The Cambridge Chronicle.

"UNCOMPROMISING HOSTILITY TO THE RE-ELECTION OF MARTIN VAN BUREN."

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TERMS.

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POETRY.

"The reigning eagle of Parnassian skies,
Now soaring midst the tracks of light and air
And now the monarch of the woods and lair."

From the Evening Signal.

THE FIRST LEAF OF AUTUMN.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

I see thee fall, thou quivering leaf
Of faint and yellow hue,
The first to feel the autumn winds,
That blighting o'er thee blew—
Slow-parted from the rocking branch,
I see thee floating by,
To brave, all desolate and lone,
The bleak autumnal sky.

Alas! the first, the yellow leaf—
How sadly falls it there,
To rustle on the crisped grass,
With every chilly air!
It tells of those that soon must drop,
All wither'd, from the tree,
And it hath wak'd a sadden'd chord
In deathless memory.

Thou eddying leaf, away, away,
There's sorrow in thy hue;
Thou sound'st the knell of sunny hours,
Of buds and liquid dew—
And thou dost tell how from the heart
The blooms of hope decay,
How each one lingers, loth to part,
Till all are swept away.

New York, Oct. 1839.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

The Old Campaigner.

A STORY.

On the twenty fifth day of December, in the year one thousand eight hundred and thirty-five, three taps were lightly struck on the fourth-floor door of a house on the Meigesere quay, at Paris one of those tall and ugly tenements that seem to make cross faces down upon the waters of the Seine from morning till night, like so many antiquated and grinning buffoons. The three taps in question caused a young girl, who was seated alone inside of the door to whom they were applied, to start rather hurriedly from her seat, and to throw a piece of embroidery, on the floor at her feet, believing sincerely however that she had put it on the chair beside her. Whether this arose from emotion at the announcement of an unexpected visit or an expected one will by and by appear; but in the first place, it is necessary to tell what the damsel was, as the reader cannot be expected to take such interest as we could wish in one yet a stranger to him.

Pierre Bertrand, the father of Marie, was a splendid specimen of the old half pay captain of the empire, such as that personage, or class of personages, became subsequently to the empire's fall. Rude and rough, though warm-hearted; retaining the mustache of the soldier, and all the soldier's habits, among which drinking and smoking held so prominent a place as to swallow almost his pension; perpetually grumbling, yet continually jolly. enormously proud of various scars and cuts, and certain relics in the shape of crossses of honor, hacked sabres, and riddled uniforms; spending in telling old campaigning stories, and in playing at dominoes, all the time that was not spent in drinking and smoking; such was Pierre Bertrand, and such was his way of life. For his family, Pierre had, properly speaking, two children, although one only had a just claim of paternity upon him, as far as blood went. But for his having an adopted child, however, the old campaigner might never have had an offspring of his own. On the field of battle a dying comrade had consigned an infant boy to his arms, and Pierre had received the consignment with as much satisfaction and pride as others might receive a legacy of millions. It was to give this child a mother that Pierre had at first thought of marriage, and it chanced that this step. when he took it, only proved the means of bringing upon Pierre another dying legacy, his own little Marie. But the veteran bore up bravely under his burdens, and did his duty nobly by both his charges. To the boy Jules he contrived to give a good education, and six months before the period of our story—six months, in short, before the three taps at the door—Jules, then precisely twenty-three years of age, had completely a course of legal studies, and had been entered a member of the bar of the Court Royal of Paris.

It was a proud day for the old captain, when Jules donned the barrister's black cap and robe.—Marie was then eighteen, and as pretty a blue-eyed, merry-faced maiden, as could be seen, with a heart warm and open as a sunny sky. Pierre had long settled in his own mind that his two "marmots," as he called them, should be married, and that the union should take place on the day that Jules pleaded his first case. About the feelings of the parties themselves he had never thought much—and, in truth, they had given him no cause for any uneasiness on this score.

