The Cambridge Chronicle.

CCLESTON,] "LIGHT FOR ALL." [Editor & Proprietor

S—VOL. 7. CAMBRIDGE, MD.—SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 25, 1843. NUMBER 9.

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DAY MORNING

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blessings in twinkling star,
one so pure and so serene,
in were from its bright home afar.

Then memory with its majic power,
Unveiling all the past;
Recalled each joy each happy hour,
Too blest, too pure to last;
The friends I lov'd in childhood's day,
Whose hearts now beat no more;
The eyes that shone with friendship's ray,
Whose lustre now is o'er.
I thought upon my spotless youth,
That sunny, cloudless hour,
When on my heart the star of truth
Shed all its radient power,
And then I thought upon the cloud,
That hung upon my brow;
That once with youth's bright visions glow'd,
So sad, so dreary now.
I thought again—a stormy day
Will oft grow calm at night;
So all life's clouds may pass away,
And leave our sky as bright.
And oh! a wish then crossed my breast,
Upon that glories even,
"To flee away and be at rest,"
With friends long since in Heav'n.

From the Louisville Journal.

TEACH ME FORGETFULNESS

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

Oh teach me forgetfulness, teach me to cast
From the depths of my spirit all thought of the past;
My hopes you have blighted; within my sad heart
There lingers but memory—Oh bid it depart.
You have taught me to look on the past with regret,
And weep for the future, but not to forget.
You have taught me my love and my folly to rue;
Why did you not teach me forgetfulness too?

Oh teach me forgetfulness, bid me control
The thoughts, the wild thoughts that have enter'd my soul;
I thought your wild passion an innocent flame
That would lift me above, not degrade me to shame;
I thought—but enough—the deep folly is o'er,
I would turn from the past, and remember no more;
You have taught me my love and my folly to rue,
Then teach me, oh teach me forgetfulness too.

Oh teach me forgetfulness—little I thought
That in seeking my heart 'twas its ruin you sought;
I thought you had won my fond spirit away
To love me, to bless me, and not to betray.
Alas that such musings should sadden me yet;
My heart is all memory—oh bid it forget;
You have taught me my love and my folly to rue,
Then teach me, oh teach me forgetfulness too.

AMELIA.

From the Liverpool Standard.

THE WORLD OF NATURE AND FEELING.

How many types doth nature yield
Of Feeling's fitful life;
How oft its mirror hath reveal'd
Passion's repose and strife!
How many hidden prophecies
Its hidden pulses tell;
How oft its thousand mysteries
With feeling's essence swell.

Nature hath Spring to wake the ground
To sunny life awhile;
Summer, that kindly sheds around
The incense of its smile;
Autumn, whose hand its treasures yields—
Creation's rich supply;
Winter, whose livery clothes the fields
When softer seasons die!

So feeling hath its youthful spring,
When fancy's budding rise—
How soon those buds expansion bring,
From Passion's summer skies!
Then autumn round its presence throws
With rip'ning powers embued;
And winter's taming, hoary snows,
The changing tale conclude!

Look over Nature's varied face,
Each living feature scan;
Her rivers, deserts, oceans trace—
Where'er hath travell'd man;
The bubbling fountain, placid pool,
And foaming whirlpool see;
The mountains glen, serene and cool,
And Ætna's mystery.

Now, Feeling's open chart survey,
Where Fancy may behold
The features stern, and soft, and gay,
That Nature's scenes unfold.
What passions from their secret source,
There, into being wake!
Now, like the whirlpool, fierce and hoarse,
Now, like the smiling lake!

What streams of thought, profusely, there,
Their devious journeys roll,
Whose mingled waters form and share
The ocean of the soul!
Here, mountains rear their lofty head,
There, humbler feelings hide,
And here, volcanic passions spread
Their burning, lava tide.

No part of Nature's pictured mind
The human eye can see
That fancy's vision may not find
In Feeling's parody.
Nor let the breath of censure cold,
Pronounce these dreamings wild;
This truth the myst'ry will unfold—
Feeling is Nature's child!

