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POETRY.

SWEET MARY, AND THE HOUR OF LOVE.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

The sunset's sweet and holy blush
Is imaged in the sleeping stream,
All nature's deep and solemn hush
Is like the silence of a dream;
And peace seems brooding like a dove
O'er scenes to musing spirits dear—
Sweet Mary, 'tis the hour of love,
And I were blest if thou wert here.

The myriad flowers of every hue
Are sinking to their evening rest,
Each with a timid drop of dew
Soft folded to its sleeping breast;
The birds within yon silent grove
Are dreaming that the spring is near—
Sweet Mary 'tis the hour of love,
And I were blest if thou wert here.

On yon white cloud the night-wind furls
Its lone and dewy wing to sleep,
And the sweet stars look out like pearls
Thro' the clear waves of heaven's blue deep;
The pale mists float around, above,
Like spirits of a holier sphere—
Sweet Mary, 'tis the hour of love,
And I were blest if thou wert here.

The pale, full moon, in silent pride,
O'er yon dark wood is rising now,
As lovely as when by thy side
I saw it shining on thy brow;
It lights the dew-drops of the grove
As hope's bright smile lights beauty's star—
Sweet Mary, 'tis the hour of love,
And I were blest if thou wert here.

Ah! as I muse, a strange wild thrill
Steals o'er the fibres of my frame—
A gentle presence seems to fill
My heart with love and life and flame.
I feel thy spirit round me move,
I know thy soul is hovering near,
Sweet Mary, 'tis the hour of love,
And I am blest for thou art here.

Graham's Magazine.

For the Times.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—(ACROSTICAL.)

I am composed of 15 letters—
My 1, 5, 14, is an island in the Irish Sea;
My 2, 1, 13, 7, 14, 15, is a town in France;
My 3, 13, 4, 2, is a gulf on the coast of Russia;
My 4, 9, 7, 14, 8, is a city in Belgium;
My 5, 8, 9, 7, 14, 15, is a city in Greece;
My 6, 9, 13, 14, 7, is a river in Germany;
My 7, 8, 14, 2, is a mountain in Sicily;
My 8, 9, 2, 1, 7, 15, is a river in England;
My 9, 2, 6, 3, 13, 15, is a county in Texas;
My 10, 1, 9, 7, 3, 15, 8, is a county in Virginia;
My 11, 7, 14, 7, 3, is a lake in Sweden;
My 12, 7, 14, 8, is a county in Maryland;
My 13, 6, 13, 15, 9, is a sea in the British Isles;
My 14, 5, 14, 8, 7, 15, is a city in France;
My 15, 7, 13, 14, 7, is a river in France;
My whole is the name of an accomplished lady of Charles. LAURA.

☞Answer next week.

SELECT MISCELLANY.

EXTRACT.—Learning is not wisdom; we may master all the lore of antiquity—be conversant with all the writings, sayings and actions of the mighty dead—we may fathom the sciences—read the heavens, understand their laws and revolutions—dive into the mysteries of matter, and explain the phenomena of earth and air; yet if we are not able to weigh our own actions and requirements with the actions of others in the balance of even-handed, impartial justice, and repine not at the verdict—if the clear, pure light of authority and forbearance has not cleared the mist of prejudice from our understanding—if we have not yet obtained the perfect knowledge and perfect government of ourselves, and strictly and faithfully maintained the secret spring of our minds, the fountain of our opinions, and the motives of our actions—if we have not yet learned that love is the fulfilling of the law—*we are not wise*—we are as yet only on the threshold of knowledge.

THE BITTERS OF LIFE.—The happiness of life consists of incongruities; the sweets are rendered more sweet by its bitters. The titled great, the owners of the soil, the capitalist, seek their happiness in the turmoils of legislation, the horrors of war, and the chances of speculation, because such avocations excite their energies. Love is a mixture of incongruities: affection, doubt, jealousy, hope, fear, tiffs, and reconciliations, are its component parts. Life's bitters are requisite to the enjoyment of its sweets.

