VOL. VIII.

Cambridge Chronicle.

BY G. W. CALLAHAN.

CAMBRIDGE, Md.---SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1834.

NO. 5.

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.

YOUTH AND WOMANHOOD.

A TALE OF PASSION.

Ah! little reck we,
Ere age hath calmed the surface of deep passion,
What causes lie beneath to wake its fi er cest strife.
Rude gales may wreck our hopes on summer seas,
Or clouds give way beneath the smiles of joy;
But truth, triumphant o'er all change, holds on
The even tenor of her way, and buoys up,
Despite misfortune's rages. ANON.

As events recede from us, they lose their freshness to the eye of retrospect, and assume the hue of romance. Many of the occurrences of our early life, which have none of the strong points to which memory clings with great fidelity, are gradually, in the lapse of time, rendered indistinct. Prejudices also frequently bias the action of judgment, and give the mind a tendency towards that which is not entirely truth. Because of these prejudices, we often regard inconsiderable events, which owe their importance to association, rather than to any intrinsic claims, beyond their merit, and diminish the value of these objects which to others are fraught with more interest. These mental infirmities are especially incident to us who are advanced in years; and I refer to them to explain why I may dwell on some points, and merely glance at others, without sufficient show of reason.

Edward Newton was two years my senior, and was, during childhood, one of the lights in my world of bliss. Even now, when age has flung a shadow on the lustre of my eye, and my locks are exchanging their raven for silvery hues, I delight to call up the image of Edward at that period. His large dark eye, arching brow, tinted cheek, smiling mouth, are as distinct to the view of memory, as though they had been a study of yesterday. I see him now, in the exuberance of delight, bounding away over the plain, with all the lightness, grace and wildness of an antelope. I see him pull a wild flower, and as he presents it to me, mark the lip eloquent of pleasure, while the blush of modesty awakens the cheek into life.

There was one circumstance that endeared Edward and myself to each other. It occurred on the May day, which we have always kept with scrupulous regard. A company of the children of the town were retired to the country. I espied a beautiful wild rose clinging to its parent stem, overhanging a small creek. I hastened to cull it, but in my hurry took no notice of where I had placed my foot. The bank gave way, and I was precipitated into the water beneath. Edward was near me. His first impulse was for my rescue. He waited not a second prompting, but was in a moment in the water, rendering me his assistance. With some difficulty, we regained the bank. We were soon surrounded by our companions, and they laughed at our misfortune. I recollect a remark from some one as to the cause of Edward's gallantry; and never will I forget the grace with which his head drooped, or the crimson of his cheek, or the glance from beneath his eyebrow, gleaming with archness, which he directed on me. These references to childhood, of apparent insignificance, will manifest their importance in the sequel of my story.

Egotism is the frailty of age, as vanity is that of youth. I shall speak of myself as of another person; for the lapse of years has ravaged all my pretensions, and entirely despoiled me of vanity. I had reached my eighteenth season. My father was considered wealthy; I was considered handsome, and had some talent for conversation. I thought myself admired; the youth sought my company, and I was complimented from every source. These attentions inflamed my vanity, and fostered the ardor of my desire for conquest. I held some sway over the fancies of the gallants, and returned my most benignant smiles as a recompense for admiration.

Edward Newton was at this time at college. Our families were intimate, and I heard frequently from him. About the conclusion of his term of study, his father, who was an extensive merchant, failed in his buness, and involved my father to a large amount.

Edward returned home. To me it seemed, that neither poverty nor circumstance could ever impair the strength of my early attachment for him. I could feel heartlessness with all others; but, with him there was no affectation: it was a gust of genuine feeling. He differed from all others. I considered them my subjects—beings born to swell my train of abject admirers: but he seemed the monarch of my affections, the noblest among men; wearing the diadem, in which glittered the jewel of my love. I sighed for a return of devotion—sighed secretly; and, notwithstanding my feelings, I appeared to him in public as I appeared to others: but he spoke not the language for which my ear was eager; the stream of his affections, for which my soul thirsted, flowed not at my prayer. I was envied for my cheerfulness, by those who saw me; while I wore within a corroding anxiety, that filled my day with distraction, that robbed my pillow of quietude; and was feeding on my vitals. Little do those who are cursed by the feeling of envy appreciate the condition of those who are envied. The magnificent exterior may cover poverty at heart—the wretchedness of life; and the smile that curves the lip of beauty, is frequently but the mockery of joy; the guise that is put on to conceal the bitterness that preys, an unseen vulture, on the heart's tenderness.

