L. D. Tackle

The Cambridge Chronicle.

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

NEW SERIES—VOL. 2. CAMBRIDGE, MD.—SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 27, 1839. NUMBER 42.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY

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TERMS.

THE CAMBRIDGE CHRONICLE is published every *Saturday Morning*, at TWO DOLLARS & 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 publisher; and the failure to order a discontinuance previously to the expiration of the time already subscribed for, will be considered a new engagement.

Single papers can be had at this Office, for six and a quarter cents, each.

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

☞ *All letters addressed to the Editor, must be post paid*

JULY.

A RETROSPECTIVE GLANCE.

The brilliant success that has attended the movements of EMORY & CO., dursng the present year (1839) has truly been unprecedented having sold no less than

10 capital prizes

since the 1st of January, ranging from

$30,000 to $50,000

for all of which the CASH has been paid on demand, as is ever the case with all Prizes sold by EMORY & CO.,

Determined not to relax in their efforts but to remunerate those who have hitherto been unsuccessful in their adventures. EMORY & CO., beg to present for the month of July one of the most splendid series of Schemes that has appeared for some years. Their office [2 CALVERT ST.] has now been established for the last 10 years and that Promptness and Punctuality have ever marked all transactions of EMORY & CO.,

☞ Bear this in mind Delay not, but forward your orders Carefully Addressed to

EMORY & CO.
No. 2, Calvert Street, Baltimore.
REMEMBER No. 2.

100

Prizes of 1000 dollars.

Virginia Wellsburg Lottery, Class 1 for 1839—To be drawn at Alexandria, Va., July 27, 1839—75 Nos. 12 drawn.

GRAND CAPITALS.

$30,000. $8,000.

4,000 Dollars! 3,000 dollars!
2,500 dollars! 1,017 dollars!
100 prizes of $1,000!
10 of 500! 20 of 300! &c.
Tickets 10 dollars.

A certificate of a package of 25 Wholes will be sent for $130—Shares in proportion.

EMORY & CO.,
No. 2, Calvert Street, Baltimore.

POSTSCRIPT.

Sccess Unprecedented!!!
36 61 72 the Capital of
16,000 dollars!!! (Share.) and 4 40 67 the brilliant prize of 4,000 dollars!!!

Whole Tickets, in the large lottery, was sold by EMORY & CO. Beat this who can. Besides this we sold to citizens and per letters to distant adventurers five prizes of 2,000 dollars, each in all making the splendid sum of 29 thousand dollars in prizes. Prizes distributed by fortune's favorites EMORY & Co. See one and all the brilliant Schemes now advertised—and for the Grand Capital Prizes forward without delay to all lucky.

EMORY & Co.
No. 2, Calvert st. Balt.

Drawing of the Alexandria Lottery, class 4, drawn Sune 15. Lowest prize $20.
11 15 4 67 40 47 72 36 61 23 27 5 28 56

Those tickets having on them		11 & 15 each	$180
"	"	4 & 15	160
"	"	4 & 67	150
"	"	40 & 57	140
"	"	40 & 46	130
"	"	47 & 72	120
"	"	36 & 72	100
"	"	36 & 61	75
"	"	23 & 61, or 23 & 27	60
"	"	5 & 27, or 5 & 28	50
All others with two numbers			40

June 29th, 1839. tf

Chancery Sale.

PERSUANT to authority derived from the Hon. Theodorick Bland, Chancellor of Maryland, I will sell to the highest and best bidder on

Monday the 5th day of August

next, all the interest of Richard Phillips, deceased which is one undivided half, in the following tracts te wit.

Bonwell's Regulation or Hall Seat, 54 Acres.

"Friends Assistance," 50 Acres.

The sale will take place at the Court House door, in Cambridge, between the hours of 11 & 12, M.

The terms as prescribed by the decree are one fourth cash on the day of sale, the balance in six and, twelve months from the day of sale, all bearing interest with bond and security approved by the trustee.

