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BY G. W. CALLAHAN. CAMBRIDGE, Md.---SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1834. WHOLE NO. 547.

TERMS:

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POETRY.

From the Albany Argus.

THE DYING MOTHER.

It is a solemn task, to wait beside
The couch of the departing; to kneel down
And wipe the death-damps from the cold white brow
Of those we love; to moisten the dry lips,
And grasp the hand, too feeble to return
The slightest pressure, and to see the lid
Grow fixed and motionless above the eye;
In utter helplessness to sit, and mark
Each lessening pulse throb faint and fainter still;
And know and feel that man can do no more.
Yet even here the voice of joy sometimes
Is heard above the wailings of distress.
There have been those who triumphed, when they died:
A form unseen stood by, and whispered words
The living may not hear, and nerved the soul
Of feeble woman, patiently to bear
Nature's last throe of mortal agony.
And there *was one*—a wife, a mother, friend,
Who taught, while dying, more exalted truths
Than thousand homilies could ever preach.
O, might her faltering tongue have uttered speech,
Methinks her voice had breathed a strain like this:—

Why should you bid me stay?
When day is coming, and you think to keep
The traveller from his home—to pine and weep
And long to be away?
And when the soul doth spring
To seek its better home, O, could ye bind
With earthly fetters the expanding mind,
And check its soaring wing!

I cannot close my eyes,
And drag my ardent aspirations down
From the bright hope and everlasting crown
That wait me in the skies—
Not for an earthly love,
Can I the purer love of Heaven forego,
Nor give up for the Church of God below,
His holier church above.

To die!—*this* is not hard;
It is not too hard to leave a world like this,
And soar away unto the world of bliss,
And meet the great award!
But it is hard to strive
With earth's allurements—to subdue the soul—
To keep the heart, and the whole life control—
O, tis hard to live!

And yet, if it were given
To train these little nurselings of my care,
To mould their thoughts, to teach them words of prayer,
And to lead them up to heaven—
I could awhile remain,
And guide them further on their doubtful way,
Shape straight their path, or if their feet should stray,
Lead back the lost again.

But there's a better guide,
Who will not fail them when my eyes grow dim,
And I can safely trust them all with him,
He who himself was tried!
How sweet is my release;
My Saviour robbed the grave of its alarm;
And leaning on his everlasting arm,
I can depart in peace.
A willow droops over a simple mound—
The wife, the mother, rests in hope below,
Waiting the resurrection of the just.

From the London Metropolitan.

THE PHANTOM.

The late Marquis of A——, was in the habit of residing part of the summer on one of his estates in the vicinity of Palermo. During one of these visits, his only daughter became enamoured of a young officer whom she accidentally met. Having no hope of obtaining her father's consent to so unequal a match, she endeavored to overcome her passion; but the officer being about to leave Palermo with his regiment, she consented to give him, one evening, a last interview, for which purpose he was to present himself, at a certain hour, underneath the window of her apartment. As she waited according to her promise in the balcony, and strained her eyes through the darkness to obtain an early view of the beloved object, she perceived something move at a short distance from the castle, in an avenue leading to a neighboring village. She at first naturally imagined that it could only be her lover, but she soon found reason to change her opinion. The figure she beheld was of a gigantic stature, clad in white, and moved along with a pace so slow and solemn, as scarcely seemed to belong to an inhabitant of this world. Startled at the appearance, she hastily shut the window, and was unable to muster courage sufficient to return again to the balcony. Next morning, an old woman, residing in the village above mentioned, brought a note from her lover, complaining of her unkindness in not having given him the promised interview, and entreating her to be more punctual that evening. The young lady had by this time forgotten her fears, and resolved to keep this appointment better than the foregoing.

At the same hour as on the preceding night, she presented herself at the balcony, and with the like success; for the same gigantic figure, clothed in white, again made its appearance. Alarmed as she was, her reluctance to disappoint her lover, and the reflection that in her apartment she was perfectly safe, kept her still at the window. The phantom, moving with the same deliberate pace, was soon out of sight. The young lady waited anxiously and long, but the object of her expectation came not. At length, hearing the clock of the neighboring chapel strike two, alarmed, fatigued and disappointed, she retired to her chamber.

