Cambridge Chronicle.

VOL. X. NO. 6.

BY G. W. CALLAHAN. CAMBRIDGE, Md.---SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1836. WHOLE NO. 628.

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.

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THE GIPSY CHIEF.

By the author of "Douglass d'Arcy."

Years have done their work upon the once stately castle of the Barons of Nachstein; from dongon to battlement the destroyer has been busy. Where the high born and beautiful listened in blushing rapture to the whispered love of the high born and the brave, owls have their abiding place, undisturbed, save by the fierce blasts that find entrance by a thousand rents in the massive masonry. But though the castle is a gray and desolate ruin, and the last lord of the lordly race by whom it was tenanted for long ages, and defended against a thousand foes, has for more than a century lain as powerless as the meanest of his whilom vassals, the story of the fearful revenge which smote even *his* stern heart with a mortal pang, is remembered as freshly as though it related to the present day; and not a peasant in the neighborhood fails to tell it with good emphasis, and discretion to all those who are curious and courteous enough to listen to it in due silence, and with the due number and propriety of marvelling gesticulations.

Like many other gentlemen, both before his time and since, the lord of Nachstein was of a somewhat "winning" turn in his earlier manhood; moreover, he not only believed that "Jove laughs at lovers' perjuries," but he was also very strongly inclined to the opinion that his godship could by no means find a fitter subject on which to bestow his cachinatory contempt. And, accordingly, he vowed away at a great rate whenever he found a fair damsel inclined to take his vows for sooth; and lifted up his lordly brows in puzzled admiration whenever he was inconveniently reminded that he had vowed, and was solicited to perform his promises.

To many a rustic "Evelyn's bower" did this invariably "false lord" carry his "false vows," and by many a maiden were his eloquent falsities believed—and by precisely as many maidens were they in due time discovered to be indeed all "sound and fury, signifying nothing."

The last of the very many known amours of the baron was productive of much annoyance to him, and not of little peril; for the deceived damsel was as high spirited as she was beautiful, and instead of quietly sitting down to break her own heart—an operation which divers and sundry novelists opine to have so much attraction for unhappy ladies—she tried with exceeding good-will to break the heart of her deceiver.

The world—that is to say, several hundred persons resident within a few miles of the Castle of Nachstein—was favored with a full, true and particular account of her wrongs; the Baron could neither walk nor ride even upon his own demesne without encountering his fair annoyance; and, at length, the rather more serious argument of a bullet was addressed to him with such effect as to confine him to his chamber for many long weeks.

When he once more appeared abroad, Marguerite, the deserted and inveterate lady who had caused him so "much annoy," had altogether disappeared. Now, there is nothing more provocative of speculation than this disappearance. If our friends would demonstrably do *felo de see*, we could duly grieve for them, and in due time have just as hearty appetites, joyaunt times, and merry tales, as though said friends had never been in existence at all; or, at least, had departed life in the regular medicinal routine. But utterly to *disappear*,—to leave no trace of the way they have taken in the world or out of it,—to allow us vainly to search from the bottom of the deepest fish-pond to the summit of the most gigantic trees,—allow us, just as vainly to ask all sorts of people, from the youngest urchin to that inevitable bore, 'the oldest inhabitant,'—to allow us to be put to all this multifarious annoyance by simply disappearing, is, to say the least of it, exceedingly unfeeling of our friends, whose own experience ought to tell them that it is much pleasanter to be able to speak positively of a simple matter of hanging or drowning, than to be obliged to confess our want of knowledge of the whereabout of a mere "Disappeared."

Perhaps, however, there is something of a shrewd policy in people thus merely disappearing, especially if they have any particular fondness for being much and long talked about. For whereas persons who are unquestionably dead and buried are soon forgotten, those who have simply disappeared under mysterious circumstances, rarely fail to hold their places in the public attention for a considerable time, as will be evident to all those of our readers who remember how for five long years gossips talked, and our friends the newspapers affirmed and contradicted, regretted to say, and begged distinctly to deny, in the matter of a certain wild wag, who was all the while living a very jovial life at Paris;—neither gossips nor newspapers *now* saying a syllable about him, though scarcely a dozen moons have waxed and waned since his actual death and burial.

