VOL. VIII. NO. 4.

Cambridge Chronicle.

BY G. W. CALLAHAN.

CAMBRIDGE, Md.---SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1834.

WHOLE NO. 522.

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 until direction to omit them is received, and charged accordingly.

THE WIDOW.

Mine has been a troublous and a perilous life in matters of love; no sooner have I emerged from one ocean of sighs and tears, than I have plunged headlong into another. It is passing strange that I never fell into matrimony in my very early days; my father did so, and so did my mother, and also my respectful grandame. She, good soul, originally Miss Letitia Simpson, at fifteen, married her first husband, a Mr. Jeffry Wilson; at sixteen, gave birth to my mother. Her husband then died without any other issue, leaving her more than well provided for. At seventeen she espoused a Mr. Winckworth, who, in his turn, consigned her to single blessedness and a fat dower; after which, having quarrelled with all her race, or all her race with her, she abjured them and the realm, betook herself to the continent, and was barely heard of afterwards. My mother, following one part of her example, married at sixteen, and enriched the world with me at seventeen. Fate, however, I suppose, (for I am a believer in fate,) destined me to

"Waste my sweets upon the desert air;"

and thus only can I account for my escaping all the matronly and matrimonial snares that beset me in my youth. But to my tale.

On my arrival on the Continent, I had been but a short time at ——, when my health visibly and seriously declined, and the medical men advised me to visit ——, for its restoration. In accordance with their directions, I, nothing loth, (for a seat at a desk was never a desideratum with me,) sat out; and, as I was alone, and was not over-enamored of my monosyllabic patronyme, assumed one more suited to the euphony of a billet doux; and having, therefore, rebaptized myself, I made my appearance at my journey's end as Augustus Montague, with, moreover, a dash of black down on my upper lip, which I dignified to my own mind with the title of *moustache*. Thus yclept, and thus accoutred, I began my way at ——, and by dint of my modest looks, a little foppery, and my good name, I won my way into a circle of acquaintance.

At a party to which I had, through these means, been asked, I one night met a Madame Perollet, whose appearance, and more her suffrance of my attentions, made some impression upon me. She was an extremely fine woman, and English, seemingly about five-and thirty, though less favored fair ones spoke of her having numbered fifty years. Her hair and eyes were of the blackest; her eye lashes of the same color, and long, thick and silky; her complexion fair, but not ruddy, such as best contrasts with, and best becomes the raven lock; her features were more beautiful in their expression than in their individuality, although then even they were beautiful; her teeth were the finest I ever saw; and I opine no woman can lay claim to beauty who cannot show, nay, even display, her teeth. She bore an easy, dignified and complacent smile; her figure was of the strictest proportions, and her carriage most graceful; moreover, she was rich, and consequently *amiable*. She was a widow, too; and with all these qualifications, of course was greatly sought after by the men. But she had sense and caution; and, while she smiled on all, and enamored many, she never gave more than hope, and preserved all her own freedom. The women, who wished her dead, or married, consequently called her a coquette, and some of the *vieux garcons* agreed with them—but this was suspicious evidence; while the younger men, whom the aunts and mothers of standing spinsters admonished to beware of the widow, only bowed, and then turned on their heel to laugh.

The first time I met her, a glove which she dropped, and which I proffered her, gave me an opportunity of opening a conversation with her. At first conscious of my youth, I hesitated a little, although my looks bespoke an age riper by some years, than I had attained; but her answers were so mild, so *suave*, and so condesending,—her manner to me so kind and easy, and her whole conduct so engaging and assuring,—that before I left her, I had, although blushingly, adventured on some little gallant badinage, for which to the mortification of my elder competitors, she shook her delicate finger at me, and tapped me with her fan. Encouraged thus, I might have proceeded farther; but as she knew how to commence a conquest, so she knew how to continue one; and assuming a dignity not violent, but perceptible, she restrained my further advances: and then sensible that an independent respect is the surest way to a woman's heart, (for I had begun to think of hers) I contented myself for that time, by expressing a hope that I should have the happiness to meet her again, and bowed myself away.

