

The Cambridge Chronicle.

JOSEPH R. EGGLESTON.

NEW SERIES—VOL. 8.

CAMBRIDGE, MD.—SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 6, 1845.

Editor & Proprietor

NUMBER 50

TERMS.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING
At two Dollars and Fifty cents per annum, payable half
yearly in advance. No subscription will be received for
a shorter period than six months, and no paper discontinued
until all arrears are paid.
ADVERTISEMENTS inserted on the usual terms, and
where the number of insertions is not limited, they will be
continued until directed to omit them is received, and
charged accordingly.



POETRY.

"ALL IS VANITY."

Oh! I have seen a bubble blown,
In beauty on a billow bright,
Around it o'ery landscapes shone,
And pictured forms of life and light—
An earthly Heaven was painted there,
The field, the forest, and the lawn—
But as I grasp'd it burst in air,
The mimic world of light was gone.

And such is Pleasure—we pursue,
As o'er the child the butterfly—
'Tis charming to the distant view,
But as we grasp, its glories die—
'Tis crush'd the moment that we catch
The gaudy phantom of the mind,
And disappointed man, a wretch,
An aching void can only find.

Oh! I have sought frail pleasure long,
In empty fame and glittering gold—
I've listen'd to her siren song,
As did Ulysses' men of old—
Yes, for one glimpse of glory, I
Have of my heart's best wishes given—
And for one glance of her dark eye,
Have barter'd ev'n my hopes of Heaven.

I've sought the phantom pleasure too,
In the heart's hell, the mad'ning bowl—
I drank, tho' I belied in view,
The wreck and ruin of the soul,
When in my soul the serpent shed
The venom of his victory,
With Solomon of old I said—
All, all, indeed, is vanity.

What will it profit, if we gain
A world of weal and lose the soul?
Aid what is glory to the saint?
Where are the blessings of the bow?
The proudest potentate must fall,
Earth's sweetest pleasures quickly flee—
One hour of virtue's worth them all,
For all indeed is vain.

FRANK MANLY.

"Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honor lies."—Pope.
Frank, do not be discouraged," said Squire Rockwell to his young friend, Frank Manly, who, desponding
tone, as they stood conversing on the levee, had
induced the kind old man to make inquiries about his
circumstances and his prospects, which he found to be
indeed any thing but flattering.

"I am discouraged, Mr. Rockwell," answered
Frank; "who would not be discouraged, situated as I
am? Time and money have I expended in preparing
myself for my profession—night after night have I
bent over dusty tomes; and what has it availed me?—
I have been deceiving myself, Mr. Rockwell. I might
have known that I could not succeed; for had I not
been blind, willfully blind, I must have seen that the
profession was overstocked. Had I learned a trade,
I would, at least, have been able to support my poor
old mother in respectability; but now I am only a bur-
den to her."

"But, my young friend," said Mr. Rockwell, "you
will gain nothing by indulging such desponding thoughts.
You have a strong frame and stout limbs, and while
God is pleased to continue to you these blessings, you
need not shrink from any difficulty. If your profes-
sional prospects are truly as you represent them, I
would advise you to apply yourself to something else.
To regret the loss of time or money will not remedy
present evils; such regrets are useless, childish. You
may have been unfortunate in not having learned
some mechanical art; but do not let that depress you.
If you are willing to employ yourself, you need not
fear that you will find plenty to do. It is better to
be an honest laborer, than a sneaking, petting lawyer.
Do not be offended at me, Frank; I may
speak bluntly, but I mean kin'ly."

"But it is hard, Mr. Rockwell," said Frank, "after
having spent years in preparing myself for a profes-
sion, to give up all—lose the money I have expended
and the precious time I have consumed."

"It perhaps does seem hard," said Mr. Rockwell,
"but it is better that than to go on consuming more of
that time which is so precious, and spending more
money with so precarious a means of support. And
it does not follow that you must ever abandon your
profession, and the hope of rising in it; a more favor-
able opening may offer at a future period."

