VOL. X.

Cambridge Chronicle.

BY G. W. CALLAHAN.

CAMBRIDGE, Md.---SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1836.

NO. 13.

WHOLE NO. 635.

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.

For the Cambridge Chronicle.

THE TWIN BROTHERS--A TALE.

For aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth.
SHAKSPEARE.

Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored and unsung.
SCOTT.

In every age and condition of life, we find that crime exists to a greater or less degree. In taking a view of this melancholy fact, and recollecting that guilt seldom escapes punishment, whether it be inflicted by the violated laws of the land or the "still small voice" of conscience, we would wonder, since the good alone are happy, that mankind still err, were we not acquainted with his nature, and thus rendered able to attribute it to his fallen and degraded state.

ALARIC and ALONZO ORVILLE were twin brothers, descended from ancestors, who, for centuries, were the head of the place where they resided. Their parents were now verging towards the allotted space of three score years and ten—Time, in his flight, had robbed them of the rest of their issue; Alaric and Alonzo were the only hope of their declining years. They had spent the morning of their lives together, had learned the same sports and engaged in the same childish amusements; and although they were fast approaching the memorable period to which youth looks forward with so much anxiety, when they were to enter the ranks of mankind, still, if separated, it was only in thought, for they had seldom left the paternal roof save in company. At school they were companions, and at college classmates; both were endowed with brilliant talents, and graduated with honor to themselves and their parents.

But though they were similar in person and in talents, still there was a striking dissimilarity in other respects. Alaric was of a solitary turn, and the amusements of childhood had for him but little charm—his was not of the nature to be pleased with those amusements which render the ductile years of infancy the happiest period of our lives, when free from those anxieties and cares which too often dim the brightness of our meridian sky; his chief delight was to pass his time secluded from the busy haunts of men, where silent and alone he could attempt to draw aside the curtain of futurity and display the part he was destined to perform in the grand drama of existence. Far different from this was the disposition of Alonzo; he sought amidst the joys of social life, to find those pleasures which the shades of solitude could not afford to him—intercourse with his fellow man was the charm which bound him to existence, and deprived of which life would have been a garden of thorns, without one single flower to cheer the gloomy scene of existence, and earth a barren waste—an insulated spot bereft of comfort.

It is natural to suppose that dispositions so uncongenial could not pass over the scenes of life and view them in the same light.—Alaric, gloomy and retired, sought only the gratification of his own pleasures, and although rich in this world's goods, his purse was never open to the voice of charity—the child of misfortune found no sympathy in a heart like his—he seemed as if the common virtues of his race were a stranger to his bosom, and the ties of humanity totally eradicated from his breast. Alonzo, free and open, was a stranger to the feelings which pervaded the bosom of his brother; his purse was ever open to the children of affliction—his was the cheering voice which gladdened their spirits, alleviated their sorrows and poured into their agonized hearts the blessed cordial of hope; he had early learnt the "luxury of doing good," and while his brother was detested as the poor man's foe, Alonzo was the idol of his neighborhood; beloved and respected by all who knew him, he grew in years: and, reader, if thou wouldst be beloved, "Go thou and do likewise."

In the neighborhood where they resided, Miss ADELINE DELANEY dwelt. She was the only child of parents, who, to every virtue added the blessings of opulence. Born and educated in the sequestered paths of life, she grew up lovely as simplicity and innocence could make her—She possessed not only the short-lived beauty of the body—her mind was stored with the sweetest flowers of literature,

"From richest gardens culled with care."

Rising in virtue as she rose in age, seventeen summers had made her the lovely being she now was, and seldom did the "Lord of Day" shed his rays on a lovelier flower; her dark blue eye beamed with intelligence and truth, and her lovely countenance was a true index of a heart as yet free from the "cankering touch of care," and few could look upon her without thinking—

"Yea, she was good as she was fair;
None, none on earth above her:
As pure in thought as angels are,
To know her was to love her."

