Cambridge Chronicle.

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BY G. W. CALLAHAN. CAMBRIDGE, Md.---SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1836. WHOLE NO. 601.

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.

A CARD.

ROBERT N. MARTIN

HAS removed to Baltimore. He will continue his practice in Dorchester county, and visit Cambridge a few days before each Court, for the purpose of seeing those who may have business with him.

Dec 12 4w

TAILORING.

THE subscriber most respectfully presents his grateful acknowledgments to the citizens of Dorchester and the adjoining counties, for the flattering encouragement he has received since he commenced the above business in Cambridge; and begs leave to inform them that he has received the latest

FALL AND WINTER FASHIONS;

by which he is prepared to cut and make any garments that may be committed to his care, at the shortest notice and in as neat and fashionable a style as can be made in the cities of Baltimore, Philadelphia, or elsewhere.

His work in all cases, he warrants to fit, otherwise he will either make new garments or pay for the cloth. He solicits a continuance of patronage from a generous public.

EDWARD STREET.

Cambridge, Dec. 19 tf

P. S. As he has employed journeymen, and is at considerable expense in carrying on his business, the subscriber is compelled to beg the favor of those in arrears, to call and liquidate their accounts. E. S.

Cambridge Ferry.

THE subscriber returns his thanks to his friends and the public for the very liberal patronage which he has received from them during the number of years in which he has kept the Cambridge or Bowdle's Ferry; and informs them that he is still as well prepared and as much disposed to attend to their wishes as ever. His Boats are substantial, safe and in good order, and are under the management of prompt, active, trusty and experienced hands; while he keeps as usual good Horses and Carriages for the accommodation of travellers His long experience in the business, and his determination to use his best efforts to please, induce him to hope that he will give general satisfaction; and he solicits a share of public patronage.

He has signals on both sides of the river, which his boat will always answer with the utmost despatch, so that no one shall be kept waiting longer than shall be absolutely necessary.

THOMAS BOWDLE.

Dec 19

Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given to the creditors of Levin Griffith, late of Dorchester county, deceased, to file their accounts, with the vouchers thereof, in the Register of Wills' office, on or before Wednesday, the 6th day of January next, as a dividend on the said deceased's estate will be struck that day. Those who fail to do this, may be excluded from any part of said estate. Given under my hand, this 19th day of December, 1835.

JOSEPH GRIFFITH, Adm'r.

Dec 19 3w

Farm for Sale.

THE subscriber wishes to sell, at private sale, his FARM in Cabin Creek Neck, adjoining the property of Matthew Hardcastle, Esq. It contains

225¼ ACRES,

and is as productive a Farm as any in the upper part of the county. The improvements are good and in good order. There is a large and fine Apple Orchard on the Farm. For terms and further particulars, apply to

ROBERT BELL.

Cambridge, Oct 10

AUSTIN WOOLFOLK,

(OF BALTIMORE,)

WISHES to inform the slave-holders of Maryland and Virginia, that their friend still lives to give them *cash* and the *highest prices* for their

Negroes.

Persons disposed to sell, will find it to their interest to give him a call at his residence, Pratt street extended, near the upper depot of the Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road Company, where they shall see the justly celebrated AUSTIN WOOLFOLK, free of charge.

N. B.—His CHECKS are such as usually pass, and will convince the holders thereof that "*there's nothing broke!*" A. W.

Dec 19 4w

IN CHANCERY, *9th Dec.* 1835.

Keene and wife and others, vs. *Chaplain and others.* } ORDERED, That the sale above mentioned be absolutely ratified and confirmed, no cause having been shewn to the contrary, although notice hath been given according to the rules of the Court. The trustee is allowed for commission and all expenses, $280 58.

THEODORICK BLAND, Ch'r.

True copy.

Test: RAMSAY WATERS, Reg. Cur. Can.

Dec 19 3w

VENDUE.

