

POET'S CORNER.

SELECTED.

From the (London) Lady's Monthly Museum.

MY HUSBAND.

HAPPY twenty-seventh of May!
Let me on this joyous day,
Dedicate to thee my lay,
My Husband!

May no cares perplex thy mind;
Ever faithful, fond, and kind,
To the last thou shalt me find,
My Husband!

Sickness may my bloom destroy;
Adversity may damp our joy;
Yet virtuous pleasures never clove,
My Husband!

Blest with thee no ills I fear,
Let wealth and beauty disappear,
To this heart thou art more dear,
My Husband!

See our blooming offspring round,
While such joys as these abound,
Where can purer bliss be found,
My Husband!

From the New-York Evening Post.

MANUSCRIPT FUGITIVE POETRY.

An Advertisement for a Wife, in the name of the Hon. Lieut. General

BY AN ENGLISH LADY OF RANK.

MAIDENS here's a heart to sell!
Take the toy, and treat it well;
Take the toy, and you shall find,
A Soldier's heart, though rough is kind,
And sweet the nut, though hard the shell.

Quit the plain volume, bound in boards,
Much learning and much wit affords,
While books begirt with Russia leather
In weight of worth scarce pose a feather;
Of may the rugged rock enshrine
The golden glories of the mine;
Of may the simple casket hide,
All Europe's and all India's pride.
Maidens! here's a heart to sell,
Take the toy, and treat it well;
'Tis true, the owner rates it high,
And few have stock enough to buy;
These are his terms:—
"Give me sweetness, sense and truth,
"The trusting confidence of youth;
"The tender lustre of an eye
"Melting in tears of sympathy;
"Meekness, in her mildest mood;
"Passions amiably subdued:—
"Give me that art without pretence,
"The playful child of innocence;
"Talents which shun the public gaze,
"Content to win one Soldier's praise;
"To nobleness of birth, be join'd
"A proud nobility of mind;
"And may her riches serve to show
"A white hand, eager to bestow!"
Maidens here's a heart to sell;
Take the toy, and treat it well.

SONG.

[In Up all Night.]

OLD Flam was a lawyer so grim,
He married his maid, people say;
But scarce was the honey moon dim,
When the Devil, cried Flam, come away!
Oh! Oh! Story of woe, when the Devil
Cried Flam, come away.

How she wished that the tear drop would fall,
But poor Mrs. Flam could not weep;
And soon in a black velvet pall,
She popped the old lawyer to sleep.
Oh, Oh, &c. &c.

She thought of her love as she lay,
When the ghost of the late Mr. Flam,
In his green velvet cap came to say,
"Pho! nonsense! your grief is all sham."
Oh, Oh, &c. &c.

Quoth she; "Ghost, I'm no longer thine,
I won't lie alone in the dark,
For to-morrow at half after nine,
Mr. Flam, I shall marry your clerk."
Oh, Oh, &c. &c.

THE RUNAWAY.

AH! who is he by Cynthia's gleam,
Discerned, the statue of distress;
Weeping beside the willow-bread
That bathes the woodland wilderness?
Why talks he to the idle air?
Why, listless, at his length reclined,
Heaves he the groan of deep despair,
Responsive to the midnight wind?

"Speak, gentle shepherd! tell me why?"
—"Sir! he has lost his wife, they say."
"Of what disorder did she die?"
—"Lord, sir! of none—she ran away."

BAD AND WORSE.

MY wife's so very bad, cried Will,
I fear she never will hold it;
She keeps her bed—Mine's worse, said Phil,
The jade has just now sold it.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Genius of Liberty.

Great and noble actions ought to be known and recorded.

The following is an extract of a letter from a gentleman near Princeton, (N. J.) to his friend at Long-Hill, dated February 28th, 1810.

"AN interesting incident occurred near Princeton some weeks ago. The cold Saturday a number of students were skating on Scudder's mill-pond; one of them, named Hone, about 16 years old, fell into the water, where it was from 10 to 12 feet deep. In struggling to get out, he broke the ice for some distance round, but did not succeed, and became at last so exhausted and overcome that he could not see. The students in the meantime, ran backwards and forwards clamouring, but no one ventured to the aid of his perishing friend.—An apprentice boy, however, about 14 years old, approached so near Hone, that he put one end of a stick, with which he had been playing ball on the ice, into his hand. With the aid of this stick he drew Hone upon the ice, and though sensible of his own danger, and shedding tears, he persisted till he drew Hone so far forward that the end of his skate caught on the edge of the ice. Hone then asked the boy to let him draw back and extricate his skate; he did so, and both at last reached a place of safety. Hone, when sufficiently recovered, put his hand into his pocket and offered the boy two dollars which he had with him. The generous boy would not take it;—saying he would have done the same for any person in the same situation. He offered him afterwards 20 dollars, the boy said he did not want his money. Hone's father came on, and offered to buy the boy's time, but the sensible little fellow said he wished to learn his trade. Finally, Mr. Hone, the father, invested, for the boy, 500 dollars, and the student made him up about 200 more. It is said the boy's father was a man of property in New-York, but became insolvent, died, and left his children so destitute, that this son was bound to Mr. Horner to learn the tanner's business."

