THE BOWER.

"MUCH YET REMAINS UNSUNG."

For the Cambridge Chronicle.

ACROSTIC.

M ild as the long autumnal dewy day,
Y our life, dear parent, shines with closing ray.

M ercy attends thy steps—as she goes,
O n every thorn plants heaven's immortal rose.
Time, while he turns thy reverend locks, surveys
H eaven bursting on thy sight in noontide blaze:
E arth, while it rolls beneath thy feet and flies,
R eveals a new formed angel to the skies.

SELIM.

Cambridge; Feb'y 19, 1825.

For the Cambridge Chronicle.

A DREAM.

I dreamed a form serene and fair,
With jet black eyes and auburn hair;
A cheek, whose lustre might outvie,
The rose's rich and radient die—

I dreamed a smile so light and warm,
Broke o'er the features of the form;
Like the soft ray of lunar light,
That quivers on the stream of night.

I dreamed a sigh that gently stole,
Went warm and soothing to my soul:
I dreamed all this—the vision broke,
And straight my ravished eyes awoke.

* * * * *, your image on my heart,
Had here performed the enchanter's part;
It rose in grace and love supreme,
Embodied in a midnight dream.

CAMBRIDGE BARD.

For the Cambridge Chronicle.

Mr. Scott—I send you the following poetic effusion for publication, but I do not wish you to consider it as original; however, it appears to be quite as suitable to the present occasion as when first composed. If you please, you may insert it, and oblige a constant reader.

TO MISS —— ——.

I lov'd thee once, and for a while,
I thought no form on earth so fair;
And in that eye, and in that smile,
Saw beauties that were never there.
But now, so cool my heart is grown,
That on my soul, I can't discover,
The lustre in those eyes that shone,
The witching smiles that charm'd your lover.

Then fare thee well, it can but cost,
Thy heart a sigh, breath'd very lightly,
To know that you a heart have lost,
You ever priz'd so very slightly:
And e'en that half breathed sigh will say,
'Tis not the *heart* you lose with pain,
'Tis only pride regrets to see,
One dangler less within thy train.

S.

For the Cambridge Chronicle.

Mr. Scott—Looking over some of my poetical selections, a few days since, I found the following verses, which I think are from the pen of Montgomery. If you deem them worthy a place in the Chronicle, they are at your service.

S——h.

IMMORTALITY.

Friend after friend, departs;
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end;
Were this frail world our final rest,
Living or dying none were blest.

Beyond the flight of time—
Beyond the reign of death—
There surely is some blessed clime
Where life is not a breath;
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upwards and expire.

There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown;
A long eternity of love,
Formed for the good alone,
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that glorious sphere!

Thus star by star declines,
Till all are past away;
As morning high and higher shines
To pure and perfect day:
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
But hide themselves in heaven's own light.

EPIGRAM.—*To a bad Fiddler.*

When Orpheus played, he mov'd old Nick,
But thou mov'st nothing but thy fiddlestick."

ANSWERS to ENIGMAS in our last

No. 1.—One gives the time—the other causes it to pass smoothly.
No. 2.—Hole in a stocking.
No. 3.—Easily seen.

Enigmatical Interrogatories.

No. 1.—How is the letter S like a military furnace?

No. 2.—What is that which is higher with the head off than on?

No. 3.—If you from me a kiss receive,
And you that kiss return;
You by that act with ease express
The thing you're to explain?

THE REPOSITORY.

"Blending the useful and the sweet."

LUCY CARR.

It was in these rambles abroad that I met with an adventure which made a singular impression on my mind—because it seems to illustrate human life from its beginning to its end, in a very span—bringing the *light* and *shades* of our existence into a compass that could be embraced by a single glance. It lingers in my memory still, a living scene, though most of the actors have gone beyond mortal vision.

