L. L. Teackle

Cambridge Chronicle.

VOL. VIII. NO. 36.

BY G. W. CALLAHAN. CAMBRIDGE, Md.---SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1835. WHOLE NO. 554.

TERMS:

The CAMBRIDGE CHRONICLE is published every Saturday morning, at Two Dollars and Fifty Cents per annum, payable half-yearly, in advance. Subscriptions will not be taken for less than six months: No paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid, unless at the option of the editor; and the failure to order a discontinuance previously to the expiration of the time already subscribed for, will be considered as a new engagement.

☞ Advertisements not exceeding a square will be published three times for one dollar; and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion. Larger ones in proportion.

In cases where the number of insertions is not limited, advertisements will be continued until direction to omit them is received, and charged accordingly.

THE HOLY CITY.

Letter from an officer in the U. S. Navy, to his friend in the city of Washington.

United States Schooner Shark, Mahon, 22d October, 1834.

On the 10th, we sailed from Alexandria for the coast of Syria, and landed at Jaffa, or Joppa, on the 13th of August. This ancient city, once the principal seaport of Judea, dates its origin almost as far back as the erection of the Tower of Babel. At all events, it is said to have been built but two or three centuries after the Deluge. Under an efficient government, its harbor would be cleared of the accumulated sand: and Jaffa might again become the active commercial emporium of the upper Mediterranean.

As Jerusalem had been recently captured and pillaged by the Bedouins, who are a wandering, indolent race, bound by no social or political ties, and ever ready for mischief, the Commodore deemed it prudent to procure the escort of a guard before we set out for the sacred capital of ancient Judea. Mounted on horses and mules, we passed through a highly cultivated and fertile country, and reached Ramah, the ancient Arimathea, at an early hour in the evening, where we lodged the first night. This town is pleasantly situated on a gentle elevation, about twelve miles from the Holy City, and is only remarkable for its ruins, and, as some writers say, the tomb of St. George, the patron saint of the English crusaders. In the morning, we took leave of our holy entertainers at the Latin Convent, and, after a perilous and fatiguing ride over the summits and through the gorges of the mountains, we arrived under the lofty walls of Jerusalem, as the bright full moon was wheeling over the surrounding hills. With as little delay as possible, the gates were thrown open to us, and our numerous cavalcade was forthwith conducted to the Greek Convent.

Animated by an enthusiasm which the holy relics and the ground on which I stood were so solemnly calculated to inspire, you may possibly conceive my emotions, but it is vain for me to attempt to impart them on paper. Not an object within the enlarged boundaries of the city, but calls up in the mind the memorable events of the Christian era, and invests the fallen "daughter of Zion," though now desolate and dark, with an interest far transcending all the cities of the East.

Jerusalem is situated in a mountainous region, and rests on a sub-stratum of soft white free stone, but partially covered with red earth. It is supposed to have been founded by the high priest Melchizedek, about two thousand years before the birth of Christ. He gave it the name of Salem, or Peace—a name ill-assorted with its destiny. It has been the victim of a thousand sieges and revolutions, and her rocks and barren hills are still red with Christian blood. Its first conquerors, the Jebusites, conferred upon it the name of Jerusalem, which it has retained ever since. The original Temple was destroyed in the year of the world 3513, or 500 years B. C., and about forty years after the crucifixion, it was plundered and again overthrown by the Pagans. Although Constantine and his pious mother once rescued it from idolatry and desolation, the city has since passed through various calamities and changes of government, and is finally humbled beneath the undisputed power of the Turk. The walls, which probably at an early period, extended northward much beyond their present limits, now embrace on the east, west and south many of the interesting objects of sacred history, which were formerly without them.

Immediately after our morning meal, we repaired to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, an immense structure, erected in the early part of the fourth century, by Helena, mother of Constantine. It covers the summit of Mount Calvary, and encloses and sanctifies the places of the Saviour's sufferings and degradation. The building has been more or less injured by time and revolutions; but is now in very good repair. Rich donations from Christian princes and devotees, every where embellish it; but the Turks have control over all here, and until very recently, exacted a tribute from visiters and pilgrims to the Christian shrine. They, however, generally respect the motives that prompt to pilgrimages, and I must acknowledge that, for Turks, they treated us with marked civility.

