L. D. Teackle

Cambridge Chronicle.

VOL. IX. NO. 2.

BY G. W. CALLAHAN.

CAMBRIDGE, Md.---SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1835.

WHOLE NO. 572.

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.

"A place of rugged rocks adown whose sides
The mountain torrent rushes; on whose crags
The raven builds her nest, and tells her young
Of former funeral feasts."

* * * * *

Long years have passed since last I stood
Alone amid this mountain scene;
Unlike the future which I dreamed,
How like my future it has been!
A cold gray sky o'erhung with clouds,
With showers in every passing shade;
How like the moral atmosphere
Whose gloom my horoscope has made!

I thought if yet my weary feet
Could rove my native hills again,
A world of feeling would revive—
Sweet feelings wasted, worn in vain.
My early hopes, my early joys,
I dreamed those valleys would restore;
I asked for childhood to return—
For childhood, which returns no more.

Surely the scene itself is changed!
There did not always rest, as now,
That shadow in the valley's depth,
That gloom upon the mountain-brow.
Wild flowers within the chasms dwelt,
Like treasures in some fairy hold,
And morning o'er the mountains shed
Her kindling world of vapoury gold.

Another season of the year
Is now upon the earth and me;
Another spring will light these hills—
No other spring mine own may be;
I must retune my unstrung heart,
I must awake the sleeping tomb,
I must recall the loved and lost,
Ere spring again for me could bloom.

I've wandered, but it was in vain,
In many a far and foreign clime;
Absence is not forgetfulness,
And distance cannot vanquish time.
One face was ever in my sight,
One voice was ever on my ear;
From all earth's loveliness I turned
To wish—Ah, that the dead were here!

Oh! weary wandering to no home!
Oh! weary wandering alone!
I turned to childhood's once glad scenes,
And found life's last illusion flown.
Ah! those who left their childhood's scenes
For after-years of toil and pain,
Who but bring back the breaking heart,
Should never seek those scenes again.

We have been favored with the loan of a small volume entitled "Deutologia, a poem on the diseases of the teeth, and their proper remedies, by Solyman Brown, A. M." It is a clever production, and contains some very pretty poetry, while the author has not failed to "blend instruction with the charms of song." The notes, especially, appended by Eleazar Parmley, Dentist, embody much useful information, and we have read the whole work with interest, and, we trust, profit. The poem enveighs with commendable force against those enervating and disease-engendering vices, luxury, intemperance and uncleanliness, though it claims merely

——"The pride in measured verse to raise
A plain but lasting monument of praise,
To that distinguished science, known of yore,—
Designed departed beauty to restore—
The Dental Art, by Greece and Rome admired,
When woman to imperial thrones aspired."

It is purely didactic, and does honor to the heart as well as credit to the head. Among those portions of it which struck us as possessing beauty, are the concluding lines of the 5th and last canto. As they are episodical, and can, consequently, be separated from the context, without being much injured thereby, we here present them to the reader.

On yonder hill, which freshening shades invest,
Beneath whose spreading boughs forever rest
The mouldering ashes of the son and sire,
The village church erects its modest spire.
Behold, each Sabbath morn, with measured pace,
The silent groups that seek that hallowed place,
And mark, how meek devotion worships there,
With heart uplifted in the hour of prayer.

The morning song of love is sweetly sung,
While heaven's own flame inspires each tuneful tongue;
And see—the venerable man appears,
White with the hoary frosts of threescore years;—
The good old man, whose useful hours have flown,
To sooth all others' sorrows but his own;—
Whose daily labors to mankind are given,
In charity, but all his heart to heaven.
So pure the life this virtuous man has passed,
That all his powers are perfect to the last;
No borrowed lock to grace his brow aspires;
No optic glass his vigorous eye requires;
He lacks no single tooth that nature gave,
Nor asks a staff to guide him to the grave.

With voice subdued, and unobtrusive mien,
He speaks of heaven;—he paints the flowery scene,
Where angel natures—forms of purest love,
Meet in the bowers of innocence above,
To drink at living fountains, and be fed
On fruits immortal, and the living bread,
Till gushing tears fall fast from every eye,
And faith and hope look smiling to the sky.

Yet, in that choir that sung the morning song,
One vacant seat afflicts the listening throng;
One well-known voice, admired so oft before,
For sweetest melody, is heard no more.