Although love is generally increased in proportion as its wishes are met by a return of affection, yet mine seemed to strengthen with the difficulties by which it was encompassed. There was a sincerity in the tone of Edward's voice, and a naturalness in his manner, that, in the artificial world in which I moved, was indeed a fountain of sweetness. To it I turned with increasing fondness. There was more music in one tone of his voice, than in the high chorus of adulation which greeted my ear at every turn. His look was to me a heaven, and before it my feelings were kindled into devotion. I was a captive bound by silken fetters; entangled in a fatality from which I could not escape. Oh, how delightful was it when my eye grew dim before artificial brilliancy, and my ear tired of flattery, to turn aside from their sickening follies and indulge in the wildering enjoyment of deep, genuine and uncontrollable feelings. It was as manna in the wilderness. Edward's society was as a well of undefiled bliss; all else was as a plain, over which blight and desolation had passed and seared its greenness, leaving it a desert. I mourned in secret as the turtle, whom the hand of the spoiler has robbed of her mate. I sighed, but no one listed its echoes. I shrouded the secret of my love in the deep stillness of my own heart; and there, beyond the reach of human ken, I nurtured it. In those recesses, impenetrable to the eye of scrutiny, I reared an altar on which I poured forth the feelings of my heart like water—and Edward was the god of this idolatry. I felt my vanity give way before the influence of my love; my pride falling a living sacrifice before the shrine of my affection. Who thought, as they gazed on the ever-smiling mouth of Mary Landon, and noted the heartless tones that proceeded from it, that its breath was ever warmed by the fires of inward devotion? that she, who was a magician, and could waken up love wherever she turned, heaved the sigh of despondency, because one heart, and one alone, would not wear her livery? I languished in sorrow. On me was the sickness of the heart, whose influence I felt like the motions of a destiny, that I would not, could not escape. In public, I moved, and the eye of admiration was upon me--empty adulation wafted its sounds upon every breath. I laughed, and sported, and look ed the impersonation of an ecstacy of delight. When Edward was beside me, scrutiny would have been baffled in its efforts to note the appearance of that which I felt within, unless it were that the tones of my voice, that unerring index of feeling, sounded the fulness and depth that betoken sincerity.

I reasoned with myself as to the cause of his apparent indifference. I felt myself within his power, and wondered he did not hasten to possess himself of me. His silence on those topics for which my ear burned was amazing. Perhaps, thought I, he wears within the chain, the goading of which fills my heart with anxiety through the live-long night. He is sensitive, and how can he refuse to feel the devotion of a heart for which hundreds have sighed! Perhaps, he estimates as a trifling thing the deep fondness of my soul—the priceless jewel of my holiest affections. My pride awakened, and I thought of banishing him. The recollection of some of his kindnesses came over me, as the south wind of evening over the parched earth. My feelings would then resume their strength, and my pride would yield to the might of my passion. The heart capable of strong feeling, cannot be shared; if a passion be called up, it moves, as it were, a monarch, and all other feelings are its eunuch-slaves.

I have said my father was injured by the failure of Mr. Newton in business. He had a friend of considerable pecuniary resources, who assisted him through his difficulties. This friend was Charles Brentford. He was young, rich, profligate, and what the world calls accomplished. With a strikingly handsome face, he possessed a symmetrical person; the gracefulness of his action won universal admiration, and would have reminded the savage of the playfulness of the fawn. He had been for a long time an occasional visiter at our house, and, at my father's request, and, indeed, in compliance with my own inclination, I had always treated him with respect the most profound. His visits about this time increased in frequency; I was well aware of the enjoyment he found in my society. I kept possession of him and still kept him at bay, by alternate manifestations of delight and displeasure. He was excessively vain, and construed all my little flirtations with himself into the most decisive demonstrations of passion.—'Twas true, I took pleasure in contemplating his extreme gracefulness, and many artifices to please me, which caused me to regard him with a feeling of admiration; but my love—that was far beyond the reach of my command or his influence.

