The Cambridge Chronicle.

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TERMS.

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THE MUSES' BOWER.

From the Boston Miscellany.

SUUMMER EVENING MELODY.

BY LEWIS J. CIST.

"It is the hour from when the bough
The nightingale's high note was heard;
It is the hour when lover's vows
Are sweet in every whispered word,
And gentle winds and waters near,
Make music to the lonely ear."—BYRON.

—

'Tis gentle eve, and night draws near;
The golden orb of day is set;
And one by one the stars appear,
Bright gems in Heavents fair coronet;
And sparkling in her silvery sheen,
Rides beauteously night's radiant queen!

The hum of busy life is o'er;
The bustling turmoil of the day
Disturbs the tranquil soul no more,—
The very winds have died away,
A holy calm is in the air,
As spirits blest are slumbering there!

Afar, through the dim ether borne,
A liquid murmuring seems to float,—
Soft as the lautest ray o' morn,
And soothing as the gentlest note
Of melody to ravished ear:—
The music of yon upper sphere!

'Tis meet on night so fair as this,
To list to strains so sweet as those
Which erst in Eden's paradise
Lulled our first parents to repose;
Such did the morning stars employ
When they "together sang for joy!"

Oh! ever on a night like this—
Borne down beneath life's weary load,
I think me, thus, how pure the bliss,
To yield the spirit up to God;
Its requium from yon ler sky,
Those strains of Heaven's own minstrelsy!

FAITH.

A swallow, in the Spring,
Came to our granary, and 'neath the eaves
Essay'd to make a nest, and there did bring
Wet earth and straw and leaves.

Day after day she toil'd,
With patient art, but ere her work was crown'd
Some sad mishap the tiny fabric spoil'd,
And dashed it to the ground.

She found the ruin wrought,
Yet not cast down, forth from the place she flew,
And with her mate fresh earth and grasses brought,
And built her nest anew.

But scarcely had she placed
The last soft feather on its ample floor,
When wicked hand, or chance, again laid waste,
And wrought the ruin o'er.

But still her heart she kept,
And toil'd again,—and, last night, hearing calls,
I look'd and lo! three little swallows slept
Within the earth made walls.

What Truth is here, O, Man!
Hath Hope been smitten in its early dawn?
Have clouds o'ercast thy purpose, trust or plan?
Have Faith and struggle on!

ODDITIES OF ORTHOGRAPHY.—It is a known fact that vessels at sea often run on a *rock* without running on a rock; it is as often the case that people go to sea to see.

It takes a man to make a bow, but it takes Nature to make a bough; then it takes a tailor to make a beau and a milliner to make a bow.

A man on horseback in the night,
Must down alight to light a light.

A fox hunter likes to go over a stile in style, and he must never rail at a rail or suffer a bar to bar him.

Many who recently took ship for the North were obliged to make a sale to make a sail.

A mite might be a thing of might,
If right philosophy could write.
A bridal vow
Is a bridle now.

A true sportsman will never quail at shooting a quail; nor a milk-maid turn pale at lifting a pail over a pale.

Sweet Potatoes.—More than eight thousand bushels of Sweet Potatoes, says the Trenton State Gazette, passed the lock on the Canal at that place, between Saturday morning and Monday morning.

AGRICULTURAL.

From the Cultivator.

CULTURE OF WHEAT.

Preparation of the Soil, and Manner of Sowing.—A thorough summer fallowing is the best preparation of the soil that can be given for a wheat crop; one that leaves no weeds to interfere with the future crop, and at the same time subjects every part of the soil to the benefits of atmospheric action. I do not approve of the direct application of manures to the wheat crop. Two evils result from this course; one is that the stalk of the plant is stimulated at the expense of the berry, being apt to lodge and shrink; and the other is, that barn yard manure is apt to contain so many foul seeds, as to render it certain that when applied to the wheat crop, a vigorous and injurious growth of these interlopers may be expected. When soils are rich and clean, summer fallowing may be dispensed with in most cases, one or two ploughings being sufficient for the getting in the seed well; but it must be remembered there are very few farms that have been so manured, ploughed, and thoroughly cultivated, as to render this course admissible.