When the Baron once more made his appearance, Marguerite, as we related above, had ceased to make hers; a fact which was no doubt very annoying to those sight-loving persons who had for some time been speculating as to the particular kind of execution which would punish her instigation and abetting of the recent murderous attack on the Baron. But, however annoying the absence of Marguerite might be to these kind-hearted individuals, one would have supposed that it would, at the least, have seemed to be an extremely natural and simple case. Turn back to our digression, however, and it will be seen that the case was neither simple nor natural. A likely story! and the Baron, who used to be so gay, looking now so dull, so pale, so spiritless, and moping hour after hour in the long gallery, when he ought to have been gaily following the deer!

No! however many foes of the fair sex Marguerite had while vieing with the richest of them in gems and silks, and outvying the very handsomest of them in all the charms of personal feature and carriage, "poor girl!" was the worst word any of them had for her now; and as for the Baron, *he* had the pleasant reputation of being a whole series of tyrants, beginning with Blue Beard, who had a whole closet of assassinated ladies, and ending with the Duke of ———, who, it is quite undeniable, kept his beautiful lady for twenty-six years in a middling-sized band box o stone and iron. True enough it undoubtedly is, that when a gentleman has a bullet in his clavicle, the wound, and the surgeons together, may very fairly be thought capable of making him pale and disinclined to equestrian locomotion, without any aid from the emitings of conscience on behoof of butchered or imprisoned womanhood. So thought some few, but so did not think the many; and when after a very long absence from his hereditary castle, the Baron returned, accompanied by a beautiful and high born wife, elderly peasant women shook their heads solemnly and pitied the poor dear lady, who would assuredly be haunted first, and then murdered to preserve the secret of her dark husband's midnight sufferings.

To the great disparagement of the truth of prophecy, nothing of the sort occurred. The fair and lovely bride turned her large, dark, earnest eyes as lovingly and as happily upon her dark and somewhat war-worn lord when she had been wedded to him a full dozen of honey moons as she had done when first she saw him battle stained and wearied, but with the eye and voice of a leader whom *nothing* could subdue, as he returned from the sanguinary battle of ———.

* * * * *

"I thought it would be so!" was uttered by a thousand tongues, when it was learned that the only son of the Baron, that boy, whose birth cost his lovely mother her existence, had perished in the river that foamed over its rocky bed in the neighborhood of Nachstein.

In nothing are people so apt to be unanimous as in prophecying—after the fact. "I thought it would be so!" is the assurance of all by-standers in every case, from the crash of empires to the levanting of a juvenile guardsman; and those who had been much surprised that the Baronness was neither killed by her husband, nor spirited away from him by the ghost of Marguerite, appropriately attired in snowy white, were now quite convinced that both the lady and the child had been *doomed*, and that the Baron, too, would die after some very out of the way and summary fashion. For a time, indeed, *this* seemed to be very far from unlikely to be fulfilled; for the Baron, who had even yet not ceased to regret the wife he had so tenderly loved, and who had taught him the difference between the false love, he had once so glibly professed, and the true love, which can alone make its abiding place in the heart of man, had garnered up all his hopes in his fair boy, and had loved and *companioned* with him a truly touching and holy tenderness. And when the plumed cap and toy sword, fair hair adhering to the one, and the other bruised and battered by its rough contact with the precipitous rocks that lined the crawling river for many a league, were brought to him as the sad but too true tokens of the death of the last hope of Nachstein, the Baron literally, in the affecting language of scripture, "lifted up his voice and wept."

