THE BOUQUET.

"MUCH YET REMAINS UNSUNG."

From the National Journal.

A FRAGMENT.

Soft as the memory of buried love,
Pure as the prayer which childhood wafts above,
Was *she*— BYRON.

——He sat beside her, and he watch'd
The dying moments of the one he lov'd—
He plac'd his trembling hand upon her forehead,
Growing each moment colder—and he press'd
Her pale dry lips to his—it was the kiss,
The farewell kiss, of separating friends.
He wept unheard; and down his quiv'ring cheeks
Roll'd many a tear to tell that he did love.
Her ling'ring heart, just strong enough to beat
The last weak stroke that lull'd it into rest,
Was longing to be still—and her pale visage,
White as the fingers of the hands of death,
Seem'd but a picture of the lonely grave:
Her blighted eyes, once like her native sky,
When nature's pencil with its favorite hue
Tints it, and makes it lovely to the sight,
Look'd like the moon o'er which a wand'ring cloud
Had swiftly pass'd and left a veil behind—
And her pale cheek, which vied in beauty with
The crimson rose, when health had nursed it,
Wither'd at the touch of the fell monster.
No longer could her tongue, by fevers parch'd,
Call on a mother's name, and animate
The dwelling of her youth—no more could she
Sound those clear notes which oft indulge the ear
With many a song, that breath'd the language
Of her tender heart—no longer could she
Sweep her fair fingers o'er her charming lyre
To cheer the bosom and refine the soul
With pleasure and with love—the messenger was near!
Who then can stay the mighty arm of *Death?*
Can *Man*, with all his boasted strength and fire?
No!—he's like an *insect* 'neath the *arm of God.*
Can *Wisdom*, with all its wonted firmness?—No!
'Tis like a *star* that glitters and departs.
Can *Beauty*, with loveliest, gayest smiles?
No!—'tis like a *flower* on the whirlwind's wing—
Can *Gaiety?*—No! It is but *Vanity*,
Which trembles and decays whene'er 'tis near.

* * * * * *

He watch'd her still—he saw her die,
And wept his hours—at last his life away.

THE MISCELLANIST.

Carter's Letters.

LONDON.

We have been in the British Metropolis ten days, every hour of which, save the ordinary deductions for sleep and refreshment, has been occupied in obtaining a knowledge of the prominent features of the city. After much fatigue, accompanied with much pleasure, our survey for the present has been completed; and before leaving for the North, I proceed to give you a hasty and imperfect sketch of our observations. The first objects which arrest the attention of a stranger are most known to the generality of readers; and it is a hopeless task, to attempt to impart interest or novelty to what so many tourists have examined and described.

But to waste no paper in apologies:—it was our wish, as soon as practicable to obtain a bird's eye view of London, and an early visit was therefore paid to St. Paul's Church, occupying an elevated position in the heart of the city, and rising to the height of about four hundred feet from its foundation. This gigantic and noble structure stands upon Ludgate Hill, on the northern bank of the Thames, at a little distance from the water, on the site of an ancient church, which was burned in the general conflagration of 1666. Nine years afterwards, the present edifice was commenced by the celebrated architect Sir Christopher Wren, who lived to complete it, with the aid of one master mason, in thirty-five years after its foundation was laid.—A curious, though perhaps fabulous anecdote is related, respecting its commencement. Sir Christopher directed a labourer to bring a stone, to be planted as a landmark under the centre of the dome, on the ruin of the old church. The workman accidentally brought a small fragment of a tomb stone, upon which was the word "*resurgam*"—I shall rise again—being a part of an ancient inscription. It was applied to the resurrection of the building as well as of the body, and was accounted a good omen, cheering the zealous architect in his labours.