J. M. L.

Liverpool, Sept. 20, 1833.

☞ The subjoined article, which is very spiritedly and graphically written, is to be taken as a glance into futurity, and as a sketch, not of what has happened, but of that which, in the writer's opinion, is likely to occur. It is an anticipation of war and glory, for the sake of the Key to the Mexican Gulf, and whether the reader has the same expectations or not, he will at least derive gratification from the vivid manner in which our correspondent fore-shadows a naval row, with all the appliances of recent invention—with steam and Paixhan guns.—*Pennsylvanian.*

"Coming events cast their shadows before."

The Great Battle off the Havana.

Far above the parapets of the Moro Castle, like a pyramid of clouds, towered the white swelling sails of a man-of-war of the largest class. From her peak streamed forth in ample folds, a well known flag, upon whose azure field sparkled the stars of a Constellation, increasing every day in lustre. The dark hull of this gigantic warrior passed out of the bay, and majestically bowed to the swell which now heaved in from the broad ocean against her bright cleaving bow, which scattered aside the opposing fluid into jets of milk-white foam and spray.

Every thing about this magnificent craft was trimmed with nautical precision. Her bright sides bristled with a triple array of heavy artillery. As if by magic the tower, and lighter sails aloft, were furled to the yards; and like a gladiator stripped for the fight, this grim warrior was prepared to battle with her country's foes or ocean's storms.

Upon the quarter-deck of that ship stood the veteran commander, calm and collected. For a moment he cast a hasty glance aloft, then gave a brief but stern order to an officer near him, and again was calm and absorbed in meditation.

'What's the report, sir?' he said sharply to the officer who had returned. 'Is our squadron in sight?'

'Yes, sir, hull down but coming on with a spanking breeze.'

Almost within hail, a fleet of men-of-war were slowly approaching under easy sail. The leading vessel, a seventy-four, carried the Admiral's flag, whilst the cross of St. George waved over the tafferel. The American lay broad-side on to the British cruiser, her mainsail hove to the mast. The same manœuvre was performed by the British man-of-war, and those two ocean cavaliers, at the distance of some hundred fathoms apart, as if in knightly courtesy, gracefully saluted as they rose and fell upon the waves. A boat dropped from the quarter of each vessel at the same moment.—For an instant the glittering oars were held aloft; at the words 'let fall,' 'give way,' they both sprung from the respective ships, with a speed that quickly brought them together.

'What ship is that, str?' said the British officer, slightly touching his hat.

'The United States Ship of the line Pennsylvania,' replied the American.

'And her Commander?'

'Commodore Charles Stewart. What ship is that, sir?'

'Her Britannic Majesty's Ship Bellerophon.'

'Her commander?'

'Admiral Sir George Brooke.'

'And permit me to ask,' continued the American Lieutenant, 'where are you bound, and for what purpose?'

In a clear, firm voice, the prompt reply was, 'To the Havana, to take possession of the Island of Cuba.'

'I am directed by the orders of Commodore Stewart, to repeat to you, for the information of the Admiral, that such a movement cannot be permitted.'

'Nothing else, sir?'

'Nothing.'

The two officers civilly bowed to each other, seated themselves in the stern sheets of their respective boats, and whirled off to the ships. Upon the quarter-deck of the Pennsylvania, the old Commodore was quietly seated upon a gun; as the officer advanced, he drily inquired if he had obeyed orders.

'Yes, sir.'

'Then beat to quarters'—and the lively tones of the fife and drum were quickly heard sounding that inspiring call. A thousand active, hardy looking fellows in a moment stood to their tackle and stations. The ship was ready for action.

In the meantime, signals had been passing from the British Admiral's ship to his squadron. Soon after, a barge dashed along side of the American ship, and an officer of gallant bearing mounted the companion ladder to whom was paid the highest military honors, and conducted to the presence of the old tar, who received his distinguished visiter with that gentlemanly courtesy for which he is remarkable.

