Cambridge Chronicle.

VOL. IX. NO. 24.

BY G. W. CALLAHAN. CAMBRIDGE, Md.---SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1835. WHOLE NO. 594.

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.

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From the London Court Journal.

THE WIFE'S FIRST LOVE.

"I pray you play on *this pipe*."—Hamlet.

Adelheid, hearing her husband's approaching footsteps, hastened to extinguish the little taper that was burning on the table, and adjusting her collerette and coiffure before the mirror, unlocked the door of the boudoir, and went to meet him with an unembarrassed air. "Comment! ma belle Hermite, toujours au boudoir! I was looking for you at the Tuileries this very day. Truly, my incomparable, I shall begin to grow jealous of that crimson *fauteuil*, whose arms encircle you so often." As De Morier playfully spoke thus, he drew his Adelheid affectionately towards him, but she complained of a slight indisposition, averted her face, and withdrawing herself from his clasp, pointed his attention to some passing object in the street, and began to talk of their projected tour to Fontainbleau.

Adelheid Eichrodt was a young and lovely Berlinese, who, at the age of seventeen, had been introduced to the Count de Morier, a Frenchman of family and distinction. He became deeply enamored of her beauty and simplicity. The offer of his hand was graciously accepted, and he brought her in triumph to his hotel in the Faubourg St. Germain; where, notwithstanding the little dissensions that a difference of national tastes and prejudices is apt to occasion, they lived in the very plenitude and perfection of conjugal concord.

They had been married about a year and a half, when De Morier fancied he observed an alteration in his wife's habits and manners. It appeared to him that his adored Adelheid was becoming less frank and confiding towards him; she was reserved, distant. There was an air of mystery in her proceedings. In fact, it was evident that she had some secret with which she was sedulously desirous he should remain unacquainted. He was constantly in the habit of finding scraps of paper scattered about the floor, for the appearance of which she accounted in various unsatisfactory ways. He more than once surprised her in whispered conference with old Karl, a German domestic, who, having lived in her father's service since the period of Adelheid's infancy, had on the event of her marriage requested to accompany his young mistres to Paris. On his approach they would suddenly separate, and, as it seemed to him, in something of confusion. He had also on one occasion been exceedingly perplexed and mortified, by overhearing two ladies in society, after extolling the undeniable beauty, and grace, and affability of Madame de Morier, make an exception to her prejudice, (the "particulars" did not reach his ear,) which was immediately followed by an exclamation of "Mon Dieu! ce ne pas possible—une bete, un monstre affreuse degoutant." He was not quite sure that the epithets were applied to his wife, but he more than suspected they were. It was not long after, that, on entering her apartment unexpectedly, he saw her rush towards the open window, and dash something to the ground. "Bah, bah! Adelheid, why surely I have entered Houbijant's fabrique, in mistake for my own hotel! Essence de Millefleurs! Attur du Rose! What are all these scents that you are scattering about the room? You will suffocate me with your many sweets. I have often told you of my aversion to strong perfumes."

The suspicious husband having observed Madame, in one of her late mystic meetings with the old steward, confide a large purse of gold to his possession, hastily quitted the room, full of vague apprehensions and surmises, and fully resolved to take an early opportunity of satisfying himself in what manner his wife was in the habit of employing the intervals of his absence from home, which owing to a pending law suit, had become of late very frequent and protracted. Yet he loved and respected her too much to distress her with open and direct inquiries on the subject of her visible confusion. Accordingly, on the day following this little *brusquerie*, he took occasion during breakfast, to signify that he was engaged out on business for the whole of the day, and should, probably be detained until the evening of the morrow. Not long, however, after the usual hour of dinner, he made his appearance: the old steward opened the door.

