

## Flowers of Fancy

(SELECTED.)

FROM THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

A fair vendor of garters in New-York, hands the following ingenious verses to all who purchase her manufactures. We have seen them no where but in her own handbills; and to amuse our readers we present them here.

### A WIDOW LADY

REDUCED BY MISFORTUNE,

KNITTING GARTERS FOR HER FRIENDS.

Come aid me, eits, to pay my quarters,  
And treat your pretty legs with garters,  
You cannot think how well they'll fit 'em,  
Why 'tis for pretty legs I knit 'em;  
Like gum elastic, throats of beagles,  
Or your own purse when stuff'd with eagles,  
They'll stretch or shrink, distend or close,  
Hold high and smooth your sicken hose,  
Leave the light knee to do its duty,  
And bend to every blooming beauty.

And you, fair dames, my generous neighbours,  
Reward your sister's anxious labours;  
Garters, you know, are famous things,  
The glorious badge of knights and kings;  
Since the proud prize in Edward's dance,  
With *hosiis qui malis garetis*,  
Fell from the lady's foot confest,  
And rose to grace the monarch's breast.  
The doves of Venus, gentle starters!  
Are held and rein'd by stentor garters;  
And when her boy, of playful mein,  
Has marr'd some tender am'rous scene,  
To line his back with twingy smarters  
She ties him up in lady's garters.

A lover, sometimes (though but rare)  
To melt some proud unyielding fair,  
And swell the list of Cupid's martyrs,  
Turns pendulum, and swings in garters.

But here's no risk of such a fate;  
Mine are not strong enough for that;  
For when your swain in these smooth wares  
Shall seek a cure for all his cares,  
Reach up his neck, well noon'd by rule,  
Spring off, and kick away the stool;  
Plump down he drops in awkward fashion,  
His garters broke, but heal'd his passion,  
Rejoices they no stronger were,  
And comes and buys another pair.

### SONG.

THE TEAR OF CONSENT.

From the German.

How still was the moment, how sweet was the scene,  
The breeze scarcely ruffling the leaf of the grove;  
And the spirit of freshness that breath'd on the green,  
Seem'd to cool, with his breath, to a holiness,  
Love!

Like the dear maid by the moon lighted bow,  
I hid her resign'd to the throb of my breast,  
And I swore by the still and the heavenly hour,  
That my heart, without her, would be hopeless,  
Unblest!

I spoke of the bliss that belong'd to the few  
Whom love had enlighten'd with feelings the same;  
And I ask'd, with the fervour of anxiousness true,  
If affection, with Laura, was only a name.

I felt the fine tremor her bosom that shook,  
As passion, in murmurs, reply'd from her soul,  
And I knew that her soul was sincere in a look,  
When a tear on her cheek, from her melting  
eye stole!

Blest drop! of more worth than the gift of the mine!  
For that instant, reflected in thee, was display'd  
The chaste queen of the night, who acknowledg'd  
the sign,  
And smil'd on the tear of the fond-loving  
maid.

I gaz'd—and my eyes seem'd to have but one ray,  
There center'd—Earth, Heaven, had vanish'd  
from them—  
And I saw but the tear, that was fading away,  
And the image of purity stamp'd on the gem.

A Dirge, supposed to be sung at the interment of a Nun.

Oh! to the spot where Agnes lies,  
Wrapt in the arms of endless sleep,  
Each pair-eyed sister shall repair  
And o'er her cold remains shall weep.

While the full organ peals around,  
And fragrant clouds of incense roll,  
The solemn pray'r shall swell the sound,  
Which wafts to heav'n her spotless soul.

At eve, when thro' the lengthen'd aisle  
The moon's departing rays shall stream,  
On thy white urn they'll play awhile  
And shed a solitary gleam.

The pilgrim of this spot shall seek  
At that calm hour when all's serene,  
When no intrusive foot shall break  
The pensive silence of the scene.

And oft, when midnight's shadowy hour  
Has wrapt the world in awful gloom,  
Faint strains shall rise, and viewless forms  
Shall chaunt a requiem o'er thy tomb.

