L. I. Tracke

Cambridge Chronicle.

VOL. VII. NO. 25.

BY G. W. CALLAHAN.

CAMBRIDGE, Md.---SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1833.

WHOLE NO. 489.

TERMS:

The CAMBRIDGE CHRONICLE is published every Saturday morning, at Two Dollars and Fifty Cents per annum, payable half-yearly, in advance. Subscriptions will not be taken for less than six months: No paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid, unless at the option of the editor; and the failure to order a discontinuance previously to the expiration of the time already subscribed for, will be considered as a new engagement.

☞Advertisements not exceeding a square will be published three times for one dollar; and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion. Larger ones in proportion.

In cases where the number of insertions is not limited, advertisements will be continued in the paper and charged at the above rates, until direction to omit them is received.

OLD MAIDS.

"To be the mistress of some honest man's house, and the means to make your neighbors happy, the poor easy, and relieving strangers, is the most creditable lot a young woman can look to, and I heartily wish it to all here." *Pirate.*

* * * * First, I would have all young ladies believe that all beautiful and loveable young women do not of course get married--that charms and virtues may exist, and find employment in single life—that a single woman, an old maid, (I will not eschew the name,) may love and be loved, if she has not a husband, and children of her own. I would have her learn that if, like *Flora M'Ivor, she has been surrounded by circumstances that have caused her thoughts and affection to flow in some other channel than love, she need not wed a chance Waverly to escape single life; that if, like *Rebecca, she is separated by an impassable gulf from him she loves, she need not wed one whom she does not love, but like the high-souled Jewess she may transmute 'young Cupid's fiery shafts,' to chains that shall link her to all her species; and if, like poor *Minna, she has thrown away her affections on a worthless object, she may live on singly, and so well, that she will be deemed but 'little lower than the angels.'

* * * * * * *

"No, Anne, I would by no means persuade you or any woman to *prefer* single life. It is not the 'primrose path.' Nothing less than a spirit of meekness, of self-renunciation, and of benevolence, can make a woman who has once been first, happy in a subordinate and *second best* position. And this under ordinary circumstances, is the highest place of a single woman. Depend upon it, my dear young friend, it is safer for most of us to secure all the helps to our virtues that attend a favorable position; besides, married life is the destiny Heaven has allotted to us, and therefore best fitted to awaken all our powers, to exercise all our virtues, and call forth all our sympathies. I would persuade you, that you may give dignity and interest to single life, that you may be the cause of happiness to others; and of course happy yourself—for when was the fountain dry while the stream continued to flow? If single life, according to the worst view of it, is a moral desert, the faithful, in their passage through it, are refreshed with bread from Heaven, and water from the rock.

I shall conclude with a true story. The parties are not known to you. The incidents occurred long ago, and I shall take the liberty to assume names; for I would not, even at this late day, betray a secret once confided to me, though time may long since have outlawed it. My mother had a school-mate and friend whom I shall call Agnes Grey. Her father was a country clergyman with a small salary, and the blessing that usually attends it—a large family of children. Agnes was the eldest, and after her followed a line of boys as long as Banquo's. At last, some ten years after Agnes, long waited and prayed for, appeared a girl, who cost her mother her life.

"The entire care of the helpless little creature devolved on Agnes. She had craved the happiness of possessing a sister, and now, to a sister's love, she added the tenderness of a mother. Agnes's character was formed by the discipline of circumstances—the surest of all discipline. A host of the turbulent boys, thoughtless and impetuous, but kindhearted, bright and loving, had called forth her exertions and affections, and no one can doubt, either as lures or goads, had helped her on the road to heaven. Nature had, happily, endowed her with a robust constitution, and its usual accompaniment, a sweet temper; so that what were mountains to others, were mole-hills to Agnes. 'The baby,' of course, was the pet lamb of the fold. She was named, for her mother's sake, Elizabeth; but, instead of that queenly appellation, she was always addressed by the endearing diminutive of Lizzy. Lizzy Grey was not only the pet of father, brothers, and sister at home—but the plaything of the village.

