THE BOWER.

"MUCH YET REMAINS UNSUNG."

For the Cambridge Chronicle.

TO MISS M. C.

Unskill'd in the language of art,
Fair Mary attend to my tale,
To the genuine voice of the heart,
And let my fond wishes prevail.

In silence, tho' long I've suppress't
The fond passion your beauty inspir'd,
And nursed the pure flame in my breast,
And silently gazed and admir'd;

Yet love, mighty love now denies,
Any longer in secret to mourn,
But breathes its soft passion in sighs,
In hopes to receive a return.

Tho' fine beaux may speak softer of love,
In strains more exalted and fine;
Yet believe me, they never can prove,
A passion so ardent as mine.

Then say lovely maid, when remov'd*
From all that my soul holds most dear,
From each object I tenderly lov'd,
And my solace at eve is a tear—

In that pensive hour may I dare
To believe that you still live for me;
That your heart and affections you share
With him who doats only on thee?

D.

* *The subject of these lines intends leaving Cambridge shortly.*

Selected for the Chronicle by a Lady.

The following exquisite stanza were supposed to be written by Lord Byron to his lady a few months before their separation.

TO JESSY.

There is a mystic thread of life,
So dearly wreath'd with mine alone,
That destiny's relentless knife
At once must sever both or none.

There is a form, on which these eyes
Have often gaz'd with fond delight;
By day that form their joy supplies,
And dreams restore it thro' the night.

There is a voice, whose tones inspire
Such thrills of rapture in my breast,
I would not hear a seraph choir,
Unless that voice could join the rest!

There is a face, whose blushes tell
Affection's tale upon the cheek,
But pallid at one fond farewell,
Proclaims more love than words can speak.

There is a lip, which mine hath prest,
And none had ever prest before;
It vowed to make me sweetly blest,
And mine—mine only, prest it more!

There is a bosom—all my own—
Hath pillow'd oft this aching head;
A mouth—which smiles on me alone;
An eye—whose tears with mine are shed.

There are two hearts, whose movements thrill
In unison so closely sweet,
That pulse to pulse responsive still,
They both must heave or cease to beat.

There are two souls, whose equal flow
In gentle streams so calmly run,
That when they part—they part! ah no
They cannot part—those souls are one.

Cockneyism.—The following piece of poetry is from the Providence Journal: it is an epitome of Eastern provincialism, and sets the Cockneys at defiance. We need not say that it should be read, or rather sung *au nasal*, to give it due effect:—*Nat. Adv.*

Jonathan's Visit to the Journal Office.

Did you ever go up to the Printers,
And see all them devils to work?
I cussnotchet it beats all to flinters,
Mother's fuss when we kill all our pork.

Them fellers they stand right up straight,
And pick little pieces of lead;
Stuck in cubby holes thicker, I'll bate,
Than seeds in our big parsnip bed.

Then they keep such a ducking and hobbing,
I'll be darned! like aunt Peggy's old drake
When he's gobbling up corn, or a robin,
That stands on one leg on a stake.

How a plague can they find all the letters
Is more than my gumption can tell.
They call them are working type setters,
And an old shoe they said that was h—ll.

Then they've got too a cast iron press,
It beats father's for cider and cheese:
'Tis tarnation hard work I should guess,
And it gives a confounded tight squeeze.

There's a thumping great roller I swow,
They keep pushing—the Lord knows for what,
And the paper 'twould cover our mow,
Sich a whopping great sheet they have got.

How they fill it all up is the wonder,
Where a darn do they find so much news,
As thick as pea blossoms in summer—
What a nation of ink they do use!

By gall! I dont see how they pay,
For so many heaps of white paper,
They tell me they used every day;
Good Lord—'twould ruin squire Taber.

I'd no notion I vam, 'twas sich tarnal
Hard work to print papers and books;
I'll go right down & 'scribe for the Jarnal
And go home and tell all the folks.

THE REPOSITORY.

"Blending the useful and the sweet."

THE LAST HERRING.

"Hoot away despair,
Never yield to sorrow—
The blackest sky may wear
A sunny face to-morrow."

