THE BOUQUET.

"MUCH YET REMAINS UNSUNG."

The following beautiful effusion is the production of a native of New Hampshire, only 10 years old, and now in obscurity. Such lays would almost wake the lyre again, and the author need write but a few pieces like this, to be sufficiently known.

THE LYRE.

There was a lyre, 'tis said, that hung
High waving in the summer air;
An angel hand, its chords had strung,
And left to breathe its music there.
Each wandering breeze that o'er it flew,
Awoke a wilder, sweeter strain,
Than ever shell of mermaid blew,
In coral grottos of the main.
When, springing from the rose's bell,
Where all night he had sweetly slept,
The zephyr left the flow'r dell;
Bright with the tears that morning wept;
He rose, and o'er the trembling lyre,
Waved lightly, his soft azure wing;
What touch such music could inspire!
What harp such lays of joy could sing!
The murmur of the shaded rills,
The birds that warbled sweetly by,
And the soft echo from the hills,
Were heard not, where that harp was nigh.
When the last light of fading day,
Along the bosom of the west,
In colors softly mingled lay,
When night had darkened all the rest;
Then softer than that fading light,
And sweeter than the lay, that rung
Wild though the silence of the night,
When solemn Philomela sung,
That harp its plaintive murmurs sighed
Along the dewy breeze of even;
So soft and sweet they swelled and died,
They seemed the echoed songs of heav'n.
Sometimes, when all the air was still,
Nor e'en the poplar's foliage trembled,
That lyre was nightly heard to thrill
Tones, that no earthly tones resembled;
And then, upon the moon's pale beams,
U nearthly forms were seen to stray,
Whose starry pinions, trembling gleams
Would oft around the wild harp play.
But soon the bloom of summer fled—
In earth and air it shone no more;
Each flower and leaf fell pale and dead
While heaven its wintry sternness wore.
One day, loud blew the northern blast—
The tempest's fury raged along—
O for some angel, as they passed,
To shield the harp of heavenly song!
It shrieked—how could it bear the touch,
The cold, rude touch of such a storm,
When e'en the zephyrs seem'd too much
Sometimes, though always light and warm!
It loudly shrieked—but ah, in vain—
The savage wind more fiercely blew;
Once more—it never shrieked again,
For every chord was torn in two!
It never thrilled with anguish more,
Though beaten by the fiercest blast,
The pang, that thus its bosom tore,
Was dreadful—but it was its last.
And tho' the smiles of summer played
Gently upon its shattered form,
And the light zephyr o'er it strayed,
That lyre they could not wake or warm.

THE MISCELLANIST.

For the Cambridge Chronicle.

BEWARE OF ELLEN'S FATE.

When we have been for a long time distant from the place in which we were brought up, on returning to it, we witness many things, that revive in our recollection, incidents which had long been absent from our memory, and which return almost like realities, bringing with them all the variety of feeling that they excited at the time of their actual occurrence. Such was the case with myself, on visiting a short time since, the place where I had resided during the early part of my life, [I am now grown old.]

Among other things that attracted my attention, I beheld a house decaying and tumbling to the ground: and I immediately recognised it to be that which was once the residence of Mrs. P. and her grand daughter Ellen, a beautiful girl, just then rising into life. I gazed upon this mouldering and now uninhabited fabric, until the fate of the unfortunate Ellen, came fresh to my mind, as though it were the occurrence of yesterday. A narration of some of the principal circumstances that attended it may be amusing to some of your readers, as we are, alas, too apt to find amusement in the misfortunes of others.

Ellen lost her mother when she could scarce lisp her name, and was taken under the protection of her grand-mother, Mrs. P. who treated her if possible, with more than a mother's fondness. In a few years, she was sent to a school in the neighborhood, at which she received as handsome an education as at that time, a country school could afford. Her Father loved her, and in order to omit nothing that would add to her accomplishment, he sent her to a city, at some distance, and placed her under the direction of a tutoress, that her education might be completed and her manners formed. Mrs. P. regretted the separation from Ellen; and in order to fill up the void occasioned by her absence, she moved her residence to the small town of ——— and took to live with her, a distant relation, a young lady with whose education but little pains had been taken, and who had imbibed many principles and acquired many habits which were highly censurable in a lady.