"The old women knit their brightest yarn into tippits and stockings for 'the minister's motherless little one:' (oh what an eloquent appeal was in those words!) the old men saved the 'red cheeked' apples for her; the boys drew her, hour after hour, in her little wagon, and the girls made her rag babies. Still she was not in any disagreeable sense an *enfantee gatee*. She was like those flowers that thrive best in warm and continual sunshine. Her soft hazel eye, with its dark sentimental lashes, the clear brunette tint of her complexion, and her graceful, flexible lips, truly expressed her tender, loving and gentle spirit. She seemed formed to be sheltered and cherished, to love and be loved; and this destiny appeared to be secured to her by her devoted sister, who never counted any exertion or sacrifice that procured an advantage or pleasure for Lizzy. When Lizzy was about fourteen, a relative of the family, who kept a first rate boarding school in the city, offered to take her for two years, and give her all the advantages of her school, for the small consideration of fifty dollars per annum. Small as it was, it amounted to a tithe of the parson's income. It was well known, that in certain parts of our country, every thing (not always discreetly) is sacrificed to the hobby—education. Still the prudent father, who had already two sons at college, hesitated—did not consent till Agnes ascertained that by keeping a little school in the village she might obtain half the required sum. Her father, brothers and friends all remonstrated. The toils of a school, in addition to the care and labor of her father's family, was, they urged, too much for her—but she laughed at them. 'What was labor to her if she could benefit Lizzy—dear Lizzy!' all ended, as might be expected, in Lizzy going to the grand boarding school. The parting was a great and trying event in the family. It was soon followed by a sadder. The father suddenly sickened and died—and nothing was left for his family but his house and well kept little garden. What now was to be done?—College and schools to be given up? No such thing. In our country, if a youth is rich he ought to be educated; if he is poor, he *must* be. The education is the capital whereby they are to live hereafter. It is obtained in that mysterious but unfailing way—'by hook and by crook.'

"The Elder Greys remained at College; Agnes enlarged her school; learned lessons in Mathematics and Latin one day, and taught them the next; took a poor accomplished young lady from some broken down family in town into partnership, and received a few young misses as boarders into her family. Thus she not only was able to pay 'dear Lizzy's' bills regularly, but to aid her younger brothers. Her energy and success set all her other attractions in a strong light, and she was talked about, and became quite the queen of the village.

"I think it was about a year after her father's death, that a Mr. Henry Orne, a native of the village, who was engaged in a profitable business at the south, returned to pass some months at his early home. His frequent visits to the parsonage, and his attentions, on all occasions, to Agnes, soon became matter of very agreeable speculation to the gossips of the village. 'What a fine match he would be for Agnes!—such an engaging, well-informed young man, and so well off!' Agnes' heart was not steel; but though it had been exposed to many a flame she had kindled, it had never yet melted.

"Pardon me, Mrs. Seton, for interrupting you—was Agnes pretty?"

"Pretty? The word did not exactly suit her. At the time of which I am now speaking, she was at the mature age of five and twenty, which is called the perfection of womanhood. Prettiness is rather appropriate to the bud than the ripened fruit. Agnes, I have been told, had a fine person, symmetrical features, and so charming an expression that she was not far from beautiful, in the eyes of strangers, and quite a beauty to her friends and lovers. Whether it was beauty, manners, mind, or heart, I know not—one and all probably—but Henry Orne soon become her assiduous and professed admirer. Till now Agnes had lived satisfied and happy with subordinate affection. She had never seen any one that she thought it possible she could love as well as she loved those to whom nature had allied her. But now the sun arose, and other lights became dim—not that she loved Cæsar less, but she loved Rome more.' Their mutual faith was plighted, and both believed, as all real lovers do, that the world never contained so happy, so blessed a pair, as they were.

"Lizzy's second year at school was nearly ended, and one month after her return the marriage was to be solemnized. In the meantime Agnes was full of the cares of this world. The usual preparations for the greatest occasion in a woman's life are quite enough for any single pair of hands; but Agnes had to complete her school term, and the possibility of swerving from an engagement never occurred to her.

"Lizzy arrived, as lovely a creature as she had appeared in the dreams of her fond sister. In the freshness and untouched beauty of her own existence, just freed from the trammels of school, her round cheek glowing with health, and her heart overflowing with happiness. 'Here is my own dear Lizzy,' said Agnes, as she presented her to Henry Orne, 'and if you do not love me for any thing else, you must for giving you such a sister.'