No wonder, then, it was, that hearts so congenial as her's and Alonzo's should entwine together, like the ivy around the oak, and that their bosoms should beat in unison. Similar in disposition and sentiments, they might reasonably expect that the bonds of love would indeed be a "silver link and silken tie." Agreeing in opinions, the bonds of friendship soon were merged in a dearer tie; and truly, if, in ordinary friendship, similarity of sentiments is to be the origin of intimacy, surely it should be sought for in making choice of a partner to beguile and soothe those sorrows which have ever been attendant on mortality.

But, as if to show the truth of the assertion of the Bard of Avon, that "the course of true love never did run smooth," Alonzo had a rival, and that rival was Alaric. No sooner did he see that the affections of his brother were cenetred in the lovely Adeline, than, fiend-like, he determined to oppose him, and lead her to the Hymeneal altar himself: but think not, gentle reader, that he loved; yet his heart, although too callous to be pierced by the darts of Cupid, was ever awake to the suggestions of interest. Adeline was wealthy, and an only child, and it was more than probable that on the demise of her parents she would be the sole heiress of their large estate. Possessed of manly beauty in an eminent degree, and supposing the love of woman to be volatile and wavering, he falsely imagined he would have but little difficulty in withdrawing the affections of the lovely maid from his brother and placing them upon himself. The beauty, innocence and accomplishments of the gentle Adeline made no impression upon his heart; her wealth was the magnet which attracted—the charm which directed all his operations. Had she been the portionless child of poverty, one whom the smiles of fortune had never visited, Alonzo might have wooed and won without a struggle; but Alaric could not bear the idea of his brother's possessing her wealth—it would give him too decided a superiority—it would have opened a larger field for deeds of benevolence—it might have comforted some child of sorrow.

Alaric often visited the cottage of the lovely maiden, and struck with her innocence and child-like simplicity, almost fancied he loved. Adeline treated him as the brother of her beloved Alonzo; but when he touched the chords of love, and endeavored to persuade her of the fervency of his passion, she turned away. Finding that his attentions were useless, he ceased his visits, convinced that there was at least one exception to the rule, that, "frailty, thy name is woman." Often, when night had spread its sable pall upon this lower sphere, and "the cold, chaste moon" shone in all her virgin splendor, would Alonzo and his Adeline ramble through the fields and groves, discoursing of their loves, and painting, in all the enthusiam of joy, the pleasures which were to gild their coming years. Forgetful that time waits not even for lovers, they would roam along until the evening was far advancing, and then, although conscious of meeting the next day, they would linger, and hate to say adieu, thinking their hours of meeting their happiest moments, and feeling unhappy when the lateness of the hour forced them to part.

One beautiful autumnal evening, the sun had just sunk beneath the western wave, beautifying the face of nature with his departing beams, and in his setting showing an emblem of that calmness and peace which reigns in a brighter clime, Alaric and Alonzo started out together; long had it been prior to this time since they had rambled in company. They wandered long and far, for the most part in silence. At length, Alonzo, ignorant of his brother's passion, opened to him the secrets of his heart; he painted in glowing colors the hours of joy he expected to realize—in the retrospection of the past he saw only the harbinger of future felicity, and expected that the sun of his joy would shine as brightly in the meridian and evening as in the morn of life. Alaric saw the happiness which his brother experienced; he walked by his side, but was no participant in his feelings—the theme itself was poison to his mind; he could not listen with complacency to the day dreams of happiness which a mind guileless as his could so easily depict—dreams of happiness soon, too soon, alas! to be clouded by the shaft of death; and a brother could save, but would not! Alonzo, careless of his path, and altogether absorbed in the praises of his Adeline, approached too near the edge of the bank on which he was walking; his foot slipped and he was precipitated into the water. Alaric saw him struggle, but did not attempt to save; thoughts, accursed thoughts, would not suffer him to save a drowning brother—a brother, too, who would have risked his life to have saved that of the unfeeling Alaric. Adeline, that Adeline who had once heard his protestations of love unmoved, or had received them with scorn, was now his—he could now lead her to the Hymeneal altar and have no innocent brother to stand between him and happiness. Alaric returned home; he shut himself up in the solitude of his chamber—conscience did not torment him; for even then, the death-murmur of his brother still ringing in his ears, his thoughts turned upon the fortune which he now supposed his own.

