

POET'S CORNER.

FOR THE MARYLAND GAZETTE.

FROM THE JOURNAL OF OSMYN, THE MINSTREL, written on board the U. S. Brig Argus, at Annapolis.

THE to-morrow's bright sun shall illumine the sphere, The bark of the bard will be distant from here: Will have spread her white wings, and by zephyrs be fann'd, Per the Chesapeake's tide, to a happier land, Where the shrine of his worshippings, stray'd from so long, Shall awaken the homage of heart and of song; Where ruby-lip friendship his coming shall greet, and winningly whisper a welcome as sweet, As a spirit, long destin'd these regions to roam, from kindred would hear, when return'd to its home— Then, then, he will meet with the few that are dear, by whom he is lov'd, whether absent or near— Oh exquisite thought! meet again with the few, to whom he has ever been faithful and true, Whose kindness will lull in his bosom of care The tremulous tumults and troubles now there; Will restore to its circle the sunshine, the calm, The summer-sereneness that follows the storm; The holiday feeling, so sportive and gay, When mirth is in blossom, and fancy in play; When hope and when happiness, wed their warm beams, And steep the fond soul in their nuptial-night dreams Yes, soon will his little bark's bosom expand To the prosperous gales that will blow from the land He will cheerfully leave, for the friendlier shore His weary feet long to be wandering o'er— But since he wishes, at bidding farewell, That peace in its bowers for ever may dwell; That the spring of its honour may never decay, Nor the blooms of its virtue be wither'd away; That its gold, the mere dress of the ignoble earth, May never be held dearer than diligent worth; That beauty and innocence ever may live Its hamlets, made happy with wisdom and love— The few he esteems, though we never meet more, He'll remember with pleasure, when far from their shore, He will think of, when, blest & delighted, he strays With the friend of his soul, who will speak in their praise, While he tells of attentions from many he met— From some he can never, no never, forget. He blesses their clime, tho' its lustres to him, Have shone thro' a dark'nd mind's horizon dim; Tho' its song-breathing groves have been cheerless and drear, For the want of sweet friendship to gladden his ear; To whisper its sentiments, social and kind, To enliven his heart, and ennoble his mind; To awaken some impulse of pleasure or pain— Some feeling which sighs to be wak'nd again Tho' its meadows are fair, and its vallies are bright, Are mantled with all that can charm and delight; Tho' the blooms of its rose, & the buds of its trees, Shed a banquet of sweets on the wing of the breeze; And the emerald foliage—with which it is strew'd, Is with nature's rich weeping, of rapture imbaid; Tho' the morning's are matchless that luminate its sky, And the tinge of its tints is of exquisite die; Its days, at departure, most sweetly serene, And the nymph of the Eve of the loveliest mien; Tho' its vistas around, that enamour the sight, Are deliciously dear to a heart that is light— Yet to him who is lonely, and weary, and sad, This radiant region so wondrously clad, This southerly clime, so extensively seen, Embellish'd with scarlet, embroider'd with green, Where the lustres of beauty profusely are thrown, And all that is brilliant in nature is known— Have not one persuasive endearment, or spell, To damp with dejection, at bidding farewell Should its vallies & meadows, so fertile & fair, The golden hue'd robes of Elysium wear; Should they all the enchantments of paradise blend, To him they'd be dark, unenjoy'd with a friend— With a friend who could never by falsehood deceive, Whom 'twere rapture to meet with and anguish to leave; Whose innocent converse would blandly beguile His feet thro' the groves, and the woodlands that smile; And forgetting the world, in some fav'rite stroll, Would bless him with fondness, and feast him with soul— Would gather and give him the honey-hu'd rose, And the feelings & thro'ts of the moment disclose; Whose bush, at his praises, should heighten its bloom, And whose breath, as she kiss'd it, enrich its perfume; Whose eye too, with his, would its mornings survey, 'Ere the dews have been brush'd from its lilies away; And who'd fly to its shades, at the daylight's decline, To descant on the stars that instructively shine, When the splendor, the mystical grandeur of night, Would the soul, ever wakeful, sublimely excite— When the mind should expand, and reflection dilate, And the loftiest thoughts on their call would await; When passion & pride, those disturbers of peace, Should be exil'd the breast, and their influence cease. 'Tis the friendship he sighs for, that glowingly thrills A fond woman's bosom which tenderness fills; Whose heart is a fountain of virtues, whence flow All the happiest feel, and the godliest know— Oh! could he but such a blest innocent greet, Who with sisterly kindness his homage would meet, Then, to wander these vallies at twilight's soft hour, And to cull, & to give her, the sweet-scented flow'r; And to twine round her brow the wreaths he would weave, Of blossoms, just bath'd in the weeping of eve— Would be rapturous bliss to the stranger who roves, The saddest of men, in the fairest of groves! The world would be scarce worth a wish or a sigh, Unless with some kindred affectionate tie— Unblest with the magic which friendship can shed O'er the brightest of paths we are destin'd to tread;