As to the manner of sowing wheat, I prefer that which approaches the nearest to drilling; finding that method preferable for several reasons. I find that wheat sown in that way is less liable to freeze out, (and that is the most serious difficulty I have to meet) than when distributed equally over the ground. It is almost uniformly the single plants that freeze out; those that grow in clusters escaping, and drill sowing, or any manner that resembles it, places the seed in a way that unites the strength of the plants. Consequently, I prefer furrowing my fields at such distances as I wish the wheat to grow, (from seven to ten inches,) and sowing my seed on the land so furrowed. Every farmer knows that in this case, the greater part of the seed will fall or roll to the deepest part of the furrow, and be thus deposited with nearly as great regularity as if the drill was used. In covering the seed, I first harrow the same way as the furrow, and then crosswise, which disturbs the position of the seed but little, and gives it about the requisite depth. If the furrow made by the plough, on which the seed is sown, is six or seven inches in depth, the covering of the seed will not be far from two and a half or three inches, which I think is the proper depth for the perfect germination of the seed and the security of the plant. I have tried many experiments in the sowing of wheat; such as sowing, harrowing smooth, and then furrowing as for potatoes, sowing, and ploughing into ridges; sowing and horrowing alone; and the way I have above described, which has been more successful with me than any other. When wheat is sown in drills, or so as to produce the same effect in the distribution of the plants, there is more room for the air to circulate, and for the influence of the sun, and I have found that such wheat is less liable to mildew than when sown in the usual manner. This result I have witnessed the present year; that sown in the ordinary way being more rusted than that which was in drills. I saw not long since in the Cultivator, an account of an experiment made in England to prevent the freezing out of wheat, which was eminently successful. In this case the wheat was put in with a plough drill, the seed dropped in the furrow, & covered by the next passage of the plough, and not harrowed at all. That such a method would succeed, I cannot doubt, it being only a more perfect execution of the system I have followed or preferred.

With regard to the depth at which wheat should be planted or covered, I will mention an experiment I once instituted to aid me in determining that point.

In a bed of rich garden mold, I sowed, or rather dibbled five rows of wheat, the respective depths of which were one, two, three, four, and six inches.—The season was most favorable for germination, moist and warm, and the seed was carefully selected from a quantity of fine white flint, of the previous year's growth. That put to the depth of one inch, came up on the sixth day; and the rows of two and three inches, about two days later. The row at four inches was still more tardy, and at the end of sixteen days, only one of the seeds planted at six inches, showed itself above ground. The other never came up at all.

The rows planted at two and three inches gave the best plants, that at one inch the most; although from some unexplained cause, about one-sixth of the seed in all the rows, failed of germinating. Other experiments with nearly the same results, and close observation of the different modes of sowing, has convinced me that covering wheat too deeply, is to cause a loss of a large portion of the seed, and seriously impair the germinating powers of the remainder. On the contrary, when the seed wheat is covered too shallow, it is more liable to destruction from insects, and from drougth, and is not so well prepared to endure the frosts of our winters, as when planted deeper. I apprehend too, that where wheat is put into barns, packed in large mows, and perhaps but imperfectly cured, the mass, in undergoing the sweating process, through which it is certain to pass, accumulates so much heat as to change in some degree the vital properties of the grain, and partially destroy its germinating power. This may be the case without altering in any degree the external appearance of the grain.

A GREAT WORK.—"The education of our children," said John Adams to his wife, "is never out of my mind. Train them up to virtue. Habituate them to industry, activity, and spirit. Make them consider every vice as shameful and unmanly. Fire them with ambition to be useful. Make them disdain to be destitute of any useful or ornamental knowledge."

GRAND ENTERTAINMENT AT ALGIERS.

