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THE MUSES' BOWER.

SINGLE BLESSEDNESS.

Let no repugnance to a single state
Lead to a union with a worthless mate;
Although 'tis true, you'll find full many a fool
Would make old maids the butt of ridicule.
A single lady, though advanced in lite,
Is much more happy, than an ill-mated wife.

The Poor Fiddler's Ode to his Old Fiddle.

(From the Musical World.)

Torn
Worn
Oppressed I mourn
Bad
Sad
Three-quarters mad
Money gone
Credit none
Duns at door
Half a score
Wife in lain
Twins again
Others ailing
Nurse a railing
Billy hooping
Betsey crouping
Besides poor Joe
With fester'd toe.
Come, then, my Fiddle
Come, my time-worn friend
With gay and brilliant sounds
Some sweet tho' transient solace lend.
Thy polished neck in close embrace
I clasp, while joy illumes my face
When o'er thy strings I draw my bow
My drooping spirits pant to rise,
A lively strain I touch, and lo!
I seem to mount above the skies.
There on Fancy's wing I soar,
Heedless of the duns at door:
Oblivious all! I feel my woes no more;
But skip o'er the strings,
As my old Fiddle sings,
"Cheerily oh! merrily go!
"Presto! good master,
"You very well know
"I will find music,
"If you will find bow.
"From E, up in alto, to G, down below."
Fatigued, I pause to change the time
For some *Adagio*, solemn and sublime
With graceful action moves the sinuous arm
My heart responsive to the soothing charm.
Throbs equally; whilst every health corroding care
Lies prostrate, vanquished by the soft mellifluous air.
Anon, more plaintive grown, my eyes with tears o'erflow,
And Resignation mild, soon smoothes my wrinkled brow
Resdy Hautboy may sqeak, wailing Flauto may squall,
The Serpent may grunt, and the Trombone may bawl;
But by Poll,* my old Fiddle's the prince of them all.
Could e'en Dryden return, thy praise to rehearse,
His ode to Cecilia would seem rugged verse.
Now to thy case, in flannel warm to lie,
Till call'd again to pipe thy master's eye.

*Apollo.

A TALE.

The following sketch is dedicated to ladies, in the hope of proving to them that elopements do not always end happily, and also that the view generally taken of them in works of fiction, is not always correct.—Amer. Trav.

SCENE FIRST.

"Is she not beautiful!" I exclaimed as the dance allowed a full view of her.

"She is pre-eminently so," echoed my friend.—Emma was indeed beautiful, and her light rounded figure showed to advantage in the mazy dance. At a short distance stood her father, his eyes beaming as she passed and repassed in the dance.

"Charles," said my friend, starting from a reverie that had lasted some minutes, "could you introduce me to that angelic creature?"

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed I, as I said "So Edward you are caught at last, you who said you were proof, are at last caught in Cupid's net."

"Pish" said he, "does a slight fancy necessarily involve an engagement?"

"We shall see," said I significantly.

Shortly after this conversation he stood up with her in the dance, and a buzz of admiration in which I joined ran through the room at their appearance. Both handsome, and apparently much pleased with each other, they danced as if on air, and elicited numerous expressions of approval. The ball was over at last and we went home, his whole conversation turning on her; and I in vain besought him not to give way to a slight fancy, as from her father's station in life (he was a farmer,) his family would, I was sure never give their consent to his marriage; and I never for a moment thought he could be so base as his conduct afterwards proved him to be.

From this time I did not see much of Edward, as he was almost constantly at her father's, and, in fact the neighborhood: when one morning I heard that Emily had eloped with him. She had gone off the night previous, and left her father, (for her mother was long since dead) suffering all the pangs that a parent's heart feels when deserted by a child. Poor man! he did not linger long after she left him: and every thing he saw reminded him of her. Her sweet voice was heard no more joyously carrolling about the house, her bird, her work table, and the various works she had done, all contributed to remind him of his loss. Gradually he pined away: a few months and the grave closed over him, a victim to the wiley snares of the seducer of his daughter.

SECOND SCENE.

"And wilt thou return?" The speaker was a lady in the prime of life, from whose cheeks the rose faded as she uttered these words

"Dost thou doubt me?" was the reply. "As soon as I can return from this hated interview thou wilt find me at thy feet. Nay, love, those tears would seem to doubt me; dry them up."

