



POETRY.

THE THREE SIGHS; OR SORROW, HOPE and BLISS.

Near yonder cliff there stands a cot Long favor'd by the foaming tide; When Edward left the much lov'd spot, With parting kiss fair Anna sigh'd— "With Edward's presence blest to-day, "But sad will be to-morrow; "Adieu! adieu!"—she scarce could say, And heav'd the sigh of sorrow.

Some months had pass'd in silent grief, When Reason's voice resum'd its way; She knew complaint ne'er gave relief, So grew resign'd from day to day. Off from the cliff she'd plaintive cry— "He may return to-morrow;"— While thus she sang, Hope's rising sigh Reliev'd the sigh of Sorrow,

And now the vessel homeward steer'd, She saw the well-known token way— (The faithful sight her bosom cheer'd) The tokens at parting gave. Fond Edward cried, with ardent kiss, "Thou shalt be mine to-morrow!" While thus he spake, the sigh of Bliss Dispell'd the sigh of Sorrow.

Miscellaneous.

From the N. Y. National Advocate. Extract of a letter from an intelligent American in Paris, to his friend in this city, dated July 26, 1831.

"It is astonishing how destitute of talents are most of the cabinets of Europe. The crowned heads are, without one single exception, weak personages, it appears they prefer those of their own standard as ministers to more prominent men. We see no Pitts, Talleyrands or Fox's employed about them; and nothing terrifies these sovereigns so much as to hear of the extension of the human intellect, the lights of the age, &c. He who dares mention the frightful subject to them, is sure to get into disgrace. They are great sticklers for the church; and in France the Roman Catholic priests, under their auspices, are gaining, by rapid strides, somewhat of their former power. I was present, a few evenings ago, at a political conversation between half a dozen of the leading men of the day, and I was much surprised at their opinions of men and things: they were, to be sure, ultras; of course felt themselves privileged as a sort of political school masters of the day. In speaking of the present minister of the marine for instance, who is a most estimable, able man, "C'est en chien de Protestant," he is a Protestant dog, said a Peer. This is a term we frequently hear made use of, not only by the people, when speaking of Protestants, but by the higher classes. The Court, who are all very pious, even unto the Count d'Artois, (whose former sculpture and painted bed-chamber at Bagatelle, you no doubt recollect) give the tone.

Talleyrand is talked of as prime minister; but he is getting old, and is unpopular with all parties: I therefore do not think he will go down.

Since the death of Napoleon, who all now style the Great, people talk freely of his unrivalled powers in the cabinet and the field, and the comparisons they make are extremely odious to the royalist. The Bonaparte family, in fact, are highly considered in France. Louis Ex-King of Holland, lives retired; he is a man of solid acquirements, a strong mind, and virtuous habits. Lucien is a brilliant man, and perhaps the best belles-lettres scholar in Europe; of Jerome, we hear and know but little; but Joseph, whom you have with you, is held as a very superior man. Bred to the law, and not a stranger to commerce, he is said to add to his great knowledge of the world, profound views on government, and to possess, in an eminent degree, all the requisites of

a distinguished statesman, with great unity, and the unassuming manners of a polished scholar and plain gentleman; he is much respected and beloved by all his old friends in Europe. Prince Eugene has confirmed the opinion early entertained of him, by his uniform gratitude and attachment to Napoleon and the liberality to his friends, who are now, politically speaking, in the back ground. Of the females of the family, it is generally admitted, that to the great beauty most of them possess, they are all endowed with superior minds, and elegant acquirements and accomplishments. In short, they are regarded as a very extraordinary family, without one bad or weak member; and what adds to their superior worth, is their perfect union, and the warm attachment they show to each other. Contrast this enlightened family with the puny race who at present occupy the thrones of Europe, with their fanaticism, stupidity, and odious vices, and you must agree with all the wise and good on this side the water, that every day proves the fall of Napoleon to be a public calamity.

Of our country and government, the people here entertain strange notions: the liberal adore us; the vulgar consider us as an inferior race of beings, because we have no king, church or privileged orders; and the ruling party regard us pretty much as they do original sin, the cause of all the evils they have suffered in this world, for which we are finally to be punished here, and damned hereafter."

From the Connecticut Herald.

From the Counter of JEREMY BROADCLOTH.

SNOR KEZZAN, Chapel-street, New Haven. "I think you a little din can daunt my ear? Have I not in my time heard lions roar? Have I not heard the sea puff'd up with winds, Rage like an angry boar chafed with sweat? Have I not heard great ordnance in the field, And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies? Have I not in a pitched battle, heard Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpet's clang; And do you tell me of a Woman's tongue, That gives not half so great a blow to th' ear, As with a chestnut in a farmer's fire!"