That night I rose 50 per cent, in my own esteem. "Truly," said I to myself, "the man whom that woman distinguishes must with some attractions: she is a lovely and intellectual specimen of her sex; to possess the love of such a one would be something to pride ones self on. What honor is the love of a giddy, indiscriminating girl, who runs the market of matrimony with her heart in her hand, eager to bestow it on the first bidder!—Truly, I'll be a chapman no more for such common wares. But vanity! vanity! Can the rich, beautiful, sought at an age when prudence has mastered passion, think of such a one as me? Yet she seemed very kind." But kindness never marries," said a still small voice. "Yet she oftimes gives birth to love." I thought in answer. "But she is wealthy, has a wide range for choice, is a widow, and has the whole town after her," replied my monitor. "True, true," I whispered; "but she interested me, and by —— I'll try it."

Again we met—"Et je contait encore quelques fleurettes." The widow smiled at me and threatened, if I persisted, to reprove me. "Cela va bein," said I to myself, and retired, for my vanity, or little else, was as yet interested.

A third time we met. "Now then, Ephraim," said I "for the *coup d' essai*—this time you must be serious and distant, and if she has thought upon you, the result will tell." I approached her with a low and most respectful reverence; inquired after her health; without giving her time to answer, made some dry remarks on the wet weather; broached a recent murder; remarked on the Almanac, and the last new flounce; and was retiring, when she said—

"But Mr. Montague, I wish to trouble you with a commission, if you can find time to execute it for me."

I assured her I was at her service.

"Then you will have the goodness to see my carriage ordered here at twelve, as I have been out all the week and am fatigued. Perhaps you will let me know when it is at the door, as I don't wish to be seen leaving so early."

"Allons, mon bon ami, Ephraim," thought I; "cela va du mieux." And thanking her for the honor of her commands, in a tone of deep and grateful respect, I left her to execute them.

That done, and 12 o'clock come, I made my way to her. She was seated near the door, and whispering to her, (for the secrecy she wished to practise gave me the privilege to do so) that the carriage was ready, I offered myself as her escort to it. She accepted my offer, and placed her arm within mine; as she did so, I felt a fluttering in my heart I was unprepared for, and as the stair case was deserted I looked up in trembling and confusion into her face, and perceived she looked at me. One instant our eyes met, and the next they were cast down or averted, and I thought the confusion was mutual—I positively shook as I handed her into the carriage, I stammered out an expression of hope that she would feel relieved of her fatigue the next day, and begged her permission to call and inquire after her health in the morning: a gracious smile and a graceful inclination of the head, answered me and the coach drove off.

"Fool," said I, as I slowly reascended, "to match your puny wits with a woman's charms and wiles! Your own weak snares have entrapped you."

In the morning having dressed myself with more than ordinary care I found myself, about two o'clock with a very unsettled pulse at Madame Perollet's and being announced, was ushered into the drawing-room where the widow was seated on a couch at a small and elegantly carved writing table, drawing her small white hands over some invitation cards. The usual inquiries made and answered, our conversation turned on the previous night's party, and she told me she was busy when I entered, writing cards for one of her own.

"But do you know," she said, "I write so little lately that my hand is quite stiff, and I am so awkward. "See," said she, laying it over the table to me, "see how I have blacked my fingers with the ink."

"Indeed," said I, rising and advancing to the table, and with an affectation of short sight, taking her hand in mine to examine it, "this ink of yours is a most sacriligious violator. Would you permit me," I added, as she drew her hand away, "to finish the task?"

"Oh, indeed," she answered, rising and vacating her place to me, "you will oblige me much, if you will undertake that kind office for me."

"Rather say for myself," I said; "for I fear I am selfish in seeking the pleasure I ask."