"Henry Orne looked at Lizzy and thought, and said, 'the duty would be a very easy one. 'For next month,' continued Agnes, 'I shall be incessantly occupied, and you must entertain one another. Henry has bought a nice little pony for me, Lizzy, and he shall teach you to ride, and you shall go over all his scrambling walks with him—to Sky-cliff, Rose-glen, and Beech-cover—the place he says nature made for lovers; but my poor lover has had to accommodate himself to my working-day life, and woo me in beaten paths.'

"The next month was the most joyous of Lizzy's life; every day was a festival. To the perfection of animal existence in the country, in the month of June, was added the keen sense of all that physical nature conveys to the susceptible mind.

"Wherever she was, her sweet voice was heard ringing in laughter, or swelling in music that seemed the voice of inexpressible joy—the spontaneous breathing of her soul. To the lover approaching his marriage day, Time is apt to drag along with leaden foot. But to Henry Orne he seemed rather to fly with Mercury wings at his heels; and when Agnes found herself compelled, by the accumulation of her affairs, to defer her wedding for another month, he submitted with a better grace than could have been expected. Not many days of his second term had elapsed, when Agnes, amidst all her cares, as watchful of Lizzy as a mother of an only child, observed a change stealing over her. Her stock of spirits seemed suddenly expended, her color faded, her motions were languid, and each successive day she became more and more dejected. 'She wants rest,' said Agnes to Henry Orne; 'she has been unnaturally excited, and there is now a reaction. She must remain quietly at home for a time, on the sofa, in the darkened room, and you, Henry, I am sure, will, for my sake, give up your riding and walking for a few days, and stay within doors and play on your flute and read to her.' Agnes' suggestions were promptly obeyed, but without the happy effect she anticipated. Lizzy, who had never before had a cloud on her brow, seemed to have passed under a total eclipse. She became each day more sad and nervous. A tender word from Agnes—sometimes a look, would make her burst into tears.

" 'I am miserable, Henry, said Agnes, "at this unaccountable change in Lizzy—the doctor says she is perfectly free from disease—perhaps we have made too sudden a transition from excessive exercise to none at all. The evening is dry and fine, I wish you would induce her to take a little walk with you. She is distressed at my anxiety, and I cannot propose any thing that does not move her to tears.'

" 'It is very much the same with me," replied Henry, sighing deeply, 'but if you wish it I will ask her.' He accordingly did so--she consented, and they went out together.

"Agnes retired to her own apartment, and there, throwing herself upon her knees, she entreated her Heavenly Father to withdraw this sudden infusion of bitterness from her brimming cup of happiness. 'Try me in any other way,' she cried, in the intensity of her feeling, and, for the first time in her life, fogetting that every petition should be in the spirit of 'thy will be done,' 'try me in any other way, but show me the means of restoring my sister—my child, to health and happiness!'

"She returned again to her little parlor. Lizzy had not come in, and she sat down on the sofa near an open window, and resigned herself to musings, the occupation, if occupation it may be called, of the idle, but rarely, and never of late, of Agnes!

"In a few moments Lizzy and Henry returned, and came in the porch adjoining the parlor. They perceived the candles were not lighted, and concluding Agnes was not there, they sat down in the porch.

" 'Oh! I am too wretched,' said Lizzy. Her voice was low and broken, and she was evidently weeping. 'Is it possible,' thought Agnes, 'that she will express her feelings more freely to Henry than to me? I will listen. If she knows any cause for her dejection, I am sure I can remove it.'

" 'Why, my beloved Lizzy,' replied Orne, in a scarcely audible voice, 'will you be so wretched—why will you make me so, and forever, when there is a remedy?'

" 'Henry Orne!' she exclaimed, and there was resolution and indignation in her voice, 'if you name that to me again, I will never, so help me God, permit you to come into my presence without witnesses. No, there is no remedy, but in death. Would that it had come before you told me you loved me—before my lips confessed my sinful love for you—no, no—the secret shall be buried in my grave.'

" 'Oh, Lizzy, you are mad—Agnes does not, cannot love as we do. Why sacrifice two to one? Let me, before it is too late, tell her the whole, and cast myself on her generosity.'

" 'Never, never—I now wish, when I am in her presence, that the earth at her feet would swallow me up; and how can you, for a moment, think I will ask to be made happy—that I could be made happy, at her expense? No, I am willing to expiate with my life, my baseness to her—that I shall soon do so is my only comfort—and you will soon forget me—men can *forget*, they say—'

" 'Never—on my knees, I swear never!'

