THE BOUQUET.

"MUCH YET REMAINS UNSUNG."

ODD NOTIONS.—Old Bachelors are often called unwise, unsociable, unaccountable beings, scarcely entitled to the pity of married folks; and seem adjudged by some as if incapable of enjoying even the smiles of good humor: Of all this, however, we bear the brunt, philosophically, and, like good Masons, are, *mum*. Perhaps the fraternity of which I happen to be a member, will relish the following admirable verses, *not my own*, nor can I say of whom, having copied them from a mildewed collection of manuscripts, belonging to one of the clan, of *the Order of Celibacy*.

THE LAUGHING BACHELOR.

Ye shepherds so gentle of mind,
More tender and soft than your sheep,
Who no occupation can find
But to wander, to sigh and to weep;
A plague of your sighing and whining,
My passion is better by half;
It gives me no cause for repining,
I've nothing to do, but to laugh.

Your Phillis is saucy and vain,
Your Chloe is cold as a nun;
If they love, they cause nothing but pain,
If they frown, the poor swain is undone;
Can this be a passion divine
That makes a man look like a calf?
Oh no! far more pleasing is mine;
Old Homer too, tells us to laugh.

Your banks may be furnished with bees,
Your cheeks maybe furrow'd with tears
But, the nymph treats your efforts to please,
As though she would fain stopher ears;
You languish a year for a smile,
For a simper, a year and a half;
If I walk with a friend for a mile,
I'm frequently blest with a laugh.

If laughing is better than crying,
If joy more than sorrow allures,
If living is better than dying,
My lot is far better than yours;
Come, Bachelors! best humor'd creatures
The nectar of mirth let us quaff,
Bid defiance to care-boding features,
And publish our joy, with a laugh.

A MOTHER'S GRIEF.

A sketch from Life.

To mark the sufferings of the babe
That cannot speak its woe;
To see the infant tears gush forth,
Yet know not why they flow;
To meet the meek uplifted eye,
That fain would ask relief,
Yet can but tell of agony—
This is a mother's grief.

Thro' dreary days and darker nights,
To trace the march of death;
To hear the faint and frequent sigh,
The quick and shortened breath;
To watch the last dread strife draw near,
And pray that struggle brief,
Though all is ended with its close,—
This is a mother's grief!

To see in one short hour, decayed
The hope of future years;
To feel how vain a fathers prayers,
How vain a mother's tears;
To think the cold grave now must close
O'er what was, once, the chief
Of all the treasured joys of earth,—
This is a mother's grief!

Yet when the first wide throb is past
Of anguish and despair,
To lift the eye of faith to heaven
And think, "my *child is there*;"—
This best can dry the gushing tears,
This yields the heart relief;
Until the Christian's pious hope
O'ercomes a mother's grief.

From the Italian.

When fortune smiles and life is fair,
Seek not the gem of friendship there;
When true and false are mingling near,
They both may seem alike sincere:
But when the storms of sorrow lower,
And pale distress asserts her power,
The clouds that first o'er cast the sky
Will bid the friends of fortune fly;
But one who truly lov'd before
Will only change to love the more.

Answer to the Enigma in our last.

LOVE.

Love is like a ghost—because it is never seen, touched, or understood, but often talked about.

Like an unruly horse—because it often runs away with its possessor, and is not easily managed.

Like the bite of a mad dog—it makes men mad.

Like a will o' th' wisp—it leads men into difficulties.

Like a beacon—it directs to the wished for port.

Like wine—it makes us heedless of consequences.

Like a prison—it confines a man to one point.

Like a sword—it often kills those against whom it is turned.

Like sugar—it is sweet.

Like pepper—it burns.

Like salt—it is relishing.

Like a potatoe—because it is best warm.

Like the devil—because it torments us—and like heaven—it is the source of bliss.

THE MISCELLANIST.

On Courtship and Marriage.

FROM MY KNAPSACK.