Among other sects, two or three Catholic Priests perform service in this church, which is opened at stated periods for the exercises of devotion, under the various religious rituals of its several possessors. Here the unbloody sacrifice of the mass is celebrated on the very spot, consecrated by the bloody sacrifice of which it is commemorative. You may well imagine that, on entering this holy edifice, my feelings must have been powerfully affected. I was indeed overwhelmed with the awful sublimity of the place. There, at the entrance of the vestibule, was the stone on which the dead body of Christ had been placed for anointment after the crucifixion. Here the place of the passion; there the aperture in the rock in which the cross was set, now enriched by a massive plate of silver, embossed with allegorical illustrations of his death. Here we beheld "where the rock was rent," and there the Holy Sepulchre. This splendid Mausoleum stands in the centre of a rotunda, whose dome is crowned by a radiant cupola. It is superbly covered with damask hangings, richly embroidered with gold. It faces the east, and, immediately in front, a small chapel has been erected to commemorate the spot where the angel is supposed to have appeared to the two Marys. In advance of this is the vault where the Redeemer is said to have been temporarily interred. It is six feet square and eight feet high, entirely lined with marble, and hung with azure silk. Flowers bedewed with rosewater, are strewed around the apartment; and over the slab, where the body lay, are suspended forty or fifty ever-burning lamps, wrought of gold and silver of the finest workmanship. These are the gifts of distinguished individuals of the various sects of the Christian Church.

In the aisle north of the sepulchre, is the place where Christ is supposed to have appeared to the Magdalen, the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea, the place where he was tortured with the crown of thorns, and the pillar to which he was bound, while being scourged in the Court of the Judgment Hall. The mound on which the Cross was planted retains its original elevation, the surface having been sufficiently graded to admit of a smooth marble pavement. It is eighteen feet above the level of the floor, and is approached by a flight of twenty-one steps; over the altar, in front, are thirteen lamps, which are constantly burning. While we were there, crowds of votaries, of different sects, thronged the various altars of the church, in the performance of their several devotions. In passing the via dolorosa towards the Mount of Olives, the Monks pointed out to us the dungeon in which our Saviour had been imprisoned, and the hall where Pilate presided in the Judgment Seat. The ruins of the house of the Roman Governor now constitute a portion of the Turkish Seraglio.

From the top of the Mount of Olives, the supposed place of the ascension, we had an extensive view of the Dead Sea, the river Jordan and the country beyond. Immediately at our feet lay Jerusalem, the Garden of Bethsemane, the Sepulchre of the Virgin Mary, the Brook Kedron, and the pools of Bethesda and Siloam, in the vally of Jehoshaphat. The Brook Kedron, and the pool of Bethesda are nearly dry; but the pool of Siloam affords abundance of excellent water which supplies the city and the suburbs. Here, as in Grand Cairo, Alexandria, and all Egypt and Syria, water is carried in goat skins, on the backs of porters or asses; and in larger skins on camels, which, when filled, resume the shape of the animals from which they may have been taken.

The tomb of the Virgin is a magnificent vault, spacious and tastefully ornamented, and preserved with the utmost care. The Garden of Gethsemane is not only remarkable for the agony of Christ and the treachery of Judas, but is at this day distinguished for eight lofty olive trees, which it is said, were flourishing at the birth of our Saviour: the Fathers have a record of their existence, A. D. 800, and some of them believe that they were living at the period of the advent.

A splendid mosque now occupies the site of the Temple. No christian foot can enter there in safety. The rash intruder must either resign his life or abjure his religion.

A short distance on the right of the Mount of Olives, is a smaller eminence where it is supposed the Angel addressed the Apostles. A small chapel is erected on the summit. On the South side of this city is a deep valley or ravine, called Hinnin, or Hinnom—probably the valley of the son of Hinnom, spoken of in Holy Writ—where the offal of the town was cast and consumed by a constant fire; hence, in the opinion of many, the derivation of the word *Hell*.

