Cambridge Chronicle.

VOL. VIII. NO. 26.

BY G. W. CALLAHAN.

CAMBRIDGE, Md.---SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1834. WHOLE NO. 544.

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.

POETRY.

THE LAST MAN.

BY CAMPBELL.

All wordly shapes shall melt in gloom,
The Sun himself must die,
Before this mortal shall assume
Its immortality!
I saw a vision in my sleep,
That gave my spirit strength to sweep
Adown the gulf of time!
I saw the last of human mould,
That shall Creation's death behold,
As Adam saw her prime!

The Sun's eye had a sickly glare
The Earth with age was wan,
The skeletons of nations were
Around that lonely man!
Some had expired in fight,—the brands
Still rusted in their bony hands;
In plague and famine some!
Earth's cities had no sound nor tread
And ships were drifting with the dead
To shores where all was dumb!

Yet, prophet-like that lone one stood,
With dauntless words and high,
That shook the sere leaves from the wood
As if a storm passed by,
Saying we are twins in death, proud Sun,
Thy face is cold, thy race is run,
'Tis mercy bids thee go;
For thou ten thousand thousand years
Hast seen the tide of human tears,
That shall no longer flow.

What though beneath thee man put forth
His pomp, his pride, his skill;
And art that made fire, floods, and earth,
The vassals of his will;
Yet mourn not I thy parted sway,
Thou dim discrowned king of day:
For all those tophied arts
And triumphs that beneath thee sprang,
Healed not a passion nor a pang
Entailed on human hearts.

Go, let Oblivion's curtain fall
Upon the stage of men,
Nor with thy rising beams recall
Life's tradegy again.
Its piteous pageant call not back,
Nor waken flesh upon the rack
Of pain anew to writhe;
Stretched in disease's shape abhorred,
Or mown in battle by the sword,
Like grass beneath the sythe.

Ev'n I am weary in yon skies,
To watch thy fading fire:
Test of all sunless agonies,
Behold not me expire.
My lips that speak thy dirge of death—
Their rounded grasp and gurgling breath
To see thou shalt not boast.
The eclipse of nature spreads thy pall,—
The majesty of Darkness shall
Receive my parting ghost!

This spirit shall return to Him
That gave it heavenly spark;
Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim
When thou thyself art dark!
No! it shall live again, and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
By Him recalled to breath,
Who captive led captivity,
Who robbed the grave of victory,—
And took the sting from death!

Go, Sun, while Mercy holds me up,
On Nature's awful waste,
To drink this last and bitter cup
Of grief that man shall taste—
Go, tell the night that hides thy face,
Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,
On Earth's sepulchral clod,
The dark'ning universe defy,
To quench his Immortality,
Or shake his trust in GOD.

I'M NOT A SINGLE MAN.

BY T. HOOD.

Well I confess, I did not guess,
A simple marriage vow
Would make me find all womankind
Such unkind women now;
They need not, sure, as *distant* be
As Java or Japan—
Yet every Miss reminds me this—
I'm not a single man!

Once they made choice of my bass voice
To share in each duett;
So well I danced, I somehow chanced
To stand in every set:
They now declare I cannot sing,
And dance on Bruin's plan,
Me draw! me paint! me any thing!
I'm not a single man!

One used to stitch a collar then,
Another hemmed a frill;
I had more purses netted then
Than I could hope to fill.
I once could get a button on,
But now I never can—
My buttons then were bachelor's—
I'm not a single man!

Ah me, how strange it is, the change
In parlor and in hall—
They treat me so, if I but go
To make a morning call:
If they had hair in papers once,
Bolt up the stairs they ran;
They now sit still in dishabille—
I'm not a single man!

My spouse is full of homely life,
And all that sort of thing;
I go to balls without my wife,
And never wear a ring;
And yet each Miss to whom I come,
As strange as Genghis Khan,
Knows by some sign, I can't divine,
I'm not a single man!

Go where I will, I but intrude:
I'm left in crowded rooms,
Like Zimmermann on Solitude,
Or Hervey at his tombs.
From head to heel they make me feel
Of quite another clan;
Compell'd to own, though left alone,
I'm not a single man!

'Tis hard to see how others fare,
While I rejected stand—
Will no one take my arm, because
They cannot have my hand?
Miss Parry, that for some would go
A trip to Hindostan,
With me don't care to mount a stair—
I'm not a single man!

I must confess, I did not guess,
A simple marriage vow
Would make me find all womankind
Such unkind women now;
I might be hash'd to death, or smash'd
By cart or caravan,
Without, I fear, a single tear—
I'm not a single man!

