L. D. Seackle

# Cambridge Chronicle.

VOL. IX. NO. 34.

BY G. W. CALLAHAN. CAMBRIDGE, Md.---SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1836. WHOLE NO. 604.

*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.

## POETRY.

*From the Southern Literary Messenger.*

### THE BROKEN HEART.

* * * * The morning dew-drop,
With all its pearliness and diamond form
Vanisheth.
* * * * * * * *
She turned her from the gate, and walked
As quietly into her father's hall
As though her lover had been true. No trace
Of disappointment or of hate was found
Upon the maiden's brow; but settled calm
And dignity unequalled. And they spoke
To her, and she did mildly answer them
And smile; and, smiling, seem'd so like an angel,
That you would think the man who could desert
A form so lovely, after he had won
Her warm affections, must be more than demon.
And though she shrunk not from the love of those
Who were around her, and was never found
In fretful mood—yet did they soon discover
The rosy tinge upon her youthful cheek
Concentrate all its radiance into one
Untimely spot, and her too delicate frame
Wither away beneath the false one's power.
But lovelier yet, and brighter still she grew,
Though death was near at hand—as the moon looks
Most lovely as she sinks within the sea.
Her fond devoted parents watched with care
The fatal enemy; friends and physicians
Exert their skill most faithfully. Alas!
Could Love or Friendship bind a broken heart,
The fading flower might be recalled to life.
* * * * * * *
She's gone, where she will chant the melody
Of Seraphim, *and live*—beyond the power
Of the base. Then weep not, childless parents, weep not,—
But think to meet her soon. Her smile is yet
More lovely now than when a child of earth
—For she has caught the ray of dazzling glory
And sweet divinity, that beams all bright
Upon her Saviour's face: and waits to cast
That smile on thee.

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Pilgrim, is thy journey drear?
Are its lights extinct forever?
Still suppress the rising tear,
God forsakes the righteous never.

Storms may gather o'er thy path,
All the ties of life may sever—
Still, amid the fearful scath,
God forsakes the righteous never.

Pain may rack thy wasting frame,
Health desert thy couch forever—
Faith still burns with deathless flame,
God forsakes the righteous never!

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### *BROOKS'S LETTERS.*

*From the Portland Evening Advertiser.*

BERNE, August 30, 1835.

It is cold here now. One ought to be in Switzerland in July. The days are becoming short. The blasts from the snowy Alps are chilly. The weather can never be too warm in this amphitheatre of the mountains. It requires great care of dress when one is coming from the warm Rhine, to move about and tarry in the little vales here, if he will avoid a cold, almost consequent upon what I have found to be the sudden change of the climate. The temperature here, of itself, is very fickle. *Now*, for a little while, it is uncomfortably hot. And anon a blast will chill you through. The Alpine snows undoubtedly cause these sudden changes.

My last letter left me, I believe, in rather a poetic spasm upon the dividing ridge of the Jura and the Alps. It was but a short walk from Soleure to Berne—from Canton to Canton—for the Cantons, States as they are, are not States of such extent as ours. I was in Berne at early evening, though I listened all along, popping my head into many of the strangely-built Swiss cottages, and making signs when words would not go. The funny costumes amused me much. In the Soleure Canton, the women wear a cap of black muslin, with outspread wings, that very much resemble the expanded wings of a bat; and even the little girls of ten years old have this head dress on. At Berne, the fashions are odder still. A hat, broad brimmed, of straw, tipping a little over the right shoulder, is the cap of the Bernese belle. You often see her, with her hair braided regularly and then fastened up in some fantastic tracery by a chain of steel to her bosom, under which is a corset of velvet, and over which is a neat linen covering, that gives her a very neat, although somewhat comic appearance. One cannot help remarking how the appearance of the women has changed, as he comes along. In Prussia, and all along the Rhine, after Holland was left, they were as ugly as—is necessary, to say the least; but when you get into Switzerland, you find that they begin to be prettier—and when you come here, you find them as pretty as you can expect, remembering that they work with the men in the open fields, and not only plough with them in the field, but use the flail in the barn with them also. Is it climate, or what is it, that causes this difference in personal beauty? Is it that a warm sun, while it often adds more charm in the vivacity of conversation, and the sprightliness of wit, often developing the person better too, detracts from the beauty of the complexion, and that a colder or moister climate bleaches, as it were, or polishes at least,—while, at the same time, it suffuses the cheek with the betraying blush of the tell-tale heart. My own countrywomen, as they live in the various latitudes, display various kinds of beauty; and while the men of the north differ in fact but little from the men of the south, the women of New England and of the south, almost seem to be a different race; one with a healthy, lively complexion, and the other with the more enchanting form; so that when a connoisseur can amalgamate them both into one, he has the representation of his *beau ideal* of female beauty.