The modern edifice is of Portland stone, which has been discoloured by the influence of the weather, according as its several parts are more or less exposed. Portions of it retain the original hue of the material, while others are rendered grey and black, by the storms that have beaten against it for more than a century. At a little distance, the exterior assumes the aspect of well defined lights and shades in a picture. Unlike most other churches in the kingdom, St. Paul's is built in the Grecian style of architecture, embracing several orders, and fashioned after the purest models. Its situation, however, conveys an impression that its dome is much too large for the body. It is entirely surrounded by high brick buildings, rising nearly to the elevation of its walls, and obstructing the view at all points except the opening of streets, converging and meeting at the yard. The dome is a prominent object, seen from nearly every part of the city and its suburbs, while the structure upon which it stands is entirely concealed. The best *coup d' œil* is from Ludgate-street, presenting a view of the two towers upon the western end, a part of the cupola, and the majestic porch forming the principal entrance, together with the colossal figures of apostles, saints and kings, which crown the edifice. It is built in the form of a cross, five hundred feet from east to west, and two hundred and eighty-five feet in the widest part, technically denominated the transept.—The whole covers an area of more than two acres.

Having paid our fee of admission at the north door, we commenced an examination of the interior, which occupied several hours. A description in detail would swell to a volume, and be too heavy a draught on the patience of my readers. Some half a dozen guides in succession conducted us to every part of the building. In the south-western turret is a spiral flight of steps, mounting to the height of about seventy feet, denominated "the *geometrical* stair-case," for what reason our guide could not explain. It was pronounced to be the greatest work of the kind in Europe. In the opposite turret is the belfry. The machinery of the clock and bell is on a scale commensurate with the gigantic proportion of the edifice. There is in the hall a model of the minute hand of the clock, which measures eight or nine feet in length, and moves round a circumference of fifty-seven feet. The ponderous wheels and hammers resemble the engine of a steam-boat, and the tower trembles with the jarring sound of the bell, which weighs upwards of eleven hundred, and may be heard twenty miles.

In the south side of the second story, there is a spacious apartment appropriated to the Library for the use of the clergy officiating in the Cathedral. It contains a large collection of books, with some valuable manuscripts, the rarest of which were shewn to us. The floor is a curiosity. It is of British oak, laid in small panes, like a mosaic pavement, and composed of almost innumerable pieces. On the opposite side is another spacious room, containing a model of a church resembling St. Paul's, except that it has but one turret at the end. It was built by Sir Christopher Wren, and is said to have been his favorite plan, which was overruled by the opinions of others, or modified by circumstances. There are some other architectural designs of his in this apartment; as also the funeral decorations used in the interment of Lord Nelson.

At the base of the dome is the "whispering gallery," with a massive iron railing, and leading quite round it. The view both above and below is extremely grand. Stationing himself on the side opposite to us, at the distance of something more than a hundred feet, the guide gave, in whispers distinctly heard, an explanation of the lofty painted ceiling, which resembles that at Chatsworth, and is liable to the same objections. It is covered with splendid allegories, which none but the artist himself would probably be able to understand. It was erected by Sir James Thornhill, who lay the greater part of his life upon his back, in touching off these gorgeous ornaments. A story is told of his miraculous escape, while employed upon this work. On completing the image of one of his saints, he heedlessly retreated to the very verge of the scaffolding, to observe the effect of the picture. A friend who was with him perceiving his imminent danger, seized the brush and daubed the image, whereupon the artist rushed forward in a fit of passion, to demand the reason of such conduct, and was thereby rescued from danger. These circumstances are too complex to be credible.

Around the dome, at the base of the Cupola, on the outside, there is a walk guarded by an iron railing, the bars of which are nearly corroded asunder by rust. The immense panorama of London and its environs, stretching on all sides below, as far as the eye can reach, was grand and interesting beyond description. Objects so far beneath our feet were reduced to a diminutive size, and the belles and beaux looked like puppets hurrying along the side walks. The city, including its suburbs, is about thirty miles in circumference, over the whole of which, together with much circumjacent country, our view extended. A more favorable day could not have been selected. The morning had been showery, and the rain once compelled us to retreat, after walking two miles; but at noon the sky cleared, and the atmosphere was purified of smoke, except at intervals, when clouds of it were rapidly driven by the wind across the town, for a moment intercepting the prospect.

