THE BOWER.

"MUCH YET REMAINS UNSUNG."

ADDRESS TO THE ECHO.

If I address the Echo yonder,
What will its answer be I wonder?
Echo—I wonder!

O wondrous Echo tell me, bless'e,
Am I for marriage or for celibacy?
Echo—Silly Bessy!

If then to win the maid I try,
Shall I find her a property?
Echo—A proper tye!

If neither being grave nor funny,
Will win the maid to matrimony?
Echo—Try money!

If I should try to gain her heart,
Shall I go plain or rather smart?
Echo—Smart!

She mayn't love dress, and I again then
May come too smart, and she'll complain then?
Echo—Come plain then!

To please her most, perhaps 'tis best
To come as I'm in common dress'd?
Echo—Come undress'd!

Then if to marry me I tease her,
What will she say, if that should please her?
Echo—Please Sir!

When cross and good words can't appease her,
What if such naughty whims should seize her?
Echo—You'd see Sir!

When wed, she'll change, for Love's no sticker,
And love her husband less than liquor?
Echo—Then lick her!

To leave me then I can't compel her,
Though every woman else excel her?
Echo—Sell her!

The doubting youth to Echo turn'd again, Sir,
To ask advice, but found it did not answer.

ANSWERS to ENIGMAS in our last

No. 1. Makes hot shot.
No. 2. Pillow.
No. 3. Rebus.

ENIGMATICAL INTERROGATORIES.

To five compositors I owe my frame:
And, what is singular, when view'd my name
Forwards and backwards will be found the same.
When I'm discover'd you will plainly see,
What the proud peer and peasant soon will be.

—

Pray tell me, ladies, if you can,
Who is that highly favored man,
Who, though he's married many a wife,
May still live single all his life?

—

There is a captain in the American navy, whose name is the bane of nations, the tie of conjugal affection and the heighth of fashion—who is he?

THE REPOSITORY.

"Blending the useful and the sweet."

FEMALE PATRIOTISM.

The recent revolutions in S. America have been fruitful of chivalrous deeds of daring, and heroic examples of virtue and patriotism, in both sexes. In every age, and in every country, not excepting our own, female spirit has frequently nerved the arm of the soldier, and essentially aided the cause of liberty and independence. But we know not, that the annals of any nation, whether ancient or modern, furnish an instance of more exalted sentiments, of a more generous devotion, or of a more resolute firmness of character, than the following account of a South American heroine, founded on fact, and translated from the Spanish, by one of the many Patriots, who have been exiled from their country, and have sought an asylum upon our shores. The story forms a noble theme for a novel, a poem, or a tragedy, and as such it may possibly be used by some future muse.

"Policarpa Salvarrieta was a native of Bogota. She was distinguished for her patriotic sentiments, which she did not conceal even from her enemies; and it is not strange that she should become the object of the fury of those impious wretches. All the active vigilance of the tyrannical government she had ridiculed, informing circumstantially the patriots, dispersed amongst the troops of Morillo, of the state of the public opinion, and of the forces and operations of the enemy.

"Her lover, who was enrolled by force in 1818, in the grand guards of the Spanish army, gave her notice of all that passed; and she transmitted it to General Santander, who was stationed in the province of Casanare, in the confines of Venezuela and Cundianmerica. Strong suspicions induced the Viceroy, Samano, at sundry times, to search the house of the heroine; for some time all his efforts to find her guilty were in vain; but the same young man, whom she was to marry, having at length been directed to carry an interesting communication to the patriots, he was surprised by the enemy in the desert of Boquillo, and conveyed to Bogota, with the token of transgresssion taken on his person.

