

POET'S CORNER.

SELECTED.

THOUGHTS ON A ROSE.

HAIL beauteous flower! whose crimson hue
Delights the eye, enchants the view,
Whose fragrance charms the smell;
How blest the man, whose tender care,
'S employ'd such tender plants to rear,
Who near such beauties dwell!

But know, my lovely rose, that thou
A savage doom wilt undergo;
That sun which makes thee gay
Behind some cloud may hide its head,
Thy beauteous hue and leaves may fade,
And thou neglected lay.

Or should the adverse blast delay
To come, yet still, old age, decay,
Apiece comes hastening on;
Thy juices dried, thy vigour past,
The softest shower, or slightest blast,
Will bring thee to thy doom.

Attend Lavinia; thou may'st see
An emblem in this rose of thee;
Thy attributes delight;

Thy blandishments the heart can warm,
Thy rosy cheeks the eye can charm,
And please th' enraptur'd light.

Those souls are blest who near thee dwell,
Who enjoy thy friendship, hear thee tell
Thy lively repartee;

Thy virtues can our grief dispel;
'Tis only when we say farewell,
We feel a pang with thee.

But adverse gales through life may blow,
Joy may give place to chiding woe,
And tears thy cheeks bedew;
Or should'st thou scape such ills as these,
Old age thy limbs and soul would freeze,
And lay thy beauties low.

But why, Lavinia, dost thou start?
This fact I own might rend thy heart,
Hadst thou no further hope;
But see, Religion stepping in,
Can even gild this dismal scene,
And keep thy spirits up.

She shows, Lavinia, Christians have
A solid joy beyond the grave;
Thus when their frames decay,
With joy they yield their mortal breath,
Convinc'd when past the night of death,
Theirs is—Eternal Day!

DRUIDICAL VERSES.

[Translated from the Welch by Mr. David Samuel.]

IN the oak's high towering grove
Dwells the liberty I love—
Bublers from thy trust remove.
Freedom by my side I sweep,
Thro' the Oak grove, dark and deep—
From a Maid thy Counsel keep.

Liberty I seek, and have,
Where green birchen branches wave—
Keep a secret from a Knave. X E

Snow, a robe o'er haughty things,
In the wood the raven sings—
Too much sleep no profit brings.
See the forest white with furs!
Hark the storm of winter blows—
Nature beyond learning goes.

When the mountain snow is spread,
Stags love sunny vales to tread—
Vain is sorrow for the dead.

Fleet the flag on mountain snow;
Winds through aspen branches blow—
A staff's the prop of age below.

Fair the moon's resplendent bow,
Shining on the mountain snow—
Peace the wicked never know.

'Mid the snow green woodbines rise,
All are bound by nature's ties—
Anger dwells not with the wise.

EXTRACT.

MADAM DACIER assures us, (and we may credit a lady,) that the husband will always be deceived, if the wife condescends to dissemble. GIBBON.

ANECDOTE.

BISHOP THOMAS, who was a man of humour and drollery, being once on a visitation, was giving an account of his being married three or four times. "Should I lose my present wife," said he, "I would instantly take another; and it is my opinion I would survive her also.—Perhaps," added he, "you do not know the art of getting quit of your wives.—I'll tell you how I do. I am called a good husband, and so I am, for I never contradict them. But don't you know, the want of contradiction is fatal to women. If you contradict them that circumstance is exercise and health to women; but give them their own way, and they will languish and pine, become gross and lethargic for want of this exercise."

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Philadelphia Repository.

[Originally published in a periodical paper in the year 1770.]

.....IF I had just this, said I, as I was reading an account in the news-paper, of an acquaintance who had married an agreeable young lady, with a fortune of 10,000*l.* If I had just this, I should journey cheerly thro' life; not a marmur should ever escape from my lips; and I would, if possible, prevent the complaints of others. The hungry should not go away unsatisfied from my door. I would be a father to the fatherless; a protector to the defenceless; and I would—here my utterance was stopped by tears, and my heart overflowed with sympathy. I thought I would make all around me perfectly happy.

The wish was a prophetic one. Providence intended to put my virtue to the trial. I had scarcely finished the paragraph, when the post-boy brought me a letter informing me that my brother Oliver had lately died in the E. Indies, and left me 10,000*l.* When I had finished the letter, I took up my handkerchief, which lay by me on the table, one might naturally conclude to wipe away a tributary, or at least a fashionable tear from my cheek. I did neither. It is difficult to give a reason for every thing that happens; I think, however, that for this I can give two substantial reasons.

My brother Oliver had begun his travels in his 16th year, while I was yet a child. Our acquaintance had hardly commenced, nor was it ever cherished and confirmed, by the participation of mutual diversions, hopes and fears. Thus he was to me as an alien, and not as a brother; and further, he had left me as much as would have made me rejoice at the death of a brother, who had been brought up as such.

I am now, said I, a gentleman, and I will from this time live as a gentleman. So I leaned my head back in my chair, and began to plan out a scheme for my future conduct in life. After I had turned it over and over, and viewed it in every direction, without being able to please myself—I will go to bed, said I, a comfortable nap will refresh my mind, and all will go right in the morning. So I laid me down, and turned me to this side, and that side; and put myself in this position, and that position; but it would not do. I neither could get the nap I wanted, nor could I get the 10,000 pounds out of my head.