"What, Karl! as I left you in the morning I find you in the evening—*tojours la pipe!* Always smoking! Is Madame at home?" "Non, Monsieur, non." "No! I think you are mistaken, Karl; I am nearly positive that I saw her close the jalousie of her boudoir this moment in a white dressing gown. Is she alone?" "Yes, sir—alone, sir! to be sure she's alone—at least, that is—I will tell her you are come, and——"—"I thank you, I can inform her myself." "Why no; that is—just if you please, sir, to allow me—may be she might be engaged, or——"—"Engaged! how, what, with whom?"—"Oh, with nobody, sir." "Let me pass, old man, what does this mean?" "Nothing, sir, but if you would only now—do, sir, only just wait a moment that I may tell my lady, sir, she will be so frightened—you will be so angry." "Angry, yes, I am angry at your unaccountable detention of me. In truth I do begin to have some evil surmises and suspicions. Hear me, Karl—tell me all you know of your lady—why does she speak to you in whispers—give you gold?"

The old steward trembled. "Oh, pray don't ask me, sir; I can't tell you, my lady is a sweet and beautiful angel; but it is certainly lamentable that she should be so fond of that great long——"

The Count trembled in turn. "What! Who? What is my wife fond of——"

"Only a little, sir; sometimes by way of recreation; she does not often, and they do say people's inclinations are not in their power."

The Count's brain instantly took fire. Imagination mastered reason; yet he adopted a reasonable course in resolutely shaking the old man from his hold, and striding swiftly and silently along the range of rooms that led to his Adelheid's apartment. In a state of considerable excitement, he pushed open the boudoir door with vehemence, but stood transfixed on the threshold at the spectacle that presented itself to his view.

His young and lovely wife was reclining listlessly in the large arm chair, her foot reposing on a low footstool, her elbow resting on a small table at her side, while her delicate hand sustained an enormous *chibouque*, from which she was puffing clouds of fragrant incense.

His astonishment soon relaxed into immoderate laughter. "So, so my fair Muesulman, I've caught you at last—now the secret's out, and the mystery, like most other mysteries, ends in smoke. That Jesuitical old Karl, too, to conspire against me. Truth, Adelheid, I don't know that I ever saw you look so graceful, charming, more femininely lovely. Nay, don't pout, and blush, and cry, and throw down that magnificent *chibouque* so disdainfully; I'll buy it of you, mignon; will you sell it to me, eh?" and throwing his arms around her, he hid her tears of mortification in his bosom. "And now, my sweet wife," resumed De Morier, as Adelheid released herself from his lengthened embrace; "we will put away this pretty toy, if you please, until we go back to Berlin. Custom here is every thing. Now, the Parisian ladies are not yet accustomed—that is, it is not yet the fashion here; in short, my love, the Parisian ladies *don't smoke*."

CAMILLA.

ECCENTRICITIES OF A MAD MAN.

Mr. ——, a lawyer in Vermont, doing a good business, at once became insane, and took it into his head to abandon the practice of law, and engage in the basket-making. He was at first a very awkward hand at this new employment, but by dint of perseverance he soon became very skilful, and could weave a basket as well as he had formerly woven an argument at the bar. He followed this business for about six months, when taking a new notion into his head, he abandoned it for that of chair bottoming.

The material used in this occupation was bark, which he stript from the trees in early summer, when it peels most easily. Having come home one day covered from head to foot with mud, he was asked where he had been that he had got so thoroughly bedaubed. He answered that he had been in a neighboring swamp after elm bark, of which he exhibited a strip about forty feet long.

"Do you remark this?" said he triumphantly.

"Yes—but how does that account for your being so muddy? It isn't usual to find mud on the top of a tree."

