THE BOWER.

"MUCH YET REMAINS UNSUNG."

From the Christian Journal.

LINES WRITTEN IN JULY, 1822.

"Hope springs forever in the human breast."

I sat beside an ancient stream,
And viewed its waves the while;
The lily near me seemed to weep,
The rosebud lost its smile.
"And where," I cried, "are those I lov'd,
The noble and the free?
Is not one heart now left to sigh,
To sympathize with me?

"Yon waves that ripple on the shore,
Then pass, and are forgot;
Come like the beings that have been—
Then go—and they are not.
O memory! goad me not with pangs
My spirit cannot bear.
Give me delights and joys supreme—
With absence from despair

"Thou stream of beauty! roll along;
To ocean's waters go:
Bear on your waves my spirit's load—
The burden great of wo.
And shall I never live to see
Some bright ray's dawning light,
That comes to drive my darkness off,
To illume my dreadful night?

"It yet shall be—and hope shall come,
Lit by a living ray,
Caught from the effulgence of the sky,
And bright as heaven's own day.
It yet shall come! and, o'er this wild,
Through which I travel here,
This light of hope shall burn, shall shine
On me with splendour clear.

"Friends that are gone I soon shall see:
In other worlds they dwell—
O who my pleasure then can know,
And who my pleasure tell?
Angels of glory, round me bend,
I catch your swelling voice:
My sorrows here shall find an end;
With angels I'll rejoice.

"Then flow, thou gentle river, flow:
Thy rolling waves no more
Shall bear the burden of my wo—
My woes shall all be o'er:
The earth forgot; it smiles no more
Allure my constant heart:—
Heaven is my portion, mingled there
With friends who ne'er shall part."

These thoughts of sadness came & went,
As musing there I lay,
And o'er the stream I sighing bent,
And saw it pass away.
Then slumber came and o'er my eyes
Drew the deep veil of night—
I sunk to rest—the rest of joy,
To wake with morning's light.

JULIAN.

THE REPOSITORY.

"Blending the useful and the sweet."

Communicated for the Chronicle.

On Poetry.

When we consider the influence of Poetry, we find, that above every science which affords matter of speculation to the human mind, it is distinguished from all other representations of knowledge, not only for the peculiar charms given to the airy visions introduced to our imagination through the extravagance of the poet's descriptions and the brilliancy of his imagery, but by the marks of divinity and inspiration which it bears about it. Its antiquity is universally allowed, and even in its infant state it must have been the language of devotion and love.

When the first created pair found themselves in the garden of Paradise, amidst an infinite number of creatures, "so fearfully and wonderfully made;" when they saw flowers, plants, and herbs, spring up, bloom and yield in abundance for their pleasure and use, and the creatures submit to their will; when they heard the morning's dawn ushered in with the orisons of birds, and the evening warbled down with the notes of thanks and gratitude; when all nature exulted in praise of the omnipotent Creator; when "the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy;" their hearts were inspired with the spirit of devotion which seemed to breathe through the universe, and they

—"join'd their vocal worship to the choir
Of creatures wanting voice."

Enraptured thus with the love of God, and filled with an awful idea of his power, glory, and goodness, the soul incapable of finding words in common language, suitable to its lofty conceptions, and disdaining every thing low and prosaic, was obliged to invent a language of its own.

"Here let me bend, great Dryden, at thy shrine,
Thou dearest name to all the tuneful nine,
With strong invention, noblest vigour fraught,
Thought still springs up and rises out of thought;
Numbers ennobling numbers, in their course
In varied sweetness flow, in varied force
The powers of genius and of judgment join,
And the whole art of poetry is thine."

If the poet, in objects that are visible, does not meet with that variety which he so ardently desires, he wantons in the fields of fancy and creates beings of his own; or, to borrow a description from the great Shakspeare, his

——"eye in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
And as imagination bodies forth
The form of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shape, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name."

This, it has been said, is the inspiration of poetry, and can never be either conveyed by precept or obtained by study. And further, the secret, the soul of good writing, is not to be come at through mechanical laws: nay, the main graces, and the cardinal beauties, (as they are somewhere styled,) of this charming art, are too retired within the bosom of nature, and are of too fine and subtile an essence, to fall under the discussion of pendants and commentators.