WILL BE SOLD, on Wednesday, the 6th day of January next, by virtue of an order of Dorchester county Orphans' Court, at the late residence of Mrs. Dorothy Staplefort, deceased, near Little Black Water Bridge, all the said deceased's

PERSONAL ESTATE,

(legacies and negroes excepted,) consisting of

Horses, Cattle, Sheep,

Hogs, Carpenters' Tools, Provender, Household and Kitchen Furniture, and numerous other property.

The sale will commence at 10 o'clock, on said day, if fair, if not the next fair day; and the terms will be such as are usually prescaibed by the Court in similar cases.

ROBERT F. TUBMAN,
Executor of the last Will and Codicil of Dorothy Staplefort, deceased.

Dec 26 2w

SHARP'S ISLAND, FOR SALE.—This beautiful estate, situate at the mouth of Choptank river, is now offered for sale, on the most moderate terms. In the deed to the late Jacob Gibson, Esq., it is stated to contain six hundred and twenty one acres of land; but should any loss be ascertained to have accrued by washing, &c., from a survey of it the present proprietor will make a proportionate abatement from the purchase money. This estate is offered at the very reduced price of $5000, one third of which sum is to be paid in cash, and the remaining two thirds, in one, two and three years, the purchaser giving bond or bonds, with security, for the payment of the same. For further particulars, inquire of Joseph W. Reynolds, Esq., near Lower Marlborough, Calvert county, or to the subscriber, at Easton, Talbot county.

T. R. LOOCKERMAN.

Dec 26 2m

Sale of Negroes.

WILL BE SOLD, on Monday the 11th day of January next, at or near 11 o'clock, A. M., at the Court House door, in Cambridge, by virtue of an order of Dorchester County Orphans' Court, as slaves for life, all the Negroes of Michael Lucas, deceased, consisting of two men and two women, for the payment of his debts. They will be sold subject to the term of years they have to serve their present owners, having been heretofore sold under the order of said Court, for the term they had to serve agreeably to a manumission from their master; and will now be sold, as slaves, for the residue of their lives, it having been ascertained there will be an insufficiency of assets for the payment of said deceased's debts without such sale.

JOHN A. SCOTT,
Admr. d. b. n. c. t. a. of M. Lucas.

Dec 26 3w

THE DIVORCED.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

From the Ladies' Magazine.

I was very young when I first saw Mrs. Wilmerton, but I recollect perfectly well how much I was struck with the calm, clear, full tones of her voice. It was indeed music, but music so monotonous and so melancholy, that, like the voice of Coleridge's Emeline,

"Even in its mirthful mood,
It made me wish to steal away and weep."

Several years afterwards I spent some weeks in the town where she resided, and though not very well versed in human nature, I thought I could discern under her calm exterior the traces of strong and vehement emotions. She was a tall, finely formed woman, with a hand and arm that might have been the model for a sculptor. Her face was chiefly remarkable for the extreme paleness of its complexion and the wonderful brightness of the eyes; indeed, had it not been for those large, black, lustrous eyes, that face would have seemed chiseled from the marble, so snowy, so unchangeably white, was the hue of the lip, and cheek, and brow. Her demeanor was always calm, self-possessed and lady-like, but not one among those who were then her associates, had ever marked the faintest shadow of emotion upon her fine countenance. Her tranquillity seemed unnatural. Too deep to be merely the calm slumber of the passions and affections of human nature; it rather seemed like the silence which follows the fearful rush of the hurricane—the silence of desolation. Her skill in music was unrivalled, and I well remember her singular and almost awe-inspiring appearance as she sat at the piano, her tall figure shrouded in a black velvet dress, her dark hair parted on her marble brow, and her small, bloodless-looking hands, drawing forth strains that seemed to thrill through every heart. But when she sung—when those colourless lips opened, to emit sounds that seemed to "lap the soul in elysium," the effect was such as never could be forgotten.

I have since seen her in her coffin, and excepting that the bright eye was pressed down beneath its purple lid, there was no change in her countenance. Its pallid hue, its calm expression was the same, and it seemed as if death himself had been unable to work his usual changes upon this "statue of flesh."

