L. D. Jackle

Cambridge Chronicle.

VOL. VIII. NO. 49.

BY G. W. CALLAHAN.

CAMBRIDGE, Md.---SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1835.

WHOLE NO. 567.

TERMS.

The CAMBRIDGE CHRONICLE is published every Saturday morning, at Two Dollars and Fifty Cents per annum, payable half yearly, in advance. Subscriptions will not be taken for less than six months: No paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid unless at the option of the editor; and the failure to order a discontinuance previously to the expiration of the time already subscribed for, will be considered as a new engagement.

☞ Advertisements not exceeding a square will be published three times for one dollar; and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion. Larger ones in proportion.

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

POETRY.

From the London Manchester Guardian.

"HOW BEAUTIFUL."

"Making a worship of the beautful."

BULWER.

How beautiful this world of ours,
Its Autumn hues and Summer flowers,
Its waving fields of ripened grain,
Its twilight shade, on hill and plain;
Beautiful, its sparkling floods,
And its leafy, solemn woods,
And its morn, when o'er the brake,
All its songsters first awake.

How beautiful—the starry night,
When its meek and mellowed light,
Stealing through the trees is seen,
On the jocund village green;
Beautiful, the dreams of sleep,
When the spirit, wrapt and deep,
Wanders 'neath Lethean spell,
To a land where Angels dwell.

And oh! how beautiful to see,
Love's unchanged fidelity,
Hearts that beat through good and ill,
True, and fond, and faithful still;
Beautiful, when years have sped,
O'er peasant's honored head,
Is the watchful care we bless
In a child's devotedness.

How beautiful—that quenchless power,
Unsubdued in darkest hour,
Unseduced when fortune's beam
Gaily gilds life's varying stream;
Virtue—thine this glorious sway,
Thou the gem of fairest ray,
Thou the fairest flower we cull,
Crown of all—most beautiful.

STANZAS.

The gentle spring—the gentle spring!
How sweetly o'er the sterile earth
She waves her dew distilling wing,
And bids the blossoms into birth—
The music of the bland south breeze,
The swelling buds—the buoyant throng,
Of busy birds, among the trees,
Swelling the merry woodland song—
And every bright and beauteous thing
Smiles on thy bosom, gentle Spring!

'Tis Nature's resurrection dawn
Thus breaking o'er the buried flowers,
With living velvet for the lawn,
And breathing beauty for the bowers,
Her robe of variegated hue
Some come with busy hands to weave—
And spread her drapery of blue
For Summer's contemplative eve—
A welcome song to thee we bring—
Thou beautiful and buoyant Spring.

From Stories of the Middle Ages.

THE QUEEN SEMIRAMIS.

'Of all my wives,' said King Ninus to Semiramis, 'it is you I love the best. None have charms and graces like you, and for you I would willingly resign them all.'

'Let the king consider well what he says, replied Semiramis. 'What if I were to take him at his word?'

'Do so,' replied the monarch, 'whilst beloved by you, I am indifferent to all others.'

'So then, if I asked it,' said Semiramis, 'you would banish all your other wives, and love me alone? I should be alone your consort, the partaker of your power, and Queen of Assyria?'

'Queen of Assyria! Are you not so already?' said Ninus, 'since you reign by your beauty over its king.'

'No—no,' answered his lovely mistress; 'I am at present only your slave whom you love. I reign not; I merely charm. When I give an order, you are consulted before I am obeyed.'

'And to reign, then, you think so great a pleasure?'

'Yes, to one who has never experienced it.'

'And do you wish to experience it?—Would you like to reign a few days in my place?'

'Take care, O, king! do not offer too much.'

'No, I repeat it,' said the captivated monarch. 'Would you like, for one whole day, to be sovereign mistress of Assyria? If you would, I consent to it.'

'And all which I command, then, shall be executed?'

'Yes, I will resign to you, for one entire day, my power and my golden sceptre.'

'And when shall this be?'

'To-morrow, if you like.'

'I do,' said Semiramis; and she let her head fall upon the shoulder of the king, like a beautiful woman asking pardon for some caprice which has been yielded to.