H. PAGE, Trustee.

July 6th, 1839. tds

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

THE WHITE CROSS.

A BRAZILLIAN STORY.

BY LIEUT. COXE, U. S. ARMY.

The course of true love never did run smooth.

In all the bay and harbor of Rio de Janeiro, so often described by travellers as one of the most capacious, and certainly the most beautiful in the world, no portion is so beautiful or possesses so much of the romantic and picturesque as Botafogo Bay, one of the many parts which unite to constitute the beauteous whole first mentioned.

Brazil, justly styled the garden of the world, has no spot equally fair with this, and while wandering midst its verdant fields and in the depths of its forests, where

"nor dint of hoof nor print of foot
Lay in the wild luxurious soil;"

a traveller might well imagine he had at last reached the spot so long sought after, where our first father saw and wooed the fairest, first of women, Eve.

To return, however, to the Bay of Rio, completely shut in on three sides by lofty hills and mountains covered with perpetual verdure, high among which the towering corcovado rears its head, like a blasted pine in a grove of beauty; groves of orange trees, filled with the "golden apple" scattered in every direction by the tasteful and profuse hand of nature, give a rich beauty and softness to the scene, while in bold relief are seen the massy Gavia and the well known sugar loaf, nature's hand-marks, to guide the weary mariner to the "haven where he would be;" all that is wanting to complete the picture is the massy fort of Santa Cruz, "bristling horribly" with

"those mortal engines, whose rude throats
The immortal Jove's dread clamors counterfeit,"

and presenting an impassible barrier to the entrance of the harbor, at the mouth of which it is situated.

The shores of Botafogo Bay are lined with villas of surpassing beauty and neatness of architecture; among which stands pre-eminent that of the late beautiful Countess of Santos, a monument at once of the frailty of its fair occupant and the munificence of her imperial lover, Pedro the First.

I have been thus particular in the description, or rather in this poor attempt at description, of this lovely spot, from its being the scene of the events I am about to narrate; and as the facts upon which this "o'er true tale" are founded, did actually occur. I might in compliance with the long observed rule of scribbling, premise, "that the actors in the drama, or some of them, being still alive, delicacy forbids me to disclose their names, etc." Such, I believe, is admitted to be a privilege of long standing, and I might be disposed to avail myself of it, but for the simple reason, that I do not know the real names of any one mentioned in my story, although I once heard them; nor do I know whether they are alive or dead, but I think I hear my fair reader exclaim, (while more than half inclined to throw away this nonsense,) the story, sir, the story; thus, then it is:

In the year 18—; but before I proceed any farther, I ought to tell you how I became acquainted with the facts I relate, and begging the pardon of any one, whose patience has accompanied me thus far, for drawing a little more upon their stock thereof, I will, in as brief a way as possible, state the how, when and where.

It was on an evening of surpassing loveliness, such as is no where seen but in the tropics, that after having spent a day of solitude in my hammock, trying by inactivity and passiveness to escape the heat, as the thermometer had been playfully ranging from 90° to 100° in the shade, with no society but my Byron, my own thoughts, (poor company, I think I see you preparing to remark, so that I will save you the trouble by confessing it myself,) and though last, by no means least, a choice "Havana," the which I can confidently recommend to every one, as the greatest of luxuries in a warm climate, where was I, oh! I had just got out of my hammock, (another luxury,) and determined to enjoy to the utmost the coolness of the evening, I entered my canoe, and with my only attendant, (cook, valet, and chambermaid, "trio juncta in uno" as Sheridan said) paddled down the harbor from my cottage on the Island of Cobras, until we arrived at the mouth of Botafogo Bay, which we entered; whilst paddling round the bay and resigning myself to the control of spirit engendered by the fairy like appearance of the scence, I observed a *white cross* painted upon the rocks, which near the entrance of the bay, reach to the water's edge.

