THE BOWER.

"MUCH YET REMAINS UNSUNG."

The following, selected for the Chronicle, by a young lady, is said to be among Lord Byron's earliest productions. If our fair correspondent continues to display as much taste in her selections as she has heretofore done, she will always be welcomed as one of the most valuable contributors to "THE BOWER."—ED.

"WE MUST PART."

O why is it thus, that my heart should be torn,
From the object on which its affections were plac'd;
For ne'er could affection more purely be borne,
Than my heart bore for her, it so fondly embrac'd.

How bless'd were those hours, how glad was my heart,
When Mary return'd an affectionate smile;
But how freezing that look when she said "we must part,"
O God! I exclaim'd, surely seraphs have guile.

How fondly I thought that she ne'er would have chang'd,
A heart alone form'd for rare virtue and truth;
But another has lov'd, and that love has estrang'd,
The heart I ador'd, so fondly in youth.

But 'tis done, "we must part," every hope has now fled,
Of reclaiming affections so cruelly riven;
Pride bids me repeat, my affections are dead,
But my heart to another can never be given.

For the Cambridge Chronicle.

TO MISS *** ***

In pride, the myrtle grove, at spring,
Doth bloom, and give the wind its hour;
At evening shade, its sweet doth wing,
And wither 'neath its chilling power.

When winter's fled, it doth renew,
Its fragrant sweet, the frost had taken;
And nourish'd by the morning dew;
Its bloom again will soon awaken.

Her sparkling eye's celestial ray,
Unblighted, sees the faded bower;
And looks in smiles, the spring away,
And far out-lives the lilly's hour.

For her, in hall of beauty bright,
The graces hold their train in waiting,
And give the dazzle to the sight,
That is in song so unrelating.

No northern blast shall rudely blow,
Its chilling frosts in winds, to perish,
That vernal bloom, as pure as snow,
That all the seasons love to cherish.

Nor winter's gloom shall intervene,
And take her joy and give her sorrow;
Her smile shall be an *evergreen*,
A ray more lasting than the morrow.

ANSELMO.

For the Cambridge Chronicle.

MR. SCOTT—I have been, of late, much pleased with several essays in the Chronicle, on the subject of *slander*, and beg the favor of you to insert the following toast which was given some time since at a tea party in Carlisle.

"The propagators of scandal and defamation,
May smoked tea and brackish water,
Sour bread and rancid butter,
be the daily cheer of such pests of society."

SELIM.

THE REPOSITORY.

"Blending the useful and the sweet."

LOUISA RAINSFORTH.

One evening in the spring, as I was returning late from a convivial circle, passing the end of a dark alley in Fleet-street, the accents of female misery caught my ear. I stopped and listened, lest it might be the efforts of some artful villian to decoy, and then plunder the unwary passenger. The moan was repeated; and in a tone so natural, I was convinced of its being excited by real anguish. By the assistance of a single lamp at the extremity, I explored this gloomy recess, where I found a shivering female, half naked, and extended on the step of a deserted house. She raised her languid head as I approached, and, in words scarely articulate, sued for pity.—The feelings of humanity were not dormant; the tear of sympathy bedewed my cheek. I left her, and flew to procure relief.

With the assistance of two watchmen, she was conveyed to a neighbouring house, where, after I had satisfied the proprietor, she was accommodated with a bed, and those refreshments which were suitable to her low state. She strove to thank me, and pressed my hand, but could not speak. After promising to see her in the morning, I left her to the enjoyment of that repose to which she seemed to have been so long a stranger. I kept my word, for I found myself interested in her fate; and there was something in her air which bespoke her not a kin to the vulgar. It was eleven o'clock when I called, but illness had incapacitated her for rising, and she was still in bed. I sent a message up, and was immediately admitted. The curtains were undrawn at the foot of the bed, and I had an opportunity of seeing her features the remains of beauty were still visible in her wan face; and her eyes, though now dim, seemed once to have sparkled with the rays of vivacity. In a faint voice she thanked me for my kindness; I drew near and sat down by the bed. "Oh Sir," said she, "if you have a daughter or a sister for whose welfare you are anxious, warn them of the faithlessness of your sex and save them from impending danger; or should they deviate from the path of virtue, yet act not with too severe a harshness. Alas! I had no friend to shelter me, not one to pity a frail unfortunate; a cruel betrayer of an unsuspecting heart, and a rigid unrelenting father, have consigned me, a sad prey to lasting misery, to vice, to infamy, and pollution: but my race is nearly run, the stream of life ebbs fast, and the dark grave will soon afford an eternal asylum from anguish and from insult."

