THE BOWER.

"MUCH YET REMAINS UNSUNG."

The London Literary Gazette furnishes the following lines as an extract from a recent miscellany to which the most eminent poets of the day are contributors. Mr. Hervey, author of a poem entitled "Australia," is distinguished as the writer.

THE CONVICT SHIP.

Morn on the waters!—and, purple and bright,
Bursts on the billows the flushing of light;
O'er the glad waves, like a child of the sun,
See the tall vessel goes gallantly on;
Full to the breeze, she unbosoms her sail,
And her pennon streams onward, like hope, in the gale:
The winds come around her, in murmur and song,
And the surges rejoice, as they bear her along;
See! she looks up to the golden-edged clouds,
And the sailor sings gaily, aloft in the shrouds:
Onward she glides, amid ripple and spray,
Over the waters—away—far away!
Bright as the visions of youth, ere they part,
Passing away, like a dream of the heart!
Who—as the beautiful pageant sweeps by,
Music around her, and sunshine on high;
Pauses to think, amid glitter and glow,
Oh! there be hearts that are reeking below!
Night on the waves!—and the moon is on high,
Hung, like a gem, on the brow of the sky,
Treading its depths in the power of her might,
And turning the clouds, as they pass her, to light!
Look to the waters!—asleep on their breast,
Seems not the ship like an island of rest?
Bright and alone on the shadowy main,
Like a heart cherished home, on some desolate plain!
Who—as she smiles in the silvery light,
Spreading her wings on the bosom of night;
Alone on the deep, as the moon in the sky,
A phantom of beauty—could deem, with a sigh,
That so lovely a thing is the mansion of sin,
And souls that are smitten lie bursting within?
Who—as he watches her silently gliding—
Remembers that wave after wave, is dividing,
Bosoms that sorrow and guilt could not sever,
Hearts which are parted and broken for ever;
Or deems that he watches, afloat on the wave,
The death-bed of hope, or the young spirit's grave?
'Tis thus with our life, while it passes along,
Like a vessel at sea, amid sunshine and song!
Gaily we glide, in the gaze of the world,
With streamers afloat, and with canvass unfurl'd,
All gladness and glory, to wandering eyes,
Yet chartered by sorrow, and freighted with sighs.
Fading and false is the aspect it wears,
As the smiles we put on, just to cover our tears;
And the withering thoughts which the world cannot know,
Like heart-broken exiles, lie burning below;
Whilst the vessel drives on to that desolate shore,
Where the dreams of our childhood are vanished and o'er!

ANSWERS to ENIGMAS in our last

No. 1—Level.
No. 2—A Clergyman.
No. 3—Captain Warrington.

ENIGMATICAL INTERROGATORIES.

No. 1—Why is originality in a pun, like the letter W?
No. 2—Why is disgrace like Heaven?
No. 3—Why is fortune like the letter P?
No. 4—Why is the letter T like marriage?

THE REPOSITORY.

"Blending the useful and the sweet."

THE HYPOCONDRIAC.

Some hypocondriacs have fancied themselves miserably afflicted in one way and some in another; some have insisted that they were tea-pots, and some that they were town clocks;—one that he was extremely ill, and another that he was actually dying. But none of this blue devil class ever matched in extravagance a patient of the late Dr. Stevenson, of Baltimore.

This hypocondriac after wringing the change of every mad conceit that ever tormented a crazy brain, would have it at last that he was dead. Dr. Stevenson having been sent for one morning in great haste by the wife of his patient, hastened to his bed side, where he found him stretched out at full length, his hands across his breast, his toes in contact, his eyes and mouth closely shut, and his looks cadaverous.

Well sir, how do you do this morning, asked the doctor, in a jocular way, approaching his bed. How do I do! replied the hypocondriac faintly, a pretty question to ask a dead man. Dead, replied the doctor. Yes, sir, dead, quite dead. I died last night about 12 o'clock.