"When Policarpa knew this occurrence, she presented herself boldly to the Viceroy, and told him that her lover was innocent; that she herself had received the papers from the patriots, and persuaded him to undertake the journey, but without letting him know the tenor of what he carried. The young conductor being questioned, maintained the contrary; that he was the delinquent, and that she had no knowledge whatever of his intention. Both were confronted, and supported themselves in the purpose of saving one another. According to the custom in these events, the young man was sentenced to suffer capital punishment, and being placed already on the gibbet, they offered to pardon her, and even that they would protect them both, in case they would discover their accomplices. But the Spaniards gained nothing more than to renew the conflict between two generous hearts, that loved each other tenderly, and were resolved on every sacrifice, rather than betray the cause of their country.

"The tyrants, seeing that their effort to extort a secret of such importance from souls of such a mould, were useless, ordered the execution of the intrepid messenger; and they shot him in the presence of his lover. They again conducted her to prison; and she constantly refused to reveal the names of the persons, who were secretly working in favor of liberty. In consequence of which, she was pronounced a traitoress, and condemned to die.

"Her conduct, to the very moment of her death, convinced her executioners of the degree of energy of which a true patriot is capable; the misfortunes of her country only afflicted her; but she was consoled by the service she had rendered it, and the certainty that it would soon be free, whilst her spirit was about to be united to that of her lover. When she was on her way to the fatal place where she was to be sacrificed, she exhorted in the most energetic manner the people, who were disconsolate and sad at the catastrophe: "Weep not for me," said she, "weep for the slavery and sufferings of your oppressed countrymen; take example by my destiny; rise up and resist the outrages which you endure with so much injustice."

"When she arrived at the gibbet, she asked for a glass of water, but observing that it was an European Spaniard who brought it to her, she refused to receive it, saying, "I wish not to owe even a glass of water to an enemy of my country." The commander of the detachment which escorted her, pressed her then that she might name some person in her own estimation, who might do her that service. "I thank you very much," said she, "for a kindness which I cannot accept, because the slight relief of this, my last necessity, might perhaps condemn in the eyes of the tyrants the persons whom I would wish to show me that token of friendship!—I am ready to die!"

"A moment before they gave the signal for the execution, she turned to the cruel executioners, and with a calm air exclaimed, "Assassins, tremble at the termination of your wicked deed! there will soon come those who will revenge my death!" Thy prediction has been fulfilled, illustrious lady; from the abode of the angels, thou beholdest the glory of thy country; the pure blood has rendered its earth fruitful; each drop has produced a hero; and all of them have imbibed thy sentiments! By a singular coincidence, the name and surname of this distinguished young lady are curiously combined, so as to perpetuate the recollection of her heroism in this beautiful anagram—

"Polycarpa Salavarrieta,
Yace porsalvar la patria."

LORD BYRON AND SIR W. SCOTT.

Perhaps no work, judging from the extracts we have read, will be of a more interesting character, (excepting the conversations of Napoleon, which were published after his confinement at St. Helena,) than the conversations of Lord Byron, by Captain Medwin. The political remarks of the one and the literary gossip of the other, are equally interesting, because they both treat upon subjects and individuals, in which the reading world (and that in the present day is happily almost all the world) have a deep interest. In Mr. Medwin's work, Lord B. speaks in the most flattering terms of Walter Scott, as the author of the Waverly novels. The following remarks of Lord B. although coming to us second hand, go far to support the belief in the authorship of Sir Walter Scott in those charming works. Mr. Medwin says:—

"Lord Byron was devouring, as he called it, a new novel of Walter Scott's 'How difficult is it,' says he, 'to say any thing new! Who was that voluptuary of antiquity who offered a reward for a new pleasure? Perhaps all nature and art could not supply a new idea. This page, for instance is a brilliant one. It is full of wit; but let us see how much of it is original. This passage, for instance, comes from Shakspeare; that *bon mot* from one of Sheridan's Comedies; this observation from another, naming the author; 'and yet the ideas are new modelled, and perhaps Scott was not aware of their being plagiarisms. It is a bad thing to have too good a memory.'

"'I should not like to have you for a critic,' I observed. 'Set a thief to catch a thief,' was the reply.