"Ah! Edward, should'st thou not return, and this heart alas! would seem to say so, think not that I can survive thy absence. No I shall pine away and an early grave be my lot. But thou wilt return? Oh, say so once more!"

"Dearest, I will."

After exchanging their mutual endearments he left her never to return. It was their parting interview and full well he knew it. The blood rushed cold to his heart, and he almost resolved to return. But no! Interest nerved him on, and the rich bride to whom he went, had, for the present more attractions for him. Knitting his brows he proceeded. But she, the young the lovely one, who for him had forsaken a parent, how fared she? Extended on a couch, which she had bathed with her tears, she remained motionless for hours, and only woke from a state of unconsciousness to a full knowledge of her deserted lot.

Weeks elapsed, but still he came not, and the once lovely girl, whose beauty was her last charm; became prematurely old with weariness and watching.—That once rounded figure, whose step light as a fawn's seemed not to touch the ground, had lost all its charms Those cheeks whose ripe, rich fullness, had invited his carresses, had fallen in, the eye had lost its brightness, and naught remained to tell of what had once been the belle of B——. A letter came in his well known hand writing. With what eagerness did she receive it and press it to her lips! but soon too soon did its cruel contents become known.

'Emily,' (it commenced) I must resign you; a parents mandate commands me to do so; a parent from whom I have received kindness, even commands me to wed another. Can I refuse him? Can I see that kind and devoted parent, who so fondly attended to my wants, bowed down to the grave by my refusal? In vain did I say all I could short of a refusal: in vain did I say I had no wish to wed: he would not be refused. He implored me not to deny him the sole pleasure of his life in seeing me happily married and I—I could not deny. You know not, words cannot convey to you the anguish I feel in resigning you—I have this day settled £200 a year for life on you, payable at my banker's who will ask no questions.

Do not deny me the pleasuee of keeping you from want, do not from any false delicacy refuse me this boon. I am heart broken, and could I get off this hated marriage, would fly to you. Adieu, then, joy of my life—I must conclude, your wretched

'EDWARD.'

The letter fell from her hand. The maid, entering found her mistress senseless on the floor. She was conveyed to her bed, and for some days, remained in a state of unconsciousness. Reason at length resumed its throne, but she became sensible only to feel that she must shortly die. Gradually she faded away, earthly aid could not extend her life. The evening before she died she called for writing materials, and having written a letter, which she sealed—'When I am in my grave give him this, and tell him I forgive him.' Thus saying, she dropped into a tranquil slumber, from which she never woke.

In the churchyard of E——— do her remains lie. The flower grows over the grave, and nought marks the resting place of the ill fated Emily. Better that nothing should mark so fair, so innocent a creature (save that she trusted him) is interred. Better, far better she should remain unknown, and in the quiet of the grave seek that peace which, on earth, was so cruelly taken from her.

SCENE THIRD.

