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BY G. W. CALLAHAN. CAMBRIDGE, Md.---SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1833. WHOLE NO. 466.

THE HAUNTED HEAD.

It was yet early in a May morning, in the year 1540, when two travellers alighted at the little chabaret, known by the sign of 'Les quatre fils d'Aymon,' at the entrance of the forest of Fontainbleau. They rode two very sorry horses, and each of them carried a package behind his saddle. These were the famous Benvenuto Cellini, as mad a man of genius as the sun of Italy, which has so long been used to mad genius, ever looked on, and his handsome pupil Ascanio, who were carrying some works of art to the king of France at Fontainbleau. For particular reasons, Cellini set out by himself, leaving Ascanio: and he getting tired towards evening proposed to walk in the forest; but, before setting out, was specially warned to take care, in the first place, that the Gardes de Chasse did not shoot him in place of a buck; and in the next, that he did not stray too near a large house, which he would see at about a quarter of an hour's walk distant to the right of the path. This house, the host told him, belonged to the Chancellor Poyet, who said he did not choose to be disturbed in the meditations to which he devoted himself for the good of the state, by idle stragglers. To enforce his orders, he had an ugly, rawboned Swiss for a porter who threatened to cudgel every one who walked too near his garden wall. There was also a hint of a poor young lady being shut up in this guarded mansion. A long garden, enclosed by a high wall, and thickly planted on both sides with trees which entirely concealed its interior from view, was at the back; and it was this which Ascanio first approached.

He heard a low voice, which he thought was that of a woman in distress, and, listening more intently, and approaching nearer, he was satisfied that his first impression was correct. He distinctly heard sobs, and such expressions of sorrow, as convinced him that the person from whom they proceeded was indulging her grief alone. A large birch tree grew against the garden wall near the place where he stood; he paused for a moment to deliberate whether he could justify the curiosity he felt, when the hint of the hostess that a lady was imprisoned there, came across his mind, and without further hesitation, he ascended the tree. Ascanio from the height he had gained saw a young female sitting on a low garden seat immediately below the bough on which he stood. She was weeping. At length, raising her head, she dried her eyes and taking up a guitar which lay beside her, she struck some of the chords, and played the symphony to a plaintive air which was then well known.—Ascanio gazed in breathless anxiety, and wondered that one so fair should have cause for so deep a sorrow as she was evidently suffering under. In a colloquy which then ensued, she exhorted him to fly; told him she was an orphan whom Poyet wanted to force into marriage; and finally agreed to elope with her young lover.

Ascanio clasped the maiden in his arms, and kissed her fair forehead, by way of binding the compact. He looked up to the wall to consider the best means of enabling the lady to scale it, when he saw above it a man's head looking at them. Ascanio at first thought they were betrayed, but the expression of the face, which he continued to look at removed his alarm on this head. It was a very fine countenance, highly intelligent, and uncommonly good humored; it seemed, as well as Ascanio could guess by the thick beard and mustachios, to belong to a man of middle age. He had a long pointed nose, bright eyes and very white teeth; a cap stuck on the left side of the head, gave a knowing sort of look to his appearance, and added to the arch expression of his visage, as he put his finger on his lip to enjoin silence when Ascanio looked up at him. 'Hush,' he said, 'it is a very reasonable bargain on both sides, very disinterested, and strongly sworn to. And now, my children, as I have been a witness to it, although unintentionally, I feel bound to help your escape.' Ascanio hardly knew what answer to make; but, as he saw it was perfectly indifferent to the stranger who knew the whole of his secret, whether he should trust him or not, he resolved to accept his offer, and they immediately set about getting the lady over the wall.