I have been, since I came here, on an excursion from Berne Interlaken, and have looked at Hofuyl, the celebrated institution of Mr. Fellenberg. To give you a detailed description of this route, I should only weary you with an account of magnificent scenery, the very thing no man can describe, so as to impart his own impression to others. The town of Thune I passed—itself nothing remarkable, but with the most beautiful scenery all around it. You cross the Lake of Thune, and you come to Interlaken (*inter lacus*, for it is between two lakes). Where are not the English? for Interlaken is an English village, so thickly do the English crowd here to live for five francs a day, with a bottle of wine in the bargain, which in England of itself would cost five francs. This is the route that travellers take to go into the wilderness of the mountains of the Oberland. If I had a month to spend among the ice and hills, I could push on,—but as it is, I must go back to Berne. The institution of Fellenberg, so celebrated all over the world—just such a school as a free people ought to make free to every boy within our country—has been so often described, that I could add nothing to the description; for I had but an outside and a cursory view. I got back to the promenade of Berne,—the *Engi*, it is called, where the grand views of the Alps have been taken,—just as the sun was setting, and the glaciers of the Jungha were throwing back his rays, as if in scorn of his humbled power,—the whole Alps glittering with the reflection, but softened in the misty air—the Aar winding around the walls of the city, from which was the hum of many sounds, so confusedly heard as twilight comes,—the loud tinkling of the bells of many cattle in the neighboring pastures,—the tap of the garrison drum,—the loud, happy laugh of sporting youth as it raced over the green in plays, the like of what I had often seen at home;—all making a charming combination for the eye and ear, as one from fancy, and wanting only some circle of my own land to make me really happy. The promenades of Berne give it a right to claim to be one of the very prettiest places of the world. The Engi is one of the public promenades that has been built;—but there are two or three more with other views, that cost nearly as much as this. See, republicans, the lessons that republicans teach you here, as well as the absolutists of Prussia and Austria! A European subject would rebel, if his ruler did not give him his promenade.

I have so much to say of Berne, that I hardly know where to begin. To describe only its fountains, I should fill a letter—elegant fountains they are too, with curious devices often,—all named,—thickly stationed all along the streets, and offering water to all free from price—for pure water, you see, is another blessing that the people here insist upon. The fountains all over Switzerland, are, in fact remarkable;—and nothing is a greater ornament to a city, or so conducive to health, throwing the living water as they do into the very streets, and acting the scavenger as they sweep the filth away, as well as furnishing the best refreshing draught of life. There is a cathedral here, built in the Gothic style, and full of sculptured work. Science here has its collections also. The Muses and Minerva are not forgotten. All the mineral and botanical curiosities of the Alps are clustered here. Charity has its monument, and a proud one it is—the Hospital, the finest edifice in Berne. All, in fact, around and about, mark the city as one distinguished for taste, for learning, and for the many virtues that adorn the man, in spite of the vices that degrade him. I cannot say I like the streets made so sombre by hiding all the people on the walks; for they have so built their houses, over-arching the side-walk pavements that the streets may be full of people, and yet when you look out of the window, you see hardly one—all being thus kept from view, that are within the arches of the walks. This, and the ditch for the bears, in the environs of Berne, where two bears are kept, as we keep the eagle often, the emblem of our country, peculiarly distinguish Berne from other cities, in the little things at least—if the grand views and promenades, and the literary and scientific air that its great men have infused into society, did not distinguish it enough in things yet greater.