"And I must descend, too, from the position I have
hitherto occupied in society, and bear with a super-
cilious nod—a cold recognition—from those with whom
I have moved on an equality."

"Yes; the heartless and frivolous—the devotees of
fashion—will perhaps cut your acquaintance, but, de-
pend upon it, the really worthy and sensible will ad-
mire you for your manly independence, and respect

you more."
"But what can I do?"
"You can do many things. But your own judg-
ment will best direct you in choosing an employment.
If you do not relish labor, you might soon get a clerk-
ship, and that will not compromise your position in
society."

"No, no—not that."
"Well, then, at the factories?"
"Yes, Frank; you can get such employment there
as will not be overly heavy, and yet be lucrative. You
must conquer your pride, my young friend, and
resolve to do what your judgment approves, and, my
word for it, you will do right."
"Well, I will think of what you have said."
"Do so, my friend; I will see you again shortly—
in the mean time adieu."

"Ellen, Jane, Maria—do come to the window! It
can't be possible—and yet, it must be—it is him-
self!"

"Who, Alice?"
"Frank Manly."
"Well, there's nothing strange in that, is there?"
"Yes, but there is."
"Where is he?"
"There."

"Why I see no one but Mr. Herbert—except it be
your car-man."
"That's it."
"What?"
"Your car-man is Frank Manly!"
"Impossible!"

Mr. Rockwell, in whose house this conversation oc-
curred, rose quickly and approached the window. It
was true; there was Frank Manly, not exactly in the
capacity of a car-man, as the young lady had ex-
pressed it, but superintending the loading of a quantity of
metal, occasionally laying a hand to himself, and di-
recting the operations of the workmen. A short smock
of blue check was drawn over his person and confined
round the waist with a hempen cord, otherwise he
was dressed in his usual style. Mr. Rockwell regarded
him for a moment with a smile of approbation; then
turning round to one of the young ladies he said, "And
why did you say impossible?"

"Because I would not have believed that Frank
would so degrade himself."

"I can see nothing degrading, Miss Templeton,"
said Mr. Rockwell, gravely, "nothing degrading in
the simple fact of wearing a carman's frock, and fol-
lowing an honest calling."

"But what does it all mean, dear Mr. Rockwell?"
said Miss Templeton.

"It means," said Mr. Rockwell, "that Frank Manly
has too proud a spirit to consent to be a drone in
society. He found that he could not support himself
by his profession, and he determined, like a noble fel-
low as he is, with his own two hands to earn a live-
lihood, rather than eat the bread of dependence."

Mr. Rockwell then related the conversation he had
had with Mr. Manly, and the advice he had given—
As he concluded, Frank turned, and observing his
friends, bowed in recognition. Squire Rockwell and
his daughter Alice returned his salutation with a cordial
smile, but the three young ladies deigned not to no-
tice him, and turned away with a contemptuous laugh.

"My dear young ladies I am sorry to see you dis-
play the spirit which you have. You have imbibed
altogether a false notion of gentility. I will not argue
with you, but I tell you that the time will come when
the most imperious beauty in the city may be proud to
win a smile from Frank Manly."

Mr. Rockwell said no more, but soon after retired,
leaving the young ladies to discuss the subject by
themselves.