Nothing requires so much cheerfulness and serenity of spirit; it must not be either overwhelmed (says Cowley, speaking on the same subject,) with the cares of life, or overcast with the clouds of melancholy and sorrow, or shaken and disturbed with the storms of injurious fortune; it must, like the halcyon, have fair weather to breed in. The soul must be filled with bright and beautiful ideas, when it undertakes to communicate delight to others, which is the principal end of all poesy. *EUGENE.*

I'LL DO IT TO-MORROW.

Of all the methods, man, in the abundance of his ingenuity, has invented by which to cheat himself, that of procrastination is probably the most effectual. There is a trite remark of a venerable sage extant to this purpose "all the good you will ever accomplish—all the labor you will ever do—must be *To-Day*—for, *there is no To-Morrow.*" That period of time which lies beyond the present moment is not guaranteed to us by any pledge. To-morrow, to us, may become to-day, or eternity. To suspend any thing important then upon so absolute an uncertainty, is madness—as saith the Poet—

"Defer not till to-morrow to be wise—
To-morrow's sun to you may never rise."

But even if it does return, the thing called *opportunity* may not return with it.

My aunt Dorothy was the first example I ever had of the sad evil of this "I'll do it to-morrow" mania. She was a very pretty, gay, girl, and being decidedly the belle of the village, had young men in abundance, at one time or another, paying court to her. They were not all mere slippers neither, just fit to be worn a few days and then shook off, but were, some of them, young fellows worth listening to; had the means to marry, and so forth. But whether it was that she dearly loved to be courted, as most girls do, you know, or that she really found some difficulty in choosing among them, I know not; she kept putting one and another of them off, until to-morrow, and to-morrow, but at last the golden chances all went by, and she was left to sing the sad ditty of

"Nobody coming to marry me—
Nobody coming to woo."

In ancient times this disposition to procrastinate, existing in the mind of one great man, was the pivot upon which the fortunes of a world turned. You remember Hannibal and Cannae. When Roman legions were broken and destroyed; the city, panic struck and defenceless, Hannibal said, I will march to-morrow, and to-morrow, until his enemy gathered strength; again put on their armour; and the time for conquest had gone by forever. Had it not been for this, Carthage might have worn the crown of the universe, and Hannibal known no greater general in the annals of time.

And many a one is there who can remember when reason called—'forsake these morning dreams; these idle habits: these crooked paths of folly"—at a moment, too, when some bright opportunity had just opened before him in prosperity, wealth and honor, and he put of, the warning until to-morrow, and to-morrow; and saw each promise fade, and felt the strong grasp of confirmed bad habits dragging him to ruin; and cried in agony, "on departed opportunities! gone, gone forever!"

A great deal of decision is necessary if we would prosper. No one was ever successful to any considerable extent without it. To-morrow; it is a cheat. And it deceives us principally in this, that it presents constantly before us a space of coming time, and conceals from our view the multitudinous affairs it will bring with it to fill up its every vacant moment. Thus, when it comes it disappoints us, by presenting itself loaded with its own cares and wants, and without a space in which to deposite those of the time that is past.—*Emporium.*

Pay Day.—These bills will be due next week, said my neighbor—and I dread the day because I shall not be able to meet the demand Cash in hand—and why cannot you meet it? My customers don't pay me. And why don't they pay you? they cannot get in their money. But why cannot they get in their money? their debtors, work for ——, the contractor, and he holds back their pay as long as he can. Here it is then, thought I—if A, would pay B, B could pay C, and C, D, &c. The rich man does not think when he capriciously keeps the poor out of their small earnings, that perhaps he deprives twenty debtors of the means of fulfilling their promises; and causes an incalculable amount of the suffering that arises from pecuniary embarrassments.

The next worst thing to a really bad man, in other words a *knave*, is a really good natured man, in other words a *fool.*

THE MORALIST.

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

PLEASURES OF RELIGION.

If a man can find no enjoyment except when directly engaged in seeking his own happiness, his pleasures must be necessarily limited as well as selfish.—But if with the love of God and the love of man reigning in his heart, he takes delight in rendering others happy, his sources of pleasure must be abundant and perpetual. To cultivate a spirit of benevolence is at once then our interest and our duty. "Look not every man on his own things," says the benevolent apostle, "but every man also on the things of others. Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, it is more blessed to give than receive." Remember the exigencies of the poor, of the friendless, of the afflicted, and of the ignorant; and connect with their miseries their claims; their claims on your commiseration, your time, and property. Think how many of your fellow creatures, with natural susceptibilities of delight, not inferior to your own, are altogether strangers to your happiness, and destitute of the moral and divinely prescribed means of discovering the way to its attainment! Are not myriads perishing for lack of knowledge? Are you not in the possession of the treasures of Divine Truth by which they may become "wise unto salvation," and happy thro' unchanging eternity? Remember that he who winneth souls, to the paths of peace and glory, is by the highest authority, "wise;" he is wise in seeking for himself and for others the happiness of immortality; for they who are thus wise "shall hereafter shine with the brightness of the firmament, and they turn many to righteousness, as the stars forever and ever."—*Burder's Lectures.*

SLANDER.