Even Eden that glows in the young poet's dream, O'erflowing with honey, would desolate seem. If woman, Heaven's first and best gift, were not near To call him her friend, and to say he was dear; To soothe him with breathings more precious than dew, That hallows the herbage, and heightens its hue; To hold with his heart a communion divine, And to cheer him with hope, when she heard him repine; To bless him with smiles, and in truth's tender tone To declare that on him they were lavish'd alone— Whose voice, like the melting lute's tremulous voice, Would thrill thro' his bosom, and bid it rejoice, And all those dear innocent somethings impart Which woman so sweetly lips from the heart— Who would gaze on the scene as it brightens around, Its soul soothing calm undisturb'd by a sound, And with sighs softly stealing, impressively say, "How enchanting the vista! how lovely and gay! "Oh! may the bard's prospect thus bright ever prove, "In the dangerous world he is fated to rove— "May his journey of life, like the path he now strays, "Be embellish'd with all that can rapture his gaze; "May his love be return'd with affection as true "As the friendship I feel, ever fervent and new— "And he glide on the wing of contentment along, "With joy in his heart, and with mirth in his song"

MISCELLANY.

BISHOP HORNE'S

PICTURE OF THE FEMALE CHARACTER.

THE picture I shall present, among other advantages, has that of antiquity. It was drawn by a masterly hand near three thousand years ago. The description I mean, is that left us of a virtuous woman, by the wisest of men, in the last chapter of Proverbs; a description which all mothers and mistresses should teach the female pupils under their care, to read & learn by heart. "Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies." Such a one is to be found, but not without care and diligence in the search. She is well worth the pains taken in the forming her, and more to be valued by her happy possessor, than all the brightest diamonds in the mines of the east. "The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil." A well nurtured woman is man's best and truest friend. Her fidelity is inviolable as the covenant of the most High, and her purity unfulled as the light of Heaven. Absent, as well as present, her husband relies on her for the preservation of his possessions, & of herself the dearest and most precious of all. With such a steward at home, freed from care and anxiety, he goes forth to his own employment, whatever it may be. He has no occasion to rob others by sea or land; to plunder provinces, or starve nations. Instead of her squandering his substance to gratify her own vanity and folly, the economy of his wife furnishes the supplies, and nothing is wanting in due time and place. "She will do him good, and not evil, all the days of her life." She will never abuse this confidence reposed in her, but endeavour to render herself daily more & more worthy of it. And if even her endeavours should not always meet with the desired success; if the good man should sometimes happen to be a little out of spirits, or out of temper, she will not therefore become so too. Her cheerfulness will revive and restore him. She will still "do him good, and not evil," while he lives; and if she survive him, will continue to shew the same kind attention and regard to his family, and to his character. "My Servius," (said the Roman Valeria, holding in her arms the urn which contained the ashes of her husband—my Servius) "though dead to the rest of the world, can never be otherwise than alive to me." Solomon's description of a virtuous woman consists of twenty-two verses. It is well worthy your observation, that eleven of these verses (half of the number) are taken up in setting forth her industry, and the effects of it. I shall recite all these together, that you may see what a variety of magnificent language is made use of, to describe her different employments, to recommend simplicity of manners, and make good housewifery and honest labour to be admired, in the rich and noble, as well as the poor and obscure among women. For you must bear in mind, that in works of the several kinds here mentioned, queens and princesses, of old time, disdained not to be occupied. You will likewise be pleas'd to consider that if the rich are exempted from the necessity of working for themselves, they cannot be better employ'd than in working for the poor; since "the coats and garments" made by the charity of Dorcas, were judg'd the best proofs of her goodness that could be submitted to the inspection of an apostle. "She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands. She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff. She girdeth her loins with strength, and strengtheneth her arms. She seeketh also while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens. She looketh well to the ways of her household, &

