SALOON OF APOLLO.

"It is the gift of POETRY to hallow every place in which it moves; to breathe round nature an odour more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning.

He who does not, in the perusal of the following lines, feel a sense of filial tenderness and love, may be pronounced as destitute of gratitude as he is of commerce with the muses. He is a bad son and a worthless critic.—*Eds. Camb. Chron.*

A Mother's Love.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

——————There is none,
In all this cold and hollow world, no fount
Of deep, strong, deathless love, save that within
A mother's heart. It is but pride, wherewith
To his fair son the father's eye doth turn,
Watching his growth. Ay, on the boy he looks,
The bright glad creature springing in his path,
But as the heir of his great name, the young
And stately tree, whose rising strength ere long
Shall bear his trophies well. And this is love!
—This is *man's* love!—What marvel?—You ne'er made
Your breast the pillow of his infancy,
While to the fulness of your heart's glad heavings
His fair cheeks rose and fell: and his bright hair
Waved softly to your breath!—You ne'er kept watch
Beside him, till the last pale star had set,
And morn, all dazzling, as in triumph broke
On your dim weary eye; not yours the face,
Which, early faded through fond care for him,
Hung o'er his sleep, and, duly as Heaven's light,
Was there to greet his wakening! You ne'er smooth'd
His couch, ne'er sung him to his rosy rest,
Caught his last whispers when his voice from yours
Had learn'd soft utterance; pressed your lip to his,
When fever parch'd it; hush'd his wayward cries
With patient, vigilant, never-wearied love!
No! these are *woman's* tasks—In these her youth
And bloom of cheek, buoyancy of heart,
Steal from her—all unmark'd!

The following exquisite and tender stanzas from the Literary Gazette, will we are sure, excite powerful sensibility.—We would particularly call the reader's attention to the second stanza.—*Ib.*

To ——— ———.

'Tis all too true—that faded cheek,
That sunken eye;
Those accents tremulous and weak,
That tear, that sigh,—
With idle hope I've watched thy brow
From day to day;—
'Tis vain—a little while, and thou
Wilt pass away!

Nay, dear one! cease that soothing look,
That soothing tone,
Thou dost not think that I could brook
To be alone.
Thou wilt not say that I could bear
On this dear spot
To seek thy footstep every where,
And find it not!

The Sun will shine as bright above
In other days:
The Moon we used to watch and love,
Still win my gaze;
The flowers, that shar'd our gentlest care,
May still bloom on,
Our bird pour forth its song; but where
Wilt *thou* be gone?

Mine eyes must close, where can they seek
For aught so dear?
My lips be mute—why *should* I speak?
Thou wilt not hear!
So, dearest! cease that soothing look,
That soothing tone;
Thou dost not think that I could brook
To be alone!

POPULAR TALE.

"In vain has naked truth advances made,
But still may gain access in masquerade;
In fiction's fascinating garb disguised,
Her wholesome precepts will be duly prized.

The Rivals.

Few villages of equal size and age with Alesbury, can boast of having been the theatre of more whimsical love adventures. A place of considerable business, considering its inland situation, and of gradual and steady growth for many years, it possesses and has long possessed a share of active spirit, and a disposition to enterprise, which distinguish it above the surrounding neighbourhood; nor is it strange that a considerable portion of this spirit, pervading as it does the young, as well as the middle aged and the old, should blend itself with the affairs of love, and, in some instances, at least, break through the stupid monotony of country courtships, and sprinkle the path of progressive affection with something of the adventurers, the novel, and the romantic.

But Alesbury has been no less distinguished for the beauty of its young females than for the chivalric spirit or its young male inhabitants, and if I should be asked at what period it was most deserving of celebrity for the number and super-excelling beauties of its lovely girls, I should answer at that period when the Williams family occupied the "Round House,' on the hill top beyond the spring creek. Several old bachelors have come among us within a dozen years, and it hath been solemnly averred by one of our most philosophic citizens, that mothers have not had as beautiful children since. Be that true of false, however, I will not whisper aught against the fair reputation of our green village yet, in this, or in any other particular.

