THE BOUQUET.

"MUCH YET REMAINS UNSUNG."

[To flatter great men when dead, who never did any good when living, an excellent poet has contrived the following expedient in order to avoid the wear and tear of conscience when an eulogium must be attempted.]

Ye Muses pour the pitying tear
For Pollio snatch'd away;
Oh! had he liv'd another year,
—He had not died to-day.

Oh! were he born to bless mankind
In virtuous times of yore,
Sages themselves had fallen behind!
—Whene'er he went before.

How sad the groves and plains appear,
And sympathetic sleep!
E'en pitying hills would drop a tear,
—If hills had learn'd to weep.

His bounty, in exalted strain,
Each bard might well display,
Since none implored relief in vain,
—That went relieved away.

And hark! I hear the tuneful throng,
His obsequies forbid;
He still shall live, shall live as long—
—As ever dead man did!

TO MY MOTHER.

BOSTON BARD.

Oh! thou upon whose bosom dear
My infant head repos'd;
Oh, thou whose lips with kiss sincere,
My weary eye-lids clos'd;
Though many risen suns have set
Since last I met thy view,
Oh, never can my heart forget
What to thy love is due.

Think not, mother, I can cease
To love my home and thee;
Think not my hours are hours of peace,
Like those of infancy:
Alas! those cloudless days are gone,
Those halcyon hours are fled,
And on the world's cold heart alone
I pillow now my head.

THE MISCELLANIST.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

THE FATE OF GENIUS.

[*By B. R. Swain, Esq. of New Jersey.*]

"Even as the tenderness that hour instils,
When summer's day declines along the hills,
So feels the fulness of the heart and eyes,
When all of genius, that can perish, dies."

[*Byron's Monody on Sheridan.*

When the relentless hand of death deprives us forever of all that was dear and cherished; when the fell destroyer prostrates the lovely and loved, and life seems to have "no charm to wean us from the grave," we close the agony of grief in the secret recesses of our hearts, and in silence and solitude mourn over our fallen hopes, and the perished dream that beguiled our early morning of existence. When the statesman, patriot and warrior, descend alike to the lonely mansion of the tomb, the pomp of pageantry—all that can impress the beholder with a feeling of reverence for the "mighty dead," accompanies them—"a nation swells the funeral cry," and their names go down to posterity, adorned with all the blazonry and triumph a proud and a grateful country can bestow. But in the premature fate of exalted genius, in the sudden departure of all that was bright and noble in intellect there is a mournful feeling, "a kindred sympathy with suns that set," a something softer than sadness that pervades the heart, and impresses it more deeply with the uncertainty of life, and the instability of all human enjoyment. Genius has no country—its home is the world—all are alike ready to pay it homage, and thousands that would pass unnoticed the death of the patriot or sage of other climes, would feel it as a duty, as an impulse directed by the finer feelings of the heart, to bestow a sigh to the memory of departed genius.

There is something that appears fated to destroy early in life, the young and ardent mind; a consuming fire preys upon the spirit, communing of deep thoughts wastes the frame, and the brighter the intellectual light burns within, the sooner the mortal thrall that binds the spirit, decays and returns to its native dust.—Some have indeed, lingered out a life of want and indigence, like the immortal Sheridan, receiving the world's cold pity, while others like the unfortunate Chatterton, have anticipated the approach of death, and sought in an early grave, that "dreamless sleep" which is the last refuge of blighted hopes, and fallen fortunes, from the storms and uncertainty of life.