At the age of sixteen, Ellen returned to the arms of her grand-mother, possessed of all the amiable and fashionable accomplishments that could be acquired by a residence of three years, in a gay, refined, and populous city. She had forgotten those childish amusements and rambles, that once delighted her, and had acquired a source of amusement better adapted to her age. She was naturally inclined to be wild, but had for a long time, restricted that inclination—her form was tall and elegant—she moved gracefully—her heart was generous, candid, affectionate, and sincere—her countenance was regular, open, and expressive of innocence—few beheld the vivid softness of her large blue eyes, who were not ready to acknowledge their superiority—she gained many admirers—and indeed how could it be otherwise, when she was mistress of so many and such powerful charms?—The young, beautiful, and accomplished Ellen soon formed an intimacy with, and a warm attachment for, Miss F. [the young lady who was introduced into her Grand-mother's family at the time E. left it for school] in whose company a considerable portion of her time was spent; and alas! she too soon found a pleasure in participating in the unguarded imprudencies and thoughtless improprieties, which so particularly characterised her new companion, [how cautious should parents and guardians be in choosing suitable companions for those entrusted to their care!] and to follow her example Ellen considered a duty, as three years absence had rendered her a stranger to the manners and customs peculiar to the place, and as she had no other precedent by which she could regulate her conduct.

Scarce six months had passed away, ere the manners and principles of Ellen, became so corrupted by the company and example of Miss F. that it was almost impossible to recognise in her, those amiable traits, which once so eminently distinguished her—In place of that wakeful cautiousness, which once watched over her conversation, she substituted bold, careless, and unlimited indifference; and often gave utterance to sentiments alike repugnant to the existence of innocence, and flattering to the wishes of the *libertine*, who is ever on the alert, seeking in what soft bosom he can plant a thorn. She did not pass unobserved by *him*—her destruction was soon planned, and the ingenious machinations of villainous deception put in operation against her defenceless innocence and yet struggling virtue—for oft her virtue would place itself in opposition, and struggle against the encroachments upon the sanctuary of its dominion—but all in vain—for that Ellen, who once spurned the idea of giving her company to a gentleman unobserved by her relations, would *now* steal from their sight, and bestow it for hours, on the basest of *libertines*—those hours too which otherwise would have been devoted to refreshing slumbers. Thus proceeded affairs, frequently until twelve o'clock at night, and often 'till two in the morning!

The result of such conduct, Ellen may not have foreseen and alas, her grandmother was too negligently fond of her to guard her against it—fearing she might mar what appeared to give pleasure to her grand-daughter.

Unfortunate Grandmother! now no more, 'twas neglect arising from thy devoted affection, that drew upon thy Ellen the worst of woes—hadst thou have breathed in her ear thy disapprobation of her conduct, and still continued to cherish those sentiments which thou hadst at an early period, impressed upon her mind—she would have loved thee—she would have melted into obedience. Hadst thou have banished from thy home and her presence, Miss F. and her pernicious examples, thy Ellen never would have been decoyed from thy aged bosom; no rude hand would have violated and scattered her charms to the wind—instead of bringing thee down to the grave, with sorrow and disappointment, she would have cheered thy declining years with her affectionate attention and transcendant virtue—the smile of innocence would never have been chaced from her lovely countenance, and chastity would have been her last companion.

Ill-fated Ellen! I knew thee, when thou wert the delight of every eye, and when thou wert pitied by every feeling heart—I've seen thee flourish 'neath paternal smiles, and have seen thee shrink from an indignant father's unfeeling frown. I have seen thy breast swell with the chastest sentiments of virtue; and have seen it when guilty anguish rankled in every throb of thy heart; but never didst thou awaken in me such feelings, as when on the bed of a stranger, I beheld thy bright eye close forever; with not a relation near to soothe thy last sad moments—as when I heard thy last words imploring permission to behold thy cruel father, and found that e'en this was denied thee. Thou art now gone; a beautiful flower is drooping o'er thy tomb—'tis emblematic of what thou wert, drooping thy lovely head o'er the urn of thy vanquished innocence—may thy relics rest forever in peace, and may thy fate prove a salutary warning to all who would thoughtlessly follow thy steps.