CURIOUS FACTS.—The greyhound runs by eye-sight only, and this we observed as a fact. The carrier-pigeon flies his two hundred and fifty miles homeward by eye-sight, viz: from point to point of objects which he has marked; but this is only one conjecture. The fierce dragon fly, with twelve thousand lenses in his eyes, darts from angle to angle with the rapidity of a flashing sword, and as rapidly darts back—not turning in the air, but with a clash reversing the action of his wings—the only known creature that possesses this faculty. His sight then, both forwards and backwards must be proportionably rapid with his wings, and instantaneously calculating the distance of object, or he would dash himself to pieces. But in what conformation of his eye does this consist? No one can answer. A cloud of ten thousand gnats dance up and down in the sun with the minute intervals between them, yet no one knocks another headlong upon the grass, or breaks a leg or a wing, long and delicate as these are. Suddenly amidst your admiration of this matchless dance, a peculiar high-shouldered, vacious gnat, with long, pale, pendant nose, darts out of the rising and falling cloud and settling on your cheek, inserts a poisonous sting. What possessed the little wretch to do this? No one knows.

A four horse coach comes suddenly upon a flock of geese on a narrow road, and drives straight through the middle of them. A goose was never yet fairly run over; nor a duck. They are under the very wheels and hoofs, and yet somehow, they contrive to flap and waddle safely off. Habitually stupid, heavy and indolent, they are nevertheless equal to any emergency. Why does the lonely woodpecker when he descends the tree, and goes to drink, stop several times on his way, listen, and look round before he takes his draught? No one knows.—How is it that the species of ant, which is taken in battle by other ants to be made slaves, should be black, or negro ants? No one knows.

A larger species of the starfish possesses the power of breaking itself into fragments under the influence of terror, rage or despair. "As it does not generally break up," says Professor Forbes, "before it is raised above the surface of the sea, cautiously and anxiously I sunk my bucket, and proceeded in the most gentle manner to introduce Ludia to the purer element. Whether the cold air was too much for him or the sight of the bucket too terrific, I know not, but in a moment he proceeded to disolve his corporation and at a mesh of the dredge, his fragments were seen escaping. In despair I grasped at the largest, and brought up the extremity of an arm with its terminating eye, the spinous eyelid of which opened and closed with something like a wink of derision." With this exquisite specimen of natural history wonders, that naturalists can only vouch that "such is the fact" and admit they know no more, we shall close our digression.—*The Poor Artist.*

THE DRUNKARD'S WILL.—The New Orleans *Cresent* says: "The following has been handed to us for publication. It is written in a clear, excellent hand, on a much worn sheet of paper, deeply browned by time. It bears date, "Town of Columbia, Boone county, Missouri, August 2nd, 1828." The language is terse, and forcible from the truth it contains:

The Drunkard's Will.—I, W. L., beginning to be enfeebled in body, and fearing that I may be palsied in mind, and being on that course of intemperance from which I have not strength of mind to flee, and already feeling the evils resulting therefrom which I have not resolution to avert, do make and publish this, my last will and testament. Having been made in the image of my Creator, capable of rational enjoyments, of imparting happiness to others, and promoting the glory of God, I know and acknowledge my accountability. Yet such is my fondness for sensual gratification, and my utter inability to resist temptation, that I give myself up entirely to intemperance and its associate vices, and make the following bequest:

Item 1. My property I give to dissipate, knowing that it will soon fall into the hands of those who furnish me with ardent spirits.

Item 2. My reputation, already tottering on a sandy foundation, I give to distruction.

Item 3. I give my ability to be happy and useful in life, to annihilation.

Item 4. To my beloved wife, who has thus far cheered me in the path of life, I give shame poverty, sorrow, and a broken heart

Item 5. To each of my children I bequeath my example, and the inheritance of their father's shame.

Item 6. To my associates grocery companions I give my broken bottles.

Item 7. Finally, I give my body to disease, misery and early dissolution, and my soul, that can never die, to the disposal of that God, whose mercy I have abused, whose commands I have broken, and whose holy law declares that no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of Heaven.

A DRUNKARD. [Seal.]

