L. D. Steckle

Cambridge Chronicle.

VOL. IX. NO. 26.

BY G. W. CALLAHAN. CAMBRIDGE, Md.---SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1835. WHOLE NO. 596.

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 BRIDAL EVE.

BY MISS MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

Characters:

Lord Fitz-Alwyn. Hubert, Helen, Isabel, Margaret.

Scene—A Lady's Chamber in a Baronial Castle.

Helen, Isabel and Margaret.

Isa. This is the bridal eve, and yet thy lady—
Look how she sits on yonder couch, her head
Bent like a snow-drop, her white clasped hands
Listlessly hanging on her knee, as though
No pulse beat in them. All the livelong day
She hath not moved. Why, Helen! Helen Clifford!
What, not a word to thy poor Isabel—
Thy cousin Isabel? not one kind word,
When we shall part to-morrow?—not one word?
Can this be the dear maid whom once I knew
The merriest heart of merry Cumberland,
Carolling her blithe songs, from morn to eve,
As gaily as the gladsome birds that flew
Around her summer bower?

Mar. Didst thou ne'er see
A caged linnet?

Isa. Oh! how pale she is,
How changed, since o'er those northern hills she swept
On her white Barbary steed, swift as the wind
That waved her glossy tresses, crisp and curl'd
Like the vine's tendrils, o'er that dimpled cheek
Of roses, and those eyes of smiling light,
And that clear brow! All in her huntress green,
She might have seem'd the youngest, fairest nymph
Of crescented Diana, such a glow
Of beauty was about her.

Mar. Hast thou ne'er
Seen a transplanted flower—seen how it droops,
And fades, and dies? Your southern gardens ill
Suit the wild heathbell. She hath never known
Sorrow till now. Now, lady, she hath lost
Her home, her father.

Isa. Is not my home hers?
And my kind father?

Mar. Ay, but she must leave
Even this adopted home, and wed——

Isa. The pride
Of English chivalry! her long betrothed——
And oh, so worthy! bravest in the field,
Gayest at revel, kindest every where,
Is Lord Fitz-Alwyn.

Mar. Grant that it be so,
Unless she loved him——

Isa. She must love him.

Mar. Look!
The very casket, that last night he laid
At Helen's feet, still at her feet it lies,
Neglected, overthrown. The oaken floor
Is bright with jewelry—string'd amethysts,
Rubies, and sapphires, link'd with massy gold——

Helen. Chains! chains! all chains!

Isa. Nay, sweetest coz, see here
This diadem of orient pearl—how well
Thy raven curls become it! how it sits
Amid the ringlets, with a queenly pride,
A maiden modesty! Oh, fling it not
Aside!

Helen. Give me the wild wood coronal
Of living pearls, fresh from the fragrant thorn,
And diamonded with dew! Dost thou remember,
Margaret, the garland of the Queen of May,
When poor——What's that?

Isa. 'Tis but the distant sound
Of music at the banquet. They feast high.

Helen. Hark! hark! This comes not from the hall. 'Tis here,
Beneath the casement. Margaret, hark! a harp!
A northern harp!

Mar. Beshrew these narrow bars!
I cannot see the minstrel.

Helen. Hush! he sings—

SONG (*without*).

High o'er the baron's castle tall
Rich banners float, with heavy fall
And light and song, in mingling tide,
Pour forth to hail the lovely bride.
Yet, lady, still the birchen tree,
Waves o'er the cottage on the lea;
The babbling stream was bright and fair—
The love star of the west shines there.

Isa. How breathlessly she listens! See, she flings
Backward her ringleted and glossy hair,
Lest a loose curl might intercept the sound
Of that sweet music. Margaret, hast thou heard
The strain before?

Mar. The air, but not the words.

SONG (*without*).

Mail'd warders pace o'er keep and tower,
Gay maidens deck the lady's bower;
Page, squire, and knight, a princely train,
Wait duteous at her bridle rein.
Yet in that cot the milk white hound,
The favorite falcon, still are found;
And one more fond, more true, than they,
Born to adore and to obey.