I could not resist the conviction forced upon me, that unless something of a decisive character very shortly transpired, I would involve myself in inextricable difficulties.—To avoid this, I resolved to go as far as prudence would permit, and endeavored to arrive at some understanding in regard to Edward's intention. I thought his conduct assumed a degree of shyness and strangeness altogether unaccountable, as I approached him. He seemed resolved to make no return for my advances, my affection, my proffered love. My heart sickened—every thing like consciousness smote within—my anguish of heart was deep—and I was immersed in consuming misery, while my face seemed radiant with the reflections of the heaven of hope.

Never did two persons differ more entirely than Edward Newton and Charles Brentford. Mr. Brentford's manner made a favorable first impression decidedly unavoidable. His self-possession; the ease with which he passed through a room—vouchsafing a smile to one and a bow to another—the myriad splendors of his full, dark eye; his low, silver-toned voice; the majesty of his carriage—all gave effect to a faultless person. He was a universal favorite among my companions, and to be distinguished as his partner on any occasion, was an object on which many prided themselves. Far different, indeed, was a portrait of Edward. His manner was gentle and unobtrusive, ever disposed to retreat rather than advance. At other times he seemed to hold himself independent of the obligations of etiquette. Silent and abstracted in the midst of brilliancy, he wandered about without seeming to regard the loveliness around him. But he was not inactive during this time; he found employment; the study of persons and their peculiarities was a delight to his mind. None who observed my heartlessness and superlative silliness, would have doubted for a moment in determining which of the two was the subject of my preference. Indeed, public charity had already consigned Mr. Brentford to my power. But we often err when we conclude from appearances—for human nature is not free from mystery.

Nor was the difference of mind between them less apparent. Mr. Brentford was inexhaustible in subjects, and had a highly polished manner of expression. But he addressed the mind, and never affected the heart. Indeed the quiet aad mysterious depths of feeling waked not at his bidding. The wand of the magician was not his. He lived for show, and was unsurpassed in brilliancy. Edward was natural. His words passed like music to the heart, without any design. There was a wild originality in his thought, that acted as an enchantment, and won the romance of feeling. His benevolence, his fervor, his pathos, his richness, wildness and romance, made him exceedingly agreeable wherever he wished to please. There are a thousand unseen influences acting upon the mind, giving it its affections and aversions, which human scrutiny cannot discover. These operations, over which our will has no control, make a man a mystery to himself, and perfectly incomprehensible to others. A spell, produced in this way, was on me. I loved Edward, I thought, in the very face of hope; and although hope might die, yet I felt that love could not perish.

I thought I could discover evident symptoms of dissatisfaction in Edward, whenever he met Mr. Brentford in my company. This might be fancy, but I believed it true. Little knew he of my feelings—I felt myself his, and could not be another's. His visits, which had never been frequent, gradually became more and more seldom. Mr. Brentford's increased. I fancied I could read the pride of triumph on his lip, when his look was bent on Edward. This gave a new-born impulse to my feelings in Edward's favor. Passion is often the slow growth of affection; but it is only perfected through difficulties.

It was strange! Why did I entertain this strong passion for one who had never indicated an extraordinary interest in me? It was strange! But thousands have thus felt before me. How many of my own sex cherish deep affection for those who know it not!