One day, immediately after Jules had passed the legal ordeal, old Bertrand was seated in his lofty but neat domicil, smoking silently and furiously, as he always did during any meditations of special importance, when a letter was brought to him. Letters were rare things with the veteran, and he looked long at the post mark, which was that of his native province. Opening it finally, he read thus: "Sir, I hasten to announce to you the demise of M. Joseph Bertrand, your cousin German, proprietor of the foundry here. He has left a fortune valued at 1 000,000 of francs. No direct heir presenting himself here on the paternal side, it is presumable that to you reverts the sum of 500 000 francs, the half of the whole succession, and which the law destines to that branch of the deceased's relatives. Of course you will take the necessary steps to secure your rights." This epistle bore the signature of a provincial justice of the peace, and gave other particulars of the case.

Bertrand was struck dumb for five minutes, and then broke out by way of thainkfulness, into a few of his common conversational phrases, which were composed of some three or four thousand bombs, one or two hundred pieces of cannon, and a proportionate quantity of thunders. "Five hundred thousand francs!" at length cried he; "Marie, my girl, read—read this. Reed, my darling! 500-000 francs? Yes, units, tens, hundreds, thousands, tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands? All right, Marie; my girl! Hurrah for the emperor! Hurrah!" All was indeed right—and yet all proved not right in the end. Bertrand, soon after receiving the letter, set out for his native place, concluding that he had but to appear and take possession. Cut the collateral relations had taken advantage of his absence from the spot, and had prepared unexpected obstacles for him. They had stirred and intrigued most actively, and had bought four or five consciences at some few thousand francs apiece. In short it was found that Bertrand could not establish his degree of relationship to the deceased. Certain extracts of birth and baptism, with other indispensable documents, could not be procured, notwithstanding the lengthened researches of the old clerk of the registry, to whom Bertrand gave five thousand francs to prove his titles—which sum, by the by, in addition to twenty thousand received from the other side, made the affair a very profitable one for the old fox.—The necessary documents. however, could not be found, and Pierre returned to Paris totally disheartened, and smoking furiously.

Jules was the receptacle of the veteran's complaints. The young advocate was not slow to pronounce that chicanery and roguery must have been at work and persuaded Pierre to pursue the matter at law. Within a few months the cause came on before the provincial court of B———. Jules, whose activity and researches had been unwearied, appeared for the first time as a pleader. While the case was going on, Marie Bertrand was in a state of feverish impatience. She knew not the issue on the evening of the 25th day of December, 1835. It was then that she heard the three taps at the door of her father's dwelling, and started from her seat to open it.

Jules entered. Marie sat down on her chair in silence, after one glance at his countenance, which wore a downcast expression. "You have lost the cause, then, Jules?" said she at length.—"No, Marie, it is gained; you are rich," was the reply. The damsel raised her eyes in surprise, and exclaimed—"Gained! What then means this—this——" Jules interrupted her. "Marie, I quit Paris this evening, and I come to bid you farewell. You will be wealthy and happy! Yes I go—but you will think of me sometimes, will you not?"

The young girl looked at Jules to see if he spoke seriously, and was stunned to behold his eyes filled with tears. At this moment Bertrand entered. Jules went up to him, and, placing a massive pocket book in his hand, said, "My kind friend, Justice has been done to you; here are five hundred bank notes, of 1000 francs each—the part of your cousin's heritage, which fell to you, and which I received, as authorized by you." Bertrand looked at the papers; which Jules displayed to him; then the veteran looked at Marie, who was struggling to hide her tears, and, finally, he looked at the pale face of Jules. "Why, what is this about?" cried he. "Why do you weep, Marie? Why do I not find you happy and joyful at such a moment? Jules, what have you been saying? Won't you answer me? Marie! Jules! By the thunder, there is something here—Marie, girl, tell me why you weep!"

The veteran's daughter made a violent effort to compose herself. "*He* is going away, father," said she, "he departs this evening—he quits us—through pride perhaps. He loved us while we were poor, and does so no more since we have become rich."—After this effort, Marie laid her head on her fathers shoulder, and wept more than ever.