Isa. 'Tis a strange bridal song; but it hath waked
The statue into life. Look, how the blood
Mounts in her cheek!

Mar. Hush! it begins again.

SONG (*without*).

The coronet of jewels rare
Shines proudly o'er a face so fair;
And titles high and higher name
Fitz-Alwyn's lovely bride may claim.
And yet the wreath of hawthorn bough
Once lightlier press'd that snowy brow;
And hearts that wither now, were gay
When she was but the Queen of May.

Isa. 'Tis over now. That was the final close.
Why, Helen, wherefore dost thou wave thy hand
From the barr'd casement? wherefore turn away
With thy fine form so raised, so firm a step,
So high a brow, and eyes that in their light
Bear such command?

Helen. Margaret, tell Lord Fitz Alwyn
That I entreat his presence.

Mar. Dearest lady——

Helen. Question me not, but go.

[*Exit* Margaret.

So! will Fitz Alwyn,
Think'st thou, obey the call?

Isa. Doubt not of that.
Thou hast been coyer than the fresh-caged bird,
To which poor Margaret liken'd thee; be scarce
Hath seen thee Helen—scarce hath heard thy voice.

Re enter Margaret *with Lord* Fitz-Alwyn.

What, here already!—come upon a wish!

Fitz-Alwyn. I was not far to seek. Hast thou ne'er heard
How wakeful misers haunt the secret spot
Where their heart lies, their gold? Even so lurk'd I
Around my treasure, waiting but to hear
A distant footfall, or a clapping door,
Or pleasant rustling of a silken robe,
Or aught that told of her. What would fair Helen
Of her true knight?

Isa. Sit down beside us here—
She best can speak her will.

Helen. I would but ask him
To listen to a simple tale of one
More simple, a poor Northern maid. 'Tis short;
'Twill not detain thee long.

Fitz-Alwyn. Oh, make it long,
That I may listen! Couldst thou know the joy
To sit and hear thee! Oh, prolong the tale!
Speak but till I be weary!

Isa. Now, dear Helen!

Helen. There dwelt a knight among the Cumbrian hills
With one young daughter—an old wealthy knight,
Who had no joy but in the chase, small joy
Even in the chase without her. So she grew
The hardiest mountain-nymph that ever braved
The summer sun, the winter wind. Poor child!
She had no mother, none to teach the craft
Of female mysteries—the lute, the loom,
The needle—them she knew not. All her lore
Was of the beauty of the earth and sky,
The green hills and the bosky vales, the clear
And gushing waters, and the shifting forms
Of clouds. All her companions were the dear
Mute partners of her sports—how speaking they
Amidst their speechlessness! Her Barbary steed,
With his bright arching neck, curved up to meet
Her fondling hand; her grey hound, playfullest
Of happy creatures, of a richer white,
Like marble touched by the sun, leaping and bounding
If he but heard her voice; her falcon, proud
To sit upon her wrist. She loved them all:
I dally with my tale, and weary thee.

Fitz Alwyn. Speak on! Thy voice hath in it such a charm
As the clear warblings of the bird of song,
The nightingale. Her varied notes we hear
All in themselves alike, yet most unlike
All other melody, till every gush
Of liquid sound seems to our ravish'd souls
Too brief. Speak on.

Isa. Had she no comrade?

Helen. One—
Her own dear father—and——

Fitz Alwyn. Speak on.

Helen. Hard by
Dwelt a lone widow, poor, but gently born,
And she too had one child.

Fitz-Alwyn. A daughter?

Helen. No.
He was some two years older than the maid,
And loved like her the chase, or rather loved
Nature and beauty—the green wood, the show
Of hound and huntsman 'midst the forest glades,
The bright and moving picture. For the chase
He was too gentle. I have seen——'twas said
He had been seen to weep when the poor stag,
Panting and quivering, already dead
Almost with fear and toil hath fallen. Yet still
He loved the Barbary steed, the milk-white hound,
The bright-eyed falcon. Ever at their side
Was Hubert Grey.

