THE BOWER.

"MUCH YET REMAINS UNSUNG."

Selected for the Chronicle by a Lady.

THE RAINBOW.

The evening was glorious, and light thro' the trees,
Play'd the sunshine, the rain-drops, the birds, and the breeze;
The landscape, outstretching in lovliness lay
On the lap of the year in the beauty of May.

For the queen of the spring, as she passed down the vale,
Left her robe on the trees, and her breath on the gale;
And the smile of her promise gave joy to the hours;
And flush in her footsteps sprang herbage and flowers.

The skies like a banner in sunset up-roll'd,
O'er the west threw their splendor of azure and gold;
But one cloud at a distance rose dense, and increas'd
Till its margin of black touch'd the zenith and east.

We gazed on the scenes while around us they glow'd,
When a vision of beauty appear'd on the cloud;
'Twas not like the sun, as at mid-day we view,
Nor the moon that rolls mighty thro' the star-light and blue.

Like a spirit it came in the van of a storm!
And the eye and the heart hail'd its beautiful form,
For it look'd not severe, like an angel of wrath,
But its garment of brightness illum'd its dark path.

In the hue of its grandeur, sublimely it stood,
O'er the river, the village, the field and the wood;
And river, field, village, and woodlands grew bright,
As conscious they gave and afforded delight.

'Twas the Bow of Omnipotence, bent in His hand,
Whose grasp at creation the Universe spann'd;
'Twas the presence of God, in a symbol sublime;
His vow from the flood to the exit of time!

Not dreadful, as when in the whirlwind he pleads,
When storms are his chariot and lightning his steeds,
The black cloud his banner of vengeance unfurl'd,
And thunder his voice to a guilt-stricken world:

In the breath of his presence, when thousands expire,
And seas boil with fury and rocks burn with fire;
And the sword and the plague-spot with death strew the plain,
And vultures and wolves are the graves of the slain!

Not such was that rainbow, that beautiful one!
Whose arch was refraction, its key-stone—the sun;
A pavillion it seem'd, with a Deity graced,
And Justice and Mercy met there and embraced.

Awhile, and it sweetly bent o'er the gloom,
Like Love o'er a death couch, or Hope o'er the tomb;
Then left the dark scene, whence it slowly retir'd,
As Love had just vanish'd or Hope had expir'd.

I gazed not alone on that source of my song;
To all who beheld it, these verses belong;
Its presence to all was the path of the Lord!
Each full heart expanded, grew warm, and adored.

Like a visit—the converse of friends—or a day,
That bow, from my sight pass'd forever away;
Like that visit, that converse, that day, to my heart,
That bow from remembrance can never depart.

'Tis a picture in memory distinctly defined,
With the strong and unperishing colors of mind,
A part of my being, beyond my control,
Beheld on that cloud and transcribed on my soul.

ENIGMAS.

"Amused we may be with a trifle."

No. 1.

What trade is the sun?

No. 2.

Why is the letter D like a sailor?

No. 3.

How is a house full of married people like an empty one?

THE REPOSITORY.

"Blending the useful and the sweet."

THE WILD ROSE OF LANGOLLEN.