The next morning, Semiramis called her women, and commanded them to dress her magnificently. On her head she wore a crown of precious stones, and appeared thus before Ninus. Ninus, enchanted with her beauty, ordered all the officers of the palace to assemble in the state chamber, and his golden sceptre to be brought from the treasury. He then entered the chamber, leading Semiramis by the hand. All prostrated themselves before the aspect of the king, who conducted Semiramis to the throne, and seated her upon it. Then ordering the whole assembly to rise, he announced to the court that they were to obey, during the whole day, Semiramis as himself. So saying, he took up the golden sceptre, and placing it in the hands of Semiramis—'Queen,' said he, 'I commit to you the emblem of sovereign power; take it, and command with sovereign authority. All here are your slaves, and I myself am nothing more than your servant for the whole of this day. Whoever shall be remiss in executing your orders let him be punished as if he had disobeyed the commands of the king.'

Having thus spoken, the king knelt down before Semiramis, who gave him, with a smile, her hand to kiss. The courtiers then passed in succession, each making oath to execute blindly the orders of Semiramis. When the ceremony was finished, the king made her his compliments, and asked her how she had managed to go through with it' with so grave and majestical an air.

'Whilst they were promising to obey me,' said Semiramis, 'I was thinking what I should command each of them to do. I have but one day of power, and I will employ it well.'

The king laughed at this reply. Semiramis appeared more *piquante* and amiable than ever. 'Let us see,' said he, 'how you will continue your part. By what orders will you begin?'

'Let the secretary of the king approach my throne,' said Semiramis with a loud voice.

The secretary approached—two slaves placed a little table before him.

'Write,' said Semiramis—' "Under penalty of death, the governor of the citadel of Babylon is ordered to yield up the command of the citadel to him who shall bear him this order." Fold this order, seal it with the king's seal, and give it to me. Write now: "Under penalty of death, the governor of the slaves of the palace is ordered to resign the command of the slaves into the hands of the person who shall present to him this order." Fold it, seal it with the king's seal, and deliver to me this decree. Write again: "Under penalty of death, the general of the army encamped under the walls of Babylon, is ordered to resign the command of the army to him who shall be the bearer of this order." Fold, seal, and deliver to me this decree.'

She took the three orders thus dictated, and put them in her bosom. The whole court was struck with consternation; the king himself was surprised.

'Listen,' said Semiramis. 'In two hours hence let all the officers of the state come and offer me presents, as is the custom on the accession of new princes, and let a festival be prepared for this evening. Now let all depart. Let my faithful servant alone remain. I have to consult him upon affairs of state.'

When all the rest had gone out—'You see,' said Semiramis, 'that I know how to play the queen.'

Ninus laughed.

'My beautiful queen,' said he, 'you play your part to astonishment. But if your servant may dare to question you, 'what would you do with the orders you have dictated?'

'I should be no longer queen, were I obliged to give account of my actions. Nevertheless, this was my motive. I have a vengeance to execute against the three officers whom these orders menace.'

'Vengeance! and wherefore?'

'The first, the governor of the citadel, is one eyed, and frightens me every time I meet him; the second, the chief of the slaves, I hate, because he threatens me with rivals; the third, the general of the army, deprives me too often of your company; you are constantly in the camp.'

This reply, in which caprice and flattery were mingled, enchanted Ninus. 'Good,' said he, laughing. 'Here are the three first officers of the empire dismissed for very sufficient reasons.'

The gentlemen of the court now came to present their gifts to the queen. Some gave precious stones; others, of a lower rank, flowers and fruits; and the slaves having nothing to give, gave nothing but homage. Among these last were three young brothers, who had come from the Caucasus with Semiramis, and had rescued the caravan in which the women were, from an enormous tiger. When they passed the throne—

'And you,' said she, to the three brothers, 'have you no present to make your queen?'

'No other,' replied the first, Zopire, than my life to defend her.'

'None other,' replied the second, Artaban, 'than my sabre against her enemies.'

