THE BOUQUET.

"MUCH YET REMAINS UNSUNG."

From the Wilmingtonian.

DOWNFALL OF COM. PORTER.

Know'st thou the reason why the hero fell,
By secret cunning, and the cruel dart?
The sword of discord in the hand of hell,
By envy manage'd, stabb'd him to the heart.

A roaring lion has been late let loose,
Ranging the fields of blest America;
Off'ring to every honest man abuse,
Prowling at midnight for his destin'd prey.

A serpent floats upon old ocean's wave,
Whose fangs are moisten'd with the drop despair;
A long lean lizard creeps o'er honor's grave,
And stings the luckless foot that presses there.

A demon rises thro' the realms of gloom,
Tremendous storms, and tempests to forebode;
Waking with thunders the triumphal tomb,
Which fell Ingratitude has bathed in blood.

The tomb of honor, where our hero lies,
Dash'd from the summit of Fame's proudest height,
There he has fall'n—there Freedom's hero dies,
Entomb'd, like Barron, in the shades of night.

A fault in judgment, has a good man's fame
In ruin'd fragments from its summit hurl'd;
But glory, still, shall circle his bright name,
And laugh the scandal round the list'ning world.

His monument is in the patriot's heart,
No blazing discord shall assail it there,
Nor fell revenge shall there its pang impart,
Nor bloated envy with her snaky hair.

But ah! I fear the direful scene will come,
When Freedom's fabric, like a Greece shall fall;
When civil war, shall beat the doubling drum,
Or foreign powers, like vultures, seize on all.

Methinks I see Columbia's warrior sires,
Weep o'er the conquest that their arms achiev'd;
Methinks I view some sad funereal fires,
And Liberty, of all her boast bereav'd.

Methinks the good, the great, the brave expire,
Like Poland's hapless state had once to die;
While discord waves her brand of flaming fire,
And flashing furies bellow round the sky.

So Greece once fell, and blotted her bright page,
By Rome's proud legions, in her fetters, chain'd;
The demon discord, in her rav'nous rage,
Kiss'd the bright sword her country's blood had stain'd,

So fell the mighty mistress of the world,
The fair republic of once powerful Rome,
Fell like a giant by Jove's thunder hurl'd,
And sunk, like Spain, to penury's dark tomb. *MILFORD BARD.*

COURT OF HYMEN.

"Was I right, or was I not?
Tell me girls, and tell me true,
You I mean who've husbands got,
Was I wrong to do so too?
No—I'm sure to die a maid,
Ne'er was meant to be my lot;
HYMEN called, and I obey'd,
Was I right, or was I not?

When the youth that pleased my mind,
Told his love in language sweet,
Could I see him fond and kind,
Sigh and languish at my feet?
No, no, no—it was in vain,
Frowns and threats were quite forgot,
Soon at church, I eased his pain,
Was I right, or was I not?

This I know, a single life,
Never was designed for me;
No, no, no—'tis nought but strife,
That you surely will agree;
Girls get married, that's your plan,
Cupid will assist the plot;
Then like me, secure your man—
Was I right, or was I not?"

From the Salem Gazette.

THE OCEAN.

The Ocean has its silent caves,
Deep, quiet, and alone;
Though there be fury on the waves,
Beneath them there is none.
The awful spirits of the deep
Hold their communion there;
And there are those for whom we weep,
The young, the bright, the fair.

Comly the wearied seamen rest
Beneath their own blue sea,
The ocean solitudes are blest,
For there is purity.
The earth has guilt, the earth has care,
Unquiet are its graves;
But peaceful sleep is ever there,
Beneath the dark blue waves.

THE MISCELLANIST.

From the Trenton Emporium.

THE FIRST ERROR.

MARY CONWAY was the flower of her father's family. She was young, and well do I remember that she was beautiful—most beautiful. There is no object beneath the sun—nothing in this world, full as it is of allurements, rich as it is in glorious promises and golden hopes, and spirit stirring dreams, that burns into the heart like the fresh vision of young angelic loveliness, in the hey day of the passions. There is something so pure and innocent, and holy, in the mild lustre of her eye; something so heavenly in the soft and gentle smile that plays upon her cheek and lips; so much etherial gracefulness in her form; so many attractions round her, that it seems to me a beholding intelligence from the court above would bend a moment to contemplate and consider, before he flew to the eternal throne to enter the crime of idolatry against her youthful worshipper, in the moment that he lost the recollection of his Creator in gazing upon her. I look back through a mist of years, but I see no object beyond it more distinctly than Mary Conway.