The *Paris Debats* gives, from the narrative of a French Officer who was present, the following account of a grand entertainment at Algiers by Mohammed Ben Abel-Alla, Chief of the tribe of the Ai-Saona: "The son of Mohammed, a child five years old, having fallen dangerously sick, his mother made a vow that if she should recover she would give a feast to the deciples of Ben Aissa, an illustrious Marabout. The boy having escaped the fate apprehended, the day was fixed, and a numerous company, including, several Europeans, attended at Mohammed's residence, which is near the Casbah. On entering we found the great central court quite vacant. On one side, under the gallery, the Chief of the Ai-Saoua was seated, having other Chiefs ranged by his side, right and left. The other side galleries were filled with a crowd of Arabs and Moors seated, and the lower chamber was also occupied by Massulmans of all races, placed in the Eastern manner on carpets. Along the upper gallery were ranged the women, all so closely veiled that nothing of their persons could be seen but their dark and brilliant eyes. On our introduction, however, they removed to the terrace looking down upon the court, in order that we might have an advantageous position. After the accustomed ceremonies of welcome, the festival began. The chief having distributed right and left twelve rude tambourines, without any bells attached to them, he began to beat his own with the back of his right hand, and was joined by all the others, keeping the same time with perfect accuracy.—Soon, these sounds were accompanied by a monotonous chant, which, though very wild, produced a rather solemn effect. This chant was composed of praises in honor of Ben Aissa. Ere long a young man, as if moved by the spirit, came forth and began to dance and leap, first on one leg and then on the other, in cadence, at the same time throwing his head backwards and forwards so violently, that alternately he struck his breast with his chin, and his shoulders with the back of his head, and he became black in the face like a person affected with apoplexy; others rose successfully, and joined him in this so deemed devotionary exercise. Soon they felt the influence of Ben Aissa; one fancied himself to have been turned into a lion, others into tigers, jackalls, hyenas, camels, and other animals, each imitating the roarings, howlings, and cres of his imaginary beast.

Their appearance was terrific; for, as soon as they came forward to join the dance, servants went up to them, divested them of their turbans or caps, and upper garments, throwing over them a white burnous, which covered all but their heads which were entirely shorn, except one lock of hair on the crown. When the magnetic effect of the dance appeared to be at its height, red hot iron shovels were brought in, and were eagerly struck by the infuriated dancers repeatedly with their hands, and some even licked them with their tongues, the music and the dance raging on with increased energy. After a time, some of the votaries demanded food. To one was presented a piece of glass; at first he shook his head in sign of refusal, but on its being offered to another, he seized it with avidity, cranched it with his teeth, and swallowed it. The same voracity was displayed by others as to the spinous leaves of the cactus. A negro was at one moment seized with an extraordinary ardor, springing into the air to immeasurable height, and agitating his head as the other had done. As soon as he was relieved of his turban, hooded snakes were brought to him. He took one, twisted it round his neck, continuing to dance, all the time imitating the ferocious growlings of the tiger. A piece of raw meat was placed at what appeared an unattainable height, but he reached it with a bound and devoured it with savage appetite. Others of these strange infatuated being took scorpions by the tails from tambourines in which they were brought and, having first let them run upon their hands, then ate them. Burning coals were also brought and scattered on the ground. The negro and two others of the most inspired dancers threw their arms round each other's waists, and, thus united together, trampled on the red-hot coals with their naked feet, scattering them in all directions. The negro took up one of the burning coals, placed it between his teeth, paraded about with an air of triumph, & by his breath made the sparks radiate from his mouth.

Still the dances continued with increased ardor. At length one became exhausted, and sank to the ground. Upon this two servants came, took him aside in their arms, laid him gently on his back, and, after rubbing his body to restore the circulation of the blood, they took him by the hands, and tossed him up into the air, receiving him in their arms as he came down. By this process the man became restored, so far as to be able to resume his seat among the musicians, beating his tambourine, and singing with no apparent dimunition of physical powers. The Europeans retired about midnight, but the same scene was kept up till a late hour in the morning. The Ai-Saouas of Algeria are, however, said to be truly moderate, compared with those of Morocco. During similar orgies at Tangiers, it is related that, when the enthusiasm was at its utmost height, a child in the circle was heard to cry; it was immediately seized by these representatives of the furies, torn to pieces, and devoured before the faces of its parents, not even the mother making the least sign of opposition, being satisfied that it was doomed to be a sacrifice to God."

CURIOUS CASE OF ABDUCTION.—The Leeds (Eng.) Time states an incident which has occurred in Yorkshire, fit to grace a novel. The hero is a groom, courted by his master's daughter, and his courage and determination towards the close of the eventful history prove that his discretion and distrust at the commencement were caused by no lack of manly spirit. About nine months ago, Mr. Charles Brook, a *wealthy American merchant*, came to settle with his family a wife and two daughters at Mirfield. Among the servants employed as "boots" or occasional groom, was Benjamin Hall, for whom the elder Miss Brook, twenty-three years of age, conceived an ardent passion. Whenever he was at work in the yard, she watched him from one of the windows; and she never left it until he had finished his task. The youth did not suspect her feelings, but was often heard to complain of her conduct, because, he said, "it seemed as if he could not do his duty without being watched." At length Miss Brook employed a more direct language than that of the eye; she contrived to impart her feelings to Benjamin, and to inspire him with a return of affection: overcoming some scruples which he entertained, she persuaded him to consent to their marriage; and she furnished him on Saturday fortnight, with the means to furnish a license.—For the sequel we borrow the words of the *Leeds Times*.