It was a fine summer afternoon; but, towards sunset a dark cloud arose; the heavens became enveloped in gloom, and a full charged thunder storm forced me to take refuge in a lonely hermitage that stood some distance from the road, embowered amid the flowering shrubbery. I was here introduced into a room full of company. It appeared to be made up of singular materials. One elegant, lovely and beautiful girl sat in the centre of a ring, formed by about, a dozen gay young gentlemen. It was easy to read that they were suitors, for the fact was imprinted on their countenances. There then, sat Lucy Carr, the queen of this denoted circle, dealing out her smiles on all around her, with the equal and steady manner which showed her to be well versed in the science of government. Never did a monarch reign with more absolute sway; and, perhaps no sovereign was ever more deserving of power.

For the moment, there seemed something inexplicable in this; I had seen, as I thought, much of the world, and mingled much in society—I had seen beauty attracting the gaze of many, the flattery of some and the devoted attachment of the few; but never beheld so many satellites attracted to a single sun. True, she was bright and most bewitching in the rude bosoms of youthful charms, and her mind, apart from a little tincture of vanity, was worthy its lovely dwelling; but even then the thought stole curiously into my head, perhaps she had other charms than those which play round her person and mind. It had no business there at such a time, but it spoke out the reality. A peevish and half suppressed voice in an adjoining room, informed us that sickness was an inmate of the residence, and before I left the house, an inquisitive and no less communicative old dame gratuitously told me that Miss Lucy would doubtless soon be the possessor of the ample and rich estate of the Wellford family, the last heir of which lay consuming with a hectic fever; and the whole having been willed to the young lady on the event of the failure of the natural heirs. I could not suppress a sigh as I pressed her hand at parting, to think that with all her gayety, & enchanting as she was, she probably had not in all that throng of flatterers, one single disinterested lover, one who would live for herself alone, and cherish so much of beauty and worth as the best gift of heaven.

Yet thus far all was light, compared to the shadows which fell over her destiny at last. I went my way and six years passed before I visited that neighborhood again. My first enquiry was after Lucy Carr. "She is dead, she died eighteen months ago," said the landlord of the Leopard Inn, as he carelessly smoked his pipe. "And what has become of the widow Wellford," I asked, who lay at the point of death six years ago?" This question brought from the adjourning breakfast room, the well remembered face of the worthy dame I had seen at the hermitage at the time of which I spoke, who having heard the conversation, in her anxiety to gratify my curiosity herself, seized me by the arm and lead me to a seat at the table. The widow, I now learned, had recovered—was married, and blest with a progeny, which long before her disease, cut off all the prospects of the young lady. "Poor Lucy," said she, "her sun set early; but a long dim twilight preceded it. Flattered and worshipped by the gay and gallant throughout the country, while her splendid inheritence was looked on as secure—no sooner did the scene change and the blight of her fortune come on, than her admirers dropped away. Neglected and unnoticed, she retired to the residence of a favorite relative, and pined away, a sick plant, until she fell to ruin. She died in the season of flowers; but there was none among all who had paid her homage in her days of prosperity, found to plant a lilly on a grave." I forgot the meal that was before me, and left the table when my informer had finished, to spend a melancholy hour beside her forsaken house of clay, plucking the rank and poisonous weeds that grew tall and luxurieut around her tomb-stone.

PATERNAL AFFECTION.

The love of offspring, which, tho' not universal, is perhaps the strongest and most active principle in human nature. It overcomes the sense of pain, and sometimes even the principles of self preservation.

A remarkable and melancholy example of the strength of parental affection, was lately exhibited, and for the honor of our species deserves to be recorded.

The Halsewell East Indiaman, Capt. Richard Pierce, was wrecked on the coast of Dorsetshire. Besides several other ladies, Capt. Pierce had two of his own daughters on board. When the ship was in the extremity of danger, some of the company by swimming and other feats of activity, got upon a rock. In this dreadful situation, Capt. Pierce, asked Mr. Rodgers, his third mate, if any plan could be devised for saving the ladies. He replied, it is impossible, but you may save yourself. Upon which the captain addressing himself to his daughters, and enfolding them in his arms said, then my dear children we shall not part, we shall perish together. Mr. Rodgers quitted the ship, and reached the rock: A universal shriek of despair was heard, in which the voices of female distress and horror was lamentably distinguished. In a few moments all was hushed; the ship with every person on board had then gone to the bottom. *Smelley's Philosophy of Natural History.*

CHARACTERS.