Mr. Broadcloth,

"Having disposed of several kinds of Henpeckism, I now proceed, in the style of old Buchan, to causes, preventatives, cures, &c.

As the female is the life of the disease, most of my observations must be confined to her; not more through respect, than necessity. She is the moving cause, and may here, as in every other situation, justly claim the prerogative of sex,—superior attention. She stands, in connection with her husband, in the relative situation of an active or transitive verb, and the noun which it governs, implying action, an agent, and an object; as, "I chastise my husband." In speaking of causes, therefore, we must pay special regard to the Ladies. The cause is agent; the Lady, the verb through whose action the object, or husband, is affected.

The two grand causes, from which others branch, Irrascibility and Perverseness, are too obvious to need comment. They are discoverable in 99 cases out of 100, before the expiration of the honey moon. The crowning promontory can be seen at a distance, and is easily avoided. Small latent rocks and quicksands are more dangerous. We should attend particularly to the secondary class of causes. Of these, the chief are parties, balls, and furniture of every description. I have known some Ladies, after attending a levee, seized with the milder symptoms of Henpeckism, which disappeared on her good man's consenting that she should have no opportunity of displaying her person and house as she pleased. Sometimes they are occasioned by the desire of dancing. In such instances, a hop at Dragon has proved serviceable. Furniture causes are not so easily removed. Nothing takes stronger hold of the patient.—Some have been seized

with a fit of crying at the sight of new fashionable chairs, and many a wife has lost her heart in an elegant bureau which her husband could not purchase. I have heard of a Lady who fell into hystericks on being told by a neighbour, that her drawing room carpet was not as good as the one which covered her bed room. On discovering any of these causes, a man of wealth may easily prevent the disease, by sacrificing a few thousands. The poor man must either fright them off, scold them off, drive them off, or make up his mind to be pecked into jail, and from jail to the grave. Horses should be broke when young: Children should be governed in infancy. Woman cannot safely be indulged after the honey-moon.

Want of affection for the husband, or affection for another before marriage, are assigned by some, as causes. These, however, seldom operate where the husband is rich, unless the lady has been too much humoured. Such causes may be removed by divorce, or by curtailing the lady's expenses.

With regard to preventatives and cures, I can state my own experience. Four years have elapsed since I had the honor of securing the promise of "love cherish, and obey," from the Widow Suppletongue.—We "twain" had not long been one, before I discovered that I should have much to undo, as well as to do. My Lady thought that I should be pleased with this and with that, and with every thing she fancied.—Finding that her pleasure ran in a different direction from mine, that neither flattery nor advice would answer her purpose; the praises of dear Mr. Suppletongue, poor man, which had been kept as a corps de reserve, were brought on to the field in full force. He was so kind! so indulgent! such a sweet, good husband! He always consulted her happiness in every thing, even to the anticipation of her wishes. But the ghost of Mr. Suppletongue did not appal me.—[By the way, she is my second wife.]—It was all in vain.—Now the symptom became visible.

Madam grew sulky. I looked sour. She scolded at the servants. I drowned her voice in a torrent of well-timed epithets. She began to spend her evenings in visiting. So did I. She accused me of neglect. I answered her accusation by reciprocal railing. She became sociable with gentlemen. I pretended to be in love with every pretty woman I saw; and once at my own house, kissed three or four in her presence. She stormed. I raved. She talked of separation. I extolled the Divorce law. She began to cry. I took my flute and struck up "Molly put the kettle on."

She fell into an hysterick fit; and a "crying with tears ensued." I shifted to the "Tune the old cow died of," and continued playing until she recovered and became perfectly calm. Since, I have not been plagued with one of her high notions. She has been perfectly restored to reason, and is at this hour one of the best wives in all Scold Lane.

When the disease is seated in the Husband, there is no cure, but divorce or a halter. Allow me to subscribe myself, The sincere Friend of the Ladies. DICK STAND-THE RACKET. Of Scold-Lane, New Haven.

From the New-Bedford Mercury. Newspapers.—Reading, by practice, like every thing else, becomes habitual; and reading Newspapers, from the variety they contain, becomes the seat of fancy, where it is indulged in the favourite pursuit of new adventure, and where the most admirable events contend for a con-

spicuous place. This naturally throws a coloring over them, calculated to amuse, edify and instruct.—It is within the precinct of a newspaper, we are admitted into the world, where intelligence never loses its lustre, but to brighten again in some new and striking representation. Caution is said to be the parent of security; and the exhibition of villany, in whatever shape it may appear, serves to render the perpetration of it more odious. For this reason, newspapers have a moral tendency, which the young and rising generation will be happy to own, and which no doubt has been realized by some, who in unguarded moments have given loose to the powerful influence of crime. If, then, they do but answer this valuable purpose, cultivate them as the messengers of that auspicious day, when the power of crime first yielded to the light which shone as a virtuous interpreter. As we read the news, the spirit of history revives; opens new sources, gives energy to those who read them, and places us in a situation to measure out our days of happiness by the "hair breadth" proportions of human enjoyment.—To be without this inestimable privilege, would be to shut the door of general information, which is now diffusing itself into all ranks of society, by the help of newspapers; quieting the publick mind or putting it in a restless state, when any infringement takes place upon those liberties which we esteem the gift of Heaven.