Is Seraphina dead, whose melting strains
Had won the hearts of all the neighboring swains?
Or does she now forsake the house of prayer,
And spurn her venerable pastor's care?
Unjust suspicion! tarnish not her fame,
Nor let reproach attaint her spotless name;
For while her mellow voice obeyed her will,
She fondly lingered, our musician still;
And though by cruel fate compelled to part,
She leaves us all the homage of her heart.
To lonely solitude she gives her hours,
In shady copse, or shadier garden bowers:—
In silent grief, and unconsoled, she pines,
And scarce to heaven's high will her soul resigns.
For, lo, the heavenly music of her lip—
So sweet, the laboring bees might stop to sip—
Has passed away; discordant notes succeed,
And Seraphina's bosom lives to bleed.

Ye ask the cause:—by premature decay,
Two of her dental pearls have passed away;
The two essential to those perfect strains,
That charm the soul when heavenly music reigns.
But fly, ye swains, to Seraphina fly,
And bid her fastly flowing tears be dry;
Haste to her cottage, where in vain she seeks
To wipe the burning deluge from her cheeks;
And when ye find her, sooth her frantic mind,
And bid her cast her sorrows to the wind;
In secret whisper, this kind truth impart;—
There is a remedy:—the dental art
Can every varying tone with ease restore,
And give thee music sweeter than before!—

Thus, to desponding man, in life's dark way,
The angel, mercy, points the opening day;
And through the tear that trembles in his eye,
Reveals the glories of her kindred sky.

THE PARISIAN SIBYL.

Whence comes it that man has such a desire to interrogate the future, such an idle anxiety to divine the veiled secrets of fortune? In every nation I discover traces of this imprudent curiosity. The Jews had their witches, the Greeks their sibyls, the Persians their magi, the Spaniards their gipsies; the Romans had their augurs, whose oracles they respected; the French have had their sorcerers, whom they frequently finished, by burning them with great ceremony.

In former days the business of sorcery was not exercised in France with impunity, and those who were given to shuffling fortunes from cards, answered for it too often with their lives. Our good ancestors were in the habit of burning, without scruple, all who were guilty of witchcraft; and my good ladies Villeneuve, Michel, and Le Normand, now in full career, if they had been born a century earlier, would have infallibly ended their days at the stake. But chiromancy, cartomancy and necromancy are at present fashionable sciences, and lucrative branches of trade; and sorcery, instead of leading to a funeral pile, conducts to fortune. All Paris have in succession paid their respects to the cards of Lady Villeneuve, the whites of eggs of Madame Michel, and the black hen of Mademoiselle Le Normand. Each of these practisers has been celebrated in her turn; but a young sorceress is now before the public who promises to surpass them all.

The temple of this new sibyl is in one of the most frequented quarters of Paris. In the morning it is open to the beauty, tender and timid, but who confides in the turn of a card; to the greedy speculator, who would know what success may attend his enterprises; to the modest and innocent girl who is anxious to discover whom she should fall in love with; to the unquiet husband whose dreams are disturbed by an ugly major of dragoons, in big boots and monstrous moustachios; to the gamester who would win back at whist what he has lost at faro. The numerous equipages ranged before the entrance, indicate the rank of the visiters.

I had heard the oracles of this modern Pythoness frequently cited with great praise. Some ladies spoke to me in high terms of the vivacity of her mind, the delicacy of her questions, and especially of the promptness with which she divined what they dared not to tell her. Gentlemen had described in raptures the sweetness of her features, the elegance of her manners, and assured me that she was a most exquisite creature. These eulogies excited my curiosity; and I determined to ascertain for myself the merits and beauties of this celebrated personage.

The clock had just struck eight as I presented myself at the door of her hotel. On declaring the object of my visit, I was ushered into a little saloon furnished with the greatest simplicity, with nothing to indicate the profession of its occupant. This was a young lady about twenty-five years of age, tall, well-made, expressing herself with grace, very agreeable, and various in her conversation. There was something a little malicious in her glance, and sardonic in her smile, and she jested freely upon the inconveniences of her art, and attempted to convince me of its excellence. I saw that she herself was not very well persuaded of the truth she wished to impress upon me; and I thought that of all who came into her house, the young sibyl herself had the least faith in the infallibility of her oracles.

After having conversed with me a few moments, she ascended the sacred tripod: already the prophetic spirit had begun to move the delicate fibres of her train, when a light hand rapped three times at the door of our apartment, and uttered, in a troubled voice, "Open; it is I." My pretty prophetess was evidently embarrassed, and I was preparing to take my leave. She prevented me. "You have the air of a gallant gentleman," she at length said to me, smiling. I bowed assent. "I am sure of it," she added, "go into this cabinet." She pushed me gently into the cabinet, shut the door upon me, and to prevent all accidents took the key with her. I consoled my captivity by making immediate use of a crevice, through which I could see every thing that was going on in the saloon.