During this speech, every faculty of my soul was agitated. "Good God," thought I, "is it possible? sure it cannot—yet her voice." I gazed at her—"her features too; I beg your pardon, Madam, may I crave your name?" "My, name Sir? I have long concealed that: but you are my friend, such you have proved yourself, and therefore have a right to ask—it is Louisa Rainsforth." "Louisa Rainsforth! Oh, my boding heart! the sister of my best friend, Sir Charles! Do you not recollect me, madam?" No, sir," faltered she. "Nor my brother Henry?" I was too hasty; that name, as an electric spark, overpowered her spirits, and a fainting fit deprived her of sensation.—I rang for assistance, reprobating, in the severest terms, my own unconquerable feelings. Two female servants entered, and, conscious of the impropriety of my presence, I quitted the apartment, nor returned till I was assured of her recovery. Some two years ago, my brother paid an unsuccessful suit to the affections of this devoted child of misery; but, with a noble frankness, worthy of imitation, she declined his proffered love, assuring him that her affections were pre-engaged. His favoured rival he never discovered, but, purchasing a commission, retired in disgust to the continent.

A tinge of faint scarlet bespread her cheek when I re-entered the room. "For this, sir, I was not prepared. I expected not in my last moments to see those whose every look must prove a keen reproach." I took her hand, entreating her to be composed, and assuring her that no assistance in my power to administer should be wanting. She raised my hand to her lips.—You are too generous; I merit not such kindness; but your benevolence will not lose its reward. I would have conveyed her to a more commodious situation; but her extreme illness induced me to abandon the thought. I therefore left her, with a strict charge to the mistress of the house to supply her with what was requisite, and in my way home, called upon a medical gentleman of my acquaintance, whom I immediately dispatched to her relief. During my absence, the following letter from my brother had arrived:

"Dear Frank,

"Since my last, I have been driven to the verge of madness. Frederic Lovell, a young gentleman of family and fortune, with whom I had formed a close intimacy, died four days ago. He was wounded in the last skirmish, and for two months dragged on a painful existence, during which time an insuperable weight depressed his spirits; I urged him to impart the cause, but he always waived the subject, till, on his death-bed, he revealed the dreadful truth. O God! my brother, can I relate the sad tale? Frederic Lovell, the friend of my heart, was the betrayer of innocence! the seducer of Louisa Rainsforth! Oh, my Louisa! hadst thou listened to my fond entreaty, we had both been happy, but now stern misery must overwhelm us both. The dying agonies of my friend could scarce restrain the wild emotions of my soul upon this discovery. But Frederic knew not of my love, and his last moments claimed respect. With his dying breath he besought me to protect his deserted Louisa—and protect her I will! I'll seek her through the world; if yet she lives, she shall be mine, and happiness may still be ours. Do you, my brother, fly to her assistance: tell her the sad catastrophe of her perjured lover; and tell her that her Henry still sighs for her affections. Do not fail in your exertions, and transmit immediately the result.

"Believe me ever your's,

"HENRY."

Would to God I could have satisfactorily answered this melancholy epistle. I next day visited Miss Rainsforth, and, from an increasing debility of frame, found her much worse than on the preceding one: she, however, seemed glad to see me, and, with a mild resignation in her countenance, seemed rather to court than shun approaching death. I informed her of the news which it contained; her eyes were steeped in tears during the recital; and clasping her hands, she exclaimed, "Thou dear deceiver! thou art now no more! May that Divine Being whom thou hast so oft invoked to witness thy violated vows, have crowned thy repenting moments with mercy, and received thee to his bosom!" I followed the pious ejaculation with as sincere an "Amen" as ever issued from the breast of man.