Man, by birth, is a stranger to objects all around him; but alas! he soon learns to defame his fellow mortal: yes, quickly he learns to hurl the poisonous dart of slander against the innocent victim of his vengeance; with a heart given up to wickedness, and, in comparison, harder than the adamant stone, he soon becomes an apt scholar of Diabolus who soon gives him a commission to publish along the streets every fault which he discovers in his fellow being. But this is not enough to satisfy the infernal council of the black pit. He walks to some commanding eminence, ascends to the top of a lofty tower, and being assisted by the infernal demon, he stands tiptoe, and stretching forth his hands, dips his pencil into the colours of the evening clouds and mingling them with those of the rainbow, he pourtrays a picture of foibles, which he has discovered in his fellow clay, and places it before the wild imagination of human frailty. This is the task of a slanderer, and to him it is a delightful one.

O Slanderer! thy tongue is more fatal than the arrow poisoned with the gum of Upas—more baleful than the Sirocco of Italy—more cruel than the sword—more deadly than the effluvia of lava. But if you would have a conscience void of offence, remember these words, "speak evil of no man," and with the point of a diamond engrave on your heart the golden rule, "All things which you would have men to do, you, do ye the same unto them."

If we wish to make a matter public, the best way is to whisper it to a friend, under the injunction of profound secrecy; we may be sure that in a few days the whole neighborhood will ring with it.

Never boozify a second time with the man whom you have seen misbehave himself in his cups. I have seen a great deal of life, and I stake myself upon the assertion, that no man ever says or does that brutal thing when drunk which he would not also say or do when sober, *if he durst.*

THE ECONOMIST.

"Economy is the road to Wealth."

CAUTION TO FARMERS.

The present low price of produce should make Farmers cautious how they involve themselves in debt. The facility which money may now be obtained from banks may induce many people to resort to them, who will find it difficult to discharge their debts by the ordinary profits of any investment or employment, that can be made by their money. If borrowers calculate that our monied institutions will always continue to loan with the same freedom as now, and that they may take their own time for payment, they will find out their mistake to their sorrow. The time will again come, as after the war, when banks will press hard for payment. The least symptom of trouble in our political intercourse with foreign powers, would oblige banks, for their own safety, to call upon their debtors for payment. European troubles will always have an effect upon the monied interests of this country. These troubles may be of such a nature as to produce there a scarcity of money, without creating a demand for our produce. If this event should take place, the distress of the farming interest, if involved in debt, will be extreme. To satisfy our farmers of this truth, we need only remind them of the difficulty, at this time, of a practical reduction of their debts, even with the liberal accommodation which they meet with from banks. Let them estimate the large amount of produce which must be turned off at the present low price, to satisfy a small debt, and they will then realize how destructive it must be, was there a sudden call for the whole or fifty per cent of their notes—a sacrifice of their farms must be the consequence. We make not these remarks from any want of good wishes to banks—they are useful institutions, and when money can be employed to advantage, then is the time when they can be resorted to with safety both to them and the borrower; but the safety of banks is in the security of their borrowers, and no borrower is secure who cannot employ his money at a profit. Neither are these remarks made because there is any particular disposition in our farmers at this time to run to bank for credit—on the contrary we believe they were never more free from debt. Let them keep so—as long as this is the case the inconvenience from low prices will be felt lightly—they may not get rich; but in this respect they will be as well off as any other class of citizens; for no class of peeple is adding any thing considerable to its capital. Though they may add to his stock of wealth, the means to live comfortably were never more within his power—the few groceries he wants were never lower, and he can clothe his family not only decently, but fashionably, at a less price than at any other time since the settlement of this country. Let him then be cautious how he contracts new debts: for in a world like ours, troublesome times will again come, and when they come, woe betide him who is a debtor.—*Connecticut Cour.*

Fruit Trees.—The following experiment will effectually protect fruit trees from the ravages of the Caterpillars:—A clod of earth moulded round the top of the trunk of the tree is the whole of the process. From the hour that this operation is performed, the insects, even in the most remote branches, will begin to fall, and the tree will, in a short time, be wholly free from this destructive incumbrance. It is true that the animal will attempt to renew his depredation, but as soon as he arrives at the ring of the earth, which should be permitted to remain, he will hasten with more rapidity than he attempted the ascent.

