THE BOUQUET.

"MUCH YET REMAINS UNSUNG."

The following is a selection from *Pinckney's* Poems, recently published. "If he who reads it is a lover already (says the NorthAmerican Review) it will make him love the more, and if he is not he will determine to become one forthwith. There is a devotion and delicacy about it, an ardent, and at the same time a respectful and spiritual passion breathed out in it, which must insure for it a ready admiration."

A HEALTH.

I fill this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon;
To whom the better elements
And kindly stars have given
A form so fair, that, like the air,
'Tis less of Earth than Heaven.

Her every tone is music's own,
Like those of morning birds,
And something more than melody
Dwells ever in her words:
The coinage of her heart are they,
And from her lips each flows,
As one may see the burthened bee
Forth issue from the rose.

Affections are as thoughts to her,
The measure of her hours;
Her feelings have the fragrancy,
The freshness of young flowers;
And lovely passions, changing oft,
So fill her, she appears
The image of themselves by turns,
—The idol of past years!

Of her bright face one glance will trace
A picture on the brain,
And of her voice in echoing hearts
A sound must long remain:
But memory such as mine of her
So very much endears,
When death is nigh, my latest sigh
Will not be life's but her's.

I filled this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon—
Her health! and would on earth there stood
Some more of such a frame,
That life might be all poetry,
And weariness a name.

THE MISCELLANIST.

CHURCH-YARD REVERIES.

What a fine field for contemplation does a country church-yard present! and how beautifully has Montgomery painted the calm and soothing attractions of its quiet seclusion.

A scene sequestered from the haunts of men,
The loveliest nook in all that lovely glen,
Where weary pilgrims found their last repose,
The little heaps were ranged in comely rows,
With walks between, where friends and kindred trod,
Who dress'd with duteous hand each hallow'd sod.
No sculptured monument was wrought to breathe
His praises, whom the worm destroyed beneath:
The high, the low, the mighty and the fair,
Equal in death, were undistinguished there.
Yet not a hillock moulder'd near that spot,
By one dishonour'd or by all forgot.
To some warm heart the poorest dust was dear,
From some kind eye the meanest claim'd a tear.
And oft the living, by affection led,
Were wont to walk in spirit with the dead;
Where no dark cypress casts a doleful gloom,
No blighting yew shed poison o'er the tomb,
But white and red, with intermingling flowers,—
The grave look'd beautiful in sun and showers.
'Twas not a scene for grief to nourish care—
It breath'd of hope, and moved the heart to prayer!

I do not marvel that it should have inspired Gray, or that it should have become similarly beneficial to other bards, for he must have a strange heart who can resist the quiet and soothing influence of its sequestered solitude. Who can walk among the grassy tombs—

——transversely lying side by side,
From east to west—

with indifference, or read with unconcern "the short, but simple annals of the poor?" Who, besides, can gaze upon the worms and the beetles, which the sexton has disturbed in preparing another resting-place for frail mortality, without being conscious that the reptiles, writhing in impotent petulance, have been rioting upon the damask cheek of beauty—or, it may be, fattening upon some proud lord of the soil, whose rank and wealth could not preserve him, even though cased in lead, from the common corruption of the grave. There is, also, some instructive lessons to be learned from the mouldering bones which are kicked about indiscriminately by idle boys. Shakespeare, Sterne—alas! poor Yorick!—and several of our older writers have deducted many a moral from such relics.

And then the grave itself! the dark, damp, desolate, rapacious grave? With what different feelings do its numerous victims prepare to descend into its dim recesses! Some are buoyed up with hope—others cast down, shaken, almost maddened by fear, and hopeless, unceasing, overwhelming despair: some seek its gloomy protection with joy, others descend into its cold profundity with sorrow, and others with calm indifference. The man of "three-score years and ten," who has lived throughout his brief span, subject to the varied good and evil of humanity, will "go down into the grave" in peace, and with the hope of a renewed and blessed existence in eternity.—The strong and lusty sinner, with defiance on his lip, and boldness of despair and guilt—upon his unbending brow will still wrestle with the mortal stroke, till the arrow has pierced his vitals. The young mother, although sustained and elevated by fervent hope, soothed, even in the dark hour of departing life, by a consciousness of her own meek virtues; think you, will she leave her weeping husband, her darling babes—the bright sunshine of youth—the sweet hopes, and joys, aye, or even the griefs of mortality, unmoved? Oh! no, no! she would willingly forego her doom, even were it only for a short season, and although that brief season were to afford naught but the bitterness of life—"the wormwood and the gall." The man sorrow, whose life has been but sparingly "chequered o'er" with the good things of this world; whose spirit has been bruised and broken by the unfeeling hard-heartedness of his fellow men who has languished on in penury, and nakedness, and hunger—without friends—for who will befriend the wretched?—without kindred—for who will acknowledge the hapless?—without a being to whom he could apply for succour, or from whom he could expect even the uncostly balm of a kind word; to such an one—and many such there are—the grave is as a bed of down, 'soft as the breath of even,' where he may rest in peace, secure at length from the wants, and woes, and bitter humiliation, of poor humanity.