While employed in this, three fellows were seen stealing round the walls with their swords drawn. 'By St. Dennis we have been reckoning without our host,' cried the stranger; 'they do not mean to let us part thus. Come my spark,' he said to Ascanio, 'you will have service for that sword you wear, and which, pray Heaven, you know how to use.—Do you stand on the other side of the tree, Madam,' he added, putting the lady, whose name was Beatrice, on his horse, 'and if the worst should betide, gallop down the path, keep the high road till you come to Paris, inquire for the nunnery of St. Genevieve, and give this ring to the abbess who is a relation of mine; she will insure you protection.' The lady received the ring, and half dead with horror, awaited the issue of the contest. The assailants came on with great fury: and, as they were three, to the two, odds were rather in their favor. They consisted of a Gascon, Captain Sangfue the porter, and a servant who seemed to be in no great hurry to begin the fight; they appeared astonished at finding two opponents, having only seen Ascanio from the house. They fell on however in pretty good order. It happened to be the lot of the stranger, perhaps because he was the bigger man, to encounter the servant and captain. Just as they came up he loosened his cloak from his throat, and, twisting it very lightly around his arm, he made as serviceable buckler as a man could wish to use. Upon this he caught the captain's first blow and dealt, in return so shrewd a cut on the serving man's head, that it laid him on the forest turf without the least inclination to take any further share in the combat. The fight was now nearly equal; and to do him justice, the Gascon captain was a fair match for most men: the stranger, however, was one to whom fighting was evidently any thing but new; and in less than five minutes, the captain lay beside the servant so dead that if all the monks in Christendom had sung a mass in his ears, he would not have heard it.

'I have owed you this good turn a very long time, my gallant Captain Sangfue. I have not forgotten an ill turn you did me at Pavia, when you did not wear the rebel Bourbon's livery; but there's an end to all, and you die as a soldier should.' As the stranger muttered that, he wiped the blood drops from off his own sword, and looked at the fight which was continuing between the Swiss and Ascanio, but did not seem inclined to interfere. 'Save him for mercy's sake,' cried the lady. 'By our Holy Lady,' he replied, 'I think he wants no aid. He is making gallant play with his slender rapier there against the large weapon of the Swiss. You shall see him win you madam, or I have mistaken my man. Well evaded!—there he has it!' he shouted, as Ascanio's sword entered his antagonist's body, until the shell struck against his breast bone, and the giant fell at the youth's feet. 'The varlet may get over it,' said the stranger, kicking the servant's body; 'but the other two, I'll be their gage, they'll never come out to assassinate honest men on moonlight nights again. 'But away with you,' turning to Ascanio, 'we shall have the whole country up in five minutes; begone; and he held the horse while Ascanio mounted. 'But what will you do?' returned the youth. 'I am not far from home; and if the hunt should become hot, I'll get up into one of these trees; but take care of the horse; he'll carry you six leagues an hour. Goodbye, Rabican,' he added, patting the steed's neck, who by his pawing seemed to know his master.

The lover did indeed put the speed of this noble animal to the test, and his gallop was as wild as if it would never end. But, on reaching Paris, Ascanio was at a loss how to dispose of his fair charge. Cellini was at this time living in an old castellated house on the left bank of the Seine, which had formed part of the Nesle Palace, and which Cellini had called 'Il Piccol Nello.' Almost all the chambers, excepting the few on which they dwelt, were occupied by the numerous works in which the artist was engaged. At length Ascanio's fertile invention suggested to him an expedient, by which he might assure an asylum for the lady for a short time, at least until he should be able to explain the affair to Cellini. Among the odd whims which from time to time reigned in the crazy brain of Cellini, that of making a colossal statue of Mars had for a long time been paramount, and he had proceeded so far as to make the head of the figure, when some other freak drew off his attention. This head was about as large as the cottage of a London ruralist and occupied a large space in the court-yard of 'Il Piccol Nello.' The frame was made of a solid timber, and the outside covered with a very thick plaster, which was moulded into the form of a gigantic face, representing the aspect of the God of Battles; and a very terrible affair to look upon it was. Ascanio, who had often been much annoyed by the discordant noises with which his master had conducted his labors, and no less by the incessant talking of the old house-keeper Catherine, had found a refuge from both in the cavity of this head, where he had formed a very small apartment. Here he used to study painting and music, both of which he loved far better than either sculpture or working in gold; and he had been wise enough never to tell Cellini or any other person of this retreat. He entered it easily by the chasm from the ground, and a small ladder which he had placed within, conducted him to his chamber.

