THE BOWER.

"MUCH YET REMAINS UNSUNG."

From the Trenton Emporium.

STANZAS.

Like a boat on the wave
When a storm's in the sky,
Like a rose o'er a grave
When the winter is nigh,
Through the blue heavens bright—
Like the fabric of dreams
'Mid the slumbers of night:
Like the lamp that is lit
In the mist o'er the moor,
Or the bubbles that flit,
By the rude rocky shore,
Is the vision of life, in this tempest-tost clime,
A shadow fast fleeting—a moment of time.

As the bark, as a star,
Disappears and is gone,
As their destiny far
Is mysterious, unknown;
As the rose fades away
From our hopes and our tears;
And our bright dreams decay
In the rude wreck of years:
As the meteor lamp flies
To its deep water cave,
And the wind bubble dies
On the first dashing wave;
So sinks to his doom, but a span from his birth,
The lord of creation—the monarch of earth.

But the sun bursting through
When the tempest has sped;
And the rose springing new
When the winter has fled;
The star when 'tis nearest
This tremulous sphere,
And that vision the dearest
That midnight brought near—
Bright meteors that fly
O'er the earth or the sky;
Or water-built castles,
Though sparkling with light
In the sun's first effulgence,
Most dazzling and bright—
Can never compare with the glory that breaks
On the new risen soul, from death's slumber that wakes. MARIAN.

LORD BYRON'S LAST VERSES.

Missolonghi, Jan. 22, 1824.

"This day completes my Thirty-sixth Year."

'Tis time this heart should be unmoved,
Since others it has ceased to move;
Yet though I cannot be beloved,
Still let me love.

My days are in the yellow leaf,
The flowers & fruits of love are gone:
The worm, the canker, and the grief,
Are mine alone.

The fire that in my bosom preys
Is like to some volcanic isle,
No torch is kindled at its blaze:—
A funeral pile.

The hope, the fears, the jealous care,
Th' exalted portion of the pain,
The power of love I cannot share,
But wear the chain.

But 'tis not here—it is not here—
Such thoughts should shake my soul; nor now—
Where glory seals the hero's bier,
Or binds his brow.

The sword, the banner, and the field,
Glory and Greece around us see;
The Spartan borne upon his shield
Was not more free.

Awake! not Greece—she is awake!—
Awake! my spirit! think thro' whom
My life blood tastes its parent lake—
And then strike home.

I tread reviving passions down,
Unworthy Manhood—unto thee,
Indifferent should the smile or frown
Of beauty be.

If thou regret thy youth—why live?
The land of honorable death
Is here—up to the field, and give
Away thy breath!

Seek out—less often sought than found;
A soldier's grave, for thee the best,
Then look around, & choose thy ground,
And take thy rest.

THE REPOSITORY.

"Blending the useful and the sweet."

LORD BYRON in the hour of danger, is an interesting character. He always seemed to require powerful excitement, and all his pages teem with this distinguished property of his mind. We have often seen the poet the victim of his imaginary storms and tempests, and we may now see how the man appears when his visions are reduced to reality. It will be seen that the poet and the man were in the character of Byron identified.

From a Narrative of Lord Byron's Voyage to Sicily, Corsica, and Sardinia, in the year 1821.

LORD BYRON IN A STORM.

Sailors say, that a calm aways precedes a storm, and we had reason to give into such presentiments, for the next morning the wind which had blown from the south-west, with a light gale, suddenly changed to the opposite point of the compass, and came down with sweeping vengeance.

We close reefed our sails, and made all snug, the captain and captain F—n declaring we should have to encounter a strong "Levanter," all our efforts were strained to double the head-land, and get into the gulph of St. Fiorenzo, but in vain; so that a whole day was spent in taking and veering to close in with the land, to no purpose.

Sea sickness now laid all our ladies and gentlemen "on their beam ends;" Count P——, Mr. Denzell, and the amiable orphan St. F—, were also overcome, and the whole were bedridden. The sun set angrily and the wind veering more to the westward, brought us upon a lee-shore, to our utter dismay.