Williams was well enough off in the world, but, having little expectation of accumulating a large amount of property for his children, was by no means opposed to their marrying, provided they married well; and the good mother, desirous that this business should progress in the most suitable order, set the eldest daughter forward first, Jane was an elegant little girl; not just such a one, perhaps, as a poet would paint, or a fancy writer take as a heroine for his romance, but precisely such a one as you would admire when you first saw, and love as soon as you became acquainted with. It was impossible she should be without beaux, and she had two the week after she first danced at a ball in the village, where daughters were sent in those days to catch sweethearts; one of them was deaf, the other notorious for his absence of mind nick-named by the boys—deaf Dickson and forgetful Bob; both rich, fine looking fellows, and very pinks of gallantry.

On that occasion, each of our young gallants was honoured with Miss Jane's hand, and they both waited on her home —were invited by the kind mother, to call over again, and as they returned, expressed to each other their admiration of the fair belle in terms which did not fail to create mutual jealousy. The flame once lit, to surpass each other in attention was now their object; accordingly the next evening as early candle light arrived and one might pass tolerably secure from observance, Robert set out for the Williams'. The house was about three quarters of a mile from the village, and the path lay through an open plain until you came to the creek, beyond which it was a woody country quite out to the hill. He had dressed himself in his very best, brushed himself from top to toe, and taken a pair of polished shoes in his hand to put on at the end of the lane, but when he reached the creek he found it much swollen, and the little flat in which people crossed, drawn so far up on the shore as to prevent its being carried away, that to launch it would put the neatness and order, not to say the cleanliness of his apparel in danger. He tried to move it with his thum and finger, and failing, resolved to strip off his lower garments and boldly ford the stream.

It was accomplished almost as soon as thought of, in he stepped and waded to the opposite bank, when lo! in thinking of the interview just before him he found he had forgotten his pantaloons and left them on the Alesbury side. To go back was the only alternative, but he had not taken three steps in the water before he observed a couple of ladies and a gentleman on the opposite bank; what was to be done in this extremity? he was in a most awkward plight assuredly, and fear lest his most necessary garment should get into improper hands, drove him almost mad, while the dread of being discovered forced him to retreat into the woods, which he did, with the utmost precipitancy, among the brush-wood and briars in purgatory at every step. But he was not to escape so easily. A mischievous dog which accompanied the new comers, had already got sight of him, and was no sooner landed than with repeated yelps, he sought out the fugitive. Bob, driven to desperation from the prospect of inevitable discovery, made a resolute push as he approached, sprang through the briars like a hunted buck, the dog at his heels, and with one leap was in the middle of the water.

The faithful hunter not doubting that he followed a staunch deer, was indefatigable, and came up with and seized his prey, before he reached the shore, when a tremendous yell, and thundering "*get out,*" that made the forests ring again fairly frightened the astounded beast, and caused him to retreat instantly — Bob made not the less precipitate retreat; and having reached the land discovered that the article he most needed had vanished—was doubtless in possession of the party he had seen. A circuitous rout home was the only recourse, but when arrived, even the joy of restoration to comparative safety, was almost overbalanced by the recollection that his pantaloons contained papers which could not fail to identify the owner. He retired in very despair, and in the morning, his friend Dickson stalken in, presented him with a triumphant leer, his lost garment, informed him that the young ladies had read the love letter addressed to them, which was found in the pocket, but did not much like the manner he had chosen of putting it into their possession, and therefore returned it.

The secret all out—his hopes thus early blasted by sheer misfortune, as he thought, though it was the consequence of sheer pride. Bob swore vengeance against his rival, resolving philosophically to put on a fair face, and wait for time and opportunity, to bring the hour of retribution.

An opportunity of squaring accounts for this time, did not long delay. Robert well knew that his friend Dickson, of all points in the world, was disposed to dispute that of his being deaf most obstinatly. He determined, therefore, to give him any credit he wished, for quickness of hearing, and to turn that very matter of credit against him.

"Now," said Dickson, as they were going a short time after to a party in the neighborhood, where Jane was expected, "now Bob don't raise your voice when you speak to me as though I was deaf, but let your words be rather in an under tone;" his intercourse with Robert had enabled him to determine what he said by the motion of the lips, and when he caught any portion of the sound of a voice, he hit the word with astonishing accuracy. Robert promised compliance and they were soon seated in Mrs. Lemon's little parlour, among a dozen of the finest girls in Alesbury, with Julia in the midst of them.

