

From the (Boston) Federal Oracle.
STANZAS.—BY A HUSBAND.

WHEN on thy bosom I recline,
I enter'd full in all the nice,
To call thee mine for life—
I glory in those sacred ties,
With which rents and souls distract,
Of husband and of wife.

Our mutual love inspires our joys,
The tender love, the willing gifts,
Our years have not disgraced;
Some sweet sensations, ever new,
Spring up and prove the maxim true,
That "love can never be shied."

Have I a wife? 'tis all for that,
Hath she a soul? all for me;
So justly do we meet,
That angel look she ardent gaze,
Well pleased to see her better days,
And bid us live and live.

If scars suffice, come still come—
Thy bosom is my soft home—
I'll leave here to rest;
And in thy quiet bower may fair,
I bid her find all her care,
And joy in my breast.

Here joy, 'tis all her care,
But love and care are truly rare—
Gardens are beautified,
That like us, they round the trees,
Bedeck'd in clipp'd array,
'Tis hard to be dism'd.

From the Gazette of the United States,
M. FRENCH,
Please insert your paper the following
DIRECTIONS in a PAINTER.

SPREAD your oars, take your pall
And paint, and finish.

FRANCE.

As a tiger breaking her bite; bound by
all the impetuosity and brutalities of Europe,
placed on her head the red cap; and repre-
senting her dancing in wooden shoes to the
tunes of "Vive la République"—de-
vouring her own offspring, and, dealing
deadly wounds to all her surrounding ad-
versaries or the semi-fated. The country
of an enthusiastic, gallant military, and
the theme of philosophical cut-throats;
who are torturing an hundred thousand
heads annually, to convince the world that
they can weave a chain strong enough for a
a mad fleet, from the flimsy filaments of a
cobweb.

RUSSIA,

An enormous woman, with a monstrous
hump posterior; one side of it forebearing
over half of the kingdom of Poland; snap-
ping her fist at the Gallic tigress, and look-
ing silent, at the same time, on a map of the
country, bordering on the Archipelago and black sea. The country of boundless
ambition, driving vast hordes of ignorant
slaves, to cultivate infatuated forests.

PRUSSIA,

As a wolf, wounded in his hind quarters,
fucking off from the combat, and hugging
ponderous bags of gold, bound up with
tricolored ribbands. The region of tan-
gues and uncle farts.

AUSTRIA,

As a huge bear, lifting both paws at the
tyrants, who had just torn off the head of
one of her cubs. A country blotted with
pedigree, and composed of parts as differ-
ent as Nebruckner's image; incapable
of perfect union in the field or cabin-

net.

SPAIN,

As a cat breaking her whiskers, and with a
paw uplifted, squalling and spitting at the

tyrants, the theme of pride, squinting
with jealousy at all her neighbours.—The
common channel, through which the riches
of Mexico and Peru pass to the indolent
part of Europe.

GREAT BRITAIN,

As a hell dog, suffered on the limbs of the
tyrants; held back by a moulder of a thou-
sand heads. The hundred of licentiousness
and corruption—arition and rebellion—
both poisoning the public manners, and
equally tipping the fair temple of lib-
erty.

Mix your rich colours, and paint

THE FIFTEEN UNITED STATES,
An ancient Scheme of America, reclined
under the shade of an aged oak, on the
western bank of the Delaware; smoking
the calumet of peace with all the ambassa-
dors in Europe; and shaking his tomahawk
as a company of raged Indians from the
wilderness, who are dancing a war-dance
round a log of whiskey. The country of
independence, peace and safety.—Long may
they live, unjaded by domestic fac-
tions!

In vain the lack regard of the United
States, a motley group of figures; represent-
ative of them working with the utmost
zeal to rear up the tyrants an illusory
throne of power over the American graves;

called the National Executive; and others
holding to residents a miserable, creeping
estate; except Jacobin Club, which they
desire to plant in place. To diversify
the group, you may distinguish some by
volunteer cockades, and others by finan-
cial robes. To one you may give, the
General's baton, and to another the plane
of his amanuensis. Turn their faces,
greening a ghastly smile, towards the rag-
ged company in the fore-ground, as if ap-
proaching their destined track. Cover the
whole with their strongest shades, as best
adapted to their dark machinations, as well
as expressive of their general wish of con-
cealment. Finally, summing the sum
powers of your pencil, and represent the
ancient Saxon on the bank of Delaware,
although intent on the benevolent works of
peace, looking with an air of pity, mingled
with contempt, on the whole of those
worthless figures.

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