THE BOWER.

"MUCH YET REMAINS UNSUNG."

For the Cambridge Chronicle.

TO MISS ——.

When the rose, thy cheek that graces,
Fades beneath the frowns of age,
When the brow where beauty's trace is,
Shall no more the eye engage:

When thy lip, whose ruby splendor
Gives the social circle fire,
Shall to time its hue surrender,
And with sinking youth retire:

When the wreath that love has wound thee
Withers 'neath the blasts of care,
And the smiles that circle round thee,
Cease to bloom divinely fair:

Couldst thou at evening's dewy close,
Sigh o'er the memory of my woes,
And sooth my spirit to repose?

Oh! wouldst thou on the lowly bed,
Where slumb'ring I'd lay this aching head,
One tear of soft affection shed?

Should the night of sorrow rolling,
Sweep each golden beam away,
And my heart alike controlling,
Darken e'en the brightest ray:

Could the smile that plays before thee,
Then this waste of pain illume,
And the sun that brightens o'er thee,
Bid the rose of friendship bloom?

EUGENE.

Selected for the Chronicle.

'Tis sweet to see the op'ning rose
Spread its soft bosom to the sky;
'Tis sweet to view at twilight's close
The heavens' bespangled canopy.

'Tis sweet amid the vernal grove,
To hear the thrush's fervent lay,
Or lark's, that wings his flight above,
To hail the dawning of the day.

But sweeter far is Edwin's eye,
Upraised to heaven in pious prayer;
When bath'd in tears he looks on high,
What sacred eloquence is there.

O! sweeter far that sacred name,
"*My Father*," uttered by his tongue,
And sweeter when his heavenly flame
Ascends in pious, holy song.

O! sweet, when on the bended knee,
His thoughts, his spirit mount above,
In pious, deep-felt ecstacy,
To realms of everlasting love.

MARINDA.

THE BEGGAR BOY.

I saw a little beggar boy,
As o'er the waste he sped;
His feet the wintry frost had nipp'd,
The wind beat on his head:
His cheeks with want & grief were pale,
And as he told his simple tale,
The tears that from his eyelids sprung,
Plead far more ably than his tongue.

'Why dost thou beg, my boy?' said I;
'Why stroll thus idly here?'
The little wand'rer thus replied,
And wip'd a falling tear:—
'My mama, sir, is in the grave,
My father is a Turkish slave,
He went to fight upon the sea,
And there he lost his liberty!'

He said no more; his heart was full;
No gold to give, had I;
But pray'd to heaven. ('twas all I could)
And bless'd him with a sigh:—
'Oh Thou! who canst the wanderer cheer,
Deign to accept my pray'r sincere,
And grant a quick return of joy,
To bless the little beggar boy!'

THE REPOSITORY.

"Blending the useful and the sweet."

THE WEDDING.

