THE BOUQUET.

"MUCH YET REMAINS UNSUNG."

The following lines by Thomas Moore, Esq. are engraved on the Monument of a Friend:

If ever lot was prosperously cast,
If ever life was like the lengthen'd flow
Of some sweet music, sweetness to the last,
'Twas his, who, mourn'd by many, sleeps below.

The sunny temper, bright where all is strife,
The simple heart that mocks at worldly wiles,
Light wit that plays along the calm of life,
And stirs its languid surface into smiles.

Pure charity that comes not in a shower,
Sudden and loud, oppressing what it feeds,
But like the dew, with gradual silent power,
Felt in the bloom it leaves along the meads.

The happy grateful spirit that improves,
And brightens every gift by fortune given,
That wanders where it will with those it loves,
Makes every place a home, and home a Heaven.

All these were his—Oh thou who read'st this stone,
When for thyself, thy children, to the sky,
Thou humbly prayest, ask this boon alone,
That ye, like him may live, like him, may die.

THE WITHER'D FLOWER.

The Flower you gave me is faded,
And the vows that you breathed were untrue;
The bosom whose peace you've invaded,
Still sighs—but it sighs not for you!
'Twas the semblance of honor that won me,
Not the wretch in that semblance array'd;
Now your spells have no power upon me
For I've found that I worshipp'd a shade.

Could the tears I have shed on this flower
Its fragrance and beauty renew,
I might hope that repentance hath power,
To alter—to purify you:
But alas! it is wither'd for ever,
No art can its sweetness restore;
And the name of its giver will never
Be unsullied and dear as before.

THE MISCELLANIST.

For the Cambridge Chronicle.

To Novel Readers—No. 1.

Mr. Editor,

I am one who at an early period of life plunged in the vortex of literary dissipation in search of happiness—Like my predecessors, I found it a mere apparition—a phantom of a heated imagination. Ten long years have I holden converse with the disembodied existences of the Poet and the Novelist. I have not only ascertained that they furnish not the *pabulum* of contentment and happiness, but by the *alchemy* of such associations, I have been so transmuted in feeling, disposition, and nature, that I am totally disqualified for this sublunary state.

Although the intemperate use of books be not a species of dissipation against which it is peculiarly necessary to guard the youth of the present generation, yet I am convinced there is not catalogued in the dispensary of diseases a more fruitful source of misfortune than *bibliomania*. I shall attempt to show in the ulterior progress of this subject, that inordinate and miscellaneous reading, even of legitimate works, has an indirect tendency to emasculate some of the nobler faculties of the mind. To day it shall be my more humble task to exhibit the baneful effects of fictitious writings on the *sensibility*, which is the sentinel of all the moral faculties. It has been justly denominated by an elegant female poet

"A hasty moral—a sudden sense of right."

No paraphrase of language could express its importance with more beauty and energy.

It is conceded by every one who is not egregiously ignorant of himself, that the mind of man is endowed with a sensibility both *active* and *passive*. Few persons have been so inattentive to the operations of their own minds, as not to know that the passive sensibility is impaired and the active invigorated by habit. That I may be perfectly intelligible to all, I will not avail myself of any abstract metaphysical reasoning to evince the integrity of the foregoing proposition; but will submit to every candid and intelligent reader the following considerations.—Have you never observed that the young physician seems to feel more pain at the exhibition of distress, than the veteran in practice; and yet the latter is equally solicitous with the former to relieve the distressed? This seeming contrariety is easily reconciled by the above position.—Experience diminishes the influence of passive impressions on the mind, but corroborates our active principles. Perhaps to some of my readers the present subject of discussion will be more elucidatory of the canon I design to inculcate. Have not you whose days and nights have been dedicated to novels felt an increased desire to indulge in the luxury of reading, after the faculty of enjoyment has, to a certain degree, become extinct? I know a gentleman who has been addicted for many years to an excessive use of snuff; he assured me the difficulty of abandoning the habit daily increased, although the pungent property of the matter produced not the least impression on his organs of sensation. It is equally true in Ethicks as in Physics, that any hypothesis which will explain all phenomena, and contradict no fact, should be recognised as true. Such is the property of this.