At the appointed hour the officer leapt the wall of the park, and hastened on the wings of love to the interview with his mistress. As he drew near the mansion, he was alarmed at the sound of footsteps, and a minute after, saw advancing towards him the gigantic figure in white already described. Surprise caused him almost involuntarily to lay his hand on his sword; the spectre was not slack—both drew, and a furious engagement commenced, which soon ended unfavorably for the mortal champion, who received a deep wound in the body, and fell at the feet of his adversary. The victorious spirit no sooner saw his opponent extended on the sod, than, without taking any further notice of him, he continued his course.

But the clash of swords so near his residence had not escaped the ears of the marquis, who, calling his domestics together, related what he had heard, and directed them to examine every part of the grounds, and secure all persons they might find trespassing at that hour. The servants, in obedience to their master's commands, made a long but ineffectual search; not a vestige was found to indicate the events which had so lately taken place.

The marquis seemed very little pleased with the fruitless effects of the search; but contented himself with observing that he must have been mistaken. The daughter suspected the real state of the affair, and that the officer and the phantom must have had an encounter. Anxious for information, she determined, as soon as she could, on visiting the old woman before mentioned, hoping she would be able to satisfy her on the subject. As, in company with a female attendant, she had almost reached the extremity of her father's ground, she was surprised at hearing a favorite dog bark violently. Having called it repeatedly in vain, she approached to draw it off from the object which excited its anger or terror, when she was struck with horror at perceiving the body of a man recently murdered, concealed among the brushwood; imagining in the instant of alarm, that it was that of her lover, she fainted. The exclamations of her maid soon drew people to the spot, and among others the woman to whose house they were proceeding. On the young lady coming to herself, the latter communicated to her tidings which, in comparison with what she feared, were even consoling—that her lover was at present concealed in her cottage, severely, though she hoped not dangerously wounded. The young lady now concluded that the dead person could be no other than the phantom, whose appearance had caused all their disasters. She returned home in great distress. At night her agitation and anxiety prevented her from sleeping, and threw her into a fever; in this state, to breathe the cold air, she rose to open the window. I shall not attempt to describe her astonishment and terror when she once more saw the figure of the preceding evenings. She now believed that the old woman had deceived her, and again imagined that the murdered person was her lover. She passed the remainder of the night in sleepless horror.

The officer was, however, really, as the old woman said, at her house. Hearing of the murder, he in turn fancied he must have inflicted a mortal wound on his antagonist before he fell himself. The marquis, in the meantime, caused the strictest inquiries to be made; but not only could no information be obtained respecting the murderer, but the murdered person also could, in no manner, be identified. A variety of reports spread through the vicinity, which were so disagreeable to the marquis, that, giving his family only a few hours to prepare for the journey, he precipitately left the castle for his residence in another part of the island. Among other rumors current among the superstitious peasantry, it was said that the ghost of the murdered person was heard in the chapel of the adjacent village, which belonged to the marquis, and in which he procured the interment of the body, though it was ordinarily kept shut, except on the celebration of the principal fetes of the church.

Without inquiring into the truth of these reports for the present, we must interrupt the course of our narrative to observe, that the marquis had some time before forcibly carried off a girl of great beauty, but low condition, and placed her with people enjoying his confidence in an adjoining hamlet. As his wife was living, to avoid giving cause for scandal to his family, he was in the habit of visiting the young woman only at night. The reader will by this time conjecture, with reason, that the phantom was no other than the marquis himself, who, knowing the credulity of the inferior orders in Sicily, assumed so singular a disguise, to keep his amours and motions a secret from the members of his household. On one of these nightly excursions he encountered the officer, whom he supposed an enemy, who had waylaid him for the purpose of assassination. Not finding his adversary after the affray, who had managed, notwithstanding his wound, to reach the spot where his servant was waiting for him, and had been conveyed to the village, the marquis remained ignorant of his assailant; and being unable to fix suspicion elsewhere, conceived that it was a young man to whom the girl above mentioned had been promised in marriage before she fell into his hands. The idea once formed, knowing that she had always entertained an affection for his rival, and that he himself was the object of her aversion, he imagined that the supposed attempt to murder him must have been with her concurrence. Being of a character at once jealous and vindictive in the extreme, he determined on taking a signal vengeance on both the parties, who had so innocently excited his suspicions.

On the morning of the meeting with the officer, a letter was sent to the young man, purporting to be from his mistress, requesting that he would be present that evening at such an hour and in such a place, in order to assist her in escaping from the power of the marquis. The unfortunate lover fell into the snare; he attended at the spot appointed, and was received there, not by his mistress, as he expected, but by three ruffians, who instantly despatched him with their stilettos. The body was then concealed until it could be conveniently disposed of, in the place where, on the succeeding morning, it was found, as related by the marquis's own daughter. The young woman also, on the same evening, mysteriously disappeared from the house in which the marquis had placed her.

