

POET'S CORNER.

SELECTED.

MY DARLING CHILD.

WHEN twilight's dewy wing reposes  
Serene and mild,  
I seek the lowly grave that closes  
My darling child.  
Soft, to the listening ear of Heaven  
Breathe my lone prayer;  
And, 'mid the chilling winds of even,  
Still linger there.  
For oh! no other hand will cherish  
The sweets that bloom;  
But let the scented wild flower perish  
That decks her tomb.  
And when the star of morning streaming  
His golden ray  
Shall tremble at the dusky gleaming  
Of opening day.  
The dewy sod shall be my pillow,  
While songsters gay  
Breathe softly o'er the sighing willow  
Their plaintive lay.  
Unheeded, there I'll pour my sorrows,  
Which seek below  
The hope, delusive fancy borrows  
To soften woe:  
Till brightly gleams the ling'ring even,  
Serene and mild,  
That gives me to my arms in Heaven  
My darling child.

THE TORMENTOR.

A PETRIFYING plague there is,  
Which fours the sweetest cup of bliss,  
And clouds life's brightest sun;  
Of happiness the worst ally;

Videlicet—a DUN!

Not old Medusa's fabled head,  
Whose dreadful eyes could turn, 'tis said,  
The boldest form to stone,  
E'er quench'd the blaze of mirth, or try'd,  
With magic spell the form of pride,  
Like this aforesaid DUN.  
Hard fates, alas! the luckless wight,  
Whose steps can neither day nor night,  
This rude Tormentor shun;  
Who at each corner, crook or turn,  
Where'er his weary feet sojourn,  
Is haunted by a DUN.  
Ambition drops her busy schemes,  
Avarice awakes from golden dreams,  
Blythe wit abjures his fun;  
Pride sinks her bold aspiring crest,  
E'en potent genius swoons oppress'd,  
Before the mighty DUN.  
Mule, tell how oft thy angel song,  
Has led my captive soul along,  
With more than mortal tone;  
How I, entranc'd, while thou hast smil'd,  
Have wak'd—the sweet enchantment spoil'd,  
By an intruding DUN.  
Let toil my haggard limbs embrown,  
Let want and sickness weigh me down,  
Gout, fever, cholick, stone;  
Give me a scold in marriage noose,  
And e'en Old Nick himself let loose,  
But save me from a DUN!

ANECDOTE.

A home-spun astronomer not long since,  
Fancied, and reported to his neighbours, that  
the moon was inhabited, for he had discovered  
a *he goat* in it. A bystander observed, he  
thought it was more probable the moon had  
been transformed into a *mirror*.

From the German of Solomon Gesner.

*Corydon*—I bore my offering to the god of  
love, in the little marble temple. I suspended  
it, to the myrtles that surr'ounded it, a small  
wicker basket, neatly wrought, girdled with  
fresh blown flowers, and my best pipe. I in-  
voked the god of love, and said, O tender  
love! deign to smile upon the offering of my  
heart. Well, Menalcas, passing yesterday by  
the temple, I entered the grove of myrtles.  
I looked at my little basket, and what do you  
think I saw? A bird, of the most beautiful  
plumage, was perching on the edge of the  
basket, and chanting his love. At my ap-  
proach he flew away. I looked into my bas-  
ket, and found a nest carefully constructed,  
with little eggs but newly hatched. The mo-  
ther disturbed and trembling endeavoured to  
cover them with her wings; and, looking at  
me, seemed to say, gentle shepherd do not  
molest my tender young. I retired—when  
the father, who flew in circles round my head,  
settled again upon the edge of the basket; &  
I heard them sweetly warble songs of joy and  
tenderness. Now, tell me, dear Menalcas,  
you who know how to explain every omen—  
tell me, what does this portend?

*Menalcas*—That in the bosom of the pu-  
re happiness united, the maid of your heart,  
and you, shall pass your peaceful days; and  
that Juno Lucina shall bless your loves!

*Corydon*—By the gods, it is what I thought!  
But, to be well assured, I would consult thy  
wisdom. Take this white kid and this pitch-  
er of honey, sweet as the lips of my shep-  
herd's, and pure as the breath of Heaven—  
I present them to thee. He said, and went  
away, leaping with joy, like a young goat  
that bounds amid the dew of May.

MISCELLANY.

THE late earl of Rofs was, in character  
and disposition, like the humorous earl of Ro-  
chester. He had an infinite fund of wit, great  
spirits, was fond of all the vices, which the  
*beau monde* call pleasures, and by that means  
fill impaired his fortune as much as he possi-  
bly could; and finally, his health beyond re-  
pair.

The poor earl having led this life until it  
brought him to death's door, the rev. Dean  
Madden, a man of exemplary piety and virtue,  
having heard his lordship was given over,  
thought it his duty to write him a very pa-  
thetic letter, to remind him of his pall life;  
the particulars of which he mentioned, such  
as gaming, drinking, rioting, blaspheming  
his maker, and, in short, all manner of wick-  
edness, exhorting him in the tenderest man-  
ner, to employ the few moments that yet remained  
to him, in penitently confessing his manifold  
transgressions, and soliciting his pardon from  
an offended Deity, before whom he was short-  
ly to appear.

