

Flowers of Fancy.

(ORIGINAL)

(From the Poems of Thomas Little, Jun.)

SONNET.

TO LEONORA.

Celestial maid, the softly-breathing Morn,
With rosy smiles dispels the darkness night
And does the blooming Goddess now adorn
With orient gems, and pearls divinely bright,
That o'er the world diffuse a heavenly light.

Oh! to my view reveal those speaking eyes,
Whose lustre Sol's meridian glow outvies;
Where softly sleep the beautiful babes of love
On azure couches by the Graces wove.

Fair nymph, the birds of yon elysian grove
With notes symphonious fill the vaulted skies,
Come, then, together let us fondly rove,
While my Health for thee her genial bloom supplies.

FRIENDSHIP.

FROM THE SAME.

When Fortune, blind capricious dame,
Drops o'er our heads serenely smile,
How oft is friendship's holy name
Deba'd by flatterers all the while.

For if she wears a scowling mien,
And in her whimsies proves unkind,
But few remaining friends are seen,
To soothe the sufferer's tortur'd mind.

To a Lady whom the Author discovered looking at the Sun, when eclipsed.

FROM THE SAME.

The moon and clouds with dread resolve,
In mystic plot together move,
The day in darkness to involve,
But ah! how vain their efforts prove.

It still must shine supremely bright,
And all its wonted joys inspire,
While thus thy radiant orb of light
Throw round the world their heavenly fire!

(SELECTED)

From the Prologue Phœnix.

SOLITUDE.

SWEET are the still sequester'd groves,
Where musing melancholy roves,
At eve unscen—
Where musing melancholy roves,
And pensive contemplation loves
To haunt the green.

The lonely grot, the secret cell,
Where sober sadness loves to dwell,
Are dear to me;
Dear is the slow meandering brook,
And dear the shade of yon broad oak—
My fav'rite tree.

There oft, at evening's dusky shade
Envelopes every silent glade,
I pensive stray;
And while the last faint beams of light,
Retreating, leave the world to night,
I mark their way.

Dear Solitude, thou placed queen,
Of sober brow, and look serene,
Thy shades I love;
For heav'n-born Genius marks thy way,
And where thy gentle footsteps stray
The muses rove.

Oh guide me to thy blest retreat,
The still, sequester'd, silent seat
Of sacred peace,
Where not a breath of passion rude,
Or blighting envy, dare intrude,
To damp my bliss.

The moss-rose seeks the silent glade,
Spreads all her beauties to the shade,
And blooms unknown;
So on thy bosom I would rest,
Secure to be supremely blest
With thee alone.

TRANSLATION.

(From Anacreon)

Yes, yes I own, I love to see
Old men facetious blithe and free;
I love the youth that light can bound,
Or graceful form th' harmonious round.

But when old age, jocose, though grey,
Can dance or frolic with the gay;
'Tis plain to all the jovial throng,
Though hoar the head, the heart is young.

EPIGRAM.

On ———'s recently inheriting an estate by the death of his aunt.

SAYS Jack to Tom, the other day
As through the streets they sped,
I'm forty, if (as people say)
Your poor dear aunt is dead.

Tom thus, in merry mood, replied,
And laughed in Johnny's face,
What matter, though my aunt has died?
I've ten-aunts in her place.

EXCELLENT.

CHRIST'S DIVINE EXCLAMATION—"EMERGENCY!"

"I THIRST!" the Prince of Heaven exclaiming cries,
"I thirst!" and lifts his agonizing eyes—
O drink my spouse, and satiate thy call,
Though the sad cup, embitter'd, tastes with gall;
Yet drink, my spouse—'to Heaven's high will resign'd—
And be the health—"Salvation to Mankind!"

The Novelist.