eateth not the bread of idleness. She is not afraid of the snow for her household, for they are all clothed with double garments. She maketh herself coverings of tapestry, her cloathing is silk and purple. She maketh fine linen and selleth it, and delivereth girdles to the merchant. She perceiveth that her merchandize is good; her candle goeth not out by night. She is like the merchants ships, she bringeth her food from afar. She considereth a field, and buyeth it; with the fruit of her hand she planteth a vineyard."—On account of this her marvellous and unceasing diligence, with the many and great advantages derived thereby to her family, well it may be said, as it is said of her, "Strength and honour are her cloathing, and she shall rejoice in time to come." But the honour is not confined to herself— It extendeth to her friend and companion in life; "Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land." That is, he is known as her husband; as a man blessed with such a wife; as indebted, perhaps, for his promotion, to the wealth acquired by her management at home (for honours are seldom open to the poor;) for the splendour and elegance of his apparel, to the labour of her hands; and, it may be, for the preservation and establishment of his virtue and integrity, to the encouragement, in all that is holy, and just, and good, furnished by her example, as well as by her conversations, the nature of which is thus described— "She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness." She thinks before she speaks; and, therefore, neither introduces a bad subject, nor disgraces a good one by an improper manner of discoursing on it. And as charity reigns in her heart, nothing that is uncharitable proceeds out of her mouth; all is lenient and healing. To express the whole in a few words, she says nothing that is foolish, and nothing that is ill-natured. But her charity is shewn in deeds as well as words. "She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy." This is yet another good effect of her economy and management. She is not only able to provide plentifully for her household, but has always something in store for the poor. Since what avails a charitable disposition, where vanity, folly and extravagance, have taken away the power to exert it? In vain is "the hand stretched out," when there is nothing in it. Having thus considered this finished character of the virtuous woman, we shall not be surpris'd at the praise bestowed on it, in the remaining verses of the chapter. "Her children rise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her," saying, "many daughters have done virtuously; but thou excellest them all." Happy the children of such a mother; they will be living proofs of the care taken by her in their education, when she taught them to walk, by the paths of honour and virtue, to the mansions of rest and glory. Happy the husband of such a wife, who sees all things prosper under her direction, and the blessing of Heaven deriv'd to his family through her. They will all join in proclaiming, that among women who do well, honour is chiefly due to the virtuous and diligent wife, the affectionate and sensible mother. "Favour," or rather "gracefulness is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised." A graceful person and a set of fine features, are valuable things, but they are not always to be trusted; they may conceal tempers and dispositions very different from those one should have expected to find; and bitterer than wormwood must then be the disappointment of the man, who has been directed in his choice by no other considerations. This, I say may be the case. Let us hope it is not often so. God forbid it should. The face ought to be an index to the mind, and when all is fair without, as it is said of the king's daughter in the psalm, "all should be glorious within." But let beauty have its due praise, and suppose what you will of it—suppose all that the poets say of it to be true; still the wife man tells you, it is vain, it is in its nature transient, fleeting, perishing; it is the flower of the spring which must fade in autumn; and when the blossom falls, if no fruit succeed, of what value, I pray you, is the tree? The grave is already opening for the most elegant person that moves, and the worms are in waiting to feed on the fairest face that is beholden. Labour, then, for that which endureth for ever; let your chief pains be bestowed on that part of the human composition which shall flourish in immortal youth, when the world, and all that is in it, shall disappear and come no more into mind. "A woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised." "Give her of the fruit of her hands, and let her own works praise her in the gates." The crown, which her own hands have thus form'd, shall be plac'd upon her head, as it were, by general consent, even in this life, and her good deeds, celebrated in the public assemblies, shall diffuse an odour grate-