Dickson was delighted for he saw Bob take his seat between the fire place and the window, at a respectful distance from his pretty idol, and anxious to improve his chance he took his place as nearly in the midst of the circle as possible.—The dead calm which always follows the introduction of visitors to such a circle, ensued; meantime, Bob took up a book, and just elevating his mouth above it, as he caught his friend's eye, moved his lips as though he said, "you're nicely fixed indeed," and raised the book so as to conceal his face, "yes, yes, you're right indeed—right indeed," said Dickson.—The girls stared, Bob put on a face as of apprehension and all was still again—in a moment, a similar trick was played, and Dickson's tongue went again. An increased measure of astonishment was visible. After the way had thus been prepared, Bob motioned with his lips, "Did you hear of the fire?" "Fire, fire, where," exclaimed Dickson, astonished. Bob started, and turning as if to lead out of the window, cried, "Throw a bucket of water on him; he's going into one of his mad fits." The ladies screamed and ran, Dickson after them; but, one, coming in contact with a pail of dirty water, actually dashed into the poor fellow's eyes its whole contents, before he had time to dream, what the reason of such strange conduct could be; and staying for no explanation he left the room wiping himself from the wet and filth, and hurrying home as fast as he could, muttering vengeance all the way.

The mystery of the matter was explained next day to Dickson, but meantime, Bob had spent a delightful evening with the girls, and had seen Julia home to the hill alone. The rivals now considered each other as fairly quits, and the game was to be begun anew. Both were upon the look-out, but Robert, now his whole mind was turned to the one object of outwitting his deaf friend, got for awhile, the better of his inveterate habit of forgetfulness, and struck the next blow.

Some weeks after this last adventure, our young lovers, notwithstanding their aim to avoid it, as they were not now the best friends, were not only put under the necessity of meeting at the Round house, but were, by special invitation, obliged to gallant a company of four young ladies from the village out. When they came to the creek, as there was but one boat, and that would only hold five, one must necessarily remain on the Alesbury side, and Dickson gallantly volunteered to wait. Bob took the girls over, but gave Dickson to understand that he could by no means be so impolite as to leave them unprotected on the shore, and go back for him, so posted off with the company. Dickson had, consequently, to get over as well as he could, and he effected it at last, though not until the more fortunate of the party had reached their destination. Here the party were introduced to a cousin of the Williams' from the city, an arch, wild girl, who was ready at any time, for a frolick. Bob took advantage of it, and told her slyly, that a deaf beau of Julia's was coming, advising her to open her mouth as wide as possible, when she spoke to him, but not to make a noise, for he was forever complaining that people talked too loud to him. When Dickson came, therefore, she caught him by the arm and ear, and applying her mouth, gave a monstrous gap. You roar so, madam," said Dickson, half affronted, "I could hear your voice to Alesbury."

It passed as a good joke, and it was well for Bob, that he stood clear of the credit of it; for his friend watched him now with an evil eye—he watched in vain, however, for Bob succeeded in twice setting him at answering questions that had never been asked, by merely screwing his mouth at him, and, finally capped the climax of Dickson's misfortunes by introducing Blind-man's buff. Soon as it came to Dickson's turn to be blindfolded, he was done—unwilling to refuse, because that would seem an admission that all his organs were not as acute as they might be, he suffered the handkerchief to be tied on, but, deaf as a block, he soon fell into the trap—Bob had a handkerchief swung on a broom-stick pretty soon, and with that bait led his rival nose foremost, against the edge of the mantle-piece. It amounted nearly to a knock down, fairly beat out of joint the poor fellow's most prominent features, and ended the game.

Dickson, thus vanquished by his now wary and ever watchful fellow lover, never appeared at the Round house afterwards; but Robert and Jane tilted the match at last. Left without a rival to disturb him, he fell into his old tricks of absence of mind, and did some thing to offend the fair one, who finally married a fellow with forty years on his head for the paltry consideration of a farm of scarcely twice that number of acres.

In two or three matters, this rude tale is capable of improvement. First, men suffer more from pride than they themselves imagine—a fine coat, and you are a useless man in half the occupations of life—besides, pride forces you to practice a thousand frauds to conceal innocent defects if you have them.—Second, Jokes are dangerous, and frequently are followed by things too serious to be made jokes of—and third, an error persisted in, through detection, exposure and suffering, is the worst of all delusions.

Legal wit.—The following is a specimen of the legal wit which daily enlivens and relieves the graver labours of one of the Dublin law courts:—Lord ——: 'As this is a motion about *a bridge*, I would recommend *abridgement* to my learned friend!'—Mr. G——: 'That, my lord, is an *arch way* of getting rid of the business!'