So I toiled at it all night, and about nine o'clock in the morning had fixed my plan. This was no sooner done than I got out of bed, wrote it on a piece of paper, with my annual income in one column, and my expenditures in the other; when, to my great mortification I found that my expenses would be exactly 7*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.* above my income. I then ran over all the other plans that had occurred to me in the course of the night; but none of them would answer; and this could not be executed for a shilling less than the estimate I had made.

Had I but this 7*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.* said I, it would make me completely happy. So I began to revolve in my mind, with the utmost eagerness, how I should obtain it. I will conceal the whole for a year, said I, my fortune will then amount to 10,500*l.* which will easily bring matters to bear. On further reflection, this would not do. I had told the story the evening before, and it was already spread through the neighbourhood.

While I was in this dilemma, the maid came to tell me that old Peter was at the door. Now Peter was a weekly pensioner, on whom I had long been accustomed to bestow a six-pence every Saturday morning. The girl had told him of my good fortune, and he, no doubt, had reckoned something upon it. Bid him go about his business, said I, in an angry tone, but my heart smote me as I said it; all my vows to Heaven, so recently made, rushed upon my memory.

I will go this moment, said I, and give the old man his six-pence at least, so I put my hand in my pocket, and walked hastily to the door. Stay, said Avarice, as I opened the door with the money in my hand, consider what you do. Here you are at this moment short of your reckoning, 7*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.* and yet you are going to give away your money like a fool. At this very instant, old Peter bowed to me with a most piteous countenance; his look seemed to say, this is what I did not expect. I stood in the door, agitated by contending passions—Charity bade me reach my hand and give it—Avarice contracted it. I would give it, and I would not give it. The poor old man saw my distress, and modestly walked out, shutting the door after him. He was no sooner gone, than I cursed him for departing; and was convinced that I should have given it him, if he had staid, and laid all that blame upon his precipitate retreat, which ought to have fallen on the badness of my own heart. I put up the six-pence, walked into the room again, and sat down to breakfast. Two things disturbed me so much that I could not eat. The first was, the want of

the 7*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.*; the second was the figure of old Peter, which presented itself to my imagination, sitting shivering in his hovel, casting a melancholy look round him in quest of something to rekindle the poor remains of a fire just expiring, and exploring every corner with a despairing eye for a crust to allay his raging appetite.

Methought, when he had in this manner rummaged his whole hovel in vain, he sat down on his chair, turned up his eyes to Heaven, and gave a deep sigh—the sigh was accompanied with an imprecation on me for having denied his usual boon. But perhaps this may be only an illusion, said I, and he may at this instant be begging at the corner of the street from somebody as hard hearted as myself. So I will go immediately and find him out, and if I do not find him, I shall find plenty of others to bestow something on, who may be in as much need. So I put 11*s.* 9*d.* into my pocket, resolved to bestow every farthing of it in charity before I returned. I had got but a little way from my own door, when I saw a poor man at a distance, stand in a supplicating posture. My niggard breast revolted against all the resolutions I had made. It is he, said I, and I must part with my money, although I have 7*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.* a year too little. When I approached the man and found it was not Peter, my heart rejoiced within me as I passed by.

In going through the town, I met with many objects of charity, but I carefully kept aloof from them all, lest pity should overcome Avarice, and force a passage into my heart. While I shunned every other beggar, I would have persuaded myself that I wanted to find Peter, but it was only a pretence, for I got home with every farthing of my money in my pocket with which I sat out. I had now done my duty, I thought, with regard to Peter, and if I had not given him the money at first, nor found him out after, it was not my own fault, so I sat down quietly to dinner, with nothing to trouble me, but how I should get the 7*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.* that I wanted.

On Sunday, at church, my head was full of it. It was full of it all the week after, till Friday evening in coming home, I found another letter on my table, informing me, that my brother's effects had turned to much better account than was expected, and that instead of ten, I might expect at least 20,000*l.* I must now double the plan I had thought of before, said I, but in order to effect it, I shall want 15*l.* 7*s.* If I had just this, I should undoubtedly be happy.

There are no limits to Avarice. I now spent as uneasily a night in contriving how to obtain this 15*l.* 7*s.* as I had done before on account of the half of it. I rose late in the morning, and taking hold of my waistcoat to put it on, all the money in my pocket fell on the floor. On gathering it up, and counting it, I found exactly the 11*s.* 9*d.* O Conscience! however we may for a time stifle thee, thou art a faithful minister, and ceases not to rouse us from the lethargy of vice. I listened to thy accusing voice. I felt that I had done amiss. When I had but little to spare, said I, I gave cheerfully a part of that little, and never, till I become possessed of much, did I carry a sum so long undiminished in my pocket—but I will now atone for my fault.