It was Saturday night, and the widow of the Pine Cottage sat by her blazing faggot with her five tattered children at her side, endeavoring by listening to the artlessness of their juvenile prattle, to dissipate the heavy gloom that pressed upon her mind. For a long year, her own feeble hands had provided for a helpless family, for she had no supporter, she thought no friend, in all the wide unfriendly world around. But that mysterious Providence, the wisdom of whose ways are above human comprehension, had visited her with sickness and her little means had become exhausted. It was now too midwinter, and the snow lay heavy and deep through all surrounding forests, while storms still seemed gathering in the heavens, and the driving wind roared through the bending pines, and rocked her puny mansion.

The last Herring smoked upon the coals before her, it was the only article of food she possessed, and no wonder if her desolate state brought up in her lone bosom all the anxieties of a mother when she looked upon her children, and no wonder, forlorn as she was, if she suffered the heart swellings of despair to rise, even though she knew that He, whose promise is to the widow and to the orphan, cannot forget his word. Providence had many years before taken from her, her eldest son, who went from his forest home to try his fortune on the seas, since which she had heard no note or tidings of him, and in the latter times had by the hand of death, deprived her of the companion and staff of her husband. Yet to this hour she had been upborne, she had not only been able to provide for her little flock, but had never lost one opportunity of ministering the wants of the miserable and the destitute.

The indolent may well bear with poverty while the ability to gain a sustenance, remains. The individual who has his own wants to supply, may suffer with fortitude the winter of want; his affectioos are not wounded, his heart wrung. The most desolate in populous cities, may hope, for Charity there, has not quite closed her hand and heart and shut her eyes on misery. But the industrious mother of helpless and depending children, far from the reach of human charity, has none of these to console her. Such a one was the widow of the Pine Cottage, but as she bent over the fire and took up the last remnant of food to spread before her children, her spirits seemed to brighten up, as by some sudden and mysterious impulse, and Cowper's beautiful lines came uncalled across her mind—

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face.

The smoking Herring was scarcely laid upon the table, when a gentle tap at the door and the fond barking of the dog, attracted the attention of the family.—The children flew to open it and a weary traveller, in tattered garments and apparently indifferent health, begged a lodging and a mouthful of food; for, said he, it is now twenty-four hours since I tasted bread. The widow's heart bled anew, under a fresh complication of distresses, for her sympathies lingered not round her fire-side. She hesitated not even now; rest and a share of all she had, she proffered to the stranger. "We shall not be forsaken, or suffer deeper for an act of charity."

They drew near the board, but when he saw the scanty fare, he raised his eyes toward Heaven in astonishment. "And is this all your store," said he, "and a share of this you would offer to one you know not? Then never saw I charity before! But, madam, said he continuing, do you not wrong your children by giving part of their last mouthful to a stranger?" "Ah," said the poor widow and the tear drops gushed into her eyes as she said it, "I have a boy, a darling son, somewhere on the face of the wide world unless Heaven has taken him away, and I only act towards you as I would others should act towards him.—God who sent Manna from Heaven, can provide for us as he did for Israel, and how should I this night offend Him, if my son should be a wanderer, destitute as you, and He should have provided for him a home even poor as this, were I to turn you unrelieved away?"

The widow ended, and the stranger springing from his seat, clasped her in his arms. "God has indeed provided just such a home for your wandering son, and has given him wealth to reward the goodness of his benefactress. My mother! Oh my mother!!"

It was her long lost son, returned to her bosom, from the Indies, abounding in riches. He had chosen that disguise, that he might the more completely surprise his family; and never was surprise more perfect, or followed by a sweeter cup of joy. That humble residence in the forest was exchanged for one comfortable and indeed beautiful, in the valley, and the widow lived long with her dutiful son, in the enjoyment of worldly plenty and in the delightful employments of virtue; and at this day the passer-by is often pointed to the luxuriant willow that spreads its branches broad and green above her grave, while he listens to the recital of this simple & homely, but not altogether worthless tale.

From the Metropolitan.

Mr. Editor: You published some time since what you had *seen;* I now send you an account of things *I have never seen.*

I have never seen an Editor that received payment from *half* of his subscribers.