Nothing new transpired for several days after the departure of the marquis, except that the groans at the chapel seemed to have some reality in them; they were not now heard occasionally, by solitary individuals, but at all hours, and by all who passed the building. The inhabitants of the village at last grew so alarmed, that it was resolved to examine the interior of the chapel, which, being opened, those who entered were conducted by the same laments to the burial vaults beneath the fabric; there, in the most deplorable and distressing condition, on the point of expiring from want of food, was discovered the young woman who had so lately disappeared. When proper assistance was administered to her, and she recovered sufficient strength, she related that she had been eight days confined in these frightful regions, with no other sustenance than a small loaf and a jar of water. She had at first been placed in a still deeper recess, in which, to complete the horror of her situation, was deposited the open coffin of her murdered lover. It was impossible that from hence her voice could have reached the ear of any human being; despair lent her force, the door yielded to her repeated efforts, and she reached an upper range of vaults, in which her groans were heard, and at length preserved her from the dreadful fate she had so nearly experienced. What increased the atrocity of so horrible an action, was the cold-blooded barbarity of the marquis, who told his victim, when he thus buried her alive, as if to tantalize her with hopes he was resolved should be fruitless, that he had not determined whether he should ultimately release her, but advised her to prepare for the worst; but in case he did not visit her before the expiration of three days, to resign herself to her fate, as his failure to come would be a certain proof of his intention of leaving her there to perish.

The young woman recovered, but her unsupported testimony was not allowed to weigh against the wealth, influence and powerful connexions of her oppressor.

THE SHELL.

Translated for the Literary Magazine, from the German Morgenblatt.

Lord Byron, during his residence in Venice, frequently undertook marine excursions. On one occasion, his fondness for this amusement led him, and those by whom he was accompanied, into great danger.—Every body wished to be allowed to attend him; and in all Venice there was no gondolier, in the Adriatic no seaman, who did not consider the English lord as a countryman, and who would not have willingly exposed himself to any risk for his sake. Lord Byron delighted in visiting an Island called Gabioncello, situated near Ragusa, often repaired thither in a four-oared barge accompanied by the Countess Guiccioli and two or three other friends. He always carried with him writing materials, and the Countess, who drew very prettily from nature, had her portfolio by her side.

It is well known that numerous small islands lie on the Dalmatian coast, and they frequently landed on some one of these to refresh themselves, to hunt or to fish.—The island of Grossa Minore is a rock covered scantily with green, and scarcely half an English mile in length or breadth. Here, early one morning, they landed; and, as in the middle of the island there was a fine spring surrounded by bushes, the only place in which any protection from the rays of the sun was to be found, they resolved to remain there during the heat of the day. The gondoliers stepped on shore, and were employed in kindling a fire and cooking fish: and the whole party spent several hours in various amusements. But, on returning to the place where they had left their vessel, they found that it had been so carelessly fastened, that it had drifted from the shore, and was now at the distance of two miles from land. Grossa Minore is distant nearly twenty-five miles from Gabioncello, and none of the neighboring islands were inhabited.

Lord Byron laughed when he saw his companions turn pale: it was no laughing matter however, as vessels seldom visited these places. Guns, ammunition and fishing apparatus they had in abundance, and also some provisions; in the boat there was sufficient store for a week, but this was lost. The white shawl of the Countess was fastened on a pole as a flag of distress, and they spread a cloak over the bushes so as to form a tent. Nothing remained to them now but the expectation of death through hunger and cold, unless the flag of distress, or the sound of their guns, which they discharged from time to time, should bring some vessel to their rescue. Fortunately the weather was fine, the Countess slept in the tent, and the remainder of the party stretched themselves like Bedouins on the rocks. So long as wine and brandy lasted, they kept their spirits up; but after two nights had passed away, they became extremely anxious and determined to build a raft; but on the whole island they could not find a stick of more than an inch in thickness.