"On Sunday evening, the day following, Miss Brook took an airing in the phaeton alone, her Adonis being the driver; here the license was duly conned over, and it was finally arranged that the marriage should take place on Tuesday, the second instant. Early in the morning of that memorable day, they accordingly arose: Benjamin, with his fair one's assistance, prepared a horse and gig from his master's stables, into which they sprang like lightning, and drove off about four o' clock by a circuitous route to the ancient village of Bistral, unpreceived by any of the family or servants. They arrived at the Black Bull Inn a little before seven o'clock, where they remained till eight, they then proceeded to church; and the marriage was duly solemnized by the Rev. W. Heald, the vicar. After the ceremony was over, they again returned to the Black Bull Inn. In the mean time, the family at Mirfield arose as usual, and seated themselves at the breakfast table; but the young lady's place was empty; a maid was therefore despatched to her lodging-room to fetch her; but instead of bringing Miss Brook, she brought the following laconic note from her dressing table:

'Dear Mamma—pray don't be alarmed, I am only gone to get married.' This of course put the whole house in a ferment; and Messrs George Mitchell (of the Yew Trees,) ——Fearnsides, and Fairburn, and other neighbors, were called in, and sent in quest of the fugitives. Birstal, being about three miles distant, was thought to be the destination of the lovers. Mr. Mitchell arrived first on horseback; and proceeding to the Black Bull Inn, found them in the travellers' room. The bridegroom bid him 'good morning,' and observed 'had you been here half an hour ago, you would have just been in time for the wedding.' 'What!' said he in a rage, 'is it over?' and darting out of the room, went to the vicar to ascertain the fact. Mr. Heald assured him that it was true: remarking 'I have only just returned from the church.' 'And cannot you then,' replied Mr. Mitchell, 'undo what you have done?' 'No sir,' observed Mr. Heald, smiling; 'if I could do so I should have plenty of work.' Mr. M. then returned to the Inn, where he found the other gentlemen, who have arrived in a phæton. An attempt was then made to part those whom 'God had joined together,' by giving the bridegroom into custody on the charge of stealing the horse and gig.

This was too much for the young lady's equanimity. She then stood forth, and said in a tone of great anger, "No, gentlemen, Benjamin is now my husband: he was then my father's servant, and in taking the horse and gig he only obeyed my commands." Then, turning to her husband, and presenting him with her gold watch & purse, she said, "Here, take these; they might as well charge you with stealing them." The charge then, of course, fell to the ground; and all parties for several hours sat in sullen silence, save the sighs & sobbings of the afflicted lady. At length Benjamin, whom we shall call Mr. Hall, rose and said to his wife and his brother (a minor, who had been engaged to give the lady in marriage,) 'Come let us now go home.' Upon which Mr. Fearnsides exclaimed in a frantic manner, 'If you attempt to move, I will shoot you;' and 'if you attempt to do that,' said Mr. Hall's brother, 'I will knock you down,' accommodating his fist to the expression; and again all became seated and silent. While things remained in this state, the young lady's father (who had only just returned from Liverpool) arrived at the inn. Upon his entering the room, Mrs. Hall immediately rose, and courtesying, seized him by the hand; and, after complaining bitterly of the conduct of the individuals present, stated her warm attachment to her Benjamin. After Mrs. Hall had done speaking, all again became silent for a considerable time. At length, some refreshments were ordered, and a more conciliatory policy adopted. It was ultimately and mutually agreed that they should all return to Mirfield, and see if they could accommodate matters. Accordingly, at night, the horses, phæton and gig, were brought out, and the party started off for Mirfield; Mr. Hall being between two of the gentlemen in the phæton, and Mrs. Hall being between the other two in the gig. They arrived at Mirfield, at ten o'clock, and the phæton turned up the road leading to Mr. Brook's residence. At this moment, Mr. Hall turned his head, and perceived that the gig, containing his lady, was proceeding at a rapid rate on the road towards Huddersfield; upon which he sprang from between his companions, and crossed the field to overtake the gig, and as he approached he called out 'whoa, who!' and the horse, knowing the voice of its former indulgent keeper, immediately stood still and obstinately refused to budge. The young lady's keepers, hearing Mr. Hall approach, took her from the gig into an adjoining house, (Mr. Shaw's;) her indignant husband following, and fighting his way through the door and passage of the house. They however, managed to cause him to be obstructed and detained while they got her through the window, screaming piteously, and placed her again in the gig, and drove off.