" 'Stop, for mercy's sake, stop. You must not speak another such word to me—I will not hear it.' She rose to enter the house. Agnes slipped through a private passage to her own apartment.

"She heard Lizzy ascending the stairs. She heard Henry call after her, 'One word, Lizzy—for mercy's sake, one *last* word.' But Lizzy did not turn. Agnes heard her feebly drag herself into the little dressing room adjoining their apartment, and after, there was no sound but the poor girl's suppressed, but still audible sobs.

"None but He who created the elements that compose the human heart, and who can penetrate its mysterious depths, can know which of the sisters was most wretched at that moment. To A[illegible] deeply, confidingly, without a shadow of fear or distrust, the reverse was total. To Lizzy, who had enjoyed for a moment the bewildering fervors of a young love, only to feel its misery, that misery was embittered by a sense of wrong done to her sister. And yet it had not been a willing, but an involuntary and resisted, and most heartily repented wrong. She had recklessly rushed down a steep to a fearful precipice, and now felt that all access and passage to return was shut against her. Agnes, without having one dim fear—without any preparation, saw an abyss yawning at their feet—an abyss only to be closed by her self-immolation.

"She remained alone for many hours—she resolved—her spirit faltered—she re-resolved. She thought of all Lizzy had been to her, and of all she had been to Lizzy, and she wept as if her heart would break. She remembered the prayer that her impatient spirit had sent forth that evening. She prayed again, and a holy calm, never again to be disturbed, took possession of her soul.

"There is a power in goodness, pure self-renouncing goodness, that cannot be 'overcome, but overcometh all things.'

"Lizzy waited till all was quiet in her sister's room. She heard her get into bed, and then stole softly to her. Agnes, as she had done from Lizzy's infancy, opened her arms to receive her, and Lizzy, pillowing her aching head on Agnes' bosom, softly breathed—'My sister—mother!'

" 'My own Lizzy—*my child*,' answered Agnes. There was no tell-tale faltering of the voice. She felt a tear trickle from Lizzy's cold cheek on her bosom, and not very long after, both sisters were in a sleep that mortals might envy, and angels smile on.

"The rest you will anticipate, my dear Anne. The disclosure to the lovers of her discovery, was made by Agnes in the right way, and at the right time. Every thing was done as it should be by this most admirable woman. She seemed, indeed, to feel as a guardian angel might, who, by some remission of his vigilance, had suffered the frail mortal in his care to be beguiled into evil. She never, by word, or even look, reproached Lizzy. She shielded her, as far as possible, from self-reproach, nor do I believe she ever felt more unmixed tenderness and love for her, than when, at the end of a few months, she saw her married to Henry Orne.

"My story has yet a sad supplement.—Madame Cotin, I believe it is, advises a story-teller to close the tale when he comes to a happy day, for, she says, it is not probable another will succeed it. Poor Lizzy had experience of this sad mutability of human life. Her's was chequered with many sorrows.

"Lapses from virtue at eight and twenty, and at sixteen, afford very different indications of the character; and I think you cannot expect much from a man, who, at eight-and-twenty, acted the part of Henry Orne. He was unfaithful in engagements with persons less merciful than Agnes Grey. He became inconstant in his pursuits—self-indulgent, and idle, and finally intemperate in his habits. His wife—as wives will—loved him to the end.

"Agnes retained her school, which had become in her hands a profitable establishment. There she labored, year after year, with a courageous heart and serene countenance, and devoted the fruit of all her toils to Lizzy, and to the education of her children.

"I am telling no fiction, and I see you believe me, for the tears are trembling in your eyes—do not repress them, but permit them to embalm the memory of an *old maid.*"

Show me a liar and I'll show you a thief.

Solitude dulls the thought; too much society dissipates it.

---

*Prominent female characters in the works of Sir Walter Scott.

From the Lowell Times.

ONE DAY AND A HALF IN THE LIFE OF A TOBACCO CHEWER.

MR. EDITOR—Do you chew Tobacco? I did till last Sunday, when I put my veto on the practice. The why and the wherefore I have sent you, hoping that if you are guilty of using the Indian weed, a leaf from my diary may be the means of reforming you.