I have never seen such hard times as the present, in all my life.

I have never seen an old maid *decidedly* opposed to matrimony.

I have never seen young doctors free from pedantry in the use of technical phrases.

I have never seen a pretty girl, that did not know it.

I have never seen a lawyer refuse a fee on account of his poverty.

I have never seen greater men than Jackson, Adams and La Fayette.

I have never seen a woman who was *tongue-tied.*

I have never seen a girl that would sing without being asked at least forty times.

I have never seen the necessity of ladies wearing hip-splits.

I have never seen rich men prefer marrying poor girls.

I have never seen but one lady use a bed-wrench and pin to tighten her corsetts.

I have never seen a tax-gatherer or sheriff *starve.*

I have never seen more candidates than at present for all vacant offices.

I have never seen provision cheaper and money scarcer than at this time.

I have never seen a woman die of the lock-jaw!!

I have never seen a lady who learned music to catch a husband, ever play after marriage for his gratification.

I have never seen the necessity of young ladies (who are not bald) wearing false hair.

I have never seen the great Sea *Sarpent,* nor Tom Thumb, nor Cleves Symmes, nor the man in the moon—I would have travelled to see all these things, but my guardian poked straws in my eyes.

PUR-BLIND.

LONDON FEMALE FASHIONS,

FOR NOVEMBER.

Morning Dress.—Milanese robe of fine French lawn, elegantly ornamented down the front, and without side of the arms of the long sleeve with delicately wrought cordon. The petticoat ornamented with two broad tucks, between which is fine lace, pointed *a la neige,* one row of which finishes the hem next the feet. The corsage made *en blouse* and the sleeve *en gigot.* Morning cornett with broad lace *en dents de loups* next the face, and crowned with leaves of ribbon; sash fastened with a buckle in front instead of a bow, the ends descending to the knee. Black satin shoes.

Walking and Carriage costume—Pelisse of Japanese rose colour silk, elegantly trimmed all round with a rich sable fringe fur, and narrow satin rouleaux, or silk braiding, down the sides in front; collar partially elevated, and surmounted by a ruff of Urling's lace. Arragonese hat of black velvet, crowned with a beautiful plumage of black ostrich feathers—the waist of the pelisse encircled by a belt of the same material as the pelisse, fastened with a gold buckle. Reticule *en gibeciere* of Japanese rose color, and holly leaf green riband.

THE MORALIST.

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

THE GRAVE YARD.

I had long been absent from my native place, and the desolating arrows of death had sped many a relative, many a friend, many an acquaintance from the stage of mortality. The broad and ample burying ground, had many an added mound, and the grass grew green alike over the old and young. I stood by its broken wall and bethought me of the times that were past; I knew not where the bodies reposed of those who had gone away from the busy scenes in which we once mingled together—but I knew that the most of them lay somewhere in that solemn enclosure; gone in short, others in long, full sized graves. I called to mind the countenances, the every tone of voice, and line of feature I recollected. And then I thought how changed—how full of changes was this earthly dream. It was not the aged generally who had departed; a few of these had dropped like withered leaves it was true; but the gay green boughs had fallen; the young, the bright, the beautiful—the storm seemed to have been most destructive where its ravages were least expected.

The congregation had gathered, and I entered, a stranger unknown, into the sacred edifice which my father had assisted in erecting, and in which my early Sabbaths had been spent. The preacher's subject was the uncertainty of life. The young man, he said, looked upon the gray haired sires of the age, and thought death was afar off, but it was a delusive fancy; a dream, baseless as the visions of night, which flit across the sleepless mind, the supposition that all that gathered assembly should die then, and be entombed in one burial place—and asked what kind of a grave yard they would make? Just such a one as that you see without these walls! Just such a one as is seen every where! But supposing you should all live to be aged, he continued, and then die and be buried together—What kind of a grave yard would then be seen? Such a one as would have no similitude with any in the wide world!—It was a powerful illustration of the subject.

