THE BOWER.

"MUCH YET REMAINS UNSUNG."

For the Cambridge Chronicle.

Mr. Scott—I am a constant reader of your paper and have of late been much amused with the effusions of your *love-sick* correspondents. You must know, sir, that although a great admirer of female beauty, I seldom go into ladies' company, still I am not altogether ignorant of the means resorted to by many, to supply what Dame Nature has deprived them of—There was a little occurrence took place not long since, which may probably amuse some of your readers—the *fair* ones of course will take no offence—I will endeavor to relate it verse, and call it a

CURE FOR LOVE.

Clarinda was the pride of beaux,
At every ball she found a place;
Her form at every concert shews,
Nor heeds the wrinkles in her face.

Strephon who long had sighed in vain,
Urges his suit with constant care;
The stubborn fair with high disdain,
Repulses with a haughty air.

Strephon one morning sought his lass,
And saw (oh dire, oh foul disgrace!)
An *eye*—'twas made of brittle glass,
Which on the table found a place.

Her *wig*—which curls luxuriant deck,
Was seen reposing in a chair,
Full soon to twine around her neck,
And hang in all their lustre there.

Astonished Strephon felt the shock,
So often by vexation crossed;
No more I'll court a *barber's block*,
He cried—and *gave her up for lost.*

SELIM.

For the Cambridge Chronicle.

L ook to the maid in form and face,
E very charm at her command;
A lways decked in winning grace,
H ow can man these charms withstand.

D ear the lasting smiles that play,
O 'er her face with fond delight—
N ever absent when away,
E ver present to the sight.

PRIOR.

For the Cambridge Chronicle.

REFLECTIONS ON A GRAVE.

Now pensive ev'ning spreads her dewy veil,
The busy streams in mournful silence flow,
And every whisper of the unsteady gale.
Sighs o'er the history of Amelia's wo.

And thou, whoe'er thou art, whose troubled breast,
Whose grief like mine may kindly lead thee here,
Behold the grave where youth and beauty rest,
And bathe the cherished spot with many a tear.

The nymphs of all the country she surpast,
For nature's bounties lavishly were shed
Virtue o'er all her charms a lustre cast
And beauty nurs'd her in her lovliest bed.

As when a whirlwind shakes an aged oak
And rends its budding branches on the shore,
Its glories fade beneath the ruthless stroke,
It droops and withers, there to bloom no more.

Come then, whoe'er thou art, whose troubled breast,
Whose grief, like mine, may kindly lead thee here,
Behold the grave where youth and beauty rest,
And bathe the cherished spot with many a tear.

W.

LA FAYETTE, *The Loved Mason;*

A Song composed on the anniversary of St. John the Evangelist, and sung by Brother W. P. Farquhar, Past G. W. of Frederick county, at the dinner given to Brother LA FAYETTE, by the Grand Lodge of Maryland.

Tune, "*The Farmer.*"

Come Brethren unite, in this scene of delight,
We never have seen such another:
This day we are met to hail La Fayette,
Our friend—our illustrious Brother.
And O! is he here, that Brother so dear,
Who was faithful on every occasion—
Can earth yield more bliss, than a moment like this?
O! who would not now be a mason?

'Tis a joy most too great, to behold La Fayette,
And awakens a pleasing sensation;
We cannot conceal what our bosoms now feel,
To see here the 'Guest of the Nation,'
The friend of mankind, who, 'mong *us* now we find,
Our rich precious jewels we place on:
O! think *he is one*—like the great Washington—
A Brother, a Friend, a York Mason.

To him that was true, every honor is due;
And to us it indeed is a pleasure,
To take by the hand the dear friend of our land,
Whom all love and admire beyond measure,
To our bosoms we press him, may Heaven still bless him
In *Light*, lead to glory and grace on,
To the Grand Lodge above, and in token of love,
Raise high La Fayette, the lov'd Mason.

THE REPOSITORY.

"Blending the useful and the sweet."

THE CHRISTMAS SUPPER.