The olive tree every where abounds in this country: among the rocks and on the sides of the Mount of Olives, they flourish luxuriantly. The valley of Jehosaphat is covered with them, and they add to the solemn seclusion of the tombs of Jehosaphat, Absalom and Zachariah. These mausoleums are cut on the face of a solid rock and appear to have had no entrances; at least two of them are constructed thus.

Bethlehem is built on a hill of very uneven surface, and contains a population of 1500 or 2000. The stable, the birth place of Christ, is of the construction of modern stables, containing stalls, &c. and one is pointed out by the monks as that in which he was born. It is cut out of the soft rock of the country, after the fashion of the stables generally, and is no otherwise remarkable in its appearance, excepting the small embellishments with which it is surrounded. An extensive church and convent cover the place, and the stall is decorated with the sumptuous trappings of devotion. At the convent we were entertained with great kindness. Thirty eight of us partook of an excellent dinner, prepared by the venerable Fathers, who all, save the superior, waited upon us with every attention during the repast. The Pasha and his son had recently been there; and as we are informed had frequently shared their hospitality: it is said moreover that he is indifferent about the Mahomedan faith.

In these countries, where inns are unknown, convents supply their place; or rather continue to be used for one of the principal purposes of their establishment—the entertaining of the way-faring man, and especially the pennyless stranger. The revolt in the city of Jerusalem, which had but a few weeks before our arrival been subdued, caused several thousand citizens to retreat for refuge into the principal Franciscan convent. So great a crowd produced a plague in the establishment, which kept it under quarantine during the three first days we tarried in the town. We therefore had to put up with inferior accommodations at the Greek convent; but as Pilgrims to the Holy Land, it was unbecoming in us to complain at trifling inconveniences; and so we thanked the Monks for their courtesy, and wended our way to the ships again.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

From the New Monthly Magazine for December.

PEDLER KARL.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

"Which manner of digression, however, some dislike as frivolous and impertinent, yet I am of Beroaldus, his opinion; such digressions do mightily delight and refresh a weary reader; they are like sawce to a bad stomach, and I do therefore most willingly use them."—*Burton.*

I am not sure whether Lebanon Springs, the scene of a romantic story I am about to tell, belong to New York or Massachusetts. It is not very important, to be sure, in a country where people take Vermont and Patagonia to be neighboring states, but I have a natural looseness in geography which I take pains to mortify by exposure. Very odd! that I should not remember more of the place where I took my first lessons in philandering—where I first saw *you*, brightest and most beautiful A. D., (not Anno Domini,) in your white morning frocks and black French aprons!

Lebanon Springs are the rage about once in three years. I must let you into the secret of these things, gentle reader; for perhaps I am the only individual existing who has penetrated the mysteries of the four dynasties of American fashion. In thirteen millions of inhabitants in the United States, there are precisely four authenticated and undisputed aristocratic families. There is one in Boston, one in New York, one in Philadelphia, and one in Baltimore. By a blessed Providence they are not all in one State, or we should have a civil war and a monarchy in no time. With two hundred miles interval between them, they agree passably, and generally meet at one or another of the three watering places of Saratoga, Ballston or Lebanon. Their meeting is as mysterious as the process of chrystallization, for it is not by agreement. You must explain it by some theory of homœpathy or magnetism. As it is not known till they arrive, there is, of course, great excitement among the hotel keepers in these different parts of the country, and a village that has ten thousand inhabitants one summer, has, for the next, scarce as many score. The vast and solitary temples of Pæstum are gay in comparison with these halls of disappointment.

As I make a point of dawdling away July and August in this locomotive metropolis of pleasure, and rather prefer Lebanon, it is always agreeable to me to hear that the nucleus is formed at that valley of hemlocks.