What! a family without a newspaper!—This cannot be called economy; but more like common sense in dishabille, somewhat cramped by the fetters of iron-handed parsimony. There no ambition knocks at the door for admittance—no one comes to meet these companions of the Muse, to spend a few hours in the embrace of one of them and "catch the tidings living as they roll," wherein perhaps the fate of a nation is involved; the frowns of desolation; the breath of pestilence, and the horror of death.—But turn the picture, and perhaps for a season these gloomy prospects will disappear, and we are delighted to see the scales of destiny preponderate in our favour—the point to human felicity.

Method of Curing Hams.

By William Coxe, of Burlington. To 12 hams common size, take 8 lbs. of brown sugar, 1 lb of well crystallized salt-petre, and 5 of fine salt. Rub the hams with this mixture, and let them be one week in the cask, with the skin downward—then make a pickle of the strongest coarse salt of sufficient strength to bear an egg; add two or three quarts of ley from hickory ashes refined by boiling and scumming; when cold, cover the hams with it and keep them down by a weight; let them lie three or four weeks, according to their size, then hang them up in the smoke house; after twenty-four hours commence smoking them with sound hickory wood, and repeat this every morning until sufficiently smoked.

There is some difference in the subsequent practice of the best managers. Those prepared by the dealer first mentioned, have been wrapped up in the finest, dryest, and sweetest clover hay, and then tightly sewed up in strong canvas bags—they are then kept hanging up in the smoke house, or packed for shipping; this mode is not always successful in preserving them from the fly. Burying them in very dry hickory ashes, and packing them in boxes kept in the smoke house, and occasionally changed, and dried through the summer, has been found, in my practice the most effectual mode of preserving them.—When wanted for use, they should be put in water the preceding evening, to dissolve the ashes adhering to them. If dipped in ashes when first taken from the pickle, it forms a coat which is useful in preserving them from the fly. There is a great variety in the minute details of even good managers—but the use of sugar and salt-

petre are the material points, common to them all. In my opinion, a great deal depends on the nature of the flesh of the several breeds of hogs. There is in our country a prevailing attachment to large animals: I have, like my neighbours, been deluded by this false taste. After a fair trial of the large breed of hogs, I have abandoned them as coarse in flesh and deficient in flavour, and at the same time unprofitable in keeping; requiring to be kept long with a larger portion of food, according to their size.

Dr. Woods in his reply to Dr. Ware expresses a reluctance to engage in religious controversy, for the following among other reasons—which of course are in this instance overruled by weightier considerations.

As to public religious controversy, I have observed its unhappy influence upon so many men of distinguished excellency; I have seen that it has so often marred the best natural temper; that it has so often occasioned the offensive boast of victory, or that which is no less offensive; the sullen mortification of defeat; that it has so often injured the beauty of men's characters, cooled the ardour of their piety, and detracted much from their comfort, or at least from the comfort of their friends, that I have earnestly wished to avoid the danger. I have wished also, if possible, to avoid the sufferings of controversy; the unhappiness of being exposed to the charge of bigotry or party spirit, of ambition or meanness, of ignorance or imbecility; the unhappiness of being reproached or despised by my opposers, or the greater unhappiness of feeling any disposition to reproach or despise them. Besides, I have thought, that, at least so far as I was concerned, truth and piety might be more successfully promoted by more silent, gentle means. I have feared that an attempt even to advance the cause of true religion in a controversial way, would kindle a fire, which would endanger the most precious interests of the church, and which Christians possessing the strongest attachment to Christ, and blessed with the largest portion of his spirit, might in vain try to extinguish."

Salem Gazette.

A lawyer boasting that he was as true as a scale beam, a countryman coolly observed that "it was probable, for (said he) a lawyer always turns in favor of the man who has the heaviest purse."

A man of rank hearing that two of his female relations had quarrelled, asked, "Did they call each other ugly?"—No.—"Well, well; I shall soon reconcile them."

A hit at the faculty.—One of the sons of Esculapius seems to have been favored with a presentiment of the success of his practice.—With all imaginable gravity he informs the public in his advertisement, that he has "removed from his old station to a place near the church yard, for the better accommodation of his patients."



Drugs, Medicines. Paints, Surgeons Instruments, &c. &c. Just received and for sale by W. & S. Blanding, Corner Broad & York-streets, Camden August 23.