Dr. Stevenson putting his hand gently on the forehead of the hypocondriac, as if to ascertain whether it was cold, and also feeling his pulse, exclaimed in a doleful note, Yes, the poor man is dead enough; it is all over with him, and now the sooner he can be buried the better.—Then stepping up to his wife, he whispered to her not to be frightened at the measure he was about to take: he called the servant. My lad, your poor master is dead; and the sooner he can be put into the ground, the better. Run to C—m, for I know he always keeps N. England coffins by him ready made; and do you hear, bring a coffin of the largest size, for your master is a stout corpse, and having died last night, and the weather being warm, he will not keep long.

Away went the servant, and soon returned with a proper coffin. The wife and family having got their lessons from the doctor, gathered around him, and howled not a little, while they were putting the body into the coffin.—Presently the pall bearers, who were quickly provided and led into the secret, started with the hypocondriac to the church yard. They had not gone far before they were met by one of the town's people, who having been properly drilled by Stevenson, cried out 'ah, doctor, what poor soul have you got there?'

'Poor Mr. B——,' sighed the doctor, left us last night.'

'Great pity he had not left us twenty years ago,' replied the other, 'he was a bad man."

Presently another townsman met them with the same question, and what poor soul have you got there, doctor?'

'Poor Mr. B——,' answered the doctor again, is dead.'

'Ah! indeed,' said the other, 'and so he has gone to meet his deserts at last.'

'Oh villian!' exclaimed the other in the coffin.

Soon after this, while the pall bearers were resting themselves near the church yard, another stepped up with the old question again, 'what poor soul have you got there, doctor?'

'Poor Mr B——, he replied, 'is gone.

'Yes and to the bottomless pit,' said the other; 'for if not gone there, I see no use there is for such a place.'

Here the dead man bursting off the lid of the coffin, which had been purposely let loose, leaped out exclaiming, 'Oh you villian! I am gone to the bottomless pit, am I? 'Well, I have come back again to pay such ungrateful rascals as you are.' A chase was immediately commenced, by the dead man after the living, to the petrifying consternation of many of the spectators, at the sight of the corpse in all the honors of the winding sheet, running through the streets. After having exercised himself into a copious perspiration by the fantastic race, the hypocondriac was brought home by Dr. Stevenson, freed from his complaint; and by strengthening food, generous wine, cheerful company, and moderate exercise, he was soon restored to perfect health.

THE TRUNK.

We advise each of our fair readers, who is unfortunately situated like the lady mentioned below, to keep a large empty trunk in the house, closing with a spring lock. But to those who have not yet pronounced the indissoluble vow, we would give one word of caution: *Never submit yourselves to the government of a man, who has not learned to govern himself.*

"A tradesman, who lived in a village near St. Albans, had been twice married, and ill-treated his wives so as to cause their death. He sought a third, but as his brutality was well known in the place where he dwelt, he was obliged to go fifty miles off for a wife. He obtained one and after he brought her home, all the neighbours come to visit her, and acquainted her with what manner her husband used to treat his former wives.—This somewhat surprised her, but she resolved to wait patiently till her lord and master might take it into his head to beat her. She did not wait long, for her husband was a terrible fellow. One morning, he waited on his lady with a cudgel, and was preparing himself to make use of it—"Stop" said she; "I fancy that the right which you now pretend to have over me is not mentioned in our marriage contract; and I declare to your worship you shall not exercise it." Such a distinct speech disconcerted the husband so much, that he laid down his cudgel, and only began to scold her. "Get out of my house," said he, "and let us share our goods. "Readily," said she, "I am willing to leave you;" and each began to set aside the moveables. The lady loosens the window-curtains, and the gentleman unlocks an enormous trunk, in order to fill it with his property; but as he was leaning over to place some articles at the bottom, she tripped up his heels, and pushed him in, and locked the lid. Never man was in a greater passion than our man; he threatened to kill her, and made more noise than a wild bear caught in a trap. She answered him very quietly: "My dear friend, pray be calm; your passion may injure your health; refresh yourself a little in this comfortable trunk, for I love you too much to let you out now, you are so outrageous." In the mean time she ordered her maid to make some custards and cream-tarts, and when these were baked and ready, she sent round to all the neighbouring gossips to come and partake of her collation.—This was served up, not on a table, but on the lid of the trunk. Heaven knows what pretty things the husband heard all these famous tatlers publish in his praise! In such a case a wise man must submit, and give fair words; so did he in the trunk. His language was soothing, he begged pardon, and cried for mercy. The ladies were so good as to forgive him, and let him out of the trunk. To reward him for his good behaviour, they gave him the remainder of the custards and tarts. He was thus completely cured of his brutality, and was afterwards cited as a model for good husbands; so that it was sufficient to say to those who were not so, *take care of the trunk*, to make them as gentle as lambs.

