THE BOUQUET.

"MUCH YET REMAINS UNSUNG."

LINES—*By Percival.*

I saw the fair one pass away,
In her earliest beauty's bright array;
In the glow of hope and the flush of pride,
And the innocent joy of a virgin bride;
When her heart, yet pure as the first fallen snow,
Gave loose to its feeling's fullest flow,
And her cheek as rich as the crimson flower,
That opens in India's sunny bower,
Was hung with curls, that danced and flew,
As the wind of the morning lightly blew,
And swelled the sail of the bark, that bore
The bride from that loved and lovely shore—
O! thus in her maiden beauty gay
I saw the fair one pass away.

I saw that faded fair return,
With heart as chill as a marble urn,
And cheeks of as pale and wan a hue,
As a blossom wet by the poison dew
That falls from the leaves of the funeral yew;
Her eye had lost its glancing fire,
Her cheek the glow of young desire,
And as she gaz'd on the home of her tender years
With a look too cold for smiles or tears,
But a look that told how her peace had flown,
And how she was left in her grief alone;
Thus pale and still to the shore she drew,
As the wind of the morn lightly blew:
O! how unlike to the joyous day,
When she passed in her beauty's pride away.

ANSWERS to ENIGMAS in our last.

No. 1—One guides *miss*—the other *mis*-guides.
No. 2—Forms our habits.
No. 3—Coro-*net*.

ENIGMATICAL INTERROGATORIES.

No. 1—Why is a good tradesman like a student of divinity?
No. 2—Why is a chronologist like a palm-tree?
No. 3.—Why are the toes like ancient histories?

THE MISCELLANIST.

From the Emporium.

THE MEDDLER.

Though the old Schoolmaster to whose tutelage Tom Jones owed the little school learning he possessed, among other wise and salutary maxims, often inculcated this—"Mind your own business, and let other people's alone," in despite of every thing, he grew up most obstinately pertinacious in the determination which had early manifested itself, of minding every body's business but his own.—Jones learned the shoe-making business, and when I first knew him had just commenced trade for himself, had an apprentice or two, and a decent share of business, which would have enabled him, had he been a prudent man, to have lived comfortably and saved something. He came from Briar Creek to Aylsbury, and his character which often travels slower but seldom less sure than him it belongs to, had not reached the place yet. People however, as they are much accustomed to do every where, kept a pretty sharp eye on him, as he was young, and had to establish himself. Jones saw this, but it did not check him a day—He had no sooner hung his sign, and cut out a day's work for his boys, then he took up his habit of assisting other people, unasked, in the management of their affairs.

In the course of a very few weeks, he made himself master of the most minute affairs of every one within five miles of his location. There was not a courtship going on, a bargain in progress, a job of work of any kind bespoke, a disagreement on foot, a mistep made, a new article of dress purchased, there was nothing in short which the tongue of inquisitiveness and the argus eye of observation could probe into, but Tom knew all about it, and he always set himself up as a counsellor general in such cases, and dispensed his opinion without fee or reward. None to be sure could charge him with a malicious purpose in any thing he said or did—he was every body's friend, and did every thing out of pure good will, or compassion for them, but then it will readily be agreed that one who has not prudence to let these matters alone, will hardly have prudence to handle them cautiously. He became a kind of party to every cause and matter, and as this compelled himself to one side or the other of every case that had two to it, he always was sure of making an enemy, and never sure of making a friend.

"There goes the Meddler," they used to say in the street as he passed along, before he lived three months in the neighbourhood—and a more despicable epithet could scarcely be applied to an individual, or one that would sooner bring him into supreme contempt.

Like all other young men, Jones had two objects to accomplish, as soon as practicable in the outset. The one was to secure to himself an established character and a good business—The other, to procure a good wife and set himself down in the world; and he appeared perfectly sensible of this, for he aimed at both objects in his blundering way. He professed a great deal of friendship for his customers, kept his promises better than could have been expected, and made tolerable shoes—but then he neglected his books and debts, and made use of his tongue so much more than his wax end, that his shop did not turn many unbespoken dollars into his pocket. One after another of his customers either took offence at his meddling disposition or became disgusted with his inquisitiveness, and left him, while in proportion as his acquaintances multiplied, his expenses increased. Three or four mugs of beer a day, cost him as many fippences, and a few of these made a dollar, and the profit on a pair of shoes was very small. Literally he went about, with an empty purse and an open mouth, which uttered more words than his shop brought bites brought bites of bread and butter per day, for a whole year to put into it.