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We do not desire to pronounce dogmatically upon the subject, but if we may be permitted a modest doubt, we would venture to doubt about the possibility of breaking hearts. In the particular case of the Baron, though his grief was harrowing and sincere, it was never within half-a-dozen German leagues of breaking his heart. Contrariwise, when the first long, passionate agony of grief was surmounted, it *hardened* his heart; and many an emptied saddle during the wars, into which he now entered, heart and soul, bore witness to the strength of both his arm and his will in the amiable art of homicide upon a large scale. When the wars at length ended, and there was not a spot in Europe where there was any reason to hope for an early outbreak, the Baron retired to his castle, with little hope of finding in that solitude any of that delight upon which poets and other gentlemen, who know nothing of the thousand charms of hard riding, fighting, and fairing, are so want to talk mellifluous nonsense. It was, consequently, with not a little real delight that he learned, on arriving at his castle, that those picturesque vagrants, the Gipsies, who had already made themselves so much more free than welcome in other parts, had of late become both a pest and a terror throughout the domain of Nachstein, and many a league of territory around it.

"Thank Heaven!" cried the Baron, on hearing this intelligence; "here is at least some present occupation." And he spoke very truly; for the Gipsy Chief was so skilful, so bold, and so well versed in partisan warfare, that even the doughty Baron, to whom, for nearly twenty years, war had been at once the sole pastime and the sole business, the sole thought by day, and the sole dream by night, even *he* was not unfrequently fain to retreat before the robber horde.

* * * * *

"By God and by the Emperor! never!" was the furious reply of the Baron to the humble entreaties of the Gipsy embassage which besought him to spare their leader's life. "Never!" he shouted, "the dog shall hang at sunrise! Presumptuous beast!—This villiain has cost me two score of the bravest fellows that ever drew bridle. Away! and by him who made me, I will hang up the very next villain who shall come to repeat your entreaties." And the Gipsy embassage departed. * * *

"Your blood be upon your own heads!" were the parting words of the Baron to two Stalwart Gipsies, whom his followers were leading forth to instant execution, they having imprudently ventured to make a last effort to save their chieftain, even while the Baron was brooding fiercely upon the vow which had scarcely died from his lips, and, we fear, more than half wishing for an opportunity to show how sternly he could fulfil it.

And it *was* fulfilled to the letter: yet scarcely were the last agonies of the sufferers at an end, when a new gipsy appeared to dare their fate: to solicit the chieftain's liberation? Ah, no!

The moonbeams fell upon the ghastly and distorted features of the dead, whom his wrath had slain, as the gipsy, pointing to them with her long and withered fingers, *hissed* rather than whispered in his ear—"Ay! the tallest, the bonniest, the bravest—he, who scarce seems dead, as the passing cloud throws fitful shadows on his face—Ay! *He* is your Adolphus; your beloved and lost! *I* have made him thief and manslayer—what have *you* made him! Marguerite is revenged at last!"

That night, passed away from a troubled life the last of the lordly Nachsteins.

DR. HUMPHREY'S TOUR.

WOOLWICH ARSENAL.

Woolwich is a considerable town, finely situated on the south bank of the Thames. You have a good view of it as you come up the river from Margate. The site of the arsenal, near the water's edge, is low and flat; but after you have receded a few hundred yards, the ground swells into a beautiful and commanding eminence, upon the front of which the town is mostly built. From this elevation, you behold the river, alive with commerce and pleasure, as far as the eye can follow its winding; and beyond it stretch away the rich and verdant meadows, pastures, and wheat fields, till they meet the distant horizon.

As you enter Woolwich, by the London road, though the town is not fortified, every thing you see and hear reminds you that you are coming to one of the favorite seats of Mars. Long rows of cannon are planted perpendicularly, instead of wooden posts, by the sidewalks in all the streets. Sentinels are pacing slowly backwards and forwards before the public buildings. Over them a British ensign flutters proudly in the breeze. The sound of the drum and the bugle begins to be heard. Small detachments of recruits are seen moving in various directions; and the gleaming of polished steel, like the flames of sunlight through the rents of a thunder cloud, dazzle the eye.