Jasper said my uncle Jonta, in associating with the ladies, remember the advice of President Adams—"Make no advances unless you have every assurance of being well received"—If you have a mind to marry, your uncle is an old soldier: he has seen much in his time, and can advise you of the best mode of besieging the hearts of the fair sex.—Always act independently in your courtships. Never go sneaking like a desponding lover. Never go simpering after any of them, nor be a slipper carrier to a ball room. Beware of making yourself too cheap among them by your attentions, for too much attention often produces contempt; and I cannot bear the idea of my boy being slighted by any girl.—Remember that 'if one won't marry another will,' and that, 'there is as good fish in the sea as ever was caught.'—If any of them should once slight your addresses, be off like a cannon ball—never smile on them again, till you are certain that they have heartily repented.—Mrs. Lee once told me that a gentleman asked her to have him, she replied, 'Sir, I'll thank you if you never mention that subject to me again.' To which he answered, 'Madam I am glad of it, for if you had said *yes*, I know not how I should have got off.—She never was more mortified in her life, and I'll engage she did not treat her next lover in like manner. Now Jasper, continued my uncle, if you marry, I hope you will get a girl that your uncle would rejoice to offer a home to in the barracks—none of these flirting jay-birds who appear like a wax figure, only fit to be looked at. Let her be one (if so be there should be no cook in camp) that will cheerfully get you a supper after you return from the field of battle, or fatigue duty. Be sure you marry for love, and that your girl loves you—where there is a mutual regard all is harmony and peace. Mind ye, don't get a virago—to be locked to such a one, for life, would be miserable indeed. You would be the finger post by which all your acquaintance would be directed to evade a like misfortune—no virago shall ever have a ration in your uncle's quarters. Marriage is honorable—'tis a source of happiness when congenial hearts get together, but horror on horror, when persons of opposite tempers are linked together by it—it is worse than going to battle with a rusty musket, an empty catridge box, and a tight pair of shoes.

Money is useful, but never let that be an object with you in making choice of a wife. I could never agree with Doctor Johnson that fools marry for love, wise men for money! I would rather see my boy married to a neat, worthy, agreeable girl without a cent, than to a rich, slovenly gaddy flirt—Though soldiers have to put up with much in tent and barracks, that is not so cleanly, yet none more admire cleanliness than they. While travelling I have lost a many a good looking meal, from a sight of my landlady and her cooks. A man though somewhat slovenly himself likes to see women always neat, clean and tidy in their houses, dress and cookery—a slut I despise as much as I do a coward in battle. Now my boy you know how to manage to get you a wife that your uncle would be happy in seeing you have. Bring such a one to the barracks as soon as you please, and while I receive rations, she and you shall share with me.

A SOLDIER'S FAITH.

Never shall I forget their bridal—earth scarce contained aught more lovely than Maria, as she passed the portal of the village church, and hastened to escape the admiring gaze of the rustic crowd.—Maria was barely eighteen; the light of beauty danced in her deep blue eye: but on this, her bridal morn, its long silken lash hid more than half its brightness, and the snowy veil, which fell over her auburn tresses, was not paler than her cheek. I had loved her ere I left my father's roof; but I had no patrimony except a proud name and a soldier's fortunes; and Maria was a prize too great for one so portioned. I looked upon her bridegroom—every feature was replete with manly beauty, and each well-knit limb might have formed a study for the fastidious statuary; and yet I gazed upon him till my heart swelled almost to bursting, and I turned once more to look upon Maria, and wished that day had chosen her another lord. Never shall I forget that dark, deep, earth-turned eye, or the haughty lip with its triumphant and fearful smile! I left my native village; I sighed not one farewell to Maria. After her marriage, we feared to meet: she felt that I loved her, and her own heart, more stubborn than her nature, resisted even yet the harsh mandate of an unyielding parent; she knew it, and she shrunk not from her duty. Again I left my home, and the sun of Spain darkened my brow, and her wars nerved my spirit to greater daring; but I retired from her haughty daughters with a sickening soul, for I thought of Maria, and her fatal destiny, and I clung to her remembrance as if my hopeless truth could not in in aught avail her. Years sped on, and my heart yearned to revisit the home of my childhood—the birth-place of my first hopes: I trod its path with a firm step, but the sun-ray which glanced on me in the home of my fathers, rested on the scarred features of a war-scathed soldier: I shrank from the reflection.—"Should Maria now look on me, how would she deem me changed!" It was a foolish thought, and in the next moment I blushed for its conception. My stay was brief, yet, ere I became a wanderer, I once more beheld Maria: she had been the mother of two blooming boys, but they had withered, like roses devoured by the foul worm which feasts on beauty I saw her lord, too; the voice of murmur was on his tongue, and his eye scowled reproachfully as he threw it on his young bride—the pale cheek grew yet paler beneath the glance—the soft blue eye swelled with the drop of silent suffering—the heaving bosom struggled to repress the sigh which threatened to escape it, and I fled ere my tongue gave utterance to the curse my heart engendered. I became loudest in the revel, but I could not drown the memory of that low stifled sigh; I mingled in the train of beauty, but the deep eye with its large tear was ever in the throng, and every pale cheek on which I gazed in my wanderings recalled the memory of Maria! Again the tented field was my abode, the greensward my resting-place; again my night-slumber was amidst the brave, and my day-dream of conquest and of glory; many a bold and buoyant heart slept in death ere the field was fought—many an ardent spirit bounded no more to the battle; but the death bullet passed me by, and the wound closed and the scar healed, when a weapon blade struck me in its descent—and I lived on. My brother soldiers dashed the read stream from the gleaming steel, and shouted victory! till the very skies seemed to echo back the pealing of their voices, and I stood by in silence, and only asked to perish.