Nearly all the roofs of the buildings of London are covered with red tiles, with earthen pipes to the chimneys of the same color. The whole area of the city, from such a height, seemed covered with this novel ground work, except where the streets, in the direction of the eye, extended like ravines, or green parks occasionally broke the uniformity and gave relief to the view. Through the heart of the town, for the whole distance, winds "the silver Thames," covered with boats and vessels of all descriptions, and its six bridges between Vauxhall and Deptford full in sight.—Uninteresting as its banks are rendered by unbroken ranges of brick walls, the river adds much to the picture. In the distance, a green border, rich in rural scenery, stretches round the whole horizon. This little circle, visible from the top of St. Paul's, and not exceeding ten or fifteen miles in diameter, embraces a population of about two millions—one-fourth greater than that of the state of New-York.

Beyond this stage in the ascent our guide did not accompany us; but pointed out the way, and gave us leave to climb to the top for another shilling.—The visitant should rather be paid, than pay, for climbing up the remaining seventy feet on perpendicular ladders, since there is nothing to reward his toil, save an occasional peep from the dizzy eminence. We however had the curiosity to ascend, and seated ourselves in the brass ball, at the foot of the cross, which is sufficently capacious to hold a half a dozen persons. Only three of the niches were occupied on this occasion. —Although the day below was comparatively tranquil, the wind roared around the turret, with a dull, hollow sound, like that of a furnace. In a violent storm, the peals of thunder and the beating of the tempest against the dome must be grand and terrific.

On descending from this aerial height, another guide conducted us to the vaults of the church, where in darkness and in silence sleep the ashes of the honourable dead. Though the sun was bright above, a more than twilight dimness reigned below; and the portress lighted her lamp at the iron gate, to direct our footsteps among the tombs, and to enable us to read the inscriptions upon the monuments. The sickly rays of the taper, occasionally throwing spectres upon the wall and ceiling, as we groped our way beneath subterranean arches, and the sepulchral echoes of our voices, added to the gloom of the cemetery. Under the centre of the dome of St. Paul's is the tomb of Nelson. The pavement of the church was taken up to make room for the coffin to descend. A circular iron grate, two or three feet in diameter, admits a feeble light from above, and affords a glimpse of the stupendous dome. —The hero reposes beneath a noble canopy, and the simplicity of the monument over his body is a perfect contrast to the allegorical and complex decorations in other places. On one side of the sable pedestal of his vault is inscribed, "Horatio Viscount Nelson." The black marble sarcophagus, surmounted with a cushion and coronet, was designed by Cardinal Woolsey for his interment at Windsor; but a sudden change of fortune and his fall from greatness deprived him of anticipated honors.

In the southern isle of the *Crypt*, under a half window in the basement, sleeps the dust of Sir Christopher Wren, the architect of the building; and near him were interred, beneath the pavement, the remains of Sir Joshua Reynold, Barry, Opie, and our countryman West—all eminent artists. Plain slabs, and equally plain inscriptions, designate their tombs. The epitaph of the last mentioned is as follows:—"Here lie the remains of Benjamin West, Esq. President of the Royal Academy of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture. He was born at Springfield, in Chester county, in the state of Pennsylvania, in America, the 10th of October, 1738, and died at London the 11th of March, 1820." I find no other monument to his memory in the metropolis; but perhaps this is sufficient for an artist who will live in the splendid memorials of his own genius. To others, less distinguished, the breathing marble and pompous epitaph may be more necessary, to tell who they are and what they have done.

On our return from the Vaults, an hour was passed in examining the monuments on the walls, in the body of the church. They are numerous, and some of them splendid, displaying generally more taste than those in Westminster Abbey. Most of them were executed by Westmacott, Bacon, Flaxman, and Chantry. The general fault is a want of simplicity in the design, and a profusion of ornament, with a long story for an epitaph, which no one would have the patience to read. Of the number most interesting to us, were those in memory of Dr. Johnson, Sir William Jones, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Howard the philanthropist, Lord Nelson, and Sir John Moore. These are men whom the world knows—an advantage which some of those, whose names are here enrolled, do not enjoy. Packenham died gallantly, and perhaps deserved his marble, though unfortunate in a bad cause; but what did either Cornwallis or Ross ever do to merit a public monument? There are others whose claims upon posterity are still more equivocal; while hundreds whom genius distinguished and the muses loved, sleep neglected. But enough on this topic for the present.