When the tumult of her sorrows was over, she expressed a wish to see her father and her brother. "Perhaps," said she, "my father might relent, were he to be informed of my sad state; perhaps he might consent to breathe forgiveness, and soothe, with a father's tenderness, the last struggles of an expiring daughter: my brother, too; he loved me with all a brother's fondness, and would not, though a foul victim of dishonor, treat me with cruelty. Alas! 'tis long since I saw him, and I should like once more to behold him, ere my eyes close forever."

I immediately intimated my intention of going to her father. I took my leave, and hiring a post chaise, reached his seat on the same evening.

Knowing him to be one of those severe stoics, who, rigidly adhering to the strict principles of honor themselves, view, with a scornful eye, the least deviation from her paths, I resolved to exert all the little eloquence I possessed in behalf of his unhappy child. Fortunately, Sir Charles was at home; I knew, he would assist me. I was received with every mark of friendship and esteem; but when I explained the motive of my errand—"Forbear, sir," said the old man; "I charge you to let me hear no more of that; she is no child of mine; let her perish when and where she may." I entreated him to hear me, assuring him that Dr. L— had given her over, and that he ought to consider it as the dying request of a repentant daughter. Spite of his apathy, the paternal tear glistened in his eye: I persevered in my suit, but all my efforts fell short of the desired effect; he abruptly broke from me, exclaiming, "I forgive, but I cannot, will not, see her." My poor friend, almost as much distressed as his suffering sister, in vain endeavored to move his father to compliance; he gave him permission to visit his sister, bade him assure her of his forgiveness, but firmly resolved never more to behold her. Sir Charles and I set off next day, and, when we arrived in town, found Louisa somewhat better than I left her, but not sufficiently amended to promise recovery; the sanguine expectations of hope had raised her spirits, but they were raised only to suffer depression. Between such a brother and such a sister, I shall not attempt to describe the interview; the pencil of imagination may paint it, but the pen cannot do it justice: they, whose feelings vibrate at the tender touch of sympathy, may behold it in glowing colours, and for the rest of the world, I heed not its approbation.

I will leave them together, while I briefly inform my readers, that, from the moment of discovering the fault which,

"Because she loved, and was a woman,"

poor Louisa had been guilty of, she was banished from the no longer friendly mansion of her only parent. Driven for shelter to the metropolis, after parting with every trinket to procure a sad subsistence, she, whose soul, originally spotless as a cherub's form, had, by a regular gradation of obtrusive vice, arrived at the summit of agonizing misery on which I found her. Her brother had in vain attempted to discover her retreat; she had changed her name, and all his researches were fruitless.

Her father's refusal deeply affected her spirits; she blessed him for his forgiveness, and resigned herself to the protection of that Being who never turns a deafened ear to the repentant sinner. After lingering three days, during which her brother and myself were seldom absent, she bestowed a dying benediction on all around, and we witnessed the final sigh of this poor victim of parental cruelty.

Scarce had the pulsation of life ceased to palpitate, when, her too late relenting father arrived, and, hastily entering the room, beheld, with horror in his looks, all that remained of what was once his daughter. When convinced of her death, the poor maniac confined within the walls of Bethlehem, is less an object of terror or of pity, than was the father of the ill-fated Louisa. Wild frenzy glared in his eyes, and in a paroxysm of despair he threw himself on the bed which sustained the lifeless corps, kissed the cold cheek, and a thousand times implored that forgiveness he had so long refused to grant. In the midst of our fruitless endeavours to calm his distracted soul, as if fate had despaired of rendering us sufficiently miserable, another wretch appeared. My unhappy brother, without waiting for an answer to his letter, had taken the earliest conveyance to London, and traced me from my lodgings to the sad spot where friendship and humanity claimed my attendance. When the dreadful spectacle struck his astonished sight, he gazed for a moment—it was too much for his tired spirits to support: without uttering a word, he sunk lifeless to the ground. I can no more—description loses her power, and I must draw a veil over distress so complicated and acute.

The body of Louisa was conveyed into the country, whither her sad mourners attended. On the evening of her funeral, the inhabitants of the adjoining village strewed the "church-way path" with flowers: for she had been kind and liberal to them; and, in her earlier years, when innocence and plenty crowned the opening prospect, many of the sons and daughters of poverty blessed her bounteous hand, and proffered prayers for her lasting peace—for long years of happiness and honor. Alas! those prayers were disregarded. Farewell, thou dear departed one! may no rude rustic insult thy memory, nor the unfeeling prude, view with a disdainful eye, thy sepulchre! In the wide mansion of eternal joy, thou art now in possession of that happiness denied thee upon earth, and thou shalt enjoy it for ever, free from the fears of misery and distress.