Fitz-Alwyn. And the young maid? Loved she
One of so soft a mould?

Helen. From earliest youth,
From earliest childhood, they were playmates, friends.
All that she knew of book or song was learnt
Of Hubert, in that low-roof'd cot, where dwelt
His smiling mother. There, beneath the shade
Of the light, fragrant birch, and to the sound
Of running waters, they—I speak of them,
The mountain maid and the fond mother—oft
Would sit for hours, listening his minstrel lay
And marking how the poet's fire lit up
That mild blue eye, and kindled that pale cheek,
Embrown'd with a sweet sunniness, and raised
The veins on his white brow, and seem'd to swell
His slender form into a nobleness
Of beauty; till, at length, with head flung back,
And chest dilating, the forgotten harp
Dropt silent from his hands, and song was lost
In the wild crowd of images that press'd
On his awaken'd fancy.

Fitz-Alwyn. Did the maid
Wed the young minstrel?

Helen. No: she was betroth'd.

Fitz-Alwyn. Alas! I thought so;—was betroth'd to one
Unworthy?

Helen. Oh, no, no; to one too good,
Too great, too noble!

Fitz Alwyn. One whom she loved not?

Helen. One whom she knew not, therefore loved not. Love
Is born of love.

Fitz Alwyn. And Hubert?

Helen. He spake not;
No, not a word! She had broad lands, and he
Was poor——

Fitz-Alwyn. Why dost thou pause?

Helen. Scarcely she knew,
Till they were parted, what her own heart meant
When it so throbb'd.

Fitz-Alwyn. Pr'ythee say on.

Helen. Oh, look not
So searchingly upon me! Her dear father
Died, and her noble wooer from the wars
Came crown'd with honor; and her guardian sought
The lonely orphan in her northern hall,
And brought her to his castle.

Fitz-Alwyn. Well!

Helen. She met
Him, her betroth'd; and she would fain have told—
But fear, and awe, and maiden shame, and doubt,
If Hubert loved, for never till——

Mar. Hark! hark!
Again the sweet harp of the north.

SONG (*without*).

Bless thee! I may no longer stay,
No longer bid thee think on me;
I cannot 'bide thy bridal day—
But, Helen, I go blessing thee.

Bless thee! no vow of thine is broke;
I ask'd not thy dear love for me,
Though tears, and sighs, and blushes spoke;
Yet, Helen, I go blessing thee.

Bless thee! yet do not quite forget—
Oh, sometimes, sometimes pity me!
My sun of life is early set—
But, Helen, I die blessing thee!

Helen. Alas! alas! Dost hear him?

Fitz-Alwyn. Margaret, seek
This harper; bring him hither. We must check
His boldness.

[*Exit* Margaret.

Tremble not, my loveliest bride,
But listen. I have heard thy simple tale
Of a fair maiden; now do thou hear mine
Of a rough soldier. A young warrior once
Rescued an aged knight, brave to a fault,
From out the enemy's ranks. Too grateful he
For common service; he had one bright gem,
Fit for an emperor's crown—but only one—
Yet that he offer'd, and the warrior took.

Isa. What was the gem?

Fitz-Alwyn. A girl! a cherub girl!
She was a child—but such a child!—so full
Of life and beauty! sun, and wind, and dew,
Had form'd her like gay flowers, or gayer birds,
Or the light, brilliant butterfly, that lives
In the air. She was all smiles. And he went forth
To battle with that vision, as a dream
Of gladness round him. Often on the watch,
Or in the trench before a leaguer'd town,
Or in the pause which weighs upon the soul
After the day of battle, would that form,
In all its witchery, float around his steps,
Around his heart. Years pass'd, and as he saw
The laughing girls of France, he'd pause and say,
So tall must she be now. This tale of mine
Troubles thee, sweet one.

