



POET'S CORNER.

SELECTED.

THE OTAHEITAN MOURNER.

Peggy Stewart was the daughter of an Otaheitan Chief, and married to one of the Mutineers of the Bounty. On Stewart's being seized and carried away in the Pandora frigate, Peggy fell into a rapid decay, and in two months died of a broken heart, leaving an infant daughter, who is still living.

FROM the isle of the distant ocean
 My white love came to me;
 I led the weary stranger
 Beneath the spreading tree
 With white and yellow blossoms
 I strewed his pillow there;
 And watched his bosom's heaving,
 So gentle and so fair.

Before I knew his language,
 Or he could talk to mine,
 We vowed to love each other,
 And never to resign.

O then 'twas lovely, watching
 The sparkling of his eyes,
 And learn the white man's greeting,
 And answer all his sighs.

I taught my constant white love
 To play upon the wave,
 To turn the storm to pleasure,
 And the curling surge to brave.
 How pleasant was our sport,
 Like dolphins on the tide;
 To dive beneath the billow,
 Or the rolling surf to ride.

To summer groves I led him,
 Where fountains in the sun
 We lingered by the fountains,
 That murmur as they run,
 By the verdant islands sailing
 Where the crested sea-birds go;
 We heard the dash of the distant spray,
 And saw thro' the deeps the sunbeams play
 In the coral bowers below.

And when my lover, weary,
 To our woodland couch would creep,
 I sang the song that pleased him,
 And crowned his lids with sleep.
 My kindred much would wonder,
 The white man's love to see,
 And Otaheitan maidens
 Would often envy me.

Yet when my white love's forehead
 Would sadden with despair,
 I knew not why the cold drops
 Should start and quiver there.
 I knew not why in slumber
 His heart should tremble so;
 Or locked in love's embraces,
 How doubt and fear could grow.

Till o'er the bounding billow,
 The angry chieftains came;
 They seized my wretched lover,
 They maked my anguished claim.

In iron bands they bound him,
 I flew his fate to share;
 They tore him from my clasping,
 And threw me to despair.

Are white men unfeeling,
 So far to cross the sea,
 Their chieftain's wrongs revenging,
 To tear my love from me?

Are Otaheitan bosoms
 No refuge for the brave;
 Can exile nor repentance
 A wretched lover save?

No more the Heiva's dancing,
 My mournful steps will suit,
 As when to the torch light glancing,
 And heaving to the flute.

No more my braided tresses
 With smiling showers shall bloom;
 Nor blossom rich in beauty
 Shall lend its sweet perfume.

All by the sounding ocean
 I sit me down and mourn,
 In hopes his chiefs may pardon him,
 And speed my love's return.

Can he forget his Peggy,
 That soothed his care to rest?
 Can he forget his baby
 That smiles upon her breast?

I wish the fearful warning
 Would bind my woes in sleep!
 And I were a little bird, to chase
 My lover o'er the deep!

Or if my wounded spirit
 In the death canoe would rove,
 I'd bribe the wind and pitying wave,
 To speed me to my love!

ANECDOTE.

A SAILOR went into a barber's shop to have his beard taken off. The barber happened to have but one razor, and that, for want of proper intimacy with the hone and strap was rather dull.—The sailor took his seat, and the barber began to execute his office, and at every scrape, (which gave the sailor extreme pain) he would cry, "do I shave easy, sir, do I shave easy, sir?" The sailor bore the scratching with a good deal of patience for some time; however, the barber taking him by the nose, and after several severe scrapes, which made Jack think skin and all was gone by the board, continuing to repeat the question, "Do I shave easy, sir?" Jack gravely replied, "Honest friend, to answer your question, you must first inform me what you are shaving; if you call it skinning, it is tolerable easy—but if you call it shaving, it's d—d hard."

MISCELLANY.

THE ECCENTRIC MAN.

.....IN one of these excursions through a wood, he fell in with a man whose singular appearance attracted his attention. He was sitting on the ground, at the bottom of a beech tree, eating a crust of bread, which he flared bit by bit with his dog. His dress betrayed the utmost poverty; but his countenance exhibited every symptom of cheerfulness. The major saluted him as he rode past, and the man pulled off his hat.

"Do you see!" said he to his dog, laughing and caressing him.

"What should the dog see?" asked the major, whose curiosity was much excited by the man's happy looks.

The stranger laughed.
 "Aye," said the man, in a humourful tone, "I wished to make the dog take notice of your civility. It is so uncommon for a well dressed person on horseback, and an officer besides, to lift his cap or hat to a tattered foot-passenger like me."

"Who are you then?" said the major to the man, looking at him attentively.

"A child of fortune."

"A child of fortune! You mistake without doubt, for your coat seems to speak otherwise."

"My coat is in the right, sir. But as I can joke in this coat, the only one I have, it is of as much value to me as a new one, even if it had a star upon it."

"If what you say does not proceed from a disordered mind, you are in the right countryman."