TO DESTROY COCK-ROACHES.

The correspondent in the American Farmer of the 25th ult. may be assured that the common Hellebore root, found on low grounds and near water courses, in Maryland and Virginia, is as completely destructive to the cock-roach, as arsenic or corrosive sublimate to the human race.

Chip it with a knife, and strew it where the roaches will find it. They eat it with avidity and as certainly perish. Known from ACTUAL EXPERIENCE.—*Am. Far.*

A Rat Trap.—A trap that is so much recommended for catching rats, is made as follows: take a barrel, or keg, with one head out, put in it water enough to cover the bottom about two inches deep; in the middle of this, set a piece of brick or stone; cover the head of the cask with a piece of smooth parchment; or, perhaps smooth stiff paper will answer; in the centre of this, cut two slits about six inches long, at right angles, so as to form a cross; immediately over this, suspend the best kind of bait for rats, placed sufficiently high.

When the rat come, to take the bait, in reaching up to it, he slips into the hole, by the four corners of the parchment or paper giving way. He then gets upon the brick in the middle of the water, and begins to utter cries of distress.—This brings others to him, who fall in the same manner. Presently they begin to fight for the possession of the brick, and the noise of this brings others, who fall in like manner; and thus, all within hearing of this scene of confusion follow on and share the same fate.

Harrisonburg, Va. Sept. 8.

An inquest was held to day over the body of Willis Swanson, who died at his house in this place in the early part of the morning. The jury pronounced that the deceased's death was caused by certain "violent and inhuman blows, inflicted by the hands of one Isaac Kiser, and Mary Swanson," wife of said Willis. Kiser has been taken into custody, but the lady has taken French leave—She is however hotly pursued by the police, and will no doubt soon be safely lodged in jail. As the affair will shortly undergo a judicial investigation, we forbear any further comments, other than that the deceased was an intemperate man, but when sober an inoffensive citizen.

☞ Mary Swanson is taken, and lodged safely in jail.—*Rock. W. Keg.*

Lynchburg, Sept. 3.

MURDER.—A dreadful murder, we understand, was committed last week on the body of Mr. Robert Allen, of Amherst, by one of his female slaves. Entering his chamber, after he had retired to rest, she gave him a blow which completely perforated his skull. In this situation, his brains oozing from the gash, we are told, he lingered three days perfectly rational! The suspected murderer is in custody. She has partially confessed her guilt, and justice and humanity both dictate the wish that the culprit may meet with condign punishment.

By a late law of the Legislature of Ohio, it is made the duty of the master, at the expiration of the service of an apprentice, to furnish him (the apprentice) "with a *new Bible* and at least two suits of common apparel."

THE HUMORIST.

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

Truth without a Compliment.

Kind *Kitty* kissed her husband, with these words,
My own sweet *Will*, how dearly do I love thee!
If true, quoth WILL, the world no such affords:
And that 'tis true I dare his warrant be;
For ne'er heard I of woman, good or ill,
But always lov'd *her own sweet* WILL.

Washington and the Dwarf.—During the revolution, there lived in N. Jersey a remarkable dwarf, who, though upwards of 20 years of age, was not more than three feet high, and every way small in proportion; several persons went to see him, and amongst others, Washington, who conversed some time with the little man, asking him questions, and generally receiving humorous and pertinent answers. The general at last wishing to know his political opinions, asked him whether he was a *whig* or *tory*. "I cannot say, sir," replied the man in miniature, "as I have not yet decided to take an *active part.*"

Blundering.—At a late fair of Ballinasloo, a rich graviler, being in his cups, made a boast that he and three other pot companions had contrived to swallow sixteen bottles of port at one sitting. 'Pray, sir,' said a gentleman present, 'would you have the goodness to give me the names of the three other brutes that were engaged with you?' 'That I will,' says he, 'there was Tom Matthews that's *one;* the *two* Grogans—that's *two;* myself that's *three;* and—(after a long pause) why, by my soul, there was four of us—Let me see, (reckoning upon his fingers,) there's the two Grogans that's *one;* myself—that's *two;* Tom Mathews—that's *three,* and; by the——I forgot the other; but I know that there were *four* of us, any how.'