THE MORALIST.

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

THE POWER OF FAITH.

A girl of thirteen years old, died a few weeks since in our neighborhood, experiencing the most happy temper of mind—beautifully illustrating these words of the psalmist: 'Out of the mouth of babes, thou hast ordained strength;" and to the many who are disposed to gainsay such excellent displays of divine grace, we would answer in the same words of the Redeemer himself: "Yea, have ye never read, 'out of the mouths of *babes* and sucklings thou hast perfected praise.' "

A few weeks before her sickness, of her own accord, she called on a pious young woman, asked her to learn her more about the Bible, "for I am much troubled," said the child, "about my soul." This pious friend explained with simplicity the way of salvation, and directed her to the Saviour of sinners, telling her to go home and read the Bible. This she diligently did, and was shortly so ill, as to leave no hope of her recovery. But she grew in grace and in knowledge daily, and died with the most joyful hopes, and an admirable strength of faith, saying, "She wanted to go, that she might be with her Saviour.' Her love seemed boundless; and it was usual with her to say, "I love every body that loves my Saviour; I love them so much, I want to put my arms round their neck; and I want every body to love my Saviour, that they may be glad as I am." She sent for two aged persons, who had led profane lives, and exhorted them with great firmness and tenderness, as also several of her little companions. Shortly before her departure, she said to a pious friend, who often visited her. "When I am dead, tell the children to think about religion; speak to them from these words: "Those that seek me early shall find me." A few hours before her death, she joined, as she had often before, in singing the following favorite verse of the 17th Psalm:

'This world's a dream—an empty show;'
But the bright world to which I go,
Has joys substantial and sincere—
When shall I wake and find me there?'

Such was the pious love, the heavenly desires of a child, young in years, but not in wisdom, verifying the prophetic truth of Isaiah, "The child shall die an hundred years old; but the sinner an hundred years old shall be accursed." At beholding so bright an example of the power of faith, what heart can fail to say, "Let me die the death of the righteous."

Henry 4th, King of France, was in every point of view a great man. It reflects no small honor on his piety, that on the return of his birth day he made this reflection: "I was born," said he "as on this day, and no doubt, taking the world through, thousands were born on the same day with me; yet out of all those thousands, I am probably the only one whom God hath made a king; how peculiarly am I favoured by the bounty of his providence!"

A Christian, too, reflecting on his second birth, may with greater reason, adore the free and sovereign grace of God. "I am," he may probably say, "the only one of a large family, or a large circle of friends that at present appears to be of the election of grace. In the midst of a congregation of many hundreds, or, perhaps thousands, I was possibly the only one on such a day and under such a sermon, to whom the voice of Christ came with power. How much more do I owe to God than if I had been born to all the honours, cares and dangers of an empire."

THE ECONOMIST.

"Economy is the road to Wealth."

TO FARMERS.

It is time now to collect your ploughs, harrows, hoes, scythes, &c. together, and put them away in good order. Many farmers lose more by exposure of their implements to the weather, than by actual wear. In collecting your winter fuel, collect also and haul home a quantity of posts, to be wrought on stormy days through the winter.

PORK.—Many persons suppose a universal sameness in pork, and that if it be sufficiently fattened, it will be palatable; but such is not the uniform fact. Pork may be fat, and yet, so far from palatable, may be disgusting. Indian corn is unquestionably the best food for swine; but even with this food, much depends upon the mode of feeding. Irregularity in feeding, not unfrequently produces fever and other disease, which injures the flavor of the meat. Rye, potatoes, and esculents, constitute poor pork, and worse lard. Hogs feed best in the open field, where they can have plenty of exercise, which promotes digestion, and increases the appetite. When they acquire so much fat as to render them listless about coming to be fed, it is best to put them into a smaller enclosure, and then, Indian corn, ground very fine, with pure water, should constitute the principal articles of their diet for some months. Fine Indian meal is now profitable food, and easier of digestion than whole grain. Over-feeding cloys the appetite, and can only be corrected by starving. Swine, as well as cattle, will eat much more in clear cold weather, with north-west wind, than in warm weather, with southerly wind.