'None other,' replied the third, Assar, 'than the respect and admiration which her presence inspires.'

'Slaves,' said Semiramis, 'it is you who have made the most valuable present of the whole court, and I will not be ungrateful.—You who have offered me your sword against my enemies, take this order, carry it to the general of the army encamped under the walls of Babylon, give it to him, and see what he will do for you. You who have offered me your life for my defence, take this order to the governor of the citadel, and see what he will do for you; and you who offered me the respect and admiration which my presence inspires, take this order, give it to the commandant of the slaves of the palace, and see what will be the result.'

Never had Semiramis displayed so much gayety, so much folly, and so much grace, and never was Ninus so much captived. Nor were her charms lessened in his eyes, when a slave not having executed promptly an insignificant order, she commanded his head to be struck off, which was immediately done.

Without bestowing a thought on this trivial matter, Ninus continued to converse with Semiramis, till the evening and the *fete* arrived. When she entered the saloon which had been prepared for the occasion, a slave brought her a plate, in which was the head of the decapitated eunuch. 'Tis well,' said she, after having examined it.—'Place it on a stake in the court of the palace that all may see it, and be you there on the spot to proclaim to every one, that the man to whom this head belonged, lived three hours ago, but that having disobeyed my will, his head was separated from his body.'

The *fete* was magnificent: a sumptuous banquet was prepared in the gardens, and Semiramis received the homage of all with a grace and majesty perfectly regal; she continually turned to and conversed with Ninus, rendering him the most distinguished honor. 'You are,' said she, 'a foreign king come to visit me in my palace. I must make your visit agreeable to you.'

Shortly after the banquet was served, Semiramis confounded and reversed all ranks. Ninus was placed at the bottom of the table. He was the first to laugh at this caprice; and the court, following his example, allowed themselves to be placed, without murmuring, according to the will of the queen. She seated near herself the three brothers from the Caucasus.

'Are my orders executed?' she inquired of them.

'Yes,' replied they.

The *fete* was very gay. A slave having, by the force of habit, served the king first, Semiramis had him beaten with rods. His cries mingled with the laughter of the guests. Every one was inclined to merriment. It was a comedy in which each played his part. Towards the end of the repast, when wine had added to the general galety, Semiramis rose from her elevated seat, and said—'My lords, the treasurer of the empire has read me a list of those who this morning have brought me their gifts of congratulation, on my joyful accession to the throne. One grandee alone of all the court has failed to bring his gift.'

'Who is it?' cried Ninus. 'He must be punished severely.'

'It is yourself, my lord—you who speak—What have you given to the queen this morning?'

Ninus rose, and came with a smiling countenance to whisper something in the ear of the queen. 'The queen is insulted by her servant,' exclaimed Semiramis.

'I embrace your knees to obtain your pardon. Pardon me, beautiful queen,' said he, 'pardon me.' And he added, in a lower tone 'I would that this fete was finished.'

'You wish, then, that I should abdicate?' said Semiramis. 'But no—I have still two hours to reign;' and at the same time she withdrew her hand, which the king was covering with kisses. 'I pardon not,' said she, in a loud voice, 'such an insult on the part of a slave. Slave, prepare thyself to die.'

'Silly child that thou art,' said Ninus, still on his knees, 'yet will I give way to thy folly; but patience, thy reign will soon be over.'

'You will not be angry,' said she in a whisper, 'at something I am going to order at this moment?'

'No,' said he.

'Slaves,' said she aloud, 'seize this man—this Ninus.'

Ninus, smiling, put himself into the hands of the slaves.

'Take him out of the saloon, lead him into the court of the seraglio, prepare every thing for his death, and wait my orders.'

The slaves obeyed, and Ninus followed them, laughing, into the court of the seraglio. They passed by the head of the disobeying eunuch. Then Semiramis placed herself on a balcony. Ninus had suffered his hands to be tied.

'Hasten to the fortress, Zopire; you to the camp, Artaban; Assar, do you secure all the gates of the palace.'

These orders were given in a whisper, and executed immediately.