A glance at the main arsenal, from the heights on which the barracks stand, shows you that it is an immense establishment; but so much of it is concealed by the high wall around it, that you can form no adequate conception what a fearful magazine of human slaughter it is, till you are admitted by the proper officer within the enclosure. The first few moments after you pass the gate, are moments of utter astonishment. You had read of the vast parks of artillery in the wars of Bonaparte, and as Woolwich is the principal British arsenal for land service, you had expected to see several hundred, or, possibly, some two or three thousand pieces of cannon, large and small, in the main yard. But instead of this, you behold acres of ground, covered with field pieces, and howitzers, and mortars, lying in rows side by side, as near to each other as they can be placed, with just room enough between the rows for one man to walk, in taking care of them.

I shuddered as I passed along, and thought, how all these open-mouthed instruments of death might, and probably would, be employed; and coming up to a small train of fine brass pieces, which were taken at the battle of Waterloo, I asked an officer of rank, who was standing by, how many cannon there were in this arsenal. "*Twenty seven thousand*," he replied coolly. So ignorant was I, in these matters, that I had hardly supposed there were so many in the whole British empire. Yet here they were before my eyes—*twenty seven thousand* pieces of ordnance, in this single enclosure—all now reposing peacefully in their places, to be sure; but ready to be waked up at any moment, and to pour forth such a storm of fire and hail, as nothing could withstand. And yet there were not cannon enough there, to satisfy the pride, or forethought, I know not which, of the government; for in the shops, they were casting, boring and turning new and beautiful patterns.

It is said, that when the allied sovereigns visited this arsenal, after the fall of Napoleon, they could not at first believe their own eyes. They suspected that the royal host of England intended to amuse them with the cheap deception of *wooden* imitations, till the ringing of the metal brass convinced them, that it was no ostentatious pageantry by which they were surrounded. Within this dread enclosure, as well as near the barracks, your attention is arrested by several guns of immense size, and nearly twenty feet long—the trophies of British valor, not only in Europe, but in Turkey, and other still more remote quarters of the world. There, too, you behold no less than *two million* of carcasses, bomb-shells and cannon balls, all neatly painted and piled up; and in one of the buildings, they show you *ten thousand* setts of artillery and dragoon harness, which might be put in requisition at an hour's notice.

SALE OF A YOUNG GIRL IN TURKEY.

From the freshening enjoyments of the bath I started off, with the Armenian guide for the Aurat Bazar; where, instead of robes and weapons, they deal in beauty and blood. The only being who there appeared to excite any degree of interest among the purchasers was a young Georgian, surreptitiously taken, several years since, from her native province, and brought to this city, where she was purchased by a Jew; who, to enhance her value, placed her in a situation where she had acquired many pleasing personal accomplishments. The violent death of her attentive proprietor, had, perhaps, hastened her disposal; at least, it was the cause of the sale's being more public than is usually the case where an individual, so sweetly recommended in her charms, is to be purchased. She appeared to be about fifteen years of age, yet, at that period, to have attained her full stature, and a maturity of form which after years may confirm but not improve. She had on an extremely thin and pliant robe, which every breath of the breeze that was stirring carried against her form, displaying its rich and graceful proportions. Her carriage was free, easy and winning, and betrayed a retiring consciousness of her exposed condition. There was something in her air which seemed to evince a slight sense of humiliation and sorrow; yet, so far from injuring her attractions, it gave them a cast of extreme delicacy and sweetness. Had she been trained exclusively in reference to this occasion, and taken the deepest interest in the issue, it is impossible to conceive in what respect she could have heightened the impression which her youth, beauty, and artless demeanor created.

Several of the Turks present appeared very intent on her purchase; they watched her slightest motion with that yearning fondness which one reveals when surveying a fascinating object that is only just beyond his possession. They presumed not to lay a hand even on the borders of her dress, or to lift the long thin veil that would have quite concealed her beautiful face, had she not permitted the ruffling air now and then to carry it partially aside. The female servants that attended her stood near by in respectful silence, and evident grief, at the thought of their separation from their young mistress. My eyes were so attracted to the rich flow of her chesnut hair, as it floated down her shoulders in long luxuriant festoons, and to the swimming softness of her large blue eyes, which her stirred veil occasionally disclosed, that I did not, at first, notice the excitement which a commencement of the sale had created among the bystanders. A number of offers were made, rising above each other in quiet succession, till the last, reaching twenty-seven hundred dollars, created for some time a breathless pause, when one of the company, stepping to the salesman, said something in a tone altogether inaudible, and the auction of charms closed. It was instantly rumored that the individual who had made the last and successful offer, was an agent of the Reis Effendi, who intended to make a present of this beautiful Georgian to the Sultan. This appeared to reconcile, in some measure, the unsuccessful competitors to their disappointment; though they turned away from the spot with the look of one who has lucklessly lost an invaluable treasure.—*Ship and Shore.*

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM EDWIN FORREST.