If the mind of man be of this character, is it a matter of wonderment to see

"A woman of her sex the seeming paragon."

whose midnight hours have been spent in correspondence with the visionary authors of romance, melting with pity for the imaginary distresses of some heroine in a gloomy tragedy, and the next hour turning a deaf ear and exhibiting a cold and callous heart to the real distresses of some fellow being? Such results are to be anticipated. By this course of procedure the taste acquires a delicacy so fastidious as will render us altogether unsuitable for those stations which Providence designed us to occupy. The distress which is exhibited by writers of romance, is calculated not only to excite our pity and compassion, but also to command our admiration. It is disrobed of every attribute which can render it offensive to the reader. Heroic description gilds with varying rays its wants and necessities. Every tone of complaint is music's own; and every cry of penury is "something more than melody"—Are such descriptions comportable with the archetype of life? By no means. The language of the mendicant is so meagre and penurious that he can scarcely tell the simple story of his grief. His tattered garments, his pallid countenance, and his exile form, are the only heralds of his misery. And these alas! are intolerably disgusting to the *morbidly* refined sensibility of he whose cold charities he in vain solicits.

Excessive indulgence of this species, if it do not annihilate our sensitive faculty, will doubtless furnish the mind with those delusive sources of error which subvert the very substratum of our happiness. Those moral and intellectual habitudes which should be based on the incidents of real life, gradually and imperceptibly assimilate themselves to those ideal existences which have no more stable predicate than the fantacy of the poet—Such a person has seldom an attachment for any one in particular. Every character appears equally insipid, unless she be under the influence of violent passion. If the inauspicious star which presided at her nativity shall have destined her for a *wife*, the most endearing of all relations, her situation is incomparably more distressful. Her imagination having been warmed by the God-like virtues which canonize her favourite hero of romance, must always render her dissatisfied with that quantum of excellence which falls to the share of fallible man. As the distinctions which exist among real character and commingled with false and fantastick conceptions of ideal excellence, the choice is often directed to some object of caprice. A slight similitude in the real character is magnified by her into an exact coincidence with the ideal personage; and the glowing description of the poet is literally attached to an object who may be below even ordinary merit. This delusion cannot last. Reason thus dethroned, must soon resume her sceptre. When the mysterious veil shall be raised what will be the situation of the hapless woman? The reader may conceive the agony; I acknowledge my inability to paint it. It would be as easy to depicture the effulgent brilliancy of the meridian sun as to draw the dark portraiture.

The mind of man is so constituted that it cannot remain in a state of quiescence without manifest deterioration.—This indiscreet indulgence not only impairs the passive sensibility, but also takes away all exercise to the active principles. By the immutable law of our nature it is impossible to behold distress, even with the eye of fancy, without feeling a contemporaneous disposition to relieve it. When the object of our sympathy is merely fictitious, the feeling of pity which was excited must return abortive to the breast in which it was awakened. The tendency of this operation, to blunt the sensibility is too obvious to need illustration. If such be the character of fictitious composition will not my fair reader excuse me for conjuring her not to transcend the boundary of prudence. Of female excellence, be assured, *sensibility* is the guard—Once storm and sack this citidel, and the whole female commonwealth will be in ruins.

PHILANTHROPE.

Dissimulation in youth, is the forerunner of Perfidy in old age. When it is seen to make its first appearance in a child; we may view it, as the fatal omen of growing depravity and future shame.

THE HUMOURIST.

PHANTASMAGORIA.

(A New Publication.)

EXTRACTS FROM 'GOING TO BE MARRIED.'

'Going to be married!' The bride-elect is a pretty little simpering girl of 18; one, to whom thought never occasioned a head-ache, until it became necessary to 'decide' on the colour of the wedding pelisse. She is folding up a letter, which, from its innumerable scores, and blots, and flourishes, to say nothing of its countless dearests and farewells, can only be one subject—love.

The milliner, great in her vocation at all times, is, just now, of infinitely more importance than the lover himself; she is displaying the lavender lutestring pelisse—which as yet exhibits—

"The glory and the freshness of a dream!"

The bride's maid elect, is in age, prettiness, and folly, a very ditto to the bride; joyfully does she regard the cake and finery which surrounded her; henceforth and forever, she associates love with silk and sugar; and if those sparkling eyes do not 'bear false witness' it will not be her fault, if in two months she does not herself require those services which it is now her office to pay to another. The lady mother alone looks serious—and with reason too. Does not all the eclat of the bridal depend upon her exertions? The happiness or misery of a married life is a secondary, or at least an after thought; but mercy upon us! if the wedding day should not go off well! should the *dejeune* be ill arranged—or the fine part of the company send back word—or the weather be wet—or the bride look ill—or the bride's maid look too well!! Surely the dread of any one of these trials sufficiently accounts for the cloud upon her brow.