My mind was a scene of disquietude. Mr. Brentford pressed his suit warmly; and Edward, my choice, my hope, was retiring. Towards the one, I had no settled feeling; for the other, I had long entertained all the tenderness of which my heart was susceptible. But Mr. Brentford was one whose offers were not to be lightly considered. I was surprised at my father's sudden and warm commendation of him. I must acknowledge I had a *penchant* for admiration and a life of brilliancy, and such suggestions were not disregarded. There was but one obstacle—and that was my love for Edward. But he was poor. Did he not possess a treasure of more value than the hoarded riches of avarice? Though the shadows of poverty encompassed him, was not the heaven of love over him?

The time for decisive action was at hand. On a delightful summer's evening, I walked with Mr. Brenfford. We met Edward in the principal street; and I thought I could discover, by the broad gleam of moonlight that was upon his face, that his look was one of deep uneasiness. As he passed, his brow was more profound and deferential than usual. We continued our walk; but the thought of Edward diverted my attention from my companion.

We pursued our walk along the green bank of the river. It was a splendid night. The light of the full moon, mingled with the blue of the heaven, spread in hazy immensity above us. The misty light on the opposite hills flung enchantment on the mind, and wakened up the visions of romance. The river was below us; its gentle undulations flashing in the light, and its music, rising on the wings of the soft south breeze, filled the ear with sounds inexpressibly sweet. All heaven and earth was harmony. But alas! my poor bursting heart responded not to the scene without; it was a chaos of tumultuous feelings. I shuddered with an impalpable dread, as I saw from Mr. Brentford's manner that the long-dreaded moment was at hand—the moment that I had often escaped from by my lightness; but that resource was now fled.

The moment arrived. He made a declaration of ardent passion. I involuntarily interrupted him in the midst of it, and besought him to say no more. My earnestness did not escape his notice. He regarded me with a look of unspeakable astonishment, and said,

"Miss Landon, to what am I to attribute the singularity of your conduct? Have I mistaken—"

"Oh! indeed you have!" I said, interrupting him, with a tone of agony and a look of frienzied wildness.

"Then, Miss, you have sinned in the sight of—'

'Spare me! spare me! for heaven's sake, Mr. Brentford!' I exclaimed. 'Say no more. I understand you fully. You mistake my motives as well as feelings. Give me time—I will consider every thing—and you shall know my determination.'

Mr. Brentford was stricken with amazement. I could say no more. The tear that had already curled up its mists before my vision, now swelled from its fountain. The foundation of feeling was broken up, and I wept! wept in the presence of man! and that man!—what avails pride, or all the suggestions of prudence, when nature's warfare is against them?

We passed on. No word was uttered. No sound, save the symphonies of nature, broke over the desolation of my heart; and even they were unnoticed in the conflict of my feelings. We turned the corner of a fence, and the figure of some person near us was discovered. I gave it one glance. That satisfied me. Eternity, it seemed to me, would not efface the remembrance of any thing attached to Edward Newton. From his manner, I could tell that he recognized and wished to avoid us. That was impossible. He approached. Oh, what a world of feeling was my heart! My sensations were overpowering. I felt like a fury. My head ached, and my heart leaped within me. In the furious conflict of that moment I was as a leaf in the tempest. Urged on and maddened by the impetuosity of my feelings, I dropped the arm of Mr. Brentford, and seized hold on Edward's, like a tigress. He was startled. I clung to him fiercely. I turned to him with an imploring look: my head swam—I reeled—was in his arms, and swooned away.

When consciousness was restored, Edward was laving my brow with a handkerchief that had been dipped in the river. Mr. Brentford stood over me. I sprung forward with a shriek that rented their hearts with terror, and re-echoed over the journeying waters.

To attempt to describe my feelings, would be to attempt an impossibility. I need not allude to the embarrassment of each of the three. Indeed, it would be difficult to determine which of us was most unenviable. As to myself, confusion, mortification, and a whole host of disagreeable feelings, took possession of my heart, and it was a chaos. Oh, had the voice of him who ruled there, spoken peace, how soon would confusion have given way to order. But such was not my blessing.