In a georgeous chamber, through whose crimson curtains reflected dimly the light on all around, reclined a gentleman in the prime of life, but whose careworn features would have led an observer to believe much older. The furniture of the apartment (rose wood) and the various rich materials demonstrated, that its owner was possessed of all the luxuries which add so much to the pleasures of life when enjoyed with a contented mind. Such, however, did not appear to be the state of its present occupant. Tossing restlessly, on his couch of the softest down, he presented a striking picture of the effects of a mind not at ease with itself. 'Why oh, why did I allow ambition to enthral my senses? Happier, would I have been with my Emily. To share poverty with her would have been a blessing compared to the thraldom I now endure.' Muttering these words he arose and went to the window. Around him and before, for many miles extended a park glowing in all the beauties of the varied tints, which cast upon it by the setting sun, enriched and added to the scene.—The tall trees which had stood for centuries were waiving in the breeze, and the varied incense of the rare plants, combined with the thrilling notes of the birds added charms to that first of beauties, an English landscape. The door opened and a lady much past the prime of life, presented herself. There was as yet about her the remains of great beauty, now, however much marred by the youthful style of her Her countenace was of an imperious character, and the traces of deep passions could be discerned thereon The gentleman shuddered as he beheld her and the conversation which ensued, consisting of bitter sentences, conveyed under the garb of courtesy, showed how little he loved her. She was, however, his wife and he was Edward! and she was the bride, to marry whom had been, as he wrote, his father's express wish and command. Far, however, from this was the real state of the case; his father had no choice in the matter. He had married her for money, and well was he repaid by the loss of pleasures, though he possessed the luxuries of wedded life. His wife had been too long accustomed to have her own way to brook control, and having had the whole of the property settled on her at the marriage, he became her slave, and deeply did he rue when, having, on one occasion, opposed her views, her passions became aroused and betrayed to the astonished husband the fierceness of that temper, the effects of which he so often felt thereafter. There was then, however, no redress, and he at length in part, became accustomed to it, and, by a studied coldness and bitterness, repaid her doubly; for she could not brook contempt, and the indifference with which she was treated aroused the deep passions of her soul, and produced torrents of vituperation from her tongue—The history of their wedded life was a series of quarrellings. His health, always delicate, had in consequence, become much worse, and he was now confined to the house. Reason had, in some instances, tottered on its throne, and the advice of his medical attendants was, that nothing should be done to disturb his mind; she had latterly, therefore, slightly bridled her tonge, but could not altogether refrain from the practice of what had in fact become a habit. A letter, in a female direction was brought in for the gentleman, and his wife observing it, on his refusal to give it up, worked herself up to such a fury that she was conveyed to her bed in strong convulsions. Jealousy! what a strange passion art thou!—Here was a wife who hated her husband, and yet was jealous of him.

He opened the letter, and on the enclosure, read that the writer had desired the enclosed to be sent after her death, and that she had expired forgiving him. Holding the letter in his hand, the cold sweat standing on his forehead, he trembled and his tongue refused to obey its function. The spasm at length was over and he slowly proceeded to open the letter. At the sight of the well-known hand writing there came back on his mind the remembrance of the happy hours he had spent in her company and that parting scene came distinctly to his memory. The words of the letter, the calm rebuke therein, and the mild manner in which she hoped that he repented of the previous injury he had done her, coupled with the pardon it contained, almost maddened him. 'Oh! wretch that I am—would that I had died for thee' He tore his hair, stamped furiously about the room, and the servants who alarmed by the noise he made, rapidly approached him, and found him in a state of madness. For some time he was kept at home, as hopes were entertained of his recovery, but all hopes proved futile. He never gave the least glimpse of returning sense, and becoming at last so furious as to be unmanageable, was conveyed to an asylum, where he ended his miserable days,—a warning, I hope, to those who meditate following in his footsteps.

TETANUS OR LOCKJAW.—This malady is generally the consequence attending another disease, rather than a primary one. It is a nervous spasmodic affection in one or several parts of the body, accompanied with acute and prolonged pain, either by compression or laceration of nerve or sinew, by a wound that does not matter properly: sometimes by casteration; above all, by a nail in the foot. In one word, the lock is the consequence of violent suffering, not quickly relieved, and affecting the nervous system. It begins generally with the contraction of the muscles of the jaw, and by degrees invades those of many, or even all the other parts of the body. The contracted muscles can no longer resume their pliability; the horse is stiff until he drops down heavily to rise no more. Neither his head, jaws or legs can move, whatever efforts may be used to that effect. All external and internal remedies must be applied as soon as possible, to restore the nerves and sinews to their natural pliability if possible. Opium and anti-spasmodics must be given in large doses, either by forcing the jaws open, if possible, or by injections. The cause must be discovered. A nail or a piece of glass in the foot, even a pebble between the hoof and fleshy part of it, might have been the cause of the accident by attacking the nerve, and should be extracted. Rubbing the body with camphorated oil, cooling drinks; opium internally, from half an ounce to one, if possible; emollient fomentation of the diseased parts, injection of the same; bleeding several times, promoting perspiration. All those means may have a good effect if done in time, and repeated several times, it is the more necessary, as even in that horrible situation the horse is hungry, and shews a disposition to chew food, for that reason the injections should be made of mullen boiled and thickened with coarse rye meal, or flour, and a small quantity of opium. The difficulty is to procure a syringe or glyster pipe of a gallon and a half, which every stock holder ought to have, in this disorder it is indispensable. The Tetanus or Lockjaw is always dangerous, it is hopeless when complete.—*Kentucky Farmer.*

