Cambridge Chronicle

AND EASTERN SHORE ADVERTISER.

Saturday Evening, Jan'y 29, 1825.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

The editor of the Baltimore Herald, has received intelligence by an arrival from England, some days later than has been furnished by the last, comprehending however, no events of a very interesting character.

ENGLAND.—A tremendous storm had raged on the English coast, and done much damage, not only to shipping, but also to buildings, trees, &c. although it does not appear that many lives have been lost. Fauntelroy has at last paid the forfeiture of his life to his crimes. The London papers, as usual, endeavor to array the circumstances attending the execution in all the parapharnalia of grief. His agonies are described in his last interview between his wife, whom he abandoned, and his mistress with whom he lived. We hope, that hereafter, our countrymen will cease to follow such examples; they have a demoralizing tendency on the public mind. Had Fauntleroy died in his bed, and had the paper produced on the trial as evidence of his criminality, in which he avowed the fact of his forgery been found by his executors, his conduct would have been marked in the public papers in terms of abhorrence and reprobation. But the man has been hanged for his crimes, and now all is regret and misplaced sympathy for his fate.

FRANCE.—There is in France, some talk of a coronation, at which it is said the Duke of Wellington will attend. Surely it is sound policy in the French monarch, to bury the name of Waterloo as deep from the memory of man as possible. The presence of the Duke of Wellington will remind the French of prostrate Austria, and Spain, and Elba and St. Helena.—It is stated that the late minister Chateaubriand, is becoming a great favorite with the radical party. He was the alternate eulogizer and libellist of Buonaparte, and of Louis, and now it seems he has become a favorite with the radicals. We have heard of a man who refused to wind up his watch, because if he suffered it to remain unwound, it would be right at least once in twenty-four hours, which he said would never be the case if he applied the key to the watch. We hear from this quarter, of certain little petty persecutions against the press—one man it seems, was condemned to confinement, for saying, that when the present monarch came to the possession of the sceptre, a free man had mounted the throne. Whether the members of the Holy Alliance hold the name of freedom in such abhorrence, that it becomes criminal to say that they are themselves free, is more than we can undertake to say, further than to assure them that this crime will be very seldom committed on this side of the Atlantic.

SPAIN.—From Spain, we hear that the French troops employed to garrison, and to preserve the quiet of the Peninsula, have received orders to march homewards, which they are preparing to obey. From other quarters, we learn that these troops are to be replaced from Switzerland. What other expedients may be adopted to make the Spaniards in love with themselves, we know not. If royalty is a thing that can neither be preserved by domestic, or foreign assistance, it had much better be dispensed with altogether. We have a curious case of Spanish justice entailed at full length where a man was arrested for some charge, and the evidence not being strong enough to convict him of the crime, he was mercifully sentenced to endure slavery at the gallies for life.

HOLLAND.—We learn from Holland, that extensive floods have fortunately now subsided, that threatened the ruin of both Amsterdam and Hamburg. The tide rose in some cases 40, in others 50 feet beyond its ordinary level, and the dykes, immense as they were, broke beneath the weight.

A writer in the Aurora, states that letters have been received from that place, stating that this account is absolutely correct: that Hamburg was in eminent danger: that it stands on very low grounds, intersected by canals communicating with the Elbe: that many of the inhabitants live in cellars, liable at full tides to be overflown with water; that when the river rises beyond a certain mark, guns are fired to warn those who live in cellars, of their danger; to admonish them to move as fast as possible. He goes on.

"Immediately a scene of confusion ensues which surpasses description, and fortunate are they who get that part of their furniture which they most value out before the water reaches it. The water usually subsides with one tide, and the cellars are again occupied as before. They are of course, wet and damp for a long time. To this last circumstance may justly be attributed the unusual number of cripples which are to be seen at Hamburg. I will only add, that in the month of November last, persons are said to have been drowned in the streets of this ancient Hanse town.

