

Selected Poetry.

H O P E.

Amid the varying scenes of life,
Where silent care and noisy strife,
The shifting drama fill,
In this dark valley drown'd in tears,
Augmented by increasing years,
Hope lights her taper still.

Although the foul ride on the waves,
Where danger swims and terror laves,
To fright the goddess's joy;
To save her from the rock, despair,
Hope is her steady anchor there,
Credulity the buoy.

What though a deluge sink the ground,
Nought but the sea be seen around,
And nought but heav'n above?
Like Noah, on the tide of grief,
The mind soon finds a sweet relief,
From Hope, her herald dove.

Should angry storm, or black'ning cloud,
In darkness our horizon shroud,
To cheat us of the light;
Hope, ever active, ever nigh,
Lifts the black bonnet from the sky,
And drives away the night.

If adverse winds, or eastern gale,
Wide o'er the field of pleasure fall,
Its blossoms gay deface;
Hope eager flies and turns the vane,
Mild zephyrs breathe, the flow'rs again
Appear with native grace.

Thus when the box of mis'ries broke,
Fair Hope surviv'd the cruel stroke,
Catholicon most sure;
For all the plagues that reach the mind,
And all the pains that vex mankind,
Herself a ready cure.

EPIGRAM.

THE MISER'S FEAST.

*His chimney smokes! it is some oven dive!
His neighbours are alarmed; and cry out, "VIZZ."*

Miscellany.

THE DOMESTIC TORNADO.

IN IMITATION OF STERNE.

My wife, I say, entered the room, where I was sitting with my elbow resting on the table and my head carelessly leaning on my hand, in one of my lackadaisical moods, musing over the happy prospects of my country under the auspices of the federal government, and the blessings of domestic and matrimonial life.—I was thinking how the former might be improved—the last appeared to me almost perfect—at least, thought I within myself, the comforts of a husband exceed those of a solitary, lifeless lump of clay called an Old Bachelor, as much as the full blaze of the meridian sun surpasses the glimmering of a lightning bug in a dog day twilight.—Yes, and I thanked Heaven for it from my very heart;—but my wife, I say, entered the room.—The serpent too once entered Paradise. Pardon me, my angel, that thought:—For I protest, with the sincerity of a dying lover, I would blast the villain, who should pronounce, or even think thee a snake.—There was something, however, which (I know not how nor wherefore) struck me, in thy appearance, that made me involuntarily think of Adam and Eve, apples, serpent and the devil.—My wife, I have said, or was about saying, entered the room—now, why I should just then think of hissing, of a viper, or of Eve's ear, if I was to suffer the pains of tooth drawing to all eternity, I could not tell—but my wife then entered the room,—yes, the very woman, who in the most public and solemn manner, had vowed to love honour, and *cher* me—she, this woman, my wedded wife, at that luckless moment entered the room—but