We left the fair land of fame and conquest, and I bade adieu to my fellow-soldiers for ever: they pressed around me with generous warmth, and besought my stay; but I was a moody & a wretched man, and their words were those of courtesy and compassion! There is a spell in the thought of home! 'I will return home and die," I murmured: it was a vain idea, for my father was in his grave, my sister wedded in a foreign land—I was alone; but Maria dwelt near the spot where I had once been happy, and her proximity was a resting-place for the wounded spirit. But even that link in the cankered chain of existence was unriveted: Maria had dropped beneath the withering breath of unkindness; she slept in the cold ground. I hurried to the church-yard; two marble tombs gleamed pale in the moonlight—they shrouded the ashes of her lovely babes: but her own grave was obscure and unlettered, and the rank grass which covered it waved darkly to the night breeze, like hearse plumes. She had wished a lowly, but not a forgotten resting-place; and I cast myself on the neglected grave, and I plucked from it every bitter weed, and trimmed the long dark grass; and I shed no tear as I performed the mournful duty—Maria was at peace; she slept with her children. Ere I left the spot, my eye fell on the medal which hung at my breast; the moonbeams glanced brightly on it, as if in mockery: it was all that now linked me to my fellow-men—all that I yet cherished on earth. I scooped a narrow hole in the green turf on her breast, and there I deposited my treasure It is the only offering of my ill-fated love it will be my witness with Maria in a brighter world, that I did my duty to my country!

I slowly left the grave-yard, and drew near to take a last look at the habitation which was once Maria's Feasting and revelry resounded thro' the vast apartments: Maria's lord had taken another bride. I paused for one moment, to look on her full black eye and deeply tinted cheek!—from that hour life has been a blank, and I have moved amid the world's scenes as passionless as a breathless corse.

LIGHT READING.

Errors of the Press. "The conflict was dreadful, and the enemy was repulsed with considerable *laughter!*"—'Robert Jones was yesterday brought before the Sitting Magistrate on a charge of having spoken *reason* at the Barleymow Public House.'—'in consequence of the numerous accidents occasioned by skaiting on the Serpentine river, measures are taken to put a *top* to it.'—At the Guildhall dinner none of the poultry were eatable except the *owls*.—A gentleman was brought up yesterday to answer a charge of having *eaten* a hackney coachman, for demanding more than his fare; and another was accused of having stolen a small *ox* out of the Bath mail—the stolen property was found in his waistcoat pocket.'—'The Russian General Kuchkinoff kowsky was found dead, with a long *word* sticking in his throat.' 'Smithfield Festivities:—The *air* was crowded with people of all descriptions, at two o'clock the Lord Mayor drove through it in his state carriage.'