Letters have been received from Mr. Forrest as late as the 14th May, in which he mentions that he was in the enjoyment of excellent health, and about to visit England. We copy from the London Morning Herald a lively extract of a letter from Mr. Forrest to the editor of that print, relating to his visit to the ancient capital of Russia. Our gifted countryman, it will be seen, has not contented himself with following the ordinary track of those who go from this country to the old world, visiting merely the most interesting countries of Western Europe, but has made the entire circuit of that continent, with the exception of the Spanish peninsula, and has even wandered into Asia. Here follows the extract from his letter.—*N. Y. Eve. Post.*

Moscow, and Russian Power.—(Extract of a letter from a traveller.)—"Since I saw you I have been in strange lands, and seen strange sights. I have traversed the Baltic and the wide dominions of the ambitious Autocrat—crossed the Euxine and dipped into Asia and European Turkey—'kept due onwards to the Propontic and the Hellespont'—wandered amid the faultless fragments of the 'bright clime of battle and of song'—sailed by the Ionian isles—visited the chief towns of the Germanic Confederation, and here I am at last, safe and sound, in the ever gay capital of France. I thank Heaven my travelling in the 'Far East' is at an end. One is rather badly accommodated there in the way of rail-roads and steamers. However, take it all in all, I have every reason to be satisfied with the voyage, for there is no kind of information but must be purchased with some pains-taking, and one day I shall fully enjoy all this in calm retrospection from the bosom of the 'unpruned forest.' Yes, the sight of the city of Moscow alone, would amply repay one for all risks and fatigues at sea.

Never shall I forget my sensations when, from the great tower of the Kremlin, one bright sunny day, I looked down upon that beautiful city. The numberless domes beaming with azure and with gold, the checquered roofs, the terraces, the garden slopes, the mingling of all the styles and systems of architectural construction, now massive and heavy, now brilliant and light, and every where fresh and original, enchanted me!—and, I am free to confess, Russia astonished me. I have sailed down the mighty Mississippi—I have been in the dark and silent bosom of our own forest homes—I have been under the eye of Mount Blanc and Olympus—I grew familiar with Rome and with London, without experiencing the same degree of wonder which fastened upon me in Russia. I thought there to have encountered with hordes of semi-barbarians; yet I found a people raised, as it were, at once from a state of nature to our level of civilization. Nor have they apparently, in their rapid onward course, neglected the *means* to render their progress sure and certain.

And then, what an army, a million of men!—and all wearing the best forms of men, the best disciplined, and better able to endure the 'labored battle sweat' by their constant activity, the rigour of their climate, and their ignorance of all pleasures which serve to effeminate. The navy, too, though in an inperfect state, compared with the army, (in sailors, not ships,) will doubtless hold a distinguished rank. Only think of such a power, increasing every day—*stretching out wider and wider*, and all confessing one duty—obedience to the *will* of the absolute Sovereign. Though I am unskilled in 'political lore,' yet as we 'Yankees' assume the right to 'guess' upon all subjects, I 'calculate' your government had better keep a watchful eye upon the ermined Scythian, or he'll bother your commerce in certain quarters.—He hates both England and France, and his warlike attitude from Cronstadt to the Crimea, at least deserves attention from those who know how to appreciate peace and freedom. You will say this is all *stuff*, but you will think otherwise, when, in a short time, Nicholas shall have possession of Constantinople and the Bosphorus."

"O, mother," said a very little child, "Mr. S—— does love aunt Lucy—he sits by her—he whispers to her—and he *hugs* her."—"Why, Edward, your aunt does not suffer that, does she?" "Suffer it! yes, mother, she *loves* it."