not with the same charming countenance, which she wore the first time I ever saw her, which was at a ball, where I had the honour to draw her for a partner, and for the first time in my life felt the throbbings of a tender heart-ache, excited by her elegant dress, her easy manners, her graceful mien, and her looks, as smiling and serene, as the face of the earth in the bright morning of May when not a rude breath of air disturbs the sweet stillness of the scene, or deranges the order of the expanding blossoms and flowers—not with the still small voice of friendship and love, which in the halcyon days of courtship, or the short-lived period of the honey moon, used to distil from her lips, as gentle and refreshing as the falling dew of a summer's evening—but indignation lowered on her brow—every feature was at war—her face, once the seat of angelic smiles, was now a complete miniature of the sea in the tumult and hurly burly of a storm; lightning flashed from her eyes;—thunder roared from her tongue; and her voice in vengeance thus built upon me—"You a man of spirit? you mean, dastardly, cow-hearted son of a shadow—You pretend to be a man of generosity! No! You pitiful, misergrown image of nothingness—you shapeless substance of a flea's gizzard—you"—Hold, hush, cried I, raising myself out of my chair, and advancing towards her, with as much composure as my surprise would permit, hush, my dear;—"I am no child, replied she, in a tone which pierced my heart to the quick, "I am not a child; so you need not attempt to hush me to rest"—Have patience a moment, my love, said I, in a faulting accent; why all this fury whirlwind of madness?—"Whirlwind! don't compare me to whirlwinds"—she exclaimed with a frown, which I am sure might be seen through a double pine door—at least I thought so then, it made such an impression upon my shivering soul—"I'll, I'll tell you, continued she, with all the natural, unaffected eloquence of a scolding wife, I'll teach you; but not now.—The curtains are my province, and I'll read you such a lecture"—then with an air (and a devil of an air it was!) she withdrew, but unfortunately in her haste, she ran bounce again to the table, upset it, broke her best set of china into a thousand pieces.—Here I expected the storm would return with redoubled fury, and to be fairly broomsticked or distaffed about the house for her carelessness—but I was disappointed; she continued her march, regardless of my broken peace and her broken tea cups and saucers, and left me, like an easy, good natured, submissive, hen-pecked husband, as I was, to gather up the fragments of both, which I did, as well as I could, and sat down as composed as—till the idea of the curtains rushed back upon my mind, and began to haunt me.—Fie! fie! said I to myself, once or twice, it is not worth minding; I'll think no more of it.—But, nature was too powerful to be overcome by such feeble chiding.—Now, I always had an aversion to curtains; so I determined to sneak away after my spouse, as bold as an Alexander, and know the worst of it—for I dreaded the confines of the curtains; and I solemnly declare, yes, and if it was not against the stomach of my conscience, I should even wear point blank, there is something in furniture check, and blue and white calico, aye, and your red or purple and white too, which I shall never think of, but with terror; they seem like the regalia of domestic tyranny.—Indeed, of all the odious forms of government, with which the world has ever been afflicted, the pettycoatical, thought I, is the most energetic, at least, if not the worst. However, as I was going to relate, I followed my wife, and found that all this mighty tornado arose from the following circumstance. It seems I had told one of my neighbours, early in the morning that I thought a silver buckle was as great an ornament to a lady's shoe, as a paste one, where the expense of the latter would bear so hard on the husband, as to make him curtail some of the good things of his dining table and the real necessities of his family, to enable him to make the purchase. In such circumstances, I

thought expensive furniture or dress could be quite antifederal. In short I told him, that paste buckles and poverty were never made to be companions.—My neighbour's wife had told me, and she was then determined to have a pair of paste buckles, that the world might know we were not poor.—I wish I could prove it.—I represented to her the folly of the deception, and endeavoured to reason with her; but she remained obstinate and fixt in her purpose. The curtains were again mentioned; and I told her she should have a pair of paste buckles—I would instantly go to the shops and buy them for her and bring them to her myself in less than an hour, if she would accept of them.—Not I, indeed, she replied, no, if I can't have them voluntarily, I vow I won't have them at all—my shoes shall sooner be tied with strings, which will be much more fashionable into the bargain. I was astonished—I was grieved—but the mechanical words of the stalling, "I can't untie the knot," at that instant popped into my thoughts. So I resolved to make the best of my bargain; and recollecting that she was my wife, I was composed again, and returned in silence to my apartment, thanking heaven, as I walked along, that my sex is distinguished by beard and breeches.

YORICK JUNIOR.

(From a late Irish Paper)

CURIOUS LETTER.

The following letter was found, two months ago in a porter house, and was given it to our readers as a curiosity.