## The Moralist.

### SENSIBILITY.

How amiable the picture presented by sensibility in distress; amiable though full of anguish. View it at the bed of a dying friend. Behold it committing the remains of that friend to the silent recesses of the tomb. The affections, bound, laborated, and bleeding, lie at the foot of death; the heart surcharg'd with anguish, appears ready to burst its bands; while the strength and support of the whole man seems to mingle with the descending clay, and leave him like the new born babe, weak, helpless, and overcome. What callous heart but pays to this a tribute of sympathy! what stoic but involuntarily anticipates the falling tear! What bosom echoes not the piercing sigh! Can friendship behold it without solicitude as well as anguish; Frail as the summer flower, man bears not reiterated blast in vain. He bends even to the first stroke of adversity—the second finds less strength to combat—another and another comes, and soon seek his place in vain. But has distress no consolation? the wounded heart no solace?—Behold, emanating from Heaven, the merciful daughter of Divinity—her countenance beaming consolation—see her support the sinking sufferer; she binds up his broken wounds, and infuses into his soul a sweet tranquillity; cheerfulness once more lights up its ray—the eye of faith rests on scenes beyond the present, beyond the shadowy grave; while the renewed heart lifts its devout aspirations to the throne of God, and with pious hope, ejaculates, "Thy will be done."

### THE OFFSPRING OF MERCY;

AN ORIENTAL TALE.

WHEN the ALMIGHTY was about to create man, he summoned before him the angels of his attributes, the watchers of his dominions. They stood in council around his hidden throne. "Create him not," said the angel of Justice, "he will not be equitable to his brethren, he will oppress the weaker." "Create him not," said the angel of Peace, "he will manure the earth with human blood; the first born of his race will be the slayer of his brother." "Create him not," said the angel of Truth, "he will defile thy sanctuary with falsehood, although thou shouldst stamp on his countenance thine image, the seat of Jehovah." So spake the attributes of Jehovah; when Mercy, the youngest and dearest child of the Eternal, arose, and clasping his knees, "Create him, Father," said she, "in thy likeness, the darling of thy loving kindness. When all thy messengers forsake him, I will seek and support, and turn his faults to good. Because he is weak, I will incline his bowels to compassion, and his soul to atonement. When he departs from Peace, from Truth, from Justice, the consequence of his wanderings shall deter him from repeating them; and shall gently lead him to amendment." The Father of all gave ear, and created man, a weak, faltering being; but, in all his faults, the pupil of Mercy, the son of ever active and ameliorating love!—Remember thine origin, Oh man! when thou art hard and unkind towards thy brother, Mercy alone will lead thee to love and pity suckled thee at her bosoms.

## The Anecdotal.

### SINGULAR EXAMINATION

Before a certain Justice of the Peace in England:

Justice. What have you to allege against the prisoner?

Accuser. Please your worship's grace, I am come to prosecute him on the dog act.

Prisoner. It is a false charge. I never stole a dog in my born days; and if any one should dare to say I did, I would tell him he was a galloos liar to his face.

Accuser. I say you are one of the most notorious dog-stealers in England, and I can prove it how you stole my bitch.

Prisoner. As to my stealing a few bitches now and then, I do not pretend to deny. It is better to pick up a little money in an honest way like that, than to lounge about like an idle vagabond.—There is no harm at all in stealing bitches.

Justice. I believe, fellow, I shall convince you to the contrary.

Prisoner. You must not pretend to tell me law better than I know it. I was bred to the crown law, and served a regular clerkship to it among my brethren in the neighbourhood of Chick lane. I think I should have made a figure if I had been called to the bar.

Justice. Then you will shortly have an opportunity of shining in your proper sphere.

Prisoner. I should have been hanged many sessions ago, if so be as I had not been clever in turning and twisting the acts of parliament. I have not studied law for nothing. Lord bless your dear worship's eyes, I have made the most learned judges going, knock under to me.—When I came to explain and indemnify what law was, they hung down their ears, looked foolish, and had not a word to say for themselves.

Justice. Have you not stole the man's bitch?

Prisoner. I have.