ful as the smell of Eden, as the cloud of frankincense ascending from the holy altar. When her task is ended, the answer of a good conscience, and the blessings of all around, sweeter than the sweetest music, shall chant her to her repose; till awakened on the great morning of the world, defending angels shall introduce this daughter of Jerusalem into the joy of her Lord. Such is the female character, and such the importance of forming it by education. Without education it cannot be formed; for we are all born equally ignorant, and are what we are, by instruction. A coquette never loses her desire to please, nor the good opinion of herself. She looks upon time and years as something which can only wrinkle and make other women ugly, and forgets that age is written on her own face. The same dress, which formerly embellish'd her youth now disfigures her person, and increases the imperfections of her old age. Precedence and affection accompany her in sorrow and sickness, and she dies full dressed in ribbons of gaudy colours. Portrait of the Illustrious FENELON, author of Telemachus. AT once the sign of fashion and the saint of the court: Fenelon was every where withed for, and he never shewed himself but to some useful and chosen friends. He united all the sprightliness, all the complaisance that the intercourse with women requires, with all the modesty and reserve proper to his sacred profession. Unaffected with the Duke of Burgoyne, sublime with Bossuet, brilliant with the courtiers, of graceful manners, a lively imagination, an affectionate theology, passionately fond of virtue for the love of God. The fire of his eyes announced the most ungovernable passions, and his conduct the most astonishing victory. Amiable genius! he excelled a love of virtue by his eloquence, full of grace, mildness, nobleness, truth and taste. Born to cultivate wisdom and humanity in kings, he made the throne resound with the miseries of the human race, trodden under feet by tyrants, and the abandoned cause of the people found in him a zealous defender against the arts of flattery!—What goodness of heart! What sincerity! What a splendour of words and images! Whoever strew'd so many flowers in a style so natural, so melodious and so tender! Whoever ornamental reason with so captivating a dress? In Chancery, May 30, 1810. ORDERED, that the report of John Gold, trustee for the sale of the real estate of ARCHIBALD GOLDBER, deceased, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary be shewn on or before the 21st day of July next; provided a copy of this order be inserted once a week for three successive weeks in the Maryland Gazette, before the 21st day of June next. True copy, Test. 2 NICHOLAS BREWER, Reg. Cur. Can. In Chancery, June 5th, 1810. ORDERED, that the sale made by William Warfield, trustee for the sale of the real estate of JOHN SAPPINGTON, deceased, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary be shewn on or before the 28th day of July next; provided a copy of this order be inserted once in each of three successive weeks in the Maryland Gazette, before the 28th day of the present month. The report states, that a tract or parcel of land called Greniston, containing about one hundred and eight acres, was sold for five hundred and forty-one dollars eight cents. True copy, Test. 2 NICHOLAS BREWER, Reg. Cur. Can. JUST PUBLISHED, AND FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE 6 AN APPENDIX TO A RELIGIOUS COLLOQUY. To be had, At the store of Gideon White, Esquire, 3 AN ANSWER To a Pamphlet, Entitled AN APPENDIX TO A RELIGIOUS COLLOQUY. Rags. Cash given for clean Linen & Cotton RAGS. ANNAPOLIS: PRINTED BY FREDERICK & SAMUEL GREEN Price—Two Dollars per Annum