If Lebanon *had* a history—if it *had* been the scene of much human vice and little human virtue, like other spots of earth—if Bulwer (who is seen in apotheosis on the other edge of the great scroll of the Atlantic) had looked on with his creative eye, and poets with critics who are brother editors of quarterlies, *had* sprung, flourished and died within this mountainous horizon—if, in short, bad poems had been written and much praised there, and lovely women had been made lovelier by a deifying rank and more deifying fortune—if the ruins of a robber's strong-hold stood on the shoulder of one hill, and the walls of a nunnery suppressed for licentiousness stood on the slope of another—then I think Lebanon would have been a spot for a pilgrimage for its *natural* beauty. It is shaped like a lot us with one leaf laid back by the wind. It is a great green cup, with a scoop for a drinking-place. As you walk in the long porticoes of the hotel, the dark forest mounts up before you like a leafy wall, and the clouds seem just to clear the pine tops, and the eagles sail across from horizon to horizon without lifting their wings, as if you saw them from the bottom of a well. People born there think the world about two miles square, and hilly.

The principal charm of Lebanon to me, is the village of Shakers, lying in a valley about three miles off. As Glaucus wondered at the inert tortoise of Pompeii, and loved it for its antipodal contrast to himself, so do I *affection* (a French verb that I beg leave to introduce to the English language,) the shaking quakers. That two thousand men could be found in the new world who would embrace a religion enjoining a frozen and unsympathetic intercourse with the diviner sex, and that an equal number of females could be induced to live in the same community, without locks or walls, in the cold and rigid observance of a creed of celibacy, is to me an inexplicable and grave wonder. My delight after breakfast is to walk over and spend the forenoon in contemplating them at their work in the fields. They have a peculiar and most expressive physiognomy. The women are pale, or of a wintry redness in the cheek, and are all attenuated and spare. Gravity, deep and habitual, broods in every line of their thin faces. They go out to their labor in company with those serious men, and are never seen to smile. Their eyes are all hard and stony, their gate is precise and stiff, their voices are of a croaking hoarseness, and nature seems dead in them. I could bake you such men and women in a brick kiln.

Do they think the world is coming to an end? Are there to be no more children? Is Cupid to be thrown out of business like a coach proprietor on a rail-road? What can the shakers mean? I would be pleased to know.

The oddity is, the most of them are young. Men from twenty to thirty, and women from sixteen to twenty-five, and often, spite of their unbecoming dress, good looking and shapely, meet you at every step. Industrious, frugal and self denying, they certainly are, and there is every appearance that their tenets of difficult abstinence are kept to the letter. There is little temptation beyond principle to remain, and they are free to come and go as they list; yet there they live on in peace and unrepining industry, and a more thriving community does not exist in the Republic. Many a time have I driven over on a Sunday and watched those solemn virgins dropping in, one after another, to the church, when the fine limbed and russet-faced brotherhood were swimming round the floor in their fanatical dance, I have watched their countenances for some look of difference, some betrayal of an ill-suppressed impulse, till my eyes ached again. I have selected the youngest and fairest, and have not lost sight of her for two hours, and she might have been made of cheese parings for any trace of emotion. There is food for speculation in it. Can we do without matrimony? Can we "strike," and be independent of these dear, delightful tyrants for whom we "live and move and have our being?" Will it ever be no blot on our escutcheon to have attained thirty-five as an unfructifying unit? Is that fearful campaign, with all its embarrassments and awkwardness, its inquisitions into your money and morals, its bullyings and backings-out—is it evitable?

Lebanon has one other charm. Within a morning's drive of the springs lies the fairest village it has ever been my lot to see. It is English in its character, except that there is really nothing in this country so perfect of its kind. There are many towns in the United States more picturesquely situated, but this, before I had been abroad, always seemed to me the very beau ideal of English rural scenery, and the kind of place to set apart for either love or death—for one's honey-moon or burial—the two periods of life which I have always hoped would find me in the loveliest spot of nature. Stockbridge lies in a broad, sunny valley, with mountains at exactly the right distance, and a river in its bosom that is as delicate in its windings and as suited to the charms it wanders among, as a vein in the transparent neck of beauty. I am not going into a regular description; but I have carried myself back to Lebanon, and the remembrance of the leafy mornings of summer in which I have driven to that fair earthly paradise and loitered under its elms, imagining myself amid the scenes of song and story in distant England, has a charm for me *now*. I have seen the mother land. I have rambled through park, woodland and village, wherever the name was old and lovely, and it pleases me to go back to my dreaming days, and compare the reality with the anticipation. Most small towns in America have traces of *new*-ness about them. The stumps of a clearing or freshly-boarded barns—something that is the antipodes of romance, meets your eye from every aspect. Stockbridge, on the contrary, is an old town, and the houses are of a rural structure; the fields look soft and genial, the grass is sward-like, the bridges picturesque, the hedges old, and the elms, no where so many and so luxuriant, are full-grown and majestic. The village is embowered in foliage.