The Swiss Diet was in session, and I was glad to witness its deliberations, which, however, were all pantomime to me; and though the orators were not the Rosciuses of Cicero's era, so that I could put the rough sounds of German words with the other words that action often forms, and make out well what was going on. Now and then a delegate from French Switzerland would have a word to say, and he would throw a flood of light upon my benighted intellect; for I find that hunger and thirst, want and necessity, are teaching me French wonderously fast. Cantons will quarrel, I find, as well as States. There is a hubbub here about the money some Canton is to pay. I do not see how they make this one-wheeled government go. I should as soon think of putting a chair upon one leg as a government upon one assembly; not that there are not men enough in any one assembly to make ten times as many laws as are necessary, but that word *one* is a tyrant and a rogue, unless you tie him well. The deputies or representatives of the Cantons here wear swords as they sit around their legislative table, and they keep their seats, too, when they speak. I do not know but that both of these are excellent regulations. I am inclined to think there would not be so many blackguards in the world, if they felt that they were in danger of losing their ears for their impudence. To keep the seat when a speech is made, is a great aid to a sensible man's eloquence; for I have seen many a poor fellow who could talk admirably in his chair, lose all his eloquence the moment he got upon his legs. The electric spark seemed to run off there, as if by some conductor, and he would stutter and stammer, as if words were only given to bother what ideas he had—not to conceal his want of them, as in the case of orators in general. Johnson was eloquent in his chair; I venture to say he would have been dumb in the House of Commons. However, the Swiss can afford to have more oratory than we, for they have fewer machines in their Diet for the manufacture of it than we have even in our Senate, to say nothing of that floundering Leviathan, the House—that huge Pacific Ocean, full of spouting whales. The members of the Diet have another peculiarity. They wear hats or caps like the military, and cloaks of different colors, in the same garment, with the different arms of the different Cantons that they represent, upon them. I take it for granted, there is sense in all this; but *what* it is, you must find out, for I cannot tell you.

The religious divisions of society in the Swiss Cantons, while they teach a lesson of toleration, also teach a lesson of charity too, for the opinions of others. It is remarkable here, that for years, the religion of a district and a family, even within the small territory of a Swiss Canton, many of which are not so large as our counties, has been transferred from soil to soil, if I may use the expression, as well as from father to son; and the fact is also remarkable, that in all the Cantons these divisions exist, almost as Luther and Calvin marked them out. For example, you enter Basil almost protestant: Soleure, or Soluthum, the catholic has full possession of. But a few miles further, and the protestant name is all powerful in Berne. Freybourg, not far, is catholic again. Protestant comes next in the Canton of Vaud. Geneva, but a little further on, was the throne of Calvin, as it were—the cradle of the reformation. But change your Canton, and you change the religion of the State; and this you may do some three or four times on a Sabbath day! All is nearly as it was left by the tempest of that wild day, when the reformers shook the world. The people seem to have thought so deeply then, that they have not the heart to think again. As if a Vesuvius had exploded on them, they have been afraid to crater since. Do you wonder, then, that the Jew clings to his fond fancy of a coming Saviour, or that the Mussulman adheres to the religion of his father? Are men made to go in flocks? Do they love to herd? Are we so like the brutes? Do they never think? Or what is it that dots the world with one religion here, and another there, as government marks it out, or our fathers hand it to us? Politician, *de te fabula narratur*. There is no treason in that, if Latin it is; and in the smoke of it I will go on, a Swiss-hunting in Switzerland. B.

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### THE STARRY HEAVENS.

Let one, who, like Casper Hauser, has been immured in a dungeon for twenty five years, suddenly merge forth on one of those beautiful evenings with which we are so frequently favored, when the blue canopy of heaven is studded with ten thousand gems, varying in splendor from the almost imperceptible points in the galaxy, to the brilliancy of a Jupiter or a Venus. Let him, we say, be brought unexpectedly to this splendid sight, and what would be his admiration! And when he learns that human science can fully demonstrate that what he sees are other worlds, many of them more capacious than our own—let him also be told that the sun is nearly a hundred millions of miles distant, and that a scale to represent the distance of the nearest fixed star, Sirius, on which the sun would be represented only six inches from the earth, that star would be placed on the scale at the incomprehensible distance of a mile; let him be told that there are reasons for believing that some of the stars of the galaxy are a thousand times more distant than Sirius; and notwithstanding their apparent contiguity, as distant from each other as they are from the point in creation which we inhabit!—that those almost imperceptible sparks of light are the radiating points to other systems of worlds so far distant that human conception could never compass the intervening distance; and that to them our sun with its circuiting satellites of worlds, is but a speck in that galaxy which we behold extending through the infinity of space! at such a relation how would he wonder that the admiration of sublime discoveries of astronomy should only be excited when an eclipse occurs, or a wandering star dips into our system?