Witnesses: Scripture, Reason, Common Sense, Universal Experience.

Whatever a woman asserts, you may as well admit at once, for she will never yield.

MEMORY.—When the toils and fatigues of the day are over, who does not love occasionally to indulge in a review of bygone years? No toil, no perplexity attends it. It is an exercise we reserve for an idle hour. In summer, we may repose beneath the shade of a favorite tree, and whilst we recall the adventures of childhood, enjoy, at the same time, the surrounding scenery. In winter, we may seat ourselves beside the blazing hearth, and whilst we recount many a past deed, we can, at the same time, enjoy our fireside security and feel alive to the present: but in this the mind is at ease; no labor of the intellect, no perplexity attends it. Memory is the most independent faculty of the human mind, because its office is simply to reproduce what reason has dictated and habit confirmed; whilst every other department of the mind is equally dependent on memory for the exercise of its powers.

A WORD TO THE MARRYING.—There is great beauty as well as the most wholesome advice in the following:

Let thy liking ripen before thou lovest; let thy love advise before thou makest choice, and let thy choice be fixed before thou marryest.

The above is worthy of being printed in the bonnet of every unmarried and marriageable woman; of being pasted in the hat of every wife-hunting young man in the country. If its teachings were heeded, we have no doubt domestic disturbances would less frequently enter our courts and legislative halls for adjustment than is now the case. This love at first sight, so popular with poetic young gentlemen, has been proved by sad experience as not generally suited to this matter-of-fact world. We have no recollection of a match in marrying that ever suffered from blending a little common sense in the preliminaries.

RULING PASSION.—The force of habit was well illustrated by an anecdote told us of a former professor at a medical school in Cambridge. We have it from one of the students, who was present on the occasion.

After the delivery of a lecture the professor said: "Gentlemen, to-morrow I shall have the pleasure of dissecting a body before you. I had hoped to have that satisfaction this afternoon, but unfortunately the subject was not exactly ready, not being quite dead. He is, however, without a doubt defunct by this time, and to-morrow you may rely upon a rare treat."

The next day the students were in the hall early to see the scalpel used. There was no corpse on the dissecting table, and every time the door opened every eye was turned to witness the advent of what Mantalini would style "a dem'd body." By and by the professor solemnly strode down the aisle to his desk, with his hands behind him and wearing a melancholy look. Taking his stand, he addressed the students thus:

"Gentlemen, I expected yesterday, as I announced, to have the pleasure of dissecting a subject here this afternoon. But I am sorry to state, gentlemen, that much to my disappointment, as it will be to yours, the disease unfortunately, has taken a favorable turn, and the patient is now in a fair way of recovery. Not to render the occasion, however, entirely profitless, I have brought a little trifle here to amuse you for a short time."

Whereupon the professor took a bag from under the table, and out rolled from it a *man's head*, looking pale and ghastly.—*Eastern Argus.*

LUDICROUS.—A young itinerant preacher, in the constant habit of declaiming a great deal about the *creation*, and especially about the first getting up of man, whenever he wished to display his native eloquence to good advantage, was one day holding forth to a mixed congregation in a country schoolhouse. Becoming warm as he proceeded, it was not long before he reached his favorite theme, and started off in something like the following style:

"And when the world was created, and the beasts of the fields and the fowls of the air, and pronounced good, God said, 'Let us make man.' And he formed man after his own likeness, and declared him the noblest of all the works of his hands. And he made woman, also, and fashioned her in the exact image of man, with a variation—"

"*Thank the Lord for the variation!*" shouted an old sinner, who sat over in the amen corner of the room, at this interesting juncture of the discourse. The effect was perfectly ludicrous and irresistible. The preacher dropped the subject where he was interrupted, and was never heard to allude to it during a subsequent ministry of forty years.

MR. WEBSTER would enjoy the following as much as any man. A correspondent of a Dover (N. H.) paper tells the story, as having occurred in a neighboring county town, last Sunday week. He goes on to say, as usual in the forenoon services, a worthy divine devoted a portion of his prefatory prayer to an invocation of mercy upon our national councils, and duly remembering the spirit of the departed President and our present worthy incumbent, he commenced upon the cabinet, exclaiming with great fervor, "And, O Lord, try to bless Daniel Webster!"