Justice. Then I shall convict you in the penalty of forty pounds.

Prisoner. I have carefully examined the act of parliament, and defy you, or any dealer in the peace, to hurt a hair of my head. You must not pretend to teach me. I know a thing or two; and if you do not mind what you are about, you may perhaps catch cold!

Justice. If you threaten me, I shall commit you.

Prisoner. You had better commit fornication.

Justice. Is not a bitch a dog?

Prisoner. Is not your wife a justice of the peace? Your worship would not pretend to say now, that a cow is a bull!

Justice. I insist upon it that according to the true spirit of the statute, a dog and a bitch is exactly the same thing.

Prisoner. I dare you to convict me on the statute of 10 G. 3. The word bitch is not so much as mentioned in it. I had the opinion of my brethren upon this gig, and blast me if I do not steal as many bitches as I come near, in spite of all the old women in the commission.

Justice. If you call me an old woman again, I will trounce you.

Prisoner. Read that, and be convinced. [Presenting to the justice an act of parliament against dog stealing.]

Justice. [After having read the act.] Discharge this fellow—I shall not venture to commit him.

Prisoner. Lord help the poor law-makers, they always leave a hole for a man of generosity to creep out of!—If they have a mind to make their acts binding, they must consult one of us knowing ones, who are up to a thing or two, which is more than you are.

[Exeunt severally.]

An officer once relating to his friend the circumstance of his having fallen over a large pit, when going full dressed to a ball, the other immediately replied, "that, my dear fellow, must have been a dead bar."

An Hibernian wit seeing an old man and woman in the street, remarked that "they put him in mind of the *biter in the wood*."

## Miscellaneous.

### HAPPINESS.

..... The scenes of my life have been sad," said a poor Frenchman, who had scrambled up one of the most precipitous mountains of North Wales, and was now pensively leaning on his stick, and casting a mournful look towards the wide expanse of waters which bounded his prospect—"The scenes of my life have been sad," repeated he, and a tear silently stole down his cheek, as the painful recollection of the past again struck his soul—"I have pursued the bubble happiness all over the world, and have lived but to find it a phantom of the brain—I have suffered the torture of the inquisition in Spain—I have been chained to the galleys in Italy—I have starved on the mountains of Switzerland—I have groined as a slave in Turkey—I have languished beneath the republican tyranny in France—and lastly I have been whipped as a vagabond in England—and I am grown grey in misery, and old age has overtaken me in wretchedness!"—The tears streamed plentifully down the cheeks of the unfortunate old man, as this painful retrospect presented itself to his mind. The sun was casting his last rays over the waters, and the west was tinged with the bright streaks of vermilion and gold. Not a breath of air ruffled the surface of the deep—not a sound invaded the ear—all was stillness and serenity, except when the last notes of the ascending sky-lark sunk on the air, while the feathered songster himself was lost in distance. He insensibly felt his spirits tranquilized by the universal harmony which seemed to reign around.—The balm of peace descended upon his soul—I looked upon the wanderings of his past days with a calm but melancholy regret—it was too late to begin life anew; and after having spent his youth in toil and vexation, he now felt that a little rest was necessary. When the sun had sunk beneath the horizon, he laid himself on the turf, and soon dropped into a sweet and uninterrupted slumber. In the morning he arose refreshed. Beneath the wide spreading branches of a venerable tree, he constructed a simple hut—His meat was supplied by the roots and the herbs of the valley; and the crystal spring which bubbled by his dwelling, afforded him a wholesome beverage.—Every evening beheld him sinking peaceably to repose on his bed of leaves; and every dawning day saw him refreshed and cheerful. In a short time he discovered he was happy.—The discovery astonished him. He was insulated—an outcast, depending on the spontaneous products of the earth for sustenance, and only sheltered from the inclemency of the weather by a cabin, over which the den of wild beasts possessed many advantages.—Under such circumstances, that he could be happy was to him incomprehensible.—After musing some time on the strangeness of the fact, he found out that all the miseries of his

past life were to be imputed to himself; that they arose from his own restlessness and ambition; and that the true philosopher's stone which converts every thing it touches into gold, the real source of all human happiness, is CONTENTMENT.