Of the principal nations of Europe.

In religion, the German is sceptical; the English devout; the Frenchman zealous; the Italian ceremonious; the Spaniard a bigot.

In keeping his word, the German is faithful; the Englishman safe; the Frenchman giddy; the Italian shuffling; the Spaniard a cheat.

In giving advice, the German is slow; the Englishman fearless; the Frenchman precipitate; the Itallian nice, the Spaniard circumspect.

In external appearance, the German is large; the Englishman well made; the Frenchman well looking; the Italian of middle size; the Spaniard awkward.

In dress, the German shabby; the Englishman costly; the Frenchman fickle; the Italian ragged; the Spaniard decent.

In manners, the German is clownish; the Englishman barbarous; the Frenchman easy; the Italian polite; the Spaniard proud.

In keeping a secret, the German forgets what he has been told; the Englishman conceals what he should divulge, and divulges what he should conceal; the Frenchman tells every thing; the Italian is close; the Spaniard mysterious.

In vanity, the German boasts little; the Englishman despises all other nations the Frenchman flatters every body; the Italian estimates cautiously; the Spaniard is indifferent.

In eating and drinking, the German is a drunkard; the Englishman gross and luscious the Frenchman delicate; the Spaniard pen ious.

In offending and doing good, the German is inactive; the Englishman does both without consideration; the Italian is prompt in benificence, but vindictive; the Spaniard indifferent.

In speaking, the German and French speak badly, but write well; the Englishman speaks and writes well; the Italian speaks well, writes much and well; the Spaniard speaks little; writes little but well.

In address, the German looks like a blockhead; the Englishman resembles neither a fool nor a wise man; the Frenchman is gay; the Italian is prudent but looks like a fool; the Spaniard is quite the reverse.

In courage, the German resembles a bear; the Englishman a lion; the Frenchman an eagle; the Italian a Fox; and the Spaniard an elephant.

In the sciences, the German is a pedant; the Englishman a philosopher; the Frenchman is a smatterer; the Italian a professor, and the Spaniard a grave thinker.

Magnificence—In Germany the Princes, in England the ships, in France the court, in Italy the churches, in Spain the armories, are magnificent.

THE MORALIST.

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

REVIVAL OF RELIGION.

Extract of a letter from the Rev. Samuel S. Kennard, to the Editor of the Methodist Recorder, dated

Kingston, (Phila.) Jan. 4.

"About the first of June, last past, from the increase of our congregations, the growing seriousness visible in almost every countenance, the quickening influences which were felt in the classes, we were led to conclude that the God of Israel had something good in store for us; and we betook ourselves to prayer. We have reason to believe, that the children of God offered many strong cries and tears for the work which succeeded.—During this and the following month, there were a few remarkable conversions, and a number of awakenings. On the 5th of August, with a large company, we repaired to a Camp-Meeting, holden near Blackwood-Town, in New Jersey. We felt much engaged and concerned or the company we had with us, for most of them were children of Methodist parents. We had a number with us under serious awakenings—our number was considerably increased as the meeting progressed, and enjoying one of the most glorious meetings I have ever seen in the woods, or any where else, we returned on the 18th, enabled to rejoice in the progessed conversion of all we took with us without religion, and of some others afterwards joined to our company. On the 12th we had a love-feast, and received as the fruits of Camp-Meetings, twelve persons upon trial into society, besides being enabled to rejoice in the happiness of several who till this meeting had never known

'The speechless awe that dares not move,
And all the silent heaven of love.'