Having never before noticed it, I was considerably astonished at the sight, as these crosses are usually the "memento mori's" of some murder that has been committed on the spot where they are erected, and I could not believe that the hand of the assassin would have invaded a sanctuary like this.

On inquiry, I gained from my companion, a venerable Brazilian, the following particulars, which I give you rendered into English, and stripped of numerous digressions on his part, during the narration, which would most certainly not interest you, any more than I fear mine have.

In the year 18—, the Martini place which was located a short distance from Botafogo bay, in the direction of the city of Rio de Janeiro, was not more celebrated for its grandeur and magnificence, than for its owner, the Marquis Junan de Martini;—cold, haughty, and reserved in his manners, he was liked by no one; secluded almost altogether from the world, he appeared to feel no interest in any one around him, and but for one circumstance, the fact of his existence even would have been forgotten, so rarely did he appear in public. Like Jephta, he had one fair daughter, and her he did indeed love passing well.

Isabel de Martini had long been celebrated as the fairest of the fair, in the imperial city of St. Sebastian; her dark eye beaming with intelligence, was surmounted by a brow of perfect symmetry, and her raven locks playing loosely about her sculptured neck, gave her an almost elf like appearance. Beauty cannot be described, and any description would fall short of what Isabel really was; let every one draw from his imagination for her image, for she was lovely as imagination can conceive; would that I could do so, but although a worshipper of the fair daughters of Eve, almost to idolatry, I never yet could transfer their charms to paper: suffice it then to say, that among all the dark eyed beauties of this sunny land, who stand unrivalled both for form, and face, Isabel de Martini shone pre eminent. Many were the admirers, and among them many of the proudest nobles of Brazil, who had sued for the honor of her hand, and all in vain; to all she turned an inattentive ear, and if the truth must be told, the fair Isabel was just the least in the world of a coquette, and however much her vanity might be flattered by seeing her train of admirers swelling with the noble and the rich, she passed along unmoved by any, "fancy free."

Pass over a year in the life of our heroine, and go with me to the shores of the bay I have described to you; the moon was shining with its silvery light upon the still waters of the bay, which clearly as a mirror, reflected all around it, yet no object was reflected half so fair as the forms of Isabel and a young man, who, with his arm around her was gazing on his companion with an expression of the deepest affection. Long they walked, and if we do not give you the subject of their conversation, it is for the two fold reason, that being lovers, it was necessarily of a character uninteresting to a third person, and moreover, I did not hear a word of it; time flew, but still they strolled along the tranquil margin of the bay, and it was the lady who first observed the lateness of the hour, and spoke of returning.

"Do not detain me longer," she said, "indeed, indeed, Fernando, I must leave you; my absence will be remarked, and though for myself I care not, still your safety as much as my own, demands that we should be prudent; indeed we must separate, but 'tis only till to-morrow."

"Dearest Isabel," replied her lover, "how can I ever sufficiently repay you? you, the admired of all, the loveliest of your sex, thus to brave all for me—and must we part? would that the time were come, when we will fly together far from this hated place, and secure from all pursuit, live only for each other."

"Once more, then," said Isabel, "good night; for my sake, be careful of yourself, and remember that my existence is dependant upon yours. God bless you, good night."

The youth folded her in his arms, and hastily impressed a kiss upon her brow, which was of a marble paleness, and then releasing her, the maiden disappeared among the rocks; he gazed after her for a few moments, then casting off the fastening of a canoe, which lay concealed in a small cove beneath, he sprang into it, and rapidly plying his paddle, in a very brief space he reached the opposite shore, and disappeared. As the scene just described may appear a little strange to those whose patience has carried them thus far, it will be proper to state the particulars of the acquaintance which had arisen between our heroine, and the evident object of her choice.