Helen. Oh, go on, my lord!
Pr'ythe go on! How little she deserv'd—
How little deem'd——Go on.

Fitz-Alwyn. At length came peace,
And our rude warrior turn'd him to his home,
And his bethrothed bride. His first kind friend,
The good old knight, was dead; but he found friends
In all around her. She alone—how fair,
How beautiful she was! Her charms outran
Memory and fancy; but so pale, so sad,
With head averted, and with downcast eyes,
And shivering hands that shrank from his, and speech,
Short and unfrequent, and more chilling cold
Than silence———Helen, from the hour we met,
Thy thoughts have injured me. I was thy friend—
Why treat me as thy tyrant? why delay
The story of thy love? why tremble thus?
Why hide thy beauteous face?

Helen. Oh, spare me now,
Fitz-Alwyn! spare me! I have told thee all.

Fitz Alwyn. Ay; but too late. The bridal hour is fix'd;
The guests are bidden; the huge tables groan
Already with the banquet; harp and song
Already fill the halls; already flowers
Bestrew the path where thou and thy fair maids
Shall tread; already those fair maids have donn'd
Their smiles and blushes. Lady Isabel,
Say, is it not too late? Must she not wed
To-morrow?

Helen. Oh, no! no! In mercy, no!

Re-enter Margaret *with* Hubert.

Fitz-Alwyn. This is thy bridal eve. Approach, young sir!
Helen—my Helen—for the first, last time,
I dare to call thee so—Look up, dear maid!
Thou hast done rightly, wisely, kindly, Helen,
By me, by all. Nay, draw not back thy hand;
I will but seal it with one parting kiss.—
Now, take it, Hubert Grey! thou hast her heart;
They shall not be divided. She is thine.

EXCERPTS.

"Orient pearls at random strung."

'Tis the property of beauty to stir the wells of my soul sadly, rather than cast sunshine over them. 'Tis sad to hear sweet music; 'tis sad to read fine poetry; 'tis sad to look upon the beautiful face of a fair woman; 'tis sad to behold the unclouded glory of a summer's sky. There is a deep and lingering tone in the harmony of all beauty that resounds in our souls with too full and solemn a vibration for pleasure alone. In fact, *intensity*, even of joy and delight is in itself serious; 'tis impossible to be fulfilled (filled) with emotion of any sort and not feel as though we were within the shadow of a cloud. I remember when I first recited Juliet to my mother, she said I spoke the balcony scene almost sadly. Was not such deep, deep love too strong, too passionate, too pervading to be uttered with the light, laughing voice of pleasure? Was not that love even in its fulness of joy, sad—awful?—*Frances Anne Kemble.*

Woman, woman!—truly woman is a miracle. Place her amid flowers, foster her as a tender plant, and she is a thing of fancy, waywardness and sometimes folly—annoyed by a dew drop, fretted by the touch of a butterfly's wing, she is ready to faint at the rustle of a beetle. The zephyrs are too rough, the showers too heavy, and she is overpowered by the perfume of a rose bud. But let real calamity come and rouse her affections; enkindle the fires of the heart, and mark her, then. How her heart strengthens itself, how strong is her purpose.—Place her in the heat of battle, give her a child, a bird, any thing she loves or pities, to protect, and see her, raising her white arms as a shield, and as her own blood crimsons her turned forehead, praying for life to protect the helpless. Transplant her in the dark places of the earth, awaken her energies to action, and her breath becomes a healing, her presence a blessing; she disputes, inch by inch, the stride of the stalking pestilence, when man, the strong and brave, shrinks away pale and affrighted. Misfortune daunts her not, she wears away a life of silent endurance, and goes forward to death with less timidity than to her bridal. In prosperity, she is a bud full of imprisoned odors, waiting but for the winds of adversity to scatter them abroad—pure gold, valuable but untried in the furnace. In short, woman is a miracle, a mystery.