'Beautiful queen,' said Ninus, laughing, 'this comedy only wants its denouement; pray let it be a prompt one.'

'I will,' said Semiramis, 'Slaves, recollect the eunuch—strike!'

They struck. Ninus had hardly time to utter a cry when his head fell upon the pavement, the smile still upon his lips.

'Now I am queen of Assyria,' exclaimed Semiramis: 'and perish every one, like the eunuch, and like Ninus, who dare disobey my order.'

THE TURK UNBEARDED.

A LIVORNESE FACT.

Some time since, business brought a Turkish merchant to Leghorn; being a person of liberal disposition, and possessing the means of displaying it, his acquaintance was much sought by the thrifty and calculating Livornese. He was a robust, good-looking man, of about thirty-five, and gloried in a beard of most respectable longitude, as black at jet, which it was his particular care to keep duly t immed and delicately perfumed. At one of the coversazioni of the place, he fell in with the wife of a certain Signor G——, a gentleman employed in the dogana, or custom-house, but who happened at this period to be in Florence, whither he had been called by a law suit. Though a Tuscan, Signor G—— was an almost solitary instance of the kind, subject to occasional fits of jealousy, and when summoned by his affairs to Florence, left his better half with considerable reluctance; but being put to a choice of evils, he wisely preferred leaving his wife for a time to the risk of losing his money forever. The lady, as I have said, attracted the Mussulman's attention. Being somewhat of a coquette, the novelty of a Turkish adorer hit her fancy extremely; so that poor Achmet was ere long ensnared in the meshes of Cupid, without a prospect, or even a wish, to extricate himself. Never hearing the fair hint at her being encumbered with a husband, he naturally enough concluded that she was either maid or widow, and consequently fair game, to be wooed and to be won, for he did not set the difference of religion down as a great obstacle. One evening, therefore, whilst engaged, at the house of a friend, in a tender *tete-a-tete*, he offered, in tolerable *lingua franca*, (for real Italian he neither understood very well nor spoke very intelligibly,) to take his Christian enslaver to Constantinople as his wife. Hearing this fair proposal—unwilling, no doubt, to risk the loss of her admirer by a candid explanation—she bantered him, without giving a decisive answer to his question. In this manner she put him off from day to day, whilst the enamoured Turk continued to press his suit with more fervor than ever. In the meantime, Signor G——, having terminated his affairs, was daily expected from Florence. His lady was not particularly anxious that he should become acquainted with the advantageous offer made her in his absence. But how to get rid of her Turkish swain, who besieged her as closely as a beleaguered city, she knew not. She at length hit on what she conceived an infallible plan for this purpose His predilection for his beard was no secret to her, and on this, she based her operations. Accordingly, when he next pressed her, as usual—'Really,' she said, 'I might be prevailed on, but for that odious beard.'

'Odious beard!' reiterated the petrified Turk; 'the blessed prophet cannot boast a finer.'

'I don't care,' replied the fair one; 'you will never do for me, with that goat-like appendage to your chin.'

In fine, to cut the matter short, the reader must know that the Turk, comprehending but little Italian, understood the lady that she would be his, provided he manifested his love for her by the sacrifice of his beard, and that this once done, she was fairly his own, by contract implied and expressed between them. Though the loss cut him to the very soul, he resolved to give his mistress this extreme proof of the intensity of his adoration. Little did the simple follower of Mahomet imagine the wiles of which our fair Christians are capable, and still less did his deceiver conceive a Turk could ever reconcile himself to the loss of his beard.

Next morning a loud knock announced a visiter. The cameriera came running up to tell her mistress, as well as she could for laughing, that the Turk was come.

'*Seccatura!*' said the Signora.

'With a whole bevy of Turks at his heels.'

'*Male?*' answered the lady.

'And without a hair on his chin.'

'*Peggio!*' cried her mistress; 'what shall we do now?'