Saturday, Oct. 19th, 1833.—Took my hat for a walk; wife, as wives are apt to, began to load me with messages, upon seeing me ready to go out. Asked me to call at cousin M——'s and borrow for her "The Sorrows of Werter." Hate to have wife read such namby-pamby stuff—but must humor her whims, and concluded that I had rather she should take pleasure over Werter's Sorrows, than employ her tongue in making "sorrow" for your humble servant.

Got to cousin M——'s door. Now cousin M—— is an old maid; a *dreadful* tidy woman. Like tidy women well enough, but I cant bear your *dreadful* tidy ones, because I am always in *dread* while on their premises lest I should offend their superlative neatness by a bit of gravel on the soul of my boot, or such matter.

Walked in—delivered my message, and seated myself in one of her cane bottom chairs, [illegible] to take out my cavendish before I entered, and while she hunted, felt the tide rising. No *spit-box* in the room; windows closed; floor carpeted; stove varnished. Looked to the fire place—full of flowers, and hearth newly daubed with Spanish Brown. Here was a fix. Felt the flood of essence of cavendish accumulating. Began to reason with myself whether, as a last alternative, it were better to drown the flowers, bedaub the hearth or flood the carpet. Mouth in the meantime pretty well filled. To add to my misery, she began to ask questions—"Did you ever read this book, Mr. ——?" "Yes, Ma'am," said I, in a voice like a frog from the bottom of a well, while I wished book, aunt and all were with Pharoah's host in the Red Sea. "How did you like it?" continued the indefatigable querist. I threw my head on the back of the chair, and mouth upwards, to prevent an overflow—"Pretty well," said I. She at last found the "Sorrows of Werter," and came towards me. "Oh dear, cousin Oliver, don't put your head on the back of the chair, now don't, you'll grease it and take off the gilding!" I could not answer her, having now lost the power of speech entirely, and my cheeks were distended like those of a toad under a mushroon. "Why, Oliver," said my persevering tormentor, unconscious of the reason of my appearance, "you are sick, I know you are; your face is dreadfully swelled!" and before I could prevent her, her hartshorn was clapped to my distended nostrils. As my mouth was closed imperturbably, the orifices of my nasal organ were at that time my only breathing places. Judge then what a commotion a full snuff of hartshorn created among my olfactories!

I bolted for the door, and a hearty ache-he-hee! relieved my probocis, and tobacco, chyle, &c., "all at once disgorged" from my mouth, restored me the faculty of speech. Her eyes followed me in astonishment—and I returned and relieved my embarrassment by putting a load on my conscience. I told her I had been trying to relieve the tooth-ache by the temporary use of tobacco—while truth to tell, I never had an aching fang in my head. I went home mortified.

Sunday forenoon.—Friend A—— invited myself and wife to take a seat with him to hear the celebrated Mr. —— preach. Conducted by neighbor A—— to his pew. Mouth as usual full of tobacco; and, horror of horrors! found the pew elegantly carpeted, white and green—two or three mahogany crickets and a hat stand--but no spit-box! The services commenced--every *peal* on the organ was answered by an internal *appeal* from my mouth for a liberation from its contents—but the thing was impossible. I thought of using my hat for a spit-box—then of turning one of the crickets over; but I could do nothing unperceived. I took out my handkerchief, but found that my wife, in the plenitude of her officiousness, had placed one of her white cambrics in my pocket instead of my bandanna. Here was a dilemma. By the time the preacher had named his text, my cheeks had reached their utmost tension, and I must spit or die!

I arose, seized my hat, and made for the door. My wife, (confound these women, how they dog one about,) imagining me unwell, (she might have known better,) got up and followed me. "Are you unwell, Oliver?" said she, as the door closed after us. I answered her by putting out the eyes of an unlucky dog, with a flood of expressed essence of cavendish. "I wish," said she, "Mr. A---- had a spit-box in his pew." "So do I." We footed it home in moody silence. I was sorry my wife had lost the sermon, but how could I help it? These women are so affectionate---confound them, no I don't mean so. But she might have known what ailed me.