She made no reply, but smiled, and placed herself opposite, with a list of names to dictate.

"What is this?" said I, taking up the last she had finished. "This is my name. Am I the only Mr. Montague of your acquaintance?"

"She nodded acquiescence.

"And am I to have the honor of attending you?"

"If," she answered, "no better, no more agreeable engagement."

"Heavens!" said I, "what better, what more agreeable engagement is it possible I could have? What other engagement could induce me to forego ——"

"Mr. Montague," said the widow, "I will read the names."

"I thank you—but, madam," I resumed, "you must first permit me to thank you for the honor you have done me, or you will make me believe you think so meanly of me as to deem me insensible of it."

"If your thanks are on each recurrence of the occasion to be as fervent," said the widow, "I fear the task will be irksome to you; for I have made up my mind, if you will promise to write all my cards, and be a little more sedate in your gratitude, to put down your name in my book for the season."

"Is it possible, Madam? then I will be sworn, like the Hebrew copyist, never to pen aught else: and will attend you, too happy as your bidden, your bounden scribe—nay, but there is no room for that dubious smile—I will swear."

"Dont, pray," she replied, "remember, if you write for me only, how many damsels will die for lack of the elegant food of your billet-doux!"

"Not one, I assure you, Madam: if I have polluted paper with a line to woman since my arrival, or dared to harbor thoughts of more than one, and she, one to whom I can never presume to aspire ——"

"Then there is one, Mr. Montague? but pray remember my cards. I fear you will make a very negligent amanuensis."

"There is indeed one, Madam, if I dared reveal her."

"Well, well, Mr. Montague," she said, "I dont wish to confess you."

"And yet, madam," I answered, "you could absolve me."

"Mr. Montague," said the widow hastily, "do pray think of my cards, or I must write them; only see how the nasty ink has stained my fingers."

"It only serves as a foil to the snowy lustre of the rest," I said.

"But yet you would not like it if the hand were yours ——"

"If it were mine—if it could ever be mine," said I, warming as I spoke, and raising it to my lips.

"Have done then, have done, Mr. Montague: see how you have kept your promise; not one card written—oh, fie! and now we really must leave till to-morrow, for I must go out."

"I hope not," I said, "I will complete them instantly."

"But indeed I must go out."

"To-morrow, then, perhaps, you will permit me to show my industry?"

"Yes," she said, "if you will promise, very faithfully, really to write."

"As closely as a pundit on my honor;" and once more pressing her hand, and having fully received her pardon for my sins, I withdrew.

The next day, and the next, our seats were resumed; I pen in hand, Madame with her pocket book; but still the cards remained stationary. Not so with other matters: I progressed in love and boldness, until I won from the widow's lips a confession of regard, and the sweetest assurance of it that lips can give. Never did love sit so lightly or happily on me, though my passion for Matilde (for that she told me was her name) was ardent; and she was beautiful, fascinating and in every way engaging; but she was not to be treated with continual scenes, and her own demonstrations of love were of that nature which satisfied without ever exciting the heart. We felt, rather than told, each other's hopes, and thoughts, and wishes, and I enjoyed serenely what I have before and have often since squandered in unnecessary and unavailing suffering. Her actions spoke more than her words, and I was too proud of her to doubt her for her silence—her and her only have I loved rationally—I loved her as a woman; others I have adored as angels, till adoration became torture; and I have phrenzied myself in seeking and worshipping their attributes.

About four months I led in this way a very happy life, when it was agreed we should be married: a *contrat de marriage* was necessary, and I was to wait upon a notary to instruct him to prepare it. To enable me to do so, Matilde explained the nature and amount of her property, which was made.

"And now, Augustus," said she, "I must own that I have deceived you in one point."

"Indeed!" said I. "I am sure it is in a very venial one."

"It is so indeed; but it is necessary that I should now explain it to you—my name is not Matilde Perollet.