As I said this, I felt Benevolence rushing warm into my heart. Now Peter at this very moment hit the door with the knocker, and, as it was about the usual time of his coming, the sound of the knocker reached my heart. You, said I, looking at the 11*s.* 9*d.* in my hand;—you shall pay the forfeit of my crimes. Long have you shut out every generous sentiment from my heart, but you shall never have it in your power to do so again. So I sent the old man away rejoicing.

Clock, at Basle, Switzerland.

EVERY traveller knows, that the computation of time, in this city is, one hour in advance. Various reasons are assigned for this usage. A story, however, prevails, that when the cathedral was built, the architect, by mistake, turned the side whereon was placed the sundial, too much to the east, and caused this erroneous reckoning. There have been several attempts made to reform the singularity. Some years ago an Englishman went to reside at Basle, and being desirous of setting the Basleis right in this particular, he used his utmost endeavours, by writing and persuasion, to convince them of the absurdity of continuing so erroneous a method for computation. He gained many proselytes to his opinion. But the bulk of the people thought no way could be right but the old, and his efforts ended in his being ridiculed. A caricature represented this reformer, as a goat making a run at the hands of the clock, to drive them an hour later, while the people were pulling him back by the tail.

REPARTEE.

"I CANNOT"—said a lady, who was leaning upon a rail at the opera-house during a little confusion—"I cannot, for the soul of me, catch a note."—"Never mind that, my dear," replied her companion, "so long as you have got hold of a bar."

"Let us get up Early."

SOLOMON could hardly have written three thousand proverbs and a madrigal with love, with such wisdom and wit, if he had not by the air and scenery of the morning corroborated his health and kindled his fancy. Whether active as a king, or indolent as a lover, he perceived that early hours were auxiliary both to business and pleasure, and therefore judiciously advised to rise with the lark.

In our climate, a midsummer morning dream not Shakespeare himself should be permitted to tell. Blankets and pillows look dull and warm, and green grass and trees cheerful and refreshing, it is wonderful the sluggard cannot, even with half shut eyes, discern such wide extremes, and prefer treading in the field to tumbling in bed.

But in the course of my parochial visitations, my early tap at many a door is often answered by a voice, exclaiming from behind a curtain; it is the voice of the sluggish. The cock has crowed thrice, and certain Babbins have sung two hymns & a ballad, before half my acquaintance have "girded on their loins," and buckled their shoes and combed their hair. Yet these creatures, not content with the naps of the night, swathe themselves like so many Egyptian mummies, in a sleep four hours after sunrise, and then have the impudence to rise, talk of business and the beauty of the day.

The princely poet, author of our excellent text, when exhorting to summer enjoyment, points not to the night season nor to the "summer pavilion" of the palace, but informs us that his "bed is green," and his love displayed in open air.

The gallant Solomon could invite the blushing belle of Egypt to a morning's stroll in the vineyards, and give her his love in the dawn of dawn. Well were thou called wife, thou gallant prince, if it were only for the knowledge of the female heart.—We didst thou know that the buds of beauty, like the blossoms of Shinah, stealing fresh vigour from slumber, extend all their sweetest to the morning ray. In our time, the torpid admirer snores, amidst the evening fog, the praise of his mistress, while the sprightly strains of his serenade are obtund by the thick mists of midnight.

In close parlours and long winter's eve, we may pore over rent rolls and engross marriage settlements. Let the city lover, in his soled shoes, goloshoes and flannel, count the delicate maiden, in the close cap and comfortable bedgown. But he that would see thee, buxom Health, must

"Brush with hasty steps the dews away," must not seek thee behind fire screens, propping on a sofa, but must erect a lodge in the village, and before the daybreak, and the shadows flee away, when the rose and the mandrake gives a sweet smell, listen for by jocund song, mingle with the matin of the lark. In lieu of the tickets for the French theatre, or the card for the crowded ball room, the American lover should bid good morning to his fair one's nightcap, and salute her with the early call of Arise, my beloved, and come away, for the flowers appear on the earth, and the time of the singing of the birds is come.—Yet modern enamourers, in compliment to the indolent delicacy of the day, shut their bootees "with felt," and whisper, "I charge you, O ye daughters, by the roses and by the hinds of the field, that ye stir not up nor awake my love, till the pease."

But the morning air breathes not for lovers alone. If the philosopher will arise and meditate at the morning tide, though he may not rival the fame he may attain the hale old age of Franklin.

The divine, by the light of the rising sun, may catch hints from creation, which may serve to raise the affection of his flock to him who divided the light from the darkness.

The merchant, who opens his counting-house windows to the earliest breath of the morn, may perhaps find a reward in the cotom of the earliest purchaser.

The lawyer, who has groped the preceding day in the intricacies of special pleadings when he views the peaceful face of morning, and is enlightened by the beamy sun, may perchance, from the serenity of the hour, be led to con the grateful eulogium "blessed are the peace makers."

While the blythe husbandman, whom Providence has ordained to mingle pleasure with profit, finds amidst his lowing herds, bleating sheep, and flushing fields, an excitement to the task of the coming day.

THE LAY PREACHER.

TRIFLE.

A PUNSTER observing a John Doe, running after an author, remarked, that it was a new edition of the Pursuits of Literature.

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