"No; but you may sometimes find it at the bottom, though. I'll tell you how I found it. I cut the bark near the root of the tree, and then stript it upward, expecting it would come to an end and break off, and run itself out after a while. But it hung on like a suit in chancery—and I stript, and stript, until it run up forty feet high, and as broad and strong as ever. Thinks I to myself, there's no use of pursuing the thing any farther, and so I'll enter a *nolle prosequi*. But not to lose the benefit of what I had done—that was the point to be decided. I wished at least to save costs—but pshaw! I forgot—I'm not a lawyer now. Well, as I was saying, I looked at the subject to see how I should secure the bark. It was too strong for me to break off. At any rate, thought I, there's more than one way to skin a cat, as a butcher would say. If I cannot break off this bark, I can climb up by it. No sooner said than done. I seized hold of the strip, and placing my feet against the trunk of the tree, ran up hand over hand. By this method of climbing you will perceive my back must have been downward, and nearly in a horizontal position—my feet being braced against the tree, and my head standing from it in an angle of nearly ninety degrees. Having arrived at the proper height, I was then in a quandary how to get my knife out of my pocket, and how to get it open when it was out. If I let go with one hand, I was fearful the other would not hold me. However, said I, it's neck or nothing. I'll try the experiment at any rate—so I gripped powerfully with my left hand while I took my knife out with my right, and opened it with my teeth, whipped off the bark as clean as the law would dock an entail.

"And what do you think was the result?"

"Why you came flat upon your back, of course."

"Right, gentlemen of the jury—a very correct verdict indeed. I came down flat in the mud. Never was a client laid flatter on his back than I, and never was one more completely bedaubed with filth and mud. But thanks to the yielding nature of the soil! I saved my bones, and only brought away the mischief on my coat. I gained my cause, too—which is more than I can say of all my undertakings."

The company laughed heartily at the ex-lawer's account of his exploit—while the latter, hanging up his coat in the sun, said, that the mud, like the old woman's grease, would rub off when it was dry.

He continued a while longer to follow his occupation of chair bottoming, when, suddenly becoming sane again, he resumed the practice of law, and has ever since preferred laying his opponents on their backs in a legal way to being laid on his own in so ludicrous a manner as that above related.—*N. Y. Transcript.*

THE SOUTH.

Know ye the land of the cedar and vine,
Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine;
Where the light wings of Zephyr, oppressed with perfume,
Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gull in her bloom:
Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,
And the voice of the nightingale never is mute;
Where the tints of the earth and the hues of the sky,
In color though varied, in beauty may vie,
And the purple of ocean is deepest in dye?

Bride of Abydos.

The Southern States west of the Alleghany mountains have been very much underrated and misunderstood by travellers. We speak of those States we have traversed in spring, in summer and in winter, south of the Tennessee river. This noble tract of country has had the baleful reputation of being a sickly country—a vast grave yard, over which the angel of death flaps his wings and hangs out his shrouding drapery like the cheerless Spanish moss that clings upon the sepulchral-looking trees in the midst of the solitudes that are inundated by the waters of the "Father of streams." Yet this general reputation of sickliness is one of the veriest libels ever promulgated about any country. The intemperate and the imprudent may die any where: and we shall not deny that great care and prudence are necessary to preserve health in that really glorious clime; but let any one born in the north, no matter where, only take care to be temperate in drink and diet; let him avoid the chills of the night by even warmer clothing than he would wear in the coldest northern sections of the Union, and he may live, as we have seen many northern born people living there, for ten, fifteen or twenty years without even a single season of sickness. There is really no danger at all to the prudent, excepting in the months of August and September—and during these we firmly believe that prudential measures may carry a man safely through. Let the clothing, as a general rule, be warmer at all seasons of the year than what is worn at the north.

The climate of the southern States is bland and salubrious. It fans the cheek with a balmy fragrance borrowed from the aroma of the deep green fields which the frosty breath of winter scarcely changes. This delightful breeze is almost constant. It comes weeping up from the great Gulf of Mexico, tempering the heat of the tropical sun, and assuaging the ferocity of what too many consider as a burning clime. It is also a medical fact that all the fevers of the south are very manageable, completely under the dominion of ordinary medical skill—and they all, without exception, give premonition of their attacks upon the system, so that means of prevention may be applied.