From a late London Paper.

THE SLAVE TRADE.

AMONG the many important objects which must claim the attention of parliament, we earnestly hope, that one of the earliest will be an inquiry into the measures taken to procure the co-operation of foreign states in amity with us, in effecting the total abolition of the slave trade. When we recollect the eagerness, with which several individuals, high in office, clung to every pretext, however futile, which could be urged for the continuance of that abominable traffic, we cannot but call upon lords Grenville and Grey, Mr. Wübenforce, and their philanthropic co-adjutors in both houses of parliament, to exercise the most jealous vigilance upon this subject. We can assure them, that the slave trade is already reviving, by the assistance of British capital, and under the immediate superintendance of British subjects. Several noted dealers in human flesh have gone to the Havanna, with the avowed intention of forming establishments calculated to evade the provisions of the abolition act, and about the beginning of autumn, several vessels fitted out from that settlement were actually *slaving*, as it is termed, upon the windward coast of Africa. There were three vessels of this description, with Spanish colours and papers, lying in the Rio Pongo, and trading under the direction of supercargoes, who pretended to be natives of the United States of America. There were a few others, further to windward, trading under the American flag. One of these had been brought in for examination to Sierra Leona, by a British cruiser; but all that the governor found himself legally authorized to do, was to take out of her from 20 to 30 negroes, who were ascertained to have been shipped from an English factory. A gentleman, recently arrived from that part of the coast, informs us, that off the shoals of Grande he fell in with a vessel, sailing under Spanish colours, from which, on being hailed in the usual manner, a *quondam Liverpool captain* answered, that he had come from the Havanna, and intended, after touching at the Isles de Los, to proceed to leeward for slaves; and, in a tone of seeming exultation at the prospect of the resurrection of his favourite commerce, he added, that no less than 80 sail were fitting out for the same destination when he left Cuba. We feel confident, that the friends of the abolition require only to be told of these circumstances, to make every possible exertion to destroy this system of speculation in the bud. If it is suffered to proceed, it is obvious that the only amount of what has hitherto been done will be, that we shall have nominally shaken off the reproach, while the actual load of guilt remains undiminished. The act of the British legislature, to which it was fondly expected that in a future age millions of Africans, enjoying the

blessing of science and civilization, would look back as the Magna Charta of their freedom and happiness, will to every other purpose remain a dead letter.

From a late London Paper.

Louis XVIII. to Gustavus IV.

"Sir, my Brother and Cousin,
"OVERWHELMED by grief, rendered indignant in the extreme, on hearing of the crime which at one stroke deprives your majesty of your liberty, the exercise of your power, and even the pleasure of seeing your wife and children, I was, notwithstanding, for sometime supported by the hope, that among the descendants of the brothers in arms of Gustavus Adolphus and Charles XII. some would be found to avenge the outrage offered to majesty, and restore the sceptre to those hands that alone have a right to wield it. Disappointed in this expectation, I eagerly sought an opportunity to express to your majesty the feelings with which my heart overflows. I am informed that you are still allowed to receive letters, and I embrace the opportunity; it will be a great satisfaction to me, though it may not afford consolation to your majesty.

"I declare then, that the sentiments of friendship, gratitude, esteem and admiration, by which I am attached to Gustavus IV. instead of being changed, are increased by his misfortunes; that I never felt the weight of my own misfortunes press so sorely upon me, as on this occasion, when, in the absence of all power, I find myself reduced to ardent but ineffectual wishes. Still, however, I have not lost the hope to see that Providence, to whom your majesty addressed yourself from the beginning, come to the relief of you and your family, convinced, from what I know of your majesty's disposition, that at that moment the power to pardon will be the first of the attributes of the crown which you will be desirous to exercise. Finally, awaiting that happy day, I protest, as a king, against the violence offered to the sacred person of Gustavus IV. not only on account of the sentiments I have expressed, but also because this outrage is a fresh application of principles destructive of all authority, and subversive of all social order.

"May the Almighty watch over your majesty! This is the prayer of the purest friendship, of the most affectionate regard, and of all those sentiments, with which I am, sir, my brother and cousin,

Your majesty's sincere
Brother and cousin,
LOUIS.

"Hartwell, Buckinghamshire,
"April 24, 1809."

From Espriella's Letters.

THE LIVERPOOL ATHENÆUM.

THE history of their Athenæum is a striking instance of their spirit;—by this name they call a public library, with a Reading-Room for news-papers and other journals—for all periodical publications, whether daily, monthly, quarterly or yearly, are called *journals* in England. Two of the literary inhabitants were talking one day after dinner of the want of a public library in the town, and they agreed to call a meeting for the purpose of forming one. The meeting was advertised, they went to it, and found themselves alone. "What shall we do now?" said the one; "here is an end of the business." "No," said his friend; "take you the chair, I will be secretary; we will draw up our resolutions unanimously, and advertise them." They did so; and in four-and-twenty hours sufficient funds were subscribed to establish the finest institution of the kind in the kingdom.

