Each clime my country, and each house my home,
My soul is sooth'd, my cares have found an end,
I greet my long-lost, forgotten friend.

For thee thro' Paris, that corrupted town,
How long in vain I wandered up and down,
Where shameless Bacchus, with his drenching hoard,
Cold from his cave usurps the morning board.
London is lost in smog and sleep'd in tea;
No Yankee there can lift the name of thee;
The uncouth word, a libel on the town,
Would call a proclamation from the crown.
For climes oblique, that fear the sun's full rays,
Chill'd in their fogs, exclude the generous maize;
A grain whose rich luxuriant growth requires
Short gentle showers, and bright ethereal fires.

But here, tho' distant from our native shore,
With mutual glee we meet and laugh once more.
The famel I know thee by that yellow face,
That strong complexion of true Indian race,
Which time can never change, nor soil impair,
Nor Alpine snows, nor Turkey's morbid air;
For endless years, thro' every mild domain,
Where grows the maize, there thou art sure to reign.

But man, more fickle, the bold licence claims,
In different realms to give the different names:
Thee the soft nations round the warm Levant
Polenta call, the French of course *Polante*;
Ev'n in thy native regions, how I blush
To hear the Pennsylvanians call thee *Mush*!
On Hudson's banks, while men of Belgic spawn
Insult and eat thee by the name *Suppawn*.
All spurious appellations, void of truth;
I've better known thee from my earliest youth,
Thy name is *Hasty-Pudding*! thus our fires
Were wont to greet thee fuming from their fires;
And while they argu'd in thy just defence
With logic clear, they thus explain'd the sense:
"In *haste* the boiling cauldron, o'er the blaze,
"Receives and cooks the ready-powder'd maize;
"In *haste* 'tis serv'd, and then in equal *haste*,
"With cooling milk, we make the sweet repast.
No carving to be done, no knife to grate

"The tender ear, and wound the stony plate:
"But the smooth spoon, just fired to the lip,
"And taught with art the yielding mass to dip,
"By frequent journeys to the bowl well stor'd,
"Performs the hasty honors of the board."
Such is thy name, significant and clear,
A name, a found to every Yankee dear,
But most to me, whose heart and palate chaste
Preserve my pure hereditary taste.

There are who strive to stamp with disrepute
The luscious food, because it feeds the brute;
In troops of high-strain'd wit, while gaudy prigs
Compare thy nursing man to pamper'd pigs;
With sovereign scorn I treat the vulgar jest,
Nor fear to share thy bounties with the beast.
What though the generous cow gives me to quaff
The milk nutritious; am I then a calf?
Or can the genius of the noisy swine,
Tho' nurs'd on pudding, thence lay claim to mine?
Sure the sweet song, I fashion to thy praise,
Runs more melodious than the notes they raise.

My song resounding in its grateful glee,
No merit claims; I praise myself in thee.
My father lov'd thee thro' his length of days;
For thee his fields were shaded o'er with maize;
From thee what health, what vigor he possess'd,
Ten sturdy freemen from his loins attest;
Thy constellation rul'd my natal morn,
And all my bones were made of Indian corn.
Delicious grain! whatever form it take,
To roast or boil, to smother or to bake,
In every dish 'tis welcome still to me,
But most, my Hasty-Pudding, most in thee.

Let the green Succatash with thee contend,
Let beans and corn their sweetest juices blend,
Let butter drench them in its yellow tide,
And a long slice of bacon grace their side;
Not all the plate, how fam'd so'er it be,
Can please my palate like a bowl of thee.

Some talk of Hoe-cake, fair Virginia's pride,
Rich Johnny-cake this mouth has often tri'd;
Both please me well, their virtues much the same:
Alike their fabric, as allied their fame.
Except in dear New-England, where the last
Receives a dash of pumpkin in the paste,
To give it sweetness and improve the taste.
But place them all before me, smocking hot,
The big round dumplin rolling from the pot;
The pudding of the bag, whose quivering breast,
With sleet lin'd, leads on the Yankee feast;
The Charlotte brown, within whose crusty sides
A belly full the pulpy apple hides;
The yellow bread, whose face like amber glows,
And all of Indian that the cake-pan knows—
You tempt me not—my favorite greets my eyes,
To that lov'd bowl my spoon by instinct flies.

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Saint John, 7th May, 1803.

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Saint John, (New-Brunswick) April 20, 1803.

ALL Persons having any demands against the Estate of MARY STRAIGHTER, late of this City, deceased, are requested to present the same duly attested for settlement, within Twelve Months from this date.—And those indebted to the said Estate, are desired to make immediate payment.

HENRY GARDNER, Executor,
SUSANNAH BAKER, Executrix.

St. JOHN, MAY 15, 1802.

JUST RECEIVED

By the TRELAWNEY-PLANTER, WILLIAM CURRY,
Maler, from LONDON,

AND FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE,

THE CONSIDERATIONS on the Universality and Uniformity of the Theocracy.—By WILLIAM KNOX, Esq.—Formerly under Secretary of State, and Agent for this Province.—Price 3s. 6d.

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Extra Official STATE PAPERS, (particularly adapted for this Province) addressed to the Right Hon. Lord Rawdon, and the other Members of the two Houses of Parliament, associated for the preservation of the Constitution and promoting the prosperity of the British Empire.—By the same Author.—Price 3s. 6d.