We reduced our sails to a few yards of canvass, and lowered the yards on deck. The sky appeared as an extensive sheet of lightning, and peals of thunder overhead appeared as if ready to depart the vessel and us in the waves which rolled over the vessel with irresistable force. His Lordship, with captain P—, Dr. Peto, and Percy S—, kept the deck, and the hatches were battened down over the rest of our company, a tremendous sea carried away the boat which was hoisted up at the stern, and broke in all the bulk-heads of the quarters. For our own safety, all hands, after being revived by a dram, began to throw overboard the guns, Lord Byron himself assisting in this painful duty, the long boat was then released from her lashings and as we wished, the waves soon swept her from the deck, our two cows and goats shared the same fate, as well as one of the horses; the others were in the hold, and to that they owed their preservation. The two large anchors were cut from the bows, and the vessel thus eased of a heavy top-load, danced more lightly over the tremendous billows, and inspired us with fresh hopes. The crew were all ordered to the after part of the deck, and again refreshed with liquor. A light was apparently in the clouds, which shone from some mountaineer's cottage; it gleamed with a sickly hue through the stream, and the sailors, with true Italian superstition, pronounced it "St. Peter's watch-light to show us the grave; indeed, we were all inclined to think it foreboded no good, as the captain (Benson) informed us that there was no light-house on that part of the coast, and we must be very near the land to see a light so plainly. We soon saw the high mountains, and would have been

"Happy to bribe with India's richest ore
A safe accession to that barren shore."

The captain who had been anxiously looking out, acquainted us, so as not to be heard by the crew, that he saw breakers nearly ahead, and hopes of being able to weather them. Captain F—n coincided in this opinion, to which his Lordship said, "Well, we are all born to die—I shall go with regret, but certainly not with fear." Dr. Peto counted his rosary and kissed his crucifix with fervent devotion on his knees.

Percy S—, who heretofore made no secret of his inflexibility, and whose spirits we thought no danger could ever appal, appeared to have lost all energy, and the horrors of approaching death made him weep like a child. Those names which he never before pronounced but in ridicule, he now called upon in moving accents of serious prayer, and implored the protection of that Being whose existence he affected to disbelieve.

The breakers were now visible to all the crew, to whom his Lordship gave his advice to lash themselves to the yards, which they did. Capt. F—n and captain Benson took the helm; his Lordship descended to the cabin, where all were too much afraid to be sensible of their danger, nor could they be roused by any exertion of his; he came up with a scent box in his hand, which he placed by his side, and sat down; he had not sat long when he asked, "Is there any chance?" to which he was answered "none whatever." "Then," said he, rising, "it is every man's duty to endeavor to preserve the life God has given him, so I advise you all to strip; swimming, indeed can be of little use in these billows; but as children, when tired with crying, sink placidly to repose; we, when exhausted with struggling, shall die the easier, and with God's blessing shall soon be at rest."

His Lordship then threw off every thing but his trowsers, and binding his silk neckcloth round his loins, he sat down and folded his arms across his breast, waiting in tranquil resignation, his fate. Percy S— lay at his feet in a state of insensibility. His Lordship looked down upon him, and ejaculated "Poor fellow!" Doctor Peto had covered his head with his cloak, and was stretched at full length groaning in bitter anguish.

Capt. F—n was removing some dollars from his coat into the pocket of his small clothes, when his Lordship observed, smiled and said, "F—n, do you mean that as a ballast to sink you sooner, or as a brite to Neptune to give you a good birth in his watery palace?" The sun was now nearly an hour high, but all was like the twilight of the grave. The sea was long and heavy, and as it struck upon the rocks, the crash struck the ear as though a forest of lofty oaks were falling by a whirlwind. The countenance of his Lordship never changed whilst the person who writes this had the power to view it.

The breakers now were not a quarter of a mile distant on the leebow, when captain Benson remarked to his Lordship, "Our only chance is to put away a point before the wind, or we are sure to go broadside into the surf, and perish at once." "As you like," said his Lordship, raising his head and looking upon the danger, he then resumed his former position.