MONEY.

Every body in this country loves money, for it seems to be the handy means of gratifying all wishes: this is true to its utmost extent, let a man's wishes be what they will. If a man has a broken reputation, that has been split by facts and proofs finer than an old tree shivered by lightning, give him money, and he will be set up and hooped round, and become as tight as a cask of dollars. If he is a downright drunkard, give him money, and he will dress well, drink his Madeira with his friends, get tipsey at home on the "best of liquors" and his next appearance may be as a prominent member of some society for the suppression of vice.—Is a man dishonest—with money enough he can be honest enough; a bank bill will plaister over many a sore. If he has the character of neglecting his faith, his family, his religion, his bible and his God, and finds that the moral and conscientious part of the public, place no confidence in him, a well lined donation shall coat as with quicksilver his brass pretensions, and he will shine. Let us not be misunderstood. Very many of the best men in this country are rich men—They shew their goodness by their sobriety and unaffected piety. In erecting works of ornament and splendor, they patronize the poor, and judiciously give away employment, as well as the cash for it. It is the public composed of all sorts of folks, that are to blame, for they judge of men by their wealth. All hopes of getting along in life point to that one desideratum, for no matter how it is obtained, if there be cash, there is power, respectability security.

A sensible, honest, industrious man finds out that without being rich, his prospects in this world are hardly worth looking at; and a dashing, brazen faced scoundrel finds out the same thing. The abominable aristocracy of birth is acknowledged on all hands to be bad enough, but the reason why that appears to the eyes of men in its naked and unsophisticated absurdity, is that a man cannot choose his own parents; he cannot, with all his enterprize, speculate upon the moral capital of his ancestors But one man may run the same chance of being rich as another, and the preposterous claims of the aristocracy of wealth ten thousand times worse any where, and more particularly had in a republican country, where there is no check to stand in its way as a rival, has a sweep that encircles every thing. A poor, illiterate, unprincipled puppy comes somehow into the possession of vast wealth. See what the world makes of him. Look at men who commenced business with a small stock of money, a reputation fairly acquired for punctuality, integrity, application, honesty, in every dealing, who have employed and set up hundreds in profitable business—who have been the very foundations of their towns prosperity, and who, by some wild speculations of the over greedy, have at once lost all. Their characters, their services, their wants, the situations of their families, the obligations of their former friends—all but their poverty is forgotten. That is remembered, and the mean and bitter taunt of the broken spendthrift, whose dissipation has brought him to the poor-house, is "once you worked in a store, or stood all day behind a counter, and warned me to be industrious and temperate, lest I should come to want; now how much better are you? and in how much better estimation does the world regard you? I ask no man for assistance for I shall surely be denied; you go to your friends, and feel a pang that never reaches me, in hearing that "they are sorry they cannot assist you, but so it is" All this is true; and so long as people will judge of character simply by present wealth, where, on earth, is the motive of being honest, except that you may be a rich man! Now he, that steals from me my good name, steals trash, but he that steals my purse leaves me poor indeed.—*Harford Times.*