Maxim.—When women *slip*, they always *fall.*

HAUNTED GROUND.

Are there no phantoms, but such as come
By night, from the darkness that wraps the tomb?
—A sound, a scent, or a whispering breeze,
Can summon up mightier far than these!

But I may not linger amidst them here,
Lovely they are, and yet things to fear,
Passing and leaving a weight behind,
And a thrill on the cords of the stricken mind.

Away, away! that my soul may soar
As a free bird of blue skies once more!
Here from its wing it may never cast
The chain by those spirits brought back from the past.

Doubt it not—s mile not—but go thou too,
Look on the scenes where thy childhood grew,
Where thou hast pray'd at thy mother's knee,
Where thou hast rov'd with thy brethren free;

Go thou when life unto thee is changed,
Friends thou hast lov'd as thy soul estrang'd,
When from the idols thy heart hath made
Thou hast seen the colors of glory fade;

Oh! painfully then, by the wind's low sigh,
By the voice of the stream, by the flower-cup's dye,
By a thousand tokens of sight and sound,
Thou wilt feel thou art treading on haunted ground.

Mrs. Hemans.

SOLITUDE.

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne'er, or rarely been;
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
With the wild flock that never needs a fold;
Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean;
This is not solitude; 't is but to hold
Converse with Nature's charms, and view her stores unroll'd.

But, 'midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,
To hear, to feel, to see, and to possess,
And roam along, the world's tired denizen,
With none who bless us, none whom we can bless;
Minions of splendor shrinking from distress!
None that, with kindred consciousness endued,
If we were not, would seem to smile the less
Of all that flatter'd, follow'd, sought and sued;
This is to be alone; this, this is solitude.

Byron.

There are some benefits which may be so conferred as to become the very refinement of revenge; and there are some evils, which we had rather bear in sullen silence, than be relieved from at the expense of our pride. In the reign of Abdallah the Third, there was a great drought at Bagdad; the Mahomedan doctors issued a decree that the prayers of the faithful should be offered up for rain; the drought continued; the Jews were then permitted to add their prayers to those of the *true* believers; the supplications of *both* were ineffectual; as famine stared them in the face, those dogs, the Christians, were at length enjoined also to pray; it so happened that torrents of rain immediately followed. The whole *Conclave*, with the Mufti at their head, were now as indignant at the cessation of the drought, as they were before alarmed at its continuance. Some explanation was necessary to the people, and a holy convocation was held; the members of it came to this unanimous determination: That the God of their Prophet was highly gratified by the prayers of the faithful; that they were as incense and as sweet smelling savour unto him, and that he refused their requests that he might prolong the pleasure of listening to their supplications; but that the prayers of those Christian infidels were an abomination to the Deity, and that he granted their petitions, the sooner to get rid of their loathsome importunities!—*Lacon.*

The Blossoms and the Foliage.—When the blossoms were perishing, all bleached, colorless, and withering, the leaves said to them: "Poor, useless, creatures! they perish as soon as they are born; while we brave the summer's heat unshrinkingly and enduringly, still increasing in strength and beauty, till, after long months of usefulness, after we have borne and nurtured the choicest fruits of the earth, we sink to our final rest; and then the many-colored autumn weaves our gorgeous pall, and the artillery of the storm peals over our grave." But the blossoms answered, "We fade soon, but first we bear our fruit."

Ye peaceful, unknown, or soon-forgotten mortals; ye inmates of the humble workshop and the modest chamber; ye generous well-doers, without a name in history, and ye unrecorded tender wives and mothers, envy not those who stand on the lofty summits of power, wealth and honor; envy them not—ye are the blossoms!

FATTENING OF SWINE.