Cellini's oddities and the unceremonious method he had adopted of getting possession of the 'Il Piccol Nello,' had made him many enemies. Among others, there was a wretched little tailor, who had the honor to be employed for some of the Counceilers du Parlement. This tailor became the implacable foe of Cellini. He took a garret directly opposite his house where he used to watch the motions of the inhabitant of 'Il Piccol Nello,' and to soften the exasperation of his mind he bestowed on them from morning to night all the maledictions his ingenuity could invent. He had heard noises proceeding from the monstrous plaster head in the court-yard, and even sometimes, in the dead of night, he had seen two streams of light issuing from the great eyes; but as he had no notion that Ascanio was then within the head, drawing by the light of a lamp, or playing on a guitar, which he accompanied with his voice, the little tailor's fears and malice induced him to spread a report that Cellini was an enchanter, and that the 'Testa di Marte' he had made, was some demoniacal contrivance which he had animated for the destruction of the good city of Paris. Not content with reporting this throughout the quarter in which he dwelt, he told it among all the lacquis of all the counceillers he knew until at length the story of the Devil's Head in 'Il Piccol Nello' was as well known as any other in the city. In this chamber Beatrice was placed.

Meanwhile the chancellor had found his bullies where Ascanio left them, but could persuade none of the three to tell him what had brought them into so sad a plight; and for this reason—two of them were dead and the other was so faint from the loss of blood that he could not speak, and seemed very likely to follow his companions. The chancellor, however, pursued the fugitives, and resolved, in his rage, to devote the youth to utter ruin as soon as he should catch him; and in the meantime, he proposed to glut his rage by sacrificing Benvenuto Cellini, who, as we said before, had made himself many enemies. Aware of Cellini's favor with the king, he was obliged to tread warily; but the superstition of that age rendered a charge of sorcery too grave to be parried. The haunted head was, therefore, made the hinge on which the artist's ruin was to turn: and the Duchess d'Estamper, the King's mistress, and his Majesty's confessor, both enemies of Cellini, emerged into the confederacy against him. The confessor thought it highly probable, that a man who could execute such beautiful sculpture, as Cellini had exhibited on the preceding day, must be in league with the devil. When, therefore, the chancellor began to tell his story, these two worthy personages chimed in and backed his villainous project so well that the good-natured king was diverted from his first intention, which had been to kick the chancellor, and to leave the confessor and the sultana (the only two persons in the world of whom he had ever been afraid) to themselves. He staid all night in the palace by his orders; and the artist was accordingly sent for.

'How now, Cellini,' said the monarch as he approached, 'did I send for you to Paris that you should bring with you troops of fiends and demons, who, it is said, help you in your works?' 'I have no devils to help me in my work,' said Cellini, 'but your majesty's subjects; and if my great countryman, Aligheiri, were to lead me through all the darkest places in the Interno, I could not find worse fiends.' 'But there,' said the king, holding out the papers, 'two men swear that you have a head of the devil in 'Il Piccol Nello,' and that the whole of the neighborhood is infested by his legions, to the disturbance of the public tranquility, and the great scandal of our holy church.' The confessor crossed himself. 'I abjure the devil and his power,' said Cellini, crossing himself with no less fervor; 'and next to them I hate and abhor the villains who have thus slandered me to your gracious majesty. Give me to know their names, and I swear they shall be better acquainted with the real fiend ere long.' The king decided on examining into the matter personally; but Ascanio had married the fair Beatrice before the royal commission got to Paris, and was going to restore the stranger's horse, according to the directions he had received, at the time it arrived at the Testa di Marti, wherein the bride was lodged.

The consternation of Beatrice may be better imagined than described when she heard the arrival of so many strangers; but it was increased to an almost incredible degree as she listened to the conversation which ensued, and heard the odious voice of her oppressor, the chancellor. She could not see any of the persons, unless she looked out at the eyes of the figure, and this she dared not do lest she should discover herself. 'And this,' said the king, 'is what they call the Devil's Head?' 'Who calls it so?' asked Cellini, fiercely; 'it is the head of Mars, and whoever has called it the head of the devil, is an ass and a liar!' 'Patience, good Benvenuto,' said the king; 'let us hear what they have to say against the head, which seems to be a very fine work of art, whether it has been wrought by man or demon.' The chancellor, who had taken care on the journey to mature his plans, now produced the little tailor, who saw here a glorious opportunity of being revenged on his formidable antagonist. He, therefore, began a long story, every third word of which was a lie, about the sights he had seen and the sounds he had heard, in and about this dreadful head. He had often seen the foul fiend himself go in and out, he said; he had seen flames issue from the mouth; and no longer ago than last night, as he was a Christian and a tailor, he swore that he had seen two fiends enter the head, immediately after which it was seen to roll its fiery eye in a manner truly horrible and awful.