At a public ball given by the Emperor, to which not only the nobility, but all the respectable inhabitants of Rio were admitted, the fair Isabel was as usual the cynosure of all admiring glances; and while to all their flattering speeches she turned an inattentive ear, she was much struck with the appearance of a young stranger, who although not belonging to her own rank in life, was evidently one of "nature's noblemen," and she secretly acknowledged to herself that had any of her previous admirers but resembled him, her heart had not been so difficult to subdue;—never had she experienced such sensations as those which now possessed her, and she was pleased, although unable to define the cause, to observe that he was evidently gazing upon her with an eye of sincere admiration.

He was the son of a captain in the Imperial Army, who had fallen in the service of his country, and had left his son wholly dependant upon his own exertions for support. Long had he gazed with admiration amounting to idolatry, upon the lovely Isabel, whom he had often seen in public; never before, however, had been thrown so directly into the society of one, whom, he felt, to see was to love; and now that he could at leisure gaze upon those charms, he resigned himself to the control of his passion, and with a thrill of transport, observed that his admiration was noticed, and was evidently not disagreeable to its object. The last person noticed by Isabel, on leaving the ball, was the stranger, whose eyes were still intently fixed upon her, and if a responsive glance from her met his eye, who shall blame her?

In this country, where intrigue is the chief business of life, but little difficulty occupied in his conveying to his "lady love" the intelligence that he lived but for her; and it would be tedious to narrate the manner in which he obtained his first interview with her. The greatest difficulty which arose was respecting the place of meeting, until chance disclosed to them a path leading through the mountains from the Martini palace to the bay; there in the face of heaven, alone, the lovers met in the still hour of midnight, and with the resplendent moon, and all the heavenly "isles of light" alone for witnesses, told their love, and spoke of future happiness.

Much difficulty attended their meetings, as it was necessary for Isabel to await the retiring of all the family, before she could leave her chamber, which she was enabled to do by means of a private door, communicating with the garden.—Anxiously would she remain in the solitude of her apartment, until the entire cessation of noise within the house, bade her fly to her appointment; then in her lover's arms, with no thought for aught on earth save him, in whom were centred all the resistless feelings of her heart, would she be for a time completely happy; as few will deny, that the enjoyments (and especially those of this description,) of which we partake by stealth, are more intense than those which we possess sanctioned by all around us.

Thus had they met in secret, for several months, and now only awaited the sailing of a vessel, whose captain (convinced of the propriety thereof, by the argument of a well filled purse) had consented to receive them on board, and carry them to some distant land, where secure from opposition, and revenge, they might be happy in each other. But I am delaying the catastrophe too long, and will forthwith proceed to the denouement.

To enable Isabel to carry into effect her plans for meeting her lover, it had been necessary for her to make a confidante of a servant, whom she believed to be devotedly attached to her; avarice, however, reigned triumphant in her soul, and she betrayed the secret to her mistress' father, for a sum of money. His rage at learning the disgrace thus brought upon his house, for as such he considered it, cannot be described.

I felt, but cannot paint his rage,

He determined at once upon a terrible revenge; that he might be certain of the fact, he had followed Isabel on this, their last night of meeting, and unseen, had been a witness of the lover's interview; he could scarcely restrain himself from at once rushing upon, and destroying the devoted lover, but he did so, and returned to his palace with the fixed resolve, that this meeting should be their last.

On the following night, he took measures to detain his daughter in conversation for an hour beyond the appointed time, and several of his servants were stationed at the place of meeting with orders to assassinate the unfortunate object of his wrath, on his arrival.

At the appointed hour, Fernando hastened on the wings of love, to meet his mistress; another night of beauty seemed to hallow his intent: nature was at rest, and the bright moon shone coldly down, only to light him to his death: with a light heart he entered his canoe, crossed the bay, and arrived on the opposite shore, before he had time to notice and wonder at the absence of his mistress, the assassins' dagger were in his heart; he died with her name upon his lips, and leaving him where he fell, the murderers fled.