"The Camp-meeting and subsequent love-feast, certainly gave the work a new impulse. Most of the members of society, as it were with one heart and one soul, entered into the work. Select prayer-meetings for the members and mourners, were found of essential advantage to us; and with very little intermission, has the work progressed till the present. We have frequently seen parents enfolding their newly converted children in their affectionate embraces while they were mutually enabled to rejoice in Christ Jesus; and other interesting circumstances might be mentioned, for which we shall silently adore the God of heaven. Our chapel has uniformly been too small to contain with comfort the crowds which attend, and is so at present. While not unfrequently have many been constrained to go away, not being able to get within. *One hundred and thirty-seven* have been admitted into society among us, including a few by certificates.

"The trembling auditors, the deathlike silence, and frequently the general burst with grief and rejoicing, seen, felt, and heard in the assembly, together with the weeping penitents at the altar, imploring divine compassion and forgiveness, induce us to believe, together with some recent cases of sanctification, that that 'the Lord is still among us, as in the holy place.'"

Extract of a letter from a Mother.

Should I be asked—What has been the first subject of my thoughts in the morning—What the last at night—What has occupied my mind most during the day—to what have all my plans, and employment referred; and respecting what have my strongest hopes and most painful apprehensions been excited?—I should instantly answer, *my children.*—I have suffered far more anxiety and perplexity respecting them, than from any other source. I cannot tell you how many times my heart has sunk with the discouraging conviction that I had none of that knowledge of human nature, and the best methods of regulating it; none of that consistency and dignity of character, which would enable me to govern my children well; which would make them respect and love me. But all my efforts have never appeared to me to effect any thing, except so far as I have sought God's blessing upon them. As I fulfil this duty, in the same proportion do I perceive that my endeavors are successful, and my difficulties vanish.—I find that I must go to God each morning, and ask for wisdom and patience through the day: I must entreat him to render my children mild and teachable; and to bless my exertions for their good, not according to their amount, but his own abundant goodness. When I do this with any degree of faithfulness, I am sometimes surprised at the ease with which I can control them; the good temper they exhibit through the day, and the wonderful salutary effect of discipline if I am obliged to use it. I find also, that all my unassisted efforts at *self-control*, (which is *indispensable*, if we would control others,) can never, alone, render me forbearing, mild and consistent. I must go to the Bestower of all correct feelings, else my children will witness in me a want of equanimity and good temper, and thus my influence over them will be counteracted.

The inference which I draw from my own experience, is this; that without religion, we can never properly discharge all the maternal duties. Without it, we cannot confidently expect God's blessing upon our children; we cannot hope for those restraining influences of his spirit which shall render them tractable, and ourselves patient.

THE ECONOMIST.

"Economy is the road to Wealth."

Newberry, Jan. 14, 1825.

"Mr. John Gage, of Union, a few years ago, grafted a pear upon an apple scion in his garden. When it grew up, so as to begin to bear, it bore for two years, very excellent pears. The third & fourth years, it was barren; but during those years, its leaves, which formerly were those of a pear tree, changed, by degrees, to those of an apple tree. The fifth year, and ever since, it has bore excellent apples. This has been related to me by at least fifty of the most respectable men on the spot, who personally knew it to be true, so that I have no doubt of its correctness. JOB JOHNSTON."

BACON is now made in some places without smoke. But instead of that tedious and inconvenient process, the *Essence* of *Smoke* is used, a quart of which will cure a barrel of hams, and it costs 125 cents a gallon. It is not said how it is made, or where it is to be bought. After the hams are prepared for smoking, the pickle is to be scalded and skimmed, and the essence added.

[*Boston Palladium.*

PIPSISAWAY—*cure for Rheumatism.*

Brunswick Court-house, Va.
Jan. 24, 1825.

To the Editor of the American Farmer.

Dear Sir,—Having received the benefits of the contributions to your paper, I feel bound to contribute my mite, if you think the following worthy to be laid before your patrons:—

I have been afflicted with rheumatism three times in my life. The first time in April, 1822; the second about one year ago, and the last a few days ago. The two first attacks were not very severe, but continued from two to four weeks: the last was much the most painful and violent. I had been in the habit of using the common medicines until lately, several of my neighbours having tried the one I shall now describe, I also resorted to it, and was entirely relieved in forty-eight hours; and I have never known nor heard of a case where it did not give immediate relief.