She married early in youth, advantageously and happily; in age and fortune, her partner was entirely suitable for her; their minds too were similar, above the ordinary cast, firmly moulded, full of sensibility, delicacy and spirit; and the morning of their matrimonial life wore every presage of a long, and delightful, and quiet day of joy.—If it seemed bright to others, it seemed doubly so to them; and lost in the plenitude of their happiness, they forgot, if it had ever entered their minds, how much care and caution, what watchfulness and forbearance, what kindness and prudence, were neeessary to secure the peace and tranquility they now enjoyed. Love dose not burn always with the brightness of its first light; but it often grows more and more deep, sincere and unchanging, as time rolls away. The feelings remain as tender and susceptible, after the shield that protected them from every unkind word or act has been broken.

The business in which they were engaged was a prosperous one; and Henry was a man of business, industrious, attentive and intelligent. Every one who spoke of them prophesied that they would speedily realize a splendid independence. They were the pride of the village. But how small a matter sometimes, gives an unexpected direction to the fortunes of kingdoms, cities and individuals! It happened one afternoon, several months after her marriage, that Mary had a litle tea-party, at which several of the matrons of the village were present, and as is often the case, a long and learned dissertation on the matter of managing husbands, had been given alternately by one and another; husbands and prudent wives know what such amount to, and of how much value they are to young housekeepers. Unfortunately, Henry returned in the evening fatigued and weary, in both body and mind, with the labors of the day, and took his seat at the table. His favorite dish was not there. He enquired for it in a style that, perhaps, savored a little of reproach; it was unintentional. Mary was in the presence of her self-constituted preceptors; she was ashamed to appear too submissive before them, and besides her feelings were wounded by her husband's manner; she replied, as she thought, spiritedly; but it was really harsh. Henry cast a single glance across the table, pushed back his plate, and rising, left the room. It was the first error. They were both sensible of it in a moment; but who should make the first concession, where both were plainly wrong?

As Henry walked down the street engaged in unpleasant meditations, and enveloping himself in the gloom; a bright light from the upper windows of the village inn, attracted his notice; he stepped over, a party of gay young men were about sitting down to supper; they urged him to join the club; the temptation under the circumstances of the case as all powerful. Supper over, he delayed a little longer, and a little longer; taking his leave; liquor was introduced and he drank; music came next, and cards followed; though he did not join in the last, he looked on the games without abhorrence; the dread he had been brought up in of evil had been broken.

Returning late at night; his spirits heated with wine, and the recollection of his wife's behaviour before him, he found her retired; and passed the night in another room. The morning brought a cool meeting; the formal interchange of a few words, and a parting without explanation or complaint. The seed of discontent was sown; it bore the fruit that might be expected. His home was no longer the centre of attraction to Henry. His tavern companions were gay, good humoured and attractive; and he left the fireside of his own mansion, which no longer wooed him as zealously and powerfully as the alehouse club, of which he was soon the very centre and life. The second error was committed.

Though unseen by their friends a dark cloud now brooded over the fortunes of our young couple. It gathered blackness, until perceptible to every eye; and when it burst carried ruin and desolation with it. Driven to the dangerous company of dissipated, fashionable men, Henry contracted all their habits—he became a drunkard and a gambler. The domestic circle was deserted; and its obligations forgotton. Mary met her husband's harshness and faithlessness with reproach and bitterness; they both began in error, and continued so. These occasioned loud and long, and violent colissions; a fearful example was thus set before their children, who grew up disobedient, violent, and passionate. And though for many long years the impending bolt of ruin was stayed just above their heads, at last it sped.

Henry died a lingering and awful death. His estate was found to be insolvent; his children grew up to ruin; and Mary the once beautiful, enchanting Mary Conway, ended her life in poverty and obscurity. Thus fatal in its direct and natural consequences, was an error; a single error; the offspring rather of accident than intention. I leave the moral for others to trace out and apply.