A heavy surge now swept the vessel fore and aft, and carried overboard the Doctor, who instantly sunk to rise no more. His Lordship exclaimed, "Good God!" and that moment the vessel rose upon a mountain billow to a tremendous height, from whose summit she descended with the velocity of lightning, as if she was going to bury herself in the remorseless deep. By this rapid movement she was precipitated forward beyond the reach of the breakers that rolled behind her stern, and burst in impotence as if incensed at the loss of their destined prey. "We are safe," exclaimed captain F—and Benson; "jump men, from the yards, and make sail." This they did with tumultuous joy, which his Lordship checked, and told them, "Whilst you are working, silently thank God for your miraculous preservation." Percy S— was removed in a state of stupor to his bed, his Lordship comforted those below with assurances of safety, and the vessel was laid to, under "snug canvass," in the mouth of the Gulf of St. Florenzo, with every part of which the captain was well acquainted. The sea upon which the vessel rose, was the means of her preservation; probably there was not, if the sea had been calm, a depth of two feet water on the rocks over which she passed, but the sea carried her safe over at a moment when every hope, but that of immortality, was gone.

LIFE IN ALBANY.

We learn from a mischievous little paper called the Microscope, that the *beau monde* in Albany have been thrown into hysterics, at discovering that they have been patronizing an *impostor;* actually dining and dancing, toasting and singing, sighing and saying soft nonsense to an agreeable, accomplished little villain, who called himself *Lord Mortimer*, a name most musical, romantic and novel-like. This abominable monster, called himself the son of Lord Ball. The title of *Lord*, among our republican dames, was like the Greek-fire, powerful, and never to be subdued—introduction followed—"nods, winks and wreathed smiles," were bestowed upon the young nobleman. The rosy-cheeked Dutch dames, from the borders of the Mohawk, made their best and swimming curtsies. A *Lord*—think of that—they crowded round him—catch'd the inspiration of each sound—Judges, Jurors, Governors and Legislators—each pressed for the honour of his company to venison and champaigne—the ladies secured him for balls, converzationes and fashionable squeezes—his opinions on paintings and music were quoted as authority; and, just on the eve of attending a splendid rout, made specially in honour of his Lordship, when Boniface, his landlord, discovered that he was advertised as an impostor, and was a shirtless rascal, without a shilling; and, at the moment when his Lordship, in silk stocking and black unmentionables, was about calling his coach for the rout, Baron Nabem carried him off. While the party was all anxiety, waiting for his Lordship, intelligence of the catastrophe arrived, and created some faintings, some sneerings, and a multitude of, "I told you how it would be, &c. &c."

Impositions of this nature are not surprising. They always will exist when *titles*, and not *merit*, take precedence. An accomplished, educated, agreeable, and well behaved man cannot obtain countenance unless he assumes a *title:* he is poor, and, therefore, must be neglected—he plays the impostor and succeeds.—*Noah's Advo.*

INFLUENCE OF MOTHERS,

In forming the characters of Children.

We have always been amongst those who hold it as an axiom that no wise man ever had a silly mother. It is true, nature by her mysterious laws, does much to constitute the elementary principles of mental capacity, but the moral law, perhaps, has much more to do in the formation of character than is generally believed. The earliest lessons of wisdom are the most important, and who can teach them but a mother? A high-minded and an ambitious woman is constantly dwelling on the welfare of her children; and all her lessons are to make them good, wise and conspicuous: she casts a horoscope for her child, and seldom, indeed, is a wicked demon allowed to throw a shadow to cross the lines of good fortune. The man is happy who is taught from the cradle nothing which he must unlearn when he comes to riper years. The baby nonsense of the nursery too often enters into the character of the man; but when so good and wise a being as a well educated mother presides over the incipient stages of infant thought, the child is far on the high road of knowledge and wisdom. It may be true, that there have been men who have overcome a bad infant education—but they have been few—this was the esoteric meaning of the fable of Hercules strangling the Python in the cradle. The tales of the nursery, prated by affectionate ignorance, are the worst of serpents, they reach the heart and the brain in the lullaby, and leave their poison forever. To overcome these evils is worthy an Apotheosis. The ministers of every age have sung the powers, the charms and the character of woman—