HE HAS ALSO FOR SALE,

Evans's Essays on the Action for Money, had and received; on the Law of Insurances, and on the Law of Bills of Exchange and Promissory Notes.—Pothier on Obligations.—Young Gentleman and Lady's Monitor.—Ready Reckoner; or, Trader's sure Guide.—Copy Slips, for the use of Schools.—Cowper's Poems.

NOTICE.

ALL Persons having any Demands against the Estate of ANDREW WALSH, late of this City, Mariner, deceased, are requested to present them to either of the Subscribers (properly attested) within Six Months from this date.—And those indebted to said Estate, are desired to make immediate payment to
JOHN TOOLE, or
FRANCIS WATSON, } Administrators,
Saint John, 11th December, 1802.

Cobbett's Weekly Political Register.

THIS Work, which has already met with success that the Editor believes to be without a parallel in the History of Periodical Publications, is intended to be the most ample and complete Repository of Political and Historical Knowledge that ever appeared in England, or any other Country. The Contents are as follow: I. An Historical account of the Proceedings in Parliament, somewhat in the same manner, but more minute, than the Account of those Proceedings usually contained in the Annual Registers. II. All State Papers, whether they immediately relate to Great-Britain or not; and, under this head, care is taken to recur to such Compacts and Translations of past Times as do, or may, affect the Circumstances of the present Time. For instance, the same Number which contains a Discussion of that Part of the Treaty of Amiens which relates to Guiana, also contains such Parts of the Treaties of Utrecht and of Paris as relate to the French and the Portuguese Territory in that part of the World. Again: in order to shew what the Views of France are in preventing England from having Treaties of Commerce with other Nations, Extracts are made from Thirteen Treaties between France and other Powers, in which the Republic has either made, or stipulated for Treaties of Commerce. So that the Register does, in fact, contain all the authentic Materials and Information that can possibly be necessary to the forming of a correct judgment on current Events. III. Fair and free Discussions of the measures of Government, whether relating to Foreign Affairs, Colonies, Commerce, Manufactures, Revenue, Debts, Expenditures, Laws, Civil, Military, or Ecclesiastical. On these various and important subjects the Work already contains such Information as the Editor is led to hope has been of some service to the Country. Nor are Transactions, of a nature not so immediately Political, excluded from notice: as in the Instances of the Letters to Sir Joseph Banks and Mr. Otis. In short, every thing which materially affects, directly or indirectly, the Interest or Honor of the British Nation, is in this Work, a subject of remark, if not of ample investigation. IV. Brief Notices of all New Books and Pamphlets that relate to History, Politics, Political Economy, or that bear upon subjects connected therewith. In some instances the Principles and Statements of Works so noticed are examined and controverted; but the general Intention of this Department is to point out to the Reader, and to put on Record, the existence of the several Works that relate more particularly to the Events of the present time. Twenty-four Books and Pamphlets of this Description have already been noticed.—The preceding important heads are followed by a Section of such Foreign Intelligence and Domestic Occurrences as are of some public Importance; to which are added a weekly Account of Promotions, Births, Marriages, Deaths, Prices of Stocks, of Corn, Meat, Bread, &c. also of the Course of Exchange and of the Changes of the Weather. Each Number closes with a Summary View of the most important Political Occurrences, whether Foreign or Domestic.

Such are the weekly contents of this work. Its form is a Royal Octavo, with a double column, and folio'd pages, for the convenience of reference. This form renders the work manageable. The numbers are so many sheets of a volume, which will be completed at the end of the half-year, and will contain 416 pages, besides the General Title, Table of Contents, Supplement and Index, of which it is necessary to say a few words. That part of the work, which appears weekly, will form a Chronicle; not only of public events and transactions, but of the opinions entertained relative thereto. This, however, is not quite enough to render the work so complete as the Editor could wish it. There are many articles, such as Parliamentary Reports and other papers, for instance, which would overload the weekly Numbers, but which it is, nevertheless, necessary to preserve. Such papers, therefore, together with all the other various subjects, usually included in the Annual Registers, and with some that those Registers have never yet touched upon, will form the Supplement to the half yearly volume, in which will be included an Account of all new Publications Foreign and Domestic, a Complete History of the Theatre, &c. &c. and which will close with an Historical Summary and a complete and copious Index. A General Title and Table of Contents will be printed at the same time; and due notice will be given of the time and manner of obtaining the whole.

Subscriptions and Orders for this Register will be received by the Printer of this Gazette.—The price of the Weekly Number is One Shilling each.—They can be forwarded to any part of this Province or Nova-Scotia.

Each Number contains full as much letter-press as any other news-paper, and is entirely unencumbered with Advertisements, or with useless matter of any kind. The annual expence is only Fifty-Two Shillings, and as the Supplementary Part will have no stamp, and will be supplied as cheap as possible, the two volumes, which will complete the year, will, in proportion to the quantity of print (which will be equal to upwards of three thousand pages of the common Annual Registers,) be as cheap as any Book published in London.

Complete sets may be had, on early application as above, to No. 24, inclusive.

JUST RECEIVED,

And for Sale at this OFFICE, a few
Halifax Almanacks, for 1803.