

PARTING OF HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE.

HECTOR now pass'd with sad presaging heart,
To seek his spouse his soul's far dearer part.
At home he soug it her; but he sought in vain;
She, with one maid of all her menial train.
Had thence retir'd; and with her second joy,
The young Astyanax, the hope of Troy.
Pensive she stood on Iion's towery height,
Beheld the war, and sicken'd at the sight;
There her sad eyes in vain her lord expore,
Or weep the wounds her bleeding country bore.
Hector this heard, return'd without delay;
Swift through the town he took his former way,
Through streets of palaces, and walks of state,
And met the mourner at the Scæan gate.
With haste to meet him sprung the joyful fair,
His blameless wife, Action's wealthy heir.
The nurse stood near; in whose embraces press'd,
His only hope hung spiling at her breast;
Whom each soft charm and early grace adorn,
Fair as the new-born star that gilds the morn.
Silent the warrior smil'd; and pleas'd, resigned
To tender passions all his mighty mind.
His beauteous princess cast a mournful look,
Hung on his hand, and then dejected spoke.
Her bosom labor'd with a boding sigh,
And the big tear stood trembling in her eye.
"Too daring prince! ah! whither wilt thou run?
Ah! too forgetful of thy wife and son!
And think'st thou not how wretched we shall be?
A widow I, an helpless orphan he!
For sure, such courage length of life denies;
And thou must fail thy virtue's sacrifice.
Greece in her single heroes strove in vain;
Now hosts oppose thee—and thou must be slain.
Oh grant me gods! ere Hector meets his doom,
All I can ask of Heaven—an early tomb!
So shall my days in one sad tenor run,
And end in sorrows as they first begun.
Thy wife thy infant in thy danger share;
O'er prove a husband's and a parent's care.
That quarter most the skilful Greeks annoy,
Where yon wild fig tree joins the walls of Troy;
Tairice our bold foes the fierce attack have given;
Or led by hopes or dictated by heaven.
Let others in the field their arms employ;
But stay my Hector here and guard his Troy."
The chief replied—
"That post shall be my care;
Nor that alone but all the works of war.
How would the sons of Troy, in arms renown'd,
And Troy's proud dames, whose garments sweep the ground.
Attain the lustre of my former name,
Should Hector basely quit the field of fame!
My early youth was bred to warlike pains;
My soul impels me to the martial plains.
Still foremost let me stand to guard the throne,
To save my father's honors and my own.
Yet, come it will! the day decreed by fates!
(How my heart trembles while my tongue relates!)
The day when thou imperial Troy must bend,
Must see thy warriors fall, thy glories end.
And yet no dire presage so wounds my mind,
My mother's death the ruin of my kind,
Not Priam's hoary hairs defi'd with gore,
Not all my brothers gasping on the shore,
As tis me, Andromache! Thy griefs I dread!
I see thee trembling weeping captive led,
In Aix's rooms our battles to design.
And woes of which so large a part was thine.
There wile you groan beneath the load of life,
They cry—'Be bold the mighty Hector's wife!'
Some haughty Greek, who lives thy tears to see,
Emulites all thy woes by naming me.
The thoughts of glory past and present shame,
A thousand griefs, shall waken at the name!
May I lie cold before that dreadful day,
Press'd with a load of monumental clay!
Tay Hector wrapt in everlasting sleep,
Shall neither hear thee sigh, nor see thee weep!"
Thus having spoke th' illustrious chief of Troy
Streit'd his fond arms to clasp the lovely boy.
The babe clung crying to the nurses breast,
Scan'd with the dazzling beam, and nodding crest.
With secret pleasure each fond parent smil'd,
And Hector hasted to relieve his child;
The guilt'ring terrors from his brows unbound,
And plac'd the beaming helmet on the ground.
Then kiss'd the child; and lifting high in air,
Thus to the Gods prefer'd a parent's prayer,
"Oh thou whose glory fills th' ethereal throne!
And all ye deathless powers! protect my son!
Grant him like me to purchase just renown,
To guard the Trojans to defend the crown;
Against his country's foes the war to wage,
And rise the Hector of the future age.
So when triumphant from successful toil,
O' heroes slain be heirs the recking spoils,
Whole hosts may hail him with deserv'd acclaim,
And say, 'This chief transcends his father's fame;
While pleas'd amidst the general shouts of Troy,
His mother's conscious heart o'erflows with joy.'"
He spoke; and Andromache gazing on her charms,
Restor'd the pleasing burden to her arms.
Soft on her fragrant breast the babe she laid,
Hus'd to repose and with a smile survey'd:
The trouble of pleasure soon chastis'd with fear,
She mingled with a smile a tender tear.
The soften'd chief with kind compassion view'd,
And dry'd the failing drops; and thus pursu'd—
"Andromache! my soul's far better part!
Why with untimely sorrow heaves thy heart?
No hostile hand can antedate my doom,
Till fate condemn me to the silent tomb;
Tis'd is the term of all the race of earth;
And such the hard condition of our birth.
No force can then resist, no flight can save;
All sink alike, the fearful and the brave."