"A disordered mind, or a light mind, is sometimes a gift from God, a treat for children of fortune belonging to my caste. My fate once hung heavy on my mind like lead; but care now passes through it, as the wind does through my coat; and if that be a fault, it makes up for a great deal of misfortune."

"But whence did you come, and whither are you going?"

"That question is difficult to be answered, sir. I came from my cradle; and I am now going straight forwards to my grave. With these two stages of my life I am acquainted. In a word, I am endeavouring to soften my fate; but I must have in me something very engaging, for my dog and my destiny remain faithful to me; and my shadow also; but, like a false friend, only when the sun shines. You shake your head, sir, as if you meant to say that I have made choice of bad company. I thought so at first; but there is nothing so bad as not to be useful sometimes. My destiny has made me humble, and taught me what I did not before know, that one cannot un-thing the world. My dog has taught me that there is still love and fidelity in it; and..... You cannot imagine what fine things one can talk with and respecting one's shadow!"

"Respecting one's shadow? That I do not comprehend."

"You shall hear, sir. At sunrise in the morning, when I am walking behind my long towering shadow, what conversation I hold with it on philosophical subjects!—"Look," says I, "dear shadow, art thou not like a youth to whom, when the sun of life is rising, the earth seems too small? Just when I lift a leg thou liest another, as if thou wouldst it pover ten acres at once; and yet, when thou puttest down thy leg, thy step is scarcely a span long. So fares it with the youth. He seems as if he would destroy or create a world; and yet, in the end, he does none of those things which might have been expected from his discourse. Let the sun now rise higher, and thou wilt become smaller, as the youth boasts less the older he grows." Thus I compare, you see, the morning, noon, & evening shadow, with a hundred things; and the longer we walk together, the better we get acquainted. At present I can forego many things which I formerly considered as indispensable necessities. The shadow is my watch and padometer—and sometimes my servant, and sometimes my footman. It is only a pity that a man cannot exist in his shadow, as his shadow exists in him."

"Well, and what do you say in the evening to your shadow?"

"In the evening? A man's shadow then is a very serious thing—the best moralist—a real hour-glass—a true memento mori. When the shadow runs forward before one, still becoming longer and less visible, as if already hiding its head in the darkness of eternity, while behind one is the setting sun, and before one a rising star—the shadow then seems to say, "Thou art on the brink of eternity; thy sun is going down, but lose not courage; like me, thou wilt become always greater; and before there is always suspended a better star, the first ray of eternity beyond the grave."

With these words the man became serious, and the major also. Both looked at each other in silence for a few seconds, though with calmness and tranquillity.

"But how has it happened," said the major, "that you now wander about through the world with your dog and your shadow? Me-

thinks countryman, you were destined for something better."

"Man is always destined for something better," replied the stranger, "than he, in the end, really is. Or, do you believe that you could not be better than you are? Destined to something better! You do not know how good or bad my situation may be. If you indeed mean to a better coat or a better dinner, I allow you are right; though whole nations exist on the earth, and are fortunate, who would envy me this coat and this crust of bread. I am a man of letters, sir. But as I had not prudence equal to my learning, or rather possessed too little of the qualities of the flatterer, you now find me here in this coat. You might as easily have found me in a carriage; and I do not comprehend why that was not the case; for very little was wanting to have brought matters that length. You look, sir, as if you were interested in the events of my life. They may be related in a few words. I have applied to study, and I flatter myself not without success. There is one thing, however, which I never learnt; and that is to jest and be serious at proper seasons. If I beheld an act of villainy, it was impossible for me to laugh, had it been committed even by a president. Sometimes again when those great people in whose hands my fortune was deposited, appeared as serious as if the welfare of the world depended upon them, and began to talk of their mighty inventions, a world amended, a reading corrected in an old book, or any thing of the like kind, I instantly thought of my shadow, and could not help laughing. Notwithstanding my laughter I might have obtained a place; but I should then have been obliged to marry some girl I did not love; to deny some principle which I considered as true, or to flatter some lady unworthy of my notice. At that time I was like my morning shadow. I imagined I should never be in want, and that I could overleap every obstacle. My hopes were disappointed. I have nothing left but this flute (here he took one from his pocket) and this dog, whom I bred up to be my friend. I was a player, and almost lost my morals in the theatre, which ought to be a temple of morality. I then established a school; but I was soon obliged to abandon it, as the parents wished that I should make their children blockheads. I now endeavour to get a livelihood God knows how! sometimes as a player on the oboe; sometimes as a fencing or dancing-master; and when nothing else will do, even as a thresher. I have two hands, and am ashamed of nothing but cheating or begging, neither of which with me would succeed."

From a London paper of March 1.

AN ODD AFFAIR.