From a late London Paper.

JEWISH CONVERTS.

ON Wednesday about 150 gentlemen dined together at the City of London Tavern, to hear the report of the London Society for the conversion of the Jews. Lord Crawford took the chair. After dinner was over, and the usual toasts were given, the report of the committee was read, by which it appeared, that there are now in the school 18 boys and 4 girls, descendants from Jewish parents, and who are educated in the Christian Religion. Several clergymen addressed the company; and the Rev. Mr. Wilcox, in a very animated manner, described the hopes which were now to be entertained of the conversion of the Jews, of which he conceived this to be the appointed season.—The children were afterwards brought into the room, and the eldest boy delivered an address to the company in behalf of the charity. Several clergymen spoke after Mr. Wilcox, and a very liberal subscription was entered into. Among the subscriptions which were read were many from Hull and York. Whatever may be the effect of this society with respect to the conversion of the Jews, it cannot be denied that the maintaining and educating destitute children of Jewish parents is a charity deserving encouragement.

AGRICULTURAL.

—AGRICULTURE—

"The First of Arts, source of Domestic ease,
"Pride of the Land, and Patron of the Seas."

From the Raleigh Star.

Cooper's Point, (N. J.) 19th Feb. 1810.
RESPECTED FRIEND,

I WAS much gratified with seeing in your paper of 19th Oct. an account of the quantity of wine made in your state from the native grape; and more so on seeing in that of 21st Dec. concerning the cultivation of, and making wine from, a peculiar kind of grape in the neighbourhood of Lake Phelps, not supposed to be a native. Your description of it induces me to think otherwise, as such grapes are found growing wild in many parts of Jersey, and I have heard of none such in foreign countries.

I lament the omission of pruning, as I have experienced the great benefit thereof in many instances, and will relate one for example. I had found a native vine in the neighbourhood, which covered a red cedar tree, so as to have the benefit, to great advantage, of both sun and air. The fruit on the south and south-west part was uncommonly fine, and ripened early, which induced me to plant a cutting from it near my garden, where it grew on a small arbutus, in a neglected state, for many years, bearing a few grapes of good quality. I then pruned the vine, enlarged the arbour, and spread the vine thin and regular on it, and secured it by tacking and tying, to prevent its being shifted by the wind, which is very injurious to vines and fruit. The growth of the vine, the production and quality of the grapes, soon exceeded my expectation, which induced me to enlarge the arbour to the size of more than 60 by 40 (which the vine covered sufficiently thick) then extended the garden fence so as to take it in, and matured under the vine by water from the barn yard; and although the ground under the vine was covered with a strong sward of grass, which afforded three middling crops of grass, the vine produced thirty-six and a third bushels of grapes, heaped measure, thirty-three of which being ground and pressed, afforded ninety-one gallons of pure juice. In consequence of the extreme branches being injured by drought, I trimmed the vine closer the last season, which lessened the production to twenty-five and a half bushels, twenty-four of which made 72 gallons of wine, in the manner directed in the Trenton True American, Raleigh Star, &c. last summer.

I hope you will excuse my particularity, as it proceeds from a pure desire to encourage others to try the experiment, and I am of opinion that few who will make trial will have reason to repent.

I do not pretend to a full knowledge of cultivating the native grape vine, as I have had no information on the subject; but the experiments I have tried have succeeded so well, that I wish others to make trial and publish their success; and I hope my feeble attempt will bring to public view something more perfect from more experienced hands; I therefore give my method, imperfect as it is.

In February or March, previous to the sap running, I examine and trim the vines, observing which branches will suit best for training to different parts of the arbour, or whatever the vines are to cover; a sufficiency of the strongest shoots to extend, or fill vacancies, if wanted; then cut the other side shoots of the last year's growth that appear large enough for bearers, leaving not more than 3 or 4 buds or eyes, and the diminutive ones, cut the dead and unnecessary old vines close to the leading branches; then spread the vines regularly over what they are to run on, and secure them from being shifted with wind, by tacking or tying.

JOSEPH COOPER.

P. S. I have tried currants, gooseberries and morella cherries, in making wine the same way I directed for grape wine; all which succeeded well. From trials and observations I am convinced that the greatest error in making wine in our country is, using too much sugar and water for the quantity of fruit. The nearer wine is made from the juice of fruit, without water, the better, with no more sugar than will make it palatable, by correcting the acid, and brandy or good cider spirit to give it strength sufficient to keep through our hot summers. The spirit will incorporate with the wine, so that when it arrives to proper age, it will not be known by its taste that any had been in it.

J. G.

TEMPERANCE.

THE nearest approach thou canst make to happiness on this side the grave, is to enjoy from Heaven, health, wisdom and peace of mind.

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