I remember once reading in a volume of fairy tales, the story of a young princess, who, after receiving every good gift from the benevolent spirits, found them all rendered useless by the one apparently trifling but mischievous endowment of an offended fairy. The history of many of our everyday associates would furnish an apt illustration of this allegory. How often do we see the blessings of fortune, and beauty, and genius rendered valueless to their possessor by the the presence of some one weakness, or the absence of some one essential good quality. Perhaps there never was a stronger instance of this than the case of Clara Wilmerton.—Endowed with a fine person and rare genius, inheriting immense wealth from her father, and united to one who was no less respected by the world than adored by herself, it needed no great skill in vaticination to prophesy for her a brilliant destiny. But in vain the fairest flowers of life blossomed in her path; "the trail of the serpent was over them all;" and where others less gifted might have found happiness, she only met with desolation. Among all the bountiful gifts of nature and fortune, one thing only had been neglected. Temper was the one evil endowment which accompanied the blessings that had fallen to her lot, and this was sufficient to render all the others useless. From infancy her passions had been excessively violent, and her timid parents, terrified at the sight of her fragile little form, convulsed with rage, had shrunk from the task of subduing those passions, until long habit had rendered them a part of her very nature. As she grew up, the decencies of society, of course, compelled her to check the ebullitions of a temper which she could not govern—but the evil was concealed, not destroyed; and, however refined and elegant her manners appeared, there was often an angry spot upon her brow, and a flashing light in her eyes, which told of feelings very unlike the gentleness of woman. Those who looked upon her in after life, when she exhibited only the immobility of the statue, would have found it difficult to believe that in youth the principal charm of her face was its ever-varying expression. Possessing a highly cultivated mind, and unrivalled skill in music, it was delightful to watch her fine countenance when engaged in intellectual converse, or, when seated at the piano, she gave free scope to her passionate love for music, and *improvised* the most exquisite airs that ever thrilled a sensitive heart. The dazzling bright eye, the ever-varying complexion, the quick vibration of the delicately arched brows, the rapid movement of the beautifully chiseled lips, all combined to form a picture of that most exquisite of all styles of beauty, the beauty of expression. But the vividness of the changes which passed over her face was a faint symbol of the violence of her feelings. Every emotion was with her a passion; her friendship was a species of tyranny from which all revolted, for she exacted all the demonstrations of the most ardent love; her dislike was perfect hatred, and her love was a passion so deep, so violent, so almost turbulent, that by its own excess it destroyed all chance of reciprocal affection.

It may be easily imagined, therefore, that in married life, where so much gentleness, and forbearance, and subdued tenderness are necessary, Clara Wilmerton was not destined to find happiness. She loved her husband as only such a heart as hers could love, while his affection for her was simply that quiet, tranquil sort of preference with which most men enter the conjugal state, and which, in after years, either ripens into the warmest affection, or degenerates into total indifference. With all the discriminating tact that belongs to woman's character, it is astonishing to perceive how generally they deceive themselves when they attempt to judge of the feelings of a husband. It is seldom, very seldom, that a man marries the object of his first affection; it is seldom that he marries at all until after the freshness of his feelings, like the impress upon coin, has been worn off by constant collision with his fellow men; and how can it be expected that he should look upon his wife with the deep and fervent tenderness with which she must necessarily regard him? The object of her first love, the possessor of all her heart's long-hoarded tenderness. Yet rarely are those things considered; and when a woman looks for affection as fervent as her own, and finds it not, too often does she allow the wailings of discontent to be her husband's only welcome to a home which she alone can brighten. If the husband be a man of principle, it depends entirely upon the wife to awaken that tenderness which will shed over their latter days "the moonlight of the heart;" and if, through ignorance or wilfulness, she neglect the means of doing this, woe, deep woe, to her, for the guilt, no less than the misery, is hers.