We seldom think, at parting, of the uncertainty of ever meeting in this world again—if young, we fancy ourselves licensed to live long; if old, we feel like veterans; we have escaped so often that the danger seems past. But communion with the grave yard—a perusal of the obituary notices collected in a newspaper, or a recurrence to the well remembered company of school fellows, with whom we set out in the road to science, will teach us a proper, and a profitable lesson. Wisdom has a thousand pages scattered abroad in the universe, in either of which we may find a directory to guide us to her temple.—*Emporium.*

CENSURE.

There is nothing which is more common than for people to rail at those faults in others, for which they are most remarkable themselves, without considering that their censures often reflect home.—But granting we have not the same faults we condemn, we are not certain but we have others equally censurable: at least, the person who takes a delight in exposing the imperfections of others, shows his own heart to be a stranger to generosity. To enjoy the pleasure of society, we must not be too nice in our remarks—there are few so abandoned but that they have some virtues as well as vices—we should take the good with the bad and not turn always to the worst side of a character. We ought never to give our opinion of people on a superficial acquaintance; as the greatest qualities of the head and heart are often obscured by some little foolish singularity which at first sight creates a disgust that is not easily got over. We are too often prejudiced against a thing before we have given ourselves time to examine it, and blame more thro' pride and ignorance than reason.

EXTRACT.

"Man though born with faculties to reach through the depths of *time,* and powers to flourish through the ages of *eternity,* seldom looks beyond the present hour, or is but affected by present objects. The *immortal* soul, confined to this mansion of earth, becomes enamoured of her habitation; and in time persuades herself that "*here* she has a delight to *dwell;*" hence she is solicitous how she may repair the tottering wall, and support the frail fabric. Yet, surely, this attachment is strange, Constantia, since, notwithstanding her solicitude for its preservation, this frame will soon fall, and very soon moulder into its native earth.

Yet a little while, and every breast that is now warm with hope, busy with design, shall drop into the cold and senseless grave. The *eye* that is reading this page shall be closed in darkness, and the *hand* that writes it shall be crumbled into dust."

Men wrangle for religion; write for it; die for it; and any thing but—*live* for it.

THE ECONOMIST.

"Economy is the road to Wealth."

ICE HOUSES—how best made.—Who can tell how to kill a pestilential weed called Daisy, or Bull's Eye?

To the Editor of the American Farmer.

Rahway, N. J. Jan. 12, 1825.

Respected Friend.—Your correspondent asking information respecting ice houses, may be informed, that from the experience we have had, it is best to have the ice surrounded with a wooden curb, having a small space between that and the wall.—When our ice house was built many years ago we had such a curb made of posts and planks pinned on them on the side next the ice—the ice then kept well, but thinking it too small, we removed the curb and filled all up to the wall with ice, the consequence is, it does not keep as well as before, although the quantity is greater—and we now intend to replace the curb, and as charcoal is found to be one of the best non-conductors of heat, it has occurred to me that it would be still better to fill up the space between the planks and wall, with this substance.

Can any information be obtained thro' the Farmer, as to the best mode of destroying the weed known here by the name of Daisy, or Bull's Eye? It is spreading to an alarming extent, and when once in the field it seems almost impossible to extirpate it.

Brain-Staggers—A disease common to domestic animals, and to calves amongst the rest.—They are supposed, in the case of calves, to be caused, sometimes, by eating the blossoms of whortleberry bushes. In all cases, brain-staggers may, we are told, be cured by splitting the skin of the forehead over the brain, and separating it from the bone sufficiently to introduce under it a small quantity of fine salt. As soon as the salt dissolves the animal is relieved.—*A. Far.*

Method to cause Indian Corn to come up speedily and regularly:—Steep the corn for 30 hours before planting. This method is highly beneficial by causing the corn to come up in an equal and uniform manner. Try this method with water in which horse litter has been steeped for the time above mentioned, as well as common water.—*ib.*

To make good Vinegar:—Take ten gallons of apple juice, new from the press, and suffer it to ferment fully, which may be in about two weeks.—[It is supposed that a shorter time in warm weather will do.] Then add eight gallons of like juice, new, for producing a second fermentation: in two weeks more add another like new quantity, for producing a third fermentation. This third fermentation is material. Now stop the bung-hole with an empty bottle, with the neck downwards, and expose it to the sun for some time.—When the vinegar is come, draw off one-half into a vinegar cask, and set it in a cool place, above ground, for use when clear. With the other half in the first cask, proceed to make more vinegar in the same way. Thus one cask is to make in—the other to use from. When making the vinegar, let there be a moderate degree of heat, and use access of external air.—*ib.*

The Bots.—John Baslum, veterinary surgeon, of Baltimore, recommends, as a certain means of getting rid of bots, to give the horse an ounce of powdered savin, in his food, once a day for three days.