It is rumoured that Judge White, at present one of the Representatives from Louisiana, intends to resign

Take Care how to go up the Ladder.—Mathew Carey, speaking of his marriage, says:—My wife was about ten years younger than me. She was industrious, prudent and economical.—She had a large fund of good sense. We early formed a determination to indulge in no unnecessary expense and to mount the ladder so slowly as to run no risk of descent. During the whole of our marriage, I never as far as I can recollect, entered a tavern except on a jury or arbitration, to see a customer, or at a public dinner, never in a single instance for the purpose of drinking.

How very different the conduct of some young married people, aye, and old ones too now a days. They can go to the taverns, and grog shops eat oysters, drink grog and play cards, dice or nine pins, spinding their seventy five cents or a dollar, two or three times a week. No marvel such people never go up the ladder. They are always at the bottom, and there will stay as long as they live. A jug of rum tied to a man's neck is a hard thing to carry up the ladder—and many a man, after he has dragged it half way up has been suddenly tumbled down to the bottom.

BRETHERTON JONATHAN'S WIFE'S ADVICE TO HER DAUGHTER

ON THE DAY OF HER MARRIAGE.

Now, Polley, as you are about to leave us, a few words seem appropriate to the occasion. Although I regret the separation, yet I am pleased that your prospects are good. You must not think that all before you are Elysian fields. Toil, care and trouble, are the companions of frail human nature.—Old connections will be dissolved by distance, time and death; new ones are formed. Every thing pertaining to his life is on the change.

A well cultivated mind, united with a pleasant and easy disposition, is the greatest accomplishment in a lady. I have endeavored from the first to the present time, to bring you up in such a manner as to form you for future usefulness in society. Woman was never made merely to see and be seen; but to fill an important space in the great chain in nature, planned and formed by the Almighty Parent of the Universe. You have been educated in habits of industry, frugality, economy and neatness, and in these you have no disappointed me.

It is for the man to provide, and for the wife to take care and see that every thing within her circle of movement, is done in order and season: therefore let method and order be considered important. A place for every thing and every thing in time, are good family mottos.

A thorough knowledge of every kind of business appropriate to the kitchen, is indispensable, for without such knowledge a lady is incapable of the management of her own business, and is liable to imposition by her servants every day. But in those things you have been instructed.

You will be mistress of your house, and observe the rules in which you have been educated. You will endeavor above all things to make your fireside the most agreeable place for the man of your choice. Pleasantry and a happy disposition will ever be considered necessary to this important end—but a foolish fondness is disgusting to all.—Let reason and common sense ever guide these, aided by a pleasant, friendly disposition, render life happy; and without these it is not desirable. Remember your cousin Eliza. She married with the highest prospects: but, from a petulent, peevish, complaining disposition and negligence, every thing went wrong, and her home became a place of disquietude to her husband. To avoid this, he sought a place to pass away vacant time, where, associated with those more wicked than himself, he contracted the habit of intemperance, and all was lost—and poor Eliza was thrown upon the charity of her friends.

Be pleasant and obliging to your neighbors—ready to grant assistance when necessary. Be careful of their characters, and do not readily believe an ill report, Throw the mantle of charity over their failings, knowing that we are human and liable to err. Abhor a tattler, and give no place to the report of such. However strong a provocation may be, never contend for the last word.

Let your Bible show it is used. Give no place to novels in your library. Let history, and biography be read when time and opportunity admit, without interfering with the important duties of the family. Be not ignorant of the events of the time being, therefore read some journal of the day.

As to the friends who may call on you, never be confused or in a hurry; treat them with hospitality and politeness, and endeavor to make them happy in their own way. Never teize them to do this or that which they do not prefer. True politeness consists in an easy and pleasant deportment, and making friends easy, and permitting them to enjoy themselves in that way which is most pleasing to them.

Speak with deliberation. The other sex tells us that "the female tongue is never tired," be it so! let it be regulated by reason.