I reached home; bade them good night, and retired to my chamber. I flung myself in a chair beside the window, and tried to regain composure. A scene more glorious than the dream of the poet was before me; that scene too, which I had often contemplated with feelings of delight; and yet my heart refused to be comforted. Never did I know of such a vast variety of feelings. As my eye wandered over the beauties of the prospect before me, it drank in no delight: but ever and anon a flood of tears would burst forth.

The night wind sprung up freshly, and chilled the tear that gushed from my eye and bedewed my cheek. A chilliness crept along every fibre in my frame. A deadly feeling came over me. I hastily sought my pillow; and consciousness was soon lost. I shortly, however, awoke; but not to joy. A fever was burning in my veins; and the blood rushed as if from a boiling fountain. My head ached, and my brain throbbed violently with anguish. The events of the evening returned forcibly to my mind. A strange delusion haunted my senses, and passed over my vision. My room appeared to be filled with spectres; and every appearance of the evening was re-acted before me. And these visions would come over me—and such visions! I thought I was on a slippery rock; beneath was a terrible abyss. I heard its torrents rushing to and fro. A deadly steam arose from it. I heard screams of horror and shrieks of the most unearthly agony. An evil spirit approached behind me. It strove to push me from the brink. I wrestled with it, until the perspiration oozed from out my brow. My foot slipped—I gazed on reeling shadows—spectres, winged with lightning, flitted before me—I felt myself sinking—a strong power seized hold on my arm—again my foot was on the ground—darkness fled the prospect, and the heaven of Edward's smile broke in beauty upon me. I will not relate all the visions that I saw, the bare recollection of which, even at this distance of time, makes me shudder. At one moment, unearthly fires glared upon my eye-ball; and in the next, I seemed careering downwards through never-ending shades; while at intervals a demon would flit down before me and beck me onwards, and the voice of a curse would come booming over the shadows and ring the echoes of its desolation to my heart. I am not superstitious; but the truth of some dreams belies the speculation of the philosopher. At length the clock struck. I listened, and counted: it told twelve! Oh heavens! I thought I had already lived a life-time on that night, and but one hour had passed! If you have felt any thing of the eternity that delirium gives to hours, your memory will be more effective than any description.

The morning dawned, but it was on an enfeebled frame. I strove to rise, but my brain reeled, and I sunk back exhausted on my pillow. Six weeks passed, before the light of hope dawned on the anxiety of my friends, who watched over my bedside. I recovered slowly. I requested a mirror to be brought, and gazed on a meagre, wasted, fleshless being!

The autumn winds had painted the forest before I gained the measure of my strength. Edward had left the neighborhood. I hastened to society for relief from thoughts and feelings that swelled from the marah—the fountain of bitterness—of my heart. I assumed all the artifices within my command. My laugh was loudest, when my heart was bitterest. Mr. Brentford was still as my shade. Once more he urged his suit, and reminded me of my promise to give him an answer. My father strengthened his proposals by his recommendation. In the ecstacies of my grief, in the darkness of a night of mind, I flung away my hand—I knew not where. I awoke to my senses, and found Mr. Brentford was in poesession of it.

But what a gift was that hand! It was a curse! for there was no heart with it.

I trusted to time to banish all regret for Edward, and endow me with love for Brentford. I instituted comparisons, and arrived at favorable conclusions for him. The time on which we were to be married, I cannot say united, approached. I knew my hand was Mr. Brentford's and endeavored to persuade myself that my heart was not irrevocably Edward's. Vain attempt! I deadened my sensibility by the assumption of unnatural gaities. I chilled my feelings into apathy. I tried to banish memory, among the excitements of the glittering follies around me. I laughed; but its echoes were sounds of desolation to my heart—I smiled; but my smile reflected a light that showed a darkness within.

Mr. Brentford's lip curled with triumph when he was with me: he gloried in referring to our approaching wedding. Strange! I hated him for it. At times, I thought seriously of withdrawing my hand. Fool that he was; he might have discovered my reluctance. Death would often appear preferable to marriage. But when I reflected on my own condition—my father's insolvency—on Mr. Brentford's riches—on the pleasures I could find in society, although I might not find domestic bliss—the prospect lost much of its horror, and I began to grow indifferent, or, perhaps, resigned to the connexion. I tried to give Edward up. He wandered, but my heart *would* follow him. I loved him, while plighted to another! I felt it was no sin; for I could not conquer my attachment.