Newspaper Borrowers.—The man who declines subscribing to a newspaper, but who is not above borrowing it from his neighbor, is guilty of a double trespass—he profits by the labor of the printer without contributing a cent to his support, and he deprives his neighbor of the free enjoyment of his property. It may be argued that the printer has nothing to do with a newspaper after it is delivered into the possession of the subscriber any more than a tailor has with the coat which he sells to a customer. But we hope no man of common sense who professes to entertain correct ideas of liberality and justice will argue thus. The press is a common benefit to the community at large, for which all who partake of it are in justice bound to contribute something in return—The proprietor establishes it at his own risk, at a heavy expence, and maintains it by a diligence of application and industry of labor, of which few of those who are benefitted by it have the most distant idea. He asks nothing in return but an equitable remuneration for his services from the community in which he resides. But suppose that community unhappily to contain but a small portion of individuals who are sufficiently liberal to appreciate the value of a press, as a public institution, or to make a proper estimate of the service of those who have undertaken the drudgery of conducting it: and suppose a much larger portion so sordid as to withhold their support, because they can, through the liberal few, be accommodated without incurring the might-to expence of three or four cents a week Would not such a niggardliness deserve to be hooted at as a scandal to the community? Who would not laugh at the idea of one half of the community borrowing coats, hats and shoes from the other, to make a decent appearance in on particular occasions, and at the same time admit that no tailor, hatter or shoe maker could ever hope to thrive among such people? Yet it is the same injury to the interest of the printer, to make one newspaper serve a half a dozen readers, as it would be to the tailor, to make a fine dress coat serve the purpose of so many dandies. "We must contrive to do without the expence of a newspaper," (a mere trifle in amount) is one of the poorest and most pitiful resolutions that can be imagined; but is ten times worse when backed by such a resolution as this—"for if I want to read one I can borrow it." What would such people say, if the community generally were to come to the determination to do without the articles which they send to manufacture, or without their services in any way? We like to see a more liberal spirit. All trades, occupations and professions are mutually dependant on one another; and we should encourage every one who contributes his means to advance the welfare of ourselves or that of the community.—*Courier.*

CALL AGAIN TO-MORROW.

Of all the evils at times experienced by men in different occupations—of all the appalling sounds that assail the ear, none are frequently more oppressive or heart rending than the remark "Call again to-morrow." The industrious mechanic, who depends in a great measure, upon the proceeds of his daily labor for subsistence; the tradesman, whose little returns are anxiously sought after in order to enable him to continue his branch of business, are frequently placed in the most unpleasant dilemma, by being obliged to "call again to morrow."

How often is it the case, where a trifling bill, not exceeding the amount of five dollars is presented, and before the debtor suffers himself to reflect upon the needy situation of his creditor, ejaculates—"I'm out of change—can't draw a check for so small an amount; must call again to-morrow."

Let the consequences be what they may, those whose passing necessities are likely to involve them in difficulty, in some instances cannot obtain sufficient cash to relieve themselves, from the smallness of their claims on others, who do not take their wants into consideration, further than by requesting them to "call again to-morrow."

The simple sum of ten dollars, paid by one man, in numerous instances, would relieve the wants of many: for instance, A owes B ten dollars, B indebted to C and D each the sum of five dollars, the wants of the three latter can be relieved by the prompt liquidation of the debt due by A. The payment of small amounts would prevent many oppressive prosecutions, cause the discontinuance of unpleasant suits, and upon the whole, the good understanding of society would be much better maintained, than by soliciting a creditor to "call again to-morrow" when you can "pay to day."

Something new.—A writer in a Calcutta paper has suggested that Dr. Franklin was the author of "*Junius!*"

HINTS TO WRITERS.

Native Cattle not injured by crosses with imported Bulls.

Extract from the Report of the Committee on Neat Cattle, at the late Cattle Show at Worcester, Massachusetts.

Governor Lincoln offered for exhibition three half Denton cows, all of excellent quality, but one of them particularly noticed as an extraordinary animal of her kind. She has often given from 24 to 27 quarts of milk per day, of excellent quality, yielding a large proportion of cream. The least quantity of milk given by her in any one day during the summer drought, on grass feed only, was 13 quarts! The committee considered her THE MOST VALUABLE MILCH COW, EVER EXHIBITED IN THE COMMONWEALTH.

I wonder whether they had seen the Oakes cow?

Denton is a thorough bred Improved Durham Short Horned Bull

A Full-blooded Yankee.

Worcester county, Massachusetts,
Oct. 15, 1825.

Curiosity.—A stone is said to have been discovered in a cavity among the Ringing Rocks, near Pottstown, Montgomery county, Pennsylvania, which is about 60 pounds weight, and presents a profile likeness of GEORGE WASHINGTON. It is at the office of the Pottstown Times, for the inspection of the curious.

Female Rogue.—A Philadelphia paper states that a good looking female has recently been committed by the Mayor of that city, for the commission of *seventeen* different larcenies. It appears that the offender has stolen from *thirty-two* different persons, and that she was tempted to crime, by the facility afforded her in the exposure of goods in the public highway.

New Novel.—The first chapter of a new American novel, appeared in the Globe and Emerald of Saturday last: It is entitled "PAUL GOUDON, a Tale of the Revolution," and will be speedily published.

A fruitful tree.—An apple tree in Greensburgh, West Chester county, is stated to have produced this season, *seventy-five* bushels of fruit.

New discovery.—It has lately been discovered, by Mr. Rogers' Microscope that the morbid secretions in the human subject, as the pus of consumption, of cancer, &c. are *actually masses of animalculæ.* London paper.