"'I never travel without Scott's Novels,' said he 'they are a perfect library in themselves; a perfect literary treasure. I could read them once a year with new pleasure.' I asked kim if he was certain about the Novels being Sir Walter Scott's.

"'Scott as much as owned himself the author of Waverly to me at Murray's shop. I was talking to him about that novel, and lamented that its author had not carried back the story nearer the time of the revolution. Scott, entirely off his guard, said, 'Aye, I ought to have done so, but'—there he stopped. It was in vain to attempt to correct himself; he looked confused, and relieved his embarrassment by a precipitate retreat.---He spoiled the fame of his poetry by his superior prose. He has such extent and versatility of powers in writing, that should his novels ever tire the public, which is not likely, he will apply himself to something else, and succeed as well. His mottos from *old plays* prove that *he* at all events possesses the dramatic faculty which is denied *me* and yet I am told that his Halidon Hill did not justify expectation. I have never met with, but have seen extracts from it.

"'When Walter Scott began to write poetry, which was not at a very early age, Monk Lewis corrected his verses; he understood little then of the mechanical part of his art. The Fire King in the minstrelsy of the Scottish Border was almost all Lewis'. One of the ballads in that work, and except some of Leyden's, perhaps one of the best, was made from a story picked up in a stage coach—I mean that of William Jones:

'They boiled Will Jones within the pot,
And not much fat had Will.'

I hope Walter Scott did not write the review of 'Christabel,' for he in common with many of us is indebted to Coleridge. But for him perhaps the Lay of the Last Minstrel would never have been thought of. The line

'Jesu Maria, Shield us well!'

is taken word for word from Coleridge's poem. Of all the writers of the day, Walter Scott is the least jealous. He is too confident of his own fame to dread the rivalry of others. He does not think of good writing as the Tuscans do about fever, that there is only a certain quantity of it in the world.'

YOU MISS IT.

When I see a young lady carrying almost as much sail as a man of war, spinning about the streets at the rate of ten knots an hour, smiling at every thing said, thereby calculated to attract a beau—Is there one that will not join with me in saying, dear ma'am—*You miss it.*

When I see a young man stepping into the different mechanic shops in town, for the purpose of disposing of his cargo of acquired knowledge and refreighting with speculation in order to cut a dash, I am ready to tell him—*You miss it.*

When I learn that a new married couple hug their pillow till ten in the morning, I suppose they may in time have some thing else to hug—and think they *miss it*, because they do not rise early and provide for a rainy day.

When I behold a hot headed politician railing against principles and men, praising his own side and condemning every thing on the other, I guess, before a twelve month passes away, the people whisper in his ear the consoling sentence—*You miss it.*

Doubtless every well meaning member of society will agree with me in saying that one who supposes he knows more than all the rest of the world, and that all should yield to his judgement—*misses it.*

Parents who incautiously suffer their children to do as they please without chastisement—*miss it.*

In short, every person who breaks a promise, by engaging more than he is able to fulfill—*misses it.*

THE MORALIST.

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

MORNING STAR.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star in the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid·

Cold on his cradle the dew drops are shining;
Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Eden, and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrth from the forest, and gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gold would his favour secure,
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer was laid.

EXTRACT.

Had we no other monition—had the voice of the Deity been silent, the immortal destiny of man would testify itself in his sufferings. Why do we suffer? why are our natural hopes frustrated, our best founded expectations deceived? Why should the mother, as she hangs over her infant, anticipating the lapse of time, and already beholding him, a youth—a man—in his turn her protector, and requiting those anxious cares which she now lavishes upon him;—why should death, or worse than death, filial ingratitude, disappoint hereafter those fond expectations? Why should the dreams of youth be only dreams? Why should disappointment so often blight the hope that nature inspires? and why should nature have given to us that beautiful faculty, which, like Noah's dove, vainly searches for a resting place? Is it not that the fond expecting heart, allowed to flutter for a time over the expanse of terrestial joys, may, through disappointment and suffering, at last be prevailed upon to return to that ark of refuge, where alone it can repose in security?—The mere moralist believes that such may be the case. But the Christian knows it. He who cannot deceive, has called to his compassionate arms the sorrowful and the unfortunate—"Come unto me," he says, "all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." He too has told us, that those who mourn are blessed, for they shall be comforted. Too surely, indeed, has he prophecied to us, that in the world we shall have tribulation—but still we are to be of good cheer.