Acid or fermented food for swine has been much recommended. Arthur Young, a high authority among farmers, says, "The most profitable method of converting corn of any kind into food for hogs is to grind it into meal, and mix this with water of cisterns in the proportion of five bushels of meal to one hundred gallons of water; stirring it well several times a day, for three weeks, in cold weather, or a fortnight in a warmer season, by which time it will have fermented well and have become acid, and until then it is not ready to use. The mixture should always be stirred immediately before feeding, and two or three cisterns should be kept fermenting in succession, that no necessity may occur of giving it not duly prepared. Judge Peters, of Pennsylvania, whose authority as an agriculturist is of weight, observed that sour food is not only most grateful and alimentary to swine, but that one gallon of sour wash goes farther than two of sweet.

But an English work, entitled Farmers' Calendar, declares, that "much has been said, and little understood about *purposely* souring food for hogs. It is not that acidity can possibly tend to pinguefaction, [making fat,] but it is found that hogs will readily fatten upon acid, or rather accescent food, a sweetish taste and glutinous quality succeeding fermentation; and that they will do so still more readily on such as have never reached the acid state, I know, and have seen in hundreds of instances. Is a proof wanted? How much more readily do the country hogs feed upon sweet and unfermented food, than those of the starch, however rich. I say subacid, for did not starch makers run off a great part of that which is really sour, they would kill instead of fattening their hogs."

In order to reconcile these writers, it will only be necessary to advert to the different stages of ordinary fermentation, and the products of each stage. The first stage of fermentation produces sugar, and is called the saccharine fermentation. The second stage developes alcohol, or spirit of wine, and is called the vinous fermentation. The third stage produces vinegar, and is called the acid fermentation; and the fourth and last stage converts the matter fermenting into a substance which is not only offensive, but poisonous, and is called the putrid or destructive fermentation. Thus, if you soak wheat, or other farinaceous substance in water of a proper temperature, it will first become sweet, and begin to sprout or vegetate; it will next afford spirit or alcohol; continue the process, the wash turns sour, at first slightly and then more strongly acid, and at last the whole becomes putrid. It probably contains most nourishment when it is sweetest, but it is valuable till very sour, when it is worth little or nothing; and when the putrid fermentation has commenced, it is worse than nothing, as food for any animal. The farmer, then, should give his fermented wash to his pigs while it is yet sweet, or but beginning to turn sour.—*N. E. Farmer.*

A hint to Farmers.—A late Liverpool paper says; "A farmer of Trawbridge has tried on an acre of land the effect of planting Wheat about a foot apart. He last year had 18 sacks from an acre and a quarter; and from one acre of land which he had this year planted in the same way he expects 20 sacks of wheat.—He has tried in this manner the red straw Lummas, and the Tauton white wheat and has found them both doubly productive; on this principle two pecks of seed are sufficient for an acre. In the winter there was scarcely the appearance of a blade, but when the spring advanced the crop began to look luxuriantly healthy and strong. The farmer thinks that if planted 18 inches apart, he would have a still better crop, and he means to try this next year.

WINTER KILLED WHEAT.

Wheat, thrown out of the ground by the mechanical action of the frost, or as it is generally termed *winter killed*, may be restored by passing a heavy roller over the ground, thus pressing the roots again into the soil.—The time for performing the operation should be when the earth is sufficiently moist to pack closely round the roots, but not so wet as to work to a mortar. If deferred until the ground becomes dry, it will be of little benefit, as the desired effect is not then produced, even if the plants have not already become dried up and dead from the want of a supply of nourishment through the roots.—Low mucky soils, such as are most heaved by frost, remain moist, however, much later than other land: and there are doubtless many parts of the country where a great saving may be effected by attention in this particular.

A very successful experiment on injured wheat was last season performed by a young farmer, who, observing the apparently nearly ruined state of his crop, gave it a thorough rolling in the spring at a time when the ground was very moist, and the previously yellow sickly appearance of the wheat changed in a short time to a fine green, and a crop was afterwards harvested from it, averaging 35 bushels to the acre. The ground had been the two previous years under tillage.

Common Cranberry juice, externally applied, is stated by the Medical Journal to be a specific for ring worms.