The evening air blew chilling cold; Gwinneth threw her apron over her shoulders, and went to the woodhouse for faggots. Ellen was left alone: her eyes fell on the stump of the withered rose tree; "That was Edward's gift," said she mournfully.—"Peace is now restored; he will return; he will think I have neglected it; for alas! it is withered. But no! Edward must come no more to our cottage." Hearing the returning step of Gwinneth, she wiped away the starting tear; for well she knew her good mother would chide. Gwinneth entered trembling: "Mercy! my child; come and listen; sure I hear the abbey bell toll." Ellen turned pale: she listened with breathless agitation; again the heavy bell struck with awful reverberation. "Oh!" cried Ellen, clasping her hands together, "the news has arrived that Edward is killed." Vainly now did Gwinneth call upon the name of her child, who lay senseless on the cold earth. Ellen was the lovely, virtuous child of honest peasants; but she was tenderly beloved by the son of the wealthy Sir Owen Fitzmorris. In the rustic sports on the lawns before the abbey, Edward had often gladly joined, often pressed the fair hand of Ellen with rapture to his lips, and breathed in her ear, accents of pure unchangeable love; but parental authority interposed; Edward was ordered to accept the hand of the rich, the haughty lady Hester. His heart proudly revolted; yet to disobey a father, hitherto fond and tender, was death. He implored a respite; Sir Owen granted his petition; and the regiment in which Edward served was ordered to Egypt; yet his departing words breathed fervent, constant affection to his Ellen; and his parting gift was the rose tree which she now bewailed. "For heaven's sake! my child," said Gwinneth, "be composed. I will step to the gate, and see if any one passes from the abbey. Dear, now be comforted."—Gwinneth stepped to the gate. "Bless me! as I live, here comes a soldier down the hill! The word revived Ellen: she flew to her mother's side. The soldier descended the hill: he seemed to walk feebly, and leaned on the shoulder of a boy. "Sure," thought Ellen, "that is Edward's form;" but as he approached nearer, conjecture changed: his dress was shabby and disordered, his hair uncombed: and a bandage passed across his eyes, marked the sufferings he had endured in the dreadful climate to which he had been exposed: for Edward it was: and love soon revealed him to the wonder-struck Ellen. In a moment, each of his hands were seized by Gwinneth and her child; who forgetting, in the first joy at sight of him, the shocking change of his appearance, led him in triumph to the cottage; but inquiry soon succeeded: and while Ellen fixed her eyes upon her withered rose-tree, in anguish, exclaiming, "Alas! he cannot see it now," Edward began his recital.

"When I left you, my dear friends, in compliance with a father's commands, I embarked with my regiment for Egypt. Our troops were successful in all their undertakings; I alone seemed doomed to feel the pangs of disappointment and sorrow. An enterprise in which I was engaged, required despatch and caution; when in a moment of general attack, my dear friend, and earliest companion of my happy days, fell covered with wounds. Disobeying the strict orders of our commander, not to quit our posts, I bore him in my arms from the scene of horror; for this I was broke, and charged with ignominy." Ellen wept; her heart was too full for utterance: the poor old woman sobbed aloud. 'I returned,' said Edward, 'in the first vessel that sailed, and returned but to see my father breathe his last. Even he too conspired against my happiness; for, would you believe it, Ellen? he has disinherited me.' 'How!' exclaimed Ellen, 'is it in nature to be so wicked? A child he once loved so dearly!' 'True,' returned Edward, 'but you behold me in sickness and sorsow, without a friend to comfort, or a house to shelter me.' 'Never, never, my dear young master,' cried Gwinneth, 'while the sticks of this poor hut hang together'—Ellen clasped his hand closer between hers, but spoke not. On a sudden some recollection darted across her mind; she let his hand fall, and sighed deeply, 'What ails my Ellen?' asked Edward; 'will she not confirm the words of her mother?' 'Ah me!' said Ellen; I am thinking how happy the lady Hester will be to have the power of restoring you to wealth and comfort. She can do all that our wishes dictate.'