Proof that a man may be his own Grandfather.—There was a widow and her daughter-in-law, and a man and his son. The widow married the son, and the daughter the old man; the widow was therefore mother to her husband's father, consequently grandmother to her own husband. They had a son, to whom she was great grandmother. Now as the son a great grandmother must be either a grandfather or great uncle, this boy was therefore his own grandfather. This was actually the case with a boy at the school at Norwich.

THE MORALIST.

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

REFLECTION.

"We shall hear those truths which the multitudes do not tell us."

It is good, my friends, often to withdraw from the world; from the hurry and tumult of its busy scenes, and devote a portion of our time to serious reflection. By these means we shall become acquainted with the delicious sweets of retirement, and, by thus occasionally abstracting ourselves from the world, and "peeping through the loopholes of retreat" at its vanities and follies, we shall often experience the internal ear to be opened for the reception of "those truths which the multitudes do not tell us." By searching into our hearts, we shall discover our own frailties and imperfections; and therefore be better prepared to discharge the duty of forgiveness toward our fellow-creatures.

"Reflection is a mirror fair,
"That shows us truly what we are,
"And what we ought to be."

O ye giddy and vain, instead of consuming your precious time in a routine of dissipating pleasures, let me entreat you for a moment to turn aside from the "haunts of riot," retire in secret, and contemplate your own natures, the follies and vanities of human life, and you will be gradually initiated into the knowledge of yourselves and of the world.—You will rejoice in the revelation of 'those truths which the multitudes do not tell you." If this life afforded no more substantial pleasures than what are to be found in the hurry and bustle of a crowd, or in the vain and licentious scenes of vice and immorality, how cheerless and comfortless would be the condition of man. He indeed would then be, to use the language of a solemn poet of Great Britian.

——"Lost to virtue, lost to manly thought,
"Lost to the noble sallies of the soul."

PHILANTHROPY.

"When I look into the frame and constitution of my own mind, there is no part of it which I observe with greater satisfaction than the tenderness and concern which it bears for the good and happiness of mankind. My own circumstances are indeed so narrow and scanty, that I should taste but very little pleasure, could I receive it only from those enjoyments which are in my possession, but by the great tincture of humanity which I find in all my thoughts and reflections, I am happier than any single person can be with all the wealth, strength, beauty and success that can be conferred on a mortal, if he only relishes such a portion of these blessings as is vested in himself, and his own private property. By this means, any man that does himself any real service does me a kindness. I come in for a share in all the good that happens to a man of merit and virtue, and partake of many gifts of Fortune and Power, that I was never born to."—*Addison.*

THE ECONOMIST.

"Economy is the road to Wealth."

ON THE

PRESERVATION OF POSTS.

To the Corresponding Secretary of the Pennsylvania Agricultural Society.

Philadelphia, Feb. 2, 1824.

DEAR SIR—In accordance with my desire to promote the interests of agriculture, and with your request, to communicate my experience of the benefit to be derived from the application of salt in the preservation of posts, without entering upon the theory, I will give you the result of twenty years practice, and the mode which has fully realized my most sanguine expectations. In 1803 I planted four gate posts of Delaware oak, of one [illegible] very inferior quality; a two auger-sacrifice was bored through them on, to [illegible] led with salt, and plugged at both ends. As they were to support highly finished gates, they were cased with boards, and some salt was put inside of their case near the ground. The posts are now as sound as when put down, and bid fair to last for some generations to come. This experiment was tried under the most unfavorable circumstances, as the posts were so much worm-eaten, that my carpenters were averse to finish them, under the belief that they would not last five years.