"I hope Jules," said Bertrand, "that you will explain this. May I be shot if I understand a word of what this little whimpering means!"—"My father," replied Jules, "I depart this night." "You depart—ah well—how long will you be away?" was Perrie's answer. "A long time, father, said the young man, "a long time—forever perhaps! You have nurtured me, you have given me a place and station in life—I ought to be no more charge to you! I leave paris———." "Jules, you are insane?" returned the old soldier.—"Quit Paris! and at this moment, above all others, when you have won a cause that will ring in the courts! It is folly, and I don't comprehend it. Besides, it is impossible that you can go away. I have arranged matters otherwise."

Marie gently raised her head, and cast on her father a look so sweet, that Jules felt himself enfeebled by its influence.

"Yes," continued Bertrand. "I have had my plans arranged, and for a long time too. Only I thought I could bestow on you nought but the pearl; but you shall now have the setting along with it, my lad! It wont do you any harm, will it, to have twenty five thousand livres a year to keep you going! Come, it is settled. Embrace him, Marie; I am pleased with him. Come and let us off directly to the notary!"

"My father, it is impossible!" cried Jules, in accents which proved the struggle he was undergoing. "It is impossible! Already do my friends the court, all Paris, declare that my labors, my researches, my journeyings, have all been for this money! Oh, Marie! pardon me—I love you! Yes, I love you to idolatry! But were you now to be my wife, all men would point the finger at me, as one who would not take the poor girl, but snatched at the rich heiress—snatched at her, as soon as she had become so, and ere she could have an opportunity of seeing other suitors, more worthy of her condition, at her feet! Oh, why did I gain this cause!"

Jules was proceeding in this passionate strain when Bertrand, who had in the mean time, taken the pocket-book into his hands, brought the young advocate to a pause by thus addressing him. "It is, then, this parcel of papers which renders you so scrupulous, my boy? It is this bundle of stuff," continued he, holding up the pocket-book, "that prevents you wedding my little girl? Ah, well, young man, I admire your delicacy. But I will not be less generous than you!" So speaking, old Perrie turned to the window, which he had previously opened, and with all the force of a vigorous man, cast the valuable pocket-book far out in the deep and muddy water of the Seine.

Bertrand then turned from the window, and showing one single bank note to the astonished youth, observed coolly to him, "I have kept but this one thousand francs, you see; it will serve for the expenses of the nuptials; for you will not draw back now, Jules?" He continued in a severe tone—"A few moments ago, my daughter was rich, immensely rich, and you refused her hand—like a madman, I must say. She is now poor as yourself, for I know she would have been miserable with riches which she could not share with you. To-morrow you will marry her, if you are a man of honor. If not—but I shall leave you together. Marie will inform me of your reply." Bertrand then left the room, shutting the door behind him with a shock that betokened an angry excitement of mind in the old campaigner. But, after all, the recent loss of fortune seemed not long to trouble the veteran as, on sitting down soon after to a game of dominos, with a boon companion, the latter declared he had never seen Pierre so merry in all their intercourse, or so given to burst into peals of laughter on the slightest excitement.

Jules was completely staggered by Bertrand's act. but, when left alone with Marie, he soon recovered. The sensibility of the young advocate to the public voice was no affected sentiment, nor was his love for Marie; and the pair speedily pledged themselves to each other, hand and heart. They sat long together, Bertrand considerately staid out of the way, and ere he returned, Jules had departed. It would be peering too curiously, perhaps, into poor weak human nature, to ask if Jules did not cast a self-reproachful glance into the Seine that night as he passed it on his way homewards. If he did look wistfully on the waters, however, the future comforts, to do him justice, of Maria and her father, formed the cause of his feelings at the moment. The case was hopeless at all events. A hundred year's dragging might not have brought up that book from these deep and muddy waters.