In matters of courtship poor Tom Jones succeeded much after the same manner. The girls hate a meddler—if they chance to have a spice of the meddling disposition in their own composition, they dislike to let a husband go shares, and if they have not it is still more intolerable. Tom never came home from his excursions of gallantry without an old rag pinned to his coat, or a hen's feather stuck in his hat, or his coat chalked in crosses, or the evidence of some roguish trick having been practised upon him. On one occasion it was said he was engaged to a young lady, but he interfered in a lawsuit between some one of the family and a neighbour, got himself subpœnead as a witness in the case, and so dissatisfied them that he was forbidden the house; at another time he meddled with some secret affairs of a family, where he was paying addresses, and they set the dog on him, and fairly drove him off the premises.—Thus generally ended his love affairs, while still his inveterate habit hung about him to the last, and grew daily more powerful, even to singularity.

His latter days were filled up with misfortunes which bear the character of fiction rather than reality. He utterly ruined his credit in the village by an attempt to liberate a prisoner from the county goal who had been locked up for debt, and being detected and confined himself. His associations being all broken up—he retired to the woods and creeks, and indulged his propensity among the fish nets and traps, belonging to his neighbours, and was at last found dead in a bear trap, in which he had been caught in some careless meddling attempt to set it to his mind.

Every meddler is not as unfortunate as Tom Jones was, though there never was one that did not both deserve and share a portion of his misfortunes. The man and woman that properly attend to their business, will always find that enough, and as for the concerns of others, they generally prosper best without the assistance of people who have no interest in them.

THE AFFECTIONS.

"Were in a desert," says the sympathetic Sterne, "I would find something in it to call forth my affections. If I could not do better, I would fasten them upon some sweet myrtle, or seek some melancholy cypress, and repose beneath its shade; I would carve my name upon them, and declare they were the loveliest trees throughout the desert. If their leaves withered, I would teach myself to mourn; and when they renewed their verdure, I would instinctively rejoice."

The heart and the affections require to be called forth; and, if we are so unfortunate as to be destitute of friends, we must endeavor to place them upon something that is sensible of our attachment; for to a mind endowed with feeling and sensibility, nothing can be so dreadful as a state of indifference.

MATRIMONIAL STATISTICS.

The following is a fair statement of matrimony in some of the principal towns in England in 1816.

Wives eloped,	1132.
Husbands run away,	2348.
Legally divorced,	4175.
Husbands and wives that exhibit to the world the most perfect *Paradisical* bliss in *public*, calling each other "my beloved Sophia, my kind Charles, my charming Editha," &c. but who pinch and scratch each other all night,	5934.
Living in open hostility,	17845.
Secretly discontented,	13279.
Mutually indifferent,	55240.
Passing for happy,	27.
Hardly happy,	14.
Truly happy,	5.
Total	100,000.

An old Bachelor who always chuckles when he has an opportunity of furnishing any thing to the prejudice of matrimony, put the foregoing *precious exhibit* of 'matrimonial statistics' in our hands, with an emphatic "*look there.*"!!! We believe we published something of the same nature a few months ago, but as we are very unwilling to mar the pleasure of a being whose sole gratification consists in railing at a state which he can never enter, we concluded to republish it. Those old curmudgeons, the Bachelors, remind us of wicked infidels, who after having sinned away their day of grace and forever precluded themselves from entering in at the strait gate, are the most clamorous in their denunciations of the whole system of revelation.

Our readers will please to understand that this statement is of the 100,000 marriages which took place in England in 1816; now it is fair and reasonable to infer that time which meliorates and improves every thing, has greatly changed the face of matters in the matrimonial world. A gentleman who has lately travelled in England and is a close observer, says that out of 100,000 marriages which now occur in that kingdom, there are at least *ten* happy couple, thus doubling the number of those in 1816. At the same time he expresses his fears that the mutually indifferent, and nocturnal clawing, biting and pinching, are increased in fearful ratio.

THE REFLECTOR.

RELIGION.