The evening passed, but Alonzo returned not—never again was that form destined to tread the halls of his paternal mansion; his once animated and animating form now lay beneath the "moonlit wave." The sun rose next morning bright and unclouded—that sun whose rise he was destined never more to see. The servants, alarmed at his absence, sought every place in vain. At length, Alaric ordered them to drag the river, and accompanied them. The search was not long: the body had floated but a little distance from where it had sunk. Alaric saw the lifeless body of his brother brought from its watery tomb; he looked for a while upon his countenance, lovely even in death; the tear sprang to his eyelids, but did not long remain—he dashed away the pearly fugitive of respect, and again appeared the gloomy, silent and guilty fratricide.

Adeline was sitting in the small, neat parlour of her paternal domicil, ornamented with the works of her own hands. She thought of her Alonzo's love—of the many happy hours destiny had in store for her. In the midst of these reflections, she was startled by a rap at the door. She flew to embrace and welcome her Alonzo; but, alas! Alonzo was not there. A servant of Alaric's entered the room and delivered her a letter. She broke the seal, and scarcely had she commenced reading when a livid paleness suffused her cheek, and uttering a loud and heart-rending shriek, she fainted away; the change from happiness to misery had been too instantaneous—her agonised parents entered the room and tried every means to restore her. For a long time their exertions were ineffectual: at length she gave signs of returning animation, but how sad was the change which that short aberration of reason had made upon her! The bloom of the rose no longer tinged her cheek, and she appeared as only the wreck of what she once was; and could the destroyers of female innocence and happiness but view the wreck they have so often made—so sudden and so cruel—they would shudder at the accursed crime, and vow, if heaven would only forgive their former sins, that henceforth, instead of the destroyers, they would be the defenders, of female purity. The next morning the burial of Alonzo took place. Adeline was unable to attend it; but as she gazed on the funeral procession as it moved slowly and solemnly along, her heart grew sick, and willingly would she have been laid beside him. The recollection of the happy hours they had spent together rushed in quick succession over her memory; now her utter desolation and the pang of a blighted hope rendered her miserable, and as she gazed upon the hearse inside of which lay the object of her fondest love, she felt as if, save the comforting of her parents, her business was done on earth: and even to the eye of the unconcerned spectator 'tis a painful sight to see youth, when just ripening for usefulness, sink into the tomb. While gazing upon the corpse of age, we may view with complacency the closed eye and lifeless form, and be soothed by the reflection that they have done their duty in their "day and generation," and that their sun of existence has calmly sunk without one cloud to dim the brightness of its departure. Alonzo now sleeps in the church-yard of his native village; the wild flowers wave above his tomb, and when the dew of morn is glistening upon them, it seems as if they were shedding tears of sorrow at his premature death. A neat marble slab shows to the casual traveller the spot where he reposes, but to the eyes of the villagers it needs no tinsel of art to show the turf beneath which his mortal part slumbers the sleep of death—the eye of affection will point it out, and lead them there to praise his virtues and lament his decease.

Adeline, the once gay, lovely Adeline, pined away, but the traces of beauty still lingered, and, like the rose bud when deprived of its fragrance, association brought to mind the beauty which was once hers; and few that saw her but would know some sorrow more than common had visited her. The sunken eye and pallid cheek were indications too plain to be mistaken that her spirit would soon leave its earthly tenement of clay. She seldom went abroad, save when in the glimmerings of twilight she would ramble to the grave of her Alonzo, and water with her tears the flowers which her own hands had planted. Her parents saw their only child fast hastening away from them. They knew that physical aid was vain, and that the malady of a broken heart was the disease which was soon to make her a stranger to earth, its sorrows and its pleasures.