That no mistake may occur, and that some of your botanical friends may do the plant justice, I herewith enclose you one. It is found in most woodland in this and the adjoining counties; indeed I have never seen any destitute of it where I examined; of the limits of the region in which it grows I am ignorant. It is here called wild arsenic, or wild ratsbane, and the most poisonous qualities are ascribed to it. But I had it rubbed on the parts affected, using no extraordinary caution and nothing has occurred to prove its poisonous properties.

The way to prepare it for use is, to pull it up; wash the dirt off and put it into a vessel, roots and all, with common whiskey, in such quantity, that after it is steeped for 24 hours, the liquor assumes a blackish appearance. In this state it is rubbed, by some strong hand, on the parts diseased, as hard as the pain will allow, for about 15 minutes—and also have flannel cloths dipped into it, and spread over the seat of the pain. This is to be repeated three times a day.

When I had the flannel cloth applied, the pain was so much increased by it, that I was obliged to have them removed in the course of ten or fifteen minutes.

In making this communication, sir, I may be doing an act of supererogation, as the remedy is more extensively known than I had supposed; but if I shall give relief to one individual afflicted with that excruciating malady, I shall feel satisfied for the trouble I have taken; and hope you will excuse what I may have given you. Would it not be to the interest of our Druggists and Apothecaries, to keep it in their shops? It will lose nothing by age.

Very respectfully, your ob't. serv't.

EDWD. B. HICKS.

THE HUMORIST.

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

A doctor visiting his patient, a lady, requested to look at her tongue. She opened her mouth and put the end of her tongue out. The doctor said 'put it out a little further madam: and was under the necessity of repeating it several times, the lady only putting her tongue out a trifling distance each time. At length the doctor remarked, 'put it out as far as possible madam,' Lord doctor (says she) you must think there is no end to a woman's tongue."

Mr. Fox, in a canvass, having accosted a blunt tradesman, whom he solicited for his vote, the man answered, "I cannot give you my support; I admire your abilities, but d—n your principles.—Mr. Fox replied, "My friend, I applaud you for your sincerity—but d—n your manners."

A lady of high fashion having once given out that she wanted a female attendant, one of a very promising appearance presented herself. Being asked whether she understood combing the hair, and arranging the head-dress, the new candidate replied, that was precisely what she principally excelled in, as she only required five minutes to comb and arrange the largest head of hair. "You may go," said the lady, heaving a deep sigh; "what! comb a lady's hair in five minutes; and pray how am I to pass the rest of my morning?"

The love of Gold.—An old gentleman of the name of Gould having married a very young wife, wrote a poetical epistle to a friend to inform him of it, and concluded it thus:

So you see, my dear sir, though I'm eighty years old;
A girl of eighteen is in love with—old Gould.

To which his friend replied—

A girl of eighteen may love Gould it is true;
But believe me dear sir, it is Gould without U'!

"I know," said a man of talent to an arrogant nobleman, "what is due to your rank, but I also know that it is much easier to be my superior than my equal." One of the Genoese Deputies becoming rather warm in a dispute with the Chevalier de Bouteville, an ambassador of France, the latter haughtily exclaimed, "Are you aware that I am a representative of the king, my master?" "Are you aware," replied the Genoese, "that I have no master, and that I am the representative of my equals?"

"A charming house and grounds, said a gentleman, calling upon his friend in the country, "but I believe you have only got them for your life."—"True," replied the other, "but I did not calculate upon wanting them much longer."

A jack tar just returning from sea, met his old messmate, Bet Blowsy. He was so overjoyed that he determined to commit matrimony; but at the altar the parson demurred, as there was not cash enough between them to pay the fees; on which Jack, thrushing a few shillings into his pocket, exclaimed, "Never mind, brother, marry us *as far as it will go.*"

Never lean upon the world, for if you do the world will jump aside, and you will get a tumble.

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