The following conversation took place:

'I have the honor to address Commodore Stewart, I believe?'

'My name is Charles Stewart, sir,' replied he smiling; 'and I have the honor to command the Home Squadron of the United States Navy.'

After a pause of a few moments, the Admiral, for such was the rank of the officer, with the star upon his breast, said, 'I am informed, sir, that it is your intention to interrupt the passage of her Britannic Majesty's fleet into that harbor,' pointing towards the Havana; 'am I rightly informed, sir?'

'If for the purpose of taking possession of the Island, you *are* rightly informed.'

"You, certainly, sir," responded the Admiral with much warmth, "can have no such instructions from your government. It was thought that there was a perfect understanding between her Majesty's Ministers, and the late Secretary of State at Washington, upon this subject. It is far from the wish of Her Majesty's Government to enter into any hostile collision with the United States, with whom it is the well-known and expressed wish of Her Majesty to remain upon the most friendly and pacific terms. Any interference upon your part in a matter of such deep and lively interest to Great Britain, would certainly involve the two nations in a war; I may add, nothing could be more unlooked for and nothing more unwarrantable.

"Now, look ye, Sir George," said the Commodore mildly and respectfully, but with a peculiar air of determination not to be misunderstood, "whether I have positive orders or not, is immaterial to you; I shall act in this instance without regard to consequences, and for the good of my country. I shall be plain, explicit, and frank with you—our diplomacy will be brief. So long as the confederacy of the States exists, Cuba must not pass into the hands of Great Britain, or any other scheeming, enterprising, merchantile power.

Havana is the key to the Gulf, into which pours through the channel of the Mississippi, the wealth of all the Western and Southern States, nor can my country be insensible to the danger to her peace and union, which must instantly follow from that timid policy which would permit this Island and her vast military fortification to become a point d'appui for a British crusade against her Southern domestic institutions. At all events, I am prepared to assume the responsibility of my present position, and to sacrafice, if necessary, in maintaining it, my own life, and the lives of all those whom I now have the honor to command. While that flag waves over the head of Charles Stewart, your a vowed movement will be resisted to the last;" and mildly turning to his chief executive officer, he observed in low tones, "I think my country will applaud the act, and should I fall, do justice to my memory."

For a moment, the Admiral gazed at the imperturbable features of the veteran tar, and said—

"Are you resolved, Commodore Stewart?"

"Admiral Sir George Brooke," said the Commodore advancing close to him, but with solemnity and respect said in the most impressive manner—"Do you see you distant Moro Castle? its foundations are not more firm than my determination."

"Very well, sir," was the prompt reply. "I shall return to my vessel, and shall be under the unpleasant necessity of blowing you out of water, for you see I am ten to one."

"Blow away, sir, but before you make the experiment, be pleased to cast your eyes to windward"—for by this time the Home Squadron were within cannon shot, bearing down under a crowd of canvass.

"What ships are those, sir?" said the Admiral, addressing one of the officers of the Pennsylvania, and whose face was glowing with delight at the prospect of a row which he had not tasted since 1814.

"Those ships, sir?"

"Yes, sir, those to windward."

"Oh! I beg pardon, sir, only the Constitution, Macedonian, United States, Java, Brandywine, Yorktown, Germantown, and Steamers Princeton and Mississippi.' The Admiral then turned round to the American Commander, raising his hat above his head, he said, "Commodore Stewart, farewell!"

"Farewell, sir," was the reply, and the Admiral departed, every military honor being paid to him that was due his rank.

A cutter came along side, into which I sprung, freighted with despatches, and orders to hasten with all possible speed for a southern port in the United States.—As we passed the British transports, we observed that they were crowded with troops. We passed through the American line; every thing was prepared for battle—the crews were at their stations. The question involuntarily occurred, how many of these gallant fellows whose hearts throb with enthusiasm, will be laid low ere sunset.