One beautiful evening, she was sitting alone in the parlour; her parents were seated in an adjoining room, talking of the loss they were soon to sustain. She thought on Alonzo and her parents: she knew that the day of her departure was at hand, and that they would be left alone without one child to comfort their declining years. In a short while she commenced singing in a low and tremulous voice: it seemed like the sound of music on the water, sweet and mellowed by the distance. She stopped singing, and, leaning her head upon her hand, yielded to the recollection

"Of departed joys,
Departed, never to return."

Suddenly she again commenced, and in the same low tone sung the following:—

I'll visit the grave where his ashes are laid,
And scatter wild flow'rets there;
I'll cull the sweet posies which often he said
He wished for his sake I would wear:
I'll pluck the sweet rose-bud and fair Eglantine,
To scent his newly-made tomb—
Which oft by the moon's silver light he would twine
In my hair, and say they would bloom.

The roses he twined they bloomed but awhile,
'Twas because I loved them so well;
Though at first they did often my poor heart beguile,
At length they withered and fell:
And he, too, is gone, and oh! must I stay
Where all is terrific and dark,
No pilot to steer through life's troubled sea
My fragile and storm driven bark?

Oh! no, the death pang will now soon be o'er,
And my spirit will then mount on high,
Where sorrow and death shall reach us no more,
Together enthroned in the sky:
And oh! when I'm dead let me lay by his side;
Though parted on earth we have been,
In death I will still be his own constant bride,
Near the tomb which encloses him.

The music ceased, and all was still. She again reclined her head upon her hand. In a short while her parents entered the room; they were surprised at the paleness of her cheek. Her mother called her by name. She answered not. She approached as if to awake her; but the effort was vain—the vital spark had fled—her guileless spirit had been called to join her Alonzo beyond the confines of earth, where love like theirs was sure to meet its reward, and where the "wicked cease from troubling and where the weary are at rest." Lovely in life, she appeared so when life was gone. Hers

"Was that loveliness in death
That parts not quite with parting breath."

The bodies of Alonzo and Adeline now rest side by side. The rose tree in full fragrance blooms with each returning spring above the sod where their mortal remains are deposited, and there, at set of sun, the maidens retire to weep over their melancholy fate, and pluck the noxious weeds from their untimely tombs, while the story of their loves is often told and will long be remembered by those for whom virtue or constancy has any charm.

Alaric, deprived of her, whom, even by the sacrifice of a brother's life, he wished to win, left his home and travelled to foreign countries. In vain he thought by flying the spot where his brother's death took place, to forget the deed itself; in vain he attempted by draining the soul-destroying goblet, to drown the remembrance of the past:

"Woman—the field—the ocean—all that gave
Promise of gladness—peril of a grave—
In turn he tried."

He sought for peace, but he sought it from earth, and he found it not. Like the Tantalian draught, it appeared, only to vanish. The memory of his departed brother was ever in his thoughts. When he reclined his restless form upon his couch, 'twas but to think of the pair the instrument of whose death he had been; and when, after a restless and uneasy night, he awoke in the morning feverish and unrefreshed, the memory of his martyred brother rose to mind. After languishing a few years in misery beggaring description, he died without one hope of a blessed hereafter, or one tear of sorrow flowing from the eye of friendship, and consecrating the turf beneath which he moulders. His tenement of clay was deposited not in his native village, for Alaric

"Sleeps not where his fathers sleep."

The noxious weeds now, in rank profusion, cover the spot where he is laid, while the graves of Alonzo and Adeline are decked with the choicest flowers, and no unhallowed weed suffered to intermingle with the flowers which there do bloom.

From the Alexandria Gazette.

EMIGRATION TO THE WEST.