From the Western Methodist.

REMARKS ON SOUTH AMERICA.

NO. I.

By Fountain E. Pitts.

How very great is the difference between the Northern and Southern scales of the American Continent! While the one with its virtue and independence, has become the glory and wonder of the world, the other has presented a scene of civil convulsion in every portion, and a history of bribery, bloodshed and revenge from the beginning; nor is there much hope that while their principles remain, these prospects will ever brighten. But what has caused this vast difference? Were not both portions of the continent peopled by Europeans about the same century? Are not the natural advantages of the South comparable to those of the North? Are not their rivers, productions, soil, climate, minerals and precious stones, equal if not superior to ours? And were not the Indians of South America more easily induced to yield to the superiority, and copy the customs of their European masters, than the tribes of our own forests? Why then is that country so many centuries behind; or what circumstance has made so wide the contrast? I believe the reason to be very plain to every observing man. Our fathers brought with them to this country the Protestant Religion, with the Bible written in the vernacular English, which they taught their children to read for themselves; whereas, the ancestors of the South carried with them the Romish Religion, with its blind mummery and galling tyranny, always acting up to the genius of their execrable imposture, that,

"Ignorance is the mother of devotion."

If our reasoning, then, be right, we justly conclude that that immense portion of our world will never be a permanent, enlightened or happy people, until they too receive the gospel of Christ in its simplicity and power, and the word of God in a plain and intelligible language.

Are there, therefore, any opening prospects of this desirable state of things amongst them? To learn this satisfactorily, I have been out in that hemisphere, and travelled and labored in three distinct governments: The Brazilian, the Banda Oriental, and the Argentine or Buenos Ayrean.

While it has been the policy of popery to guard its craft in the vicinity of the United States, by absolutely prohibiting any other religion from being introduced within the bounds of the Mexican government, in the Southern portions, where they are less fearful of the contact and influence of Protestantism, a more liberal state of things exists. They have been charmed by the fame of our freedom, and throwing open their ports to our commerce, already liberal principles are finding way into their form of Government, and in some cases actual provision has been made to tolerate and respect the free and unmolested exercise of a gospel ministry and a protestant worship.

RELIGION IN WASHINGTON.

Perhaps there is no place where Sunday disturbs so imperceptibly the even tenor of week-day customs and feelings. There is no holiness given to the time—or growing out of it. There is no peculiar solemnity or silence prevalent, as in the towns of New England. There is nothing like religion or prayer in the atmosphere. Still, I believe, the bells ring and the church doors are flung open. People put on their better dresses, and there is some gathering to the meeting house. Even the capital is let for *services*—but then they are more of a show than a sacred thing with a *majority there*—and as for the prayer and Bible reading that goes up from the great houses, or is bowed to in their parlors, I would give but little for it upon an average. Amusements on Sunday seem to be the religion of children—especially among the blacks. You may walk the Avenue from the Capitol to the White Palace, upon that day, and you will find yourself compelled to thread your way through many a party of noisy and cursing boys.—No care seems to be taken of them, and the lessons which they gather from too many of their elders, in the way of gambling, if all things are true, will have no tendency to make them what they ought to be. The truth is, General Government and morality are two things that have no particular sympathy, under any sky. I would not be particularly severe upon our own country—but I would not, on the other hand, believe in any peculiar purity which the character of its institutions imparts to the public sentiment or public manners. We are wicked enough, in all conscience; and, if we disguise the sin a little more than other nations, I have no idea that we shall arrive at any better issue, or that we deserve any better description. We ought to be more aware of this all over the land. We have a suspicion, quite general among us, amounting almost to a faith—that we are a peculiarly religious people. There never was a greater mistake. We are only *doctrinal*. We excel in that—but we are no more pious than any other population with equal Christian advantages.—*Am. Traveller.*

New Silver Mines.—The metallic lustre of the scales of fishes is found to be due to the presence of silver, of which there is the 1200th part of a grain in the scale of a carp.