We could observe the Pennsylvania still hove to—occasionally a bright musket or cutlass gleamed in the sun—and a flag now fluttered from the pinnacle of each of her towering masts. The squadron was advancing in line of battle, whilst the Princeton and Mississippi were hovering like hawks upon the flanks. The British fleet had filed away for the harbor, which lay directly on a line with the American flag ship. Whilst gazing from the stern of our receding bark, with intense interest upon the manœuvres of the two fleets, a cloud of smoke rolled from the sides of the Bellerophon, and ere the roar of the artillery reached us, we could see the splinters and crippled spars flying into the air from the decks of the Pennsylvania—but no return to that terrible salute. Again and again, did volumes of smoke and flame pour from the side of the Bellerophon. At that moment the dark hull of the Pennsylvania passed between two large ships, and the sea and air shook with a tremendous concussion. Every vessel was now engaged in close combat—all were enveloped in a dun canopy of sulphurous smoke—above which we could see the stars and stripes still waving proudly. Occasionally a heavy explosion burst upon the ear.

"There goes Stockton's big gun; I pity the fellow that got that pill; and there's another.

"Hurra!" said the skipper, and our little crew waved their hats, and stretched over the bulwarks, as if to jump into the sea to aid their countrymen.

Long after this scene had sunk below the horizon, we could hear the battle like a gathering tropical storm. What was the result, we cannot say; duty compelled us from the glorious scene. Whether the Commodore was blown out of water or not, time will only disclose. If it should be so, we know what the people of the United States will feel for the memory of the gallant old fellow; and if he lives, and returns triumphant, we do not think there will be much trouble about canvassing for the next Presidency of these United States.

From the "Glory and Shame of England."

The last days of Lord Byron.

I found the poet in a week and rather irritable state, but he treated me with the utmost kindness. He said that at the time I first called upon him, all strangers and most of his friends were excluded from his room. 'But, said he, 'had I known an American was at the door, you should not have been denied. I love your country, sir: it is the land of *liberty*, the only portion of God's green earth not desecrated by tyranny.'

In our conversation I alluded to the sympathy at that time felt in America for struggling Greece. All he at that time said in reply was 'Poor Greece—Poor Greece—once the richest land on earth—God knows I have tried to help thee.'

'You will remember that but a little while before this, Marco Bozaris had fallen. When I mentioned his name, Byron said, 'Marco Bozaris? He was as brave as an ancient Spartan. Perhaps he had the blood of Leonidas in his veins; I presume he had. But of this I am certain, he had as good blood as ever wet this soil.'

At his request the servant then brought him a rosewood box, from which he took a letter written to himself by that gallant chief. It was a warm hearted welcome of Byron to Greece. 'There,' said the author of 'Childe Harold,' as he handed the precious relic to me. 'I would not part with that but to see the triumph of Greece. That glorious hero but a few moments before he led his Sulliot band forth to his last battle wrote this letter to me in his tent.' As he spoke these words, a heroic smile lit up his pale countenance, and I am sure I never saw such an expression on the face of a mortal man as at that moment flashed from Byron's.

'Soon he fell back upon his couch, and wiping the cold sweat from his lofty forehead, once more exclaimed, 'Poor Greece! God bless thee and Ada! I only ask Heaven two things and Heaven *ought* to grant—that Greece may become free, and Ada cherish my memory when I am dead.'

I was surprised that Byron should so freely express his sentiments to a stranger—but a little knowledge of the man explained it all. He was one who concealed nothing from friend or foe; he was fearless of the world and open and independent to a fault.

In a few days I received another note from him requesting me to call and bring with me Irving's Sketch Book if I had it, or could get it for him. As it is a book I always carried with me, I took it in my hand and went once more to the illustrious author's residence.—He rose from his couch when I entered, and pressing my hand warmly, said, 'Have you brought the Sketch Book?' I handed it to him, when seizing it with enthusiasm, he turned to the 'Broken Heart.' 'That,' said he is one of the finest things ever written on earth, and I want to hear an American read it. But stay—do you know Irving?' I replied that I had never seen him.