Our Turk, already, as he conceived, the husband of the lady, in force of the stipulation between them, was come with a dozen stout Turks of his crew, each bearing a nuptial present for the bride, in order to take possession of the lady and her residence, in which he proposed fixing his quarters during his stay at Leghorn. These affairs, by the way, are managed much more simply, and with less ado, in Constantinople than with us. Having directed his attendants to remain without, in the ante-room, until summoned to attend, he hurried in on the wings of love to salute his fair bride. His twelve followers, with all the gravity of Turks, squatted themselves down in the middle of the room, and making themselves quite at home, produced their pipes, and began composedly to send up the odoriferous fumes in volumes to the ceiling. In the mean time the fair Livornese within, was sadly embarrassed. In vain she prayed, expostulated, remonstrated, explained. The enraptured Turk would listen neither to excuse nor entreaty. Had he not sacrificed his beard? Was not his chin as smooth as her own?—Was ever woman more fairly or dearly won? How the scene would have ended we cannot pretend to determine, had it not happened that just at this very critical moment Signor G—— himself walked in. When he entered the ante-room, and beheld twelve Turks smoking in a circle, like the signs of the zodiac in the days of Phæton, he almost began to think he had mistaken the house. Upon inquiry what all this meant, one of the grave dozen laconically gave him to understand that the residence now belonged to his master.

'Indeed!' said Signor G——, much edified by the intelligence. 'How has that happened?'

'He has married the lady this morning,' puffed out the Mussulman.

'The devil he has!' roared Signor G——. 'What, a new husband! and a Turk to boot, after six weeks' absence?' And he rushed into the inner apartment. There he found his lady resisting, as we have described, the overtures of the smooth-chinned Turk. 'My husband!' cried the lady. 'My wife!' said the gentleman. The disappointed Mussulman stood aghast as he heard; whilst the Signora began explaining to Signor G—— the meaning of the strange scene as well as she could, whether entirely to her husband's satisfaction is uncertain. Be that as it may, he very politely assured his intended successor, that, according to the law of the country, wives were only allotted one husband at a time in Italy, and his claim being the prior one, he trusted the other would at least have the goodness to wait for his demise; but this was what the Turk, who had parted with his beloved beard to obtain the lady, was by no means inclined to consent to. Words ensued, and words were on the point of being followed by blows, in which, as there was only one Christian against a round dozen of Turks, the former, though the first husband, would probably have come off second best, had not his servants, seeing how matters went, called in the police, whose presence put an end to the fracas.

Infuriated at the double loss of his beard and his bride, the Turk continued to threaten vengeance for having been thus victimized, until the police, apprehensive of the consequences, put him by force on board his own vessel, and sent him beardless and wifeless back to Constantinople.

From a French paper.

THE TWO MOTHERS.

Saumur is a most delicious place, with its little red and white houses, seated at the foot of a flower-dressed hill, and divided by the Loire, which runs sportively through it, like a blue scarf on the neck of a beautiful girl. But alas! this new Eden, like all other cities, has its sad attendants on civilization—a prison and a sub-prefect, a literary society and a lunatic hospital—yes, a hospital for lunatics! Ascend the Loire by the left bank, and when you have arrived at the outskirts of the city, clamber by a steep path—you will soon arrive at the top of a pebbly hill, on the flanks of which are placed small cabins, furnished with great bars of wood. It is there, while you are occupied with admiring, with all the powers of your soul, the beautiful country which stretches from Tour to Angers, the green and fertile fields, the rapid and majestic current which crosses and bathes the brilliant landscape, suddenly the cries of rage, and the laughter of stolidity will burst forth behind you, and call you to contemplate the spectacle which you have come to seek. Then you will renounce with pain the happiness of the contemplation; but you *will* renounce it, because it cannot be enjoyed beside such an accumulation of misery.

Look at that young man who is walking almost naked—the young man whose limbs are blackened by exposure to the sun, and whose feet are torn by rough pebbles in his pathway. He had taken holy orders—he was surprised by love—he went crazy—now he is stripped of his orders and his love—poor victim.

As I was wandering one day in the midst of all this wreck of humanity, behind me was walking a young lady, accompanied by her husband, leading by the hand a pretty little girl, their child. She came, without doubt, like myself, to seek for strong and new emotions. We become strangely jaded with the tiring excitement of a city.