When the world begins to recede from our view, and the realities of eternity are just ready to burst upon us, we begin to form some just estimate of consolations of religion, and some rational, though imperfect conceptions of the value of the soul and the importance of its salvation. But while the storm of adversity slumbers, and death appears to be lingering on the borders of distant years, and we are cheered with the sun-shine of health and prosperity, we are apt to place at a remote distance those momentous things which concern us as dying creatures, and "put away the evil day," which often comes *suddenly* upon us. The distant sound of alarm just interrupts our slumbers; dies away upon the ear, and we imagine all is well—we turn our heads upon the soft pillow and sink again to repose. But as the cry approaches with increasing loudness, and the constant peals of the alarm bell strike upon the ear, and the bursting flames dazzle our slumbering eyes, we wake—start up—forsake our slumbers, and rush forth to secure our own safety, and aid in rescuing others from impending danger.—The most zealous and devoted who have accustomed themselves to meditate much on the scenes of death, and the concerns of a future world, when they come to view the subject near, and to look at them in the light of eternity, find that they have had very imperfect conceptions of their magnitude and importance. They then feel that all their labours and exertions have been but weak attempts, and they are astonished that they have so long slumbered over perishing souls. With what earnestness do we see many on a dying bed, urging Christians to greater faithfulness, and pleading with impatient sinners to become reconciled to God, and prepare for the day of retribution.

What allowances it may please God to make for the prejudices, and passions, the slight and blasphemies of unthinking careless men, who have never embraced the faith of Jesus, it may not perhaps concern us to enquire: but we know that we are responsible to that law which we profess, and to that Master whom we serve; that to use indifference is infidelity, and disobedience treason; that wilful unrepented sin in a Christian is without hope as without excuse, and exposes him even with his own full consent, to all the punishment of the Gospel.

THE ECONOMIST.

PRESERVING MEAT.

The preservation of meat, for very considerable periods of time, may, it has been discovered in France, be effected by the aid of soot, from the chimneys, where wood only is burnt for fuel, as in a great part of France. One pound of this soot is sufficient to cure three pounds of beef, and after which the soot will be little if any the worse, as a manure for the farmer's crops.

The soot is put into a vessel with about four times its weight of water, and allowed to macerate during twenty-four hours with frequent stirring. The clear liquor then decanted is found charged with an increase of about 1-25th of its weight consisting of the pyroligneous acid and bituminous principles of the soot; and therein the meat previously salted in the ordinary way, should be put to soak for a half an hour, and then be taken out and dried in the open air; by which process its effectual preservation is effected, and at the same time no material taste communicated to the meat.—*Monthly Magazine.*

Extraordinary Increase by Transplanting.—Mr. Charles Miller, of Cambridge, Eng. sowed some wheat on the 2d July 1806, and on the 8th of August, one plant was taken up, separated into 18 parts, and replanted, these plants were again taken, and divided between the middle of September and the middle of October, and again planted separately to stand the winter; and this second division produced sixty-seven plants; they were again taken up between the middle of March and the middle of April, and produced five hundred plants. The number of ears thus produced from one grain of wheat was 21,109, which measured three pecks and three quarts weighing forty--seven pounds seven ounces and were estimated at 576,840 grains.

From the Oxford Observer.

Smut in Wheat—It is well known that the farmers in this part of the country have suffered almost beyond calculation, by Smut in their wheat—especially the last season. Almost every field of wheat in this vicinity, (where the antidote was not applied,) was much injured by Smut, which seems a great pity, when the remedy is so easy and simple.

In the New-England Farmer, Vol. 1, page 103, sundry remedies are given, yet they are so complex and indefinite, that it is difficult for farmers to follow any of them. But in all the compounds there laid down, where any great benefit has been realized, you find that Lime was the principal ingredient. In short, Lime is the only thing necessary. I might reason, theorize, and enlarge on this subject, with my opinion of the cause of Smut, why and how it is produced, &c.; but as there are various opinions I shall at present only give the remedy, which, I am confident, is effectual against smut in Wheat.