The lady who entered was younger and more beautiful than the sibyl. Her face was a picture of innocence and candor. At length said she, laughing, "I have succeeded. Madame de Bassac, after having managed to inflame the jealousy of my husband, has prevailed on him to pay a visit to you; he will be here in a minute, and do not forget our agreement."

The sound of a bell put an end to the conversation; the young visiter disappeared, and her friend prepared to receive De Julien.

He enters, looks about the room with nonchalance, and the better to decide upon the powers of the magician, observes that her art must reveal to her the object of his present visit. Do you doubt it? said the sibyl, in an offended tone; give yourself, then, the trouble to be seated; and condescend to listen to me. He took a chair. She collected herself, and arranged the cards upon the table, by way of prelude to the following dialogue.

You are married, sir; sixteen or seventeen months ago you espoused a young lady about half your age.

What, madam?

Who has given you a thousand proofs of affection, and yet you continue to suspect her.

I confess it, said he, in utter amazement.

Queen of Diamonds—these suspicions you have imbibed from a female friend of your wife.

I admit the fact.

Seven of Spades—she has carried her effrontery so far as to advise you to apply to me.

Astonishing!

She takes up the cards and hands them to De Julien, who cuts them, while the sibyl continues with a gravity that nothing can disturb, your wife is faithful.

Do you believe so?

I know it; but she complains of your conduct.

Of my conduct?

Your suspicions harass her.

O no; she is not aware of them.

She has discovered them; you entertain at your house a very dangerous man.

And who is he?

The King of Clubs.

I do not know him, madam.

A dark man, thirty-six years old.

It is my best friend.

He is desirous of becoming your wife's best friend, sir.

You amaze me! I am thunderstruck!

For three months past he has been trying to induce her to accept a set of diamonds that he knows you have refused to purchase.

It is true.

But she declines his offers with dignity; it is from you only that she is willing to accept any ornament that may add to her beauty.

Poor woman! exclaimed the relenting husband.

Here our sibyl again took up the cards, and dividing them into three parcels, which she thus explained:

You blush at the suspicions you have entertained.

Because you assure me of the honor of my wife.

She dreams of nothing but your pleasure; at this very moment she is engaged in some scheme to advance your happiness. But, what do I see! Eight of Clubs, and Nine of Hearts!

Is this bad fortune?

Quite the contrary; you are thinking of a present for your lady.

O! a present!

The set of diamonds.

Indeed, indeed—

In order that having no wish ungratified, she may be exposed to no temptation.

But these jewels are very dear.

Ah! sir, can you too generously reward the virtue of a woman who adores you?

My wife adores me!

Eight of Hearts and Ace of Spades, Madame de Julien loves no one but her husband!

At these words, which proved the extent of the young magician's science, De Julien rose from his seat in transports; he cast upon the table a purse of indefinite weight, and ran to the jeweller to purchase the happy talisman which was to restore felicity to his household. Good fortune all that day followed in his footsteps; the jeweller in an excess of good humor made him a considerable discount, and the virtue of my lady cost much less than he anticipated.

As soon as her husband was gone, Madame De Julien reappeared from her hiding place, and embraced her friend with every expression of kindness and tender gratitude. But they immediately separated, for it was necessary that the young wife should return home to receive her spouse and her diamonds.

The sibyl liberated me and prevented every manner of reproach on my part, by laughing herself, with a very pretty grace, at the scene of which she had made me a witness. I will not propose to you, now, said she, to cast your horoscope; what you have just seen and heard, forbids the degree of confidence that is required in those who come to consult me; but I would ask you not to judge my conduct with too much severity. Men are but grown up children who pay to be deceived; and the error which flatters, is better than the truth which afflicts them. Instead of tearing away the veil that conceals the faults of De Julien's spouse, I darken them more deeply, and take the same care to render his future days happy, that another would take to make them miserable. Shall I predict to the opulent banker who astonishes all Paris with his magnificence, that he will one day envy the lot of the wretch he now repulses with disdain? Shall I say to the father exulting in the birth of a son, this child will cover your old age with shame and bring your grey hairs with sorrow to the grave? Shall I tell Florio the flirtations of Lisette, and Lisette the infidelity of Florio? No! were I to do so, I should soon destroy my own credit, and see no more of this multitude of visiters who crowd about my house to receive the approbation of their follies and the confirmation of their hopes. I have taken a surer path. I tickle the folly of every one of them. Without compromising my character, I give good fortune to the whole world. They go away from my house quiet in heart and mind, and promise themselves to pay another visit to the little sorceress who makes them so happy at such a trifling expense.—***.