A man who had committed "*a crime without a name,*" was fined by the Circuit Court in Cahawba, Alabama, on the 17th ult. *twenty five thousand dollars!*

THE REFLECTOR.

SATURDAY EVENING.—It is proper, often to call ourselves to a solemn account for the time past of our lives: but particularly so at the close of days, months and years. And at the close of the week, when our toils are done, and may perhaps be seated at the door, or by the fire side, with our families around us, and the prattling babes about our knees, and the thousand little nameless comforts which cluster together in our imaginations, when we hear of *Saturday night at home;* and at such a season if we are people of any serious thought, our minds must, in some measure be taken up with sober reflections. There is something solemn in the eve of the Sabbath in the return of labourers, and the preparation for rest, and the general feeling of enlargement. And even where we do not observe the eastern custom of commencing the Sabbath on Saturday evening, yet the Lord's day seems to dawn, and the cessation of cares to betoken something peaceful, and the expectation of approaching solemnities to claim the soul; so that the man must be peculiarly stupid, who is not, of necessity, thrown out of the common route of his giddy, or his busy thoughts, when the ruddy streaks of the west are beginning to grow dusky, and the week seems fading away. And what are the thoughts which a conscientious person would have, and which of course, we all ought to have, at such a time? A week is past; let my thoughts run through its business; and let conscience pass a faithful sentence. Am I a better man, a better husband, a better wife, a better neighbor, or whatever be my calling, and whatever the duties which it lays upon me? Am I more satisfied with my conduct than I was the week before? If I am not, I have lived in vain. What have I done for the good of the neighborhood? what for the public good? How have I been prospered in business; and how have I shown my thankfulness by administering to the necessities of those around me? Are no sick, afflicted strangers in my vicinity? If not, is this the most favored spot under heaven? And if there are, what have I done for their relief? If in none of these things I have been improving, I am living for myself, a selfish niggard, unworthy of the name of man or Christian. Am I better prepared for dying than I was last week?—And when I look forward, how am I going to spend the next week; and what new project for improvement have I in mind? And how am I about to sanctify the Sabbath? And what can I do for the good of others?

These are, in truth, plain and simple notions—but they are such as often come into the head of a plain man in the country.—*Trem. Empo.*

MARYLAND

Dorchester County Orphans' Court,
November 21, 1825.

On application of *Travers Tolly* and *John Bell* administrators of *Thos. Tolly* late of Dorchester county, dec. it is ordered, that he give the notice required by law, for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased's estate, and that the same be published once in each week for the space of *three successive weeks,* in the newspaper printed in the town of Cambridge.

In testimony that the foregoing is truly copied from the minutes of the proceedings of Dorchester county Orphans' Court I have hereunto set my Hand and the Seal of my Office affixed this 21st day of November, in the year of our Lord 1825.

SEAL.

WM. W. ECCLESTON,
Reg'r of Wills for Dorch'r county.

IN obedience to the law and the order of the honorable Orphans' Court of Dorchester county, this is to give notice that the subscriber, of Dorchester co'ty hath obtained from the Orphans' court of said county, in Maryland, letters of administration on the personal estate of *Thomas Tolly* late of said county, deceased. All persons having claims against said deceased, are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the proper vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, on or before the 26th day of May, 1826, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 21st day of November, A. D. 1825.

TRAVERS TOLLY,
and
JOHN BELL.
Administrators of Thomas Tolly

Dec 3 3t

†‡† All persons indebted to the estate of the deceased, are requested to come forward and make immediate payment.

MARYLAND.

Dorchester County Orphan's Court,
November 7, 1825.

On application of *Mary Lowe* and *Clement Wright,* administrators of *Arthur Lowe,* late of Dorchester county, deceased, it is ordered, that they give the notice required by law for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased's estate, and that the same be published once in each week for the space of *three successive weeks,* in the newspaper printed in the town of Cambridge.

In testimony that the foregoing is truly copied from the minutes of the proceedings of Dorchester county Orphan's Court I have hereunto set my Hand and the Seal of my office affixed this 7th day of November, in the year of our Lord, 1825.

SEAL.

WM. W. ECCLESTON,
Reg'r of Wills for Dorchester c'ty.

IN obedience to the law and the order of the honorable Orphans' Court of Dorchester county, this is to give notice that the subscribers, of Dorchester co'ty have obtained from the Orphans' court of said county, in Maryland, letters of administration on the personal estate of *Arthur Lowe,* late of the said county, deceased, All persons having claims against said deceased, are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the proper vouchers thereof, to the subscribers, on or before the 12th day of May next, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under our hands this 12th day of Nov. anno domini, 1825.