No more—but hasten to thy tasks at home;
There guide the spindle and direct the loom.
Me glory summons to the martial scene:
The field of combat is the sphere for men:
Where heroes war, the foremost place I claim,
The first in danger as the first in fame."

Thus having said th' undaunted chief resumes
His towery helmet black with shading plumes.
His princes parts with a prophetic sigh,
Unwilling parts and oft reverts her eye,
That stream'd at every look; then moving slow,
Sought her own palace and indulg'd her woe.
There while her tears deplo'red the godlike man,
Through all her train the soft infection ran:
The pious maids their mingled sorrows shed,
And mourn'd the living Hector as the dead.

From the Connecticut Courant.
Short Chapters of Hints and Advisements
on the subject of Hard Times.

By One of the People.

CHAPTER IX.

What must of necessity be done?

"Why do ye look upon one another?"

It was thus the venerable old patriarch spurr'd
up his sons, who stood yawning and irresolute in
a dearth of bread; and it furnishes a pretty good
hint to us in our dearth of money.

The way to get relief is hard to proud flesh &
blood; but we must needs take it, or rue our
choice. This thorny, but only effectual way, is
described in seven words—Retrenchment of Ex-
pences—Increase of productive Labour. Without
this radical reform, all our hopes will be like the
gods of the Gentiles, "vanity and a lie."

A retrenchment of expenses must of necessity
be come into by the farmers, by the mechanics, &
by the people generally. We must prune away
every superfluity. We must cut off the numer-
ous shoots of pride that have been fed as it were
with our life-blood. We must be content with
plain fare, with plain attire, and with a plain ap-
pearance at home and abroad. We must learn to
live with our incomes, by husbanding them with
all care and prudence. In short, we must tread
back our steps: we must revert to the frugal living
of other times when frugality was the high way
to esteem.

Along with the necessary branch of reform,
mentioned above, another one equally necessary,
is hard work. It is hard work that feeds and
clothes the human family. Of this coarse, but pre-
cious commodity, there is far too little among us,
and its quantity must be very much increased.

It is high time for those idlers (an inumerable
swarm) who are now sailing gaily down the
stream without putting a hand to the oar, or pay-
ing aught for their passage—it is high time for
them to set themselves to work, or to be set to
work. The honey is consumed in the hive;
there must be no drones to eat up the remainder;
all the commonalty must be as working bees.

Our men and our boys must all be industrious
in some honest way or other; and not our men &
our boys only:—the number of Ladies now "eat-
ing the bread of idleness," must be abundantly re-
duced, and the number of plain Woman and girls
"labouring with their hands and working that
which is good," must be abundantly enlarged.