These observations are made in consequence of a remark in your paper of yesterday morning, suggesting that some mistake had arisen in confounding Hamburg with Harlingen."

GREECE.—From regenerated Greece, our accounts continue of the most favorable character: that Zeituni had surrendered to their conquering arms, by the possession of which they had gained the key to Thessaly, and that Patros and the castle of Lepanto were hourly expected to surrender. At this dismay, and we firmly believe, complete discomfiture of the Ottoman power, who does not rejoice at the rapid advances of freedom! This example of successful and triumphant resistance, will be a precedent for freemen in all ages, never to despair of the Republic. What nation ever engaged with more fearful and ominous disparity than the Greeks, and what nation ever conquered like them! Amidst such moral earthquakes, if we may be allowed the expression, our attention is now called off to those of a physical nature. Intelligence from Shiras, announces that in the month of April last, an earthquake broke forth, which lasted six days and six nights, with little or no intermission. We hear further, that one half of the devoted city fell, and that this, by falling on the other half, made nearly the whole, an immense sepulchre of the living inhabitants, that nearly all the people fell victims to this extirminating agent—that scarcely five hundred persons were enabled to save themselves by flight. This city had a population estimated at forty thousand, and was one of the largest in the Persian dominions. It was situated between mountains, & contained fifteen large mosques, besides many smaller ones—the streets were however very narrow, and in the rainy season, very dirty.

"Razoon, a city between Aborkon and Shiras was swallowed up with almost the whole of the inhabitants, in consequence of the same earthquake. All the mountains surrounding Razoon were levelled by it, and no trace of them now remains."

DOMESTIC.

Congress are still proceeding in their legislative career. Nothing is known, and less said about the ensuing presidential election. On that subject, says the Herald, the most guarded and persevering taciturnity, has been observed, perhaps out of regard to the oft quoted maxim of the poet Gray, where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise. The bill abolishing imprisonment for debt, has been rejected in the Senate. The House of Representatives are now engaged in the discussion of the appropriations necessary to complete the Cumberland road. One of the principal arguments, if argument it may be called, advanced against the bill, is that such improvements are not authorized by the Constitution of the United States.—What the Constitution was made for, if the opinions of some of our legislators are orthodox, it would puzzle the Witch of Endor to tell: it must have been made for every purpose but to be enjoyed. A plan of internal improvement, by the construction of roads and canals, hostile and repugnant to the constitution of this Republic! Hear this ye members of the Holy Alliance, and repress your risibles if you can! Various important bills are passing through their different stages, such as the bill for the more effectual prevention of piracy, on which the correspondence between our Government and the kingdom of Spain, has been requested of the President, and communicated. The Spanish Court are said to have testified much irritation in consequence of our appeals to them, to suppress the ravages made by their own Pirates. The President has also communicated our correspondence with the Government of the Netherlands, on the subject of demands made by us for spoliations made on our commerce during the sanguinary day of the French revolution, and captures and condemnations made since by that government, then acting under the decree of the Imperial Buonaparte. Motions are repeatedly laid upon the table for committees to consider on the expediency of uniting various rivers by means of canals, and of causing surveys to be taken, all of which may be resisted on the old mouldy, worm-eaten objection, that the Constitution of the United States does not authorise such enquiries. We hope that this rampart raised around our liberties by the sages of our revolution, is not doomed, after triumphantly withstanding the thunders of England's cannon, to be kicked down by grasshoppers.

There is a beautiful propriety in those two ponderous machines, which with the force exerted, seem to possess the property of steam engines: the State, and the General Government, working harmoniously together at the same time, as if actuated by the same impulse—neither of which appear to respect the movements of the other, and both acting on the self same body. Let us transport ourselves in fancy for a moment, on the tyrannic shores of Europe or Asia, in those regions where representation is unknown, and we should learn the value of our republican birthright. Take Baltimore as a sample of this republic—the general government—the government of Maryland, and the mayor and city council of Baltimore, are in session at the same moment, and all of them are but representatives of the people, engaged in passing laws for their benefit, to whom they are ultimately accountable, and by whom they may all be turned out of office.