The moment that Isabel could disengage herself from her father, she hurried to her room, and regardless of her former caution, flew to her appointment; her father watched, and at a distance followed her; she soon reached the spot, and oh! what a sight of horror met her eye! her lover, whom she last saw in all the radiant pride of beauty and of youth, now lay dead before her, pierced with many wounds, and covered with his blood; she threw herself frantically beside him, hoping that some spark of life might still be unextinguished. Such hopes, however, were in vain, and as the thought flashed upon her that she had been betrayed, she gave herself up entirely to the horror and anguish of the moment; it was but for an instant, however, for rising rapidly, she rushed with a frantic scream to the water's edge, and throwing herself into the depths beneath, which possessed no terrors for her, she sank to rise no more.

Her father had followed her to enjoy the sight of the betrayer of his house, (as he supposed,) lying dead before her, and to upbraid his daughter with the dishonor she had brought upon him.—He was too late, he arrived but in time to see her sink beneath the wave.

The waters wild, went o'er his child
And he was left lamenting.

The cross I saw is the sole monument to the unfortunate lovers. Such is the story I listened to, and I only regret my inability to do it greater justice; such as it is, however, it is true, and many of the inhabitants still can tell of the surpassing beauty and tragic end of the fair and unfortunate Isabel de Martini.

St. Augustine, East Florida, April 20th, 1839.

The Encounter.

The tuneful morn arose with looks of light—
The ear that drank her music's call was chill:
The eye that shone was seated in endless night:
And cold and still
The pulses stood that 'neath her gaze were wont to thrill.

N. C. BROOKS.

EVERY village which has seen its third generation, and every public building which has survived the peltings of a half century's storms, claim as a part of their natural possessions, a larger or smaller portion of legendary lore. It is the powerful principle of association which imparts its interest to the antique dwelling or dismantled tower; and as we gaze upon them, the imagination pierces the mist of the past and enlivens the scene with beings of its own creation. We go back to years long since commingled with the ocean of eternity, and see the busy actors of life's drama, as they performed their parts in the particular acts assigned them; and although they have flitted off the stage, the atre of their performance is still before us. It affords us pleasure even when we are thrown solely upon our imagination for persons and incidents to complete the scene: but the effort is less when we are supported with the principal events by history or tradition.

No public building, perhaps, of the same age, affords as much food to the lover of incident, as a college. Changing its occupants every year; its inhabitants collected promiscuously from all ranks of society, and possessing every possible shade of character and temperament,—its history must necessarily be diversified. If the walls of our older institutions had tongues, how many thrilling tales of high anticipations, youthful effort and blasted hopes, night they disclose! I have often listened to the breeze as it sighed through the long halls of our building, and imagined that it bore to my ear the merry peals of laughter which have rung through its chambers, mingled with the low sighs of many a hardened heart which has told its sorrow to that heedless breeze.

There is one tale of grief connected with our *alma mater*, which has floated among us as a constituent part of her earlier history. About thirty years ago, among the many who were here engaged in the enthusiastic strife for literary acquirement, there were two young hearts whose warm currents have long since been frozen in death. The rising sun of their hopes was early shrouded in a dark cloud which cast a melancholy shadow over the history of their lives. T—— of Kentucky, was a young man of respectable parts, but bold, passionate, and supercilious. Although his talents might have gained him respect, his disposition created an aversion to him among his companions and fellow students. He had that haughtiness in his carriage which is always sure to render a member of a society, as united as that of a college, disagreeable and unpopular. In the assignment of chambers he obtained as his room-mate a young gentleman who differed as much from him in disposition as the zenith does from the nadir. C—— was a quiet gentle soul. He possessed those qualities which secured him. Although in delicate health, and generally pensive and retiring, the natural kindness and warmth of his feelings which gushed up like a full spring, endeared him to every one who formed an intimacy with him. As they differed so much in their disposition, it is not to be expected that their mutual company would be agreeable. For some time, however, the restraint which a slight acquaintance imposed, prevented an exhibition of impropriety on the part of the former, or uneasiness in the latter, but as they became more familiar, the spirit of T—— showed itself in unkind treatment to his room-mate. The sensitive heart of C—— could not brook the continued injury and unjustifiable abuse which was heaped upon him day after day. The presence of his insulter rendered his room the most disagreeable place on earth to him, and when absent his mind brooded over the incurable wounds which had been inflicted upon him. We gave T—— warning that a continuance of his conduct would be visited with retribution, but still he presisted in the same treatment which he before observed. In an evil hour C—— sent him a note, demanding GENTLEMANLY satisfaction. The challenge was accepted, and the necessary preliminaries arranged.