"Destroyer Time! how swiftly thou dost press
Man's footsteps onward to his final doom,
Rending apart Affections fond caress,
And shroud its objects in the lonely tomb!"

The sun had sunk in the western horizon, the last rays of twilight were fast fading from view, the sombre lid of evening was just closing the eye of day, the sable curtains of night were fast gathering around me, as I ascended the brow of the hill which overlooks the delightful little village of————, which, for many successive generations, had been the residence of the Melvilles. The light from the parlour windows showed that the fire burnt bright upon the hearth of the old family mansion, and I hastened onward to participate in the festivities which always crown the evening of "a merry Christmas."

For many years I had been a wanderer from the scenes of my childhood, and as many a wanderer from happiness; and as they now neared upon my view, a thousand delightful associations crowded upon my memory. The dwelling stands upon a gentle eminence in the midst of the village, embosomed in a cluster of trees, which grow in the same rude order in which nature had planted them; as I approached, no change was visible upon the garden, the shrubbery or the little green in its front, and at the end of the gravel walk that divided it, hung the same wicker gate, where, ten years before, I had taken leave of my kindred, to sojourn in a land of strangers.

During the afternoon, the numerous branches of the family with their various ramifications, comprising three generations, had been collected preparatory to the grand festival, the paternal supper smoked on table, and the absence of a single guest, who was expected, was the only circumstance which defered the commencement of the feast. Impatience was visible in every countenance, and considerable uneasiness was expressed, which arose either from the disappointment occasioned by the delinquent, or some other cause, more reasonable in itself; or perhaps, from both. It was however agreed unanimously, that "it was a monstrous pity to let the supper get cold;" and after a devout blessing was pronounced by the patriarchal head of the family, the lengthened rows on either side of the table began a vigorous attack upon the "beast, birds and fishes" which were before them, and he who whilom was the cause of general uneasiness amongst them, was forgotten, except, perhaps, by a few individuals.

"He will surely be here to-night," said aunt Jemima, "for he has so promised in his letter, which now sticks in the card rack, and he is not one who lightly esteems his promise."

"He went out from us," said her sanctified looking brother who was seated by her side, "because he was not of us, and the Lord only knows when the prodigal will return; he has departed from the ways of his fathers—the good old ways,—and there is litle probability that he will ever again inquire for them."

"But did he not say," repled she, "in the '*Village Herald*' which he sent us, that he should be here 'about the Christmas Holidays,' and—"

The sentence was left unfinished, for at that moment—when the merry carousal was in the full tide of operation, the door opened, and the person entered whose absence was the subject of her conversation. The reception was cordial by the whole party; the embrace of some who loved the young exile in his boyish days, was warm and tearful; but there was one whose heart beat quicker, whose eyes overflowed with joy, and whose tongue could only give utterance to, "God bless thee"—And that one was the same "aunt Jemima" from whom the particulars of the "Village Legend" were obtained which was related to the readers of the Herald, some two months since.

Matters were soon arranged, and I once more occupied my seat in the old mansion, at the Christmas supper, by the side of my spinster aunt. I cast my eyes around the blithesome circle, but many faces, formerly familiar, were now missing. Amongst others was my cousin Frank, who had been the companion of my childhood, my chum at College, and the friend of my riper years. He loved with more than a brother's affection, and his love was cherished in the inmost recesses of my heart. Of a frank, open and ingenuous disposition, he was the pride of his friends, and beloved by all who knew him. Frank chose the medical profession, and after going through the preparatory studies, he was admitted to practise, and commenced in his native village, under the most auspicious circumstances, and promised to become one of the brightest ornaments of society.—Such was Frank, when I left the village. For several years afterwards we were regular in our correspondence; but some unavoidable neglects on my part produced coldness; it soon became formal, and was at last wholly discontinued, and I heard no more from him.