BIOGRAPHY.

"The proper study of mankind is man."

Sketch of Laurence Earnshaw.

Laurence Earnshaw was put apprentice, when a boy, to a tailor, and afterwards to a clothier; but neither of these employments suiting his genius, after serving both for eleven years, he put himself a short time to a clock maker, one Shepley, of Stockport, England. By the force of native abilities, with the very little instruction such an education could give him, he made himself one of the most universal mechanists and artists ever heard of. He couid have taken wool from the sheep's backs, manufactured it into cloth, made that cloth into clothes, and made every instrument necessary for the clipping, carding, spining, reeling, weaving, fulling, dressing, and making it up for wear, with his own hands. He was an engraver, painter, and gilder; he could stain glass and foil mirrors; was a blacksmith, whitesmith, coppersmith, gunsmith, bellfounder, and coffinmaker; made and erected sun dials, mended fiddles; repaired, tuned, played upon, and taught, the harpsichord and virginals; made and mended organs, and optical instruments; read and understood Euclid; and in short, had a taste for all sorts of mechanics, and most of the fine arts. Clock-making and repairing was a favourite employ with him; and he carried so far his theory and practice of clock-work, as to be the inventor of a very curious astronomical and geographical machine, containing a celestial and terrestrial globe, to which different movements were given, representing the diurnal and annual motions of the earth the position of the moon and stars, the sun's place in the ecliptic, &c. all with the greatest correctness.—One of these machines, curiously ornamented, was sold to the Earl of Bute for 150*l.* sterling. All the complicated calculations, as well as the execution of this great work, were performed by himself. He likewise, about 1753 invented a machine to spin and reel cotton at one operation, which he showed to his neighbors, and then destroyed it, through the generous though mistaken notion, that it might take bread from the mouths of the poor. This was previous to all the late inventions of machinery by which the cotton manufactory has been much promoted. He also contrived a simple and ingenious piece of mechanism for raising water from a coal mine. He was acquainted with that equally self-taught genius, the celebrated Brindley, and when they occasionally met they did not soon part. Earnshaw was possessed of a most extraordinary degree of sobriety, never drinking a gill of ale for years after he was grown to manhood. His mien and countenance were far, at the first view, from betokening quick parts, but rather announced stupidity; but when animated by conversation, they at once brightened up. He had a good flow of words, and clearly explained his subject in the provincial phrase and dialect of his country. He had a sick wife and expensive family, so that notwithstanding all his ingenuity and trades, he lived and died poor. He died about the year 1764.

Desultory Selection.

'I am but a gatherer & disposer of other men's stuff.'

"IT WILL BITE."

Riding out the other day, I stopped a moment at a tavern on the hill, kept by Mrs Bucket—and while smoking my pipe with my old friend who had been hunting for an office this month past and came home disappointed, a little boy brought in a spring trap ready set for a mouse; the landlady saw him, and patting him on the head cautioned him; don't put your finger in it Bob; it will bite. The little fellow threw it down in an instant. Look there said my friend, how few are as wise as that little fellow; he won't put his fingers into the trap when it would be the easiest thing in the world to do it, and yet thousands hunt up the trap with infinite labor and pains, and then stick a whole hand in it.

He had scarcely spoken—before in came Tom Worthless with clothes as ragged as a begger, and threw down a shilling for a gill; I told him the story; and Tom, said I, you are putting your fingers in the trap nicely; take care it *will bite.* He swallowed the liquor and allowed the advice was good, but the whiskey better.

However, a man who misses the nail many a time may hit it on the head at last and I wish my neighbours, the Printers, if they see a man in Tom's case to tell him the story; Tell him he is meddling with a trap, and it will bite—it will bite.

If they see an idle fellow running to the stores for credit, tell him, he is setting the trap for himself, and putting his fingers in it too, and that it will bite one of these days most surely.

If they see an obstinate churl running heedlessly into the law, and expending dollar after dollar to cheat a neighbour, instead of settling the matter peaceably at home, tell him he is preparing a trap for himself that will bite before he thinks of it.

If they see a young man about to get married who has no means of supporting a wife and family; calculating to live on love all the rest of his days, tell him too, he's playing with a trap, that will bite sharper than he imagines, if he don't take care.