I have since applied salt to the posts of rail fences, by boring an inch auger hole, about four inches above the ground, diagonally across the post, so as to reach about two or three inches under ground; the whole is filled with salt, and closed with cedar and chesaut plugs. With the result I am well satisfied, as I have not found any decay among them, altho' I have several thousand so prepared.

It has been observed, by some who have seen them, that the salt would in time dissolve, and by leaving a hollow in the post to retain the moisture, cause its decay. I have not found that the salt diminishes to any extent; and if it should, it must penetrate the wood, and thereby prevent decay. But to obviate such apprehension, nothing is easier than to draw the plugs, and fill them again with salt at the expiration of the eight or ten years, or when required, which would be at a very distant period. This can be done at less than a cent a post, exclusive of salt, which must be admitted is preferable to planting them anew. I have usually paid the workmen a cent a post for boring, filling, and plugging: they generally earn two dollars a day. A judicious farmer on viewing my posts, observed he could see no reason why salt should not preserve wood, when it preserved so perishable a vegitation as cabbage during many years.

If I have been prolix, be pleased to attribute it to my zeal in my most favorite pursuit; and with much esteem, I remain yours, WILLIAM PHILLIPS.

Great Crops.—Mr. John Ronald Twitwood, on the estate of Sir John Maxwell has a field of red-topped turnips, in drills, 28 inches asunder, and the plants, in consequence of deficiencies, at 18 inches distance. They were sown at the begining of June, and after thinning, were repeatedly dressed with the plough. The average weight of the turnip, including the top, is 12½ pounds, at the rate of 88 tons per Scottish acre; without the top, 9 lbs. or 68 tons per Scottish acre, or 50 tons per English acre. Three of the largest turnips have been sent to our office, they weigh, without the tops, 28½ lbs. and 24 lbs.—*Glasgow Chronicle.*

THE HUMORIST.

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

In 1793, when a war with France was agitated on account of the conduct of that country to the Dutch, a gentlemen in company said impetuously, "D—n the Dutch, burn their towns!" "Rather," said Lady Wintrinham, "undam them, and drown them."

"I am absolutely afraid," said the Duke of Buckingham to Sir Robert Verner, "I am absolutely afraid that I shall die a beggar." "At the rate you go on," replied Sir Robert, "I am afraid you will be worse—I am afraid you will *live one.*"

A country fellow who had just come to town, gaping about in every shop he came to, looked into a printer's counting room, where seeing only one man sitting at a desk, he could not imagine what commodity was sold there; but calling to the clerk, Pray, sir, said he, what do you sell here? Loggerheads! cried the other. Do you? answered the countryman—egad, then you have a special trade, for I see you have but one left.

A Yorkshire boy went into a public house, where a gentleman was eating eggs. The boy looked extremely hard at him for some time, and then said, "Will you be good enough to give me a little salt, Sir?" "Ay, certainly boy, but why do you want salt?" "Perhaps, Sir," says he "you'll ask me to eat an egg presently, and I should like to be ready." "What country are you from, my lad?" "Yorkshire, Sir." "I thought so—there take an egg." "I thank you, Sir," said the boy. "Well," added the gentleman, "they are all horse stealers in your country, are they not?" "Yes," rejoined the boy, "my father (though an honest man) would mind no more stealing a horse than I would drinking your glass of ale." "Your health, Sir," said he, and drank it up. "That will do," says the gentleman, "I see you're Yorkshire."

A gentleman travelling in the West of Scotland, perceived an old man aged about 80 years, crying most bitterly, and upon inquiring the reason, he informed him that his father had been whipping him. The gentleman stepped into the house, to expostulate with the father for his cruel treatment of the son; when he exclaimed, "He deserved it, the *young* rascal was throwing stones at his grandfather who is working in the garden!"