Wash your wheat in two or three waters, put it into a tub or some other convenient vessel, and to every bushel of wheat put at least two quarts of fresh slacked Lime; then add water sufficient, to cover the wheat; stir it well together, let it remain at least 48 hours, stirring it occasionally; you may let it stand longer; should it be necessary. When you are ready to sow, turn off the water, and put the wheat into a basket to drain, or it may be spread upon a sheet or blanket, when it will soon be in a proper condition for sowing. I have followed the above method for several years, and never had an ear of smut; and after much inquiry and observation, during 20 years, have never known an ear of smut produced where this remedy has been used; and I am persuaded should the above practice be pursued with seed wheat, that there never would be any smut.

It should be recollected that the wheat must remain in the lime water, as above directed, at *least*, 48 hours. Respectfully, yours,

CORNELIUS HOLLAND.

Canton, April, 1825.

[We have known several farmers, who soak or steep their wheat, as recommended in the above communication, and when they are ready to sow it, put in as much dry Lime as will cause the kernels to separate. We should think plaster might do as well.]—*Editor.*

Home-Baked Bread.—"Let the best and cleanest wheat be ground by an honest miller, without being dressed at all, let it be made into bread and well baked. Bread made of fine flour, is of too astringent a quality; but if the bran be retained, the bread will be found equally nutritious and much more conducive to good health."

LIGHT READINGS.

A person in prison was asked by a friend, what he was confined for? 'For telling lies,' was the answer. 'Telling lies!' rejoined the other, 'how is that?' 'Why telling people I would pay them, and then not keeping my word.'

A woman whose humble sphere of life had made her consider treakle as the greatest luxury in the world, in sweetening the tea of her master, was surprised to find him decline an extra quantity of molasses, and exclaimed—"Do take some, sir, *if the tea were all molasses, it would not be too good for you.*

A gentleman in his eagerness at a table to answer a call for some apple pie, owing to the knife sliding on the bottom of the dish, found his knuckles buried in the crust, when a wag who was seated just opposite to him, very gravely observed, whilst he held his plate, "sir may I trouble you for a bit, *whilst your hand's in.*"

A countryman very much marked with small pox, applied to a justice of the peace for redress in an affair where one of his neighbours had ill treated him; but not explaining the business so clearly as the justice expected, "Fellow," said the justice in a pet, "I don't know whether you were inoculated for the small pox or not; *but I am sure you been have for stupidity.*" "Why, and please your honour," replied the man, perhaps I might be inoculated for stupidity, but there was no occasion to perform upon your worship, *for you seem to have had it in the natural way.*"

Dr. Mounsey, of Chelsea College, was apt to quarrel with his wife. Returning from Fulham he was overtaken by a terrible storm; a return hearse came up going to Chelsea. Any port in a storm. The Doctor crept in with the pall and plumes for his companions. The hearse stopped at the door; his lady looked out, 'Who have you got there, coachman,' 'The doctor, ma'm.' 'Thank heaven!' says she 'he's safe at last.' Thank you: my love', says the doctor, (getting out of the hearse,) 'for your kind anxiety for my safety.'

An affecting anecdote was a short time since related in the French papers. A young man took a dog into a boat, rowed to the centre of the Siene and threw the animal over with the intent to drown him. The poor dog often tried to climb up the side of the boat, but his master as often pushed him back, till overbalancing himself he fell overboard. As soon as the faithful dog saw his master in the stream, he left the boat, and held him above water till help arrived from the shore, and his life was saved.

Such an example of faithfulness, speaks volumes in favour of the canine race.

A man was convicted of bigamy before an Irish Judge, who lectured the fellow pretty roundly on the nature of his *uxorious* crime adding; "The only punishment which the law authorizes me to inflict, is, that you be transported to parts beyond the seas for the term of seven years; if I had my will, you should not escape with so mild a punishment; for I would sentence you, for the term of your natural life, to *live in the same house with both your wives.*"

EAGLE INN,
LAUREL, DELAWARE.

The Subscriber respectfully informs the public, that he has taken that old and long established Hotel in Laurel, (Del.) near the Bridge, and well known as the Sign of the Spread Eagle, which has lately undergone a thorough repair, with new stabling, &c. It is his intention to use every exertion to render complete the comfort and convenience of those who favor him with their custom, and he hopes for a continuance and extension of public patronage.

STEPHEN ELLIS.

☞ A few *BOARDERS* can be comfortably accommodated.