Frank Manly was a young man of good abilities,
fine address, and a handsome person. His father, an
extensive whole sale dealer, died when Frank was a
boy fifteen years of age, leaving his affairs in a very
embarrassed state, and after many tedious delays in the
settlement of the estate, the wife finally found herself
with only a small annuity, barely sufficient, with
rigid economy, to support herself and son. For her
self, she did not repine, but for their son's sake, and on
his account alone, she was grieved. The darling wish
of her heart was, to see him rank high in the world's
esteem, and to take his place among those gifted minds
which have adorned our country's annals—for, when a
mother fond partiality, she imagined him possessed
of all the highest qualifications of human nature—
She sacrificed her comforts—and even necessities—
to obtain the means to give him an education. And
Frank was not ungrateful of his mother's sacrifices; he
applied himself diligently, and mastered his studies
with surprising ease. At the age of twenty, he gradu-
ated, and commenced the study of the law, with an
eminent barrister, with whom he continued two years,
when he passed his examination with credit and was
admitted to practice. Frank looked forward, now, to a
career of honor and usefulness, and his sanguine
temperament pictured in the dim future only scenes
of triumph. But it was not long before he began to
find the reality was not so charming as he had fancied
it. His attendance at his office was unrelenting, but
and there came no clients. More eager not to trust
the young practitioner, when there were older and
more experienced advocates to be had. Lured not go
on to describe the unvarying monotony of the twelve
months that followed his admission to the bar. It
is but a repetition of the experience of thousands
of young men of our country, who have foolishly
cast themselves away upon a profession, and drag
on a miserable existence, vibrating between hopes
and fears; wearing the weary days along with
murmurings and repinings. But Frank was dif-
ferent in one thing from this class; he was not
one who would always go on repining, and hop-

ing, and fearing, for he had a strong spirit and no
common intellect. He had brooded gloomily o-
ver his situation without coming to any definite
conclusion, until the conversation with Squire
Rockwell, which is recorded in the opening of
our story. That conversation had made a deep
impression upon him, and when he was left alone
he retired to his office, and sat down to consider
the matter seriously. The result of his reflections
was, that he determined to take the advice of his
friend. He knew he would have to forfeit the
society of the fashionable in which he had moved;
that he would have to bear the cold sneers of ma-
ny, who, until now, had sought his compani-
ship, but he had formed his resolution, and these
considerations could not deter him. His mother,
too, when he informed her of his resolution, tried
to persuade him to renounce the idea; but when he
clearly explained to her the hopelessness of
waiting longer for practice, and the misery of such
a life of anxiety, she was a woman of too much
good sense not to see that he was right, and she
offered no further impediment,—though it seem-
ed to her the death blow to all her sanguine
hopes on his account.

The same day Frank made an engagement with
an extensive iron manufacturer, and entered at
once upon his duties.

The insulting laugh and cutting manner of the
young ladies at Mr. Rockwell's dwelling had not
escaped the observation of Frank Manly. A bit-
ter smile was upon his countenance as he cast
one hasty look behind, before turning into an-
other street. Frank loved Maria Templeton, and
he had every reason to believe that she regard-
ed him with favor. The blow was doubly severe,
inflicted by her hands.

"I could not have thought," he murmured,
"that she would be the first to thrust me down-
ward. Have I been deceived in her character?
I know not. I had pictured to myself Maria
Templeton as being all heart! She pretended not
to see me. Ah, well! How different was Alice
Rockwell!"

This was but the beginning of trials, but the
blow felt perhaps the heavier and was more se-
verely felt, because of the hand that inflicted it—
Such slights were of daily occurrence. But
Frank had an indomitable spirit; trials, and diffi-
culties, and disappointments could not arrest the
purposes which, after due deliberation, he had
formed in his soul. The coldness and neglect of
his former companions only nerved him more
firmly to the accomplishment of his duties.

Several months thus passed. He had once
sought to see Miss Templeton, but had been re-
pulsed, and then, convinced of her fickleness and selfishness,
he only sought to banish her image from his heart—
There was one circumstance which, probably, assist-
ed much in promoting this object. He visited fre-
quently at Squire Rockwell's, where a kindly welcome
always awaited him, and in the society of the old
man's daughter, he passed many delightful evenings.
Alice was almost the only young lady of his former
acquaintance who received him with the same cordi-
ality as formerly. Insensibly she began to usurp that
place in his affections which Miss Templeton had
formerly filled.

A year had now elapsed since Frank Manly en-
tered upon his new occupation. His diligence and in-
tegrity had won for him the good opinion of his employ-
er, and his salary, at the end of six months, had been
doubled. He could now support himself in comfort,
and still lay by a portion of his earnings for his moth-
er's use. If he ever regretted the change he was for-
ced to make in his habits, he had at least the satisfaction
of having a good conscience.