I have often remarked the eagerness of all classes of people to read or hear the accounts of marriages. "So John has taken to himself a wife," says one. "Ah, there has been a wedding," cries another. "Lack-a-day," exclaims an old lady, "so Betty has got a husband at last:" and each is anxious to know all the particulars, who married them, who was there, how the bride was dressed, and so on. On such occasions I have particularly noticed that the men seem to sympathise with the bridegroom, the women with the bride, from the cause probably, that each has been, or intend to be, in the same delicate and interesting situation of the person for whom their sympathies seem excited. The reason is not difficult to explain. There is no circumstance in life half so interesting as that of entering into the holy bonds of wedlock. A choice is made of a companion for life, for good or evil, prosperity or adversity, for weal or woe, or in the good old set terms of the ceremonial—"for the better or for the worse." Then, too, the new clothes, the solemn ceremony; the wedding banquet, and the nameless delights appurtenant thereto, render this period of life far more interesting than any other. Looking forward too, through the kaleidascope of hope, it presents to the young imagination an infinite variety of splendid and beautiful images, which charm like the illusions of Persian genii in the fairy tales. The young man hopes his turn may come, and I dare not sketch the picture of bliss his fancy draws.—The girl from budding fifteen, through blushing twenty, up to ripened womanhood, feels as she hears the account of a wedding, a soft thrill vibrating like the treble chord of the piano, through every delicate nerve of her susceptible frame. Her bosom throbs quicker—she breathes with a hurried respiration—yet not painfully. No image that she need blush at ever cast its passing form across her pure mind,—yet she blushes—her eye brightens—her lips assume a deeper stain of the strawberry—she laughs and wonders what ails her, or how is she interested? The old married people are differently affected, and yet they are affected. Memory busily employs herself in brushing away the cobwebs of time, (and that time is a very industrious spider,) from the connubial bliss. The husband chucks his deary gently under the chin, and instead of addressing himself to her as 'Mrs. Maulty,' or whatever her name may be, calls her by her virgin name—"My dear Lucy Howard;" and she answers with a modest caress which speaks most eloquently of the days gone by. Meanwhile the old bachelor and old maid forget the chair is not big enough for them. The old codger whom no one truly pities but every one in turn laughs at, as a "fusty old bachelor," very probably recalls to recollection one, who in the days of youth, reciprocated with him the tenderest feelings of affection—one who listened to the music of his voice with delight, who watched his coming with anxious eye, whose ready ear distinguished the sound of his footsteps from among an hundred, who loved, promised, withered before the nuptial hour gave him the right to pillow his throbbing head in his bosom, and died. Or the long virgin designated by the unfeeling world as an "old maid," mourns in the depth of suppressed grief, a ruddy youth, of manly brow and gallant bearing, whom the caverns of the ocean has entombed, or who dead to his plighted faith, may have sought in the arms of wealth for that happiness which true love can alone impart.—All, all are interested.

But the world! what does it care?—those who are intent on gain, who worship gold as their God, and have no sympathies unconnected with lucre, verily they too, for interest sake, take a lively interest in marriages. Sitting in my easy chair, these thoughts were passing in my mind, when I dozed and dreamed a feast was getting up and a large number it was thought would attend. Hymen entered lighted by his torch—a crowd pressed to the door—but no one was to be admitted until some satisfactory reason was assigned, why the person belonged to Hymen's company. No one will doubt, said the minister, my right here—for who could have performed the ceremony were I absent? and seated himself in a large easy chair. "My worship, said a justice of the peace, could tie the knot as tight as your reverence." A merchant followed with bales of rich silks, and every variety of elegant patterns for wedding dresses—the mantuamaker close upon his heels. "They certainly want bureaus and probably a cradle," said the cabinet maker, as he passed along. "And chairs and a settee," said the chair maker. At this instant a doctor appeared. Hymen declared he could not conceive how a disciple of Esculapius could be considered as belonging to his train. It is a source of my most profitable employment, gravely answered the doctor.—A shout was now raised from the shoemaker, the poulterer, the victualler, the schoolmaster, and the Lord knows who. Among the rest the printer popp'd his nose in at the door, allured by the delightful savory smell of the terrapin and oyster soup—"It is a part of my business to publish the marriages," said he. "Let them in, said Hymen, for it is impossible to tell who is not interested directly or indirectly. Bid them all welcome to the feast; And I awoke.

On full consideration, I see that there is abundant reason for the interest every body takes in the wedding, and I hear it whispered, by those who understand the signs of the times, there will be more weddings the present year and the year to come, than there has been for many years past.

AFRICAN LIONS.

The first number of the "South African Journal," published at the Cape of Good Hope, contains some very interesting details respecting the lions of that country. The writer says, that, beyond the limits of the colony, they are accounted peculiarly fierce and dangerous, and he thinks Mr. Barrow's representations, that they are cowardly and treacherous, is a conclusion drawn from limited experience or inaccurate information.