My inquiries were first after him.—Aunt Jemima shook her head, as if unwilling to mar the pleasures of the evening, by a recital of the melancholy tale; but upon being urged, she reluctantly informed me that that insidious foe of human happiness—INTEMPERANCE, seized upon him in all his promise, and he fell an early victim of its baneful influence. The seducing cup, which at first he only approached in the shape of *friendly glasses and morning drams*, he soon learned to drain to the very dregs, and and to return to it, "like the dog to his vomit." He survived long enough to outlive all self-respect, and at last deserted by his friends, he sunk unregretted into an untimely and ignominious grave, a melancholy warning to all!

"And Emily Howard?" inquired I "the sprightly little girl, whom fifty of us would have given our eyes for, had she not preferred him. She was a sweet girl, and I loved her partly that she was engaged to Frank"

She *was* indeed," replied aunt Jemima, "a sweet girl, and she was true to poor Frank to the last. She marked the change in him with a serene but pallid brow; she reproved him with gentleness and meekness, and when all hope of reformation was gone, the hectic flush upon her cheek told that her heart was broken, and she brooded over her sorrows in secrecy and tears, and kept them locked up from the suspicions of others, until at last the cold hand of death removed her from a world of sorrow. She died a few months before Frank, and the young maidens yearly deck her grave with the earliest flowers of spring."

I could hear no more. I rose from the table, and followed by aunt Jemima, bent my steps to the church yard to pay the sad tribute of a tear to the memory of my early friends. The moon had now risen and seemed decked in the same white fleecy robe that was loosely cast about it the last time I had visited these peaceful homes of the dead, with Emily Howard and Frank, to strew with flowers the grave of her sister, and to water the young willow which she had planted there. The wintry blast rustled mournfully among the tall weeds and briers that covered his grave, which told in terms more forcible than language, that it was the last repose of an incorrigible drunkard—but he who slept beneath felt not its power. A rude stone alone marked his place of lowly sleep, and the cold moonbeam discovered that a passing school boy had written thereon the name of FRANK MELVILLE. My heart was full even to bursting; and when we returned, the Christmas revellers had retired, and the desolation which reigned in the deserted hall, deepened the melancholy feelings which had taken possession of my breast.

Men of Genius! insult not his memory, for he was your brother. Approach his grave, and mourn over the frailties of human nature, and as you uproot the noxious plants that flourish so luxuriantly upon its bosom, I would fain whisper in your ear the impressive warning of the poet—

"With caution taste the sweet Circassian cup,
He that drinks often at last drinks it up;
Habits are soon assumed; but we strive
To strip them off, 'tis being flayed alive."

THE MORALIST.

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

YOUTH, the Season of Improvement.

FROM ALISON'S SERMONS.

In every period of life, the acquisition of knowledge is one of the most pleasing employments of the human mind. But in youth there are circumstances which make it productive of higher enjoyment. It is then that every thing has the charm of novelty, that curiosity and fancy are awake; and that the heart swells with the anticipations of future eminence and utility. Even in those lower branches of instruction which we call mere accomplishments, there is something always pleasing to the young in their acquisition. They seem to become very well educated persons, they adorn if they do not dignify humanity; and what is far more, while they give an elegant employment to the hours of leisure and relaxation, they afford a means of contributing to the purity and innocence of domestic life.—But in the acquisition of knowledge of a higher kind in the hours when the young gradually begin the study of the laws of nature, and of the faculties of the human mind, or of the magnificent revelations of the Gospel, there is pleasure of the sublime nature. The cloud which in their infant years seemed to cover nature from their view, begins gradually to revolve. The world in which they are placed, opens with all its wonders upon their eye; their powers of attention and observation seem to expand with the scene before them; and while they see for the first time, the immensity of the universe of God, and mark the majestic simplicity of those laws by which its operations are conducted, they feel as if they were awakened to a higher species of being, and admitted into nearer intercourse with the Author of Nature. It is this period of all others, accordingly, that most determines our hopes or fears of the future fate of the young. To feel no joy in such pursuits; to listen carelessly to the voice bringing such magnificent instruction; to see the veil raised which conceals the councils of the Deity, and to shew emotion at the discovery, are symptoms of a weak and torpid spirit—of a mind unworthy of the advantages it possesses, and which is fitted only for the humility of sensual and ignoble pleasure. Of those on the contrary who distinguished themselves by the love of knowledge, who follow with ardor the career that is opened to them, we are apt to form the most honorable presages. It is the character natural to youth, and which, therefore, promises well of their maturity. We foresee for them, at least, a life of pure and virtuous enjoyment, and we are willing to anticipate no common share of future usefulness and splendor.

