

Poet's Corner.

SELECTED.

The Cottage o'er the Moor.

TWAS night, and twilight's dusky ray
Had faded in the west,
The beast had sought her hiding place,
The bird had sought her nest.
The swain against the coming storm,
Had safely shut his door,
And every cot was dark, except
The cottage o'er the moor.
Gloomy and sad a pilgrim stray'd—
For 'twas a gloomy hour,
The grim owl hooted from the tree,
The sky began to lower.
The cheering light he spy'd and said,
"Although the cot be poor,
I'll try if charity has known
The cottage o'er the moor."
For riches as I've found have power
To turn to stone the heart,
To shut compassion from the breast,
And bid the wretch depart.
I'll knock, perchance of me friendly hand
May deign to open the door,
And then while life shall last I'll bless
The cottage o'er the moor."
He gave the doubtful tap, and sunk,
Despairing on the ground—
A welcome in, a nymph exclaim'd,
He caught the joyful sound.
"And what misfortune drives you here,"
She said, "so wan with care,
That in our humble cot you seek
A shelter from the air!"
But welcome to our meek abode,
For though it is but poor,
Yet we against the needy wretch
Have never shut our door.
My father, ever good and kind,
(And here the heav'd a sigh)
Has taught me to relieve the poor
And wipe the sorrowing eye.
But, now, alas! the fate of war
(She wip'd away a tear)
Has laid him lifeless on the plain,
And left us weeping here.
Ah! ever shall I keep in mind
The mournful parting day,
I wept—he sigh'd—and softly said,
At home my darling stay.
For I'll return to thee my child,
As soon as war is o'er,
Then gently kiss'd and sweetly smil'd,
And shut the cottage door.
Now many a year has roll'd away,
And we his loss deplore,
For never shall he see again
The cottage o'er the moor."
"He shall," the soldier cry'd, and prest
His daughter to his heart;
"I am thy father, thou my child,
And we will never part."
For now the storm of war is past,
The cannons cease to roar,
And I've returned, my child, to cheer
The cottage o'er the moor."

ANECDOTE.

Real Courage.

THE brave Crillon, one of the greatest captains of Henry the IVth, was hearing a discourse upon the passions, and the preacher giving a very pathetic description of the scourging of our Saviour—he was moved even to tears, rose up, and laying his hand on his sword, exclaimed, "O! where wast thou Crillon? Where wast thou?"

On Female Education.

TEACH your daughters to read and write correctly. It is very disgraceful, yet very common, to see polite and well bred women who cannot even read well. They either hesitate or sing out their words, instead of which they ought to read in a simple and natural, but firm and smooth tone of voice.

Women are still more grossly deficient in the article of spelling, and in the manner of forming and joining their letters in writing. Accustom your daughters, therefore, at least to keep their lines even, and to make their letters neat and legible.—Girls ought also to understand the grammar of their native tongue. It is not necessary to teach them all the rules as boys learn them at school. By habituating them to use one tense for another, but to make use of proper epithets and express themselves clearly, methodically and concisely, you will render them capable when married, of teaching their own children to speak correctly. We know that the mother of the Gracchi greatly contributed, by the care she took of their education, to improve the eloquence of her sons, who were afterwards such great men.

FENELON.

MISCELLANY.

ORIGIN OF TAMING THE SHREW.

(From an Italian Novelist.)

THE commentators on Shakespeare seem puzzled to find the origin, whence that poet has drawn the idea of his "Taming the Shrew." That other plays had been written before, with nearly the same plot, their researches have proved. It is now some years since I pointed out the following story from *Le piacevole Notte di Giovanni Francesco Straparola*, an Italian novelist, which probably furnished the hint of one part of "Taming the Shrew."

The sage and experienced physician, when he discovers a disease in the human body, avails himself of what seem to him the most proper remedies for its immediate cure; but if he wait till the disorder is grown old and inveterate, he will find it much more difficult, and indeed impracticable; for which reason, a wife and prudent husband should, when he marries, check any inclination in his wife to a love of dominion; as such an evil propensity, if allowed once to take root, he will never be able to eradicate, and it will make him miserable all the rest of his life, as was experienced by a soldier of whom we have to speak.

In Corneto, a castle and fortress of Tuscany, of the patrimony of St. Peter, there were two brothers, who, from their youth had entertained the strongest regard for each other. One was named Pifardo, the other Silverio. But although their fraternal affection was mutual, they neither lodged in one house, nor eat and slept together.

It happened that Silverio, the youngest, without saying a word to any of his comrades, except his brother, married a tailor's daughter. She was handsome and genteel, but full of levity, unsteady, and never at rest; fond of holidaymaking, and extravagant to the highest degree, careless of economy, unwilling to miss either feast or procession. In short she was always at the door, the window or in the street.