'But if my Ellen gives me her love,' replied Edward, 'I will not seek the favor of lady Hester.' 'And will you stay with us?' asked the enraptured Ellen. 'Oh, we shall be happy enough in that case; and our debt of gratitude will be in part discharged: for to you Edward, we owe all. Your instructrive care first raised my mind from ignorance; and if a virtuous sentiment animates this breast, from you it derives its source.' 'You are unjust to yourself, Ellen; instruction bestowed where there is not innate virtue, is like the vain attempt at cultivating a rocky soil. But how, my love, can you think of supporting an idle intruder? Your means are scant, though your heart is ample.' 'We will work the harder,' said Gwinneth. 'We knit and spin, and have a thousand ways of getting a penny; and when you get strong and healthy, you shall work.' 'Mr. Fitzmorris work!' exclaimed the indigent Ellen. 'And why not my child?' ejoined Gwinneth. 'Is there any disgrace in honest industry? Mr. Fitzmorris is not proud; and when, with the juice of simples, which you, Ellen, shall gather, we have bathed his eyes, who knows but, by the favor of heaven, his sight may be restored? Thus, Ellen, he will assist our labors, see our cheerful endeavors to make him forget all past misfortunes; and we shall be the happiest peasants in Langollen.' 'Excellent creature!' cried Edward, 'my whole life shall pass in active gratitude. But I must away: on the brow of the hill, I left a weary traveller; I will bring him to taste a cup of your beer, and speed him on his journey.' Ellen was unwilling that he should leave her so soon, though but for a few moments; but when Edward continued above two hours, her terror was inexpressible. The night closed in, and Edward did not return. Ellen's couch was wetted with her tears, and morning found her pale and sad. She waited at the door in anxious expectation, and with a scream of wild joy exclaimed, 'He is coming!' He was supported by an elderly man; and Ellen hastened forward to lend her assistance also, while Gwinneth prepared their homely breakfast. Edw'd seemed breathless with fatigue; and the stranger accounted for the delay, by saying, that he had wandered up the country, fearing his companion had forgotton him. 'Ah! you are cold and wet!' said Ellen. 'No, my love; you see I have a great coat. I found my little parcel at the lodge where I rested last night.' 'And that lodge, which was once your cruel father's, should now be yours,' said Ellen. 'But, no; he was not cruel, Edward, for he has given you to us.' 'Come, come, this is fine talking,' cried Gwinneth, 'while the poor youth is cold and hungry; and see the tears how they roll down his cheeks! 'Do your eyes pain you, Edward?' inquired Ellen: 'let me wash them with spring water.' 'They do, indeed,' said he, in the gentlest manner possible, Ellen removed the bandage: and his full, expressive, hazel eye met hers, beaming joy and love. She receded with a scream of surprise. He threw off his coat, and discovered his dress decorated with every military honor. 'Ellen, forgive this deception; it was my father's stratagem; and here he is a witness to your disinterested affection. I am not dishonored, but promoted by my noble commander to high military rank.' 'It is true indeed,' said the old gentleman, 'I suspected my son of an unworthy choice, and dictated this stratagem as the means of confirmation. The lady Hester disdained a poor, infirm soldier, and now my Edward has to sue for your acceptance.' Dumb gratitude seized the trembling Ellen: She fell at the feet of Sir Owen, bathed his hands with her tears, and vainly tried to express the feelings of her oppressed heart. The rustic meal passed some time unregarded, till composure was restored, and the benevolence of the intention rendered the repast palatable even to the Baronet. 'Your rose-tree is withered,' said Ellen. 'Indeed I could not preserve it.' 'Heed it not,' returned Edward; 'it was a hot-house plant, and could ill endure the slightest breeze of mischance. You, Ellen, are the blooming Wild Rose of Langollen, whose native sweetness is but increased by the homeliness of the culture it received.

'O, let me then transplant thee safe into a richer soil,
And of my garden be the pride and joy!"

Ellen, with blushing joy, gave her hand to her lover, who that day led her to the abbey, where the delighted peasantry came to make their heartfelt gratulations; and, in the happiness of his children, sir Owen found his cure; and the aged Gwinneth sunk into a peaceful grave, beloved aud revered by her dutiful child: and to the arms of sir Owen Fitzmorris is now added, with proud triumph, the blooming Wild Rose of Langollen.

THE MORALIST.

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

THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

Come, now, my incredulous friends, and follow me to the bed of the dying believer. Would you see, in what peace a christian can die? Watch the last gleams of thought, which stream from his dying eyes. Do you see any thing like apprehension? The world, it is true, begins to shut in. The shadows of evening collect around his senses. A dark mist thickens and rests upon the objects, which have hitherto engaged his observation. The countenances of his friends become more and more indistinct. The sweet expressions of love and friendship are no longer intelligible. His ear wakes no more at the well-known voice of his children, and the soothing accents of tender affections die away, unheard, upon his decaying senses. To him the spectacle of human life is drawing to its descending, which shuts out this earth its actors, and its scenes. He is no longer interested in all that is done under the sun. Oh! that I could now open to you the recesses of his soul; that I could reveal to you the light, which darts into the chambers of his understanding. He approaches the world, which he has so long seen in faith. The imagination now collects its diminished strength, and the eye of faith opens wide. Friends! do not stand, thus fixed in sorrow, around this bed of death. Why are you so still and silent? Fear not to move—you cannot disturb the last visions, which entrance this holy spirit. Your lamentations break not in upon the songs of seraphs, which enwrap his hearing in ecstacy. Crowd, if you choose, around his couch—he heeds you not—already he sees the spirits of the just advancing together to receive a kindred soul. Press him not with importunities; urge him not with alleviations. Think you he wants now these tones of mortal voices—these material, these gross consolations? No! he is going to add another to the myriads of the just, that are every moment crowding into the portals of heaven! He is entering on a nobler scheme life: He leaves you—he leaves you, weeping children of morality, to groupe about a little longer among the miseries and sensualities of a worldly life. Already he cries to you from the regions of bliss. Will you not join him there? Will you not taste the sublime joys of faith? There are your predecessors in virtue; there, too, are places left for your cotemporaries.—There are seats for you in the assembly of the just made perfect, in the innumerable company of angels, where is Jesus, the mediator of the new covenant, and God, the Judge of all.—*Buckminster's Sermons.*