"There is something very attractive and pleasing in progress. It is agreeable to observe a stately edifice rising up from the deep basis, and becoming a beautiful mansion. It is entertaining to see the rough outline of a picture filled and finished. It is striking in the garden to behold the tree renewing signs of life; to mark the expanding foliage, the opening bud, the lovely blossom, the swelling, coloring, and ripening fruit. And where is the father, where is the mother, whose eye has not sparkled with delight, while contemplating the child growing in stature; acquiring by degrees the use of its tender limbs; beginning to totter, and then to walk more firmly; the pointing finger succeeded by the prattling tongue; curiosity awakened; reason dawning; new powers opening; the character forming. But nothing is to be compared with the progress of "this building of God;" these "trees of righteousness;" this "changing into his image from glory to glory;" this process of "the new creature;" from the hour of regeneration, "unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ." And, O! what is it when we are the subjects too! The nearer we live to heaven, the more of its pure and peaceful influence we enjoy. The way of life, narrow at the entrance, widens as we proceed. It is the nature of habits to render their acts easy and delightful. There is little pleasure in religion if there be no fervency; if there be no vigor in faith, no zeal in devotion, no life in duty, religion is without a soul; it is the mere carcass of inanimate virtue. What sensations of ecstasy, what prospects of assurance can such Christians expect? In conversion, as in the alteration of an old edifice, we first demolish, and this only furnishes us with rubbish and ruins; but afterwards, we raise up an orderly beautiful building, in which we are refreshed and charmed. What an happiness arises from difficulties overcome, and from labor crowned with success? What emotions can equal the one, who after the painful battle "divides the spoils?" But what can resemble the satisfaction of the Christian, who on each successful exertion, gathers fresh "glory, honour, and immortality!" The life of the active Christian is the labour of the bee, who all day long is flying from the hive to the flower, or from the flower to the hive; but all his business is confined to fragrant, and productive of sweets."

The Family Friend.

RECIPE FOR CURING BUTTER.

Take one half ounce of common salt; one fourth of an ounce of moist sugar; and use them in the proportion of one ounce to a pound of butter. On trial, it is said to have been found, that butter thus prepared will keep any length of time, and have a much finer flavor than butter salted in the usual way.

The Anecdotal.

"News, News!" exclaimed a quidnunc, while Hodge with open mouth demanded the particulars; "why Bonaparte is beaten, and the flower of his Army is taken!" "really?" replied Hodge, "couldst thou take any thing else; there's enough more *à la* to be had in Georgia."

On a gentleman reading to his friend an account of the tiger fight in the East Indies, an Irish gentleman exclaimed, "A tiger, be hanged! Why, sir I once saw myself two Killibeg cats fight till they devoured each other up, except the very tips of their tails!"

We publish the following Anecdote in hopes it will yield that pleasure to our readers which we received at its receipt. The source from whence it comes leaves little doubt of its authenticity.

A young girl about seven or eight years of age, of pious cast, and uncommonly fond of attending church on the Sabbath, was asked by an Atheist, how large she supposed her God to be; to which she, with admirable readiness, replied—"HE is so great that the heaven of heaven cannot contain him, and yet so kindly condescending as to dwell in my little heart."

One day a butcher having ordered his new assistant to bring the victim to the slaughter, who not observing that his superior was cross eyed, until the very instant he was drawing the blow, cried out in an exclamatory voice, "Sir, do you mean to strike where you look? He answered, Yes. "Well then," replied the assistant, "the Devil may hold the ox."

A Monk, preaching to the populace, made a most venomous and untruthful noise, by which a poor woman, one of his auditors was so much affected, that she burst into a flood of tears. The preacher attributing her grief to remorse of conscience excited within her by his eloquence, sent for her, and asked her why she was so piteously affected by his discourse. "Holy father," answered the mourner, "I am a poor widow, and was accustomed to maintain myself by the labour of an ass, which was left me by my late husband. But alas! my poor beast is dead, and your preaching brought his braying so strongly to my recollection, that I could not restrain my grief."