The legislature of Massachusetts have followed the example set by that of S. Carolina, and have passed sundry resolutions highly complimentory to the President of the United States. This Patriot will retire from office accompanied by the cordial esteem and confidence of his countrymen. If there is one trait in his composition peculiarly distinguishable, it is this, the intimate knowledge that he possesses of the human character. Mr. Monroe, in a very eminent degree, is acquainted with men and things, and his selection of his Cabinet has been remarkably judicious. They are men calculated to adorn their offices.

FROM WASHINGTON,

Our accounts continue to be of the same uncertain tenor. The question of the Presidency seems to rest in a state of comparative quiet. While it is conceded that, singlehanded, neither of the candidates can obtain a majority of the states, it is also admitted that the strength of each is nearly equal. Which will yield, or what will be the result, is as yet as difficult to predict at this stage of the question, as it has been at any other.—There is at least one favorable view of the subject, which the moderate and rational friends of the country every where will rejoice at. The acrimony and bitterness which marked the discussion previous to the decisions of the colleges, have given place to a conciliatory feeling, which promises to extend itself even into the next administration. Harsh and disgraceful as the contest has been in too many instances, it has now the appearance of a courteous and manly rivalry for a station which may tempt the honorable ambition of any man. Accounts now speak of Mr. Crawford as "the same great man, moving on in his elevated path of virtue, unmoved by the conflict in which he has been so fiercely assailed;" of Mr. Adams as "the able secretary and accomplished statesman;" and of Gen. Jackson as "uniting the bland courtesy of the gentleman with the gallant bearing of the soldier." And by all, Mr. Clay is represented as "the sagacious, intrepid and eloquent defender of the rights and honor of his country, & of the great cause of liberty throughout the world."—We quote the expressions to show the alteration which the language of the controversy has undergone; and to add, that it is a source of pride that our country *can* offer, and through the ordinary operations of our institutions *has* offered, individuals so distinguished for their talents their personal worth, and their public services, as the four, and even five which have preferred their claims to the suffrages of the people.

From all that we can learn, the present determination, by all parties, is *to hold firmly on to the original object of their preference.* This is adhered to, calmly, and compared with the past transactions, silently. Second choices are neither hazarded nor discussed.

The steam-boat North Carolina, from Fayetteville, ran on a "snag" and sunk, 10 miles above Wilmington.

For the Cambridge Chronicle.

When the Edinburg Reviewers in the fulness of their ire attacked the noble Byron for the publication of a little work, entitled *Hours of Idleness,* and believed that a single blow would effectually crush the efforts of so trifling an aspirant for fame, the youthful lord replied in a manner so keen, and pungent, as not only to wrest conviction on their part, that his aspirations were the effect of powerful talent, but to cause them at once to soothe their anger, and mitigate their ferocity. With such an example before me, Mr. Editor, it may appear rather strange that I should attempt to say any thing, either in the way of censure, or advice, and particularly the former, to the young poets, who have lately risen up among us; of whom one appears as a most unfortunate usurper of Prior's name, the other as the delicate Anselmo. For poets are strange and eccentric beings, and oftentimes "very cunning offence," and Apollo too is ever gracious, and tender to his children, and should they appeal to him in distress, would not hesitate to bend the unerring bow, and aim a deadly shaft.—But I believe sir, in the present instance, I may pretty safely indulge my laugh, and say, I am not afraid—there is neither a Byron, nor a Prior, nor a "fencer" under the masks, and as for the god of poesy, I am sure he would not take the trouble to unbind his quiver in behalf of such a pair of witlings.