As we said before, the breath of winter scarcely withers the broad green leaf of the forest. The scenery is exciting, exhilarating, magnificent. The heavens are rounded up into their holiest altitude of deep, deep blue—in the liquid of which the big stars seem to swing on their golden pendulums. The trees flare up or toss their branches in an exuberance of wildly graceful foliage against the mellow horizon. The flowers are gorgeous, and flaunting, and fragrant—the wild planting of nature—and during certain seasons of the year, the entire scenery of boundless forests only reminds the spectator of a flower garden on a magnificent scale. The deep green of the foliage shames the color that robes the Vermont mountains; and the exciting and half animate grace with which tree, and branch, and shrub are pictured against the sky, as if curled upwards by the suction of a strong whirlwind, would remind a spectator of the lively and stirring attitudes of ten thousand cavalry—the horses all plunging, rearing, curvetting—every motion tending upwards, tossing up plume, and helmet, and spear, in strong relief against the over-arching canopy above. Through all this glorious clime—thickly through its stirring boughs and boquets of gigantic size, birds of the most melodious song, as well as of beautiful plumage, wander on their wings of mimic gold and crimson, and pour forth notes of a strange and bewildering music. Amidst the rest, the mocking bird takes up and multiplies through the echoing and laughing woods the song of every other bird around him. All nature seems to rejoice. The moral prospects of the south, too, are as clear as her sun-bright clime. Mind, in this luxuriant region, shoots up in a premature and dazzling growth. Babes lisp poetry and eloquence. The warm, unbound heart of southern philanthropy beats in a gushing tide of good will and unfettered hospitality. The destinies of the southern land are as inviting as ever hung in prospect over the bright climes of France, Italy or Greece. The best days of the south are but dawning. The splendor of her noon will astonish the world.—*Western Methodist.*

From the Farmer and Gardener.

INFLUENCE OF LIGHT ON PLANTS.

One of the most interesting and beautiful provisions in the mysterious operations of nature, is to be found in the strong affinity of all organized life, particularly vegetable life, for light. With scarcely a single exception, it appears necessary, if not indispensable, to their development, color, and the proper exercise of their reproductive functions. This *fondness* of plants for light—we can call it by no other name, for whatever else we may deny them, no one who has ever observed nature as he ought, will refuse them an organized vitality, irritability, and sensibility to physical causes—is manifested in so many ways as to have frequently forced itself upon the notice of the most inattentive. For instance, when a potatoe has been accidentally left in the cellar at the opening of spring, who has not admired the manner in which the long pale vines make their way with the certainty of instinct to the nearest light. To accomplish this object they have been known to make several turnings and windings, and when the desired point is gained, how speedily is its nature developed, and its structure so changed, as to reflect permanently the green rays of the light alone. We observed not long since a striking proof of this affinity for light. On the northern margin of a dense wood, the ground, for a number of rods, was literally covered with a small creeping plant, then in full blossom; and of the thousands of beautiful little white, star-shaped flowers that spangled the mass, we could not find one that was not turned toward the cleared land, seeking after light; though in a direction opposite to the sun. The reason why trees in a thick wood grow so much taller than in cleared land, is to be found in this affinity for light. The young plant seeks for it, or perhaps is rather attracted by it, and the vegetative power forces it upward in the only direction in which the object sought can be found. When standing in a clear field, there is no necessity of height for this purpose; light is found in every direction; hence the tree does not rise, but expands. At the distance of a few hundred yards from where I am now writing, the native forest rises like an unbroken wall of verdure.—Thirty years since, when the lands were cleared, this wood, which was then left, presented the aspect of immense ranges of tall trunks, the tops green and flourishing, with scarcely a branch or a leaf below. Now, on the sides next to the fields, or, rather, on the side accessible to light, but few trunks are visible; new branches have shot out; and the leafy covering is so rich and deep, that from the earth to their summit, the dark green foliage seems piled in the most fantastic and luxuriant masses. There are quite a number of plants so sensible of the rays of light as to follow the sun in its daily course; of these the common sunflower affords a familiar example. There are many others which, on the departure of light, close up their flowers, and remain unopened until morning comes with its light to awaken them. Such plants afford a beautiful illustration of what Linnæus so properly calls the sleep of plants. Of this kind are the daisy and the tulip. There are others which, though apparently pleased with light, as is evinced by their opening at early dawn, are irritated by heat, and, during the hottest part of the day, remain with their petals closely folded; of this kind are the woodbine, and some species of cucurbitis. There is but one plant which blossoms exclusively in the dark, the night-blooming cereus, and such an exception to a rule of nature only serves to render its universality the more striking, and its cause the more worthy of notice. All these instances—and I have selected these because such are familiar to most—and numberless others that might be adduced, prove that plants, stem, leaf, and flower love the light, and are exquisitely sensible to its presence and influence. The effects of light are not confined to the vegetable part of the creation, as the following from Professor Jameison's Edinburgh Philosophical Journal of April, will show:—