Look on the youthful poet—with him the world is yet young, and all is dressed in joy and gladness—the element he breathes, the flowers that bloom in their fragrance around him, all are a source of pleasure, pure, holy, and unalloyed. He sees the world as men do a bright and beautiful picture: to him it is a calm and unstained delight, for he is a stranger to its worthlessness, and has never wept over the desolation of the heart, or the delusive mockery that destroys the first energies of youthful existence—he gazes in silent adoration on the midnight moon, as she careers through the dark blue sky. He seeks the solitude of the lonely wood, and listens to the sighing of the breeze and murmur of the waters. He loves the nights, for the world is quiet, and he is left alone with his own high thoughts.—He stretches forth his hand, and the shadowy things of the invisible world are before him—"the firmless and the void." But there is in his eye a bright and unearthly light; there is in his cheek a flush, but not of health; the spring comes in joy and gladness; the summer passes in glory and brightness, and his loved autumn, with her melancholy, yet soft and pensive beauty, lingers around him. The sky is beautifully bright over him, and the moon sheds her silver light from the expanse of heaven. But he sees them not; ere the last leaf had fallen from the withered tree, the "dark angel" had his bow, and the grave closed over the victim of thought, and the martyr of sensibility forever.

Some have passed away early, but in glory and triumph, their path was short but bright, and like the erratic comet, left behind the remembrance of its splendor, for mankind to pause and wonder at. They are among the lofty of earth, and "the loved of men." Their proudest mausoleum is a nation's gratitude—their highest eulogy a people's praise.

The shores of the Morea will long resound to the name of our lamented Byron, and many a Grecian maiden weep in mournful tenderness over the early fate of him, who poured his sweetest strain in praise of her native land, and whose last sigh was breathed in a prayer for its welfare. He died in the clime he loved, the classic soil of the buried brave, too soon indeed to witness its regenerated liberty, but yet, while all his fame and glory was fresh upon him. As long as the memory of their Harmodius shall animate the bosom of the warrior Greek, as long as their land is remembered in story, or celebrated in song, the name of Byron will be connected with all that is ennobling in intellect, or elevated in the human character.

There is, while musing over the grave of genius a holy feeling that pervades the heart, something that is allied to the softest and noblest portion of our nature. We revere the talents of the departed.—We admire the mind that sleeps beneath the "storied urn," and we mourn over the mysterious decree of fate, which wills that the young and gifted should pass away in the morning of life, and ere the high promise of their dawn was accomplished.

We must not close this brief and hasty article, without a passing notice, and a tribute of deep and unfeigned admiration, to the memory of another genius, who paid within a few short months the last debt to nature. We allude to the recent melancholy death of the late Rev. Charles Maturin. Young, ardent, and possessed with talents of the highest order, with a mind that looked beyond the narrow confines of the earth, and things forbidden to the view of common minds few like him could lay bare the recesses of the human heart, exhibit to the sight its various changes, and excite in the bosoms of his readers, the mixed emotions of joy and sorrow, of terror and admiration. He was the Salvator of literature; struggling with penury unmerited, he still delighted the world with pictures, which, though sometimes wild and dark, were always magnificent, and gifted with that deep and mournful beauty, which is more touching to the feelings and awakens more powerfully in the mind the thrill of interest. In his description of that passion which is the source of all our happiness or misery, "whose martyr is the broken heart," he was unrivalled, as all who have dwelt with delight upon the pages of "Montorio" and "Melmoth," or witnessed the powerful exhibition of his "Bertram," can bear ample testimony.

But he too has gone: the worthlessness of life, the tempest of the world, is no more to him: he has past "the first dark day of nothingness," and now calmly sleeps in the last resting place provided by the hands of pious friendship or affection.

And so it is: the young, the loved, the gay, the gifted, are doomed, as it were, among the first to depart, and happy are they who escape in the loneliness and silence of the tomb, the cold pity of heartless pride, and the grasp of unmerited oppression.

Yet the destiny of genius is a proud one;—their names go down to posterity as the benefactors of mankind; they are wept over by the lovely and the young; they are mourned by the votaries of literature and science. The warrior may have a costly cenotaph erected to his memory, and is soon forgotten. But the names of departed genius are remembered to after ages. Their mortal part may moulder in the dust, but their spirit is abroad, and hovers around the scenes of its early inspiration. Their fame is connected with that of their country; the very soil is consecrated; and all that speaks, or breathes of them, awakens an emotion of deep and lasting interest.

"The meanest rill, the mightest river,
Roll mingling in their fame forever."

Character of Warren Hastings.