MRS. HOOD'S REPLY

To Mr. Hood's Lamentation—"I'm not a single man."

I will not fret, though you regret
You made me yours for life;
But yet I find that all the beaux
Remember I'm a *wife*.
Your winks and wiles, and wreathed smiles,
From them have set me free;
But your winks, alas, good Mr. Hood,
Have fairly *Hood-winked me*.

You've changed my name, but I'm the same
In face and disposition;
But at the *altar* to my cost,
I *altered* my condition.
To catch my eye, beaux once would fly
Where'er they knew it shone,
To watch its *beams*—but now it seems
A beam is in their own.

I at the parlor window sit
To catch them unawares,
But they won't even *stare* at one
Who is not above *stairs*.
My lovers trembled when they sung,
Of "Love that weeps and wakes;"
Their *tremors* all have ceased; and I
Now find them no *great shakes*.

My veteran beau, old Mr. Stubbs,
Though bald, in rhyme would caper,
Both curls and wit o'er night for me
Committed were to paper.
My reign is o'er, and him no more
Do wig's or rhymes employ;
He's now abandon'd the *old scratch*,
And looks like the *Old Boy*.

With billet doux of every hue,
By seals with quaint expressions,
Beaux strove both on the wax and me
At once to make *impressions*.
But their epistles come no more
The tale of love to tell,
The letters now I know are joined
For another *sylla-bells*.

Bouquets once came the ardent flame
Of lovers to disclose,
And many a tender line was sent
All *underneath the rose*.
But verse enclosed in roses now
Appears not, though I ask it;
And all the *tender lines* I get
Come in the Butcher's basket.

The fate of both of us is hard,
Which hardest none can tell;
I can no longer *tie a beau*,
You cannot *ring a belle*.
But still I do not like to hear
Forever from your lip,
That from the hour you *got a rib*,
You've always had *the hyp*.

You can't imagine, Mr. Hood,
That when the knot was tied,
Your heart was licensed, like the mail,
To *carry six inside*.
Nor wonder yet the fair forget
The claims you bring to view;
The reason 's plain—they cannot see
A *likeli-Hood* in you.

To me, your dame, you are the same,
Your wit and humor's free,
For I've no fear you'll ever prove,
A *false-Hood unto me*.
And since you taught me how to pun,
And took the marriage vow,
I say, though I was *singly blest*,
I'm *doubly happy* now.

From the Downing Gazette.

AN APOLOGUE.

The soft warm air scarcely stirred the leaves of the vine, that clustered about the bower of Eve, as she lay with pale cheek and languid limbs, her first born daughter resting upon her breast. Adam had led his sons to the field, that their sports might not disturb the repose of our first mother, and the low murmur of the tiney cascade, the monotonous hum of insects, and happy twitter of unfledged birds, all wooed her to slumber; yet she slept not. She looked with a mother's deep unutterable love upon the face of her babe, yet tears were in her eye, and anxiety upon her brow. Herself the last, the perfection of the Creator's workmanship, she still marvelled at the surprising beauty of her daughter. She looked upon its dark liquid eye, and drank deep from the fountain of maternal love. She pressed its small foot and hand to her lips, hugged it to her full heart, and felt again the bitterness of transgression. She thought of Paradise, whence she had expelled her children. She thought of generations to come, who might curse her for their misery. She thought of the sweet beauty of her child on whom she had entailed sorrow, suffering and temptation. She felt it murmuring at the fountain of life while it stretched its little hand to her lips. She turned aside the thick leaves of the grape vine, and looked out upon the still blue sky, over which, scarcely moved the thin white clouds. "My daughter," she faintly articulated, "thou knowest not the evil I have done thee. Let these bitter tears attest my penitence. Let me teach thee so to live, that thou mayest hereafter obtain in another world the Paradise thou hast lost in this—lost by thy mother's guilt. O, my daughter, would that I alone might suffer, that the whole wrath of my offended Creator might fall on my head, and thou, and such as thou, might escape." The tear s, the penitence of Eve, prevailed; a Heavenly messenger was despatched to console her, to lift her thoughts to better hopes and less gloomy anticipations. Since the sin of our first parents, and their banishment from Paradise, these Angel visits had been "few and far between," and our first mother hailed his approach with awe and pleasure. "Eve," kindly spake the divine visitant, "thy sorrow and thy penitence are all known to thy Creator, and though thy fault was great, he yet careth for thee. I am sent to comfort thee. As thou didst disobey the commands of God, death has been brought, indeed, upon thy posterity, but thy children may not curse thee. Thy daughter shall imitate thy penitence, and so secure the favor of Heaven. To each one shall be given a spirit capable of resisting temptation, and assimilating to that holiness from which thou hast departed. Though sin and death have entered the world by thy means, thy children will still have only their own sins to answer for, and may not justly reproach thee for their errors."—"True, Lord," responded Eve, "but the altered sky, the hard earth that scarcely yields its treasures to the labor of Adam, and the changed natures of the nimals that once meekly and kindly sported together, all tell of my disobedience, and my daughter will turn her eyes upon me when suffering and trial come, and that look will reproach me as the cause. I am told that our children shall equal in number the leaves of the green wood, and the earth shall hereafter be peopled with beings like ourselves. I shrink to think on the mass of sorrow I have brought upon my daughters."