"I have a proposition to make to you," said Mr.
Rockwell, as one day he met Frank; "will you call at
my house this evening?"

Frank promised to do so; and accordingly waited
upon him at an early hour.

"You may remember," said Mr. Rockwell, after
the usual compliments had been passed, "that when I
advised you to apply yourself to some other employ-
ment, I told you that it was not necessary that you
should forever abandon your profession."

"I remember, and I did cherish a hope that it might
be so; but lately I have banished the idea from my
mind, and learned to be content with my lot. It was
vain to indulge such a hope."

"Not so. And I imagine the time has arrived when
you may return and take up your true position. I
have a suit pending which involves half of my fortune.
I intend to put it into your hands."

Frank would fain have persuaded his kind friend to
alter his resolution, doubting his ability to conduct so
important a case; but Mr. Rockwell insisting, it was
finally arranged that he should undertake it.

The suit was one which had excited much specula-
tion, as the interests involved were considerable. Em-
inent counsel was employed by the opposing party,
and all things seemed to indicate that the case would
be decided against Mr. Rockwell.

The day of trial at length arrived. Frank had pre-
pared himself thoroughly, and did not despair of suc-
cess, though he failed not to notice the air, half con-
temptuous, with which the counsel on the opposite
side regarded him when he appeared for his client.

him as beneath their notice, were now eager to make
his acquaintance, and cultivate his friendship. He
once more opened an office, and business poured in
upon him. He was a made man, to use a common
but expressive phrase. He was again courted by the
circles in which he had formerly moved, and Maria
Templeton too would fain have attached him to herself
again, and she put in play all her arts to that effect,
but in vain. The charm had been broken, and other
attractions rendered all her arts harmless.

A notice which appeared in the Gazette a few
months subsequent may explain the nature of those
attractions. It ran somewhat after this fashion:

MARRIED.—On the 1st inst. Frank Manly, Esq., to
Miss Alice Rockwell, daughter of the Hon. Thomas
Rockwell, all of this city.

FLIRTING WITH THE LADIES.

A STORY WITH A MORAL.

"It will never do, Jedediah," said my uncle Obed
Allen to my youngest brother, "it will never do—this
flirting with all the young girls, and trilling with their
giddy little affections."

My brother Jedediah was a handsome young fellow.
He had a fine person, when his Sunday clothes were
on—a clear, black eye, and red cheeks. He wore a
pair of whiskers at eighteen. During his vacations
our village girls were all in a tumult; all were anxious
to have the honor of his attentions—and many an eye
has closed, with a tear under its lid, after waiting the
whole evening at the window, with the expectation of
seeing Jedediah ride up to the horse-block. He saw
their glances at him, as he stood at a Sunday in the
gallery at church, & led the choir. He knew that they
thought him handsome—that he was admired, and he
was fool enough to be flattered by such things. His
vanity grew at last to be his ruling passion; and he
thought the party tedious where all the eyes in the
room were not directed towards him.

He spent his vacations wholly with the girls; riding
with one, walking with another, and "setting up"
with another. He made declaration in a garland of
flowers, and expressed his adoration to every bright
eye in the village with a bouquet of the sweetest and
freshest rosebuds he could gather. As long as his
adoration had the charm of novelty, he was all devotion;
but when that was gone, he flew away, like a
sufficed bee, to some fasher flower.

At the time Obed addressed him as I have stated,
we were sitting at the breakfast table. Jedediah had
just returned from a walk among the hills with Isabel
Johnson, one of the sweetest girls of our village. As
he came into the room, he swept the dew out of his
whiskers with high glee, and sung out at the top of his
voice:

"I say, Absalom, that Bell-Johnson is not to be
sneezed at of a damp day. She's a real cauliflower.
What a foot she's got! Didst ever see her dance, un-
cle Obed? You'd think her the shadow of a gossamer,
she's so light. Ah, Absalom; my boy, such a tramp
as we have had! Such flowers as we gathered—
Faith, every time she trod her little hoof upon the vi-
clets, there came up such a cloud of perfume, you
would have thought Madam Flora was lighting up
every one of her incense burning altars. We stopped
awhile upon the brink of the ledge on old Chesnut
Hill, and looked down upon the water as it tumbled
over the mill-dam. Bell gazed at it, as if she saw ten
thousand little maids dancing minutes upon the bub-
bles. While she was looking, I took her little paw, so
—then I squeezed it gently, so—and whispered in her
ear, so. But, uncle Obed, man's the word—Bell and
I know who's who?"