REVIVAL OF RELIGION.

Letter to the Editor of Zion's Herald, dated POWNAL, Jan. 30, 1825.

DEAR SIR—The first Camp-meeting the season past, for Rhinebeck District, was held in Canaan, Conn. Salisbury circuit, commencing Sept. 13. The preachers and members were much in the spirit of revival. The sermons were weighty and powerful, and the Divine presence peculiarly manifest. Twenty-five were made the happy subjects of converting grace. Four were added to this number at a Camp Prayer Meeting held at the meeting-house in Salisbury, the Saturday evening following. The effects of this meeting have since been seen in the adjacent towns. In Norfolk, where there never has been a society of Methodists before, one has been formed. In Sharon also, 60 were converted in six weeks, 25 of whom were at once received on probation. Other circuits have been favored with showers of divine mercy. This winter, at one appointment, on the east part of Hudson circuit, 40 have obtained pardoning mercy; principally youth. At Pittsfield West, 20; at Williamstown and New Ashford, 25. At our second Camp-meeting, in Nassau, N. Y. we were favored with the presence and labors of Bishop George. The Lord was with us of a truth, and 50 were found at the close of the meeting to be rejoicing in hope. Thus has the Redeemer triumphed. Ride on, thou conquering Lord, "till every knee shall bow," and "every tongue confess"—till Zion's converts shall be numerous as the drops of the morning dew. Your friend and brother.

PARMELE CHAMBERLIN.

THE ECONOMIST.

"Economy is the road to Wealth."

DISEASES OF DOMESTIC ANIMALS AND THEIR CURE.

Worming.—An operation performed on puppies, for the purpose of preventing them from biting should they happen to become mad. It consists in making an incision underneath the tongue, and drawing out with a hook a small worm-like ligament. It is recommended by Mr. Daniel in his Rural Sports, where the operation is particularly described.

Worms.—The stomach and bowels of horses are liable to be infested with different kinds of worms; but as the same treatment is proper, whatever kind of worms they may be, it is needless to enter into a particular description of them. The most certain sign of worms, except that of their being voided with the dung, is the appearance of a light yellowish matter immediately under the fundament The inconvenience produced by worms, is that of making a horse thin and hide-bound, giving him a dry staring coat, causing some degree of langour and weaknesss, and in some instances they have caused slight attacks of colic. Worms however often exist in the bowels in a considerable number, without producing these effects. Botts are often found in the horse's stomach, when their existence had not been suspected while the animal was living; and even about the pylorous they are sometimes found in such numbers as almost to plug it up, without having caused inconvenience during life; but in some cases botts have caused the most serious diseases. I do not think it has hitherto been remarked by any veterinary author, that worms are sometimes found in the great mesenteric artery of horses and asses, and that in all such cases, there have been emaciation, staring coat, and hide-bound. It is remarkable, that young asses, that have been half starved and sold for the purpose of dissection, are often found in this state. Horses that die of mesenteric consumption have generally the great mesenteric artery enlarged, its coats considerably thickened, and within it many small worms. A worm is sometimes found in the eyes of horses; but this, I believe, is peculiar to hot climates; and it is remarked in a book published in India, by M. A. de l'Etang, that no European author has noticed it. I have been favored with a description of this disease by a gentleman who has been for some time resident in India, and he confirms the following account of this extraordinary worm, by M. A. de l'Etang. "It makes its first appearance by a light coloured cloud covering the eye; a circle is formed on what is termed the apple of the eye, and seems to prescribe limits to a worm, which really exists in it, and appears by constant motion to endeavour to escape. The horse feels no particular pain, but is deprived of sight, until the worm is extracted by the following operation. Let the horse be thrown down, open his eye-lids widely, (this may be effected by means of the handle of a key, which at the same time will keep the eye steady,) make with a small lancet, an incision of two lines (one sixth of an inch) deep, and five or six long, either over or under the apple of the eye, taking care not to touch it. A fluid with the worm will immediately come out. The eye is afterwards to be covered from the light." Insects, termed Flukes, and somewhat like a flat fish, are found in the livers of sheep that have the hepatic or liver rot. Worms are sometimes fatal to poultry, particularly turkeys. Mr. Weinsenthal observes in the Medical and Physical Journal, "that the inconvenience experienced by poultry from this cause, is at first but slight; gradually however, it becomes more oppressive, until the animal dies. Very few recover; they languish, grow dispirited, droop, and die." I have, in one instance only, found small worms in the windpipe of an ass, which appeared to be the cause of his death.