Such, however, is man. Although born into a world of wonders, endowed with a mind capable of soaring among the stars, yet partaking so much of the earthly matter from which he was first formed, that, like an incubus, it keeps him down from those sublime fields into which his inquisitive and admiring spirit would soar. There is, however, joy to him who loves the contemplation of the order, the economy and the magnificent structure of a universe of incomprehensible extent, in the anticipation of that time when the immortal mind, destined to an eternal existence, and capable of passing those portals of which we now dimly see only the outer walls in the canopy which surrounds us, is freed from all the clogs which now bind it;—in the contemplation of that time when those portals shall be thrown open, and the enlarged and enlarging mind be made capable of comprehending the mysteries and enjoying the scenes continually unfolding in that vast temple whose superstructure is no less magnificent and extensive than the galaxy whose brilliant walls are lighted up with the glory of the Almighty; whose canopy is his love; and whose eternal unfading pure riches, splendors and joys, "*it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive.*"—*Portsmouth Journal.*

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*The Chimpanzee.*—At the ordinary meeting of the Zoological Society for scientific business, held on Thursday evening, Wm. Yarroll, Esq., in the chair, Mr. Bennett, the Secretary, read some observations by Mr. Broderip, on the habits of this singular animal, which has recently been added to the collection at the gardens. It was brought from the south west coast of Africa, and the natives from whom it was obtained said that it came from about 120 miles in the interior. The mother was with it at the time it was taken, and was about 4½ feet in height. The animal in question is a male, about two feet in height, and supposed to be about a twelvemonth old. Whilst on his voyage to this country, he was very lively, manifested great attachment to the sailors, and was very active in climbing the rigging. When first seen by Mr. Boderip, he was sitting on the lap of a female, in the keeper's apartments, at the menagerie, and showed so much attachment to his nurse, that it was with difficulty he would permit her to go about her occupations, evidently considering her as his foster-mother. Any natural surface he was content with examining with his sight and touch, but any artificial substance he always submitted to the additional scrutiny of his teeth.

By his nurse he was familiarly called "Tommy," and his efforts in reply were like the vain efforts of a deaf and dumb person striving to articulate. When put before a looking-glass, his behaviour was exactly like that of an infant or savage placed under similar circumstances, endeavoring to ascertain by the touch if there were any thing behind. When offered a glass of sherry, he raised it to his lips, but drank a small quantity, as it did not seem to be agreeable to his taste. A cocoa-nut being presented to him, he threw it down several times successively upon the floor for the purpose of breaking it, anxious to get at its contents. To ascertain the effects of fear, a python was brought in a hamper in a room, at which he manifested the utmost horror and aversion, retreating to his keeper, and evidently seeking his protection. He is very partial to swinging, sitting like a child, and holding the rope on each side with his hands. His intelligence is evidently different from that of a dog, and more nearly approaches that of the human species. When at liberty he is very playful, and his expressive look shows an evident desire to court the good opinion of those who are in his company. He is remarkably docile and obedient to orders, and on one occasion having climbed up to a window and opened it, when it was feared that he would make his escape, on being called by the keeper by his familiar name, he immediately closed and fastened the window, and descended. His appearance is that of a wrinkled old man, and being dressed in a guernsey frock and little woollen cap; when in his cage having a singular propensity of holding his hands up to the ceiling, he was actually mistaken by a party who came to inspect him, for a plasterer engaged in repairing it. He has the inquisitiveness of a child, more than the disposition of the monkey tribe, and appears to possess the power of retaining the same idea longer, and directing his attention to one object with gravity for some time without wandering.—*London Times.*