Mr SHERIDAN saw nothing great, nothing magnanimous, nothing open, nothing direct, in his measures or in his mind. On the contrary, he had too often pursued the worst objects by the worst means. His course was an eternal deviation from rectitude; he either tyrannised or deceived, and was by turns a Dyonysius and a Scapin. As well might the writhing obliquity of the serpent be compared to the swift directness of the arrow, as the duplicity of Mr. Hastings' ambition to the simple steadiness of genuine magnanimity. In his mind all was shuffling, ambiguous, dark, insidious, and little; nothing simple, nothing unmixed; all affected plainness and actual dissimulation, a heterogeneous mass of contradictory qualities, with nothing great but his crimes; and even these contrasted by the littleness of his motives, which at once denoted both his baseness and his meanness, and marked him for a traitor and a trickster. Nay, in his stile and writing, there was the same mixture of vicious contrarieties; the most grovelling ideas were conveyed in the most inflated language, giving mock consequence to low cavils, and uttering quibbles in heroics; so that his compositions disgusted the mind's taste as much as his actions excited the soul's abhorrence.

SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCE.

When I was at Turin in 1780, says the Rev. Mr. Dutens, the following scene passed in a church. It was the beginning of February, when the days are short, a very popular preacher, who was accustomed to give sermons of an enormous length, expatiated one day after dinner so long on his subject, which was repentance, that he had trespassed a full hour into the night before he had concluded. Scarcely had he finished, when one of his audience raised his voice and requested to be heard. All listened; and the stranger continued, that the holy man's pathetic discourse had made so lively an impression upon him, who was a miserable sinner, that he had forthwith resolved entirely to change his course of life; and to give sincere proof of his contrition, he would instantly, before all the congregation, freely confess his crimes. He then declared himself to be an advocate by profession, and openly avowed that he had abused the confidence of his clients, and told their secrets, and sacrificed their interests to the adverse party; he acknowledged himself to be a faithless husband a bad father, & an ungrateful son; and having followed this up with an enumeration of various offences he had committed, he offered, he said, the last proof of sincerity in declaring his name, and concluded by saying he was such an advocate, living in such a place. Immediately another voice was heard from another part of the church calling out that the penitent was an impudent imposer; that he was the advocate named, and that he could not reproach himself with any of the faults so calumniously imputed to him. He besought the audience, to secure the villian; but in vain, for the mischievous wag had slipped away during the moment of surprise when the real advocate began to speak; and notwithstanding the most diligent inquiry, was never discovered.

THE FATE OF KINGS.

In the Island of Great Britain we now instance in the royal line of Stuart, a race as steadily unfortunate as ever was recorded in history. Their misfortunes have continued with unabated succession, during three hundred and ninety years.

Robert III. broke his heart, because his eldest son Robert was starved to death, and his youngest, James, was made a captive.

James I. after having beheaded three of his nearest kinkred, was assassinated by his uncle, who was tortured to death for it.

James III. when flying from the field of battle, was thrown from his horse, and murdered in a cottage into which he had been carried for assistance.

James IV. fell in flodden field.

James V. died of grief, for the wilful ruin of his army at Solway Moss.

Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley, was assassinated and then blown up in his palace.

Mary Stuart was beheaded in England.

James I. and VI. died not without suspicion of being poisoned by Lord Buckingham.

Charles I. beheaded at Whitehall.

Charles II. was exiled for many years.

James II. lost his crown and died in banishment.

Ann, after a reign which though glorious, was rendered unhappy by party disputes, died of a broken heart, occasioned by the quarrels of her favorite servants.

The posterity of James II. have remained wretched wanderers in foreign lands:

Georgia Wedding.—It appears from the Darien paper that a Mr. John Odena lately invited his friends to his wedding and a Ball which he gave in honor of the event. The company assembled, magistrate and fiddlers were present, as well as the bride and bride-groom. The bride being solicited to receive the ring, she peremptorily refused, observing that she had changed her mind. The company thinking the bride had only been seized with a momentary whim, ordered the musician to strike up "haste to the wedding," when she and John Odena immediately began dancing, and all the company joined in. The bride after the dance still continued to refuse her hand to John Odena, and the lady hostess of the house, fearful, perhaps, that some unpleasant disputes might arise, entered the room with a club, and drove the whole company into the street

[*New York Daily Adv.*

Congressional Speeches.—The Richmond Enquirer remarks that the custom of the Senate, in sitting with closed doors, is frequently attended with serious loss to the public. Speeches, say the editors, are frequently made, which would do honour to any deliberative assembly in the world. Among these precious morceaus, is a speech lately made by Mr. John Randolph, (on the Panama mission) which is said to have been one of the most eloquent and luminous addresses ever delivered in either house of Congress.