FOR THE LADIES.

How to choose a good Husband.

When you see a young man of modest, respectful, retiring manners, not given to pride, to vanity or flattery; he will make a good husband; for he will be the same "kind man" towards his wife after marriage, that he was before it.

When you see a young man of frugal and industrious habits, no "fortune hunter," but who would take a wife for the value of herself, and not for the sake of her wealth; that man will make a good husband, for his affection will not decrease, neither will he bring himself or his partner to poverty and want.

When you see a young man, whose manners are of the boisterous and disgusting kind, with "brass" enough to carry him any where, and vanity enough to make him think every one inferior to himself, don't marry him, girls, he will not make a good husband.

When you see a young man, who is using his best endeavors to raise himself from obscurity, to credit, character and affluence, by *his own merits*, marry him; he will make a good husband, and one worth having.

When you see a young man depending solely for his reputation and standing in society, upon the *wealth of his rich father* and other relations, don't marry him for goodness sake, he will make a poor husband.

When you see a young man, one half his time employed in adorning his person, or riding through the streets in gigs, who leaves his debts unpaid, although frequently demanded; never, never do you marry him, for he will in every respect make a bad husband.

When you see a young man, who never engages in any affrays or quarrels by day, nor *follies* by *night*, and whose *dark, black* deeds are not of so mean a character, as to make him wish to conceal his name; who does not keep low company, nor break the Sabbath, nor use profane language, but whose face is seen regularly at church, where he ought to be, he will certainly make a good husband.

When a young man, who is below you in wealth, offers you marriage, don't deem it a disgrace, but look into his character; and if you find it corresponds to these directioons, take him, and you will get a good husband.

Never make *money* the object of marriage, for if you do, depend upon it, as a balance to the good, you will get a bad husband.

When you see a young man, who is attentive and kind to his sisters, or aged mother; who is not ashamed to be seen in the streets with the woman who gave him birth and nursed him, supporting her weak and tottering frame upon his arm, and who will attend to all her little wants with filial love, affection and tenderness, take *him*, girls, who can get him, no matter what his circumstances in life, he is truly worth the winning and having, and will in certainty, make a good husband.

Lastly—always examine into character, conduct and motives, and when you find these good in a young man, then may you be sure he will make a good husband.

EXTRACT

From the third and fourth volumes of Madame de Genlis' Memoirs, just published.

In the year 1789, Madame de Genlis visited Spa, along with the Duke and Duchess of Orleans, and amongst her remarks concerning the place and visiters, the following eulogium upon a Spanish lady, for her *conjugal affection*, merits quotation, as illustrating the manners of the age:

"We saw besides, at Spa, a young and charming lady, the Countess of Rechtereu, married to a man who might have been her father, but whom she really loved, as she proved by the attention she paid him, and by her spotless behaviour; she was at once clever, ingenuous, pretty, and a fine woman. At Spa she occasioned many unhappy attachments, among others, the Duke of L——, a young and handsome Nobleman of the court of France, became desperately in love with her. As it was always very difficult to approach her ear, she remaining constantly near the count, he thought he had found a favorable moment one morning at the breakfast at Vauxhall, as Madame de Rechtereu was not on that occasion seated by her husband. The duke and several other gentlemen, who had the gallantry to serve the ladies, had not sat down to table, and his grace placed himself behind Madame de Rechtereu; he entered into conversation with her, but in an under tone and leaning over her, he whispered in her ear, in a low voice, a formal declaration of love.