She looked fondly on her babe, and timidly raised it towards the beneficent being who paused at her bower. "When men shall become numerous, and there shall be many beings like these, fair and frail, may not their beauty"——She paused and looked anxiously up. "Speak, Eve," said the messenger, "thy request shall be granted. I am sent to bestow upon thee whatever thou shalt ask for this thy first born daughter." "I scarcely know," resumed Eve, thus encouraged, "but I would ask for this first daughter of an erring mother, *something*, to warn her of even the approach of sin, something that will whisper caution, and speak of innocence and purity. Something, Lord, that will remind us of Paradise." "Hast thou not all that, Eve, in the voice within, the voice of conscience?" Eve dropped her head upon her bosom. "But that monitor may be disregarded, my daughters may, like their unhappy parent, stifle its voice and heedlessly neglect its warnings. I would have something, that, when flattery would mislead, beauty bewilder, or passion lead astray, would outwardly, as it were, bid them take heed, warn them to shrink from the very trail of the serpent whose insidious poison may corrupt and destroy. Hast thou nothing that will be to the innocent, the virtuous, like a second conscience, to cause them to shrink even from the *appearance* of evil?" The angel smiled, and answered our mother with kindness, and a look of heavenly satisfaction. "Most wisely hast thou petitioned, O, Eve! Thou hast asked blessings for thy posterity, not for thyself. Thy daughters shall bless thee for the gift thy prayer has obtained." The spirit departed. The gift he bestowed may be seen on the face of the maiden when she shrinks from the too admiring gaze, when her ear is listening to the tale of love or flattery, when in the solitude of her own thoughts she starts at her own imaginings, when she shrinks even from her own reflected loveliness in the secrecy of home; or abroad, trembles at the intrusive touch, or familiar language, of him who *should be* her guide, her protector from evil. That gift was the *blush*. E.

DEATH AND SLEEP.

A GERMAN PARABLE.

Fraternally, the angel of sleep and the angel of death wandered over the earth. It was evening. They reclined on a hill not far from the habitation of man. A melancholy stillness reigned, and the evening clock in the distant village was not heard.

Silently, according to their custom, sat the two benevolent genii of humanity, in a sad embrace, and already night drew near.

The angel of sleep arose from his mossy couch, and scattered with a gentle hand the invisible seed of slumber. The evening wind wafted it to the silent dwelling of the wearied husbandman. Now sweet sleep embraced the inhabitants of the rural cottage, from the gray haired man who leans upon his staff to the infant in the cradle. The sick forgot their pain, the melancholy their sorrow, the poor their wants. Every eye was closed.

After his labor was accomplished, the benevolent angel of sleep again lay down with his serious brother. When the dawn appears, said he in a tone of cheerful innocence, then man will praise me as his friend and benefactor! O, it is sweet to do good unseen and in secret! How happy we are, the visible messengers of the good spirit! How lovely our noiseless occupation!

Thus spake the friendly angel of sleep.

The angel of death regarded him with silent grief, and a tear, such as mortals weep, stood in his large dark eye. Alas! said he, that I cannot, like you, rejoice in the gratitude of man. The earth calls me her enemy and the disturber of her joy!

O my brother, replied the angel of sleep, will not the good, on awaking, discover in you their friend and benefactor, and gratefully bless you? Are we not brethren, and the messengers of one father?

Thus he spake. Then the eye of the angel of death brightened, and tenderly the genii embraced each other.

THE DISTRESSES OF A MODEST MAN.

My father was a farmer of no great property, and with no other learning than what he had acquired at a charity school; but my mother being dead, and I that only child, he determined to give me an advantage which he fancied would have made him happy, viz: a learned education. I was sent to a country grammar school, and thence to the university with a view of qualifying for holy orders. Here having but a small allowance from my father, and being naturally of a timid and bashful disposition, I had no opportunity of rubbing off that native awkwardness which is the fatal cause of all my unhappiness, and which I now begin to fear can never be amended. I had therefore resolved on living at the university and taking pupils, when two unexpected events greatly altered the posture of my affairs, viz: my father's death, and the arrival of my uncle from the Indies.