From the Berkshire Ms. Star.

A pattern for young Misses.—Clarissa Y. Egleston a daughter of Samuel Egleston of Tyringham, in this county, on the 15th day of July last, commenced spinning woollen yarn, (warp and filling,) and on the first day of November she had completed *eighty eight* runs—besides attending other avocations, and a day school three weeks in the time. This is not a large quantity for a grown female to produce, but we have seen no parallel in the history of industry equal to this in a little girl not 10 years old, as was the case in this instance; she having entered her 10th year on the 8th of September last.

LIGHT READING.

From the Nantucket Enquirer.

——I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment. *Shak.*

The tail on the wrong pig.—We heard an anecdote on Saturday, which we deem worth publishing, though we do not vouch for its accuracy in every particular. As we know not the parties, and of course are not about to call names, they will doubtless pardon us for extracting a smile from the mere incident, "abstractly considered," as the philosophers say; particularly as it affords a fair exemplification of that glorious privilege, which, as free men and as christians, we enjoy and exercise—to wit: the right of placing in durance vile, those bodies who owe us monies.

A staunch advocate of this prerogative, on the occasion of a recent failure was declaiming vehemently in favor of its execution upon the person of the unlucky delinquent. His argument was principally directed to an officer of the law, upon whom he was strongly urging the immediate enforcement of those benevolent, legal provisions, should said 'doer of the law,' in the case aforesaid, be required to serve *mean processes*, for that, and so forth, provided nevertheless, whereas, and notwithstanding. (It is impossible to talk law or write law without plenty of these terms.)

The officer however, was of opinion that he should receive no orders to imprison *any* individual. But during the debate, a writ came into the office, with directions to levy upon goods or chattels, and for want thereof, to do the other thing. On perusing this instrument, the officer confessed himself mustaken.—'Here,' says he, 'is actually an order to take the body.' 'Well then,' answered the patron of law, 'do your duty; put it on him without delay;' 'But, would you give no time to procure bail?'—'Not one moment!' 'Then,' exclaimed the officer, '*thou art the man!*' So, Mr. Wiggey, come along to *quod*.

It is scarcely necessary to add, that this shock produced a new twist in the argument—so very mutable and wry-cornered are we frail mortals.

A *bon vivant* one night told a friend that he intended to leave twenty pounds to be spent at his funeral, which induced the other to ask him if the money was to be spent going or returning. 'Going to be sure,' replied he, 'for when you *return I shant be with you.*'

Judge Brackenbridge, in reprimanding a criminal, amongst other hard names, called him a scoundrel. The prisoner replied, 'Sir I am not so great a scoundrel as your honor——takes me to be.'—Put your words closer together, said the judge.

In the year 1761, a boy was born at Wilna in Luthuania, with a golden tooth, which the physicians, surgeons, and goldsmiths declared to be the purest gold—but two years after, the child caught a fever, which changed it into a bone.

A good excuse—A fellow who was recently detected in stealing a brass candlestick from a church in New Orleans, very soberly excused himself by saying he thought it was *gold*.

General Earle being at a country play, the entertainment happened to be 'The Stage Coach,' which was performed so wretchedly, that it was impossible to make head or tail of it. As soon as the curtain dropped, and one of the performers, came to give out the next play, the General begged leave to ask the name of the entertainment just finished, 'The Stage Coach, sir,' says the buskin, bowing very respectfully. 'Then sir,' replied the general, 'will you be so good as to let me know, when you perform it again that I may be an outside passenger.'