THE OX.—At the late agricultural dinner, near Baltimore, the following toast was given:

"The Ox—Most useful in life, at the smallest cost, which he repays at his death."

There is, in the above toast, a fund of truth, which it is a matter of astonishment that our farmers have so long neglected; almost every farm in this and the adjoining States, is worked by horses, which cost a great price, eat a vast quantity, and, speed excepted, are not superior to theox in their life, & at death, their skin is all that is valuable to them.

Would farmers take into consideration that the actual cost of animals they require, they would perhaps find none so unprofitable as a horse—or at any rate, more, than one should be considered supernumerary; & we hope that the attention of our agriculturalists will be drawn to the comparative merits of the two kinds of cattle. We are certain that the ox will in a few years be in as high favor in this State as the horse has been, which will give the noble animal almost an Egyptian greatness.—*U.S. Gaz.*

Recipe for making good yellow Butter.

A gentleman from Scotland has lately called at this office and requested us to publish the following recipe for the benefit of those farmers who supply our market with butter.—He was led to make a suggestion in consequence of having noticed that our butter made after the cattle are put to hay, is almost universally white. He says that in his country the dairy women avoid this by grating some orange carrots, the juice of which, after being strained, is mixed with the cream previous to churning. Butter thus manufactured, acquires not only a beautiful yellow color, but a flavor which adds greatly to its value. The quantity of carrot juice necessary to be used for this purpose may easily be ascertained; indeed the judgment of the manufacturer cannot fail to suggest very nearly the quantity necessary to give it a proper color.

Portland Gazette.

THE HUMORIST.

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

As Gobbin was led by his son from the tavern one moonlight evening, he rsised his foot to step over the shadow of a sign post. "What's this?" said the old man—"Nothing but the sign," replied Jack, "Sign—sign—sign of what?" stammered the old son of Bacchus. "It's a sign," says Jack in a pet, "that you are very drunk, father."

The usual place of resort for Dublin duellists is called the *Fifteen Acres.* An attorney of that city, in penning a challenge a short time ago, thought, most likely, he was drawing a lease, and invited his antagonist to meet him, at "the place called Fifteen Acres, *be the same more or less!*"

A fellow who was tried at Dublin, for some private offence, received the following sentence—*Judge*: The sentence of the court is, that you be flogged from the Bank to the Quay.—*Prisoner*: Thank you, my Lord, you have done your worst.—*Judge*: And be flogged back again.

Gray.—The poet Gray was notoriously fearful of fire, and kept a ladder of ropes in his bed-room. Some mischievous young men at Cambridge knew this, roused him from below, in the middle of a dark and cold night, with the cry of fire! The staircase, they said, was in flames. Up went his window, and down he came by his rope-ladder, as fast he could, into a tub of water, which they had placed to receive him.

When the Duke de Nivernois, who was a little thin man, arrived in London, (in 1762,) Mr. Charles Townsend observed, that the French had sent the preliminaries of a man to sign the preliminaries of peace.

Debtor and Creditor.—The tradesman of a certain great man, or rather scoundrel, having dunned him for a considerable time, he desired his servant one morning to admit the tailor, who had not been so constant in his attendance as the rest. When he made his appearance—"My friend," said he to him, "I think you are a very honest fellow, and I have a great regard for you; therefore, I take this opportunity to tell you, that I'll be hanged if ever I pay you a farthing! Now go home, mind your business, and don't lose time by calling here. As for the others, they are a set of vagabonds and rascals, for whom I have no affection, and they may come as often as they choose."

When the regulations of West Boston bridge were drawn up, two famous attornies were chosen for that purpose. One section was written, accepted, and now stands thus: and the said proprietors shall meet annually, on the first *Tuesday* in June, provided the same does not fall on *Sunday.*

The following recipe, showing how a man may best please his friends, we apprehend not inapplicable in any sphere. Thus it is, "Go to India—stay there twenty years—work hard—get money—save it—come home—bring with you a store of wealth, and a diseased liver—visit your friends—make a will—provide for them all—then die: what a prudent good, generous, kind hearted soul you will be."

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