Conformity to the world—There is an old and wise proverb teaching the propriety of complying with the requisites of the varying fashions of the inhabitants of the earth which is expressed in the words and to the effect as follows; "When you are in Rome, do as the Romans do." A new and improved reading of the ancient adage is mentioned in a newspaper printed "down East," as given by a learned member of congress. "*When you are in Turkey do as the Turkies do.*"

A shopkeeper somewhat embarrassed in trade, observed to a friend, that the cost of his stock of goods was rather above the market price, and he was about to sell them off at auction, as he thought he could buy them in to a good advantage.!

In the Bristol market, a lady, laying her hand upon a joint of veal, said,—"I think Mr. F. this veal is not quite so white as usual." "Put on your glove, madam" replied the dealer, "and you will think differently." It may be needless to remark that the veal was ordered home without another word of objection.

Law.—Law is like a *country dance*; people are led up and down in it till they are tired. It is like a book of surgery; there are a great many terrible cases in it. It is also like physic; they that take least of it are best off. Law is like a homely gentlewoman, very well to follow—and like a scolding wife, very bad when it follows us.

TO PRINTERS.

Thomas Avery, a printer, formerly of Groton, in Connecticut, has long been absent from his friends, and whether he be alive or not, is not known to them—When last heard from, he was in distress Property has lately been bequeathed to him, sufficient to make him comfortable through life if he is living. Information is requested to be given of him if alive, as an act of humanity from the brethren of the type. S. GREEN.

New-London, Oct. 25

MARYLAND.

Dorchester County Orphan's Court, January 30, 1826.

On application of *Samuel Furguson*, executor of *Keziah Murray*, late of Dorchester county, deceased, it is ordered, that he give the notice required by law for the creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased's estate, and that the samebe 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 30th day of January, in the year of our Lord 1826.

SEAL.

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

IN obedience to the law and the order of the honourable Orphan's Court of Dorchester county, this is to give notice, that the subscriber of Dorchester county, hath obtained from the Orphans' court of said county, in Maryland, letters of administration on the personal estate of *Keziah Marray*, 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 7th day of August, 1826, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 30th day of January anno domini, 1826.

SAMUEL FURGUSON, Ex'r.
of Keziah Murray, dec'd.

☞All persons indebted to the above estate are requested to make immediate payment. Feb 4 3w

MARYLAND.

Dorchester County Orphans' Court, January 30, 1826.

On application of *William Meredith* Adm'r. of *Charles Lecompte*, late of Dorchester county, dec'd.—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 30th day of January, in the year of our Lord 1826.

SEAL

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

IN obedience to the law and the order of the Honourable Orphans' court of Dorchester county, this is to give notice, that the subscriber, of Dorchester county, hath obtained from the Orphans' court of said county, in Maryland, letters of administration on the personal estate of *Charles Lecompte*, 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 7th day of August, 1826, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 30th day of Jan. A. D. 1826.

WM. MEREDITH, Admr. d. b. n.
of Charles Lecompte, dec'd.

Feb. 4 3w

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

MARYLAND.

Dorchester County Orphan's Court, February 6, 1826.

On application of *Solomon Kirwan*, administrator of *Thomas Creighton*, late of Dorchester county, deceased, it is ordered, that they give the notice required by law for the 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 6th day of February, in the year of our Lord, 1826.

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 county have obtained from the Orphan's court of said county in Maryland, letters of administration on the personal estate of *Thomas Creighton*, 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 subscribers, on or before the 9th day of August, 1826, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 6th day of February, anno domini, 1826.

SOLOMON KIRWAN, Admr.
of Thomas Creighton, dec'd.

☞All persons indebted to the above estate are requested to make immediate payment. Feb 11 3w

MARYLAND.

Dorchester County Orphan's Court, February 6, 1826.

On application of *Stephen Andrews*, administrator d. b. n. of *Charles Lowe*, late of Dorchester county, deceased, it is ordered, that he give the notice required by law for the 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 9th day of August, in the year of our Lord, 1826.

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 subscriber of Dorchester county, hath obtained from the Orphans' court of said county, in Maryland. letters of administration on the personal estate of *Charles Lowe*, 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 9th day of Aug. 1826, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 6th day of February, anno domini, 1826.