In half an hour, Mr Hall was turned out of the house; and knowing that his wife had recently been on a visit to Mr. Kilner's, at the Carr House, Huddersfield, he concluded that they had conveyed her thither. He therefore proceeded, on foot, and arrived at the Carr House a little after midnight. He repeatedly paced the front of the house, and was perceived. Soon after two o'clock on Wednesday morning, a gig, containing two men and a female, drove from the yard; and Mr. Hall ran and seized the horse by the reins. Two of the Huddersfield watchmen were called and feed to take him off, and hold him while the gig got away. They did so; but two other individuals coming up, and being informed of the cause of his being detained, they attacked the watchmen, a scuffle ensued, and ultimately Mr. Hall was released, when he immediately set off in the direction the gig had taken. He, however, never overtook them, nor was he able to trace them through any of the toll-gates; and it has since been ascertained that the female in the gig was not his wife, but only one of Mr. Kilner's servants, who was placed there in order to decoy him from the premises. It was also discovered that a chaise conveyed Mrs. Hall from Huddersfield to Manchester, at midnight, on Thursday week, when it was observed that the individuals who had charge of her had hard word to pacify her.

This circumstance reached the ears of Mr. Hall, and he started at 10 o'clock on Friday night from Mirfield, by omnibus, to Huddersfield, and from thence, in company with two friends, by gig to Manchester. They then proceeded, by the first train on Saturday morning, to Liverpool. Owing, however, to his inexperience and mismanagement, he returned home on Wednesday night last, without having accomplished the object of his mission. An eminent solicitor, however, has now taken his case in hand; and if the young lady is not produced in a few days, it is more than probable that legal proceedings will be commenced against the parties implicated in her abduction. We understand that the young lady possesses from £15,000 to £20,000, bequeathed to her by a deceased uncle in America, and independently of her father. It is supposed by those most competent to form an opinion, that she is either in the Isle of Man, or has been shipped off to America. Her relations, however refuse to give any information; consequently it remains an absolute mystery.

Contentment.—Old Major B——, of Arkansas, tells a pretty good story. He had been travelling through the woods for some ten or fifteen hours, when he opened upon a clearing which had a log house in the centre, on which was chalked the words "entertainment for man and horse." As neither himself nor horse had had any thing to eat all day, they both looked the happier at this sign of hospitality. As he rode up to the cabin he saw a flaxen-head little fellow, sunning himself before the door, and he accosted him with—"Wall, my son, can you give me some supper?" 'I reckon not. We haint no meat, nor we haint no bread; nor we haint no taters.' 'Wall, you can give me a bed, can't you?' 'I reckon not; for we haint no feathers, nor we haint no straw, nor we haint no florin to our house.' 'Wall, you can give my horse something to eat?' 'I reckon not; for we haint no hay, nor we haint no corn, nor we haint no oats, neither.' 'In the name of human nature, how do you do here?' 'Oh very wall, I thank you. How are all your folks to hum?' The major couldn't stand it any longer, and sloped!

Temperance in our Navy.—Yesterday afternoon, JOSEPH J. JOHNSON, of this city, and JOHN WELSH the reformed sailor, of Brooklyn, N. Y., visited the United States receiving-ship Ohio, for the purpose of addressing the seamen on the subject of total abstinence. John Morris, the President of the society, Captain Smith, and the officers of the ship were present, and the interest which they manifested in the services of the meeting augurs well for the cause. The scene was truely interesting, and the efforts of all who interested themselves in getting up the meeting were crowned with complete success. For upwards of half an hour the seamen and boys surrounded the desk waiting for an opportunity to sign the pledge.—*Boston Journal.*

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