To swim from one Island to another was impossible, and Lord Byron himself began to be uneasy, when a Venetian, whom, from the circumstance of his having but one eye, they nicknamed the Cyclops, proposed a plan for their deliverance, and induced by the promised reward, and urged by his own dangerous situation, resolved to carry it into execution. At Gabioncello there is no good water, and for that reason they had brought on shore a cask, for the purpose of filling it at the spring. They proceeded to work with their penknives, until they had cut it through in the middle, and so formed a sort of cane or shell, in which the Cyclops seated himself, and by means of two large sticks which he took with him, to the great joy of the party, succeeded in preserving his balance. To encourage him, he was well supplied with brandy, and this singular bark directed its course towards the open sea, in which at first it threatened every moment to turn over. After the lapse of an hour it fell in with a strong current, and disappeared from the view of those who remained on shore. They knew that the current flowed towards the main land, and the hope of rescue was awakened in them. In this they were not disappointed. On the following morning, before day, the Cyclops returned with a six-oared barge, furnished abundantly with wine and fruit, and was welcomed with a cry of joy.

He was carried in his bark past the island of Gabioncello, to a place not far from Ragusa, and in this novel and strange manner, had made a voyage of nearly one hundred miles. Lord Byron recompensed him liberally; and on their return to Venice, bought for him a barge, which the Cyclops named the Shell, in memory of this remarkable adventure.

From the New York Mirror.

ANECDOTE OF MOZART.

Mozart was born a musical genius. Perhaps there never was a living being more sensitive than he. So harmonious, so tender were the sensations of this extraordinary man, that the least discord that reached his ear thrilled through his whole frame, producing an irritation which frequently endangered his health. When carried away by his muse, his feelings grew so intense that he literally lost the consciousness of every thing around him.

It happened that Mozart was sitting one fine morning in his bed, his writing desk before him, when his young wife entered to inform him that a very unmusical being, the butcher, was down stairs with his bill.—Mozart, who had been for some time composing one of the greatest operas, the immortal Clemenzi di Tito, was just arranging his phantasia, one of its most beautiful airs. He neither heard nor saw his wife. She, a lovely kind soul, of rather practical views, who had been but shortly married to the young artist, stood waiting for a while, repeating her information; but no answer followed her words. Seizing the young artist by the elbow, she began to repeat the butcher's account. Mozart was writing without intermission; feeling, however, his arm touched, and hearing sounds whose tenor seemed not to correspond to the harmonious notes of his soul, he shut his ears with his left hand, writing with the right as quickly as the notes could be scribbled. A second shake of his wife followed. Mozart, growing impetuous, seized his walking stick, and his wife, alarmed at so strange an intimation, hastened to the door. The whole had passed without Mozart being in the least conscious of it. She ran down stairs, with tears in her eyes, telling the butcher that her husband could not be spoken to, and that he must come another time. But the man of blood was not easily to be daunted—he must have his bill settled, and speak with Mozart himself, or he would not send another ounce of meat. He ascended the stairs. Mozart, indistinctly conscious that something had passed in his presence, had continued pouring the effusions of his phantasia on paper, when the heavy footsteps resounded in the hall. His stick was still in his hand. Without turning his eye from the scrap, he held the stick against the door, to keep out the intruders. But the steps were approaching. Mozart, more anxious, hurried as fast as he could, when a rap at the door demanded permission to enter. The beautiful effusion was in danger of being lost. The affrighted composer cast a fugitive glance at his stick. It was too short. With an anxiety bordering on frenzy, he looked round his room, and a pole, standing behind the curtain, caught his eye; this he seized, holding it with all his might, against the door—writing like fury all the while. The knob was turned, but the pole withstood the first effort. A pause succeeded; words were heard on the staircase, and the intruders renewed their efforts a second time. But the strength of the composer seemed to increase with his anxiety. Large drops of perspiration stood on his forehead. Stemming the pole against his left breast, with a force of despair, he still kept out his visiters—succeeded but for a moment; yet it was a precious moment—the delightful air was poured upon the paper—it was saved!

Such had been the anxiety, fear, and despair of the composer, so intense his feelings, in this powerful effort of his soul, that, scarcely was his effusion arranged, when his strength left him, the pole dropped from his hand, and he fell back on the pillow exhausted. The door opened, and his wife with the formidable butcher entered. Pale, unconscious of every thing, the son of Uterpe lay on the bed, his forehead bathed in cold sweat. The wife, terror-struck at the sight, rushed to her beloved husband; she raised his forehead—embraced him; when Mozart's eyes opened, and looking round with surprise, they fell upon the invaluable scrap laying still before him.

"Mr. Mozart," said the butcher.

"Halt," said the composer, seizing the manuscript and leaping at the same time out of his bed and hurrying towards the pianoforte. Down he sat, and the most delightful air that was ever heard resounded from the instrument. The eyes of his wife and even those of the butcher began to moisten. Mozart finished the tune, rose again, and running for his writing desk, he filled out what was still wanting.