Had Clara Wilmerton allowed herself to be directed by the dictates of her clear-judging mind, she would have eventually been happy, but her passions were too vehement to submit to such government. The thousand little diversities of character, which render the first years of married life always a period of probation, were to her occasions of uncontrollable sorrow or ungovernable anger. Compared with her own strong affections, her husband's warmest tenderness was cold. The fatigues of business, the cares of wealth, the reaction of an over-excited spirit, all in turn occasionally shadowed his brow; but she considered not these natural causes, while she attributed the gloom which she sometimes marked in his countenance to his diminished regard for herself. This is another error which often makes shipwreck of a woman's peace. Her thoughts, constantly occupied by the object of her affections, she forgets that his very situation in society prevents her husband from yielding himself so entirely to the influence of the gentler feelings. Love is the whole business of a woman's life;—the daughter—the wife—the mother—in all these characters love is the leading motive of all her actions; but with man it is very different; affection, even with its holiest attributes, is to him but as an interlude between the acts of a busy, active life, and never is a woman so miserably mistaken as when she believes herself to be the sole object of his thoughts, the sole cause of his anxieties. I say *miserably* mistaken, because it almost invariably leads to a course of conduct which is sure to produce the most evil results.

It was impossible to meet Mrs. Wilmerton in society, gifted as she was beyond her sex, and not admire her; it was equally impossible to know her in private life, and yet to love her. Possessing a heart filled with kindness, that seemed to yearn with tenderness over every living creature, she yet deprived herself of every hope of being beloved, by that ungovernable temper which terrified her ordinary associates, and even repelled her dearest friends. Mr. Wilmerton soon grew weary of a home where frowns awaited him more frequently than smiles. The strength of his principles was a sure defence against vice; but unfortunately the gay world offers too many attractive modes of dissipating time to him who finds at his own fireside that worst of all fiends, domestic discord. Instead of striving to win him back by gentleness—and when did such means ever fail of meeting their own reward?—Clara met him only with bitter reproaches and passionate tears. Poets may talk as they will of tears being a woman's strongest weapons; she may find them so once or twice, but let her resort to them frequently as a means of resistance, and whether her opponent be a lover or a husband, she will soon learn how easily such weapons may be foiled. The quiet, half concealed tear of a gentle, devoted woman may do much—the passionate gush of violent emotion can seldom triumph more than once. In a little time Clara found her husband's affections entirely alienated from her. Restless and unhappy, he plunged into a vortex of fashionable life, with a headlong eagerness that spoke of a mind ill at ease. At home, moody and silent, he listened to his wife's sullen murmurs or vehement reproaches with equal indifference.

Such a state of things could not last long without some fearful result. It was on the third anniversary of their marriage, a day which, notwithstanding their increasing unhappiness, they celebrated with a small party of friends, that the evil reached its climax. At the supper table some slight difference of opinion occurred, and Clara, yielding to the impulse of her temper, gave utterance to some of those keen and biting sarcasms which are the more severe for being veiled in the most elegant and polite language. Wilmerton was no match for her at such weapons. Like the heavy sword of Richard Cœur de Lion, so finely described in the Talisman, which cut through a bar of iron at a single stroke, his mind could master any thing that might be overcome by mere strength, while her wit was like the fine-tempered cimiter of the Saracen king, which could divide the yielding and pliable down cushion, even though it offered no resistance to the blow. Stung by her remarks, Wilmerton could not forbear renewing the conversation after the departure of the party. The greater part of the night was consumed in violent altercation, and the next evening saw him on board a ship bound for France.

The frantic grief and agony of the unhappy wife knew no bounds. Her very love for him increased the vehemence of her rage at his desertion; and when, week after week, month after month passed, and no letter, no evidence of remembered regard reached her, maddened by her furious passions, she applied to the courts of law for a divorce.—Many a secret misgiving crossed her heart during the process of her suit. Many a remorseful throb swelled her bosom when she thought of the still idolized husband, whom she was now casting from her forever, but mistaken pride and indignation steeled her against the suggestions of her better feelings. "He shall not return," she said to herself, "he shall not, when wearied with the follies of the world, return to his deserted wife, and find her tamely submitting to be recalled whenever he may condescend to claim her duty."