It was then uncle Obed spoke. "It won't do, Jed-
dah," said he, and his voice choked with emotion as
he spoke; "it won't do, I say! All this may be straw
berries and cream! To such a crazy pate, as yours. It
may be fun to win the heart of such an innocent thing
as Bell Johnson, just to throw it away again, like a
worthless orange, after you have squeezed all the juice
out. But, mark my words, Jedediah, I have seen
more days than you, and observed somewhat of the
ways by which Providence brings its righteous ends
about. Justice is sure of foot, Jedediah, though slow
—mark that. And for every idle word and deed of
yours, there will be a day of account here or elsewhere.
It is true I have seen some precious scoundrels in my
day, die quietly in their beds, who deserved to die at
the end of the halter. And the preachers says, 'there
is one event to all, both the righteous and the wicked.'
But, observe, my pretty fellow, I never knew a grace-
less rogue that trifled with a woman's affections, who
did not, ever after, find a bitter curse in his cup—
Judgment follows hard upon such misdeeds. I be-
lieve there is a special vice denounced upon the wretch
—and he might as well attempt to fly into the regions
of infinite space, as to try to escape it."

"Leave off these wicked ways, then, Jedediah, if
you would prosper—you would live, to lie down with-
out dreaming of fire and brimstone, or would die with-
out hearing the wail of a broken hearted one kneeling
in your ears. But let this be your guide when
you go among the sweet innocent flowers whom God
has raised up here:

"Never excite expectations you do not intend to gra-

tify!"

Here uncle Obed's voice grew husky. He took a
long and deep draught from his mug of cider, and
then rose from the table and walked out of the room.

As he closed the door behind him, Jedediah drew a
long breath, looked at his half mad and half ashamed
and then, contemptuously whistled—*wh-e-e*.

My foolish brother continued to flirt with Isabel, un-
til her wile was locked up in his. Her friends
cautioned her in vain—she was blind to the sugges-
tions even of her better judgment. At length, when he
had completely triumphed over her gentle heart, he
left her, and sought some other sweet flower to blight,
as he had done this.

Isabel bore his coldness awhile with apparent indif-
ference. But the lustre gradually left her eye, her

cheeks grew pale and her fine red lips to a death-like
purple hue. She complained to none. She murmur-
ed nothing against him. Her friends observed that she
mimed more with the pious, and less with the gay—
It was evident, however, that the machinery of her
existence was gradually running down; and every day
was expected to bring some story of her sickness or
death. At length she almost shunned society, and
spent her time, when the weather would permit, in
wandering among the hills and forests.

One evening, of a pleasant day which she had spent
away from home in this manner, her parents observed
that she did not return at her usual hour. They be-
came alarmed, and rousing a party of their neighbors,
they went in pursuit of her. They traveled the forest
and thicket, for a long while in vain. They shouted
her name through the deep glens, and blew their horns
from the top of the hills. But echo alone replied.

At length, about midnight, one of the party, on his
return, discovered her on the edge of a high ledge of
rocks, seated at the foot of an old beech, which hung
far above the precipice. He called on her as soon as
he discovered her. She returned no answer. He
thought she might be asleep, and he clambered up the
rocks to where she sat. He called again, and louder,
but she answered not. Then he touched her shoulder
and gently shook her, and started back with horror—
She was dead—cold and stiff; though, as she sat, she
looked more like one enjoying a quiet slumber. Her
left arm rested on the trunk of the tree, and the fingers
of her right hand were laid upon the letters of my bro-
ther's name, cut in the smooth bark. It seemed as if
she had been trying to trace them out in the dark—
Doubtless such was the fact, and that her broken spir-
it had passed away while busied in this strange but
natural effort.