The similitude of style, however, in the two productions, leads me (to be sure not with perfect and entire certainty) to a discovery of the same person in both; and under this belief I will take the liberty of saying a word or two behind the curtain, and suggesting (tho' without the most distant intention of being either impudent or officious,) the propriety of a total examination of the machine, to see if the wires of the little *puppet* may not be so arranged as to permit it to move in measures more pleasing and agreeable.

The first appearance of this our bard, so tutored in the ways of easy verse, to catch the gaze and admiration of our little town, is by an acrostick; without doubt a most splendid exertion of poetic talent, and yet with all the attention, care, and study I can make use of, perfectly unintelligible to me. For this reason I let it pass, as you must well know, sir, it is the height of arrogance to pretend to analyze what we cannot comprehend. Oh Prior, *thou* wast surely a sweet and pretty poet, and thy simplicity enabled thee to be relished even by moderate understandings. *Thou* wast distinguished for thy diligence, and thy correctness hast made thee rank high among the English poets. *Thou* never sacrificedst *accuracy to pomp,* nor indulged in *contemptuous negligence, or impatient idleness. Thou* hast *no careless lines, or entangled sentiments;* thy *words were selected with nicety,* thy thoughts expanded with clearness, and thy judgment has preserved thee from the imputation of the ridiculous, and absurd.—*Thou* couldst attempt the epic, and with success, as the battle of Blenhiem will shew, and impromptus and *acrosticks,* though sweet, adapt, poetical and clear, were ever at command, the playful efforts of real genius. Pity indeed that thy name should be assumed *to palm upon the world,* in the garb of a delicate, poetical compliment, as heterogeneous a collection of words as were ever accidentally drawn together. Pity indeed that thy name should be disturbed by one, whom nature in the dispensation of her gifts hath overlooked; whom the muses, with Apollo at their head, have never beheld but with a frown, and whom art itself, and the rhyming dictionary can scarcely make a rhymester.

With this slight glance at the *deformity,* to which the heat oppressed brain of this extraordinary mask has lately given birth, let us for an instant behold its *transformation* in the last Saturday's contribution to the Bower; the perfection of each line, of which no doubt, at the moment, more strongly corroborated the belief, that he was consigning his name to a glorious immortality. No doubt he is now listening with the keenest anxiety for the soft whisperings of praise; waiting with breathless desire for that elevation to which the justice of criticism will exalt him, and pining for that burst of admiration, and glare of compliment, with which he is confident he must soon be overwhelmed. No doubt he is now forming a scheme, after this, to let his name be extracted, and made known, the completion of this tragicomical exhibition; and though at first 'twill be imparted to but few, yet suddenly like the electric fluid, 'twill spread both far and wide, when the whole population of little our village, will be found at his feet, the lady who has attracted his notice be deemed the happiest of womankind, and universally all will be striving to crown with bays, and laurels, the man

Who touched the lyre,
With sounds such as no mortal heard before, responded.

In this dream, this gilded halo of delight, our midnight bard has, no doubt, for a week been wrapt, and to awaken him from it, is far indeed from my intention. Let us however proceed to the examination of his beauties as they arise singly.

In pride, the myrtle grove, at spring,
Doth bloom, and give the wind its hour;
At evening shade, its sweet doth bring,
And wither 'neath its chilling power.

This is the first stanza, and we have many and varied beauties presented to us—such as the transposition of "in," and its use out of its proper place, "at spring" instead of *in* spring, meaning that particular season of the year: "giving the wind its hour" &c. but this is so incomprehensibly beautiful, that I must pass it with uplifted hands—Virgil speaks, and beautifully too, of Venus and her attendants giving their dishevelled locks to the winds, and the sybillim verses written upon leaves, being disposed of in the same manner; but I believe neither he, nor any other poet have ever made a *grove* give its hour to the wind, as if a *grove* were conscious of the division of time or had time to dispose of—but it is too incomprehensibly beautiful, so let us pass on—"wind, shade and sweet," scarcely ever used singularly in poetry—"winging and withering," very incongruous images to be connected together by a conjunction. Thus, Mr. Editor, you see the varied beauties we have pointed out, even in these four lines. The two first stanzas being entirely taken up with the myrtle grove, the third changes the scene altogether, and comes forward with its beauties so *fantastically tangled,* that we are charmed and delighted.