The divorce was obtained. By means of the mercantile house with which he had been connected, she sent him a properly executed copy of the paper, but without adding a single word either of explanation or reproach. Yet she had almost unconsciously cherished a hope that the paper would be returned, or at least that her husband would write to remonstrate against her rashness. How dreadfully was she deceived, when, in less than a year after the deed had been transmittted to him, she learned that he was the husband of another! Goaded by disappointment and sorrow, Wilmerton had at first plunged into all the follies of Paris; but the thorn was in his side, and every attempt to extricate only urged it deeper into the wound. Among the many fascinating women whom he constantly met, was one who had first attracted him by the extreme gentleness of her manners, and a face that, like the sunshine in spring, seemed to brighten every thing it looked upon. During their early acquaintance, a number of those trivial circumstances occurred which give so deep an insight into individual character, and Wilmerton was charmed by the unruffled serenity of her temper. Perhaps the contrast which her sweet and cheerful temper afforded to that which had so long harassed him by its turbulence, contributed not a little to the charms which Wilmerton found in her society, and, before he was aware of it himself, he was unconsciously betrayed into those attentions which, as a married man, he never ought to have proffered. To add to his remorse, he discovered that the young and artless French girl had learned to love him with the tenderest affection. As a man of principle, he shuddered at the apparent dishonor of his conduct; as a man of feeling, he trembled at the apparent misery which he had unconsciously inflicted. In the midst of his perplexity, while suffering the keenest pangs for his unguardedness, he received the deed of divorce. This severed forever the tie which united him to his unhappy wife; and when he considered the manner in which she had conducted the process for divorce—when he recollected the bitterness of her resentment, and the violence of her temper—he felt that no forbearance was due from him. One course alone seemed left him to pursue. Clara had voluntarily burst the bonds which united them, and he was now at liberty to repair the injury which he had unconsciously inflicted on the young French girl. Whatever were his feelings, he concealed them within his own bosom, and the fair Adele became his wife. A fearful shuddering shook his frame, and his cheek was ghastly pale, as he stood before the altar with his second bride; but she marked it not, and with the strength of a well-tried spirit he mastered his emotion.

Clara knew nothing of the particulars of the marriage, and if she had, they would have afforded her no consolation. One only thought was present with her—she had cast from her a precious treasure, and that treasure now graced the cabinet of another. The anguish was more than she could bear. Her spirit wrestled in vain with this more than mortal agony until reason perished in her citadel, and the unfortunate Clara became a raving maniac.

For five years she lingered in the loneliness of a maniac's cell. At one time quiet and melancholy in her madness, but at others raging like a tigress robbed of her whelps. Sickness fell upon her at length, and reduced her to the very brink of the grave; but, as her body gradually decayed, her mind seemed to return, and before the crisis of her disease was past, her eyes again shone with the light of intellect. She recovered; but when she arose from her bed of sickness, they who had looked upon her in her day of happiness, nay, even they who had watched her in her hours of madness and disease, gazed upon her with awe and wonder. Every trace of the violent temperament and passionate feelings had vanished Her face was such as I have before described it, pale, cold, statue-like, and never from that hour was the slightest shadow of emotion seen to cross that marble countenance. One more scene in her life remains to be recorded, and I have done. She had quitted her native city and taken up her abode in Baltimore, where her elegant manners and skill in music rendered her the delight of all the fashionable circles. It happened one night, that at a splendid party, given by one of the most distinguished women of our country, Mrs. Wilmerton had been frequently called upon to play and sing, until wearied with constant importunities, she retreated from the crowd, and entered a small, side room, which had been fitted up as a retiring-room or boudoir. A few select friends followed her, and after repeated entreaties from her companions, Mrs. Wilmerton seated herself beside a harp, and commenced a beautiful and plaintive voluntary. "I will sing one song," said she, "but do not ask me for another. This is the anniversary of one of the most unhappy days in my life, and but for the promise extorted from me by Mrs. ———, I would not have intruded my moodiness upon so gay an assemblage." It was *the first time that any* of her companions had ever heard her allude to her own history, and they listened in breathless silence as she sung, to a mild and melancholy air, the following words:

I have no heart—I know not where
The wild and restless thing has fled,
It lives not in the mortal breast,
Nor is it with the dead.

