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TERMS.

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THE MUSES' BOWER.

From the Baltimore Clipper.

MR. EDITOR—I have just received a letter from my beloved mother, on the subject of my reformation. I have put on sackcloth and ashes to mourn over my past follies. I have thrown away the gilded trappings of the world, have fled from the alluring arms of pleasure, and now breathe in heartfelt strains the following

PRAYER.

Oh! Thou Almighty God!
Who from thy hand didst hurl into the Heavens
Yon glittering globes that gild the brow of night,
And all those suns and satelites sublime,
That round us roll. Thou who didst o'er the earth
Scatter profusion with a liberal hand;
Bade beauty blossom in the green old wood,
And fruits and flowers to clothe luxuriant fields;
Oh! thou sublime and solitary God!
Whose eye surveys Creation's utmost bounds,
And at whose nod the noblest knee must bow,
The noblest nations tremble—Thou, to whom
The meanest look for mercy, look on me.
Oh! God, when I shall to my quivering lip
Lift up the damning bowl, dash, dash it down,
And let my hand be nerveless. Let me see
My mother's tears mixed with its maddening wave,
And hear her sigh in every passing breeze.
Ah! how oft when she hast bowed her knee,
And to thy throne her supplications sent
To save her much loved sun, have I held up
The accursed cup of wine, amid the halls
Of revelry and ruin. Teach me to be
A solace to that sorrowing mothers heart
To whom I should be grateful. Let me prove
All that her heart would have me, for I know
I should be then the noblest child of virtue.
Save me, Oh! God, and save me for her sake;
I have no merit in myself I know.
Hear thou her prayers, and may the child of song
Return to virtue, near to wander more.
May he not break that aged mother's heart,
But yet become a shining light to gild
The evening of her days. Save me, Oh God.

MILFORD BARD.

The sweetness of the Irish language of endearment must have been felt by all who have heard it said or sung, the refrain of the following, by Mrs. Hall, is exquisitely tender:

SONG.

He tells me he loves me, and can I believe
The heart he has won he would wish to deceive?
For ever and always his sweet words to me,
Are Aileen ma vourneen, a cuishla machree.

Last night, when we parted, his gentle good-bye,
A thousand times said, and each time with a sigh,
And still the same sweet words he whispered to me
Were Aileen ma vourneen, a cuishla machree.

The friend of my childhood, the hope of my youth,
Whose heart is all pure, and whose words are all truth,
O! still the same sweet words he whispers to me,
Are Aileen ma vourneen, a cuishla machree,

O! when will the day come, the blest happy day,
When a maiden may hear all a lover can say.
And he speaks out the words he now whispers to me,
My Aileen ma vourneen, a cuishla machree?

AUTUMN FLOWERS.

Those few pale Autumn flowers!
How beautiful they are;
Than all that went before,
Than all the Summer store,
How lovelier far!

And why?—They are the last—
The last!—the last!—the last—
O, by that little word,
How many thoughts are stirr'd!
That sister of the past!

Pale flowers!—pale perishing flowers!
Ye're types of precious things:
Types of those bitter moments
That flit, like life's enjoyments,
On rapid, rapid wings.

Last hours with parting dear ones,
(That time the fastest speeds,)
Last tears, in silence shed,
Last words, half uttered,
Last words of dying friends.

Who would but fain compress
A life into a day;
The last day spent with one,
Who ere the morning sun,
Must leave us, and for aye?

O, precious, precious moments,
Pale flowers, ye're types of those—
The sadest! sweetest! dearest!
Because, like those, the nearest
To an eternal close!

Pale flowers! Pale perishing flowers;
I woo your gentle breath;
I leave the summer rose
For younger, blither brows,
Tell me of change and death!

LESSONS IN QUARRELLING.

If unluckily you should by chance get into a dispute, the best way is to stop short, and ask your antagonist to enter into a consideration of what the point of debate is. This is apt to have a cooling effect on both parties, and to result in a clear understanding of the real question.