My dear mr. printur,

I'm a very plane man. I have no latin and verei littel English, tho' I can tauke Irish as faste as any man in Munster, excep my wif, who to be sure can tauke me def; and afterwards tauke onn till I'm tired of hearing her. But tho' I'm not book larn'd, yet father Tedy O'Rorke, who is a deepe skollard, offen tells me, when I'm giving him a jorum of whiskey punch, that tho' I'm ignorent, yet I have a goode undurstanding. But if this be aule Blarney, and if I have no undurstanding at aule, this neede nat hinder me from riting abautte pollyticks, because this is a thing that every bodie undurstands. But it is time for me to be after telling you what it is I mane. The society of United Irish men are fardingly my fine people: they can't but noe every thing, for they hav amung um aule professions: attornies, and briners, & steymakurs, and doctors, and grand jonlemin, who were formerly parlament men, and, if they were able to by burroes, wud be the seme agen; and they hav keweys amung um, preests, and profession minists, and ethiefts, and all the othur religions in the kingdom. Now this society tells us that the French revolution is the most charmin, vartuous, nobel biznisse that the world ever sawe, and that we aut to imete it as faste as we can.—But on the othur hand, there ere foppin book makers who swere that it is the most abominable, hellish worke that ever was dose sence Addeem was criffened, and that if we attempt any sitch thing, we shall distroy all Ireland; and what is worse, distroy our selves. Now by the vefiment, these grete people bodder me so, by their palauvering on both sides, that I don't know what to think of it, at all at all; and therefore I send you my own thauts upon the subject:—I thinks then that ten years is little enuff for giving the French revolution a fare triel. If we finde in the year 1800 that it has brou to the French men, riches, and honor, and happynets, and all that, then in the name of the blesst virgin, let us all drawe our spedes, and flauns, and shillees, and hav a grand bodderation of our one. But iff we see that it has maid the Frenchmen poor and infimous, and wiked, then let us remane sing, and passible, and content ourselves with volunteering, and singing irezion, and drinkeing rebellion, just to sho that we are breve Irish boys, but not come the joak any farther. In the mane time, until that happy veer shall come, in which we may possibly hav the pleisure of cuning one anothers throats, let us be industrus, and em a grete deal of money, and save more.

For tho' England, to be sure, is no mach for us, yet in case of a war wid hur, we shud want some money.—War is like a lawshute; and I no, to my greef, what a lawshute is, for I was almost ruineted by ganing a cruze aganst a gossip of mine, that cheted me; but the devel shal hav all my gossups, men, wimen and childrin, befoar I go to law with one of um agen. War requires money as bad as a lawshute: withoute money our generalis and colonis, and granydeers woodn't fite; without money our preests woodn't prey us out of purgaturry, when we were kilt: nay, our drummers wood no moar rattel their sticks without meny than counsilors O'Curin, or O'Driscoll would rattel their tungs without their hire. When we hav got meny then will be the time to invade England, take Lunnon, bring it hoam with us, and bld it in Belfast. My deer cuntrymen, every one of you knows passily, that you are a wize ashun; therfoar, my sweet duels, take a fool's advice, and be quiet. I am, my deer printur, your sarvent to cummand till deth.

PATRICK O'FLAHERTY.

Ballybooby, near Tipperary,
Oggus the 1st, 1794.

AN ORIENTAL APOLOGUE.

Three inhabitants of Balck, who travelled together, found a treasure. They divided it, and continued their route, conferring with each other on the use they should make of their newly acquired wealth. As the provisions they had brought along with them were consumed, they were under a necessity for sending to the nearest town, in order to get some. The youngest was charged with this commission, and departed. He said to himself on the way, how rich am I! But I should be much richer, if I had been alone, when we found the treasure: The companions of my journey have taken away two parts from me: Might not I recover them? Yes, this could be easily done; I need only poison the victuals I am going for. When I return, I may say, that I dined in town; my companions will eat without suspecting any thing, and will die. I have but the third of the treasure, and I then shall have the whole. In the mean time, the two other travellers, seated under the shade of a tree, said to one another, what a strange mishap it is, that we should fall into company with that young fellow! We have been obliged to divide the treasure with him, his share should have belonged to us, and then we could call ourselves rich. He will soon return; we have good poignards.—The young man returns; his companions assassinate him: They afterwards eat of the poisoned victuals and die; and then the treasure belongs to nobody.

CURIOUS ANECDOTE.

The whimsical and immortal author of Tristram Shandy was married to Mrs. Sterne on a Saturday morning. His parishioners had timely information of this circumstance, and knowing he would preach the next morning at his parish church, and desirous at the same time of seeing the bride, they assembled in such crowds that the church was full before the bell had done tolling. The bride, as was expected, made her appearance, and the country folks indulged themselves with the usual observations, until Sterne mounted the pulpit. Here every eye was directed to him, and every ear ready to catch the words of his text, which turned out, to their astonishment, to be the following: *We have toiled all night, and have caught no fish.* The congregation looked at each other; some smiled, others stopped their mouths with their handkerchiefs to prevent them from laughing, while the old folks wore very serious faces, and thought the humourist a very odd sort of man for a pulpit lecturer. However, they attended to his discourse, which turned out, as usual, very instructive, and all went home very highly diverted with the text, except poor Mrs. Sterne, who blushed down to her fingers' ends every step of the way to her house.