At the close of the week, if possible let all your work for the time, be done; so that on Sunday as will be appropriate to the day, and never, extraordinaries excepted, let your seat be vacant at church,

As to dress, decency is becoming to all: but extravagance opens the door to want: follow the fashion of the day as far as decency & good sense will approve, but avoid singularity. Be not troubled for what you have not; be thankful for, and take care of what you have. A Leghorn hat loaded with flowers, will not cure the head ache, nor a gold watch prevent the consumption.

In the Exchange yesterday, Mr. McDonald exhibited an invention of his for securing steamboats, ships, and in fact, every species of floating craft, from sinking, by leaks or other perils upon the 'great deep.' He proposes to have inserted between the beams on each deck, large tin vessels, water tight, to keep up the buoyancy of the ship. He also proposes to place similar vessels along the 'kelson,' and in other unoccupied portions of the ship, so that it would be next to impossible to sink any craft. His plan is simple, and yet effective, and worthy of the attention of those engaged in ship commerce or ship building. His models, with diagrams and explanations, may be seen at the Exchange.—*Phil. Amer.*

Love is found in gentle hearts. It dwells amid the riots of pleasure—it dies in the glare of splendor and cannot live in a heart devoted to dress and weak follies; it is more mature in quietness than loud applause or the world's praise.—Give me the sharply refined feelings of a young and timid girl, and I leave you the profession of a gaudy coquette.

"More rum," says the toper. "More money," says the miser. "More beaux," says the maiden. "More subscribers," says the Editor. But there are few who desire more virtue, wisdom and grace.

ENGLAND.—The following extract is from an article on "England—Her Present Condition," from the pen of Dr. S. COLLINS, of Baltimore:

"*Aristocracy*, in the 19th century, is the league, the coalition, of those who wish to consume without producing, live without working, occupy all public places, without being competent to fill them, seize upon all honors, without meriting them—that is *Aristocracy*."

If any one wishes to know the class of men who are often received into the Aristocracy by the favor of their King, and on whom the broad acres and precious treasures of England are bestowed, he has only to read the history of the reigns of Charles II, and William IV. "The Great Commoner" was a nobler distinction for William Pitt than any title his king could have conferred, and Lord Brougham manifested a momentary contempt of the peerage, when he once said to the House of Lords, that he wished they would pass an act to *unpeer* him, that he might resume his professional pursuits in Westminster Hall—an employment which was not consistent with aristocratic etiquette, or as long as he continued a member of their House.

This state of the social system of England will not always continue to exist. The public mind is now, and has for some time been, intensely directed to the inquiry, whether the existence of such privileged orders be consistent with the belief, that all men are born equal and free—whether individual merit be not the only just foundation for distinctions in society. The progress of such inquiry cannot be arrested, except by a despotism like that which holds Poland in chains and crushes all the noble aspirants of our nature beneath the foot of its own iron power. Such a despotism England is not destined to endure. The time may come when a fire—like that in our Western prairies—will be kindled in England, which will burn from the Cheviot Hills to the Straits of Dover, and by whose mighty raging King and Noble may alike be consumed. When Samson awakes to a sense of his condition, the cords by which he is bound are sundered as easily, as the flax is burned by the flame.

Why do the politicians and political writers of England continually predict the downfall of our institutions. "The wish is father to the thought." Why do they so eagerly seize an opportunity to comment on every instance of lynch-law—of the use of the Bowie knife—of quarrels in our legislative bodies?—Are there no wicked men, and men of ungoverned temper, in every country? Why do they interfere with our social institutions? A writer in a late article in the leading journal of Europe—the court Journal of England—in case of war between the two countries, advocates the attempt to array the interests of the North against those of the South. That portion of our population is more happy—better fed and clothed, than millions of the subjects of that "Power which has dotted over the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts; whose morning drum beat, following the sun, and keeping company with the hours, daily circles the earth with one unbroken strain of the martial airs of England."

GOOD.—The ladies out west have resolved to marry no man who does not take a newspaper, and furthermore, they won't allow a fellow to look at them, who owes the printer for more than one years subscription.—We wish it were so here—*Printer's Devil.*

Dead or Alive.—"Pomp, what de deuce am a jury oh inkest?" "Wal, de fact is, niggar—a jury ob inkist am a lot of fellars wh sits down on a dead man to find out whedder he am dead for sartin or only

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