A certain divine being presented with a living by the Lord Chancellor, waited upon him to make the proper acknowledgments for the favor. The Chancellor and his lady rallied him upon remaining a bachelor, and the lady added, she had heard it reported, that having now a house, he very soon intended having a wife. "No, madam," replied the bachelor, "not so, his lordship has given me *plenty,* and it is my own fault if I have not *peace.*"

A person talking to Fenelon upon the subject of the criminal laws in France, approved in contradiction to the archbishop, of the number of executions for criminal offences. "I maintain," said he, "that such criminals are unfit to live." "But my friend," said Fenelon, "you do not reflect that they are still more unfit to die."

A gentleman walking with a lady made a miss-step and fell. The lady, feeling for his situation, assisted him in recovering his feet, observing that she was sorry for his *faux pas.* To this the gallant angrily replied, "what is that you say madam, about my *fore paws?*"—and immediately made his *exit* in rage!

Lord Mansfield was very desirous of long life, and whenever he had an old man to examine, he generally asked what his habit of living had been. To this interrogatory an aged person replied, that he had never been drunk in his life. "See, gentlemen, said his lordship turning to the young barristers, what temperance will do." The next of equally venerable appearance, gave a very different account of himself, he had not gone to bed sober for fifty years. "See my Lord, said a young barrister, what a social glass will do." "Well gentlemen, replied his Lordship, it only proves that some sorts of timber keep better when they are wet, and others when they are dry."

William Penn and Thomas Story travelling together in Virginia, were caught in a shower of rain and unceremoniously sheltered themselves from it in a tobacco house; the owner of which, happening to be within it, accosted them with "You have a great deal of impudence to trespass on my premises—you enter without leave—do you know who I am?" to which was answered, no.—"Why then I would have you to know that I am a Justice of the peace." To which Thomas Story replied, "*my friend here makes such things as thee—he is Governor of Pennsylvania;*"—the great man quickly abated his haughtiness.

Among the surest symptoms of amendment in a sick person is the growing indifference he expresses for the visits of his physician. This observation is illustrated by the following conversation which passed between Bouvart and a French Marquis, whom he had attended during a long and severe indisposition. As he entered the chamber on a certain occasion, he was thus addressed by his patient:—"Good day to you, Mr. Bouvart, I feel quite in spirits, and I think my fever has left me." "I am sure of it," replied the Doctor; the very first expression you used convinces me of it." "Pray explain yourself." "Nothing more easy: in the first days of your illness, when your life was in danger, I was your *dearest friend;* as you began to get better, I was your *good Bouvart;* and now I am Mr. Bouvart—depend upon it you are quite well."

CA

Vol. II.

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I WILL sell at public sale, on SATURDAY, the 9th day of October next, in the village of New Market, and at the house of PETER H. LOWREY, between the hours of 1 and 3 o'clock, the HOUSE and LOTS, at present occupied by Doctor Humphrey and formerly the property of Thomas Light I purchased the said house and lots at Sheriff's sale, in the year 1822, and will convey to the purchaser or purchasers, all the right, title, claim, interest and demand, I have in and to the said house and lots, by good and sufficient deed of bargain and sale. I will make known the terms on the day of sale,

JAMES THOMPSON.

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april 17 tf

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FOR THE ENSUING YEAR

The STORE HOUSE on Church Creek, at present in the occupancy of Mr. MARTIN L. WRIGHT. Apply to

SAMUEL WILLIAMS

sep 4

To the Voters of Dorchester County.

FELLOW CITIZENS—As the time will soon arrive when you will be called on to select a suitable person to fill the office of SHERIFF for the ensuing term—I therefore beg leave to offer myself as a candidate for that office. Should you see proper to make choice of me as a suitable person, I pledge myself that nothing shall be wanting on my part, in the performance of the duties of the office, to render myself worthy of your confidence.

The public's obedient servant,

ANDREW BANNING

april 3

FREEMEN OF

Worcester County

GENTLEMEN,

FROM the liberal support you gave me at the last election, and the encouragement of a number of respectable friends, I am again induced to offer myself as a candidate to represent you in the next General Assembly of Maryland—should I have the honour to be elected, my best exertions shall be used to promote your interests.

I am, gentlemen, your ob'dt. servt.

B. H. MARTIN

Snow-Hill, july 23d, 1824. (july

TO THE VOTERS OF

Dorchester County

FROM the solicitation of a number of my friends, I am induced to offer my services to represent you in the General Assembly of Maryland.

ARTHUR LOCKERMAN

sept 18

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