

POET'S CORNER.

S O N G.

(To the tune of "MY CHARMING FELLOW.")

I.

ONE evening fair, the zephyrs blew,
An Urchin had his fancy,
Then from his bow a shaft he drew,
To wound my heart with—NANCY.

II.

The fair one's charms I strove to shun,
In dreams she pleas'd my fancy,
But like the night's departing sun,
The morn was so with NANCY.

III.

Then on my pillow I did moan,
Found phantoms were all fancy;
As Phœbus then did eastward roam,
I took my leave of NANCY.

IV.

Her two black eyes like brilliants bright,
Will ever please my fancy—
Her arch'd black brows—her red and white—
Oh! what a lovely NANCY!

V.

My hand and heart I'd have her take,
If I could please her fancy;
And change her name to mine from *****,
And join the dearest NANCY.

On an ill-natured WOMAN.

A WRETCH who triumphs o'er her neighbours woe,
A friend to discord, and to peace a foe;
Revenge her pleasure—mischief her delight,
Forever snarls—forever tries to bite;
Never in temper, always out of tune,
The same at night, in morning, and at noon.
If such a creature in the world there be,
Who will not guess that must be she.
A frown eternal on her brow she wears,
And dire ill-nature in her face appears;
Others are taught by nature or by art,
With looks serene to hide a baneful heart;
But thy black soul we in thy visage see,
And all the DEVIL stands confess'd in THEE.

A curious Love Epistle from a Stone-Cutter to a Widow of a handsome fortune.

"Divine Flint,

"WERE you harder than Prophyry or Agate, the Chissel of my Love, drove by the Mallet of my Fidelity, would have made some impression on thee.—I that have

shaped as I pleased, the most untoward Substances, hoped by the Compass of Reason, the Plummet of Discretion, the Saw of Constancy, the soft File of Kindness, and the polish of good Words, to have modelled you into one of the prettiest Statues in the world; but, alas! I find you are a Flint, that strikes fire, and sets my soul in a blaze. Though your heart is as cold as Marble, pity my case, Madam, for I know not what I say or do. If I go to make a Dragon, I strike out a Cupid—instead of a Church Font for Baptism, I make an Apothocary's Mortar; and dear Pillar of my Hopes, I will, if fortunate, erect Statues, Obelisks, and Pyramids to your Generosity."



A N E C D O T E

Of Sir Elijah Impey, late Chief Justice of Bengal.

THIS immaculate son of Astrea, on his return from India, chanced to be told that some of the crew had caught a shark. Curiosity impelled the worthy knight to take a peep at the prawler of the deep as it lay extended on the deck.—"What do you call this fish?" said he, in a tone some what haughtier than that in which he lately addressed the commons—"What do you call it?" answered an honest tar, "a Sea Lawyer," to the no small merriment of every one on board, especially the captain, who by this began to smoke his guest.



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Hillsborough district.

In the court of equity, in April term, 1788.

In the suit there depending, wherein John Wilcox is complainant, and Archibald Maclaine and Morris, defendants.

IT is ordered, that James Morris, the heir, and the executors of Joseph and George Anthony Morris, put in their answer to the complainant's bill, on or before the first day of the ensuing term, (which will be on the first day of October next) and that on the defendant's, or either of them, failing in obedience to this order, the complainant's bill to be taken pro confesso against the persons so failing, unless cause shewn, &c. A commission to issue to Philadelphia to take the answer.

Published by order of the court,

W. WATTERS,

Clerk of the court in the aforesaid

Court District.

13—18

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