THE ECONOMIST.

"Economy is the road to Wealth."

FARMER's CALENDER.—January.

We are glad to meet our Agricultural Friends once more, and we wish them a year of prosperity; that the earth may yield them her increase, and that there may be joy and peace in their habitations. We greet them as a large and respectable body of Freemen; as the pillars of our nation, and our independence. We remember that Washington himself was an accomplished husbandman. He could manage his domestic concerns and direct the energies of a nation, at the same time, and without embarrassment. He was a man of system, of punctuality, and of economy. And in these respects every farmer may imitate him; and may also, while pursuing his honorable occupation, treasure up a fund of useful knowledge, which shall render him an enlightened, and valuable member of the community. We would remind our readers of the obligations which they owe to their families, their neigbours, to the world of mankind, and to God.

Remedy for a Cough in the Horse.

Mix the comb of the hornet's nest with their feed—this we are assured rarely fails to effect a cure.

From the Virginia Argus.

Mr. Pleasants.—I have long thought of communicating to the public a remedy for the cure of the rot and scab in sheep, which I have made use of with very great success. In the year 1806, my flock was so very indifferent, that from ninety sheep, I sheared only 130 weight of wool, so sorry as to be barely fit to make clothing for young negroes. Immediately after shearing, I made use of the following mixture.—Three gallons of tar, and three gallons of train oil, boiled together, to which was added three pounds roll brimstone finely powdered and stirred in. This quantity was sufficient for the above number, and was poured on with a kitchen ladle, from the top of the head along the back bone to the tail. At the next shearing (in 1807) from 78 of the same sheep, I sheared 360 pounds of very good wool; and instead of 20 to 25 sorry lambs, commonly raised from my flock, I raised 55 as fine as ever I saw. Since this application, I have frequently been asked by my neighbors, where I got such fine sheep from. This remedy was taken from an old eastern paper, which I am sorry to say, I have lost or mislaid. It may be necessary to add, that I have continued to make use of this application with the same success, and that when train oil is difficult to be had, any kind of grease, such as is used for plantation leather will answer.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

J. NELSON.

Mecklenburg, 15th June, 1808.

What can the Legislature do for the Agriculture of the State?

A real service may be done to the farming interest of the State, if gentlemen who have reflected on the subject, will suggest through the American Farmer, such measures as they may think would conduce to the interests of landholders, if enacted by the Legislature of Maryland.—A most respectable committee has been raised on this subject, whereof Arthur Lee, Esq. is Chairman, and every confidence may be felt that attention will be paid to any intimations which may be made through him to the committee, in regard to any grievances under which the agricultural community labors at present; and which may be remedied by legislative provision. For instance, let each one give his ideas as to what may be done to make the *law of trespass* more applicable to the condition of the State, better understood, and more effectual.

What can be done to arrest the incalculable moral evils arising from the sale of spirituous liquors, especially to slaves?

What can be done to restrain the growth of dogs, and to promote the growth of sheep?—*Am. Farmer.*

THE HUMORIST.

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

POLICE—An Irish Original.

BOW-STREET, LONDON.

Among the odd fish, who were caught by the watchmen in casting their nets on Friday night, was a Hibernian wag, rather advanced in years, of very seedy exterior, but possessing all the dry good humor, and joke-cracking disposition of his countrymen.

On being put to the bar, the watchman was called on to state his charges, and this was done in a very few words. In fact, Mr. Butler, the man was found dead drunk, under the piazzas in Covent garden, at 2 o'clock in the morning.

"Well," said Sir Richard, "how do you account for your disorderly conduct."

Mr. B. (with a grin) O! Faith, Sir Richard, I never was much of an accountant, and if I was myself, when I was dead drunk, as the watchman says, what I'd be saying would'nt do me much good, for "dead men seldom tell tales."