OLD TIMES.

Moral Character of Lord BYRON'S Poetry.

We have no disposition to depreciate the reputation of Lord Byron. Without indulging in a blind and indiscriminate admiration of every thing he has written, we have endeavored to render him not only fair, but ample justice; and trust that we have praised him enough to satisfy his warmest admirers, to the number of whom we profess to belong. We shall not, therefore, be suspected of writing under any unfavorable prejudice, if a few observations upon the moral tendency of these poems, which we now propose to offer, should wear a different aspect from those which we have made upon their literary character. It is, indeed, much to be regretted, that almost the whole mass of Lord Byron's writings is, one way or other, tainted with immorality, and fitted to produce an unfortunate effect upon the reader's mind. A considerable part of them are disfigured with absolute grossness. To these, the noble author himself did not think it expedient to affix his name, and they are, of course, excluded, by this quality, from general perusal, and from the domain of regular criticism. But others, which are wholly free from this stain, are infected with faults more dangerous, perhaps, because less obvious to the unsuspecting or uninformed reader; such as the exhibition, under a favorable point of view, of unnatural and vicious characters, and the introduction of false principles in morals and religion. The looseness of Lord Byron's notions upon these subjects, seems to have been one of the principal sources of these, and all the other defects in his poetry.

Lord Byron appears to have thrown off, very early, if he ever felt it, the wholesome restraint, which is generally imposed upon young minds by the authority of received opinions; and never to have attained any firm or distinct conception of the sublime truths which these received opinions rest upon and represent. This would have been a misfortune to himself, rather than the public, were it not that, although he had evidently no settled notions upon these important points, he was extremely fond of treating of them in his writings. His rage of speculation, combined with the entire absence of fixed principles, leaves him in a state of constant vacillation between the most opposite theories. Occasionally, he avowed himself a Christian; but, in many of his writings, he openly scoffs at the popular belief of his country. At times, he presents us with pure and elevated views of the character of God, and professes to admit the reality of virtue, and to feel and admire its beauty. More generally, we find him inclining to a gross and gloomy materialism, doubting or denying the existence of any good principles or feelings, regarding the universe as a result of blind chance or fate, and man as a mere brute like the rest. At other times, he rises above this system into a kind of mazy scepticism, and seems to look upon the nature and destiny of the human race as a strange and insoluble enigma.

It was one of the rules prescribed by Plato for the government of his imaginary city, that no poet should be tolerated there; and that such as made their appearance within its walls should be crowned with garlands, and covered with public honors, and then conducted into perpetual exile. With all the admiration we feel for the genius of Lord Byron, we should incline very much, if we had the power, to treat his writings as Plato would have treated his person; and after giving them all the praise they so justly merit as works of art, to remove them forever from the public view. As this is impossible, we can only hope that the passages of pure morality and correct sentiment, that are scattered through this wilderness of sweets and poisons, may attract most strongly the attention of the young, and serve to counteract the influence of the false principles and dangerous descriptions with which they are surrounded.