The nuptials of Jules and Marie took place a day or two after these events. Bertrand took upon himself the orderment of the marrage festival, and he made it so splendid a one, that the single bank note of the heritage must have deeply felt the inroad. All the friends of the family were present; and amongst them, the majority, at least of the gentlemen, were deficient in some prominent member of the body, from the nose to the right limb. But the defects of those friends of the veteran were honorably compensated by medals, and crosses, and other badges of renown.—After dinner, an enormous cold tart, or pie, which Pierre publicly declared to be a new dish of his own invention, was produced with the dessert.—All eyes were turned to the dish, the task of opening which fell to the pretty hands of the bride. Marie blushingly began the duty, but her first incision fell upon a hard substance, which made her father's fine dish to consist of something totally indivisible and indigestible. 'Ah ha!" cried Pierre triumphantly, "cut it out!"; Marie did so, and the company beheld a new red morocco pocket book, well stuffed, and marked in gilded letters with words, "Four hundred and ninety-nine thousand francs."

Pierre roared with rapture and delight, as well he might. The sly old campaigner had thrown into the Seine nothing but the worthless old pocket book.

Jules did not require his worthy father-in law's laughter to tell him what meant the pocket-book in the pie. As soon as it was brought out and the lettering read, the veteran's ruse was clear. Jules now enjoys his twenty-five thousand livres of rent, and loves his wife as much as if she had only brought him her heart for a dowry. As to his scruples, he now says he ought to have been glad to get Marie, although she had been a queen;

Jules is at this day a distinguished and honored advocate.

Written for the Lady's Book.

TOM STEINBERG.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

BY MRS. S. B. JENKINS.

"WHO that saw Tom Steinberg twenty years ago, would have predicted the change that time has wrought!" was my involuntary exclamation, as I descended the steps of his elegant mansion, in one of the most fashionable streets of Philadelphia; "who would have ever imagined that Tom Steinberg would have turned author and made a fortune."

As I paced leisurely along the broad *trottoir* to my lodgings, I mused upon the strange revolution that had taken place in Tom Steinberg's character and fortunes, since we were school fellows in one of the little primitive Dutch Towns in central Pennsylvania, to the period, when, to the astonishment of the birch-wielding pedagogue, who had always called him a blockhead, and the schoolboys who had always made him the butt of their practical jokes, Tom Steinberg attained the dignity of M. D.—And now, in addition to all this, he was luxuriating in all the honours of successful authorship.

The parents of Tom Steinberg were honest hard-working people, content to labour on the little farm which had descended from father to son, through many generations, without an ambitious thought beyond hoarding a small store of silver in "the chist," to provide for the necessities of sickness and old age. They had the true Dutch horror of all iniquitous inventions, in the shape of patent ploughs, self-acting threshing machines, and steam-propelled butter churns.

Tom's father ploughed his land with a heavy substantial plough, the model of which was brought from *Vater Land*—he reaped his grain with a sickle—threshed it with a flail, and winnowed it with a corn fan—*en passant*, I cannot help sometimes regretting that this picturesque implement of husbandry is so entirely superseded by modern labour-saving machines. To an artist's eye, the graceful tossing of the grain into the air – the chaff, borne lightly away by the wind—the golden heaps, accumulating at the feet of the sun-bronzed winnowers—is far more beautiful than the angular, awkward, unwieldy-looking fanning-mill, with its suffocating clouds of dust, and deafening clatter. A Benthamite, who only regards *l'utile*, might, it is true, see differently; but I must confess that I am too devoted a lover of the graceful and picturesque, ever to be a very consistent utilitarian.

I said that the Steinbergs had a horror of modern inventions; I remember one instance, in which this horror was overcome by the smooth-tongued eloquence of a Yankee clock-pedlar, and in an evil hour, good mother Steinberg, exchanged the antiquated Dutch clock, which had ticked faithfully in the corner of the kitchen for scores of years, and which she had wound up, with her own hands, every morning, since she was married—for a "ra al eight day clock, that need'nt be wound up, only every Saturday night, and that would last forever, and be just as good as new at the eend of the time." And then the clock was so handsome—three gilded nondescripts on the top, which the pedlar said were "spread eagles"—a likeness of General Washington in full uniform, in the centre—a wreath of brilliant red roses on the face—very elaborate gilded hands, and what was most irresistible, a looking-glass, of very respectable dimensions below the clock face. What woman could ever withstand a looking-glass?—not mother Steinberg—for when her pretty daughter Katrine peeped at her own bright rosy face, and coaxingly reminded her mother that she had promised to buy a looking-glass when she was sixteen, and that two weeks had elapsed since she had attained that mature age—the good dame decided at once, and not only bargained away the old clock. but ten pounds of well-sayed, feathers into the bargain. Alas the day! the sober, regular habits of the family were well nigh turned topsy-turvy. The new clock proved to be as erratic in its movements as the French watch of a modern belle.