ARE YOU IN CHRIST.

Let me ask, Are you in Christ? Does this question startle you? People who have been baptised; who bear the name of Christians; who pray to and adore Jesus Christ; who call themselves his children, his people; who partake of his sacraments; people who, for 30 or 40 years call themselves, nay perhaps flatter themselves, with the assurance of being true believers, and dare hope for heaven in the presumption of their faith. To ask such people *whether they are in Christ*, will surely offend them. But are you new creatures? If this is the case, you have indeed reason to rejoice; and belong to our Lord: you partake of his influence and of his life; you are members of his body. But if you are not new creatures, it is in vain for you to flatter yourselves; you are not in Jesus Christ; for *if any man be in Christ he is a new creature.* (2 Cor. v. 17.)

THE ECONOMIST.

"Economy is the road to Wealth."

From the American Farmer.

Meeting of the Board of Trustees of the American Agricultural Society.

Agreeably to adjournment at Mr. Carroll's, the Board met on Tuesday, the first of February, inst. at the Society's room, at 11 A M. The meeting was full; and, George Howard, esq. having taken the chair, the following Resolution was offered by James Carroll, esq. and adopted:—

Resolved, That the next Annual Exhibition of the Maryland Agricultural Society shall be held at the Maryland Tavern, on Wednesday and Thursday, the first and second days of June next.

The board then proceeded to discuss, and finally decide upon a Scheme of premiums, to be offered for distribution at the Exhibition in June next—and also on the list of Premiums for the Annual Exhibition in June, 1826. Both of which will be given in the next number of the American Farmer.

J. S. Skinner and J. B. Morris, esqs. were added to the Committee heretofore appointed to prepare such modifications as might be deemed necessary in the act of incorporation, constitution, and by-laws of the Maryland Agricultural Society; and to endeavor to procure from the Legislature of Maryland an donation from the Treasury of the State, to be expended in premiums for such objects, and on such terms, as shall equally promote improvements in, and benefit the Agriculture of, all the counties in the State.

The following Resolution, offered by R. Caton, esq. was adopted; and R. Caton, Allen Thomas, and James Carroll, esqs. were appointed to carry it into effect:—

Resolved, That a Committee be appointed to present a Memorial to the Legislature of Maryland, setting forth that the state of society and of Agriculture, would be much benefitted by enacting a law on the following subjects, to wit:—That the several counties be divided into townships; in each of which shall be established a School for educating poor children; that seven discreet men in each township, landholders therein, be a board of Trustees for organising and directing the same:

That there be levied on real property, and on personal property, more especially *dogs*, a tax for the use and support of said school;—That said Trustees shall have cognizance of the several ordinaries and retailers of Spirituous Liquors, under such regulations as shall more effectually prevent the sale of spiritous liquors to slaves; as the Legislature may direct; and that the said committee use their influence to obtain a law making every owner of slaves responsible in treble the amount of any damage done by the dogs of his slaves, Further, that it be the duty of said committee to procure an amendment to the law of trespass, so as to make it more conformable to the condition and the interests of landholders of this state.