A *doctor* on going into his boarding house and not finding dinner ready, observed, 'What! are there no *symptoms* of dinner yet?' 'No *appearance*' replied a lawyer.—'There's a *sample* of it,' said a merchant, as a servant appeared with a turkey. 'Faith and a fine *token* it is,' rejoined a printer.

The next Lottery.

COHEN'S OFFICE,

Baltimore, Feby. 24, 1826.

☞The drawing of the Grand State Lottery of Maryland, which took place at Baltimore on the 15th inst. agreeably to announcement, resulted as usual, with splendid success to Adventurers at COHEN'S OFFICE, where besides various other Capitals of importance—The great

CAPITAL PRIZE OF

100,000 DOLLARS

was sold in one half and two quarter tickets, and all of them owned by distant adventurers—The Half in *Romney*, Hampshire county, Va. by Messrs. Charles H. Clark and James Gibson—One Quarter by Mr. Jacob Wolfgang, of *York County*, near Hanover, Pa. (Both of these shares have been already presented and the Cash instantly paid, as *usual* at COHEN'S OFFICE.) The remaining quarter which is held in *Philadelphia* has not yet been presented. The names of the above gentlemen are mentioned by permission.

*** We have now the pleasure to present to the public, the next scheme of the

Grand State Lottery

Of Maryland, No. 6—to be drawn on the

ODD AND EVEN SYSTEM,

By which the holder of Two Tickets, or Two Shares, will be *certain of obtaining at least* ONE PRIZE, *and may draw* THREE! This mode of drawing which is secured by Letters Patent under seal of the United States, has been again adopted by the *Commissioners* appointed by the *Governor and Council*, in consequence of its unrivalled popularity. The whole scheme to be drawn in ONE DAY and will take place in the City of Baltimore on WEDNESDAY

The 10th of May.

HIGHEST PRIZE

25'000 DOLLARS.

BRILLIANT SCHEME:

1 prize	of	$25,000	is	$25,000
1	do of	10,000	is	10,000
2	do of	5,000	is	10,000
10	do of	1,000	is	10,000
15	do of	500	is	7,500
50	do of	100	is	5,000
100	do of	50	is	5,000
100	do of	20	is	2,000
550	do of	10	is	5,500
20,000	do of	4	is	80,000
20,829 Prizes amounting to				$160,000
19,171 ——				
40,000 Tickets at $4			- -	$160,000

Not one Blank to a Prize

Mode of Drawing.

The Numbers will be put into one wheel as usual—and in the other wheel will be put the Prizes above the denomination of Four Dollars, and the drawing to progress in the usual manner. The 20,000 prizes of $4 will be awarded to the odd or even numbers of the Lottery, [as the case may be] dependent on the drawing of the Capital Prize of 25,000 DOLLARS; that is to say, if the 25,000 dollar prize should come out to an ODD Number, then *every ODD number in the Scheme* will be entitled to a $4 prize. If the $25,000 prize should come out to an EVEN Number, then all the *EVEN numbers in the Scheme* will be each entitled to a prize of Four Dollars.

Odd No's. end with 1, 3, 5, 7, or 9
Even No's. end with 2, 4, 6, 8, or 0

A ticket drawing a superior prize in this Scheme *is not restricted* from drawing an inferior one also; many tickets therefore, will necessarily obtain TWO PRIZES EACH!

Prizes subject to a deduction of 15 per cent. and payable sixty days after the drawing, but can be had, as usual at COHEN'S OFFICE, *THE MOMENT THEY ARE DRAWN:*

☞Tickets will Rise on the 24th of MARCH to FIVE DOLLARS—all orders dated previous to that day will be supplied at the following original prices—viz.

Whole Tickets,	$4	Quarters	$1 00
Halves, - - -	2	Eighths,	0 50

To be had in the greatest variety of No's Odd and Even, at

COHEN'S

Lottery and Exchange office, No. 114 Market street, Baltimore;
Where the great and magnificent Capital prize of

One hundred thousand dollars

in the last Grand State Lottery, was sold in one half and two quarters (*ALL TO DISTANT ADVENTURERS*) & where more Capital Prizes have been sold than at any other Office in America.