Tobacco, oh Tobacco! But the deeds of that day are not all told yet. After the conclusion of the services, along came Farmer Ploughshare. He had seen me go out of church and stopped at the open window where I sat. "Sick to day, Mr. ——?" "Rather unwell," answered I, and there was another lie to place to the account of Tobacco. "We had powerful preaching, Mr. ——; powerful preaching; sorry you had to go out." My wife asked him in---and in he came—she might have known he would---but women *must* be so polite. But she was the sufferer by it. Compliments over, I gave him my chair at the open window. Down he sat and fumbling in his pockets drew forth a formidable plug of tobacco, and commenced untwisting it. "Then *you* use Tobacco," said I. "A *leetle* occasionally," said he, as he deposited from three to four inches in his cheek. (I mentally pitied those who used more.) "A neat fence that of your'n," as flood after flood from his mouth bespattered a newly painted white fence near the window. "Yes," said I, "but I like a darker color." "So do I," answered Ploughshare, "and yaller suits my notion. It dont show dirt." And he moistened my carpet with his favorite color. Good, thought I, wife will ask him in again, I guess. We were now summoned to dinner. Farmer Ploughshare seated himself. I saw his long fingers in that particular position in which a tobacco chewer knows how to put his digits when about to unlade. He drew them across his mouth---I trembled for the consequences, should he throw, and no intention thus to waste his quid, and shocking to relate--*deposited it beside his plate on my wife's damask cloth!*

This was too much. I plead sickness and rose. There was no lie in the assertion now: I *was* sick. I retired from the table---but my departure did not discompose Farmer Ploughshare, who was unconscious of having done wrong. I returned in season to see Farmer Ploughshare replace his quid in his mouth to undergo a second mastication, and the church bell opportunely ringing called him away before he could use his plate for a spit box---for such, I was persuaded, would have been his next motion.

I went up stairs, and throwing myself on the bed, fell asleep. Dreams of inundations, floods, and fire, harassed me. I thought I was burning, and smoked like a cigar. I then thought the Merrimack had burst its banks, and was about to overflow me with its waters. I could not [illegible] the water had [illegible] my chin---I tasted it---it was like tobacco juice. I couched and screamed, and awakening, found I had been asleep with a quid in my mouth. My wife entering at the moment I threw away the filthy weed: "Huz, if I were you, I would not use that stuff any more!"

"I wont," said I. Since Sunday I have kept my word. Neither Fig nor Twist, Pigtail nor Cavendish, have passed my lips since, nor shall they ever again.

JONATHAN'S HUNTING EXCURSION.

"Did you ever hear of the escape that I and Uncle Zekiel had a duckin on't on Connecticut river?" asked Jonathan Timbertoes while amusing his old Dutch hostess, who had agreed to entertain him under the roof of her log cottage, for and in consideration of a bran new tin milk pan. "No, I never did; dew till it," was the reply.

"Well—you must know that I an Uncle Zeke took it into our heads one Saturday afternoon to go a gunnin arter ducks, in father's skiff; so in we got and scudded down the river; a proper sight of ducks flew backwards and forwards I tell ye—and by'm by few on'em lit down by the marsh, and went to feedin on the muscles. I catched up my peauder horn to prime and it slipped right out my hand and sunk to the bottom of the river. The water was amazing clear, and I could see it on the bottom. Now I could'nt swim a jot, so I sez to Uncle Zeke, you're a pretty clever feller, just let me take your peauder horn to prime. And dont you think the stingy critter would not. Well, says I, you're a pretty good diver, un if you'll dive down and get it, I'll give you a primin.—I thot he'd leave his peauder horn, but he did'nt; but stuck it into his pocket and down he went—and there he staid—here the old lady opened her eyes with wonder and surprise and a pause of some minutes ensued, when Jonathan added—I looked down and what do you think the critter were a doin?" 'Lord!' exclaimed the old lady, 'I'm sure I don't know.' 'There he was,' said our hero, '*sitting right on the bottom of the river pouring the powder out of my horn into hizen.*'

The annals of duelling afford no such extraordinary instance as the following, which we find in a Swiss journal:—"A woman of robust frame, aged 66, residing at Chenes Bougerie, had been upon terms of animosity with a baker for 28 years, and had frequently challenged him to meet her sword in hand. They had in fact two several combats, from which the Amazon retired both times wounded. But nothing daunted, she again forced her adversary to meet her a third time, and they had a rencontre, a few days since, at Villette, when the fair Armida was so severely hurt, that for three days her life was despaired of. She is, however, now fast recovering, and avows her resolution to enter the field again as soon as she has recovered her strength."