At the battle of New Orleans, a heavy moulded militia captain, with a grievous face, accused his soldiers of having nick named him, pewter foot. Jackson says to him, smiling, the saucy fellows have served me in [illegible] call me Old [illegible]

TAKE NOTICE!!

The subscriber being anxious to ascertain how he stands, in regard to money matters, respectfully informs all persons to whom he is indebted, that their accounts must be handed in to him on or before the 25th of March 1825. Those of his creditors who neglect this notice are informed that he will feel himself under no obligations, to pay their bills after the above mentioned date.

THOMAS DISNEY.

march 5 3t*

NOTICE.

Will be offered at Public Sale, on Thursday the 10th day of March next, on a credit of six months, at the late residence of William Layton, deceased, all the personal estate of the aforesaid Layton, (negroes excepted) consisting of Household & Kitchen Furniture, Horses, Cattle, Sheep and Hogs; Corn, Wheat and Fodder, the Crop on the ground lease of Farms, Farming Utensils, &c. Terms made known on the day of sale and attendance given by

HENRY MOREIGN, Adm'r.

march 5 3t

IN CHANCERY,

October Term, 1824.

Thomas Dawson vs. Mary Elizabeth Dawson, Emily Ann Dawson, Thomas B. Dawson.

BY virtue of a decree fo Dorchester county court, will be offered at public sale on Wednesday the 6th day of April next at Willam Flint's tavern in the town of Cambridge between the hours of 12 and 5 o'clock, the real estate of Mary E. Dawson, Emily A. Dawson, and Thomas B. Dawson, lying and being in Dorchester county, and near Chicknecomico bridge, which said real estate is one half of the farm devised by Mrss Sarah Hull, to Emily Ann Dawson. The said real estate will be sold on a credit of twelve months; the purchaser to give bond with good security. On the payment of the purchase money, the trustee will convey the same by a good and sufficient deed of bargain and sale, defending the same against himself who has a life estate in the said real estate, and his heirs, and against the said Mary E. Dawson, Emily A. Dawson and Thomas B. Dawson, and all persons claiming by, from or unde them or their heirs. Further particulars will be made known on the day of sale. T. DAWSON, *Trus.*

feb 26 ts

Cabinet Business.

THE Subscriber takes this method of informing his friends and the public generally that he has commenced the above business in High street, one door from the corner of Poplar street, (adjoining the Chronicle Office,) where he is prepared to furnish all articles in his line on as good terms as they can be obtained in BALTIMORE or elsewhere. Having obtained the best workmen and materials, he feels confident that he will be enabled to supply persons on such terms and in such style, as will make it an object, and particularly calls their attention to it.

☞ All charges will be in accordance with the pressure of the times, and all orders faithfully attended to with punctuality and despatch.

N.B. The subscriber has provided himself with A HEARSE which will always be at the service of the public.

THEODORE SMITH.

oct 30 tf

TAILORING.

Archibald Serrell,

High Street, near the Court House,
CAMBRIDGE,

Respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he still continues

THE TAILORING BUSINESS

at the above stand, where he solicits a continuance of public patronage. From his long experience in the business, he flatters himself, to have his work executed in the neatest and most fashionable style. Every exertion will be made to please those who may encourage him—he will be strictly devoted to business, and will work on the most reasonable and accommodating terms. All orders attended to with punctuality and despatch. nov 6—tf

Medical Prize Question.

THE Medical and Chirurgical Faculty of Maryland, offer a premium of one hundred dollars in cash or a gold medal, at the option of the successful candidate, for the best essay "on the pathogy and treatment of the Cholera Infantum."

The undersigned have been appointed to award the premium at the next meeting of the Faculty. Candidates for prize will cause their dissertation sent to either of them (post paid) before the 1st day of May, 182[illegible] dissertation to be accompained [illegible] ed letter, superscribed with a [illegible] responding with that prefac[illegible] say. None of the lette[illegible] to which the motto of [illegible] say shall be affixed. [illegible] maining essays [illegible] cording to the [illegible]

N[illegible]

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