The greatest attraction of all, the authoress of "Redwood" and "Hope Leslie," a novelist of whom America has the good sense to be proud, is the Miss Mitford of Stockbridge. A *man*, though a distinguished one, may have little influence on the town he lives in; but a remarkable woman is the invariable cynosure of a community, and irradiates it all. I think I could divine the presence of one by the growing of the trees and flowers. "Our village" is not like other villages.

You will have forgotten that I had a story to tell, dear reader. I was at Lebanon in the summer of ——, (perhaps you don't care about knowing exactly when it was, and, in that case, I would rather keep shy of dates in a periodical. I please myself with the idea that time gets on faster than I.) The springs were thronged. The President's lady was there, (this was under the administration of Mr. Adams,) and all the four *cliques*, spoken of before, were amicably united—each other's beaux dancing with each other's belles, and so on. If I were writing merely for American eyes, I should digress once more to describe the distinctive characters of south, north and central representations of beauty; but it would scarcely interest the general reader. I may say, in passing, that the Boston belles were, *a l'Anglaise, rieuses* and rosy; the New Yorkers, like Parisians, cool, dangerous and dressy; and the Baltimoreans, (and so south,) like Ionians or Romans, indolent, passionate, lovely and languishing. Men, women and pine-apples, I am inclined to think, flourish with a more kindly growth in the fervid latitudes.

The campaign went on, and a pleasant campaign it was; for the parties concerned had the management of their own affairs; i. e., those who had hearts to sell, made the bargain for themselves, (this was the greater number,) and they who disposed of that commodity *gratis*, though necessarily young and ignorant of the world, made the transfer in the same manner, in person. That is your free republic. The trading in affections, by reference—the applying to an old and selfish heart for the purchase of a young and ingenuous one—the swearing to your rents and not to your faithful passion, to your settlements and not to your constancy—the cold distance between yourself and the young creature who is to lie in your bosom, till purchase-money is secured, and the hasty marriage and sudden abandonment of a nature, thus chilled and put on its guard, to a freedom, with one almost a stranger, which cannot but seem licentious, and cannot but break down that sense of propriety in which modesty is most strongly intrenched—this seems to me the one evil of your old worm eaten monarchies this side of the water, which touches the essential happiness of the well bred individual. Taxation and oppression are but things he reads of in the morning papers.

This freedom of intercourse between unmarried people has a single disadvantage. One gets so desperately soon to the end of the chapter! There shall be two hundred young ladies at the Springs in a given season, and, by the difference of taste so wisely arranged by Providence, there will scarce be, of course, more than four, in that number, whom any one gentleman, at all difficult, will find within the range of his *beau-ideal*. With those four he may converse freely twelve hours in the day—more, if he particularly desires it. They may ride together, drive together, ramble together, sing together—be together from morning till night, and, at the end of a month passed in this way, if he escape a committal, (as is possible,) he will know all that are agreeable, in one large circle, at least, as well as he knows his sisters—a state of things that is very likely to end in his going abroad soon, from a mere dearth of amusement. I have supposed, however, the case of an unmarrying and idle man—a character too rare, as yet, in America, to affect the general question. People marry as they die in that country—when their time comes. "We must all marry" is as much an axiom as "we must all die!"