* * * * * * * *

Day was just dawning, and the pencil of light which streamed across the eastern horizon, proclaimed the rising morning. The stars had not yet ceased to be visible. The citizens of our quiet town were yet wrapt in the arms of sleep. To a verdant lane within sight of the college, two small groups of persons were seen to move.—There was a solemnity in their deportment which indicated that the occasion which called them out was not one of a lively nature. They moved with a firm, decisive step, as though nerving themselves to receive some sudden shock, or witness a painful catastrophe. They stopped when they reached the lane, and a few minutes were spent in conversation,—quck and hurried.—as though they feared that some superior force would suspend their operations. It was a duel scene. The ground was measured, the frail form of C—— and the tall person of T—— took their assigned station as the principal actors in the tragedy about to be enacted. Their weapons were handed them, and each intent upon the horrid purpose of taking his brother's life, prepared to send his stained soul into the presence of a pure God.

It was a moment of dread suspense. Hearts were beating then which might soon cease to pulsate forever. The shrine of many a holy affection and feeling, which if properly cultivated would have led them to honor and happiness, might soon be irreparably destroyed. The sun which should soon salute the earth with his blessed light, would look upon the happy homes of their childhood, where they had been caressed by the fondness of parents and friends, and where still remembered with the kindest solicitude.—Perhaps his first rays would greet an affectionate mother in her chamber, mingling the most fervent petitions for her son's happiness with her morning orisons; and that son might be lost to her for ever. With quick succession, such thoughts passed through their fevered brain. A moment—a report—and the deed was done. C—— was wounded and fell, The remainder of the party, influenced by a dastardly cowardice which deserves to be branded, fled with precipitation.

There lay the dying one, ALONE. The stream of his heart's blood was gurgling through the wound, and as he fell with his head down a declivity, it rushed through his throat choking him with its warm current. It was vain to struggle with death. He had challenged the monster to the combat, and now felt his inability to meet him. And then to die in SUCH a situation!—with no kind friend to support the drooping head, and wipe the death-damp from the brow. Doubtless as he entered the dark avenue to the other world, fond memory presented the bright images of past joys of kind sisters, of affectionate friends. In vain the earth put on her vernal robe,—he had looked upon her beauties for the last time. It is painful to be ushered into the eternal world under any circumstances; but how terrible it is when we rashly tear aside the curtain which veils that future state of existence from us, and read upon the broad orb of eternity, our own condemnation.

A melancholy fate is recorded of T——.—Warned by the spirit of his murdered companion, he left his native country, and sought to banish his painful feelings by visiting foreign lands.

Cœlum non animum mutant, qui trans mare currunt. The image was still before him: it abode with him in private, followed him in public, and glared fearly upon him in his midnight dreams. It preyed upon his mind until settled dejection took place, which finally terminated in decided insanity. A wild maniac, he roamed over Italy, The balmy breath of her zephyrs brought no calm to his soul; he regarded not the famous softness of her sky. He, who had been nursed upon the lap of luxury, depended on the cold charity of those to whom he was bound by no tie but that of common humanity spirit was broken, and the proud superstructure of his mind was a desolate ruin. He laid him in that stranger land, where no kind friend could pen his epitaph.

Dickinson College. D.