Katrine and her mother were the greatest sufferers from this state of things, for, like good, steady housewives as they were, they had always regulated their labours by the clock, and they were often sadly put out of the way, by having the men come in from the field, where they had been at work, long before the dinner was ready, and then, how the whole family would scold about the clock, and the old man would wish that he "had hold of that lying varmint, that had cheated the women so, how he would cudgel him!" and the elder sons would make poor Katrine almost cry with vexation, by telling her, "that if it had not been for the looking glass, for her to see her pretty face in, they might have had the old clock yet"—and bid her take care that she never married a "cheating Yankee."

Tom Steinberg was the only one of the family who had much advantage of 'book larning;' he was a sickly boy, and his father said he was a 'do-less creature on the farm, fit for nothing but to scare the crows, and that he might as well go to school,' and to school Tom went, year after year. I think I see him now, with butternut coloured homespun clothes, hanging loosely about his ill-formed, awkward limbs, looking as much as possible like Willis's friend 'Job Smith.' Indeed, I am inclined to think that Willis must have seen Tom Steinberg before he made his graphic sketch of Job's personal graces, as nature could hardly have formed two such specimens of 'journey work.'

Poor Tom was perpetually in disgrace; he never knew his lessons, or rather his nervous bashfulness prevented him from ever reciting them. The schoolmaster's knowledge extended no farther than reading—writing—the four first rules of Daboll—a very imperfect insight into the mysteries of the 'grammar book,' and a little, a very little smattering of history and geography. He could not understand Tom's character, and instead of stimulating him by judicious encouragement, he called him a blockhead and a dunce; and a blockhead and a dunce he seemed likely to remain until the end of the chapter.

One of those seeming trifles, which sometimes have such a marvellous effect on our destiny, changed the whole current of Tom Steinberg's life. It was a warm, sunny, summer's noon. We were gathered under the shade of a group of magnificent elm trees, that grew on the bank between the school-house and the sparkling stream that danced merrily by, to unite its waters with the beautiful Susquehanna. Tom was, as usual, stretched lazily upon the grass, his head resting against the moss-covered trunk of the patriarch of the grove, his eyes half shut, and his whole countenance exhibiting the vacancy of listless indolence. We were talking of plans for future life—one intended to be a preacher—another a lawyer—a third a merchant—a fourth a farmer. 'And what are you going to be Ben?' said one of the boys to me 'Why a doctor to be sure, as my father was before me,' I answered—'and I am going to Philadelphia to attend the lectures, four years from next winter.'

'I'll be a doctor, too—see if I won't,' said Tom Steinberg, starting up. The boys shouted with laughter at his unexpected declaration. 'I don't care boys how much you laugh, nor how much fun you make of me. You see if I a'n't a doctor, as well as Ben Van Slossen.'

From that hour, a change seemed wrought in Tom Steinberg; his eye brightened—his form grew erect—instead of being always at the foot of his class, he was now almost perpetually above his fellows. Figures, which had seemed to him like the mysterious cabala of necromancy, began to speak an intelligible language to his mind. He soon acquired 'all that the master knew;' of grammar, geography, and history.—In short, Tom, in spite of the gibes and jeers of all at home but his mother and the gentle Katrine, and the obstinate pertinacity of the school-master, who persisted in calling him a dunce, appeared to be in a fair way of realizing his ambitious dreams.