'Was ever any thing so unfortunate!' said the bride-elect, in a tone of elegant distress; 'George will be here to-day, and I have not made up my mind where I should like to go. It is a great plague this being married; I know I shall never get my clothes packed in time.'

'Don't be a fool, child,' replied mamma, 'but be thankful you have the opportunity of being so plagued. Just look round the circle of your acquaintance, and see how many scores of girls would be glad to establish themselves in any way, much more as you have done; a good house—fine furniture—a wardrobe fit for a Duchess—liberty to have as much company as you chose—servants at your command—and, I make no doubt a *most excellent husband*—for I am sure, whatever people may say of his temper, Mr.—— has the best of hearts. Show Mrs. Mac Scallop that set of pearl ornaments he sent you last week, and ask her whether you ought not to be thankful to Providence with such prospects of happiness.

'La, Mamma, I know all that,' said the young lady, as she displayed the costly baubles with affected indifference and ill concealed triumph—'I know all that well enough, but still it is exceedingly tiresome not to know whether to go to London, or Cheltenham, or the Lakes. I wish two or three of my friends would just drop in to help me to decide,' she said—to look at my fine things she thought.

'And as I live,' said the lady mother, running to the window at the sound of a double rap, 'here comes a party of the Johnsons and Dickenses—spiteful vulgar creatures—how lucky! Mary Anne you look perished—throw the Cashmere over your shoulders—Mac Scallop, do arrange those dresses so that we may have a good view of them—Sophia, fetch me this dear child's trinket-case, I have just now leisure to pack up her jewels.'

By the time these arrangements (without a *motive*) were made, three of the six single Miss Johnsons, and two of the five disengaged Miss Dickenses entered, and greetings truly feminine ensued.

'My dear Charlottee—my dear Agnes—Elizabeth—Lucy—Louisa—now this is so kind—so truly friendly—and just to come in as we were wishing for you—Ah, one knows the value of friends when one is about to leave them,' &c.

This from the bridal party.

'Dear Girl, we could not rest without coming to see you once more, you looked so shockingly ill yesterday, and so out of spirits—no wonder, indeed, it is such an awful thing to be married—such a trial to leave home,' &c.

This from the knot of spinsters.

The bride elect was evidently affected—

She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh—
With a smile on her lips—
it was not the fault of her intentions, but she could not act the remainder of the line—

and a tear in her eye;

however she raised her handkerchief, and the semblance did as well.

'I *hope* you will be happy,' said the two eldest of the party, in that affectionately plaintiff tone, invariably used by spinsters of an uncertain age, when speaking of the marriage of younger and more fortunate rivals.

'Happy indeed!' echoed the younger fry, wistfully surveying the wedding paraphernalia;—'who could be otherwise with all these beautiful things.'

'Beautiful, my dear!' said the matron, with as much exultation as decency allowed her to manifest—'well, I'm so glad you like them—you have all such good taste in dress—but really now you are quite plain and simple.'

'No Bride ever left G—— with such a complete wardrobe,' said Mrs. Mac Scallop, tossing her head, and unfolding at the same time, a superb ball dress.

'Why you know,' replied the matron, sighing very audibly, 'one would not have one's daughter disgrace the man she is going to marry—and such a man as Mr.——, as generous as he is rich. Ah! my dear young friends, my warmest wish is, that you may all meet with such another; but indeed, indeed, with such a home and such parents as you are blessed with, I don't wonder you are in no hurry to marry, however, we shall see one of these days, we shall have Miss Agnes or Miss Louisa—ay, ay, I have heard something.'

'Oh! goodness, gracious, what? where?—well, I vow and declare—now, really, I assure you—and did I ever hear the like—what will people say next?' burst simultaneously from the lips of the delighted young ladies in question; who considered that to have been the subject of a wedding report, was something; a step, at least, towards the attainment of bridal honors.

'Mamma, said the bride-elect, with a languid air, you forget our friends have had a long walk.'

'Ah, my poor head,' replied her mother, 'seeing after your trumpery will really turn it: Sophia, love, these are such particular friends, they really *must* taste the cake even before the wedding.'

Those of the 'particular friends,' whom envy had not deprived of appetite, gratefully accepted the proffered refreshment; but the two eldest, and if truth must be told, hopeless spinsters, declared bride cake to be their 'particular aversion.'