"Indeed!" said I, at the same time thinking to myself how easy a way this confession would make for myself on the same subject.

"That name I assumed to escape the importunities of relations in England. Listen, and you shall soon be made acquainted with the brief story of my life: My maiden name, you must know, was Simpson."

"Indeed!" I said; "we have that name already in our family."

"On my first marriage with Mr. Wilson ——"

"Whom?" I cried.

"Wilson," she answered.

My hair stood on end—"Were you married a second time?"

"I was."

"To whom?"

"To Mr. Winckworth."

"Winckworth!" I exclaimed: "Simpson, Wilson, Winckworth! Heavens! *you are my grandmother.*"

AN ADVENTURE

Translated from the French.

The clock of Notre Dame was just tolling midnight. I was hastening home to my hotel in the Suburb St. Germain; when I crossed the Point Neuf, a horse, driven rapidly in a gig, stumbled and fell; sparks of fire flew in all directions from the violence of the fall, and a scream of alarm in a female voice issued from the carriage. I hastened to yield my assistance, and arrived very seasonably, for the driver, reckless of every thing else, had rushed to his horse's head, and vainly endeavored to get the poor animal upon his feet again.

The lady had fainted. I took her out in my arms, and seated her on the side walk. As fear had been the principal cause of her swooning, she soon opened her eyes, her sense returned, and in a sweet and trembling voice she thanked me for the kindness I had shown her. "You will permit me, madam," said I, "to complete the good work begun by so rare a chance—you will certainly not refuse me the pleasure of seeing you safely home."

"I am sorry to give you so much trouble, sir, but I accept your invitation thankfully; my abode is not far from this; I shall not detain you a moment."

The driver received a five franc piece from the lady's hand; she comforted him as well as she could, and we directed our steps to Seine street.

"What number, madam?"

"Forty."

We were there in a few minutes. I was for retiring. "Not yet," said the lady, "you must not refuse some slight refreshment." There was so much kindness in these few words, that I could not refrain accepting the invitation, more particularly as the stranger was very beautiful. We therefore entered—an old servant opened the door.

"Do you feel any pain, madam?" asked I, after we were seated. "Not the slightest, sir—fright made me faint; but I am now perfectly well."

"Then I shall always bless the occurrence that produced me the happiness of your acquaintance."

"There was really something romantic in this adventure. Don't you think so?" This singular question, although very simple in itself, embarrassed me much. I know not what answer I made to it, for a cold sweat overshadowed my forehead.

According to my usual praiseworthy custom, I coursed over the lady's bed with my eyes, and upon the embroidered muslin that covered it I fancied I could see numerous drops of blood!

Strange suspicions assailed me. The hour—the horse's fall might have been a trick—the unceremonious manner of my entertainer—her invitation up stairs—all these taken into connection made me extremely uneasy; but judge my feelings when a moment later I saw the hilt of a dagger peeping out from beneath the pillow.

I started up, pale no doubt, for the lady gazed at me with alarm.

"What is the matter, sir?" asked she.

"Nothing, madam, nothing."

"You appeared to be affected—are you unwell—shall I ring for Thomas? We can soon prepare you a bed."

"I assure you, madam, I feel perfectly well—but it is growing late, and I fear my friends will be uneasy at my absence. I must beg your permission to retire."

"I cannot allow you to go in such a state. She seized the bell cord. I sprang, caught her arm, and prevented her ringing.

"You must take a few drops of ether."

Saying this, she ran to the door of the dressing room; the light shone full upon a man's head, hanging by the hair! My knees gave way, and I fell back upon my seat. The lady returned with the phial.

"Let me fly," cried I furiously. "No, I will receive nothing at your hands. Is this the reward of the services I have rendered?"

These words produced a magic effect. The lady rang. Thomas appeared but no order was given him. We were mute with surprise. Thomas at length broke silence.

"Did you ring for me, madam?"