I arrived at the same moment with this lady, opposite a girl who had been led out of her cell into the court, and was fastened to the wall by an iron chain. Her large blue eye had so much sweetness, her pale face so many charms, and her long auburn hair fell with so much grace over her naked shoulders, that I looked at her with inexpressible pain—She appeared to have been weeping bitterly—how heavy, then, appeared that horrible iron chain which abraded her white delicate skin!

I asked the lay sister who acted as a guide to me, what had befallen the girl, that she was treated so rigorously? She answered me, lowering her eyes and blushing, 'It is Mary, a poor girl from the city, who has loved too deeply. The fiend who tempted, abandoned her, and after two years, the child of her shame died. This last loss deprived her of reason; she was brought to this institution, and in consequence of sudden excesses of derangement, she is chained.'

The good sister bowed, as if ashamed of referring to such a subject.

I stood lost in reflection upon the mutation of human affairs, as I gazed at the unfortunate being before me; when suddenly I saw her spring the whole length of her chain, seize the little child which the young lady held by the hand, press it closely to her breast, and rush back with the swiftness of an arrow to her stone bench.

The mother screamed frantically, and sprung towards the miserable lunatic, who drove her back with shocking brutality.

'It is my babe,' cried Mary—'it is she indeed—God has restored her to me—oh, how good is God!—and she leaped up with joy, and covered the child with kisses. The father attempted to seize his child by force, but the lay sister prevented him, and besought him to let Mary have her own way.

'It is not your daughter,' said she kindly to Mary; 'she does not resemble you in the least.'

'Not my daughter!—good heavens, look, look, sister Martha—look at her mouth, her eyes—it is the very likeness of her father. She has come down from heaven. How pretty—how very pretty she is, my dear, sweet daughter'—and she pressed the child to her bosom, and rocked it like a nurse to still its cries.

It was, however, heart-rending to see the poor mother, who watched with anxiety every movement of the lunatic, and wept or smiled as Mary advanced towards, retired from, sister Martha.

'Lend your daughter to me a moment, Mary, that I may see her,' said the good sister.

'Lend her to you! O no, indeed—the first time the priests told me also that I should lend her for a little while to God, who desired such angels, and she was gone six months. I will not lend her again—no, no, I would rather kill her and keep her body"—and she held up the child as if she would dash its head against the wall.

The mother, pale and inanimate, fell helpless upon her knees, and with bitter sobs supplicated the lunatic to give her back her child, and not to do it harm—Mary gave no heed to her; she was holding the infant, with her eyes bent intently upon its features.

The father, half distracted, had gone to seek the director of the institution.

It would have been difficult then to say which was the really crazy one—the mother who lay trembling in my arms, and calling aloud for her child, or Mary, who, with wild laughter, was presenting to the child her shrivelled breasts.

I was resolved not to employ force, but to allow Mary to retire into her cell, and when she was asleep to take away the child.

Once in her cell, Mary laid the child at the foot of the bed, pressed down the mattress, and disposed the clothes into the form of a cradle—while the real mother, with her face pressed against the gratings of the cell, watched in the twilight of the place, with haggard and streaming eyes, every motion of the lunatic.

Mary carefully disposed the child in its new made bed, hushed it, and sung little nursery songs, with a wild and fitful voice, and then fell asleep beside the infant.

The nurse immediately entered the cell on tip toe, snatched up the child, and restored it to its mother's arms, who screamed with joy, and fled away with her precious burthen. The cry of the mother awakened Mary—she felt beside her in vain for the child—she ran to the grating, and shook it with a powerful arm—she saw the child borne from her; she uttered a wild, discordant cry, and fell her whole length upon the floor—*she was dead*—twice was too much.

A FACT.—"There is one single fact that one may oppose to all the wit and argument of infidelity; that no man ever repented of Christianity on his death bed."—*Hannah Mores' Life.*

SUNDAY.—"A day when they who fear their creditors go abroad, and they who fear God stay at home.—*Ib.*