(From the Souvenirs de Felicio' of M. de Gerles)

The following singular anecdote of the celebrated physician Chirac, I received from M. Schomberg. Chirac was at the last extremity in the illness of which he died. After some days of delirium, his senses half returned; on a sudden he felt his pulse. "I have been called too late!" cried he;—"has the patient been bled?" "No," was the reply. "Then he is a dead man!" said he. The prediction was verified.

Agricultural.

ORCHARDS.

Our ancestors erred greatly in planting their trees in orchards too close; twenty feet was thought by them to be a proper distance; but they seemed not to consider that in a few years the branches of each tree would touch the next, and thus by interfering with each other, prevent them from producing blossoms and fruit. At that distance a plantation of trees must in a few years become like a wood, and prevent either grass or vegetables from being cultivated under them. Nor in such a situation will these trees produce as much as *they*, if at the distance of forty or fifty feet.

In planting an orchard, care should always be taken to fix on a situation sheltered as much as possible against the violent north west and north-east winds. Plant the largest growing trees, such as *Pringle's*, on the north side, and so descending towards the south, that there may be a regular gradation of height, and that the tall trees may not overshadow the smaller.

Apples and pears, for an orchard ought not to be planted at less distance than in rows at about 40 feet, and each tree in the row at 30 or 35 feet apart. Pears alone may be 30 by 25, and these in general, spread less and grow more erect than apples. Cherries, the larger growing sorts, at 30 by 20. Peaches, apricots and nectarines, at 15 feet.

Nothing in the various parts of agriculture and gardening is so little understood, and consequently neglected, as the planting of trees. The root is generally forced into a small hole, and afterwards left to chance, without the slightest attention either to pruning or manuring.

The ground designed for an orchard should be in tillage one year at least before planting, and if well manured to much the better for the trees. The holes should be dug a foot deep, and at least five feet over, and left to lie a few days to receive the influence of the atmosphere.

(The remainder of this article in our next.)

FOR THE MARYLAND REPUBLICAN.

People of Maryland.

Disce justitiam moniti.
Hear and be just.

WHEN the late President Jefferson, was held up to your view, as being pre-eminently qualified by his political integrity, wisdom and benevolence, to preside over the destinies of the American Republic; the prominent advocates of the preceding administration, (proverbial for its measures of *taxation and tyranny*), strained to the utmost every faculty of mind and body to defeat his election. The demon of political intolerance was invoked to give colouring to the soul-chilling picture of his depravity. The most direful tales of his ardent devotion to France, and his deadly hostility to religion; were scattered by malice, without proof to support them, and credited by indolence, without enquiry into their origin or correctness. By his unholly breath the torch of civil and religious discord was to be lighted up; the gospel of Christ to be made a burnt-offering on the altar of infidelity; and finally, at his imperial command, as at the nod of omnipotence, the moral world was again to be overspread with a cloud of heathenish impenetrable darkness. When his enemies believed they had wound up your feelings to the highest point of excitement, through the medium of honest fears for your country, and pious zeal for your religion, they determined to strike while the "iron was hot," and rob you of your right of suffrage under the colouring of a temporary loan to the legislature; graciously promising to return it, when they should have defeated the election of the "atheistical jacobin Jefferson."

What, fellow-citizens, was then the result of the perfidious schemes of the federal leaders in Maryland who are now soliciting your votes? The honest yeomanry of Maryland, in the soundness of their understanding, replied to them, that with regard to any danger to be apprehended to the cause of religion from the future prevalence of unrighteous doctrines, they were willing to rely on Mr. Jefferson's own maxim, that "error of opinion may be safely tolerated where reason is free to combat it;" we trust that the views of an all-wise omnipotent Creator, must ultimately prevail, and are not to be controlled and defeated by powerless man, a mere speck on the face of creation—and as to lending out the right of suffrage to the legislature, to be returned at their discretion; the sun-burnt planters and farmers of Maryland, intelligently answered them, in plain planter-like language, "one bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

Thus the people then triumphed over their enemies, and Mr. Jefferson, in despite of all the malignant calumnies the most diabolical genius could invent, was ultimately elected; but with great difficulty—Congress having finally to determine between him and Burr, whose treasonable plots have since imminently threatened at the next point of progression, to dissolve every tie, social and political, which binds us to ourselves, and our government to us.