Walter Scott.—The father of Walter Scott was a well-informed man and a gentleman, his mother a woman of the most amiable disposition, with more common sense than in general falls to female shares, and was the intimate friend of Allan Ramsay, Blacklock, and Burns. It was her who moulded the mind of her son, and gave him that excessive tone of sensibility which breathes through all his works. Like Milton, Swift, and other great geniusses, he was, as the latter said of himself, at school "very justly celebrated for his stupidity." Perhaps much of his stupidity was owing to the want of talent in his master or rather his want of method in the art of teaching.—Be that as it may, young Scott certainly did not shine in his early career as a scholar. He learned to read, write, and attained a tolerable knowledge of the mathematics. In Latin he did not advance far until his tenth year, when Mr. Paterson, a clergyman of the Church of Scotland, succeeded to the school at Musselburgh, and the progress of young Scott became rapid. Dr. Blair, on a visit to Musselburgh shortly after Mr. Paterson took charge of the school, accompanied by some friends, examined several of his pupils, and paid particular attention to young Scott. Mr. Paterson thought it was the youth's stupidity occupied the Doctor's time, and said, "My predecessor tells me that boy has the thickest skull in the school."—"May be so," replied Dr. Blair, "but through that thick skull I can discern many bright rays of future genius."—*London Paper.*

Keep Cool.—There is a most safe and effectual method of cooling the body when over heated by fatigue or the excessive warmth of the weather, which I wish to be generally known. Take a basin of cold water, dip your hands in it, and frequently lave the water on the wrist and back of the hand; this will cool the whole body in a gradual and yet speedy manner, without the smallest danger to the general health. The extra quantity of calcric or principle of heat, accumulated in the body, will communicate itself to the cold water; and the warmth of that in the basin will soon show you what a quantity of consuming matter you have lost. After thus sufficiently cooling the hands and wrists, a moderate draught of cold water may be taken without danger."

THE ECONOMIST.

From the Easton Gazette.

Correspondence between Dr. MARTIN and Dr. MUSE, on the subject of "Burned Clay."

Easton, July 11th, 1825.

DEAR SIR,

I have frequently observed in the course of conversation with my agricultural friends, as I have done to you, that every farm in this county had resources within itself, which, properly managed, would be sufficient to fertilize its soil, so as to make many blades of grass grow, where one would scarcely grow to perfection before; thus, according to the exalted sentiment of Dr. Swift, placing our farmers above the greatest conquerors, whose glory consisted in destroying their fellow-men, while that of the farmer will ever be to provide for their subsistance and comfort.

Under these impressions, in looking around me, I could not think of a gentleman altogether equal to yourself in scientific knowledge and of the same ardor, as well as public spirit, to undertake the investigation of a subject, which would be most likely to make our farmers more useful and of higher character than the greatest conquerors of the earth.

Chemistry is so much connected with agriculture as well as the arts generally, that it may well be called its chief corner stone, and if properly directed, will have the happiest tendency to its improvement. Permit me to say, without any intention of flattering, that much is expected from you as an experimentalist as well as a theorist, on the subject of "burned clay," both as to the application as well as the modus operandi of this manure, which may be manufactured on almost all the farms of the Eastern Shore of Maryland.

General Beaston, as well as some of our modern farmers, have made the matter of burning clay a very simple process indeed, and so it may be, when properly understood, but until then, we shall be constantly hearing first one and then another expressing doubts as to its efficacy as a manure. You know, and every body ought to know, there is a right and a wrong way of doing almost every thing; if the right way should not be fallen upon in burning clay, the object will be almost entirely defeated, and an end will be put to any further experiments, with such persons!

As to the rationale of the modus operandi, it will be of little consequence to the farmer, if he can learn the art of burning the clay, and experience at all times its beneficial effects. But this alone will not satisfy the inquisitive mind, and one who is so capable as yourself of penetrating into the arcana of nature. I confess, I feel the same propensity, though I may come short of the truth, and differ with you as to the rationale of the modus operandi of a manure, the efficacy of which I have experienced to my satisfaction.

You believe that clay to become a manure must be burned in open kilns, and thus be oxidated, but I, on the contrary, am of an opinion, that the clay must be carbonated in close kilns, in the same manner as wood is charred or carbonated. If open kilns are necessary to make an oxide of the clay, there will soon be an end put to this expensive method, but if it is to be burned in close kilns in the same manner as common coal kilns, it will be no more expensive to burn five hundred loads than it would be to burn five, for when the clay is completely ignited, it may be heaped on ad infinitum! The great object is to exclude the air altogether, as in a coal kiln. If the air is permitted to have access to the wood, it will soon burn down to ashes, and if the air comes in contact with the clay, it goes out and the process ceases.