Madame de Rechtereu, after listening quietly to what he was saying, made this reply:—"My Lord, Duke, I do not understand French very well, so that I have not comprehended a word of what you have been saying; but my friend there (so she always styled her husband) is better acquainted with it than I; go and tell him all these pretty things, and he will explain them all to me very clearly."

The Duke, instead of following this advice, withdrew precipitately, with a visible air of vexation. The piquant answer of Madame de Rechtereu made every one comprehend what the Duke had revealed to her with an air of so much mystery.

LORD BYRON'S MONUMENT.

An elegant Grecian tablet of white marble, executed by Messrs. Walkers of this town, has been placed, during the present week, in the chancel of Hucknall church. We subjoin a copy of the inscription. The words are in Roman capitals, and divided into lines as below:

London paper.

In the vault beneath,
where many of his ancestors and his mother are buried,
lie the remains of
GEORGE GORDEN NOEL BYRON,
Lord Byron, of Rochdale,
in the County of Lancaster:
the author of "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage."
He was born in London, on the
23d of January, 1788.
He died at Missolonghi, in Western
Greece, on the 19th of April, 1824,
engaged in the glorious attempt to restore that country to her ancient freedom
and renown.
His sister, the Honourable
Augusta Maria Leigh,
placed this tablet to his memory.

When you rise in the morning, consider what you have *to do*; and when you retire at night, what you *have done.*

THE ECONOMIST.

COWS.

The marks of a good cow are these:—the forehead broad, the eyes black, the horns large and clean, the neck long and straight, the belly long and deep, the thighs thick, the legs round with short joints, and the feet broad and thick.

Red cows are said to give the best milk, though the black ones are said to bring the best calves, which is however doubtful. But the cow that gives milk the longest time between the periods of calving, is generally best for profit or family use; provided the quantity and quality of her milk be equal to that of others. Just before calving, a cow should be well fed; and if she calves in winter her drink should be a little warmed for a day and night afterwards. If she does clean well after calving, give her a pail full of warm water with some ashes in it. Those that calve pretty early will yield most milk in the season.

The times of milking ought to be regular, and as nearly equi-distant as possible. Where the feeding is full, it is found that milking three times a day during the summer season particularly, will increase the quantity nearly one-third. In that case, the first milking ought to be by sunrise, the second about one, and the latter about seven o'clock in the evening. Omitting to milk cows regularly, at least twice a day, tends very much to dry them. Sometimes one or more teats of a cow may be diseased; but this does not affect the milk of the rest.

Cows are certainly very profitable.—Allowing one to give only six quarts a day for forty weeks in each year, and this is not a large allowance, her milk, at only two cents a quart, will amount to upwards of thirty-three dollars; which is probably sufficient to purchase her and pay for a year's keeping.

Is there any room to doubt that the profits of our dairies may be greatly augmented by proper attention to the breed of milk cows? There is some prejudice on this point. It is said that good keeping makes good cows; yet those who say it, see in their own cow yards frequently a single cow not bigger nor better fed than others, giving double the quantity of milk. It is very careless and stupid to go on rearing calves from poor cows, in preference to those from good cows; yet this is pretty generally done, because the excellent cows bring excellent fat calves for the market. Their good or bad qualities are undoubtedly important, as well as their colour and size—at least in a very considerable degree. Why should we scruple this, any more than the improvement of the breed of horses? The bull is to be chosen with no less care than the cow. The best cows for milk may be reared as certainly as horses for racing and draught—and in a dairy country, the total neglect of this important care is shameful and unaccountable. We have selected these few remarks for the present—at another time we intend to offer some observations on rearing calves, and the management of the dairy.

LIGHT READING.

I am an Ass.—An unlettered gentleman stood up to preach in a country meeting-house, and in reading the chapter from which he took his text, came to the passage, "I am that I am." The first part of the sentence, "I am," happened to be at the bottom of the page unfortunately, in turning over the leaves two stuck together, and the first word on the second leaf were "an ass," which he very innocently repeated; but immediately perceiving his mistake, he hastily separated the leaves, and finished the sentence, so that the whole ran thus "I am an ass—that I am."