This uncle I had very rarely heard my father mention, and it was generally believed that he was long since dead, when he arrived in England only a week too late to close his brother's eyes. I am ashamed to confess, what I believe has often been experienced by those, whose education has been better than their parents', that my poor father's ignorance and vulgar language, had often made me blush to think I was his son; and at his death was not inconsolable for the loss of that, which I was not unfrequently ashamed to own. My uncle was but little affected, for he had been separated from his brother more than thirty years, and in that time he had acquired a fortune which he used to brag would make a nabob happy; in short, he had brought over with him the enormous sum of thirty thousand pounds, and upon this he built his hopes of never-ending happiness. While he was planning schemes of greatness and delight, whether the change of climate might have affected him, or what other cause I know not, but he was snatched from his dreams of joy by a short illness, of which he died, leaving me heir to all his property. And now, sir, behold me, at the age of twenty-five, well stored with Latin, Greek and mathematics, possessed of an ample fortune, but so awkward and unversed in every gentleman like accomplishment, that I am pointed at by all who see me, as the wealthy, learned clown.

I have lately purchased an estate in the country, which abounds in (what is called) a fashionable neighborhood; and, when you reflect on my parentage and uncouth manners, you will hardly think how much my company is courted by the surrounding families; from these gentlemen I have received familiar calls and the most pressing invitations; and, though I wished to accept their offered friendship, I have repeatedly excused myself under the pretence of not being quite settled; for the truth is, that, when I rode or walked with full intent to return their several visits, my heart has failed me as I approached their gates, and I have frequently returned homeward, resolving to try again to-morrow.

However, I at length conquered my timidity, and three days ago accepted an invitation to dine this day with one, whose open, easy manner left me no room to doubt of a cordial welcome. Sir Thomas Friendly, who lives about two miles distant, is a baronet, with about two thousand pounds a year estate, joining that I purchased; he has two sons and daughters all grown up, and living with their mother and a maiden sister of Sir Thomas', at Friendly Hall, dependant on their father. Conscious of my unpolished gait, I have for some time past taken private lessons of a professor who teaches grown gentlemen to dance; and though I, at first, found wondrous difficulty in the art he taught, my knowledge of the mathematics was of prodigious use, in teaching me the equilibrium of my body, and the due adjustment of the centre of gravity to the five positions.

Having now acquired the art of walking without tottering, and learned to make a bow, I boldly ventured to obey the baronet's invitation to a family dinner, not doubting but my new acquirements would enable me to see the ladies with tolerable intrepidity; but, alas! how vain are all the hopes of theory, when unsupported by habitual practice. As I approached the house, a dinner bell alarmed my fears, lest I had spoiled the dinner by want of punctuality; impressed with this idea, I blushed the deepest crimson, as my name was repeatedly announced by the several livery servants who ushered me into the library, hardly knowing what or whom I saw; at my first entrance, I summoned all my fortitude, and made my newly-learned bow to Lady Friendly; but unfortunately, in bringing back my left foot to the third position, I trod upon the gouty toe of Sir Thomas, who had followed close at my heels, to be the nomenclator of the family. The confusion this occasioned in me, is hardly to be conceived, since none but bashful men can judge of my distress, and of that description, the number, I believe, is very small. The baronet's politeness by degrees, dissipated my concern; and I was astonished to see how far good breeding could enable him to suppress his feelings, and to appear with perfect ease after so painful an accident.

The cheerfulness of her ladyship, and the familiar chat of the young ladies, insensibly led me to throw off my reserve and sheepishness, till at length I ventured to join in conversation, and even to start fresh subjects. The library being richly furnished with books in elegant bindings, I conceived Sir Thomas to be a man of literature, and ventured to give my opinion concerning several editions of the Greek classics, in which the baronet's opinion exactly coincided with my own. To this subject I was led by observing an edition of Xenophon in sixteen volumes, which (as I had never before heard of such a thing) greatly excited my curiosity, and I rose up to examine what it could be; Sir Thomas saw what I was about, and (as I supposed) wishing to save me the trouble, rose to take down the book, which made me more eager to prevent him, and hastily laying my hand on the first volume, I pulled it forcibly; but lo! instead of books, a board, which by leather and gilding had been made to look like sixteen volumes, came tumbling down, and unluckily pitched upon a wedwood inkstand on the table under it. In vain did Sir Thomas assure me there was no harm; I saw the ink streaming from an inlaid table on the Turkey carpet, and, scarcely knowing what I did, I attempted to stop its progress with my cambric handkerchief. In the height of this confusion, we were informed that dinner was served up, and I with joy perceived that the bell which at first so alarmed my fear, was only the half-hour dinner-bell.