There is something mysterious in carbonating wood, and so of clay. It has been observed to me by blacksmiths and others who are in the practice of burning coal kilns, that green pine is equal, if not superior to any other wood. Now it is known, that pine and more especially its leaves, contain more oxygen, that is, the acidifying principle, than any other wood or its leaves, and I have observed, that wherever the pine-fallings as they are called, that is the leaves of the pine, have been deposited as a manure, the sorrel puts up in great abundance, and where it did not grow before. Hence the advantage of liming all such lands as those where sorrel grows, and I would say, hence the advantage of burning such lands, or putting on them, 'burned clay,' to neutralize the acid in the soil. I am confident "burned clay" will be more beneficial on a soil of stiff clay, than on a light sandy soil, though my experiments on "burned clay," have been principally confined to a soil where sand predominates.

Clay taken from below the surface, say two feet, and used in making bank fences, puts forth the first year an abundant crop of sorrel, and at once demonstrates that the clay had become a deutoxide that is, had acquired by attraction from the atmosphere a second dose of oxygen, besides what was attached to it from the creation. A view of the subject in this light demonstrates the absurdity of deep ploughing in every soil, and explains the reason why there ought to be an immediate application of a manure capable of neutralizing the acid qualities of the earth, when the soil is ploughed in below a certain depth in some particular fields.

That carbon enters largely into every kind of wood as a component part, is self-evident, from the circumstance of burning coal, as it is termed; and that it is a manure of the first degree, when reduced to an impalpable powder, has been proved over and over again; but from the labour and expense of applying it to the earth to act as such, it must necessarily be excluded; but not so with regard to *carbonated clay;* one stroke of the hoe or spade crumbles the largest lumps into dust, and makes it at once capable of mixing with the earth. Of all bodies in the world, carbon has the greatest attraction for oxygen, and makes carbonic acid gas when united. It is this gas, which enters into the composition of vegetables by being applied to their roots and becomes their chief food. Other elementary bodies have their share in perfecting trees and plants of every kind, but it is as plain as that two and two make four, that carbon is the principal ingredient in their composition, and hence it is, that "burned clay" must and will be acknowledged among the best and strongest manures. It is to be hoped, since the subject has been commenced, the farmers will be more and more zealous in the cause of improvement, and that experiments will be made by other farmers as well as yourself, and that every source of improvement will be tried with the art of burning clay; that farmers may feel their importance more and more every year, and that they will leave nothing untried to make themselves happy, wealthy and wise. Very respectfully yours, &c. ENNALLS MARTIN.

DR. JOSEPH E. MUSE.

and Harness

Saddle, Cap, Manufactory.

THOMAS LUCAS,

Having removed to the shop next door to Dr. White's store, and opposite to Mr. Ridgaway's tavern,

Race-Street Cambridge,

Takes this method of informing his old customers and the citizens generally that he is prepared to execute all orders in his line, on moderate terms, with neatness and despatch. He will constantly keep on hand, materials of the first quality, and he flatters himself that the workmanship will bear comparison with any.—Those persons who may entrust him with their work may rely upon having it executed with fidelity.

TRUNKS, SADDLES, CAPS, and all kinds of HARNESS made and repaired at the shortest notice. tf

Land for Sale.

The subscribers wish to sell a valuable tract of land, situated below Church Creek, on a branch of the Blackwater river, adjoining the land of Mr. Washington Jones and others.

The above tract contains 119 acres, 15 of which are cleared—the remainder is heavily timbered. Those desirous of purchasing, are requested to view the same and call for further particulars on

JOHN M. ROBERTSON, or
HENRY M. ROBERTSON.

july 16 3t

ALSO.

To be rented for the year 1826, A FARM, at present occupied by Willis Whitely, situated in the upper part of this county, on the Choptank river.

JOHN M. ROBERTSON,

july 16 1t

☞ $40 REWARD.