A few years since, I happened to be travelling in a stage coach, where, among half a dozen passengers, there was a Frenchman and an Englishman. There seemed to be a sort of cat and dog feeling between them, for if one opened his lips the other was sure to fly at the observation with the teeth and claws of dispute. As we were driving along, the Englishman spoke of a sheep he had seen in some foreign land, with a tail so long as to drag upon the ground.—Thereupon, the Frenchman shrugged his shoulders, curled his lip, lifted his eyebrows and took a pinch of snuff.

"What do you mean by that?" said the Englishman, not a little nettled at the contemptuous air of his rival.

"Vat do mean?" said the latter; "I means dat a sheap has not got von tail at all."

"A sheep hain't got a tail, ha?" said the Englishman.

"No, not von bit!" said the Frenchman.

"Well, this comes from eating frogs," said John Bull. "What can you expect of a man who eats frogs? You say a sheep hasn't got a tail. I tell you, mounseer, a sheep *has* got a tail."

"Pardon, monsieur," said the other, with a polite bow, yet with a very sneering expression; "I say de sheap has no tail, not von bit."

By this time the parties were greatly excited, and I cannot say what might have happened had not one of the passengers asked the Frenchman what he meant by a *sheap*.?"

"Vat do I mean by *sheap*? vy I means one big larsh thing with sails and rudder, that goes upon the sea."

"Oh, ho!" said the Englishman, "you mean a ship."

"Oui, monseuir," was the reply; "I means von sheap that has de captain and de sailors and vot goes on de vater."

"Very well, sir," said the Englishman, "I meant a *sheep*, a creature of four legs, and covered with wool."

"Ah, you mean von *sheep* vid de vool," said the other. "Oui, oui, monsieur, de sheap vit de vool has de tail. Oui, oui,"

This incident taught me a lesson, and I give it gratis to my readers—if they ever get into controversy let them consider whether one of the parties does not mean a *ship* and the other a *sheep*.

THE WONDERS OF CULTIVATION.

The following are extracts from a speech by Col. Knapp, in delivering the premiums awarded by the American Institute at the last Annual Fair:

"Every thing in this country (said he) has been brought forward by protection. In this bleak climate, but few of the sustaining fruits of the earth were here indigenous, or in a perfect state. Even the Indian corn, was with difficulty acclimated.—It was brought from the south, and by degrees was coaxed to ripen in a northern latitude. The aborigines who cultivated it, taught the pilgrims how to raise it; they plucked the earliest ears with the husk and braided several of them together for the next year's crop.

The pumpkin brought from Spain, was first planted in Rawley, Massachusetts, and it was several years before it came to a hard knotty shell, which marks the true Yankee pumpkin, such as are selected for their golden pies of their glorious thanksgiving festival.

Our wheat was with difficulty acclimated.—That brought from the mother country had grown from spring to fall, but the season was not long enough here to insure a crop, it was then sown in the fall, grew under snow in winder, and catching the warmest growth of spring, yielding its increase by mid-summer.

Asparagus, which is now the delight of all as an early vegetable, and for which many millions of dollars are paid our gardners yearly, is of late culture in this country. At the time of the revolution, asparagus was only cultivated on the seaboard—this luxury had not then reached the farmer of the interior.

The history of the potato is a singular one—Rees' Encyclopedia states that the potato was brought from Virginia, by Sir Walter Raleigh, to Ireland. The writer should have said from South America, in the latter part of the sixteenth century. Sir Walter had no idea of its being used as an esculent at that time. I was pointed out to him as a beautiful flower, and its hard bulby root was said, by the natives to possess medical qualities. He took it to Ireland, where he had estates presented to him by Queen Elizabeth, and planted it in his garden. The flower did not improve by cultivation, but the root grew larger and softer.

The potato in its native bed, was a coarse ground nut. The thought struck the philosopher to try the potatoe as an edible, and boiling and roasting it, found it by either process excellent. He then gave some of the plants to the peasantry, and they soon became in a measure, a substitute for bread when the harvest was scanty.