'God bless him!' exclaimed Byron—'he is a genius—and he has something better than genius a heart! I wish I could see him, but I fear I never shall. Well read the broken heart yes the Broken Heart. What a word?'

'When I closed the first paragraph, 'Shall—confess it? I believe in broken hearts'—'Yes,' exclaimed Byron, 'so does everybody but fools.' I waited, whenever he interrupted me, until he requested me to go on; for although the text is beautiful, yet I care more for the commentary which came fresh from Byron's heart. While I was reading one of the touching portions of the mournful pieces. I observed Byron wept. He turned his fine eyes upon me and said; 'You see me weep sir; Irving himself never wrote that story without weeping; nor can I hear it without tears. I have not wept much in this world, for trouble never brings tears to my eyes, but I always have tears for the Broken Heart.'

'When I read the last lines of Moore's verses at the close of the piece, Byron said: 'What a being that Tom Moore is! and Irving, and Emmet and his beautiful love! What beings all! Sir, how many such men as Irving are there in America? God don't send many such spirits in this world; I want to go to America for five reasons. I want to see your stupendous scenery, I want to go to Washington's grave; I want to see the classic form of living freedom, and I want to get your government to recognise Greece as an independant nation 'Poor Greece.' I have always been anxious to see Irving, and describe this scene to him. He does not need even Byron's praise I know; still I think it would please him but in this wish I never have been gratified.'

'I saw the Great Poet often, and never was with him half an hour without hearing him speak of Greece and his child; of both with the deepest feeling. Byron was a very strange man, if he had only been as good as he was great! But he was good sometimes! and always better than the world have thought him.

Ladies in the habit of lacing their stays to an tension injurious to their health, says the Picayune, should take the temperance pledge. It will prevent them from getting tight.

There is a man down south who celebrates his birthday by paying for all his newspapers. Let's make him President!

Why are editors like surgeons? Because they are often in want of a *subject.*

He lives in true repose, who bridles his passions.

Mr. John Macdonough, of New Orleans, some time ago liberated a number of his slaves, and sent them to Liberia with a liberal outfit. His plan of accomplishing their liberation was somewhat peculiar. He proposed to such as were willing to go to Africa an arrangement of this kind, viz: that he would allow to each one a certain portion of his time each week, and would pay him for the labour done at such time, or credit him with it at a fair price. The servant man was to have his ordinary task of daily labour, and if by increased industry he could finish this so as to have additional time at his disposal he should have the benefit of it. The sum at which each was valued, at a moderate estimate, was set down against him in the account book, and every credit gained by extra labor was duly entered also. In this way some fifty or sixty achieved their freedom, by a process which made it manifest that they knew how to prize it and that they were worthy of it—by a process too which confirmed them in habits of industry and thrift. Mr. Macdonough published a statement of the whole affair, and the following extract is from the concluding portion of it.—[*Balt. American.*