It is proper to acquaint the reader, that the  
late earl of Kildair was one of the most pious  
noblemen of the age, and, in every respect,  
a contrast in character to lord Rofs. When  
the latter, who retained his senses to the last  
moment, and died rather for want of breath,  
than want of spirits, read over the dean's let-  
ter, (which came to him under cover) he or-  
dered it to be put in another paper, sealed up,  
and directed to the earl of Kildair; he like-  
wise prevailed on the dean's servant to carry  
it, and to say that it came from his master,  
which he was encouraged to do by a couple of  
guineas, and his knowing nothing of the con-  
tent.

Lord Kildair was an effeminate, pu-  
ny, little man, extremely formal and delicate,  
inasmuch, that when he was married to lady  
Mary O'Brien one of the most shining beau-  
ties then in the world, he would not take his  
wedding gloves off when he went to bed.  
From this single instance it may be judged  
with what surprise and indignation he read  
over the dean's letter, containing so many ac-  
cusations for crimes he knew himself entirely  
innocent of. He first ran to his lady, and in-  
formed her that dean Madden was actually  
mad; to prove which, he delivered her the  
epistle he had just received. Her ladyship was  
as much confounded and amazed at it, as he  
could possibly be, but withal observed, that  
the letter was not written in the style of a  
madman, and advised him to go to the arch-  
bishop of Dublin about it; accordingly his  
lordship ordered his coach, and went to the e-  
piscopal palace, where he found his grace at  
home, and immediately accosted him in this  
manner:—"Pray, my lord, did you ever hear  
that I was a blasphemer, a gambler, a rioter  
and every thing that is base and infamous?"  
"You, my lord," said the bishop, "every one  
knows you are the pattern of humility, godli-  
ness and virtue." Well, my lord, what sa-  
tisfaction can I have of a reverend divine, who,  
under his own hand lays all this to my charge?"  
"Surely," answered his grace, "no man in  
his senses, that knows your lordship, would  
presume to do it. And if any clergyman has  
been guilty of such an offence, your lordship  
will have satisfaction from the spiritual court."  
Upon this lord Kildair delivered to his grace  
the letter, which he told him was delivered  
by the dean's servant, and which both the  
archbishop and the earl knew to be the dean's  
own hand writing. The archbishop immediately  
sent for the dean, who, happening to be at  
home, instantly obeyed the summons; and be-  
fore he entered the room, he advised lord Kildair  
to walk into another apartment, which his  
lordship accordingly did. When the dean en-  
tered, his grace looked very sternly, and de-  
manded if he had written that letter; the  
dean answered, "I did my lord." "Mr.  
Dean, (returned the prelate) I always thought  
you a man of sense and prudence, but this  
unguarded action must lessen you in the esteem  
of all good men. To throw out so many  
caustic invectives against the most unblem-  
ished nobleman in Europe, and accuse him  
of crimes to which he and his family have  
ever been strangers, must certainly be the ef-  
fect of a disordered brain; besides, sir, you  
have by this means laid yourself open to a  
prosecution, which will oblige you either pub-  
licly to retract what you have said, or to suf-  
fer the consequence." "My lord," answered  
the dean, "I never think, act, or write any  
thing for which I am afraid to be called to an  
account before any tribunal upon earth; and,  
if I am to be prosecuted for discharging the  
duties of my function, I will suffer patiently  
the severest penalties in justification of it."  
And so saying, the dean retired with some  
emotion, and left the two noblemen as much  
in the dark as ever. Lord Kildair went home,  
and sent for a proctor, to whom he communi-  
cated the dean's letter, and ordered a citation  
to be sent him as soon as possible; in the  
mean-time, the archbishop, who knew the dean  
had a family to provide for, and foresaw that  
ruin must attend his entering into a suit with  
so powerful a person, went to his house, and  
recommended to him to ask my lord's pardon  
before the matter became public; "ask his  
pardon!" said the dean, "why the man is  
dead." "Lord Kildair dead!" No, lord

Rofs. "Good God!" said the archbishop,  
"did you not send a letter yesterday to lord  
Kildair?" "No truly, my lord, but I sent  
one to the unhappy earl of Rofs, who was then  
given over, and I thought it my duty to  
write to him in the manner I did." Upon  
examining the servant, the whole was recti-  
fied; and the dean saw with great regret, that  
lord Rofs died as he had lived; nor did he  
continue in this life above four hours, after  
he sent off the letter. The footman lost his  
place by the jest, and was, indeed, the only  
sufferer for my lord's last piece of humour.

LONDON.

Court of Common Pleas.

Before Lord Alvanley and a Special Jury.  
BREACH OF PROMISE OF MARRIAGE.  
HAND v. KISTEN.