It would be impossible to convey any adequate notion of the extravagancies which Cellini committed, while this little idiot was uttering his lies. If he had not been restrained, he would have killed him on the spot; he roared all sorts of imprecations, he cursed every tailor that had been on earth since the creation, and then, adding all those cures together, he heaped them in a lump on the head of the particular tailor then before him: in short he acted so whimsical a madness, that the king laughed until his side ached. The chancellor, however, took the matter in a much more serious light. He said it was evident, from the relation of the witness, that some foul deeds were practiced, and that the head ought to be exorcised; never doubting that if he could once gain the assistance of the clergy they would invent some pretext on which Cellini might be sent to prison, and knowing that their influence with the king was much greater than his own. The confessor fell into the scheme readily, and said he did not doubt that there was a spirit in the head, and repeated that it ought to be exorcised. The king had no objection to this, and as he had already enjoyed the farce so far, he wished to see it played out. Some brethren of the neighboring Carmelite church were sent for, in all haste, and preparations made for the exorcising. The confessor directed a large stick of fagots, which stood in a corner of the yard, to be laid around the head; because, he said the application of fire was always necessary to dislodge a spirit so malignant as that appeared to be which had taken up its abode in this structure. The preparations were soon made, and a torch applied, when a faint shriek was heard to issue from the head. All the bystanders looked aghast; the priests crossed themselves; even the king looked grave; Cellini's hair stood on end; and the tailor ran away. At this moment, Ascanio had returned from the park, and learning from a bystander that they were about to exorcise the magic head, as the Italian sculptor's, because there was a spirit in it, he rushed in just time enough to dash the torch from the hand of a lay brother of the Carmelites, who was applying it, and whom he knocked down, at the same time trampling out the fire which had begun to catch one of the fagots.

'Fiends!' monster!' he cried, 'advance one step, and your lives shall be the forfeit!'—Beatrice heard his voice, and almost fainting with terror, she rushed out, and threw herself into his arms. Supporting her with his left arm, and holding out his sword with his right hand, he continued to menace all who should approach. 'What means all this?' cried the king. Ascanio was too much busied in encouraging the terrified girl, to listen to the question. The old chancellor, however, who recognized Beatrice instantly, now thought that his plan had succeeded even beyond his expectation. 'My gracious liege,' he cried, 'this maiden is a ward of mine, whose person I require to be instantly restored to me; the youth I charge with having, in company, with others, slain three of my household, and having carried off the maiden by force.' 'It is false,' cried Beatrice, as she threw herself frantically at the king's feet, 'they were killed in fair combat and I went willingly with him to seek protection from the cruelty of that vicious tyrant. Here, at your majesty's knees, I implore your pity and protection.' 'But what says the youth?' asked the king of Ascanio, who had been gazing on him in almost stupifying astonishment. He saw before him, in the person of the gallant Francis, the stranger who had aided him in the forest of Fontainbleau. 'Has he any witness besides that maiden, who is too deeply interested in this matter, to prove that he killed his antagonist in the fight?' 'He is one of a band of murderers and ravishers,' cried the chancellor in a rage; 'he has no witness.' 'Thou art a liar, though thou wert a thousand chancellors,' replies the youth; 'and since peaceful men like thee do not make war but on weak maidens, I defy thee by the champion. No my liege,' he added, turning to the king, and kneeling—'I have no witness save God and your majesty,' and may every honest man have witnesses as good in time of need, to oppose to perjurers and lawyers! He is no murderer, chancellor!—by my holy patron, Saint Dennis, I believe he could himself have killed those three murderous villains, whom thou didst retain; but know that I helped him—that I cut the throat of that traitor of Sangfue, whom, in spite of me, thou didst cherish, to do deeds which thy black heart planned, but dared not achieve. I helped him to carry off the maiden, thy dead friend's daughter, whom thou didst basely oppress, and if he had not been there, I had done it myself.'