"The sparkling eye's celestial ray"—Now I should be happy to know, where the fair lady is to whom "her" may refer? As yet he has been speaking of no female, and the only disposition to be be made of it is, to refer it to Myrtle grove—but then according to a plain rule of grammar, the feminine cannot agree with the neuter gender. Perhaps, indeed, he intends the grove a personification of the object of his admiration, in which case then we have a splendid piece of imagery. "Unblighted"—where this word was picked up, I am at a loss to determine. The poetic license I am afraid will not bear our bard out in the use of improper words.

"And looks in smiles the spring away,
And far out-lives the lily's hour."

In this we have a beautiful fall from the top of the climax about half way down upon one of its steps, a novelty truly rare, and beautiful—then an assemblage of "seeing, smiling, and outliving rays," extremely vivid, and gorgeous—and a fondness for giving hours to groves, and lilies that is felt and displayed by no other poet—but these are what Byron would call the *little fantastically tangled beauties,* so sweetly intertwined, that we would not separate them for the world. In the next stanza, if we insert "the" before hall, which according to every rule should be done, we shall have a line of insipid prose—"The graces hold their train in waiting for her, in the hall of bright beauty." Poetry, to be fine, should never be prosaic or convertible into bad prose, much less when compliments are intended to be conveyed in its numbers.* The next stanza affords a touch of the sublime, "blasts blowing in winds," the neuter verb "perish" governing an objective case—and "vernal blooms as white as snow." The last forms a fine contrast to the one immediately preceding, and instead of the sublime and beautiful, is extremely lame and coarse—as for example, "Taking her joy, and giving her sorrow"—making a smile an evergreen, and a ray at the same time—and to close the whole with something that should really be overpowering, and worthy the god of poetry himself, he links eternity with the morrow, in such a manner, as that according to the rules of the climax, the morrow must be taken to express more than eternity.

Thus terminates my analysis of this far famed effusion, through which, groves, bowers, blasts, winds, rays, and evergreens, dance in all the mazes of metaphorical confusion. 'Tis time too that the spell of delight into which it has thrown us, should break, and we be permitted once more to awake to the things around us. Its faults I have attempted to point out, and I hope in such a manner, as that our young rhymester will at once be convinced of their justice, and be prepared to correct them when he may next appear. Egregious errors there are to be sure in every line; but then to error we are all liable, and perfection was never intended for our race. That I am a man and inherit the imperfections of humanity—is a reflection calculated to afford the sweetest consolation. Genius in its early efforts is not unfrequently too exuberant, and requires pruning. When thus early restricted, it is not inclined to run riot, and waste its strength and sweetness in trifles, and puerilities; but advances with a steady course, and at each step acquires a greater degree of dignity, splendour and glory. Discipline and training are always attended with good effects—they render strong, that, which is feeble; beautiful, that which is rough, and unpolished; sound, that which is weak, and imperfect.

Go then, Anselmo—retire to your chamber, study the abstruse doctine of the *genders,* pour over the complicated varieties of *verbs,* familiarize yourself with the *rules* of grammar, perfect your-

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*"That is in song so unrelating." This being the concluding line of the stanza is separated from the rest, and intended to express the ecstacy into which our bard had fallen, from what his vivid imagination had presented to him of the "dazzle" (not my word Mr. Editor) of beauty. This too must be classed among the *incomprehensibles,* and your readers be content to remain in tasteless ignorance of its beauties, until the word "unrelating" (which I believe is no where to be found in any pure author in the language) be explained.

"That is in song so unrelating!" Cedite Romani scriptores, cedite Gr[a]