INTEMPERANCE.—We have seldom seen a more powerful appeal to the understanding and feelings, than is contained in the following extract, from an address delivered by the Hon. John Holmes, before the members of Saco Lodge.—*Boston Galaxy.*

"Temperance is a Masonic virtue.—And let it be held in everlasting remembrance, that *intemperance* is a most fatal and destructive vice. The temptations and delusions of this adversary of our peace, the treacherous arts by which it flatters us from the paths of rectitude, and the syren song by which it lures us into its foul embrace, surpass the powers of description. The cursed, fascinating, fatal charm by which it binds the faculties, captivates the heart and perverts and paralyses the understanding, is a matter of the profoundest astonishment.—Before the danger is discovered, escape is hopeless, and the willing victim irretrievely lost. Floating gently down a smooth and delightful current, towards the brink of tremendous cataracts, he sees no necessity of resisting its force, perceives not its increase, nor reflects that he is approaching the danger. Every moment the power and inclination to resist, diminish, while the danger is increased. He approaches, perceives the dashing, hears the roaring and feels the trembling. The current is accelerated, it becomes irresistable, he is hurried to the brink, the abyss yawns, he is swallowed in the vortex and lost forever. Is the charm irresistable? Does the malady admit no cure? Is the calamity inevitable? Can nothing be done by *masons* to prevent it? Yes. Let them administer correction with the hand of friendship. Let the admonition be honest, faithful and seasonable. To provide against possible danger, let them often try the experiment upon themselves, to the first symptoms of the contagion

They will pardon my zeal, for it is in the cause of humanity. I am pleading for the desolate mother, the hapless orphan, and the broken hearted and distracted wife. I come with the tears of disappointed love and the anguish of the wounded heart. I plead in the name and behalf of suffering virtue, neglected and abandoned for revel and riot. I imagine I hear a voice from the dark and dismal mansions of the dead, saying "O ye sons of dissipation and excess! ye prodigals who riot and wanton with the griefs of a bounteous Providence! come & behold the companions of your revels, the victims of your folly. See the father's pride and mother's joy, snatched from their embrace and hurried headlong to an untimely tomb. See the flower of youth and beauty shedding its fragrance and displaying its glory; but ere the morning dew has escaped on the breeze, it sickens, withers and dies.—Here the object of virtuous affections; there the promise of connubial bliss; this is the hope of his country, and that the encouragement and consolation of religion; all poisoned by intemperance, all doomed to a premature and disgraceful death. Look at those and be admonished."

Fonche's Memoirs.—Since the death of Fouche, a volume, purporting to have been written by him has been published, the authenticity of which has been denied by his son. The Edinburg Reviewers, notwithstanding, suppose the work to be genuine, and say—"the memoirs require only to be read, to convince any one, that they are the work of one who had a principal share in the events of the revolution, and is perfectly acquainted with all its details." The reviewers close their article with the following summary notice of some of the principal characters of the revolution.

"The conspiracy which established a military government in France, called forth several men who have played rather a remarkable part in public life.—What has been their fate?

Murat, who led the armed force against the national assembly, became a prince, a grand duke, and afterwards a king. But he was dethroned, proscribed, obliged to seek safety in concealment, taken by the soldiers, tried by a military commission and shot.

Berthier, who assisted in the conspiracy, and who was also engaged in the expedition of St. Domingo, became a prince and a grand duke; he was thrown from a window, and died on a pavement.

Lannes, who was engaged in the transactions of St. Cloud, became a duke and marshal of France, and died soon after its battle.

Sieyes, who, next to Bonaparte, was the principal leader of the conspiracy received in ready money the price of his ignoble treason, was expelled from the government, and despised by Napoleon himself; he lived in prescripton, and without a friend who would receive or reeognize him.

Regnault, de St. Jena d'Angely, became a councellor of state, but was soon *proscrit*, found himself despised and without money, became insane and died in that situation.

Fouche, became a duke, and a minister, betrayed both parties; was abandoned and deserted by all; wrote these memoirs, and died proscribed.

Real, became a prefect of police, and counsellor of state—he lives proscribed. *Bourlay de la Meurthe*, who afterwards became a councellor of state, has also shared the fate of Real.

Moreau, who assisted in the grand conspiracy, was afterwards accused of another against Bonaparte himself; he was tried and proscribed. He died in the ranks, mortally wounded by a cannon ball, fighting against Napoleon.

Cabanis, who was equally the dupe of Bonaparte's artifices, had the weakness to accept a place in the senate, and died of grief at having been instrumental in in the subjection of his country. Chenier, deceived like Cabanis, would accept nothing from Bonaparte, remained poor, wrote in support of the cause of liberty, and died without being able to publish his writings: vexation shortened his days.

Two persons only remain, whose fate we shall not venture to predict, Lucien Bonaparte and Talleyrand.