STEPHEN ANDREWS, Admr. d. b. n.
of Charles Lowe, dec'd.

☞All persons indebted to the above estate are requested to make immediate payment. Feb 11 3w

MARYLAND.

Dorchester County Orphan's Court, February 6, 1826.

On application of *Stephen Andrews*, Exec'r. of *Robert Medford*, of N. late of Dorchester county, deceased, it is ordered, that she give the notice required by law for the 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 6th day of February, in the year of our Lord 1826.

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 subscriber of Dorchester county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of said county, in Maryland, letters of administration on the personal estate of *Robt. Medford*, of *N.* late of said county, dec. 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 9th day of August, 1826, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 6th day of February, anno domini, 1826.

STEPHEN ANDREWS, Ex'r.
of Robt. Medford, of N. dec'd.

☞All persons indebted to the above estate are requested to make immediate payment. Feb 11 3w

CAMB

VOL. IV.

TERMS:

The Cambridge Chronicle is published at 2 dolls. and 5 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 Advertisements 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.

Public Sale.

Will be sold at public sale on TUESDAY the 28th inst. at the residence of Samuel Colsten, dec. (Brannock's neck, all the personal estate of said deceased negroes excepted, consisting of Horses Cattle, Sheep and Hogs—Household and Kitchen Furniture, some Corn and Fodder, one Gig & Harness, Carts, Ploughs and Farming Utensils, one valuable hawling Seine nearly new, together with a variety of valuable articles too numerous to insert. The terms will be made known on the day of sale, which will commence at 9 o'clock, A. M. and attendance given by

LEVIN RICHARDSON, and
ELIZA. WILLIAMS,
Admr's. with the will annexed.

Notice.

All persons indebted to the subscribers on store account or otherwise, previous to December 24, 1825, are once more particularly requested to come forward and settle, either by payment or liquidation, on or before the 1st day of March next, as after that date no further indulgence can be given. The subscribers hopes this notice will not be neglected, as was the case with the last. Having made an alteration in his business, he will be compelled, disagreeable as it may be, to enforce the collection of all accounts which may remain unsettled after the above mentioned date.

CHARLES CORKRAN.

Feb 18 3w

New Goods.

The subscribers have just opened a general assortment of MERCHANDIZE which they offer on the lowest terms. They request all persons indebted to call for settlement. The elder brand wishes to retire which makes it indispensable that their affairs should be liquidated.

EDWARD WHITE.
THOMAS WHITE.

Jan 7 w

Billiards.

The subscriber respectfully informs his old customers and the public generally, that he has taken the BILLIARD TABLE attached to Mr. Flint's tavern. It is in excellent order, and not surpassed by any on the Eastern Shore. He will be constantly in attendance, and persons visiting the table, may rest assured that nothing shall be wanting on his part to render every thing as comfortable and convenient, as possible. He confidently hopes for a share of the patronage of the public.

WM. C. MILLINGTON

N. B. Gentlemen can at all times be furnished with the choicest liquors at the bar.

W. C. M

Feb 11 tf

100 dolls. Reward

RANAWAY from the subscriber's farm, in Oxford Neck, Talbot county, on the 27th of December last, my negro man JIM, who calls himself Jim Cooper; he is about 5 feet 9 or 10 inches high, aged 27 or 28 years—he is a dark mulatto, with a long head, lost one of his fore teeth, clothing not recollected and has set out as a traveling preacher. I will give the above reward and all reasonable charges if brought home, or secured in any jail so that I get him again.

CARSON BOWDLE

Feb 4 3m

Stop the Runaway

Ranaway from the subscriber, on the 27th of September last, a negro man named EPHRAIM FOSTER—he is 5 feet 5 or 8 inches high, well made, yellow complexion, with the appearance of having the scald head—His clothing not recollected. He formerly belonged to Mrs. Ann Tyler.—If taken in this state a reward of twenty five dollars will be given; if out of the state, fifty dollars.

BENJAMIN SLACU
Living near John McKnight's,
Dorchester county.

Feb 11 tf

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