In walking through the hall and suite of apartments to the dining room, I had time to collect my scattered senses, and was desired to take my seat betwixt Lady Friendly and her eldest daughter at the table. Since the fall of the wooden Xenophon, my face had been continually burning like a firebrand, and I was just beginning to recover myself, and feel comfortably cool, when an unlooked-for accident rekindled all my heat and blushes. Having set my plate of soup too near the edge of the table, in bowing to Miss Dinah, who politely complimented the pattern of my waistcoat, I tumbled the whole scalding contents into my lap. In spite of an immediate supply of napkins to wipe the surface of my clothes, my black breeches were not silent enough to save me from the painful effects of this sudden fomentation, and for some minutes my legs and thighs seemed stewing in a boiling cauldron; but recollecting how Sir Thomas had disguised his torture, when I trod upon his toe, I firmly bore my pain in silence, and sat with my lower extremities parboiled, amidst the stifled giggling of the ladies and the servants.

I will not relate the several blunders which I made during the first course, or the distress occasioned by my being desired to carve a fowl, or help to various dishes that stood near me, spilling a sauce-boat and knocking down a salt-cellar; rather let me hasten to the second course, "where fresh disasters overwhelmed me quite."

I had a piece of rich sweet pudding on my fork, when Miss Louisa Friendly begged to trouble me for a pigeon that stood near me. In my haste, scarce knowing what I did, I whipped the pudding into my mouth, hot as a burning coal; it was impossible to conceal my agony—my eyes were starting from their sockets. At last, in spite of shame and resolutions, I was obliged to drop the cause of torment on my plate. Sir Thomas and the ladies all compassionated my misfortune, and each advised a different application; one recommended oil, another water, but all agreed that wine was best for drawing out the fire; and a glass of sherry was brought me from the sideboard, which I snatched up with eagerness; but oh! how shall I tell the sequel? When the butler by accident mistook, or purposely designed to drive me mad, he gave me the strongest brandy, with which I filled my mouth, almost flayed and blistered, totally unused to every kind of ardent spirits, with my tongue, throat and palate as raw as beef, what could I do? I could not swallow, and clapping my hands upon my mouth, the cursed liquor spirted through my nose and fingers like a fountain, over all the dishes; and I was crushed by laughter from all quarters. In vain did Sir Thomas reprimand the servants, and Lady Friendly chide her daughters; for the measure of my shame and their diversion was not yet complete. To relieve me from the intolerable state of perspiration which this accident had caused, without considering what I did, I wiped my face with that ill-fated handkerchief, which was still wet from the consequences of the fall of Xenophon, and covered all my features with streaks of ink in every direction. The baronet himself could not support this shock, but joined his lady in the general laugh; while I sprung from the table in despair, rushed out of the house, and ran home in an agony of confusion and disgrace, which the most poignant sense of guilt could not have excited.

Thus, without having deviated from the path of moral rectitude, I am suffering torments like a "goblin damn'd." The lower half of me has been almost boiled, my tongue and mouth grill'd, and I bear the mark of Cain upon my forehead; yet these are but trifling considerations to the everlasting shame which I must feel, whenever this adventure shall be mentioned. Perhaps, by your assistance, when my neighbors know how much I feel on the occasion, they will spare a bashful man, and (as I am just informed my poultice is ready) I trust you will excuse the haste in which I subscribe myself

Yours, &c.

DEATH OF FRIENDS.

Let the remembrance of the friends whom we have lost, strengthen our affections to those that remain. The narrower the circle becomes of those we love, let us draw the closer together. Let the heart that has been softened by sorrow, melt into gentleness and kindness—make liberal allowance for the weakness of others, and divest yourself of the little prejudices that you may have formerly prepossessed against them. The greater havoc that death has made among our friends on earth, let us cultivate connexion more with God, and heaven, and virtue. Let those noble views which man's impartial character affords, fill and exalt our minds. Passengers only through this sublunary region, let our thoughts often ascend to that divine country, which we are taught to consider as the native seat of the soul. There we form connexions that are never broken. There we meet with friends that shall never die. Among celestial things there is firm and lasting constancy, while all that is on earth changes and passes away. Such are some of the fruits we should reap from the tender feelings excited by the death of friends.

Sketch of Eloquence.—"My brethren," said a staid and learned oracle of the pulpit: "My dear brethren, there is a great deal to be *did!* and it is time we were all up and *didding on't.*"