She was buried in the village church yard the next
day without any parade. But the story of her life and
death became one of the traditions of the place, and the
stranger may hear it told by any one of the villagers,
should he chance to ask whose neat white monument
it is which stands in the corner of the yard, with a
strangely quaint device sculptured upon it. Our
school-master had been a rejected lover of Isabel's,
and he procured the artist who executed the monu-
ment to grave upon it an emblem of his own de-
votion. It consisted simply of her name, in beautiful
Gothic capitals, under which there was a drooping lily, in
full bloom, around whose stock a small adder had
coiled himself, his head thrust into the cup of the flow-
er, as if he was sucking away the life juice of the love-
ly plant. This was her only epitaph. No one who
knew her story could be at a loss as to the design.

My brother was absent when she died. When he
returned and heard the story of her death, he showed
some signs of emotion. For several days he kept aloof
from society; you could read remorse in his eye, and
at times there was a twitching of the muscles of his
face, as if he felt the gnawing of "the worm which
never dies."

But it soon wore off, and he became as gay as ever.
He mingled with his usual, lightness in all the fol-
lies of the village. He smiled as sweetly as ever upon our
belles, and alas, poor human nature, they returned
them as sweetly as ever.

I must confess that I thought sometimes of my un-
cle Obed's warnings, and looked for some dreadful
fulfillment of the deceiver's curse. I felt a foreboding
that a judgment would come. It did come.

After he had graduated he studied law and estab-
lished himself in an adjoining county, in his profession—
He had fine talents for the bar, and rose rapidly in the
esteem of the public. Several years rolled away, and
at the age of twenty nine he found himself wealthy,
and of high reputation. He still remained, however,
as reckless and wild in his intercourse with society,
mingling in all its gayest circles.

In the winter of his 29th year he caught a dreadful
cold, while on a sleigh ride, which made great inroads
upon his health, and brought on symptoms of con-
sumption. His physicians told him that he could not
survive the rigors of another New England winter,
and recommended a voyage to Cuba. I went with
him as his nurse, and the following winter we spent
in Havana. Here he rapidly regained his health, and
as he spoke Spanish as fluently as a Castilian, he
mingled a great deal with the Spaniards. His fine
person and fascinating manners soon found him a pas-
sion to the favor of many a black-eyed donna. He
seemed perfectly happy while basking in the sunshine
of their smiles. But alas, poor fellow, slow-tooled
justice was about to overtake him.

On some great occasion the Governor General gave
a splendid ball at this place. We were both invited—
I was satisfied with looking on the gay scene, but he
mingled in all its luxuries.

I observed that he waltzed several times with the
beautiful wife of a young Spanish officer of high rank.
The last time he handed her a seat he plucked her, a
moss rose-bud from a vase, which stood near him, and
dropped it into her bosom. Here he stopped and whis-
pered something in her ear, and when she raised her
head, I observed that a deep blush was passing over
her face, and a smile of peculiar meaning curving her
lips. He forgot that the eye of Spanish jealousy knew
neither slumber or sleep.

Two days afterwards he was found by the city
guard, about daylight, on the pavement in front of his
Spaniard's house; a broken guitar lying beside him,
and the Spanish dirk sticking in each side, both thrust
quite through his heart.

I was at no loss to guess whose hand directed the
blow. But I thought of Bell Johnson and Obed's
warning, and let that the Spaniard was but an insti-
ment, raised up by one who has said "vengeance is
mine!"

The sentence was just, and I did not murmur.
It is more than twenty years since these events oc-
curred. But they are as if they occurred but yester-
day; and now when I see a giddy young man, flirting
with the gentle feelings of a lovely girl, a sight too of-
ten seen in these degenerate days, I think of Jedediah,
and I feel tempted to say to him, in the words of my un-
cle Obed—"Beware how you excite expectations you
do not mean to gratify."