"Show the gentleman out."

I did not wait to hear the order repeated. In two jumps I was out of the House. The old servant was at my heels, but the keen night air cooled my agitation, and I stopped a moment to breathe freely.

"Wretch, what is your mistress's name?"

"Miss * * *"

"It is well—I shall complain of her."

"Sir."

"I shall immediately go to the police office."

"Why so, sir?"

"To have her arrested for murder—the proofs are ample."

"I dont understand you, sir."

"Of what profession is your mistress?"

"She is an actress."

"What means the blood upon her bed."

"You are under a mistake, sir: You no doubt saw some tulip leaves that the lady scattered there this morning."

"And the dagger under her pillow—"

"She has several, and was to have appeared with one to day; she made a selection, and the one you saw she had probably rejected."

"But the man's head—"

"A wig; you have seen only the back."

I waited on the lady next day at the green-room, I told her of my ridiculous terrors, and they made us both laugh long and heartily. In short, the consequences of this acquaintance were worthy of the manner in which they were formed, and this same Miss * * * is now my wife.

BATTLE OF MONMOUTH.

The following graphic sketch of the Battle of Monmouth, is taken from the Life of Hamilton, recently published in New York:

"On the evening of the twenty-seventh, Hamilton, who had rejoined the main body by order of Washington, wrote to General Lee, directing him, from the apprehension that the enemy might move off at night, or early in the morning, to detach a party of six or eight hundred men, to lie near them and to skirmish, so as to produce some delay, while Lee was directed to give orders to Colonel Morgan to make an attack for a similar purpose; a previous order had been issued to Lee to call the officers together, and an hour was appointed by him for their conference; but before they met, he rode out, and on the inquiry for orders, were informed that he had none to give.

In the interim, the enemy had taken a strong position with their right flank on the skirt of a small wood, and their left secured by a forest, and a morass running towards their rear, a wood also covering their front.

The main body of the Americans being put in motion to support him, Lee was ordered to commence the attack. Colonel Hamilton, who had rejoined the Marquis before break of day, as soon as he saw the probability of the van of the advanced corps being engaged with the enemy, returned to Washington, who was coming up with the main body, and advised him to throw the right wing of the army round by the right, and to follow with the left wing directly in Gen. Lee's rear, to support him; and an order was immediately given to Greene to file off with the right wing, and take a position so as to protect the right of the army, which was done. Hamilton then went forward to reconnoitre. Lee, after having advanced a short distance ordered a halt, he then again moved forward, and in half an hour Wayne was directed by Lee, to leave his own detachment, and take command of the front. Scott's brigade, then advanced up the morass on one side, Varnum's following its rear. Wayne, on reaching the front, sent intelligence to Lee that the enemy were moving in great disorder, and urged him to push on the rear. He continued to advance, crossing the morass near the road where they were marching. The whole force then in view halted; a body of British horse covered by infantry, instantly charged the foremost regiment under Colonel Butler, who poured in a well directed fire, broke them, and threw their covering party into disorder. The pursuit was kept up; when the enemy opened a fire from their artillery inclining to the right of the Americans, in order to gain an eminence, where their veterans formed with admirable coolness, as they came up in succession. Wayne hoping to gain the advantage of the ground, formed Scott's brigade, under a heavy discharge of artillery, and still pressed on, when an order was received from Lee, who Hamilton states "meditated the disgrace of the Americans," *to retreat*. The enemy seeing the situation of this detachment wholly unsupported, passed a column through the village and gained a position between it and the remainder of the army, when they again made a spirited charge with their horse, and their whole advance was compelled to retire; which they did under cover of a wood, until they reached the body under Lee. Hamilton having urged in vain that possession should be taken of a hill which commanded the plain, on which the enemy were coming up, and that there the battle should be fought, rejoined Washington, to report what he had done. He thus represented the situation of the advance; that when he came up with Lee, the enemy was drawn up with their right near a wood, their left in open ground covered by cavalry; that the American columns were within cannon shot of the enemy; that he rode up to the front of the column, and perceiving that their cavalry were filing off towards the left, as if to attempt Lee's right, he suggested to him that a column should wheel on their right and attack them. This suggestion was approved; and Hamilton, by Lee's order, directed Lafayette to wheel by his right, gain and attack the enemy's flank. At this instant, while Washington was standing with his arm extending over his horse, during a halt for a few moments, where the roads forked, a small party came rapidly up, from whom he learned that the advanced corps was on the retreat. He instantly giving way to a burst of indignation, sprung from his horse, and having ordered Colonel Harrison, who had returned from reconnoitering, to ascertain the truth, pushed forward to the rear of the advanced corps and rallied the retreating troops.