MARY LOWE,
CLEMENT WRIGHT,
Administrators of Arthur Lowe.

nov 12 3t—81

☞All persons indebted to the above estate are requested to make immediate payment.

New and Late Fashions

Just received at Baltimore from London

S. DEVENNISH,

TAKES the liberty to acquaint the citizens of Cambridge and the public generally, that he has *removed* to the house nearly opposite his old stand and next door to Mr. James W. Stewart's tavern, in the above named town, where he continues to carry on the TAILORING BUSINESS, in all its various branches. From his knowledge and experience in the above business, he pledges himself to execute their work with dispatch, IN THE MOST NEAT, FASHIONABLE AND ELEGANT STYLE. He hopes his devotion to business, and exertion to give general satisfaction, and having procured the latest fashions in Baltimore, which have been received in that city from London, will ensure him a continuance of public patronage. dec 10—

WOOD WANTED.

Those of our subscribers, who are disposed to pay their arrearages in *FIRE WOOD,* are informed that it has now become a very desirable article.

CAMB

VOL. IV.

TERMS:

The Cambridge Chronicle is published at 2 dolls. and 50 cents per annum, payable half yearly in advance.

No Subscription will be received for less than Six Months, and a failure to notify a discontinuance shall be considered as a new engagement.

Advertisements not exceeding a square, inserted 3 times for 1 dollar, and 25 cents for every subsequent insertion; in all cases where the number of insertions is not limited, they will be continued until forbid, and charged accordingly.

All Communications addressed to the Editor must come POST PAID, otherwise they will not be attended to.

☞ No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid.

Valuable Goods,

AT AUCTION.

The subscriber will sell at public sale on MONDAY, the 10th of January, at her residence in Cambridge, a small portion of Household and kitchen furniture, two horses, one gig, one wagon, one cart, plough and roller, corn barrel and part of a wheat fan. She has removed the entire stock of goods of the late firm of Chaplain & Donovan to the above place, where they will be sold at public auction every Monday—and on other days they will be sold at private sale for reduced Prices; the stock consists of Calicoes—muslins, flannels, blankets, cloths, vestings, hardware, crockery, &c.

For E. S. CHAPLAIN,
JNO: DONOVAN.

Dec 17 3w

NOTICE.

By virtue of a decree of Somerset County Court, the subscriber will offer at public sale on SATURDAY the 7th day of January next, part of the real estate whereof Joshua Bennett died, seized; lying and being in Somerset County, to wit—Part of

"Bachelor's Chance,"

and part of "DARBY'S ADDITION," containing 110 acres, more or less.

The terms of sale are, a credit of 6 months—the purchaser or purchasers giving bond with approved security bearing interest from the day of sale.

Upon the payment of the whole purchase money, a clear and indisputable title will be given. Sale to take place on the premises, between the hours of 10 and 12 o'clock.

JAMES T. BENNETT,
Dec 17 3w Trustee.

Sheriff's Sale.

By virtue of a veditioni exponas, issued out of Dorchester county court, and to me directed, at the suit of William and Aaron Tomlinson against Charles Pritchet, will be offered at public sale at the court house door, on Monday the 2nd day of January next, between the hours of 10 and 4 o'clock, all the right of Charles Pritchet to

THE FARM.

at present in the tenure of Solomon Frazier, and adjoining the lands of Jeremiah Bramble, Esq.

THO. H. HICKS, Sh'ff.
of Dorchester county
Dec 10. ts

FOR SALE OR RENT

The house and lot lately occupied by Mrs. Handy, on High street, Cambridge, will be offered at public sale on the first MONDAY in January, at Mr. Ridgeway's tavern, if not previously sold or leased. Also a lot of ground containing about forty acres, situated on the East side of Cambridge Creek, and a wood lot near Cambridge. The terms will be one, two, and three years; bond, security and interest from the day of sale.

The subscriber requests those who have claims against Mrs. Handy and the heirs of Mrs. Campbell to bring them in immediately to him.

JOS. E. MUSE

Dec 17 3t

Removal.

The subscriber has removed his counting room to his residence, and earnestly requests those persons indebted to the late firm of Chaplain and Donovan to call and settle their accounts. It is necessary to make an apology for the notice, when it is known that the business must be closed, and to expect to call on every person would be unreasonable—I therefore hope this notice will be attended to.

JNO: DONOVAN

Dec 17 3w

MAGISTRATES BLANKS
For sale at the Chronicle Office.

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