Yes, fellow-citizens, Aaron Burr, for whom the federalists in Congress voted as President of the U. States, in opposition to Mr. Jefferson, and the known will of the American people, has been guilty of the most heinous crime which human ingenuity can devise or human depravity execute; the Guardian Genius of the America republic, hovering o'er the scene, sought in his blood a pledge for the repose and freedom of posterity; but guilt was permitted to stalk abroad with impunity, in the face of injured millions, invulnerably shielded with the criminal sympathy of a Judge, who is now (and perhaps on that account) the reigning toast and ruling idol of the federal party.

When Mr. Jefferson's first period of four year's expired, the people were called upon to review his actions, and pass judgment accordingly—what was their verdict? Well done, said they, thou true and faithful servant; at the next election, out of 176 electors, chosen from every part of the Union, by the free and unbiased suffrages of an enlightened nation, ONLY FOURTEEN voted in opposition to him!! He toiled in our service four years more, and then, in imitation of our great Father, Washington, he voluntarily retired—and went into a desert place, and the people sought him, and went unto him and stayed him, that he would not depart from them!

Has this, the only land of civil and religious freedom, been visited by the horrid calamities so clearly foreseen by the implacable enemies of Jefferson and democracy? No, fellow citizens, the country has been preserved in tranquillity—the scalping knife wears no stain of human blood, and the tomahawk still lies buried beneath the tree of peace; no desolate mother weeps o'er the tombless ashes of her son—no houseless orphan points with "melancholy madness" to the protecting arm of her father, lying low in the dust, the lifeless victim of war, and true active religion has prospered with divine assistance under the wide spreading wings of universal toleration.

Here we might aptly conclude, with the moral of an old fable, "A liar is not to be believed though he speak the truth," much less, when he continues incessantly to falsify.—But, having shewn what a democratic administration has not done, now let us take a slight view of what it has performed, for the benefit of the great mass of the people.

Mr. Jefferson, and his republican associates in the administration of the general government, set to work and speedily repealed the tyrannical system of internal taxation, and thereby gave up to their oppressed fellow-citizens, at least nine hundred thousand dollars, paid by them to support the "dignity" of a federal administration. In Maryland alone the people have been relieved from the payment of taxes to the amount of NINETY-NINE THOUSAND SIX HUNDRED AND FIFTY-FOUR DOLLARS, the amount of the internal revenue only derived from this State, as appears from the Treasurer's official report in the year seventeen hundred and ninety-nine: thirty-three thousand dollars annually have been saved by the abolition of an useless midnight judiciary, and a numerous horde of tax-gatherers with other useless officers, who infested the heart of the country like so many ravenous wolves to feed and fatten on the hard earnings of the honest tillers of the soil—and finally, by the destruction of unnecessary offices, and by dint of economy in the expenditure of the public money, (instead of increasing the public debt as did the federal administration, and borrowing loans at 8 per cent. interest to be paid by taxes on the people) forty millions of dollars have been paid by the government. Who then, I ask you, people of Maryland, have been your most faithful public servants?

The alien law has been repealed, to restore that system of naturalization which prevailed during the administration of Washington, and the wretched inhabitants of Europe, sinking under the weight of universal oppression, are again permitted, without fear of disturbance, to take up their abode in this land of equal rights. The gag-law has been repealed, and every man allowed again without fear of governmental persecution, to think what he pleases and speak what he thinks, of public measures and public men. This privilege, fellow-citizens, which distinguishes a nation of freemen from a land of slaves, was denied you by the federal administration, because the leaders who conducted it, knew they were rapidly subverting your liberties; and therefore they determined to arm the President of Ame-

rica with the powers of a Gorgon to petrify the very thoughts of the people.