Cayenne Pepper—may be dried in a common dutch oven, and then ground in a common spice or pepper mill.

A Cure for the Cancer.—We are informed that a son of Mr. Carter Harrison, of Prince George's county, has been cured of a cancer by the application of dock root. The dock used in this case, we understand was the narrow leaf dock. The root was boiled. The cancer bathed with the decoction—(it is presumed it should be strong)—and the pulp applied to it.—*(Petersburg Intelligencer.)* The same paper repeats this publication, as a circumstance literally true, and to be depended on.

Darien, Geo. Dec. 14.

Something novel.—A mulberry tree, before our door is now yielding ripe fruit, and a friend of ours of the Hopeton plantation plucked a ripe damson plumb from one of his trees, on the 9th.

THE HUMORIST.

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

It happened, in 1776, that the garden of a widow, which lay between the American and British camps, in the neighbourhood of New York, was frequently robbed at night. Her son a mere boy, and small of his age, having obtained his mother's permission to find out and secure the thief, in case he should return, concealed himself with a gun among the weeds. A strapping highlander, belonging to the British grenadiers, came and having filled a large bag, threw it over his shoulder; the boy then left his covet, went softly behind him cocked his gun, and called out to the fellow, "You are my prisoner: if you attempt to put your bag down, I will shoot you dead; go forward in that road." The boy kept close behind him, threatened, and was constantly prepared te execute his threats. Thus the boy drove him into the American camp, where he was secured. When the grenadier was at liberty to throw down his bag, and saw who had made him prisoner, he was extremely mortified, and exclaimed, "A British grenadier made prisoner by such a d—d brat."—The American officers were highly entertained with the adventure, made a collection for the boy, and gave him several pounds. He returned fully satisfied for the losses his mother sustained. The soldier had side-arms, but they were of no use, as he could not get rid of his bag.

Dr. Reed, well known for his medical reports, in the Monthly Magazine, was requested by a lady of literary eminence, to call at her house. "Be sure you recollect the address, (said she, as he quitted the room) No. 1 Chesterfield street." "Madam," said the doctor, "I am too great an admirer of politeness, not to remember *Chesterfield,* and I fear too selfish ever to forget *number one.*

Lens.—As this celebrated painter was drawing the picture of a lady in the dress of Mary, Queen of Scots, the lady said to him, "But sir, you have not made me like the Queen of Scots." "No Madam," said Lens, but if God had made your ladyship like her, I would."

Gumilla relates that there is a nation in South America which marries old men to girls, and old women to young men, that age may correct the petulence of youth."

A knotty pun.—A facetious gentleman once observing a young lady very earnestly at work, knotting a fringe for a petticoat, asked he what she was doing: "Knotting, Sir," she replied; "pray, can you knot?" "I CAN-NOT, Madam," answered he.

When Milton was blind, he married a shrew.—The duke of Buckingham called her a rose. "I am no judge of flowers," replied Milton;—"but it may be so—for I feel *thorns* daily."

"Fine growing weather this (said a Sussex farmer, the other day, to his next neighbour, accosting him as he was crossing his meadows,) fine growing weather; this rain will bring every thing out of the ground. "Heaven forbid! (said the other) *for I have just buried my wife.*

A witness being called to give his testimony in court, in the state of N. York, respecting the loss of a shirt gave the following: Mother *said*, that Ruth *said*, that Nell *said*, that Poll *told* her, that she *see* a man that *see* a boy run through the street with a streaked flannel shirt, all checker, checker, checker, and *cur galls* wont *lie*, for mother has whipped them a hundred times for *lying*.

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