Preparations for our wedding were in progress, when my father was smitten down by disease. The aid of physicians availed nothing; and his disease made rapid ravages through his system. He called me to his bedside one evening, and asked my forgiveness. Forgiveness!—the word sounded like a voice from the trumpet of death. A father ask forgiveness of his daughter! And what would he be forgiven? Oh, what a tale was that which he, my father, told me. I placed my ear near his lips, and felt his hot breath as he whispered: 'Edward Newton loves you. Brentford is a villain. He appealed to my necessities and selfishness, and I did not oppose him. He has deceived Edward and imposed on you. Oh, my daughter, let it not be added, he has ruined you!'

My father died that very hour.

Charles Brentford came to participate my sorrows--to offer consolation to my afflicted heart. He offer condolence! He was the only being on earth, that could possibly have turned aside, from their direct objects, the currents of my feelings. He approached where I was seated, with a face indicative of sympathy and sorrow. I elevated my eyes—spoke not—regarded him sternly for a moment—and then screamed like a maniac, 'Imposter! hypocrite! villain! begone from my sight!'

His cheek faded: his lips grew ashy: he shrunk back.

He at length ventured to ask why I branded him with such epithets. I told him. Then followed his entreaties. He talked of his love for me as his only hope. I had but one word to reply, and that I reiterated in his ear—it was RETRIBUTION!

His voice lost its manliness. I was too full: I could not speak again; but pointed him to the door. He hesitated a moment, and then obeyed. As he bade me farewell, I answered with—forever.

I felt as one who has escaped a shipwreck, or what has appeared inevitable death. All the feelings of my heart seemed blended into one, which ruled in unapproached dominion—and that was hatred.

[To be continued.]

THE LABORS OF EDITORS

May claim some indulgence from the circumstances in which they are performed. Whatever may be the cares and calls of business or company, the disease, or languor, or anxieties which oppress the mind and body of the writer, his task must be finished on the appointed day and by a certain hour. There can be no delay, no waiting for a more propitious season for composition.

Mr. Madden says, "The compulsory toil of a periodical composition has a greater influence on the health than voluntary labors for a far greater amount." This opinion is corroborated by an observation of Dr. Johnson, no mean authority on any subject connected with literary history. "He that condemns himself to compose on a stated day, will often bring to his task an attention dissipated, a memory embarrassed, a mind distracted with anxieties, a body languishing with disease; he will labor on a barren topic till it is too late to change it; for in the ardor of invention his thoughts become diffused into a wide exuberance, which the pressing hour of publication cannot suffer judgment to examine or reduce."

"There is no labor more destructive to health than that of periodical literature, and in no species of mental application, or even of manual employment, is the wear and tear of body so early and so severely felt. The readers of those light articles which appear to cost so little labor in the various publications of the day, are little aware how many constitutions are broken down in the service of their literary taste."

EXTRAORDINARY DEFORMITY.

The third number of the Baltimore Medical and Surgical Journal, contains an engraving which represents a singular case of deformity in a young woman now twenty years of age, living in Ashville, N. C. She was born completely destitute both of arms and legs; the situation of which is merely indicated by small rounded projections, thus being in fact a mere human trunk, surmounted by a head. She possesses, however, a remarkable power of locomotion, and can transport herself over the floor with ease, by submitting her body to a rotary motion alternately from right to left and the contrary. By confining the handle of a broom between her chin and shoulder, she can sweep the floor with considerable dexterity. She can also sit erect, lean back, or rock herself, and if any thing be given to her, she makes a sign for it to be placed on her shoulder. If it be any solid article of food she eats it from that situation. She is of a full and plump habit, healthy and possesses a remarkably lively disposition.

The New York Constellation, in speaking of the present fashion of ladies' dresses, says—They are like the Dutchman's rope—"*a little too short at both ends.*"