I am pleased to see that the subject of improving our lands has enlisted some attention, and that a proper sense of its importance is beginning to be felt. Your correspondents will be justly entitled to thanks, if they succeed in exciting such an interest in the public mind as shall eventually lead to action on this subject.

I agree with your correspondents that much may be done in the way of improvement, and that concetrating our efforts is the surest way of accomplishing this object. An association of leading farmers could not fail to have an influence, and it would only be, at most, an agreeable tax upon their scientific attainment and leisure. Whatever may be done, however, ought to be done with due consulation, and with a view to the permanency of the Society and a general diffusion of its usefulness.

It cannot be denied that Agriculture is one of the leading interests of our country, and as it regards some parts of it, the principle dependence of the people. I will not undertake to say that our situation is one of exclusive reliance upon this interest, but it is very certain that our prosperity and happiness are greatly involved in it. To promote it then, and to elevate it to the highest perfection to which it is capable of being carried, is the duty of every man, whether he consider his own interest or has philanthropy enough to consult that of his neighbor.—There are other views connected with this subject besides those which merely relate to its pecuniary bearing. It is intimately identified with the social happiness and moral elevation of the community. Of what avail are our various institutions for the promotion of the moral interest of the people if their temporal condition is a source of perpetual discontent? Or, how can that people ever be happy whose labors are unrewarded and whose patience is worn out? It is this view of the subject, in my opinion, which will bring it home to the solicitude of those who have other accounts to settle with their consciences beside those of dollars and cents.

I look upon the loss of every virtuous and active citizen, whether by death or removal, as a great drawback upon the interests of the community in which he lived, to say nothing of the vacuum which is produced, by such loss, in his immediate family circle. It is not the least of the ends expected to be secured by an improved condition of our lands, that it will have the effect to stay the rage of emigration by holding out to the farmer a prospect, under all the circumstances, equally as advantageous as any that can offer elsewhere. In pursuance of this end, it will be only necessary to convince him that go where he will he can effect nothing without industry and economy: that by the unremitted exercise of these virtues here, he can multiply his gains; that by a better system and a stricter adherence to it, he can remove many of the difficulties which he before thought insurmountable. In short, it will be only necessary to point him to the prosperity of his neighbors and to explain to him the secret of their success. If this do not stir up within him the spirit of emulation and a desire to imitate their example, then the loss of such a man will be a gain to the community, and the sooner they get clear of him the better.

The very liberal prices which the commodities of our country command and the moderate expense incurred in their transportation to market, are important points to be kept in view in comparing our situation with that of others. It will not do to say that the western lands are three times as productive as our own in market, and that it costs no more to get them there. But this we know is not generally the case, and that the diminution in price and the additional cost of transportation to market will reduce their products at least one third, and that by this means they stand in relation to us only as two to one. Suppose now, by the improvement which it is thought our lands are susceptible of, which it is proposed to attempt, they can be made to yield double the quantity they now do, a consummation by no means improbable, shall we not in a pecuniary point of view be equally as well paid for our labor? But admit, for the sake of having the sorriest side of the picture before us, that by no mode we may adopt, can our lands be brought to produce more than half as much again as they do at present, still the superior health of our country, the advantages of a better society, the endearments of home, kindred and friends, and a thousand enjoyments which we should not find in the west, preponderate in our favor and make amends for the trifling deficiency of our crops. Besides it should be remembered, that the west is not exempt from scenes of disappointment, wretchedness and woe, but that human misery is as common there as here, and all who go thither have their fortunes to seek amidst imminent perils and disasters. Before launching, therefore, upon so frightful a sea of experiment as that of emigration, it becomes every individual to weigh well the consequences.