Shall we go on with the story? I had escaped for two blessed weeks, and was congratulating the susceptible gentleman under my waistcoat pocket that we should never be in love with less than the whole sex again, when a German Baron Von —— arrived at the Springs, with a lame daughter. She was eighteen, transparently fair, and, at first sight, so strikingly dependent, so delicate, so child like, that attention to her assumed the form of almost pity, and sprang as naturally and unsuspectingly from the heart. The only woman trait about her was her voice, which was so deeply soft and full, so earnest and yet so gentle, so touched with subdued pathos and yet so melancholily calm, that, if she spoke after a long silence, I turned to her involuntarily with the feeling that she was not the same—as if some impassioned and eloquent woman had taken, unaware, the place of the simple and petted child.

I am inclined to think that there is a particular tenderness in the human breast for lame women. Any other deformity in the gentler sex is monstrous, but lameness (the devil's defect) is "the devil." I picture myself to my own eye, now, pacing those rickety colonnades at Lebanon, with the gentle Meeta hanging heavily, and with the dependence inseparably from her infirmity, on my arm, while the moon, (which was the moon of the Rhine to *her*, full of thrilling and earthly influences,) rode solemnly up above the mountain-tops. And that strange voice, filling, like a flute, with sweetness, as the night advanced, and that irregular pressure of the small wrist in her forgotten lameness, and my own (I thought) almost paternal feeling as she leaned more and more heavily, and turned her delicate and fair face confidingly up to mine, and that dangerous mixture altogether of childlikeness and womanly passion, of dependence and superiority, of reserve on the one subject of love, and absolute confidence on every other—if I had not a story to tell, I could prate o' those summer nights and their witcheries till you would think

"Tutti gli alberi del mondo
"Fossero penne,"

and myself "bitten by the dipsas."

We were walking one night late, in the gallery running around the second story of the hotel. There was a ball on the floor below, and the music, deadened somewhat by the noise of feet in the crowded room, came up softened and mellow to the dark and solitary colonnade, and added to other influences in pitting a certain lodger in my bosom beyond my temporary control. I told Meeta that I loved her.

The building stands against the side of a steep mountain, high up above the valley, and the pines and hemlocks hung in their primeval blackness almost over the roof. As the most difficult and embarrassed sentence of which I had ever been delivered, died on my lips, and Meeta, lightening her weight on my arm, walked, in apparently offended silence, by my side, a deep toned guitar was suddenly struck in the woods, and a clear, manly voice broke forth in a song. It produced an instant and startling effect on my companion. With the first word she quickly withdrew her arm, and, after a moment's pause, listening, with her hands raised in an attitude of the most intense eagerness, she sprang to the extremity of the balustrade, and gazed breathlessly into the dark depths of the forest. The voice ceased, and she started back, and laid her hand hastily on my arm.

"I must go," she said, in a voice of hurried feeling; "if you are generous, stay here and await me!" And in another moment she sprang along the bridge connecting the gallery with the rising ground in the rear, and was lost in the shadows of the hemlocks.

"I have made a declaration," thought I, "just five minutes too soon."

Pacing up and down the now too lonely colonnade, I picked up the fragments of my dream with what philosophy I might. By the time Meeta returned, (perhaps half an hour, perhaps an age, as you measure by her feelings or mine,) I had patched up a very pretty and heroical magnanimity. She would have spoken, but was breathless.

"Explain nothing," I said, taking her arm within mine, "and let us mutually forget. If I can serve you better than by silence, command me entirely. I live but for your happiness—even," I added, after a pause, "though it spring from another."

We were at her chamber door. She pressed my hand with a strength of which I did not think those small slight fingers capable, and vanished, leaving me—I am free to confess—less resigned than you would suppose from my last speech. I had done the dramatic thing, (thanks to much reading of you, my dear Barry Cornwall!) but it was not a play. I remained killed after the audience was gone.

The next day a new character appeared on the stage.

"*Such* a handsome pedler!" said magnificent Helen —— to me, as I gave my horse to the groom, after a ride in search of hellebore, and joined the promenade at the well; "and what do you think? he sells only by raffle! It's so nice! All sorts of Berlin iron ornaments, and every thing German and sweet, and the pedler's smiles worth more than the prizes; and *such* a mustache! See, there he is! and now he has sold all his tickets—will you come, Master Gravity?"

"I hear a voice, you cannot hear," thought