From the Lynchburg Star.

Forty thousand dollars in specie were lately found in a hollow tree in Grayson County in this state, by a man named Perkins, a farmer. They are said to be lighter than the American standard, or Spanish milled dollars. Perkins has, we are told sent some of them on to the United States mint.

### INDEPENDENCE!!!

It will scarcely be credited, that the Prince of Baden, whose daughter is the consort of the Emperor of Russia, has humbly petitioned Bonaparte's permission to raise, on his own domains, a trifling loan of 150,000l. M. Champagny's reply to this application was in the following remarkable terms:—"His imperial Majesty, ever inclined to give proofs of his attachment to the Grand Duke, grants with pleasure the request of his Highness, and gives the consent required." Between the same Prince and the King of Wirtemberg, some disputes had arisen on the subject of commercial intercourse. Bonaparte, on being apprised of the affair, ordered the French councillor of State, Rayneval, and the Count de Villaine, to examine into it. The consequence was that two officers of the Grand Duke, one in the civil and the other in the military department, were dismissed without the knowledge of their master; and Herzoy, Director of the Cabinet, was, by the same authority, appointed one day, and capriciously discharged the next; and what is still more serious, he was, without trial, ordered into confinement in a fortress for nine years.

### NOBLE HUMANITY.

A great inundation having taken place in the north of Italy, owing to an excessive fall of snow from the Alps, followed by a speedy thaw, the river Adige carried off a bridge near Verona, except the middle part, on which was the house of the toll-gatherer, or porter, I forget which, and who, with his whole family, thus remained imperiled by the waves, and in momentary danger of destruction. They were discovered from the banks, stretching forth their hands, screaming, and imploring succor, while fragments of the remaining arch were continually dropping into the water. In this extreme danger, a nobleman, who was present, held out a purse of a hundred sequins, as a reward to any adventurer who would take a boat and deliver this unhappy family. But the risk was so great, of being borne down by the rapidity of the stream, or of being crushed by the falling stones, that not one in the vast number of spectators, had courage enough to attempt such an exploit. A peasant passing along, was informed of the proposed reward. Immediately jumping into a boat, he, by strength of oars, gained the middle of the river, brought his boat under the pier, and the whole family safely disembarked by a rope. "Courage," cried he, "how you are safe." By a still more strenuous effort, and great strength of arm, he brought the boat and family to shore. "Here I belong," exclaimed the nobleman, handing the purse to him, "here is the promised recompense." "I shall never expose my life for money," answered the peasant, "my labour is a sufficient livelihood for myself, my wife, and children; give the purse to this poor family, who have lost all."

### BEAUTIFUL ALLEGORY.

Happiness and virtue are twins, which can never be divid'd. They are born and flourish, or sicken and die together. They are joint offspring of good sense and innocence, and while they continue under the guidance of such parents, they are invulnerable to injury, and incapable of decay.



## Agricultural.

### THE FILE.

For the purpose of sharpening scythe-blades, the use of the file, in many parts of this state, has entirely superseded the whet-stone, and even the common grindstone.—A correspondent informs us, that from experience he has found this change to be a very great saving in time and expense. The file is said to give a much more suitable edge for cutting straw; and one whetting with it is equal to three or four in the common way—after the first grinding. (Richmond Argus.)

From the Northern Budget.

### OPIUM.

The great and increasing demand for this drug, its extensive usefulness in medicine, and, above all, the unexampled high price it now bears, (from 30 to 40 dollars per lb.) should render it an object of immediate attention with the patriotic cultivators of the American soil.