If they see poor souls idling away their time in hopes of getting in office, or of being left a legacy, or of drawing a prize in a lottery, or of making money by speculation, or of times growing better, or in hopes of any such things c tell them its all nonsense, and that they find themselves caught in a trap ere the expect it.

If they hear a man talk of going to th new countries, who is tolerable well fi ed here, tell him to keep his fingers o of such a trap; for, there are a hundre kind of traps that will bite beside mou traps.

I have seen a great many people shak ing their fingers in late times, and dan cing round to a sorry key, who had bee caught in traps of one kind or anothe and I just scratch off these hints f the benefit of those who most need th

ANECDOTES.

King Charles II. asked Stillingfle how it came about that he always rea his sermons before him, when he preac ed *extempore* elsewhere? He told th king that the awe he felt of so noble a audience made him afraid to trust hi self, unless he put his discourse in writing. 'But pray,' says Stillingfle 'may I be permitted to ask a simil question? Why does your majesty re your speeches, who can feel no awe fr the presence of superiors?' 'Why, trul replied the king, 'the question is a f one, and so shall be my answer. reading my speech I keep my eye up the paper, for I have asked supplies fr the commons so heavily, and they ha granted them so often, that *we are asha ed to look each other in the face.*'

Qualification for Congress.—'W do you not present yourself a candida for congress?' said a lady the other d to her husband who was confined to t chair with the gout. 'Why should I, dear?' replied he; I am not qualified the station.' 'Nay, but I think you ar returned the wife; 'your language a actions are truly parliamentary. Wh *bills* are presented, for instance, y either order them to be laid on the ta or you make a motiou to *rise;* thou often out of *order,* you are still s *ported* by the *chair;* and you often po your nose into *measures* which are c culated to destroy the *constitution.*'

An Athenian once reproached A chrasis, because he was born in Scyth The philosopher replied, ' 'Tis true country is a disgrace to me; but you a disgrace to your country.'

Socrates once at a feast was repr ing a friend with great severity, wh Plato said to him 'Would it not be b ter to tell him those things in privat Socrates replied, 'And would it not better to tell me so in private?'

An immoral dyer, complaining that could not fix his colours, was advised effect it by reformation in his c 'How so?' 'Because you must *live* w if you wish to *dye* well.'

A gentleman being advised by friend not to let his son marry until was *wiser,* replied, If I go by that ru I fear he will die a bachelor.'

Bad Memory.—A middle aged m lately presented himself at the matrim nial altar. The clergyman having su veyed the man for a moment, said, Pra friend, I think you have a wife alread living.'—'May be so, sir, (said he,) fo have a treacherous memory.'

We have heard of the fall of Lucife and the fall of Cromwell, and the fall Wolsey; but one of the pleasantest tu bles upon record was that of a Mr. Jo Fell, who when he removed from o part of the metropolis [in England] another, wrote over his door—'*I F from Holborn Hill.*"

Revolutionary anecdote.—The li roars loudest when most frightened.—the commencement of the American r volution, when one of the British king thundering proclamations made its a pearance, the subject was mentione in Philadelphia; a member of congres who was present, turning to Miss Li ingston, said, "Well Miss, are you n greatly terrified at the *roaring of t British lion?* "Not at all, sir, for I ha learned from natural history, that *th beast roars loudest when most frighte ed.*"

Bon mot.—A gentleman handing th facetious Mr. S—, a letter the other da the wit took out his purse to pay th postage, and remarked to the doctor that he believed it was the second or thir he owed him for. "Never mind," say the doctor, "I keep a *running* accou with you." "O, very well then, (replie the wag, whose *standing* as a punster well known in Europe and America,) that is the case, I shan't *hurry* myse to *overtake* it," and coolly pocketed hi money again.

A certain Lamis Clampit has petition ed the legislature of the state of Ten nessee, setting forth that he owes certai duties to society, and that, in order t fulfil them like a good citizen, *he is des rous of taking to himself a wife.* H also states, that he has no doubt of be ing blessed with a large family of chi dren, and prays that he may have a la passed allowing him to erect a *billiar table* for the support of his said intend wife and children. The petition was r ferred to a committee. This Lamis Cla pit must, we think, be an eccentric fe low.

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Dissolution of Pa

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LUTHER
Cambridge, Sept. 18th

E. W. KEN

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