"Do you know," writes a friend at Easton, (Penn.,) "the Dutch name for 'sausages?' It is '*wurs*' or '*wurz*' and is pronounced just like our word 'worse.' I do not know the exact spelling; perhaps some Dutch friend will give it to you; but I am going to tell you a story about it which I heard from the lips of a working-man in my father's employ, and will try to give it as nearly as possible in his own words: 'There was a Yankee feller, worked one year to Waldron's; they're Dutch, you know, and they talked Dutch and this fellow did'nt know nothin' about Dutch. Wal, one mornin' they had sassengers for breakfast and they kinder kep 'em too long, and they was a little *changed*. Wal, this fellar had eaten some of 'em and the old man asked him if he would have more *wurs*. 'No, by thunder!' says the feller, says he; 'if its *worse* than that, I can't stand it, no how!'"—*Knickerbocker.*

CONUNDRUMS,—What is better than presence of mind in a railway accident?

Ans.—Absence of body.

Why is the letter D like a squalling child?

Ans.—Because it makes ma mad.

Why is a profitable office like an empty snuff box?

Ans.—It is not to be sneezed at.

Why is a cellarman at a liquor store like a magician?

Ans.—He raises spirits from under ground.

Why is a mimic like a scrivener?

Ans.—He is always copying.

When are nuts insane?

Ans.—When they are cracked.

Why ought an epigram to resemble a jelly bag?

Ans.—It should be pointed at the end.

CURRAN AND FATHER O'LEARY.—One day at dinner, Curran said to Father O'Leary,

"Reverend father, I wish you were St. Peter."

"And why, councellor, would you wish I were St. Peter?" asked O'Leary.

"Because, reverend father, in that case," replied Curran, "you would have the keys of heaven, and you would let me in."

"By my honor and conscience," replied the divine, "it would be better for you that I had the keys of the other place, and then I could *let you out.*"

SMALL FOR ITS AGE!—A friend of ours was asked a few days ago, by a close-fisted old customer, to partake of some very old whiskey, which he valued very highly. He consented, not reluctantly, when his hospitable entertainer took the bottle and poured out what our friend regarded as a very small dose. The latter, taking the glass and holding it above his head, remarked, rather skeptically—

"You say this is forty years old?"

"Yes," replied our friend, "all I have to say is that it's devilish small for its age!"

LOOK AHEAD NOW.—What's ahead?—Oho! a bit of snow-storm coming, perhaps. I hope it will not catch us in our shirt sleeves. However, we will endeavor to be ready for it. Say what they please about the need of cracks in a barn to preserve the fodder, I am altogether for a tight stable. If I want air, I can have it from the doors and windows. I would be careful of my cattle, and use them gently and mercifully; ready at all times to give thanks that I am able thus to do. If a nail is wanting on my premises, I will have it supplied. If one door is slamming in the wind, in need of a latch, and another is so out of joint that the family cannot shut it, they shall both be seen to, without delay. If the glass of a window is broken, it shall be repaired with something more decent than old hat and breeches. I would that my door-yard be neat, trim, and safe for the approach of visitors, who should have no reason to fear a tumble over a wheel-barrow, horse-block, or potash-kettle. And now, with a view to all these things, let us prepare for snow-banks. "Better be sure than sorry;" so get all right before the first snow-storm.—*Farmers' Almanac.*

THE FIRST PREMIUM HAM.—The following is the receipe used by T. E. Hambleton, Esq., in curing the ham which he exhibited at the late Agricultural Fair in Baltimore, and which was awarded the highest premium:

To Cure Maryland Hams.—To every one hundred pounds weight of pork, take eight pounds of ground alum salt, two pounds of brown sugar, two ounces salipetre, one and a half ounces potash, and four gallons of water. Of these form a brine. The meat should be well cooled and dried before being put up, and then suffered to lie one day in a cool place. Then rub each piece with fine salt, and pack the whole down and suffer it to remain some two or three days, according to the weather. The above brine should then be poured into the cask or tub on the side. After being in the brine six weeks, take out the meat, rinse it in cold water, hang up and suffer it to dry for four or five days, or longer, and then smoke some two weeks with hickory wood. Tie up each ham in a linen bag, and whitewash the outside.