☞ Orders from any part of the United States, either by mail (post paid) or private conveyance, enclosing the Cash or Prize Tickets in any of the Lotteries, will meet the same prompt and punctual attention as if on personal application.

☞ *Be particular in directing to*
J. I. COHEN, JR. & BROTHERS,
BALTIMORE.

*** COHEN'S "Gazette and Lottery Register," will be published immediately after the drawing, and will contain the complete List of Prizes, it will be forwarded GRATIS to all who purchase their Tickets at COHEN'S OFFICE, and who signify their wish to receive it. march

CAMB

VOL. V.

TERMS:

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

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

Advertisements not exceeding a square, inserted 3 for 1 dollar, and 25 cents for every subsequent in

In all cases where the number of insertions is not advertisements will be continued until forbid, and c accordingly.

All Communicattions addressed to the Editor mus POST PAID, otherwise they will not be attended to.

*** No paper will be discontinued until all arrearag paid.

Sheriff's Sale.

BY virtue of sundry fieri facias sued out of Dorchester co Court and to me directed, at the su Mrs. Dorothy Staplefort, executri Charles Staplefort, against James Also one at the suit of Joseph Stew will be offered at public sale on *MO DAY* the 27th of March next, at Court house door, in Cambridge; All right, title, interest and claim of Tall, at law or in equity, of, in an

All the Lands

which he may hold, adjoining the deeded to Reuben Tall by said Ja Tall & Henrietta Tall, at Tobacco s also all the land he holds in Dorche county, except the above mentione deeded to Reuben Tall, which said having been deeded away by James is at all times exempted from sal virtue of the avove executions—A ONE NEGRO BOY, called Jacob ken and will be sold for cash to sa the above mentioned fieri facias and also for county charge and officers' due for 1825. Sale to commence tween the hours of 10 and 12 o'cloc

THOS. H. HICKS Shff
Feb. 25 5w of Dorchester

Sheriff's Sale.

BY virtue of sundry fieri facias ed out of Dorchester county c and to me directed, at the suit of the lowing persons, viz: one at the su Henry Moore, executor of Isaac M use of Zebedee Foxwell, and one a suit of Arthur Hart, executor of Moore, use of Zebedee Foxwell, Benjamin Todd, survivor of Th Whitely; one at the suit of Eliza Wingate, executrix of Pritchett Wi use of Zebedee Foxwell, and one a suit of Robert Hart, use of Zebedee well, and one at the suit of Zebedee well, vs. Benjamin Todd; also one suit of Isaac Creighton, against B min Todd, will be offered at public on TUESDAY the 21st of March at the store of William Lake, esq the right of said Benjamin Todd, following

Tracts or Parcels of La

to wit—All the lands which he hold ing between Goose and Udious cree the lot on which his windmill stand lot at the fork of Ascomb Island r all the land whereon John Street merly lived, all the land he holds east and west sides of the road leads to Hooper's Straits, and near drack Wingate's residence—also lands which he, the said Todd, ma in Straits Hundred, except the fa which he now resides—also a negr which has not heretofore been sold above property taken and will be satisfy said claims, together with terest and cost which may hereaft come due thereon, also for county and fees which are due for the year Sale to commence between the ho 10 and 12 o'clock.

THOS. H. HICKS, S
Feb 25 4w of Dorchester

SHERIFF'S SALE.

BY virtue of a fieri facias issu of Dorchester county court and directed, at the suit of Elizabeth er and Jas. Twilly, Exr's. of Jas. er, against Jesse Cannon, will be at public sale on TUESDAY th inst. at Galestown, North West all the right of him, the said Can all that

Tract or Parcel of La

on which he resides, and which chased from James Fletcher: one horse, and one yoke of oxen an taken and will be sold to satisf claim with interest and cost, and charge and fees for 1825. Sale t mence between the hours of 10 an clock,

THOS. H. HICKS, Sh
march 11 3w of Dorchest

MILITARY NOTIC

Neatly and expeditiously printe
CHRONICLE OFFICE

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