When the wedding was over, Silverio carried his wife home, and became, anew, so enamoured of her beauty and sprightliness, that he pronounced that the world did not contain such another paragon of beauty; and, from the excess of his love, he was induced to comply with all her wishes, and at length nothing was done in his house that Espinela (so she was called) did not command. Hence she became so absolute a mistress, and so shameless, at length she began to slight her husband, and all his affairs; and the poor man was reduced to such subjection, that when he desired his servants to do any thing, she commanded them to disobey him. And Silverio, who only saw through Espinela's eyes, instead of reproving, or endeavouring to remedy so obstinate an evil, humbly resigned the bridle to her, and allowed her to act according to her own fancy.

In less than a year after Silverio's marriage, Pifardo was united to Espinela's sister, a young girl, named Florella, who was neither less handsome, nor less genteel than her sister. The nuptials over, he carried her home; and on the same day, he took a pair of very rich velvet breeches and two cudgels, and addressed his spouse in the following manner; "Florella, my dear, these, as you see clearly, are men's breeches. Do you take hold of one hide of them, and I will of the other; with the other hand grasp this cudgel, and I will do the same. We will then fight till one is acknowledged conqueror. Whoever conquers shall be the master, and shall wear the breeches. The vanquished shall be for life humble, and obedient to the victor."

Florella remained for sometime motionless, so surprised was she at her husband's strange discourse; but at length recovering her spirits, of which her fright had deprived her, she replied: "Alas! my Pifardo, what is the meaning of all this? are you not the husband, my lord, and master, who has a right to claim duty and obedience from me, and all my household. I am the wife, obedient to your will and command. Is not the precept and law of our high and mighty Creator, consented to by all the female race? How, my lord, can I act thus? Am I privileged above the rest of my sex? Take your breeches then, Pifardo; wear them, since they are yours, and it is you alone they fit. The field remains yours without a combat. I acknowledge you the conqueror, and myself vanquished. I also acknowledge myself a woman, which name contains all the properties of subjection, and I humbly submit myself to you with pleasure."

"Florella," replied Pifardo, "I am extremely pleased to find that you acknowledge all that I desire of you; but I do not implicitly confide in your constancy, since you are, as you say, a woman, which name comprehends so many qualities; but I advise you not to alter your mind; if you do not, although you have promised obedience, and acknowledged me for your master, I will serve you, and treat you with the greatest kindness."

Florella very prudently confirmed all that had been said. Her husband immediately delivered up to her the keys of all his coffers, and gave her directions how to manage. He then said, "Florella, come with me; I wish to show you my horses, that, in my absence, you may know how they should be treated." When they came to the door of the stable, Pifardo said, "What do you think, my dear, of my horses? Are they not beautiful and well kept?" "Indeed," answered she, "they are very fine, and in excellent order." "But, observe above all," said Pifardo, "how ready, light, and well managed they are;" and whipping first one, then the other, he cried, "Cros over there! Come here! The horses, fearful of chastisement, immediately obeyed their master. Amongst these horses Pifardo had one, more beautiful to appearance than the others, but so malicious, and so little to be depended upon, that he did not value him at all. He went up to him, with the whip in hand, and flashing him, cried out, Come; stop; go on! but the horse, being naturally vicious, received blows, and returned kicks. Seeing the obstinacy of the horse, Pifardo took a cudgel, and laid it on him till he fell. When he saw him on the ground, he came up to him and said, Get up, Troy; but instead of obeying him, the horse, in a rage, attacked him in the leg, and bit him violently; upon which Pifardo drew his sword, and stabbed him.

When Florella saw the horse dead, melting into tears, Good God! said she, is it possible, Pifardo, you can have the heart to kill so fine an animal? Pifardo, stifling the pain occasioned by the bite, replied: "Know my Florella, that all who eat my bread, and do not what I command them, I serve in this manner, even should I love and esteem them more than I do you." This retort grieved Florella very much; and she said to herself: Alas! unhappy creature that I am, to be united to a man so violent and so passionate. I thought I had a husband both steady and prudent; but I have bestowed my hand on a madman. See, for what a trifling offence, he has killed this beautiful horse, the best he has. She said this, ignorant of the cause that had made Pifardo act thus; and ever after she trembled, if he evinced the smallest sign of displeasure; so that there was nothing to be heard in the house but a yes and a no. Perpetual concord! Silverio, who loved his brother very much, visited him often, and saw the good behaviour and virtuous obedience of Florella. He reflected within himself, why have I not deserved a wife as obedient as Florella? She governs, commands, and directs every thing, at the pleasure of her husband. How obedient, virtuous, and polite she is in every thing she says and does to him! with how much love she serves and obeys him! how different from my wife! She, on the contrary, is my most mortal enemy.

One day, when the brothers were talking together, Silverio said to Pifardo: "Brother, I have no occasion to mention our fraternal affection, or any other preamble. I shall therefore only entreat you, as a brother, to tell me how you have managed to bring your wife into such good order. She is truly a saint. She obeys you in every thing; while Espinela, my wife, is not to be restrained either by love or fear. She answers me; flies at me; curses me; in a word she has her own will in every thing."