As the hero of the piece himself, if what we have already said on the subject is insufficient, and if our readers wish to form a more correct idea of the happiness *he* enjoyed,—let them turn to the Memoirs of his Minister, and the account of what took place at St Helena. Great he was undoubtedly; great in talent and in fortune beyond the standard of any modern potentate; and not naturally without qualities entitling him both to love and respect. But good he was not undoubtedly; and still more assuredly he was not happy. His defection from the cause of liberty was fatal at once to his glory, his security, and his enjoyment;—and while it is impossible not to mourn over the extinction of those golden prospects which his powers and opportunities seemed to open at the beginning of his career, we cannot but feel that the retribution was just, which cast down the military despot, and crushed under the iron hand of force, the mighty captain who had forcibly overthrown the freedom of his country."

FROM A LATE LONDON PAPER.

There is a protrait of Shakespere in the possession of a gentleman of Dublin, which contains an inscription indicating that it was presented by our immortal bard himself to Ann Hathaway: and Major W. Stewart, of Lisburn, has favored the Belfast papers with the following copy of an original letter also sent to this young lady by Shakespere when he was 27, and she 19 years of age; she afterwards became his wife:

"TO ANN HATHAWAY.

"*Deeresste Anna,*—As thou haste alwaye founde mee toe mye worde moste trewe, soe thou shalt see I have stryctly kept my promyse.—I pray you perfume thys my poor locke with thy balmy kisses, forre thenne indeed shalle kynges themselves bow and pay homage toe it. I do assure thee no rude hand hath knottide itte, thye Willy's alone hath done the worke. Neytherre the gyldede bawble that envyronnes the head of Majestie, noe norre honourres most mightee would give mee haife the joy, as didde thyse, my little worke for thee. The feelinge thatte didde nearest approache untoe itte, was that which commethe nygheste, untoe God, meeke and gentle Charytye forre thatte virtue, O! Anna, doe I love, doe I cheryshe thee inne mye harte; forre thou art as talle cederre stretchynge forthe its branches, and succour ynge the smallere plants from nyppynge winterre orr the boysterious windes.—Farewelle, toe-marrowe by tymes I will see thee; tille thenne adieue.—Sweet love, thynne everre,

"WM. SHAKESPERE."

Specimen of Credulity.—At a small village on Thursday last, not a hundred miles from Cheltonham (the name we forbear mentioning out of the compassion to its inhabitants,) one of the most complete hoaxes was played off, by a fellow who styled himself the *Emperor of all Conjurors*, that we have heard of for a long time. He hired a room at the village ale-house for the evening, when, through the attractions held out in his bill, of which the following is a copy, the room was literally crammed; and five minutes before the exhibition was to have commenced, he decamped with the money he had received at the door (probably jumped down his own throat,) and has not since been heard of. Three fellows accompanied the Conjuror when he hired the room, who, most likely, shared the plunder so easily filched from the unsuspecting dupes.

"FOR ONE NIGHT ONLY."

"Felix *Downjampthroatum*, the Emperor of all the Conjurors, begs leave to announce to the Nobility, Gentry, and inhabitants, that he has just arrived with his five *Arabian Conjurors*, which he intends to exhibit for this night only. Any attempt to describe their extraordinary performances must be needless, as the proprietor flatters himself they must be seen to be believed. They are all brothers by the same father: their names *Mubley, Bannrssar, Abdallah, Mustapha* and *Suckee*. At the conclusion of their never yet equalled feats of slight of hand legerdemain, &c. &c. they will each take a lighted torch in their hand, when lo! incredible to relate! *Suckee*, with the burning torches, will jump clean down *Tustapha's* throat, who in an instant, with equal dexterity, will pass down the throat of *Abdallah*; then *Abdallah*, will jump down that of his brother *Bennassar*, and *Bennassar*, down that of *Mubley's*; who lastly, notwithstanding he is encumbered with his four brothers and then four torches, will throw a flip flap somerset down his own throat, and leave the audience in total darkness!!—*Probatum est.*

LIGHT READING.

What words can be more delightful to the human ear, than the unexpected effusions of generosity and affection from a beloved woman. A gentleman after great misfortunes, came to a lady he had long courted, and told her that his circumstances were so reduced, that he was actually in want of *five guineas*. "I am very glad to hear it," said she—"Is this your affections for me!" he replied, in a tone of despondency, "why are you glad?" "Because," answered she, "if you want *five guineas*, I can put you in possession of *five thousand*."