"Well, Mr. Mozart," said the butcher, when the artist finished, "you know I am to marry?"

"No, I do not," said Mozart, who had somewhat recovered from his musical trance.

"Well, then, you know it now, and you also know that you owe me money for meat,"

"I do," said Mozart, with a sigh.

"Never mind," said the man, under whose blood-stained coat beat a feeling heart, "just make me a fine waltz for my marriage ball, and I will cancel the debt, and let you have meat for a whole year to come."

"It is a bargain," cried the lively and gifted Mozart. And down he sat, and a waltz was elicited from the instrument; such a waltz as never before had set the dance-loving butcher's feet in motion.

"Meat for a year, did I say?" exclaimed the enraptured tradesman; "no, one hundred ducats you shall have for this waltz, but I want it with trumpets, and horn-pipes, and fiddles—you know best—and soon too."

"You shall have it so," said Mozart, who scarcely trusted his ears; "and in one hour you may send for it."

The liberal minded butcher retired. In an hour the waltz was set in full orchestra music. The butcher had returned, delighted with the music, and Mozart with his hundred ducats—a sum more splendid than he had ever received from the emperor for the greatest of his operas.

It is to this incident that the lovers of harmony are indebted for one of the most charming trifles—the celebrated oxen waltz—a piece of music still unrivalled.

CURRENT OF THE STRAITS OF GIBRALTAR.

It is well known that there is a current, constantly setting to the eastward in the Mediterranean, through the straits of Gibraltar, which varies from two to three knots, and effectually prevents any vessel from leaving the Mediterranean excepting with a fair wind. The cause of this constant current has puzzled many philosophers who have attempted to account for it by framing various theories. Such a vast body of water flowing at all times into the Mediterranean, must be disposed of in some way, otherwise the land adjoining the sea board would be soon overflown. But the volume of waters in that sea, does not seem to increase, and there is no visible outlet! Some have supposed that there was a counter current and that the water near the surface amused itself by rushing into the Mediterranean, and afterwards joined a current many fathoms deep and returned. Others with more plausibility have supposed that there might be a subterranean passage by which the vast body of water is discharged into the Red Sea, but unfortunately for this theory, there is no corresponding current setting to the Southward in the Red Sea.

The most plausible theory, however, is founded on evaporation. But it has been thought unlikely that such a vast quantity of water could be disposed of in this process as is believed to enter the Mediterranean. But according to the following, from Dick's Christian Philosopher, it has been ascertained by calculations and experiments that evaporation is sufficient to account for this effect.

It is found that from the surface of the Mediterranean Sea, which contains 762,000 square miles, there are drawn up into the air every day, by evaporation, 5280 millions of tons of water, while the rivers which flow into it yield only 1827 millions of tons in the same time; so that there is rained in vapor from the Mediterranean nearly *three times* the quantity of water which is poured into it by all its rivers. One third of this falls into the sea before it reaches the land—another part falls in the low lands for the nourishment of plants; and the other third part is quite sufficient to supply the sources of all the rivers which run into the sea."

A curious fact relative to the procurement of otter furs is related in a Ohio paper.—Improving the hint suggested by the fact of the superiority of "live" feathers over those plucked from the dead fowl, we are told that a Mr. Entz, of Cambridge, in that State, has succeeded in the experiment of domesticating the wild otter, and rendering it a source of profit by the fur picked from its body. It is added that the tame otters yield two crops a year, and that the quality of the fur is superior in fineness and gloss to that taken from the dead animal. Mr. E. is going extensively into the business of taming otters, muskrats, &c. for their live fur. His estimate of the annual profit of an otter, at the present prices of furs, is about fourteen dollars.—*Balt. Amer.*

Dreadful Tragedy.—A great sensation was produced in Southwark, last evening, in consequence of the death of two individuals under circumstances of the most melancholy character—a young man and a young woman, devotedly attached to each other, it would seem, but between whom a quarrel had lately taken place, which led to the fatal event we are about to relate. It is stated that the body of the female was found late in the afternoon, in the room of a house in the neighborhood of South and Fifth streets, perfectly lifeless, and with the throat cut from ear to ear. Within a few feet lay the young man, in the last agonies of death, and with his throat also cut in a similar manner. He died shortly after the arrival of the physician. A case knife was found on the floor between them. Both parties were quite young.—*Philad. Inq.*