☞ Not having time to prepare, nor space to insert the Schemes of Premiums at length, in this number of the Farmer, we must content ourselves with a few remarks on the general scope of the proceedings of the Board at the meeting above mentioned,

First—It will be perceived, that the Board have, and it was not without much reflection, determined hereafter to hold the Annual Exhibitions in the Spring instead of the Fall—and that the first and second days, being Wednesday and Thursday of *next June*, have been fixed upon for the next show. As it was obvious that crops could not be gathered in before that time, it was decided to offer for the next Show, Premiums for Domestic Animals, Ploughing, and Household Manufactures, only—postponing, until the show, in the spring of 1826, the offer and distribution of Premiums for Farms, Crops, Agricultural Experiments, &c.

It has been decided to offer the same Premiums for 1826 that are offered for June, 1825—and in addition to them, the premiums for Farms, Crops, &c. so that the lists of Premiums have now been agreed upon, for the next two Shows, and it is the wish of the Board to give to the whole scheme and system as much permanency as possible.

It is probable that the Exhibitions will hereafter be always held at the same place, and very nearly about the same time. And the friends of the Society may judge how great is the prospect of its increasing success and usefulness when they are informed, that at this last meeting at the Society's Room, provided by the liberality of Mr. Oliver, the Board met at 11 A. M.—continued in session until after 2 P. M.—met again at 5, and did not close their deliberations until some time after candle light. Four members of the Board, active practical farmers, had come in from a distance of 15 miles.

THE HUMORIST.

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

A preacher by the name of Ker, on his entering in a church on Tivoldalo, told the people the relation that was to be between him and them, in the following words; "Sirs, I am come to be your shepherd, and you must be my sheep, and the bible will be my tar bottle, for I will mark you with it;"—and laying his hand on the clerk, or presentor's head, he said "Andrew, you shall be my dog." "The sorrow a bit of your dog will I be," said Andrew—"O Andrew, I speak mystically," said the preacher. "Yea, but you speak mischievously," said Andrew.

A soldier went into a shop at—purchase some trifling articles, and serving some *red* Herrings laying on the counter, asked what they were. To which the shopkeeper replied' "soldiers my friend." Are they so?, rejoined the son of Mars; then I'll take them as deserters," and walked off with his prisoners to the great amusement of the witty dealer.

An honest Irishman was accosted the quay at Belfast by a brother Hibernian, with "Arrah, Pat, you are going to be in luck to-day, boy—you have got your stockings turned wrong side out." Pat turned round with great quickness, and surveying with the utmost complacency the sad remnants of what had once been hose, answered,—"Sure, honey, I know that, and don't you know why I turned them?" No replied the other. "Why," says Pat, and he gave a knowing wink with his eye.—"bekase they are holed on the other side."

Pat's Logic.—A nobleman of the "fast anchored isle," once advertised for an English servant. Pat hearing of this applied for the situation. On being asked of what country he was, he replied, "An Englishman, to be sure." "And where was you born?" In Dublin surely," said Pat. "Born in Dublin, & an Englishman, how can that be?" Why, *plase* your honor," replies Pat, "suppose a man is born in a stable, is that any *raison* he should be a horse?"

A Frenchman having heard the word ess made use of, to imply, persuade—ress that gentleman to take some refreshment," "press him to stay to night,' night he would use his talents by using what he imagined) a synonymous term and therefore made no scruple to cry at in company, pray squeeze that lady to sing."

An Irishman, going a journey on foot met a vehicle going the opposite direction. Being fatigued, he requested the driver the vehicle, to let him "ride a little," which was agreed to. Pat was so ill pleased with his situation, and with his companion, that he did not discover the mistake he had made, till he arrived at the place from which he had at first started. Scratching his head, however, and muttering a little, he again set out upon his journey on foot; in the course of which, he overtook a carriage going the same route, the driver kindly offered to "take him in." "*A take in*, indeed," exclaimed the Irishman, "thank you for nothing—I have had enough of it. I am sure I should never get to the journey's end by *riding.*"

An Irish Counsellor being questioned by a Judge, to know "for whom he was concerned," replied as follows:—"I am concerned, my Lord for the plaintiff but I'm employed by the defendant."

Apologue.—A man once told a sage he had received an affront and asked him if it would not be made to resent it? Yes, (said he) but it would be godlike to forgive it.