At length, when there remained no article of finery unshown, no prospect of future grandeur, unrevealed, no spiteful feeling unfelt, and no affectionate word unsaid, the spinster party retired; the younger branches, to sigh for the vulgar privileges of eating bride-cake and ordering their own dinners; the elder to manufacture humble imitations of the bridal finery—to lament in every company that their poor dear friend should be so sacrificed—and to suppress all outward signs of extreme willingness to be so sacrificed themselves.

Released from the presence of their visitors, the bridal party resumed the original subject of discussion—the scene of the wedding excursion.

The bride-elect had some floating ideas of love and poetry, moonlight walks, and the Regatta, and she therefore voted for the Lakes. Mrs. MacScallop inveighed vehemently against all 'countrified expeditions;' depicted with millinery rhetoric the certain ruin which would arise to pelisses and complexions, and enlarged on the absurdity of people going where they could not be seen. *She* voted for Cheltenham—and the bride's maid very naturally 'followed on the same side,' rightly judging that Cheltenham would afford her a better chance of making conquests.

Notice.

This is to give notice that the subscriber of Dorchester county hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Dorchester county in Maryland, letters of Administration on the personal estate of James Chaplain late of Dorchester county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, on or before the 6th day of July next, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of the said estate. Given under my hand this 20th day of December 1825.

All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

ELIZABETH S. CHAPLAIN,
Administratrix.

Dec. 24 3w

To Travellers and Others.

WM. C. RIDGAWAY,

Begs leave to inform his friends and the public generally, that he continues to occupy that large and commodious Brick House, situated on the corner of Race and Gay streets, in Cambridge, immediately opposite the store of Samuel Lecompte, esq. in the most pleasant and fashionable part of the town.

His table will be constantly furnished with the richest profusion of all the delicacies of each season, and attended by waiters, polite, obliging and attentive.

Attached to the establishment are excellent Stables, and plenty of good provender of every description, and an industrious and honest Ostler.

Gentlemen and Ladies travelling, can be accommodated with private apartments.

Private parties can also be accommodated with Dinners and Suppers, served up with equal promptitude and elegance.

The STAGE attached to the *Maryland* Steam Boat line to Annapolis and Baltimore, leaves the above Hotel on Thursdays and Sundays at 6 o'clock, A.M. and arrives on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons.

Travellers can on cheap terms be conveyed to any part of the adjacent country, with Horses, Gigs, and careful Drivers.

april 16

ALMANACK'S FOR 1826.
For sale at the Chronicle Office.

BUTLER'S
VEGETABLE INDIAN SPECIFIC

Extract of a letter dated Lynchburg, July 14, 1825.

I have been for the last seven or eight years laboring under a pulmonary consumption, (pronounced to be such by Professor Chapman, of Philadelphia, as well as others,) during which time I have consulted many physicians, taken much medicine, travelled a great deal, but all to but little purpose. The 12th of January, 1825, I puked blood for the first time, and continued for several days to spit blood, mixed with purulent matter occasioned by the breaking of an abscess which was supposed to have formed on my lungs, and on the 21st of the same month was confined to my bed, where I lay for four months, taking an emetic every other day for three months of that time, until I was reduced to such a state of debility, that my friends began to despair of my recovery. I have no doubt but that the emetics were of infinite service, and answered all the purposes for which they were given; for perhaps I could not otherwise have discharged the vast collection of matter accumulating from the rapid secretions, and which I had become unable to cough up. My cough for several years has been extremely distressing, and appeared to increase. I commenced using Butler's Vegetable Indian Specific, when at my very lowest state, and when I thought it unimportant what medicine I took or whether any. I took the first tea-spoon full at night, in a little balm tea sweetened, which soon threw me into a gentle perspiration, and procured for me a happy and sweet night's sleep. I repeated the dose in the morning, which had the effect to make me sleep very sound until near ten o'clock, when I awoke considerably refreshed from the rest I had taken, and of which I stood so much in need. I continued to take the medicine, and in about 3 or 4 four days, my cough was so completely stopped, that I become somewhat uneasy, for fear that I should have to resort to emetics again for the purpose of throwing off the great quantity of matter & phlegm, which I of course imagined to be collecting, for the secretions regularly going on and none discharged by the usual method of coughing it up. I began to think the Specific ultimately hurtful, but I found in a few days more, that the Specific to my surprise, had the effect to stop the secretions almost entirely. I have been mending ever since I took the first dose, and am now able to ride in a carriage or on horseback, for a short distance at a time. My cough is greatly mended, and it is at this time by no means distressing. I have used 5 bottles, and have bought five more, which I shall continue to use, and perhaps as many more, should they continue to have the same good effect, or be superceded by a restoration to health. In order the better to satisfy myself of the efficiency of this medicine, I left off the use of it for six or eight days. After three or four days the secretions became as copious and rapid as ever, more especially the phlegm in the wind pipe, and being a little asthmatic, my breathing became very difficult, with wheezing. I took a puke, and threw up a great deal of phlegm but the day after, the secretions were so rapid, that the same difficulty in breathing occurred. I then commenced with the Specific again; I found that it had the usual happy effects. I am now perfectly satisfied of the superior quality of the Vegetable Indian Specific, over every other medicine ever discovered in this country.