Ranaway from the plantation of the late Robert Dennis, near Vienna, Eastern Shore of Maryland, about the

a Negro GIRL, named Mary Ann, about 14 years of age, chesnut color, rather tall and well made, with full breasts. Whoever will apprehend said girl, and secure her so that I get her again, shall receive a reward of 20 dollars if taken in this state; if out of the state, 40 dollars.

CLEMENT STANFORD,
Executor of R. Dennis, esq. deceased.
Vienna, Dorchester Co. Md.

july 16 3t

NOTICE.

The subscriber has obtained from Levin Cropper, a deed of trust for all his real estate in Dorchester county for the express purpose of disposing of the same for the payment of his debts. It is therefore requested that those having claims and more especially those having *judgments* against him, will give a reasonable indulgence, until arrangements can be made, and sales effected, by which they may be discharged—which will be done in the most speedy manner.

SAM'L LE COMPTE,

july 16 3t

JOB PRINTING,

NEATLY EXECUTED AT THIS OFFICE.

CAM

VOL. III.

AGRICULTURAL
EXHIBITION & FA

The "Dorchester Agricultural ty" will hold their *First Cattle* in Cambridge, on Thursday & Frid

10*th* & 11*th of November nea*

for the Exhibition and Sale of Do Animals and Family Manufacture for Ploughing Matches. The fol premiums will be awarded.

HORSES.

For the best Stallion (draft or saddle) - - - -
For the best brood Mare, do. do.

CATTLE.

For the best Bull over 2 years old
2d best Bull do. do.
For the best Bull under 2 years
2d best Bull do. do.
For the best Milch Cow -
2d best Milch Cow -
For the best Heifer, from 1 to 3 years old with or without a cal
For the best under 1 year, -
For the best yoke of broke Oxen
2d best yoke do. do.
For the best and fattest Bullock

SWINE.

For the best Boar - -
For the second best Boar -
For the best Sow - -
For the second best Sow -
For the fattest and heaviest Hog, live weight - - -

SHEEP.

For the best Ram - -
For the second best Ram -
For the best Ewe - -
For the second best Ewe -
For the best lot of Weathers, not over 2 years old, and not less than 4 in Number -

IMPLEMENTS OF HUSBA
For the best Agricultural Implement that may be considered new and worthy of patronage

PLOUGHING MATCHE
For the best Ploughing by 2 hors
For the second best do. -
To each successful Ploughman

FAMILY MANUFACTUR
For the best piece of Kersey, not less than 20 yards - -
For the best Lindsey, not les than 10 yards - -
For the best Carpeting not less than 20 yards - -
For the best Hearth Rug -
For the best Counterpane -
For the best Linen Sheeting, no less than 10 yards - -
For the best Linen Diaper fo Table-cloths - - -
For the best Towelling Linen D aper do. - -
For the best pair knit Woolle Stockings - - -
For the best pair knit Cotton, C

BUTTER.

For the best Fresh Butter not les than 5 lbs. - - -
For the second best Do. Do.
For the best Potted Butter, n less than 3 months old, nor les than 10 lbs. - - -
For the second best Do. -

CROPS.

For the best average crop of Mi let or other good Hay, we cured, on not less than 1 acr and not less than 5,000 lbs. p acre - - -
For the best average crop of I dian Corn, on not less than acres, and not less than bushels per acre - -
For the best average crop Wheat, on not less than thr acres, & not less than 20 bus els per acre - - -
For the best crop of Potatoes, not less than an acre, and n less than 250 bush. -
For the best crop Carrots,

FERMENTED LIQUO
For a sample of the best bar of Cider of any age -

In every instance, satisfac dence must be exhibited as to vation and product together ples of the crops, and a statem time of planting or seeding, quantity sowed to the acre; a mium will be given for Animals unless owned in Dorchester co

JOS. E. MUSE,
JOHN H. Hooper, *Sec'y.*
Cambridge, July 4, 1825.

☞ Those members of th who have not yet paid their tions, are requested to make payment to Thos. Loockerman Treasurer.

JOB PRINTIN
NEATLY EXECUTED AT THIS

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