Mr. Sergeant Cockel stated, that his client  
was a young lady who sought redress for one  
of the most cruel injuries that could be offer-  
ed to her sex. She resided at Hambro' with  
her brother, a respectable tradesman in that  
town. The defendant was put apprentice to  
Mr. Hand, and in the course of some years a  
mutual affection sprung up between him and  
Miss Hand. An *eclaircissement* at last took  
place, and the lovers vowed eternal constan-  
cy. The term of the defendant's apprentice-  
ship was now nearly expired, and he resolved  
to try his fortune in London. After a tender  
parting he accordingly set out. Miss Hand  
was much depressed, and her fears of the dissi-  
pation of the metropolis proved to have been  
prophetic. For sometime, however, he re-  
mained true to his promises. He wrote her  
affectionate letters, and having seen her once  
in town, he testified all the fondness of her  
which had formerly marked his passion when  
at its height. But when he ought to have  
led her to the altar, he forgot his plighted  
troth and drew back from his sacred engage-  
ments. She was thus disappointed in her  
views of future happiness, and held up to the  
ridicule of all her acquaintance. The learned  
Sergeant added many other particulars, & de-  
scribed in the most glowing terms that ill usage  
which Miss Hand had received.

The evidence consisted chiefly of the letters  
which the defendant had wrote from London  
to his mistress at Hambro'. These occasioned  
infinite merriment. In the first place they  
discovered the fact that Mr. Kisten was a  
*journeyman tallow chandler*. In painting the  
ardour of his attachment he likewise borrowed  
many terms from his art. Although it ap-  
peared that he was not always in a *melting*  
*mood*, he talks of his soul being *dissolved*, of  
being *dipped* in wretchedness; of his heart  
being *cast* in a delicate mould, of the store  
of happiness which he conceived was awaiting  
him; of his love *burning clear*; of his liver  
being consumed like the *wick of a candle*; of  
his fears lest her passion died away like the  
*flame in the socket of a candlestick*, &c. &c.  
There was one passage which afforded pecu-  
liar amusement, as it reminded every one of the  
style of a noble marquis who, after painting  
the ardour of his passion, stops suddenly short  
to descant upon the price of wheat in Reading  
market. "My love, (says Mr. Kisten,) my  
angel, my HAND, when shall we be joined  
together, and mix like wax and spermaceti?"  
—By the bye I have bad news for your bro-  
ther. Tallow is as high as ever, and at pre-  
sent there is a prospect of its rising higher still.  
Therefore he cannot do better than buy any  
thing that comes in his way."

From an able cross examination it came  
out that this disconsolate Virgin is thirty-  
seven years of age, and the fickle swain might  
almost be her son.

Mr. Sergeant Best addressed the jury in be-  
half of the defendant with his usual acumen  
and pathos. He allowed that the young man  
had acted very indiscreetly, but strenuously  
contended that the plaintiff had no reason to  
complain. He thought it unnecessary to call  
any witnesses, as it already appeared that the  
match was quite disproportionate, and that if  
it had taken place, it could have produced no-  
thing but misery.

Lord Alvanley observed to the jury, that  
though cases of this kind were often very se-  
rious, yet that the present could scarcely be  
considered of such a complexion. From the rup-  
ture that took place Miss Hand could scarce-  
ly be supposed to be deprived of much happi-  
ness. Where the ages of the parties were so  
unequal, and where there had been no consent  
of the parents, little could be expected but  
discord and misery. However, the lady had  
met with a disappointment, and was certain-  
ly entitled to some compensation. He would  
not venture to point out how large it should  
be.

The jury, after consulting together for a  
few minutes, found a verdict for the plaintiff,  
damages 100l.

EXTRACT.

THERE is a false modesty, which is va-  
nity; a false glory, which is folly; a false  
grandeur, which is meanness; a false virtue,  
which is hypocrisy; and a false wisdom,  
which is

PRUDERY.



FARMER

WILL stand this season, to cover mares,  
at Newington Rope Walk on Mondays  
and Tuesdays, at Rawlings's tavern on Wed-  
nesdays and Thursdays, and at Linthicum'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 to 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, full  
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 acci-  
dents.

April 15, 1810.

Pottery.

THE subscribers respectfully inform their  
friends, and the public in general, that  
they have now on hands 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 re-  
ceived and carefully attended to.

JOHN KECHLINE, & Co.

Baltimore, April 19, 1810.

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 Republi-  
can at Annapolis, and the Star at Easton.

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 jurisdic-  
tion 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  
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 se-  
veral sessions of their court, who shall have  
power to make all necessary orders touching  
any subject matter in the said respective courts,  
upon the equity side, brought or depending  
therein, and it shall be the duty of the seve-  
ral clerks of the several counties in this state  
to attend the said judge on the said days, and  
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, in  
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 per-  
son or persons who shall or may think them-  
selves to be aggrieved by the decree of any  
county court, in any case of which such county  
court may have an equity jurisdiction, shall  
by virtue of this act, shall be at liberty, in  
cases to appeal to the court of appeals of this  
respective shore, and in the same manner, and  
under the same circumstances, and such ap-  
peals shall have the same legal effect, and the  
consequences as appeals prosecuted from the  
court of chancery to the court of appeals of  
this state shall have.

And be it enacted, That the clerks of the  
several county courts in this state shall, in the  
manner as the register in chancery

ANNAPOLIS:

PRINTED BY

FREDERICK & SAMUEL GREEN

Price—Two Dollars per Annum.