"Firm on the scaffold she has stood
Besprinkled with a martyr's blood:
Her voice the patriot's heart has steel'd,
Her spirit glow'd on battle field;
Her courage freed from dungeon's gloom
The captive, brooding o'er his doom:
Her faith the fallen-monarch saved,
Her love the tyrant's fury brav'd:"

—but it is only the moral and Christian philosopher who places her as a divinity in the nursery.—*Bost. Gaz.*

Printers of newspapers are not unfrequently troubled with letters of the following import, although not always clothed in such humorous and sportive language.

POST OFFICE, S——.

Dear Sir—
J—— S—— a subscriber
For your paper,
Has cut a caper
And has become HOMO LIBER,
In plain parlance has run away,
And left nothing his debts to pay,
Not e'en a pig, or chick, by way of hostage;
So you have lost the paper and I the postage.

JOY.—The American public will think of a recent joyful event when they read these old lines, put by Shakspeare in the mouth of a *gentleman* who had been at the coronation of Henry 8th's Queen Anne: (alluding to her person—)

Which when the people
Had the full view of, such a noise arose
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
As loud, and to as many tunes; hats, cloaks,
(Doublets, I think) flew up: and had their faces
Been loose, this day they had been lost.
* * * * * No man living
Could say, *This is my wife*, there; all were woven
So strangely in one piece.

It has been generally allowed that English pick-pockets are gifted with more dexterity and address, in performing the duties of their calling, than persons of the same profession in other countries; the following manœuvre would not, however, have disgraced Barrington or Bill Soames:—A merchant being in the pit of a foreign Opera-house, felt a movement about his sides, which led him to suspect that his gold snuff-box was in some jeopardy, and immediately taking measures for ascertaining whether it was safe, he found it was gone. Seeing an ill-looking fellow very near him, he did not hesitate to fix upon him as the thief: immediately seizing him by the arm, he whispered in his ear—not wishing to occasion any tumult and disturb the performance—"You have taken my snuff-box, restore it this moment, or I will give you over to the police-officers." "Sir," replied the thief, "pray do not give an alarm, or I am undone: it is true I have your box, but I am an unfortunate man in great distress, and humbly entreat of you to take your property out of my pocket, and the persons around us will know nothing of what has occurred." The merchant kindly acceded to this proposal—when the fellow vociferated "pick pocket!" calling on those near him to observe that the hand of the merchant, which he held fast, was in his pocket. The guard came to the spot, and apprehended the accused party; who of course protested his innocence, and ultimately explained the nature of the trick which had been practised upon him; but while he was engaged in doing this, the thief glided through the crowd, carrying the gold snuff-box.

Trial.—In the course of a trial lately held at Albany, N.Y. an eminent counsellor, well known as a *practitioner* in bombastic, inflated, and ridiculous language, put the following questions to a witness:

Counsellor. Did not you see Mr.— raise his muscular arm, and attempt to enforce and coerce a preponderation of the timidity and fears of my client."

Witness. Sir?

C Did not Mr. — attempt the infliction of the most violent and outrageous corporal confusion and chastisement."

W. Sir?

C Did not Mr. — attempt to strike the plaintiff?

W. Yes, Sir.

C. From your situation, could you not have the most commanding view of the altercation; and was there any thing interfering between you and the objects, that could in any wise dim your obticular faculties, or create any obtuseness of vision?

W. Sir?

C. I say, sir, were not your organs of sight in a situation to have a most clear, unclouded, and bright view of this most villianous, foul, and rancorous transaction?

W. Sir?

C. Did you not plainly see Mr. — knock Mr. — down?

W. Yes, sir, I did.

When a young man has acquired a love of reading, and of course a relish for intellectual pleasures, he has one of the best preservations against dissipation. A fondness for low company, and noisy and intemperate pleasures, is generally the consequence of ignorance and want of taste.

Of all the marvellous works of the Deity, perhaps there is nothing that angels behold with such supreme astonishment as a *proud man.*

THE MORALIST.