"The prodigious strength of this animal (he observes) does not appear to have been overrated. It is certain that he can drag the heaviest ox, with ease, a considerable way; and a horse, heifer, or hartebeest, or lesser prey, he finds no difficulty in throwing over his shoulder, and carrying off to any distance he may find convenient. I have myself witnessed an instance of a very young lion conveying a horse about a mile from the spot where he had killed it, and a more extraordinary case has been mentioned to me on good authority; when a lion, having carried off a heifer of two years old, was followed on the track for five hours, about thirty English miles, by a party on horseback; and, throughout the whole distance, the carcase of the heifer was only once or twice discovered to have touched the ground. The Bechuano chief, old Peyshow, (now at Cape Town,) conversing with me a few days ago, said that the lion very seldom attacks man, if unprovoked; but he will frequently approach within a few paces, and survey him steadily; and sometimes attempts to get behind him, as if he could not stand his look, but was yet desirous of springing upon him unawares. If a person in such circumstances, attempted to fly, he incurs the most imminent peril; but if he has sufficient presence of mind coolly to confront him, without the appearance either of terror or aggression, the animal will, in almost every instance, after a little space, retire. The over-mastering effect of the human eye upon the lion, has been frequently mentioned, though much doubted, by travellers; but, from my own inquiries among lion hunters, I am perfectly satisfied of the fact; and an anecdote, related to me a few days ago, by Maj. McIntosh, proves that this fascinating effect is not restricted to the lion:—An officer in India, well known to my informant, having chanced to ramble into a jungle, suddenly encountered a Royal Tiger. The rencontre appeared equally unexpected on both sides, and both parties made a dead halt, earnestly gazing on each other. The gentleman had no fire-arms, and was aware that a sword would be no effective defence, in a struggle for life with such an antagonist. But he had heard that even the Bengal tiger might be sometimes checked, by looking him firmly in the face. He did so. In a few minutes, the tiger, which appeared prepared to make his final spring, grew disturbed, slunk aside, and attempted to creep round upon him behind. The officer turned constantly upon the tiger, which still continued to shrink from his glance; but darting into the thicket, and again issuing forth in a different quarter, it persevered, for about half an hour, in this attempt to catch him by surprise; till, at last, it fairly yielded the contest, and left the gentleman to pursue his *pleasure walk*. The direction he now took, as may be easily believed, was straight to the tents, at a double quick time."

After relating several terrific stories of encounters with lions, the writer concludes his article with one not quite so fearful, related by Lucas Van Voun, to Vee Boof, his neighbor, at the Bavian's river.

"Lucas was riding across the open plains, about daybreak, and observing a lion at a distance, he endeavored to avoid him by making a circuit. Lucas soon perceived that he was not disposed to let him pass without further parlance, and that he was rapidly approaching to the encounter, and being without his *roer*, (rifle) and otherwise little inclined to any closer acquaintance, he turned off at right angles—laid the sambock freely to his horse's flank, and galloped for life. The horse was fagged, and bore a heavy man on his back; the lion was fresh and furious with hunger, and came down upon him like a thunderbolt! In a few seconds, he overtook Lucas, and springing up behind him, brought horse and man in an instant to the ground. Luckily, the boor was unhurt, and the lion was too eager in worrying the horse to pay any immediate attention to the rider.

"Hardly knowing himself how he escaped, he contrived to scramble out of the fray, and made a clean pair of heels of it till he reached the next house. Lucas, who gave me the details of this adventure, himself, made no observations on it, as being any way remarkable, except in the circumstance of the lion's audacity in pursuing a "Christian man," without provocation, in open day! But what chiefly vexed him, in the affair, was the loss of the *saddle!* He returned the next day, with a party of friends, to take vengeance on his feline foe; but both the lion and saddle had disappeared, and nothing could be found but the horse's clean-picked bones. Lucas said he could have excused the *schelm* for killing the horse, as he had allowed himself to get away, but the felonious abstraction of the saddle, for which (as Lucas gravely observed) he could have no possible use, raised his spleen mightily, and called down a shower of curses, whenever he told the story of this hair-breadth escape."

A Lesson for Quarrelsome People.