"The most striking example which we can mention of a subterranean sheet of water on a varying level, is that of the Lake Zirknitz, in Carniola. This lake is about six miles long, by three broad. Toward the middle of summer, if the season be dry, its surface rapidly falls, and in a short time is completely dry. The openings by which the waters retire may then be distinctly perceived, sometimes quite vertical, and in other places bearing a lateral direction toward the mountains. Immediately after the retreat of the waters, all the extent of surface which they covered is put under cultivation, and in a few months the peasants are mowing hay, or reaping millet, &c., in the very spot where some time before they were fishing for tench and pike. Late in the season, after the rains, the waters returned by the same channels which opened a passage for them at the time of their departure. Sometime a very heavy fall of rain on the mountains with which Zirknitz is surrounded, occasions an overflowing of these subterranean lakes, which advance during many hours, so as to cover with water the land lying over them. Very singular peculiarities have been remarked as belonging to these different openings in the earth; some of them supply nothing but water; others supply both water and fishes; and there is a third class by which ducks are supplied from a subterranean lake. These ducks, at the moment that the water floats them to the surface above ground, swim with perfect facility. They are completely blind, and almost naked. The faculty of sight, however, is speedily acquired; but it is not till after two or three weeks that their feathers are so grown as to allow them to fly, or furnish an adequate covering."

In this case it is shown that while remaining in darkness, the organs of sight are but imperfectly prepared for vision, and that light is necessary for the growth and perfection of feathers; furnishing a curious proof of the analogy which some speculative writers have maintained existed between those coverings of the body, hair and feathers, and plants which so embellish and diversify, under the controlling influence of light, the cuticle of our earth. The manner in which light—when we consider it as an emanation direct from the sun, or as an undulation of the ethereal matter with which the universe seems to be pervaded—acts upon the vegetable creation, appears as yet to be a mystery; still there is such an action, decided, always operating, and in most cases very powerfully; and this action, with its various modes of operation, furnishes a fruitful subject of investigation to the lover of nature, and those who are engaged in raising the veil which shrouds the hidden mystery of her inner temple.

W. Gaylord.

THE PLACE TO PUT LIBERTY.

Twice in France the physical power has gained the ascendency over law; and by the victory, the discovery has been made, that to patriots, cities are fortresses, and pavements munitions. This is one of the most glorious and dreadful discoveries of modern days—glorious in its ultimate results in the emancipating of the world, but dreadful if those intervening revolutions which man achieves in the conquest of liberty, are without corresponding intelligence and virtue for its permanent preservation.

The conquest of liberty is not difficult—the question is, where to put it—with whom to entrust it. If to the multitude who achieved it, it be committed, it will perish by anarchy. If national guards are employed for its defence, the bayonets which protect it are at any moment able to destroy it for a military despotism. If to a republican king it be entrusted, it will have to be regulated by state policy, and fed on bread and water until the action of her heart, and the movement of her tongue, and the power of her arm, as under the deadly incubus, shall cease. There is not in this wide world a safe deposite for liberty, but in the hearts of patriots so enlightened, as to be able to judge of correct legislation, and so patient and disinterested, as to practice self-denial and self-government for the public good.