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

VIRTUE—*A Sketch.*

"The only amarantine flower on earth is virtue;
The only lasting treasure, truth."

When the amiable and accomplished lady Jane Grey was confined in the tower, previous to her execution, she wrote to her friend Dr. Ascham a letter containing the following beautiful passage: "There is an eternity for all that belongs to virtue, and what we have done for her will advance even to the sea, however small the rivulet may have been during our life."

How expressively true! the pure and unsullied stream of virtue will ever meander through life's chequered course, to the boundless ocean of eternity and happiness. Cynthia may reflect her borrowed light—the sun may revolve in his diurnal rotation, and his satellites irradiate our world with their splendor—yet the season will arrive when the voice that called Chaos into symmetrical existence, will consign these created luminaries into the abyss of their former darkness and oblivion. But virtue will live beyond the shades of the tomb—she will soar beyond the bounds of creation, and be hallowed by the seraphims.

Without virtue, no man can be truly happy. There is no temporal pursuit, no pleasurable avocation in life accompanied by vicissitudes and disappointments. Every idle pleasure has its consequent sorrow. The foundation of actual happiness cannot be laid in a heart that engenders vice and immorality. Its basis is a good conscience; and a pure conscience is the infallible concomitant of virtue and religion alone. The wine cup that exhilirates the senses for a short lived moment, not only brings the melancholy reflections of a cooler judgment—but when indulged in licentiousness, it is the bane of every valuable character. Vice in every shape is illusory and pernicious; virtue is the only amaranth. It is a gem that never ceases to sparkle—it is an attribute amiable to man, and sacred to God.

THE HUMORIST.

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

EPITAPH on a Scold, who died the 24th of May.

Beneath this stone, a lump of clay,
Lies Arabella Young,
Who on the 24th of May,
Began to hold her tongue.

Jack, ashore.—As a party of seamen just arrived from the Halifax station, were walking up Point-st. Portsmouth, rather elated with a heavy wet, a bull, which had escaped from a slaughter-house came running towards the jolly tars, with his tail erect in the air, when all the men jumped out of his way except one, and he being an immense sturdy fellow, stood in the street directly in the way of the bull, and hailed him in the following words—"Bull, ahoy! Bull, ahoy!" I cry: Drop your peak, and put your helm a starboard, or you'll run aboard of me." The bull continuing his course, came in contact with Jack, and capsized him; but Jack not being intimidated, sprung from the ground, and shaking his clothes, very good-natured y exclaimed to the bull, "Oh, you lubberly beast, I told you how it would be!"

Negro Wit.—Some few weeks ago, a gentleman crossed the Potomac eastward, below Bladensburg, being destined for that place. Coming to the main road, he turned to the right instead of the left. Having travelled about a mile, he overtook a black man, and inquired whether he was on the right road to Bladensburg. "Yesse, massa," was the answer, "you are on the right road to Bladensburg, but you must turn your horse's head t'other way, or you will never get there."

After dinner on the late Anniversary, a gentleman who had probably drank, at least, as much wine as his neighbours, stepped into the barber's shop, and after seating himself in the chair, said, "Well, Mr. Barber, here I am, but I can't tell what I came for—whether it was to get my hair cut or to be shaved." The barber in his usual dry manner observed, "I suspect you come to have your hair cut, for you appear to be pretty well *shaved* already.

Root and Branch.—Sarah, duchess of Marlborough, was accustomed to make an annual feast, to which she invited all her relations. At one of these family meetings she drank their health, adding, "What a glorious sight it is to see such a number of branches flourishing from the root!" But observing Jack Spencer laugh, insisted on knowing what occasioned his mirth; and promised to forgive him, be it what it would. "Why, then, madam, said he, "I was thinking how much more all the *branches* would flourish if the *root* was under ground."

A certain Captain of a vessel who intended to inform the owner of the ship and cargo that he was disappointed in the objects of his voyage, wrote the following laconic but rather obscure epistle.

"Owen to the blockhed of the poet my wig is spilt."

His meaning was, *Owing to the blockade of the Port, my voyage is spoilt.*

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