I have no heart—love, hope or joy
Stirs not the current of my life,
Nor know I aught of rapture's thrill,
Or passion's fearful strife.

I have no heart—too early chilled,
It slumbers, ne'er to wake again;
E'en as the frozen traveller sleeps
Through all life's parting pain.

I have no heart—no power can rouse
My spirit from its heavy trance;
Alike to me are love's sweet tones,
And hatred's withering glance.

I have no heart—nor would I call
The restless thing to life once more,
E'en if a wish could gain me all
I dreamed in days of yore.

The song ceased, and Mrs. Wilmerton, pushing the harp from her, rose as if to retire. What was it that rivetted her to the spot where she stood? Immediately before her, in the doorway, stood the long-absent husband, and, leaning on his arm, the delicate little creature who was now his wife. Ten years had passed since Clara had gazed upon those features, but she knew them at a glance. No glow was upon her cheek, no tremulousness in her step, but the blue veins upon her marble brow were swollen and darkened with suppressed emotion, as she glided by and left the room. Business had compelled Wilmerton to visit America, and little dreaming of finding his wife in that part of the country, he had accepted of an invitation to Mrs. ———'s party. The attraction of sweet sounds had drawn him to the boudoir, and he had listened with deep interest to the song, totally unconscious of his connexion with the songstress, until she turned and presented to his gaze the altered features of his deserted Clara. Whatever Clara may have felt, no change was perceptible in her manner. The husband and wife never met again. Wilmerton returned to France, and died a few years after, while Clara lived till time had woven many a silver thread amid her raven tresses, a melancholy example of the leafless desert of the mind.

THE POOR.

The following reflections, which we find in an old Common Place Book, are seasonable and well adapted:

It is not when the sun is warm, and the sky clear, or when the streams are dancing in the radiance of heaven, that our sympathies are excited for the weak and destitute. It is when the streams are bound in icy fetters, when the skate rings over the glassy sheet—when the cold winds of winter lift up their moanings among the naked branches of the leafless wood—when the hovel is comfortless, and the hearth fireless—it is then, the poor should be remembered with an unremitting tenderness. The present stern and bitter temperature admonishes all who love deeds of goodness, that now is the time to give them action. How many unfortunate beings, with no crime but their indigence, are now suffering, bitterly suffering, from the inclemencies of the year.

"Poor naked wretches, wheres e'er you are,—
That bide the peltings of the pitiless storm!
How shall your houseless heads, your unfed sides,
Your looped and windowed raggedness defend you
From seasons such as this."

If there ever be a time when acts of generosity are deeply efficient, it is when their objects embrace the poor and destitute in the depth of winter. It is at such a time as this that the elements themselves paralyze the hand of industry. Exposures beget illness,—stretching the laborer, who could in the better days of spring and summer, receive the rewards of toil, upon a sick and painful couch, and finding that heavily expensive which in summer is needless and feeling, besides, the melancholy emotion that health and strength are fast departing. At such moments, charity is twice blessed. It falls like liberal dew upon the sensibilities of the receiver, and is remembered with unceasing gratitude.

Sickness, it is said, softens the heart, and brings it back to the feelings of infancy. If this be true, with what tenderness of feeling must the infirm poor receive the benefactions of those whose lot has been cast in fairer measure than their own!

We hope that our good citizens will think of these things and exert their wonted liberality. Public kindness may do much; but there is a wide scope besides for private goodness to exercise its principles. At this time it behoves us all to "*remember the poor*"—If rich, to spare from your abundance—if not, show by the widow's mite that you can "REMEMBER THE POOR"