The potato was successfully cultivated in Ireland before it was thought so little of in England. It grew into favor by slow degrees, and it was so little known when our pilgrim fathers came to this country, that it was not thought of as a crop in the new world. It was not until 1710 that the Irish potato reached the country. A colony of Presbyterian Irish who settled in Londonderry, in New Hampshire, brought the root with them.—This people found their favorite vegetable flourished well in new ground. By degrees their neighbors came into the habit of raising potatoes, but many years elapsed before the cultivation of them was generally known among the yeomanry of this country. Long after they were cultivated in New England, they were held in contempt, and the master mechanic had to stipulate with his apprentice that he should be obliged to eat potatoes. An aged mechanic once informed me that he had raised nine bushels, having at that time (1746) a dozen apprentices; but did not venture to offer them a boiled potato with the meat, but left them in the cellar for the apprentices to get and roast as they pleased; he soon found that he should not have enough for seed, and locked up what was left. The next year he raised the enormous quantity of thirty six bushels,—the neighbors started—but his boys devoured them during the following winter.

About this time, some of the gentry brought this vegetable on their tables, and the prejudice against them vanished. Thus by degrees a taste for this food was formed, never to be extinguished The cultivation of the potatoe is now well understood—the crop ameliorates instead of impoverishing the soil and the culture can be increased to any extent. Thus by the curiosity of one lover of nature, and his experiments, has an ample weed been brought from the mountains of South America, until it is emphatically called the "bread of nations." Still the country from which it was taken has been too ignorant or superstitious to attempt its cultivation, until within a few years.—Now the lights of science are chasing away the long deep shadows of the Andes.

Rice was brought from India in 1792, and was cultivated by way of experiment in South Carolina. It succeeded well, and was for many years the staple article of that State.

The cotton plant was first cultivated as a flower in our gardens, a beautiful flower it is.—This plant alone has made a revolution in the finances of the world. Look at the growth and consumption of it in the United States, and the immense manufacture of it in England, where it cannot be grown, and you will find my assertion true in its most extended sense."

Singular and Exciting Occurrence.—on Sunday night last, about 12 o'clock, one of the City Guard who was stationed in the vicinity of the Medical College in Queen-st., came to the Guard House in great haste, and much excited, stating to the Sergeant that while passing the College building, he had heard a groaning in the yard, near the railing, and on examining as to whence it proceeded, had discovered a coffin, and heard a noise which appeared to proceed from some one enclosed therein. He stated that there was a scratching against the sides of the coffin, and a groaning, as if of a human being struggling for relief, and catching for breath. The Sergeant immediately called assistance and promptly repaired to the spot to ascertain the cause of the alarm, and if found necessary to extend relief. On reaching the place, and opening a lantern with which the parties had provided themselves, a long box was discovered, from one end of which something was observed to protrude, which, in the imagination of those present, appeared to be the foot of a negro, and the struggling and hard breathing still continued. The box was of course at once forced, and to the astonishment as well as amusement of those engaged in the humane act, a live alligator of some nine feet in length, and appropriate breadth, joyously crawled out of his imprisonment, and his liberators made a hasty escape from the scene of action, not liking the companship of the formidable reptile who had availed himself of their benevolent exertions to obtain his liberty. We learn that the alligator had been safely and carefully boxed up the day before, by the janitor of the College, for the purpose of being transported to Philadelphia, but to his perfect astonishment in the morning found his alligatorship basking in the sun, apparently highly delighted at being thus liberated from solitary confinement.—*Charleston Courier.*

KNOWLEDGE.—Bently's Miscellany for September contains among other things the following:

Anecdotal reminiscence of an English missionary named Clarke, who went out to convert the natives of India to Christianity, but failing in his efforts, returned in dispair to Calcutta. We give the rest of the anecdote in the writer's own words:—

One day our missionary learned, to his great joy, that a Brahmin of the very first rank had arrived in the metropolis. Determined to bring matters to an issue, Clarke wrote to him, and begged him to meet him on a certain day, when he undertook to convince him (the Hindoo priest) of the error of his faith. To this the Brahmin consented and at the appointed time the heathen and the christian champion met to discuss, in presence of several witnesses, the merits of their respective creeds.

As is usual in polemical discussions the controversy was opened by several inconsequential querries and answers. For half an hour neither party had put forth a startling proposition; the wily Indian taking care to confine himself to the defensive. Tired at length by this scene, Clarke suddenly and abruptly asked him.