In closing this statement, I will say a few words to show what the attachment of people similarly situated (slaves) will be to a master who treats them justly.—The ship on which they sailed for Africa, laid opposite my house, in the Mississippi, at the bank of the river; I had taken my leave of them on going on board the ship, on Friday evening, the day previous to her sailing, in my house. The scene which then took place I will not attempt to describe—it can never be eraced from my memory. Though standing in need on the occasion of consolation myself, in bidding a last farewell on earth to those who had so many claims on my affection, and who had been around and about me for such a long series of years, I had to administer it to them, who stood in the greater need of it. To tell them that the separation was but for a brief period of time, that we should meet again, I trusted, in a better and happier state; to charge them to gird up their loins, and play the man valiantly, in their determination to enter into their own Canaan; and to remember, that there was still another and final separation from all things earthly, which they had to sustain and encounter; to meet, and be prepared for which, they must persevere in well doing to the end; that their lamps must be kept well trimmed, and their lights burning. On Saturday morning, the Rev. Mr. McLean, the Agent of the American Colonization Society, (who took a deep interest in all that concerned this people,) crossed the river to despatch the ship, and see them take their departure, which took place about 8 o'clock in the morning of the same day, the 11th of June. After seeing them off, (the ship was taken by a steamer,) Mr. McLean came into my house, as I was expecting him to breakfast, and on seeing him much affected in his manner, (a tear standing in his eye,) I inquired if any thing had taken place to give him pain; to which he replied, "oh, sir, it was an affecting sight to see them depart. They were all on the deck of the ship, and your servants who have not gone, were on the shore bidding them farewell, when from every tongue on board the ship, I heard the charge to those on shore, Fanny take care of our master; James take care of our master, take care of our master as you love us, and hope to meet us in heaven, take care of our master.' Which ejaculations said he, continued until they were out of hearing. This would appear to reverse the general course of things. It is the master or mistress who is heard, when about to make a voyage, recommending their servants to the care of some confidential person, but here were the servants recommending their master to the care of other servants.

New Fashioned Fan.—Some years ago, says a western paper, in Natchez, Miss., Prof. Maffit was announced to preach in that city on a certain day. The fame of the gifted orator had preceded him and every person in the city of the Bluffs was anxious to her him. Somehow the news happened to reach the hovel of an old woman, who, perhaps, had not heard a sermon for a quarter of a century, and very seldom went out into the world. She determined to hear the Stranger. It being excessively warm weather at the time, and having no fan, she started to purchase one. She got to a store where they happened to know her, and aware of her ignorance, they determined to have some fun.—They told her they had just received a new fashioned fan, a very beautiful article, and handed her a *common gill bellows!*

She tried its power to raise a breeze, and was perfectly delighted with it. To church she went; the house being crowded, she took her seat near the pulpit. The text was selected, and the speaker progressed and warmed with his subject, and so did the old woman, who now brought her fan to her face, and commenced blowing away as if her salvation depended upon her keeping cool. This attracted the attention of the audience, and the speaker looked down to see what was the matter. His eyes caught the old woman—he stopped and smiled at the ridiculous figure she cut. The old woman observed him looking at her, and cried out "Go it, my magnolia, bress God I'se all attention."

Serious Joking.—The Cleveland Banner contains the following singular notice, showing that joking sometimes brings with it very serious consequences:—

'To those Concerned.—Whereas Martha Stage, of Curwinsville, claims to have been married to the undersigned on Thursday the 25th of May last, & may desire to pass herself as my wife; the public are hereby informed that I never was married to the said Martha Stage, nor is she my wife. The facts are, that on the night of the review, she and myself, by accident, happened at a tavern among a company of young people, who were amusing themselves; and for the sport of the company, and without any serious intention either on her part or mine, a marriage ceremony was said, which I have since been informed she intends to regard as legal and binding, which she did not so regard at the time as I can prove satisfactorily. I therefore caution all persons against trusting her on my account, or with the hope of making me responsible for her debts, as she is not my wife, and I will never pay one cent of debt of her contracting.

Moses Wise.'

We don't think that Moses has acted a *wise* part, and recommend Marth to hang on him like a loving wife till death. A pretty thing indeedy to marry in jest.—Oh, Moses Wise!

A Good Match.—'How has your daughter married, Mrs. Simpkins? Pretty well, I hope.' 'Yes very well, I thank you, Mrs. Tompkins. Her husband wears ruffles on his shirt, a long-tailed coat, leads the singing at church, and expects to be made a captain of militia.'

Tasso's Wish.—Tasso being told that he had an opportunity of taking advantage of a very bitter enemy—'I wish not to plunder him,' said he, 'but there are things which I wish to take from him; not his honor, nor his wealth, nor his life—but his *ill will.*'