N. B. The proprietor of the Eagle Inn will keep constantly on hand, the choicest assortment of *LIQUORS* that the markets of Baltimore and Philadelphia can afford. april 2—3m

Property
TO RENT.

The subscriber wishes to rent for the ensuing year the following property, and prefers giving leases for several years, viz: a Farm on Black Water river, that is now occupied by Wm. Merredith, the Farm whereon Thos. Keese now lives; a small Farm now occupied by Zebulon Mitchell; a Farm near New Market, called "Badley's Intention." The large and commodious brick House and Lot in the town of New Market, now occupied by Mrs. Sterling: The Farm whereon the subscriber now lives: The tenement now occupied by Archibald Serrell: A 10 acre Lot with a House on it near Cambridge, and the property now occupied by Eben W. Kennard and David Lecompte in the town of Cambridge. He also wishes to sell a Wood Lot of 25 acres near Cambridge. For terms, apply to the subscriber, or in his absence to Thos. Breerwood, esq. who is fully authorised to contract. A. RICH.

N.B. All persons indebted to me are again respectfully requested to come forward and settle their respective claims. A. R.
may 21 3t

For Rent, Lease, or Sale.

The subscriber wishes to rent lease or sell the following property, to wit: a FARM on Hicksborough road with good improvements thereon, now occupied by Mrs. Tootel,——also a large HOUSE and LOT at the Cross Roads, opposite Dr. Thompson's, which will be put in good repair,——also the HOUSE and LOT where the subscriber now lives,——also the *Shoe Shop* now occupied by Messrs. Straughans, and a lot on High street opposite Mr. Rob't Applegarth. For terms apply to the subscriber, or in her absence, to Mr. Henry Burn, who is authorised to make any contract for the above. ELIZABETH MARSHALL.

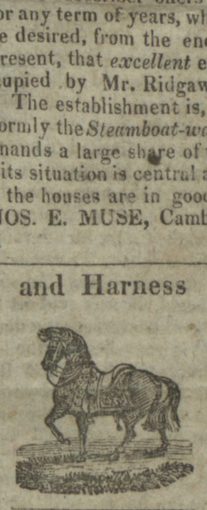
N. B. All persons indebted to the above are requested to come forward and settle immediately, as they need not expect further indulgence. E.M.
may 28 3t*

Tavern to be Leased.

The subscriber offers for rent for any term of years, which may be desired, from the end of the present, that *excellent* establishment occupied by Mr. Ridgaway as a Tavern. The establishment is, and has been uniformly the *Steamboat-way-house*, and commands a large share of the local business; its situation is central and pleasant, and the houses are in good repair.

JOS. E. MUSE, Cambridge.
may 21 tf

and Harness



Manufactory.

Saddle, Cap,

THOMAS LUCAS,

Having removed to the shop next door to Dr. White's store, and opposite to Mr. Ridgaway's tavern,

Race-Street Cambridge,

Takes this method of informing his old customers and the citizens generally, that he is prepared to execute all orders in his line, on moderate terms, with neatness and despatch. He will constantly keep on hand, materials of the first quality, and he flatters himself that the workmanship will bear comparison with any.—Those persons who may entrust him with their work may rely upon having it executed with fidelity.

TRUNKS, SADDLES, CAPS, and all kinds of HARNESS made and repaired at the shortest notice. tf

JOB PRINTING,
NEATLY EXECUTED AT THIS OFFICE.

CAM

VOL. III.

For Rent, Lease

The subscriber w
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N. B. All persons ind
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may 28

☞ $300 REW

Ran away from the subs
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their names are Stephen
Robertson, and Ben Dashi
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state, 50 dollars for each.

WM. F. DASH
Priscilla Dashiell, Adm'x
deceased. m

To Travellers an

WM. C. RIDGA

Begs leave to inform his f
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House, situated on the co
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DAY BOOKS, | RECE
JOURNALS, | SALE
&c. &c. &c.

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on reasonable terms, by
left at this office.

—ALSO—

A Variety of School Bo
New York Spelling Book,
Murray's Introduction,
June 4

TAILORI

ARCHIBALD S

HIGH STRE

near the Court House,
Respectfully informs his f
public generally, that he s

THE TAILORING

at the above stand, whe
continuance of public pa
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