Pifardo, smiling, gave his brother a detail of all his proceedings the day that he brought Florella home. This plan pleased Silverio so much, that he resolved immediately to put it into execution. Accordingly, as soon as he went home, he called his wife, and said to her: "Madam, bring out of the trunk the best pair of breeches I have; and while she was gone to fetch them, he procured two cudgels. When Espinela returned: "Heigh day!" cried she, "what is the matter now, Mr. Silverio? Is the moon at the full, or is your judgment in the wane? Are you as mad this week, as you were sullen last? Very well, go on; you begin finely. Do not we all know that men wear breeches? Is that any reason that you should lose your senses?" Silverio answered nothing to all this, but proceeded to give her orders for the management of his house. To which Espinela replied, sneeringly: "Do you think Mr. Silverio, I have lived so long without knowing how to manage my own house? I wonder how you dare to tutor me at this time of the day?" Silverio said not a word to all this, but led her by the hand to his stables, where he acted in the same manner, towards one of his best horses, as his brother had done, killing him outright in his wife's presence. At the sight of Silverio's rage, Espinela thinking him mad, cried out: "What have you really had the misfortune to lose your senses? What is the meaning of all these fine doings, without rhyme or reason?" "I am not mad," replied Silverio, gravely, "nor do I act madly; know madam, and be assured, that whoever eats my bread, must be obedient to me, or I will serve them thus." You are to be pitied, indeed," rejoined Espinela, "if you set about reforming now-a-days. What did the horse do to you, that you should kill it so unreasonably? Was it not the finest horse in the service of the pope? Do not you consider

that you have lost your horse, your creature and your peace? I suppose another day you will feel inclined to serve me the same way, if I do not take good care to prevent you. But undecieve yourself; your madness will avail you little. I see your design clearly; but it is too late. And now except reproach to your judgement, shame to your honour, and the scorn of all who shall hear of your follies?"

When Silverio had heard his wife's lecture, and gathered from it that there were no signs of amendment, he determined that since neither love nor fear could curb her pride to bear it patiently, till death should put an end to his troubles. Thereafter, the obstinate Espinela behaved worse than ever, as poor Silverio was obliged to give her liberty to do any thing she pleased, to procure himself a moment's comfort.

From the Jamaica Courant.

QUIZZER.

THERE is a species of animal found sometimes in the region of good company, whose rank in the scale of animated nature, has not yet been settled by any naturalist, with whose labours we are acquainted. Whether it is, that this creature was once so rare as to elude observation, or so insignificant, as not to merit it, I know not; it has however been overlooked both by the laborious Linnaeus and the acute Buffon; and even in "these enlightened times," although the number is greatly augmented, it still remains a *non descript*. Its real affinity to the human race, (having every property of that class of beings called "primales," except the understanding) renders it an object of extreme curiosity. The vulgar name of the animal is "Quizzer." An analysis of its quality may probably suggest to the learned a more appropriate one.

A Quizzer:—a creature resembling a man, who without possessing either wit or learning, is constantly employed in endeavouring to turn others into ridicule by an insolent affectation of both. This thing is found among fashionable airy youngsters, as well as among the more ponderous fraternity of grave boasters, who have "more money than wit," and more impudence than either.

It plumes itself upon birth, fortune and connexions; and endeavours to make up by noise, turbulence, grimace and frivolous contradiction, what it wants in real knowledge and solid understanding. Its language is sometimes more entertaining than that of a parrot; though not always equally intelligible; for instance its very difficult to determine whether, by these sounds, "cod, demme, e be demmed," (which constitute a considerable part of its discourse) it would express want, reproof, admiration, &c. &c. And yet these are the only noises it makes with apparent ease; for in every attempt at a connected series of discourse, there seems to be an indispensable co-operation of convulsive motions of the head, hands and sometimes the whole body. We do not mean a gesticulation either graceful or analogous to the sentiments expressed; but something unknown even to Demosthenes, and resembling the preparation which a cock makes before he crows, or the winds which a coachman gives to his whip before he cracks it! But in detailing the tricks of the Quizzer, comparison fails me; and those who want more particular information, must look at the subject; which they may always discover, by the general outline with which we have furnished them.

DIALOGUE.

The following dialogue between the late chief justice M'Kean, and an old woman, who was giving testimony in a cause pending in the Pennsylvania Court, before the chief justice, is copied from the Western Star:—

Chief Justice—Pull off your bonnet madam—give us an opportunity of seeing your countenance.

Old Woman—I will not sir.

C. J.—I desire you to pull off your bonnet.

O. W.—Sir, I am informed that in all public assemblies the woman ought to have her head covered, and of course I shall not take off my bonnet.

C. J.—Why, you are a pretty woman indeed! I think you had better come take a seat upon the bench.

O. W.—I heartily thank you sir; but really think there are old Women enough there already.

APHORISM.

MERIT does not consist in abilities, but in their frequent and useful application.

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