But can such a state of society be found and maintained without a Bible and the institutions of Christianity? Did a condition of unperverted liberty, uninspired by Christianity, ever bless the world throughout any considerable period of duration? The power of a favoring clime and the force of genius, did thrust up from the dead level of monotonous despotism, the republic of Greece to a temporary liberty; but it was a patent model only, compared with such a nation as this; and it was partial and capricious, and of short duration, and rendered illustrious, rather by the darkness which preceded and followed, than by the benign influence of its own beams.

Certainly it is Christianity, which, in this country, rocked the cradle of our liberties, defended our youth and brought us up to manhood. And it has been proved that under her auspices, three millions and twelve millions of people may be protected and governed. But that twenty, fifty or a hundred millions can, without a vast augmentation of her moral power over mind, has not yet been proved—whilst all past analogies, and all present circumstances of our nation, announce that Christianity is our best hope, and without it our destruction does not slumber.

During all past ages, the vast majority of the human family, unblest by revelation, have been idolators and slaves; and at the present time, all nations upon whom the Sun of Righteousness has not risen are crushed by the grievous despotism. Day light is not more uniform in the track of the sun, than civil liberty is found in the track of Christianity, and despotism in its absence.—*Beecher's Lectures.*

From Niles' Register.

The last number of the North American Review (says a Boston paper) contains an excellent article, which is said to be from the pen of E. Washburn, of Worcester, in this State, on the subject of "the laboring classes in Europe." This article we commend to the especial attention of all who are discontented with our republican institutions, who act upon the principles of modern agrarianism, who are such strenuous sticklers for *reform* that they would willingly overturn the government, and introduce anarchy and ruin, provided they could bring down others to a *level* with themselves. The writer gives a detailed and accurate account of the condition of the laboring classes in all the principal countries of Europe, and which furnishes an astonishing contrast with the state of the laboring classes in this country. The following is a portion of the preliminary remarks of the writer:—

"There is no more universal characteristic of human nature, than a disposition to find fault with our present condition, whatever it may be. Every body praises the age that has gone by, and looks forward to a future day as one which shall bring relief to all present inconveniences. It is this propensity to discontent, on which modern reformers are so ready to seize, for the purpose of disseminating their peculiar doctrines. They assume the existence of acknowledged evils and thence endeavor to draw the conclusion that the cause of these evils is what they would pretend to reform. They depict the horrors of poverty, the pride and luxurious indolence of the rich, and forthwith preach up a crusade against wealth, and the laws by which it is protected. In this way covert attacks are daily made upon our own institutions and laws; and as their conclusions are apparently drawn from acknowledged facts, honest minds are often deceived, and discontent is excited, when no cause of complaint in fact exists.

"There is no more common mode of attempting to mislead the public sentiment, than by describing a state of things existing in other countries, and assuming that it exists also in our own. Men talk very correctly of the evils of an established aristocracy, with its hereditary wealth, its vices and its power; and, having done so, they stamp the picture with an American name, in order to excite jealousies among our own citizens; when, in fact, the description is no more a delineation of American manners and institutions, than a Norwegian landscape resembles the vine-clad hills of France or Italy.—It is thus that the outcry about the rights of the working men has been raised so loudly in our country. We are told of the condition of these classes in England; of the starving mechanic and oppressed manufacturer; of the poor houses, crowded with healthy laborers, destitute of the ordinary necessaries of life; and in the same breath, an appeal is made to the mechanic and the manufacturer here, to subvert the laws, which grind down the laboring classes to the dust; as if there were some real analogy between our condition and that of England, in respect to the laws which regulate property, the means of subsistence, or the reward of industry."

Many who pretend to carry the liberty of the people highest, and say the rich will take care of the poor, serve them as they do trout, tickle them till they catch them, and then say, you rascals, you are mine.