To every inquiry as to the cause of the retreat, an unsatisfactory answer was given. Colonel Ogden, who followed, exclaimed with an oath, "We are flying from a shadow." The troops were then in the greatest disorder, ignorant what direction to pursue.

Washington meanwhile reached the knoll, where Lee was—he immediately ordered Wayne to renew the combat, directed cannon to be brought up, which was done by Colonel Oswald, and a brisk cannonade ensued. Then calling up Colonels Ramsay and Stewart, he vehemently exclaimed that they were the officers on whom he should depend to give the enemy a check. While these regiments were forming, Lee approached. Washington demanded of him, in haste, the cause of the retreat. He replied—Sir, Sir, with hesitation, stating that it was owing to contradictory information and disobedience of orders, and that he did not choose to beard the British army in such a situation; and that, besides, the attack was contrary to his opinion. Washington replied, that, whatever was his opinion, he expected his orders would have been obeyed.

At this moment Hamilton rode up, and exclaimed to Lee, "I will stay with you, my dear General, and die with you. Let us all die here rather than retreat." Perceiving the enemy advancing on the artillery, which by the orders of General Knox had been posted on the right, he advised that a detachment should march to their succour; when, after a short interval, Colonel Livingston pushed forward and repulsed them with spirit.

Hamilton then rode towards the rear; when finding Colonel Olney retreating with Varnum's brigade, and fearing that the artillery in their front would be lost, he ordered the brigade to form along a fence near him, with all possible despatch, which they immediately did, and charged at the point of the bayonet, where Hamilton, who had assisted in forming them, and had placed himself at their head, had his horse shot under him; when, hurt by the fall, and overcome by the heat, (for he had ridden throughout the action without his hat,) he was compelled to retire.

This party, after exchanging a sharp fire, gave time for the artillery to fall back; but too weak to prevent the enemy from outflanking them, retreated with considerable loss.

These two successive checks by Livingston and Olney afforded time to make a disposition of the left wing, and to form the second line of the army upon an eminence, and in a copse in the rear covered by a morass. On this elevation, Stirling, who commanded that wing, placed cannon, which protected the charges of the infantry, and produced a great impression on the enemy, and stopped their progress.

Greene, as soon as he heard of the retreat, pushed forward and selected a position on the right, which Hamilton had advised Lee to take, crowned it with artillery and kept off the British advancing on the right while he severely enfiladed the left. Wayne then advanced, and pouring in a close fire, drove the enemy beyond the morass, near which Butler had at first repulsed them. Washington followed up the attack, by orders to General Poor, with two brigades, to move on the right, and Woolford on their left, while Knox brought his artillery to bear upon their front. These dispositions were made, but obstacles prevented their reaching the enemy until night had closed in.

The Americans, worn out by intense heat, reposed on the field of battle, hoping to renew the action in the ensuing day; but the enemy, taking advantage of the darkness, pressed on, and succeeded in embarking at Sandy Hook. Washington unfortunately, believing that no serious injury could be inflicted upon them, leaving only a small force to hover round them, moved up for the protection of the Hudson.