The territory of Louisiana, limitless in extent, of incalculable value, and indispensable to our national prosperity, has been obtained by peaceful purchase, not at the point of the bayonet, with the blood of innocent thousands of fellow beings, in conformity with the war-breathing advice of those same federal leaders who are now in the desperate convulsions of political dissolution, struggling to regain their lost ascendancy. Mr. Jefferson, by his benevolent care and protection, has inspired the neighbouring Indians, (in defiance of English gold and English incendiaries) with a favourable disposition towards us; he has planted the tree of science in the midst of the wilderness; the light of divine truth has penetrated the darkness of the desert, the sun in his course has ceased to receive his wonted homage from the prostrate savage of the woods, and the war-whoop no longer re-echoes in the wilds of the forest.

The infirmity of old age has at length sounded the retreat, and Jefferson, the venerable author of that immortal instrument, THE DECLARATION OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE, has retired from the toils and storms and tumults of the political world, followed by the benedictions and applause of a grateful country. But, fellow-citizens, have the unceasing advocates of Old England and the enemies of democracy ceased even yet to vilify and abuse him? No—still, still, they labour to drive far from the age-worn patriot the sweet perfume of eulogy; the "sun of glory scarce ever shines but on the tomb of a great man; and he who plants the laurel rarely reposes under its shadow." I do not address my humble remarks to the abject slave of party prejudice, whose incorrigible vanity inspires him with unchangeable resolution, never to be convinced; or,

"If convinced against his will,
He returns the same opinion still."

Neither do I wish to be heard by the wealthy aristocratic "weakling," who imbibed a medley of incongruous opinions, he knows not how, and proclaims to the world the foetid nonsense of his own sickly brain, as the undeniable inspirations of the Deity himself; but I solemnly appeal to those candid well-meaning individuals, (who constitute in the aggregate, I have always believed the great majority of the federal party) to say—whether it be not totally repugnant to every maxim of sound policy, and every precept of true religion, again to confer the powers of government on men who stick at no means, however cruel and inhuman, to wound the feelings and destroy the character of their opponents, that they may regain that power, which an immense majority of the American people wrested from them after an ample disclosure of their political views, and a full and fair trial of their public measures? But enough; when the liberty and independence of his country are endangered; to the REAL AMERICAN of all parties, a word is sufficient. The lawless potentates of Europe have resolved to blot us out from among the independent nations of the world; five thousand brave American Seamen, with families and feelings like ourselves, are now groaning under the lash of lordly lieutenants in the British navy, and compelled to unite in the robbery and murder of their own countrymen, whilst England, stretching forth the arm of power, refuses to ratify the engagements of her minister, and haughtily commands us to pay unequal homage to superior force: and must it be recorded, NATIVE AMERICANS, TRAITORS TO THE LAND WHICH GAVE THEM BIRTH, ARE FOUND THE UNBLUSHING ADVOCATES FOR SUBMISSION TO THE DICTATES OF ENGLAND? Sainted shade of Washington and Warren, speak peace to the wounded spirit of your injured, insulted, degraded country. People of Maryland, shall ENGLAND TRIUMPH, OR AMERICA BE FREE? That is the question before you—Away then with all party prejudices and minor considerations,

"The patriot's glory is his country's good."

Every AMERICAN will repair to the standard of his government; the times require us to speak and to act with freedom and decision—apathy should now be dreaded as the awful precursor of national ruin, and silence as the eloquence of treason; and NONE BUT THE TRAITOR WILL ENDEAVOUR TO PARALYZE THE EFFORTS OF HIS COUNTRY WHEN STRUGGLING TO PRESERVE HER INDEPENDENCE.

MONTGOMERY.