The king and his train then departed, leaving the young people with Cellini, whom the disgrace of the chancellor had put into good humor. He made Ascanio tell him the story of the fight in the forest over and over again; he kissed Beatrice, and called her his child; he forbade all work in 'Il Piccol Nello' for a week; had the wedding celebrated with great magnificence, and said 'that of all the works he had ever produced, none had made him so happy as *La Testa di Marte.—Hommage aux Dames.*

THE BLOCKADERS OF BALTIMORE.

BY ROBERT BURTS.

Their very graves are gone, and what are they?
Thy tide wash'd down the blood of yesterday,
And all was stainless, and on thy clear stream
Glass'd with its dancing light the sunny ray;
But o'er the blacken'd memory's blighted dream
Thy waves would vainly roll, all sweeping as they seem. *Childe Harolde.*

The moon was declining fast in the western horizon, and sending her pale yellow rays obliquely upon the spires and domes of the beleagured city. It was past the midnight, and but few sounds disturbed the silence of the hour; at intervals the crowing of the cock, or the tramp of the patrole, as they performed their nocturnal vigils, would rise full to the hearing, and then die away, leaving the stillness more apparent than before; but these were the only intranquilities that disturbed the repose of the slumbering city.

At this hour, a person was observed to issue from the northern gate of Fort M'Henry and descend to the river; there he paused and gazed long and wistfully in the direction of the British fleet stationed off North Point for the double purpose of blockading the city, and co-operating with the land forces under General Ross. At length, as if satisfied with his observations, he sprang into a skiff and propelled himself to the low sandy beach immediately opposite; there, securing his boat under the long wharf of the Lazaretto, he entered the wood and emerged about half a mile below; there, seating himself beneath a huge oak, he fixed his eyes in the attitude of watchfulness upon the hostile armada, commanded by Lord Cochrane.

Half the moon's disk had disappeared behind the distant woodland's horizon, and the gloom of night seemingly emerged from the surrounding forests, rolling its dusky clouds athwart the bosom of the silent and unruffled Patapsco; mist succeeded mist in the eastern sky, until the dark promontory of North Point, and the vessels of the British fleet, were enclosed from view; the white walls of Fort M'Henry were no longer visible, but still the flag-staff, from which hung listless and reposing the *star spangled banner*, was seen in dark outline, faintly relieved from the western heavens.

The moon went down, but the soldier, for such he was, evinced no disposition to return; on the contrary, it seemed as if he had awaited her departure for the accomplishment of his errand. Arising, he shook off the lethargy which his reclining posture and inactivity had brought upon him, and descended unto the edge of the beach, where he stood motionless as a statue, fixing his eyes, as if to aid his sense of hearing, upon the distant vessels; once he turned away, and his gaze fell successively upon the Arundel shore, the fort, the city, and the American encampment, but again it roamed, and his eye settled down the Patapsco, where his interest and expectations were apparently situated.

His patience had not long been taxed, when a light was observed to twinkle from one of the blockading ships, and the sound of something falling heavily came faintly over the water; the soldier scarcely breathed with attention, and the dash of oars was heard at intervals from the direction of North Point. For a long time he remained unmoved to convince himself that his imagination had not deceived him, but at length, appearing satisfied, he regained his boat at the Lazaretto, and in a few moments after entered the arched way that conducts to the interior of Fort M'Henry.

"Is it as we predicted?" said an officer, hastily rising at the entrance of the soldier. "May we expect a visit from them under cover of the night, or do they prefer the call of Morpheus to that of Mars? Methinks the day's bombardment must have been as tiresome as unprofitable to them."

"And they are determined the night's advantage shall repay the day's discomfiture," said the addressed; "with muffled oars they are now moving up the Patapsco, and in another hour we may hear the report of their muskets."

"They must be met," exclaimed he who appeared the superior. "Let the men be summoned to arms silently—let every light be extinguished—they expect to surprise us in our quarters, let them continue to believe we are not aware of their design—you will march with a detachment to oppose their landing, while I remain to show their vessels, which will move up to their assistance, how far and effectually our metal can do execution."