Four years after, while attending my first course of Lectures at the Pennsylvania University, I was surprised, one morning, as I was ascending the steps of the Lecture-room, by hearing the familiar school-boy abbreviation of my name. I turned to see who called 'Ben Van Slossen,' and was not a little astonished to recognize the well-remembered face and figure of Tom Steinberg.

I had lost sight of him during my collegiate years, and I afterwards found, that he had actually walked to Philadelphia with all his worldly effects, consisting of a change of apparel, and a few books, tied in a handkerchief and slung over his shoulder, and had obtained a situation as a servant in the family of a physician, known as well for his unostentatious benevolence, as his profound learning and admirable skill. That he had attracted the attention of his master by saving all his wages, but what served him for the most scrupulously restricted necessaries, to buy scientific books—that the philanthropic physician (whose name I forbear to mention, though should this sketch ever meet his eye, he will doubtless recollect the poor boy whose interests he so essentially advanced,) promoted Tom from the kitchen to the study, and that he was now entering upon his first course of lectures.—'And so you see, Ben, I shall be a doctor, after all,' said Tom, when he had given me the account I have briefly related.

The next winter Tom received his degree; the kind friend, who had so efficiently aided him, took him into partnership, and two years after, I heard of his marriage, to a very lovely, intelligent Quaker girl, with whom I confess myself to have been somewhat smitten during my stay in Philadelphia. I had been wise enough however, before I exposed myself to the ordeal of the bright eyes of the fascinating daughters of the city of Brotherly Love, to give my heart into the safe keeping of my own dear Harriet, who now sits beside me in her matronly beauty, not one whit less charming or less lovely, in my eyes, than when she graciously condescened, fifteen years ago, not only to take charge of my heart, but myself also.

I had heard nothing of Tom Steinberg for years, when I was as much surprised as when he accosted me on the steps of the Lecture room, by the receipt of a 'Treatise on Geoponics,' by Dr. Steinberg, with the compliments of the author. I confess I was not prepared to see so much scientific research, so much acute observation as was displayed in this little work.

Even during the years that Tom's faculties had seemed to be dormant, I found that he had critically noted the various processes which had passed before him, on his father's farm—he had observed the effect of different kinds of tillage, upon different qualities of soil—the impoverishing effect of certain crops, and the enriching influence of others. And now, that thorough scientific investigation had shown him the reason for all these changes, he had, with the true spirit of his excellent patron, thrown together the results of his study and observation, in a work, which could not fail to be useful to the practical agriculturalist.

His next work was, 'An Enquiry into the Nature of the Connexion between Mind and Matter.' Then followed several Physiological Essays and Treatises, all very favourably received by the public, and finally, a work entitled 'Moral Science, based upon Phrenology.' This was exactly suited to the spirit of the age. The lamented Spurzheim had awakened the minds of the American public to an examination of the claims of this science. The influence of his principles had spread gradually and silently. Rumours were abroad that Combe, the eloquent and profound advocate of Phrenology was about to visit our shores. Every one was on the *qui vive* to learn all that could be learned on the subject, with very little expenditure of time; and my friend's work appearing at this juncture, seemed exactly what the public wanted.

It had been said, and by very learned, and honest and judicious men, too, 'that Phrenology and Morality could never be reconciled.'—Those who had heard, and those who believed that such was the fact, were anxious to read Dr. Steinberg's book—thousands of copies sold immediately—the edition was speedily exhausted—another published—and in the short space of six months, the work had passed through eight editions. Tom Steinberg had realized a fortune, and what he prized more, he had done something towards establishing a principle which he believed to have its foundation in Eternal Truth.

I had witnessed the first drawings of my friend's awakened intellect—I had traced his progress step by step, until he had nobly won himself a name and a place among the wise and gifted of the land; and if by the recital of his success, I shall arouse the dormant faculties of a single mind, to a high-souled emulation, my design is accomplished. [*New York.*

THE DIFFERENCE.—An exchange paper remarks with much point and force: There was one advantage about the use of the old U. S. Bank as a depository, which does not extend to those contemplated by the Sub-Treasury bill—it could not run away.—Balt. Pat.

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