"Are you forbidden to eat anything in which animal life exists?'—'I am.'

'Have you ever broken through this law?'—'Never.'

'May you not unconsciously have been led into this crime?'—'Impossible.'

'Will you swear it?'—'Most solemnly I do.

'Do you ever eat pomegranates?'—'Daily.'

'Bring me some of the fruit then,' rejoined Clarke, turning to a servant. His order was complied with, the pomegranates were brought.

'Choose one.' The Brahmin did so. 'Cut it in two.' With this direction he complied. 'Place it here,' & Clarke assisted him to place it beneath a microscope..—'Now look at it.'

The Brahmin did so; but no sooner did he apply his eye, than he started back with affright.—The fruit was perfectly alive with animalculæ.—The puzzled Hindoo drew out the pomegranate, (which, perhaps, my readers are not aware is more closely filled with insects than any other fruit,) looked at it, examined it, and replaced it, and again beheld the myriads of living creatures with which it was rife. He felt it with his hand, to convince himself that there was no trick in the affair. Then suddenly drawing himself up he slowly uttered, '*Bus such hi,*' (enough it is true.)

'You acknowledge then that you have sinned unconsciously? That every thing being filled with animalculæ, invisible to the naked eye, you can neither eat nor drink without committing a crime?'

The abashed Hindoo bowed.

'Shall I show you how full of similar insects every drop of water is?'—No! I have seen enough.

'Do you desire farther proof?'—'I have a favour to ask.'

'What is it? If I can, I will grant it.'

'Give me your microscope. I cannot buy it; give it me.'

Clark paused for a moment, for he had that morning paid ten guineas for it; and being a poor man, he could ill afford to part with it. But, as the Indian was urgent, almost to entreaty, he at length consented, (especially as he thought the other would afford him in return some curiosity of equal value,) and presented it to him.

The Brahmin took it, gave one look of triumph round the hall, and suddenly raising his arm, dashed a thousand stones on the marble floor.

'What do you mean by this?" exclaimed Clarke in undisguised astonishment.

'It means, Sir Christian,' replied the Hindoo in a cold, grave tone, 'it means that I was a happy, a good, a proud man. By means of yonder instrument you have robbed me of all future happiness. You have condemned me to descend to my grave wretched and miserable.'

With these words the unfortunate Brahim quitted the hall, and soon after retired up the country.

MURAT.—On the 15th of October, twenty-seven years ago, Joachim Murat for attempting to reinstate himself on the throne of Naples, was tried by Court Martial, and shot.

Murat was of humble origin—the son of a pastry cook—and was born in 1771. At a very early age, he is said to have been a fine horseman, and fond of military exercises; and therefore, it is not strange that he escaped from a convent, where he had been placed to study theology, and enlisted in a regiment of dragoons. His merit soon raised him from the ranks, and he became one of the most daring and heroic cavalry officers that ever strode a charger.—Nothing could withstand the furious impetuosity with which he, with his hosts, came down, like a thunderbolt, upon the foe. Napoleon—whose sister he wedded, and under whom he achieved on the battle field so many brilliant exploits—created him Grand Duke of Berg and Cleves in 1806. In 1809, on the elevation of Joseph to the throne of Spain, the Emperor transferred the crown of Naples to Murat—and thus deprived himself of one of his most chivalrous and efficient lieutenants, by raising him to a station for which he was in no way fitted, and which he did not adorn. Napoleon entertained so high an opinion of Murat's bravery and talents in the field, that he was persuaded the battle of Waterloo would have terminated differently had he been there—that Wellington's infantry squares could not have withstood Murat's energy and impetuosity long enough for Blucher to arrive and save them from destruction. "*With me,*" said Napoleon, at St. Helena, "Murat was my RIGHT ARM—*without* me, he was nothing. I ought not to have placed a crown upon his head."