Fort M'Henry is located upon the eastern extremity of a long and narrow promontory, which divides the waters of the Patapsco from those of the harbour, and is so situated as to completely defend its entrance, while to prevent the debarkation of a hostile force at the head waters of the river another defence was erected, to which was given the appellation of Fort Covington.

It was the intention of Lord Cochrane to land a body of forces between the two defences, which he designed should attack the Fort on the western side, while he, with his vessels, would move up and assault it by water. So judicious a manœuvre if properly performed would, in all probability, have proved successful, and they, by possessing themselves of the Fort, would compel the town to an immediate capitulation; but the Americans, foreseeing the advantage which would be gained by such a movement, anticipated their purpose, and, unknown to them, erected a battery of six guns in the immediate vicinity of the principal defences.

The barges containing the forces destined to assault the Fort by land, had kept close under the Anne Arundel shore to prevent discovery by the American sentinels, but having passed the works of M'Henry, their prows were directed to the point where it was intended they should debark, and which lay in a straight line with the battery. The discharge of a rocket was the signal fixed upon to apprise their countrymen of their having passed the Fort. It was given, and the meteory rocket ascended high in the air, marking its wake with a brilliant stream of light and scattering on high a thousand starry particles of fire.

There was an interval of unearthly stillness then, but it was terrifically broken. A massive though transitory column of fire blazed upon the hill, with a brilliancy that lighted the surrounding scenery and rendered the barges of the enemy distinctly visible; then the loud and successive roar of six cannon rang upon the startled night, scattering destruction and confusion among the terror-struck Britons.

Too well that sound told the enemy they were anticipated, and too well, for the cause of humanity, the iron bolts of death did their duty; scarcely had the artillery ceased, when the sharp and desultory report of a hundred rifles broke from the shore, hurling death and dismay to those who survived the fire of the battery. Then the loud appeals for mercy, mingled with yells of despair, and the groans and imprecations of the wounded and dying, broke horribly upon the breeze; and, to add darkness to the terrific chaos, the blaze upon the hill expired, and night's mantle again fell drearily upon the glassy Patapsco.

"Cease, men, they sue for quarter," shouted the soldier, and a hundred riflemen sprang from the surrounding bushes, and hurried with one impulse to the shore, that they might, if possible, render assistance to their vanquished enemies.

Both barges had been shattered to fragments by the cannon of the battery, and the unfortunate Britons, who had escaped the deadly rifle and fatal artillery, were now obliged to contest the silent and fearful water for the preservation of their dear loved existence. The extreme darkness of the night, prevented objects from being discerned at the smallest distance, but the Americans could plainly hear the splashing of the water, and the imploring cries for assistance which the poor fellows poured forth as they endeavored with the energy of despair, to prevent themselves from being swallowed up by the remorseless element. It was a painful moment to those on the beach, not a boat could be obtained to aid in rescuing them, and they were compelled to stand silent and inactive at the dissolution of the Britons; but when the gurgling murmur of the drowning, and the fearful and breathless cry of the exhausted rose to their hearing, tears trickled down the furrowed cheeks of the victors, and many suppressed their emotion with efforts that tugged their dearest heart-string, and seemed to rend their very souls.

Gradually the scene grew more still, and with its silence there came an increasing fearfulness—at times a heart rending shriek would tell when death appeared inevitable to any of the survivers—a more than ordinary splashing—a stillness, and they had sunk to rise no more.

Silently the dusky waters conquered their energies, and darkly they closed over the light of their existence. Successively they sunk exhausted with useless struggles, and in a few moments the still Patapsco rolled with a fearful tranquility over the last survivor, and not one of the brave Britons ever returned to tell of that dread night's disaster.

A Fleet taken by a charge of Horse.—At the time of Pichegru's irruption into Holland in 1795, the frost was unprecedentedly severe, and the Texel so completely ice bound, that he ordered some squadrons of cavalry to charge across the frozen element, and capture the Dutch fleet locked up in it. They accordingly clapped spurs to their horses' sides, surrounded the ships, and made a capture of them at the first summons, though their whole means of offence against a broadside were a few hundred sabres and pistols! We believe the occurrence stands without a parallel in ancient or modern history.—*Athenæum.*

The nett proceeds of the late May Day Fair in Boston, exceeded *eleven thousand dollars.* This speaks well for the gallantry of the Boston gentlemen.