WORK IF YOU WOULD RISE.—Richard Burke being found in a revery, shortly after an extraordinary display of powers in the House of Commons by his brother Edmund, and questioned by Mr. Malone as to the cause, replied, "I have been wondering how Ned has contrived to monopolize all the talents of the family, but then again, I remember, *when we were at play he was always at work.*" The force of this anecdote is increased by the fact that Richard Burke was considered not inferior in natural talents to his brother. Yet the one rose to greatness, while the other died comparatively obscure. Don't trust to your genius, young man if you would rise; but work! work! work!

MARYLAND REFORM CONVENTION.

REMARKS OF HON. D. JENIFER.

Upon the meeting of the Convention on Monday, the 11th instant, Mr. JENIFER, said:

We have now, Mr. Chairman, entered upon another week. The last had been consumed in fruitless efforts to elect a President. This was owing to the position of parties, and the election being made a party question. He was from the first, and still is, opposed to this state of things. Had the election been gone into without party lines being drawn, he had no doubt that a President would have been elected the first day of the session. After seventeen trials during the past week, we have made no more progress than on the first day. Mr. J. asked was this state of things to continue, and if so, how long? It was, no doubt, the desire of every gentleman here that the Convention should be organized speedily, but as long as those party lines were drawn, and each delegate casts his vote for the candidate of his party, it is manifest no election can take place.—What then is our duty, and what course is best to ensure an election? Withdraw the names of those who have been nominated by either party and proceed, as delegates should do, who were sent here not to make this hall a political arena, but to organize a Convention to reform the Constitution of the State. The three gentlemen who have been nominated by their respective parties, have had the high compliment of being placed at the head of their parties. There are others here who would discharge the duties of the Chair with honor to themselves and satisfaction to this body. Let us go into the election without regard to parties and in one hour, Mr. J. had no doubt, a President might be elected. For himself, he came here elected by no party, representing no party, but with a *bona fide* intention, as far as in his power, to make a Constitution for the whole State. In doing which, he should look to no party, no section of the State. You came not to make a Constitution for Whigs, or Democrats, or Union men, as such; but you may make one which will embrace the interests of the whole State—from the heights of the Alleganies to the shores of the Patuxent—from the extreme border of the Eastern, to that of the Western Shore. In framing such a Constitution his humble efforts should be exerted.

Mr. J. said, a system of reform is required at our hands and we were sent here to accomplish that object. The great question will be to what extent shall that reform go. Opinions have already been shadowed forth of extremes for and against reform. He was an advocate for reform but not for revolution. Let us organize a Convention and not constitute a political assembly. From the moment the House is organized and the Convention proceed to the business for which it was convened, you will hear no more of Whigs, or Democrats, or Union men. Why then continue the struggle, which will only procrastinate organization? With a view to arrest this, Mr. J. said he would propose—"That the names of the candidates of either party be withdrawn, and that the House proceed to the election of a President to preside over the deliberations of the Convention without nomination and without regard to parties." This would permit those who still felt themselves bound to adhere to party, to vote for a delegate who might be elected. Whatever course other gentlemen might take, Mr. J. said, he absolved himself from all party ties, and should vote for the delegates he believed under all circumstances best qualified to preside over the deliberations of this body.

Should this course not be adopted, and no election take place during the day, Mr. J. should feel himself constrained to renew the resolution which he offered on yesterday, that the delegates either resign their seats and let the people elect others in their place, or that the House adjourn *sine die.* If you intend to carry out the wishes of the people, organize the Convention and proceed to the business of the session. If not, dissolve the body and let the people send other delegates here who will discharge their duty.