A SHORT SERMON FROM A LAY PREACHER.—*Text:* "*Owe no man anything.*"—Keep out of debt. Avoid it as you would war, pestilence and famine.—Shun it as you would the devil. Hate it with a perfect hatred. Abhor it with an entire and absolute abhorrence. Dig potatoes, lay stone walls, peddle tin ware, do any thing that is honest and useful, rather than run in debt. As you value comfort, quiet, independence, keep out of debt. As you value good digestion, a healthy appetite, a placid temper, a smooth pillow, sweet sleep, pleasant dreams, and happy wakings, keep out of debt. Debt is the hardest of all taskmasters, the cruelest of all oppressors. It is a mill stone about the neck. It is an incubus on the heart. It spreads a cloud over the whole firmament of a man's being. It eclipses the sun, it blots out the stars, it dims and defaces the beautiful blue of the sky. It breaks up the harmony of nature, and turns to dissonance all the voices of its melody. It furrows the forehead with premature wrinkles, it plucks the eye of its light, it drags all nobleness and kindness out of the port and bearing of a man. It takes the soul of its laugh, and all stateliness and freedom from his walk. Come not under its accursed dominion. Pass by it as you would a viper, or one smitten by the plague. Touch it not. Taste not of its fruit, for it shall turn to bitterness and ashes on your lips. Finally we say, to each and to all, but we speak especially to you, young men, *keep out of debt.*

THE BATTLE SWORD.

Washington's sword of service was a plain green hilted hanger. (See an accurate representation of the same in the original picture by C. W. Peale, now in the hall of the National Institute.)

It is a matter of regret that this valuable and interesting relic of the Revolution has never been heard of since the peace of 1783. It was supposed in the army that the battle-sword was given by the Chief to General Greene, at the earnest solicitation of the latter; and it is since presumed to have been lost at sea, with the baggage of the General, while going round from Newport to Charleston. Ex-President Jackson was pleased to say that he would cause inquiry to be made among the surviving relatives of Genl. Greene; but nothing has yet transpired touching this most interesting memorial of America's heroic age.

At reviews and upon occasions of distinguished ceremony, Washington wore a dress sword, with a plain sword knot, but always resumed the green hilted hanger as his sword of service.

In 1798, when appointed to his last command it was arranged that the costume of Lieutenant General should be blue, richly embroidered with gold. Washington inquired whether the embroidery could be executed in the United States? And being informed it was necessary it should be obtained abroad, he declined the arrangement altogether. Some magnificent plumes of the South Carolina heron, of surpassing size and snowy whiteness, presented by Major Gen. Charles Cotesworth Pinckney as decorations for the hat. These the old Chief gave away to his adopted daughter, Mrs. Lewis, preferring to be attired in the veteran colors of liberty, the blue and buff, with the plain three-cornered hat and black ribond cockade, the enduring memorials of the days of his country's trial.

"*Te stubbornist Hanimal in te World.*"—A crowd about a tavern door were busy in discussing what animal, of all others, was most contrary—some present contended that a mule was, some a hog, and some a stubborn yoke of oxen. A Dutchman, who had very gravely listened to the conversation gave in his experience:

"Te mule, te hog and te hox, is all very stubborn, but te hen is te stubbornist hanimal in te wold. I had von dat vanted to hatch some eggs—I make von fine leetle nest, and put him in it, and she gits up and runs avay. I den makes anoder leetle nest and puts her on it, and she runs avay agin—I den makes von very nice leetle box and puts it over te hen, and for all de drouble mit I have, ven I peeped under te leetle box, te tam hen was *sitting standing.*"

Romance of Real Life.—Some years ago, says a foreign journal, the captain of a corsair carried off the wife of a poor woodcutter residing in the neighborhood of Messina. After detaining her for several months on board his vessel, he landed her on an island in the South Seas, wholly regardless of what might befal her. It happened that the woman was presented to the savage monarch of the island, who became enamoured of her. He made her his wife, placed her on the throne, and at his death left her the sole sovereign of his domains. By a European vessel which recently touched at the island, the poor woodcutter has received intelligence of his wife. She sent him presents of such vast value, that he will probably be one of the wealthiest individuals in Sicily, until it shall please her majesty, his august spouse to summon him to her court.

Toast given at the Boston Horticultural Festival:—

WIVES—The *apples* of the eye to married men *Sour Grapes* to old bachelors; may the ladies all consent to be *paired.*

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