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*Interesting to Drunkards—Novel Experiment.*—Jacob C. Hanson, a medical student of South Berwick, Maine, has published an account of a most singular experiment, tried by him in August last. It seems he had imbibed the opinion, that during a protracted fit of intoxication, the blood must be strongly impregnated with alcohol, and a favorable opportunity soon occurred for testing the truth of this conjecture. A habitual and confirmed drunkard came staggering into the office of the physician with whom Mr. H. was a student—his whole system had been saturated with rum for a fortnight, without cessation; during this time he had taken little food, and had swallowed *two gallons of rum* in the course of the previous five days. Mr. H. remarked that there was some danger of his perishing by spontaneous combustion, and observed to him that he might derive considerable benefit from being bled, giving it as his opinion that the blood was much encumbered with alcohol, and that he could ignite it. The patient requested to be bled, and the operation was immediately performed. From the odor which was perceptible to all present the moment the fluid followed the lancet, it was evident that it consisted of a mixture of blood and alcohol. A pint bowl filled with this fluid was handed to one of the spectators who ignited a match, and on bringing it in contact with the contents of the bowl, a conflagration immediately ensued, burning with a blue flame for the space of twenty five or thirty seconds.

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### BLOWING UP HOUSES.

The following article from the New York American, giving a detailed but eloquent account of the mode of applying gunpowder, and its effects, in setting bounds to the late conflagration in that city, will be read with interest, and, indeed, may have its uses elsewhere:

The blowing up of several stores with powder, during the late fire, with the view to arrest its progress, seems likely to lead to some questions respecting indemnity to those whose property was thus destroyed.

A communication from the Mayor setting forth the grounds on which he, with the concurrence of several Aldermen, directed the employment of powder for the purpose above referred to, was called forth by an application of Messrs. Cotheal, for compensation for injury sustained in their store, by concussion from the explosion in an adjoining store.

The rights and the remedies in this case, or others of a similar origin, it is not our purpose here to discuss—but in giving to our readers the letter of the Mayor, we feel it incumbent on us to add, that, having witnessed and assisted in the whole operation of blowing up the stores that were destroyed, we have the most thorough conviction that no other human means, but that of powder in the manner resorted to, would have checked the progress of the flames.

Broad street, and Pearl street west of Coentie's Alley, were, beyond all peradventure, saved from conflagration, by the blowing up of the stores in Garden street, that in Pearl street, and those in Stone street. The effect was so manifest, that none who witnessed it can doubt about it. Not less clear is our conviction, that a much earlier resort to powder would have been successful in preserving millions that, for the want of it were subsequently consumed.

It may not be uninteresting or without use to state the mode of proceeding adopted in blowing up the stores. Two barrels of powder, generally of 100 pounds each, were taken into the cellar of the devoted building and placed about the centre of it, at a small distance apart; the heads of the barrels were then knocked out, and a train, by means of planks, or long pieces of calico or linen, of which too many were lying about in the streets, was formed from the barrels to the exterior of the cellar door; on this, straw—of which the crates from the crockery stores supplied enough—was laid, and sprinkled plentifully with powder, the doors were then closed, and all persons desired to retire from the vicinity of the building, except the one who was to fire the train; this was done by laying a burning brand on the straw projecting from the cellar way, and on which, for a foot or two, no powder was sprinkled. After a few moments of intense suspense, a sudden flash, a rumbling explosion, a slight tremor of the earth, the audible shivering of glass windows for a hundred yards around, a dense cloud of sulphurous smoke, and a shapeless heap of ruins, told how well the work had been done. The effect of these explosions was not to project any thing at a distance, for in no one instance, probably, was a fragment of any size thrown from the buildings; but rather, as it would seem, to lift up and expand the walls—so that beams, floors, merchandize and roof, all fell in at once, and upon them, and covering them up, the walls themselves. Hence it was immediately perceived, that the danger apprehended by some, of killing and wounding many persons, by the materials which such explosions would, it was supposed, scatter far and wide, was not incurred, and that, moreover, from the compact heap in which the ruins laid, little or no additional aliment was afforded to the flames. Greater confidence was, therefore, felt in having recourse to such an expedient.

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*The Press.*—We live in an age of humbug. Any young fellow who has the command of a press and a dictionary—who has read Peter Porcupine, Jack Cade's History, Van Buren's Biography, or Benton's Speeches—who can pour upon you an avalanche of words without force or application—whose judgment is as thick as pudding—who talks of democracy while advocating monarchy, and has a few dozen hangers-on—sets up for an editor and an oracle, and grows more impudent as he sinks in public estimation and loses public support.—*N. Y. Star.*