Sir Richard—What brought you in such a state?

Mr. B.—'Fore God you're right, it would have been well, but there was two rasons against that—first, I was blind drunk as well as dead drunk, and so I could'nt see my way: and next if my eyes were as good as your worship's, I could'nt have seen what I hav'nt got, which is a bed.

Sir Richard—Have you no lodgings.

Mr. B—Devil a lodging, except in the words of the ould song, "On the cowl'd ground."

Sir Richard—What are you.

Mr. B.—Faith I'm a prisoner, I believe.

Sir Richard—I mean how do you get your living?

Mr. B.—Through the blessings of Providence.

Sir Richard—Have you no trade?

Mr. B.—Is it me? the devil a trade.

Sir Richard—Were you brought up to no business?

Mr. B.—No, by my soul, I was tenderly named, and my edication was my only patrimony.

Sir Richard—That sort of money does not go far with a man of your inclinations.

Mr. B.—(with a laugh) 'Fore God, you're right again; all the larning in the world is no use at the bar. I mane the bar of a public house, unless you back it with the circulating medium.

Sir Richard—I'm afraid you have been circulating your earnings through a very improper medium.

Mr. B.—Devil a truer word you ever spoke in your life.

Sir Richard—If I let you go now, you'll set off and get drunk again.

Mr. B.—I'il go bail I won't, for I hav'nt a rap in the world; and as for my credit, its like my coat—worn out.

Sir Richard—I'm half disposed to try you.

Mr. B.—Not for tipling, I hope, your worship; for I'm sure to be found guilty.

Sir Richard—You seem to be a good humored fellow.

Mr. B.—There's a pair of us your worship.

Sir Richard laughed, and told Mr. B. to get about his business, and mend his ways.

Mr. B.—Before I go I'll ask you one favor.

Sir Richard—Well, what is it?

Mr. B.—Just to give me a bit of a note to your countryman, Mr. M'Adam, and as I despair of mending my own ways, perhaps he'll give me a job in mending the ways of others.

Sir Richard again laughed, and bid him go out and wait and he'd endeavor to put him in the way to industry.

Mr. B. shrugged his shoulders with good humor, and pulling up his unmentionables, trotted out of the office. The worthy magistrate gave him a letter, which would probably procure for him present employment.

Part of a Welsh Sermon.

A bride should have nine qualifications, all beginning with the letter P, viz. Piety, Person, and Parts; Patience, Prudence and Providence; Privilege, Parentage, and Portion: and that which should be first of all and most of all in consideration, which is Piety, is now-a-days thought of least of all, last of all, and by many, not at all; and that which should be least of all, and last of all in consideration, which is Portion, is now become first of all, most of all, and with many, all in all.

Notice to Creditors.

IN obedience to the law and the order of the honorable Orphans' Court of Dorchester county, this is to give notice, that the subscriber of Dorchester county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of said county, in Maryland, letters of administration on the personal estate of *Ann Foster*, late of said county, deceased. All persons having claims against said deceased, are hereby warned to exhibit the same with the proper vouchers thereof to the subscriber, on or before the 5th day of July next, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 1st day of January, anno domini, 1825.

ELISHA WRIGHT,
Executor of Ann Foster, dec'd.
jan 1 3t

☞All persons indebted to the above estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Notice to Creditors.

IN obedience to the law and the order of the honorable Orphans' Court of Dorchester county, this is to give notice, that the subscriber of Dorchester county, hath obtained from the Orphans' court of said county, in Maryland, letters of administration on the personal estate of *Wm. Hutson*, late of said county, deceased. All persons having claims against said deceased, are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the proper vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, on or before the 5th day of July next, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.—Given under my hand this 1st day of January, anno domini, 1825.

SAML. FERGUSON,
Adm'r. of Wm. Hutson, dec'd.
jan 1 3t

☞All persons indebted to the above estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Vol. II.

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very few of them are hot, and with those few that are, he only burns his fingers.

how many must there be in the whole town."

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