As extravagance and idleness have, at least in no
inconsiderable degree, occasioned these hard times
so, contray wise, frugality and industry will great-
ly meliorate them.

SATIRE ON SWEARING.

About the close of the revolutionary war in this
country, several officers dined together at the
house of Col. P—, a gentleman distinguished
for pleasing manners and good sense. The bowl
the anecdote, the laugh and the song went round.

Lieutenant Fitzpatrick related the following little
incident, very much in this manner:—At the
battle of Bunker's Hill, which d—n their hill, was
Breed's Hill, a Scotchman, named Frazer, a most
as fond, by G—, of rhyme as of rum, and as brave
a fellow, by the L—, as if he had been an Irish-
man, and G—d—n me, if there are braver on any
continents; this d—d fool, stood next me in the
ranks, (for he was then a yankee volunteer, as full
of fight as the d—l) and after we had fortisid
with green hay, by the L—, Frazer, who had
charged deep with hogo that morning bawled out
as the British were advancing.

"Now d—n it give us fair play."

"And down we'll mow 'em like hay."

And mow 'em, by G—, we did, till their red
coats, G—d—n'em to hell, were dyed over again.

The lieutenant's humour with
the help of a fresh touch of the
bowl, went down like the rest.

Col. P—, who had likewise
served in the army, related the
following short anecdote in this
unusual way: Tarleton, was as
you know an active officer, and
not a little vain of his exploits—
tongs and bottles. He once ob-
served to a young lady of South
Carolina—bottle & tongs—that
he wished little tongs and little
bottles—he could once see the
famous Washington—Great tongs
and little bottles—you might
have seen him, replied the young
lady, 'if you had turned your
head at the battle of the cow-
pens—great tongs and little bot-
tles.'

When the laughter which fol-
lowed this anecdote had ceased,
Fitzpatrick exclaimed, "A good
thing by G—, colonel, only you
spoiled it with that G—d—d bot-
tle and tongs, " Oh, (answered
the colonel) that was in the place
of oaths, and permit me to say,
had quite as much sense."

"England wars not for the de-
struction of cities" exclaimed lord
Exmouth in his letter to the dey
of Algiers. His lordship's memo-
ry must be very treacherous.—
Did not England war most sav-
agely with the cities of Washing-
ton and Alexandria? Did she not
war with the cities of Baltimore
and New-Orleans? before which
however, her arms received a sig-
nal and salutary check. Not only
did she war with cities but de-
fenceless towns and villages, felt
the weight of her malignity.—
Did not Admiral Cochrane de-
clare that his orders were "to lay
waste every town which he
might find assailable," and did
not he and his followers execute
their orders to the very extent of
their ability?—The exploits of
Cockburn and his banditti in the
Chesapeake bay, and the transaction
of Frenchtown, Havre-de-
Grace, Hampton, &c. &c. will
forever attest to the enormity of
their conduct. At Stonington,
however, and many other places,
the bravery of the citizens pro-
tected them from British rapacity
notwithstanding the fearful odds
against which they had to contend
but pillage, rape and murder were
the order of the day, upon almost
every occasion, and ought
to have been impressed on the
soldiers of every British regiment
and on the ensign of every ship
sailing under the Prince Regent's
commission. *Bost. Pat.*

January 3, 1817
Daily Collector
DA ID M H A E

Who violates the law by prosecution
And still not notice will be taken of those
not examples from the United States law
with the Luddites, or any other place are
disg'd. Post-Harrison in Knox country
Vincennes noway. Those who outre the
treddles, peremptorily in Kentucky
and Spillians Indians who will be required for
the purpose of fighting Indians to all such
the 21st & 22 days of January, in Jason country,
the 21st & 22 days of January, in Jason country,
and in Litchfield in Jason country, will be
GIRSON POSSY WAFRICH
To the inhabitants of the countries of
Notice is hereby given,
BLANK DEEDS,
FOR SALE at this OFFICE.