A countryman being desired to help a Member of Parliament out of a difficulty, said he had nothing to do with *state affairs.*

CAMB

VOL. IV.

TRUSTEE'S SALE.

JOSEPH K. TRAVERSE, vs. The heirs of THOMAS F. HILL, dec'd. } By virtue of a decree of D chester cou court, (in eq by the subscriber will sell at public sa in Cambridge, at the Tavern of M Stewart, on Monday the 5th day of D cember next, between the hours of and 12 o'clock—

All the REAL ESTATE of Thomas F. Hill, viz. Beaver Ne Rodney and White Lady Field, contai ing 596 acres; this tract is laid off two farms—one occupied by Mr. Ali Vane, contains about 380 acres, the i provements thereon are very convenie and entirely new: the other is occupi by Mrs. Philemon Vane, and contains bout 216 acres, improvements in go repair.

Also, another tract of Land call "Traverse First Right," containing 1 acres, occupied by Mr. Major Rue—t building and improvements are in goo repair. These Farms are situate on t road leading from Cambridge to Vienn near Hicksburg. They will be sold t gether or separate, to suit purchasers, a credit of twelve months, the purchas or purchasers giving bond with appro ed security, bearing interest from t day of sale; and on the ratification ther of, and payment of the whole of the pu chase money, (and not before,) the su scriber will execute a deed or deeds, co veying to the purchaser or purchaser free, clear and discharged from all clai of the complainant or defendants, an those claiming by, from, or under them.

All persons having claims against Th mas F. Hill, will file them, duly authe ticated, in the Clerk's office, within s months from the day of sale.

JNO. DONOVAN, Trustee.
nov 12 3t

PUBLIC SALE.

Will be offered at public sale, at th late residence of Thomas Tolly, decea ed, on Thursday the 24th inst. all the

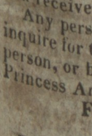
PERSONAL ESTATE,

(Negroes excepted) of the said Thoma Tolly, consisting of Horses, Cattl Sheep, Hogs, Household & Kitchen Fu niture, Corn and Fodder—also a lot Vessel Timber, a Scow, Batteau, two Ca noes and one Punt. On Monday follow ing (the 28th inst,) on the farm down th neck, which belonged to the late majo Roger Woulford, will be exposed to publi sale, the following property, to wit: Cat tle, Sheep and Hogs, Corn and Corn fod der, and a few Farming Utensils. Th terms are a credit of six months on a sums above five dollars, to be secured b note with approved security; for all sum of a less denomination, the cash will b required. Attendance given by

TRAVERS TOLLY,
JOHN BELL, Jun.
Adm'rs of Thomas Tolly, dec'd
nov 12 3t—81*

FOR SALE,

On a liberal credit, the subscriber's Farm on Quantico Creek, in this coun ty, containing 700 acres, less or more easily divisible for the convenience o two purchasers, well timbered, and hav ing an excellent range of marsh for hog and cattle. The soil is admirably adap ted, and very certain, for pasturage, an for growing corn, wheat, or tobacco.—



The buildings are, a spacious two-story Dwelling, convenien to the water, a new kitchen, tw corn houses, and a granary im mediately at the landing, where vessel carrying two thousand bushels can lay and receive their loads.

Any person disposed to purchase, wil inquire for the terms of the subscriber i person, or by letter addressed to him a Princess Anne.

FRANCIS H. WATERS,
Somerset county
nov 12 3t

The Gazette and Star at Easton, wil insert the above three times, and charge to. F. H. W.

ADVERTISEMENT.

All persons having demands against the estate of John L. Jaques, deceased either on his individual account, or that of John L. Jaques and H. & D. Cotheal as partners owning the steam saw mill near Vienna, are requested to present their accounts for examination and payment. Those persons indebted to the estate are requested to make immediate payment to

LEWIS JAQUES, Adm'r.
Steam Saw Mill, near Vienna, Nov. 7, 1825. } nov 12 3t

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