The following occurred a few years ago at the Burmingham Old Library:—A gentleman whose attendance at the Library where he was no subscriber, had grown more frequent than his company was acceptable. The regular visiters had many debates whether to give him a polite notice to quit or suffer him to remain. An old crusty gentleman going in one day soon settled the business: perceiving, not only the disagreeable visitor, but a large mastiff belonging to him taking up the whole fireplace, he very coolly opened the door, and giving the mastiff a tremendous kick, which made him raise a hideous yell, he exclaimed, in a broad accent, "Come, dom it, *you* are no subscriber at any rate." The gentleman followed his dog, and never more annoyed them by his presence.

A foreign sailor was punished the other day for calling his landlord's wife a b—h. The defence of the foreigner was, that he heard the appellation so often applied by the *husband*, that he really thought it was the wife's *proper name*.

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

DIVIDEND.

All persons having claims against the estate of Horace M'Namara, late of Dorchester county, deceased, are requested to lodge the same, properly authenticated, in the Register of Wills Office, on or before Thursday the 21st day of September next, as there will be a final dividend struck on the personal estate of said deceased, on the above day. Creditors neglecting this notice, will be excluded from any benefit of said dividend. Given under my hand this 27th day of August, 1825.

CALEB M'NAMARA.

aug 27 3t

Forty Dollars Reward.

Ranaway from the subscriber on the 16th inst. a Negro Girl, called KITT, about 5 feet 2 or 3 inches high, stout made, dark complected, one glass eye. She her clothes not recollected. probably made for the Upper Camp Meeting on her way for the State of Delaware. Whoever apprehends said negro and delivers her to me, or secures her so that I get her, shall receive the above reward, if taken up out of this state, if taken up in this state, 30 dollars. MOSES GEOGHEHAN.

aug 27 tf

Rise of Tickets.

The Tickets in the Grand State Lottery of Maryland, to be drawn in October or November next, and in one drawing only!! will advance from the present price of $4 to $5 *on the 1st of next month (September.)* All orders mailed within this time, addressed to W. C. CONINE, *Baltimore* or *Philadelphia*, will be executed at the present low rate of $4 and shares in proportion.

☞ The Scheme of this brilliant Lotter and excellent Plan of drawing will be found below. aug 27

CAMB

VOL. III.

AGRICULTURAL

EXHIBITION & FAIR

The "Dorchester Agricultural Society" will hold their *First Cattle Show* in Cambridge, on Thursday & Friday the *10th & 11th of November next*, for the Exhibition and Sale of Domestic Animals and Family Manufactures, and for Ploughing Matches. The following premiums will be awarded.

HORSES.

For the best Stallion (draft or saddle) - - - - $8
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 calf
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 HUSBANDRY

For the best Agricultural Implement that may be considered new and worthy of patronage -

PLOUGHING MATCHES.

For the best Ploughing by 2 horses
For the second best do. - -
To each successful Ploughman 3—

FAMILY MANUFACTURES.

For the best piece of Kersey, not less than 20 yards - - -
For the best Lindsey, not less 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, not less than 10 yards - - -
For the best Linen Diaper for Table-cloths - - - -
For the best Towelling Linen Diaper do. - - -
For the best pair knit Woollen Stockings - - - -
For the best pair knit Cotton, do.

BUTTER.

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

CROPS.

For the best average crop of Millet or other good Hay, well cured, on not less than 1 acre, and not less than 5,000 lbs. per acre - - - -
For the best average crop of Indian Corn, on not less than 3 acres, and not less than 40 bushels per acre - - -
For the best average crop of Wheat, on not less than three acres, & not less than 20 bushels per acre - - - -
For the best crop of Potatoes, on not less than an acre, and not less than 250 bush. - -
For the best crop Carrots, Do.

FERMENTED LIQUORS.

For a sample of the best barrel of Cider of any age - -

In every instance, satisfactory evidence must be exhibited as to the cultivation and product together with samples of the crops, and a statement of the time of planting or seeding, and the quantity sowed to the acre; and no premium will be given for Animals or Crops unless owned in Dorchester county.

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

☞ Those members of the Society, who have not yet paid their subscriptions, are requested to make immediate payment to Thos. Loockerman, esq. the Treasurer.

JOB PRINTING,

NEATLY EXECUTED AT THIS OFFICE.

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