Yours respectfully,
WM. B. LYNCH.

It is offered for sale by
LUTHER M. SCOTT.

Dec. 10 tf

SIX CENTS REWARD.

Absconded from my service on Friday 2nd December, 1825, my apprentice boy, by the name of JOHN TALL, between 18 and 19 years of age, about five feet four inches high, freckled face, red complexion, and sandy coloured hair—Had on when he went away a grey kersey roundabout jacket and waistcoat, and blue kersey trowsers—he is much addicted to intoxication. I do forwarn all persons from employing the said boy or giving him any aid or comfort in any way whatever, as I will enforce the law in its utmost rigor upon all such persons.—Whoever lodges said boy in Cambridge jail shall be entitled to the above reward, but no charges paid.

JAMES EWING.

Dec 10 3t

$400 REWARD

Will be given for the apprehension of the following negroes,

BOB, blacksmith, 32 years old, bought of Henry Langford.

STERLING, 35 years of age, bought of Samuel Miles.

CHARLES, 22 years of age, bought of James Mezick.

WILLIAM, 20 years of age, bought of Charles Venables.

The above negroes were purchased by Messrs. John H. Joyce and Rice C. Ballard, in Somerset county. The first mentioned, Bob, ranaway in the State of North Carolina—the three latter broke jail in Somerset county, on the 17th of July 1825. The above reward will be paid by me, if said negroes are secured in any jail so that I get them again.

GREEN UNDERWOOD.

Dec 17 3w*

CAMB

VOL. IV.

Calendar
FOR THE YEAR, 1826.

	SUNDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.
January,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	29	30	31				
February				1	2	3	4
	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
	26	27	28				
March,				1	2	3	4
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	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
	26	27	28	29	30	31	
April,							1
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	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
	23	24	25	26	27	28	29
	30						
May,		1	2	3	4	5	6
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	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
	28	29	30	31			
June,					1	2	3
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	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
	25	26	27	28	29	30	
July,							1
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	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
	23	24	25	26	27	28	29
	30	31					
August,			1	2	3	4	5
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	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
	20	21	22	23	24	25	26
	27	28	29	30	31		
September,							1
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	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
October,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
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	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	29	30	31				
November,				1	2	3	4
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	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
	26	27	28	29	30		
December,							1
	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
	31						

CHRONOLOGICAL CYCLES.

Dominicle letter, A | Solar Cycle,
Epact, 22 | Lunar Cycle,

MOVEABLE FEASTS.

Septuagesima,	Jan. 22
Quinquagesima,	Feb. 5
Ash Wednesday,	Feb. 8
Mid Lent.	March 5
Palm Sunday,	March 19
Easter Day,	March 26
Low Sunday,	April, 2
Rogation Sunday,	April, 30
Ascension Day,	May, 4
Whit Sunday,	May 14
Trinity Sunday,	May, 21
Advent Sunday,	Dec. 3

Solar and Lunar Eclipses, for 18

I. A total eclipse of the Moon the of May, at 10 o'clock 15 min. in forenoon, invisible here; it will be ble in the East Indies and New Hol

II. An Eclipse of the Sun the 5 June, at 12 o'clock, 53 min. at noon visible; it will be visible in South A ica and the South Atlantic Ocean.

III. An eclipse of the Sun the 30 October, at 8 o'clock 21 min. in th ternoon, invisible; only a small p penumbra falls on the South pole.

IV. A total eclipse of the Moo 14th of November, at 11 o'clock, 8 in the forenoon; invisible here, bu ble in the eastern parts of Asia.

V. An Eclipse of the Sun the 2 November, at 6 o'clock 36 min. forenoon, invisible here; but will b in Europe and the northern parts of

WOOD WANTED

Those of our subscribers, who a posed to pay their arrearages in WOOD, are informed that it h become a veay desirable article.

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