The resolution submitted by Mr. J. and which he proposed to call up should no organization take place, is as follows:

"*Whereas*, the General Assembly of Maryland, at December session, 1849, passed an act "providing for taking the sense of the people upon the expediency of calling a Convention to frame a new Constitution and Form of Government for the State, and to provide for the election of delegates to such Convention;" *and whereas*, the delegates here present, elected in pursuance of this law, "to frame a new Constitution and Form of Government for the State," after six days assembly in this hall and seventeen trials by voting, have not agreed upon the election of a President to preside over the deliberations of the Convention, nor does there appear any more reasonable prospect of such agreement than on the first day of the assemblage; therefore, in order to afford an opportunity to the voters of the State to elect delegates who may be more fortunate in agreeing to organize the Convention, by which the interest of the State and the will of the people more effectually carried out—

Resolved, That when this Convention adjourn, it adjourn *sine die.*"

ADDRESS OF HON. J. G. CHAPMAN.

Having been selected to preside over the deliberations of the Convention, Mr. Chapman, on taking the Chair, delivered the following address:

Gentlemen of the Convention:

I am deeply sensible of the honor you have conferred upon me, in calling me to this station. To preside over the deliberations of any branch of the government of Maryland, is, at all times, and under the most ordinary circumstances, a distinction which men higher in the scale of public estimation than myself, might not regard with indifference. But that distinction is infinitely enhanced by the momentus character of the objects for which this Convention has assembled, and by the talent, learning and ability which pre-eminently mark the elements that compose it. I have not sought this position—I had no right to expect it—nor did any aspirations of my own lead me to desire it.

I am not unconscious, gentlemen, of the grave responsibilities which this Chair imposes upon me. But, I cannot be mistaken in saying, that I approach the discharge of its duties with a mind strong in the honesty of its own purpose, and resolutely bent on exercising the authority which you have placed in my hands, with a single eye to the interest and welfare, and the honor of the State. As your presiding officer, I acknowledge no obligation but my duty—I know no party but our country. Pledging my best efforts to administer faithfully, and in a spirit of stern impartiality, the rules which you may adopt for the government of this body, I invoke your indulgent forbearance towards those defects of judgment from which I cannot hope to escape, and your earnest co-operation in so executing those laws, as to meet the just expectations of the people whom we represent. Their eyes are upon us. They look to our proceedings with an interest not less deep than universal.

Gentlemen, we have met together for no common purpose. There is not within the whole range of human obligations, a higher, a more impressive, a more solemn duty than now rests upon us. We are here to revise the fundamental law of the State—to break up the deep foundations of that fabric under whose canopy we have so long lived and prospered—and to frame for ourselves and for our children, a government to endure perhaps for ages to come. Venerating, as I have ever done, the characters of those wise and patriotic men, who, in 1776, formed the first Republican Constitution of the State, I have witnessed with a distrust, which I never desired to conceal, the efforts that have been made to change its provisions. I have been one among the number of those who would have been content still to trust our destinies to the tutelar protection of an organic law, whose practical beneficence has found a thousand monumental vouchers in the onward progress of the State, rather than seek for doubtful good, or continent blessings, in any change of the system. I am free to declare, that time and reflection have not diminished the apprehensions with which I have contemplated that change.

But, gentlemen, let us reason together, and see how these things are. We are sent here for that purpose. The haze which obscures the brightest visions—the limit which bounds the foresight of the most sagacious minds—the fixed and irreversible decree which stamps the impress of fallibility on the wisest human counsels—all these considerations admonish us not to look for perfection in anything of the work of mere human hands. But we *can* bring to the accomplishment of our task the sustaining influences of pure hearts and patriotic resolves, whose beacon-lights will guide us in the path of our duty, and lead us at last to safe and honorable results. This, at least, let us do. Our constituents expect it—the State demands it—our own honor exacts it!

Gentlemen of the Convention, let us not disappoint these high expectations. All that is sacred in the past—all that is hopeful in the future—blends itself with our deliberations, and calls upon us for disinterested and self-sacrificing action. May HE "whose eyes are in every place, beholding the evil and the good," so guide our counsels, that they may promote the prosperity, the happiness, and the glory of our common country.