Speaking of emigration reminds me of an incident I was once an eye witness of, and which perhaps it may not be deemed out of place here to relate. I had been travelling in the 'far west,' not for the purposes of seeking a situation on which to locate myself for life, but rather as a traveller, who after pursuing the bent of his curiosity through a land represented as flowing with milk and honey, was on his return to his friends, with the fullest conviction from what he had seen, that with all its imperfections, there was no place like home. I had understood that a gentleman, formerly of my native county, was living at a short distance from where I made a stop, and I concluded as it was not much out of my way, that I would call and see him.—Accordingly I set out for the residence of the emigrant with a desire to see how he was established, and to give him such information as I possessed in relation to his old friends across the mountains. I rode up to his premises about sun-set, my journey for the previous two hours having been accomplished through a dense atmosphere of mosquitoes. I found my host engaged in repairing the fires that had been built around his dwelling at short distances, to protect the cattle from the annoyances of this terrible insect: and it was singular to one not accostomed to the sight, to see how well the dumb brutes understood this necessary precaution in their behalf. They walked to and fro through the spaces between the fires, lashing themselves with their brushes and rubbing each other as they passed, with an instinct altogether remarkable. After contemplating this scene for some moments, I was ushered into the—not house—but log cabin of the emigrant, with a cordiality of manner that told me where he was raised. He had been a resident of this spot for about three years, and after incessant toil and innumerable vexations had succeeded in building the cabin in which he lived, and had cleared about ten acres of land. He had also got some stock around him, but the tormenting inflictions of the mosquitoes had so worried the cattle that their appearance indicated the greatest suffering. He informed me that the purchase of his land and the expenses of his family, some of whom had been sick most of the time, together with the expenses incurred in improvements on the place, had exhausted his means and he was then without the ability to remove, although he was anxious to do so. The residence of our emigrant was five miles from any other human habitation, was accessible only by one wretched road, and was rendered still more intolerable by the unpleasant notes of the whip poor-wills and frogs,—his most familiar acquaintance. And here, in this dreary solitude, cut off from society which they loved and by which they were beloved, dwelt as excellent a man and as admirable a woman as ever forsook abundance and happiness at home, among their friends, to seek them in a fuller measure, abroad among strangers. He was of respectable connexions, had received a good education, and studied law for a considerable time with a view of making it a profession; but distrusting his abilities, or finding the pursuit hackneyed and overdone, and its ranks filled up with a doubtful admixture of materials, he determined, like a wise man, to embrace the profession of his fathers and follow the plough for a living. He married a beautiful and excellent girl, was in a thriving way in the neighborhood in which he was born, and with his application and economy, would no doubt, have succeeded to wealth. But the emigrating mania broke out in his neighborhood, and he fell a victim to it. He sold out, and with two or three others bent his way to the land of promise. Three years had now rolled around since his departure from home, and he assured me that the whole period had been one of sickness and disappointment. He had not despaired, for he was not of a temperament to despair, but he had lost much of the natural cheerfulness of his disposition, was driven, by necessity, into a sort of stoical school of philosophy, thought the world by no means poetical, but a plain matter of fact concern, and that part of it called 'the west,' in particular, not the thing it was cracked up to be. In fact, our hero was in the 'sear and yellow leaf,' not of years, but feeling; and it was in some mood as this, while setting at table on the second afternoon of my arrival, that our conversation turned upon home and the thousand delightful associations connected with it. 'We have not found things turn out as we expected,' said the emigrant in a subdued tone, 'but we must bear with them and hope for something better for the future—it is a long lane that has no turn, and our prospects may yet brighten up and leave us nothing to be sorry for.' 'They may brighten up,' said the wife, but it will only be when you and I are in the grave, or too old to enjoy them. What prospect have we here in this wilderness, deprived even of the sight, much less of the friendly intercourse of neighbors, that can compensate for the sacrifices we have made and the sufferings we have endured? What power is there in wealth, even suppose it attainable, or in honors, suppose these to be showered upon our house, that can make the heart glad that yearns for its kindred and longs to go back to its own home and the home of its earliest and dearest associates? Yes, our prospects may brighten, we may not always be as we are, without neighbors and the pleasures of society, but we shall always have something to be sorry for, while the friends we loved and the scenes we delighted in, are stricken from our sight and