IT has been seen in our parliamentary report, that after the ordinary business of Tuesday night, the committee was resumed upon the Walcheren inquiry. The earl of Chatham was called in, and continued under examination from six to ten o'clock. In the course of his evidence, Mr. Fuller put several questions, which were not attended to either by his lordship or the house. When his lordship withdrew, Mr. Fuller rose, and said that his questions had as much right to be attended to as those of the chancellor of the exchequer. "G—d—n me sir," said he, "I have as much right to be heard as any man who is paid for filling the place he holds." The chancellor of the exchequer moved, "that the words of the hon. member should be taken down," which was agreed to.

The house resumed, and sir John Antruther the chairman, reported the expressions of Mr. Fuller.

The speaker then informed the house, that it had come to his knowledge that a member had used unparliamentary language which was a breach of the privileges of that honourable house. He felt sorry that it would become his duty to name him.

Mr. Fuller—"You need not be diffident—it's I, Jack Fuller."

The speaker ordered the honourable member to withdraw; but he declined, until several of his friends interfered.

The chancellor of the exchequer moved, that he should be taken into the custody of the sergeant at arms," which was agreed to without a dissenting voice.

Mr. Fuller, who was in the lobby, on the vote of the house being communicated to him, rushed into the body of the house, and in a loud voice said the speaker had not the power or authority to order him into custody; he was only the servant of the members and by their submitting to him, they had made him their master. He meant "the significant little fellow in the wig." The speaker directed the sergeant at arms to collect the persons under his command, to remove Mr. Fuller by force from the house. It was with difficulty that the sergeant and four messengers took him into custody.

[After Mr. Fuller had time to recover from the situation in which he insulted the house, he sent in an humble apology. The result was, that he was called to the bar, and received a formal reprimand, pronounced by the speaker.]



FARMER

WILL stand this season, to cover mares, at Newington Rope Walk on Mondays and Tuesdays, at Rawlings's tavern on Wednesdays and Thursdays, and at Lintin's store, near Mr. Osborn Williams's, on Fridays and Saturdays, at the moderate price of one and a half barrels of corn for each mare, and twelve and a half cents for the groom; the corn to be delivered at either of the above stands on or before the first day of December next, otherwise four dollars must be paid. Three dollars cash, sent with the mare, will be received in lieu.

Farmer is out of the dam of Post-Boy, six sixteen hands high, got by a country horse, well formed, and is a sure foal getter.

The season will commence on the 16th of April. HENRY JOHNSON.

P. S. All possible attention will be paid to the mares sent, but no responsibility for accidents.

April 15, 1810. H. J.

Pottery.

THE subscribers respectfully inform their friends, and the public in general, that they have now on hand at their manufactory, about 200 yards over Gay-street, or Griffith's bridge, a large and general assortment of EARTHEN WARE, of the first quality, highly glazed, and nicely polished, amongst which are, 400 dozen milk pans, also Moody ware, & square dishes, nice for baking in, all of which will be sold at the established price.

Any orders left with either of the Messrs. BARBERS, Annapolis, or N. S. JONES, No. 12, Bowley's wharf, will be thankfully received and carefully attended to.

JOHN KECHLINE, & Co. Baltimore, April 19, 1810. 8 w.

In Council,

April 7, 1810.

ORDERED, That the bill, entitled, An act respecting the equity jurisdiction of the county courts, be published once in each week, for the space of six weeks, in the Maryland Gazette and Maryland Republican at Annapolis, and the Star at Eleton.

By order, NINIAN PINKNEY, clk.

An additional Supplement to the act, entitled, An act respecting the equity jurisdiction of the county courts.

BE it enacted, by the General Assembly of Maryland, That the several county courts of this state may exercise concurrent jurisdiction in all cases in the same manner that they now exercise jurisdiction by virtue of the act to which this is a supplement.

And be it enacted, That each of the judges of the several districts of this state, during vacation, shall have full power and authority to exercise, in their judicial districts, all the powers which the chancellor of this state can or may exercise.

And be it enacted, That it shall be the duty of one of the associate judges of the several judicial districts of this state to attend at the court-house of the several counties in their judicial district, at some day between the several sittings of their court, who shall have power to make all necessary orders touching any subject matter in the said respective counties upon the equity side, brought or depending therein, and it shall be the duty of the several clerks of the several counties in this state to attend the said judge on the said days, who shall make due entry of all such matters and things as shall or may be ordered as aforesaid by the said judge; and the several county courts in this state are hereby instructed, at their first court next after the passage of this act, to appoint the several days on which the said judge shall attend as aforesaid.

And be it enacted, That the county courts shall have full power and authority to appoint an auditor to the said court.

And be it enacted, That all and every person or persons who shall or may think themselves to be aggrieved by the decree of any county court, in any case of which such county court may have an equity jurisdiction by virtue of this act, shall be at liberty, in all cases to appeal to the court of appeals of the respective shore, and in the same manner, and under the same circumstances, and such appeals shall have the same legal effect and consequences as appeals prosecuted from the court of chancery to the court of appeals.

And be it enacted, That the clerks of the several county courts in this state shall act as registers for their said counties, in the same manner as the register in chancery now does.

ANNAPOLIS:

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