In the treatment of horses that have worms in the bowels, I believe that mercurial purgatives are the most effectual. Gibson, a very respectable author, thought savine a good remedy: I have not found it so. Ethiops mineral and antimony have also been thought good vermifuges, probably without foundation, A brown coloured salt brought from India has also been recommended; it appears to be nothing more than common salt, with a small proportion of sulphur, or liver of suphur. In one case sulpuret of iron was given with a good effect to a horse that had worms. Mercurial purgatives however are the most certain remedies. The best method of exhibiting the mercurial medicine, is to give for two or three successive nights, a dram, or a dram and a half of calomel, and the morning after the last dose, a purgative ball. Gibson observes, that most of the preparations of antimony are efficacious for destroying worms. I have given the strongest preparations of that mineral, emetic tartar, without any useful effect, to horses that had worms.

THE HUMORIST.

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

The following curious advertisement appeared in a Concord, N. H. paper:

"Whereas I Daniel Clay, through misrepresentation, was induced to post my wife Rhoda, in the papers—now I beg leave to inform the public, that I have again taken her to wife, after settling all our domestic broils in an amicable manner; so that every thing as usual, goes on like clock work.

[Divorc'd like scissors rent in twain,
Each mourn'd the rivet out:
Now whet and riveted again,
They'll make the old shears cut.]

A certain old woman took from the post office in the town of Y—— a letter. Not knowing how to read, and being anxious to know the contents, supposing it to be from one of her absent sons, she called on a person near, to read the letter to her. He accordingly began, and read *Charleston, June* 23d, 1824.

"Dear mother," then making a stop to find out what followed, as the writing was rather bad, the old lady exclaimed, "O 'tis from poor Jerry, he always stuttered."

Making the most of a good thing.—When the baggage of Lady Hamilton was landed at Palermo, Lord Nelson's cockswain was very active in conveying it to the ambassador's hotel. Lady Hamilton observed this, and presenting the man with a moidore, said, 'now my friend, what will you have to drink?' "Why, please your *honor*," said the cockswain, "I am not thirsty." "But," said her ladyship, "Nelson's steersman must drink with me, so what will you take, a dram, a glass of grog, or a glass of punch?" "Why," said Jack, "as I am to drink with your ladyship's honor, it would'nt be good manners to be backward, so I'll take a dram now, and will be drinking the glass of grog while your ladyship is mixing the tumbler of punch for me."

Marriage Ceremony.—At a wedding in a country church, in Somersetshire, the bride, who had been by her worthy pastor well grounded in the church catechism, and who had not perhaps, studied the matrimonial service with that laudable zeal which many ladies think necessary, upon being, as usual, asked the question, "Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?"—cut short the clergyman by innocently replying, "Yes verily, and by God's help and so I will and I heartily thank our heavenly Father that he hath brought me to this state."

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