M. La Motte, a gentleman of great celebrity in Paris, incurred the displeasure of a furious polemic. He was assailed by him with all that malice could invent, or credulity swallow.—M. La Motte was *silent*. He was questioned. He smiled and made some trivial, but *good-natured* remark. He persevered in his system. Again—He remained at his ease—At last the outraged fanatic, driven to extremities, published his last, with this imposing title "A REPLY TO THE SILENCE OF M. LA MOTTE!!

THE MORALIST.

"Morality and Religion are nearly allied—the one speaks to the Philosopher, the other to the Christian."

HYMN ON DEATH.

Child of mortality, whence comest thou? why is thy countenance sad, and why are thine eyes red with weeping?

I have seen the rose in its beauty; it spreads its leaves in the morning sun. I returned; it was dying upon its stalk; the grace of the form of it was gone; its loveliness was vanished away; the leaves thereof were scattered on the ground and no one gathered them again.

A stately tree grew on the plain; its branches were covered with verdure; its bows spread wide, and made a goodly shadow; the trunk was like a strong pillar; the roots were like crooked fangs. I returned: the verdure was nipped by the east wind; the branches were lopped away by the axe; the worm had made its way into the trunk, and the heart thereof was decayed—it mouldered away and fell to the ground.

I have seen the insects sporting in the sunshine, and darting along the stream; their wings glittered with gold and purple; their bodies shone like the green emerald; they were more numerous than I could count; they were quicker than my eye could glance. I returned: they were brushed into the pool; they were perishing with the evening breeze; the swallow had devoured them; the pike had seized them; there were none found of so great a multitude.

I have seen man in the pride of his strength; his cheeks glowing with beauty; his limbs were full of activity; he leaped, he walked, he ran; he rejoiced in that he was more excellent than those. I returned; he lay stiff and cold on the bare ground; the feet could no longer move, nor his hands stretch themselves out; his life was departed from him, and the breath out of his nostrils; therefore do I weep, because death is in the world; the spoiler is among the works of God; all that is made must be destroyed; all that is born must die—let me alone, for I will weep yet longer.

ON SLANDER.

Slander is a coward vice. The backbiter is an assassin. He attacks his victim in the rear; in the dark, defenceless. He strikes a blow, which can neither be parried or repelled. The arrow of scandal which wounds wherever it flies; which pieces the heart, and drinks the life blood; and the malignant archer buried too deep to be ferreted from his covert. What doom would be to severe for the wretch, who should lurk in ambush to hurl poisoned darts at random upon a multitude? We would startle at the mention of a deed so diabolical, and a spontaneous curse thrills thro' the soul. Yet what part is so poisonous, so fatal, so pathless, as that of defamation? let him who enjoys an untarnished reputation, measure its value and fix its price, and say what on earth is its equivalent. Gold is indeed "trash in comparison." With it, the world's is a waste and existence a burden. Nothing but the sting of conscious guilt can plant so keen a pang in the heart as the stigma of it, and courage that can dare the cannon's mouth, shrinks at the finger of public scorn. The heart of an honorable man dispoiled of a treasure so priceless is "a living and gushing fountain of agony." He feels more than the bitterness of death without the mercy that death brings to the wretched. Life is a load he would gladly lay down; the grave a refuge where he would rejoice to hide his sorrow. What must be the slanderer's motive for inflicting this deadly wound? There is but one—a motive low as perdition—foul as guilt—black as despair. *It is fiend-like to rejoice in another's woe.*

THE ECONOMIST.

"Economy is the road to Wealth."

SPRING GRAIN.

Farmers generally think they cannot sow their wheat and rye too early. But their haste may possibly be too great. It certainly is, if they sow before the ground is sufficiently dry to crumble, and become light and fine by ploughing and harrowing. For working the ground when it is too wet, will fail of bringing on the needful fermentation, and tend to make it too close and compact to nourish plants. At least, these operations may leave the soil as unfit to nourish plants as they found it.