This gum is the produce of the poppy, so common in our gardens, by the extraction of the milky juice which issues from any wound made in the plant, after sufficient maturity. The manner in which I have for some years obtained it, is as follows.—As soon as the flower has fallen from the head, or seed-pod of the plant,

or at any time while it will yield its milk, I make incisions with a sharp knife, *slantwise*, round one half of the head. This should be done in the fore part of the day, when the part to be cut is dry, otherwise the milk runs down the stalk, and spreads about, so as to be more difficult to collect. When performing this, I carry with me a saucer, or some such vessel, to receive any drops that may be likely to fall. In the afternoon, with the smooth edge of a very thin spoon, or some other instrument sufficiently sharp to separate the partly hardened juice, yet so as not to scrape with it any part of the plant, I gather the now gummy juice, and depositing it in a saucer, or some flat dish, set it before a window to dry away. Next day I repeat the operation on the other side of the head, and the day after cut off the head; and thus continue, until no more milk can be obtained. But note, that the operation of wounding the plants and gathering the milk should be both performed on the same day, and when the air is pretty dry; for both rain and dew dissolve and wash away the opium. Dry weather is, therefore, necessary; and dry seasons the best for making opium.

Some have recommended a very large kind of poppy as best; but I find that the difference is not so great as might be expected. I have collected from a common red poppy twelve grains; and never more from any other. The little butter-fly poppy yields almost as well as others commonly do. Future experience, however, may yet determine in favour of some particular kind of poppy, as well as some particular kind of soil, manner and management.

The time of sowing may be at any period before the beginning of June, or even to the 10th of that month. The time from sowing to flowering may be from eight to twelve weeks, according to the soil and other circumstances; and they will grow almost any where, with but little trouble.

Women, children and infirm persons, might probably find an easy and profitable employment in raising and gathering opium. Patience of mind, and dexterity of hand, are the two greatest facilities; 1000 heads, with tolerable care and good fortune, may yield one pound of opium. Your seeds should, however, be sown at different times, so that you may not have them all on your hands at once.

### ABSTRACT

OF THE

## Baltimore Price-Current.

Beacon	per 10	12	to 14
Butter, for export	lb	14	to 18
Coffee	lb	25	to
Cotton	lb	16	to 18
Herrings	bb	4,00	
Shad	bb	7	
Pork, prime	bb	15	
NAVAL STORES, tar	bb	2,75	
Flour, superfine	bb	5,25	
LEATHER, soal	lb	17	to 18
Indian Corn	bush	0,55	
Flaxseed, rough	bush	85	to 90
Claret seed	bush	4,50	
Wheat	bush	1,12	to 1,25
Oats	bush	25	to
Nankeens, short	piece	0,80	
F. Brandy 4th p.	gall	1,20	to 1,25
Gin Holl. 1st p.	gall	1,25	
Whiskey	gall	0,55	
Salt, Liverpool	bush	0,45	
Tobacco, Patuxent 100 cwt		4,50	to 5,00
Tallow, American	cwt	11	to 12
Shingles cyp 18 inch M		2,50	
Plaster Paris	ton	7,50	

### NEW GOODS.

The Subscriber has received the following articles, viz.

CALICOS and Chintzes  
1/2 and 3/4 Shiting Cambric  
1/2 and 3/4 Cambric Muslin  
Mullin and Jackson do.  
Plain and Sprigged Leno do.  
Loom Seeded or Madison do.  
Coloured Nankeens and York Stripes  
Patent and Common Nankeens  
Seersuckers and Imperial Cord  
Bandannas and Mock Madras Handkerchiefs  
White and Coloured Merceries Waistcoating  
Men and Women's Cotton Stockings  
Ditto ditto Silk ditto  
Paton and Spidernet Sleeves  
White and Coloured Cotton Gloves  
Silk and Cotton Suspenders  
Coloured Threads and Sewing Cotton  
A few pieces of White Sheeting  
1 Box common Slippers  
Spangled Tiffany, Paper and Bark Fans.  
With many other articles in the Dry Goods way, too tedious to insert, all of which will be sold low for CASH, and as usual to punctual customers.

BARNEY CURRAN,

Surviving partner of

MICHAEL & B. CURRAN.

Annapolis, June 17th, 1809.

### AMERICAN

### PATENT SHOT.

Of all sizes, made by John Bishop & Co. Philadelphia, for sale by

J. F. F. Wessels.

No. 5, Calvert street, Baltimore  
Agent for the factory.

ALSO ON HAND,

A Complete Assortment of

German & English GOODS.

June 17.