It is of no small importance, I confess, that spring wheat and rye be forward, that so they may not be late in ripening: and a good method of quickening these crops, is steeping and liming the seed. The same end may be promoted by top dressings with warm composts, ashes, &c. But land designed for this use, should be ploughed and laid rough in autumn. It will be the earlier in a condition to receive the seed in the spring. And none but the driest parts of a farm should commonly be employed for crops of spring wheat or spring rye. As to barley and oats, they will bear to be sowed rather later: And therefore are more fit to occupy the lower and wetter parts of a farm. Oats especially are often found to produce great crops in such situations, if they be not sown too early; or before the land is sufficiently dry for the operations of tillage.

PICKLED BEETS.—The following method of preparing pickled beets has been so highly recommended to us, that we think it our duty to offer it to the ladies.—Parboil some of the finest red beet root in water; then cut them into a sauce pan with some sliced horse radish, onions, shallots leaves, pounded ginger, beatten mace, white pepper, cloves, allspice, and salt; and boil the whole in sufficient vinegar to cover it for at least a quarter of an hour. Strain the liquor from the ingredients, put the slices in the jar, pour the strained liquor over them, and if higher colour be wanting, add a little powdered cochineal when the pickle is quite cold, and keep it closely covered with bladder or leather. A little oil may be poured on the top of this pickle, which will assist the better to preserve it without prejudice to the beet root, which is commonly served up in oil, its own liquor, and a small quantity of powdered loaf-sugar poured over it. Some also add mustard; but this is by no means necessary, and certainly does not improve the colour of this fine pickle.

THE HUMORIST.

"What say you Hal, to throw gravity aside and hear a good story."

Sampson.—Local names are often given to articles, which a stranger would be at a loss to define. A Dutchman from N. York, a few years since, being on a journey to New Hampshire, put up at a tavern in the town of W———, in Vermont. It was a cold night, and on entering the bar room, he found a number round the fire, quaffing their favorite beverage, which they designated by the name of *Sampson*, (Composed of cider, molasses and spirit.) The Dutchman was invited to take, and of course called in his mug in turn. The company at length separated; and our traveller only remained. Finding, after several attempts to raise himself from his chair, that he was unable to preserve his equilibrium: and his ideas being somewhat confused, he addressed the landlord thus: "Vat you call dat stuff me drink to-night?"—"*Sampson*," replied the other. "Py de great guns," said Hans, "I dink he vas *Pharaoh*, for he vont let de peoples *go!*".

A young lady who is a constant reader of periodical publications, having frequently observed '*to be continued*' at the bottom of many pieces, being asked her opinion of several writers, said, she had read the productions of a great many, but thought none equalled *Toby Continued*.

A philosopher's wife whose patience was somewhat worn, at his deranging and soiling her parlour, by chemical experiments, told him that philosophers, she believed, were called *literary* men because they were always making a *litter*.

A malefactor in Newgate prison, was lately surprised, as he was searching in the bible very attentively, by his visitor, a methodist preacher—"I am searching," said the felon, turning over the leaves, "for a passage which I cannot find." "Give it me, (said the preacher,) I can find any passage." "Can you so, (replied the criminal,) why then I wish you would find me a passage out of this prison."

Rustic Courtship.—At a rustic merry-making, Roger was seated facing Patty; enamoured of her beauty, and stung by the arrows of the little god, he only vented his passion in sly looks, and now and then touching Patty's toe with his foot under the table. Patty, either fearful that the purity of her hose might be soiled, or determined to make the youth express a passion which he appeared so warmly to feel, at length exclaimed with spirit, "If you love me, why, tell me so; but don't dirty my stockings!"

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Whom it may concern.

BE it known that the subscriber intends making application to the Legislature of the state of Maryland, at their next session, for a law to cut a Canal to connect the head waters of Fishing-bay through Poko Creek, with those of the river Nanticoke, in the county of Dorchester, in said state.

JOHN L. JAQUES.
oct 30 6t

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