RUBENS AND THE SPANISH MONK.

One day, during his residence in Spain, Rubens made an excursion in the environs of Madrid, accompanied by several of his pupils. He entered a convent where he observed with no small degree of surprise, in the choir of the chapel, a picture which bore evidence of having been executed by an artist of sublime genius. The picture represented the death of a monk. Rubens called his pupils, showed them the picture, and they all shared the admiration which the *chef d'oeuvre* elicited from their master.

"Who painted this picture?" inquired Van Dyck, the favorite pupil of Rubens.

"The name of the artist has been inscribed at the bottom of the picture," observed Tulden, "but it has been carefully effaced."

Rubens sent for the old prior of the convent, and requested that he would tell him the name of the artist.

"The painter is no longer of this world," answered the monk.

"What," exclaimed Rubens, "Dead! and unknown! His name deserves to be immortal. It would have obliterated the remembrance of mine. And yet," he added, with pardonable vanity, "I am Peter Paul Rubens."

At these words the pale countenance of the prior became flushed and animated. His eyes sparkled, and he fixed on Rubens a look which betrayed a stronger feeling than curiosity. But this excitement was only momentary. The monk cast down his eyes, crossed on his bosom the arms which he had raised to heaven, by an impulse of enthusiasm, and repeated, "the artist is no longer of this world."

"Tell me his name, father," exclaimed Rubens, "tell me his name, I conjure you, that I may repeat it throughout the world, and give to him the glory which is due." And Rubens, Van Dyck, Jordæns, Van Nuei and Van Vulden, surrounded the prior, and earnestly entreated that he would tell them the name of the painter. The monk trembled, and his lips convulsively quivered, as if ready to reveal the secret. Then, making a solemn motion with his hand, he said—"Hear me. You misunderstand what I said. I told you that the painter of that picture was no longer of this world: but I did not mean that he was dead."

"Does he then live! Oh, tell us where we may find him."

"He has renounced the world, and retired to a cloister. He is a monk."

"A monk, father—a monk! Oh tell me, then, in what convent he is, for he must quit it. When heaven marked a man with the stamp of genius, that man should not bury himself in solitude. God has given him a sublime mission, and he must fulfil it. Tell me the cloister in which he is hidden. I will draw him from his retirement, and show him the glory that awaits him. Should he refuse, I will procure an order from our holy father the Pope to make him return to the world and exercise his talent. The Pope, father, is a kind friend to me, and he will listen to me."

"I will neither tell you his name, nor that of the convent to which he has retired," replied the monk, in a resolute tone.

"But the Pope will compel you to do so," exclaimed Rubens, impatiently.

"Hear me," said the monk; "hear me, in the name of heaven. Can you imagine that this man, before he quitted the world—before he renounced fortune and fame—did not struggle painfully against the resolution? Can you believe that nothing short of the most cruel deception and bitter sorrow could have brought him to conviction that all here below is mere vanity? Leave him, then, to die in the asylum to which he has fled from the world and despair. Besides, all your efforts would be fruitless. He would triumphantly resist every temptation. [Here he made the sign of the cross.] God would not refuse him his aid! God, who in his mercy has called him to himself, will not dismiss him from his presence."

"But, father, he has renounced immortality!"

"Immortality is nothing in comparison with eternity."

The monk drew his cowl over his forehead and changed the conversation, so as to prevent Rubens from further urging his plea. The celebrated Flemish artist left the convent, accompanied by his brilliant train of pupils, and they all returned to Madrid, lost in conjectures respecting the painter whose name had been so obstinately withheld from them.

The prior returned to his lonely cell, knelt down on the straw mat which served as his bed, and offered up a fervent prayer to heaven. He then collected together his pencils, his colors, and a small easel, and threw them into a river which flowed beneath the window of his cell. He gazed for some moments in profound melancholy on the stream, which soon drifted these objects from his sight. When they had disappeared, he once more knelt down to pray on his straw mat, and before his wooden crucifix.

GUNS AND GUNPOWDER.

The power accumulated within a small space of gunpowder, is well known, yet some of its effects under peculiar circumstances, are so singular, that an attempt to explain them may perhaps be excused. If a gun is loaded with ball, it will not kick so much as when loaded with small shot; and amongst different kinds of shot, that which is the smallest, causes the greatest recoil against the shoulder. A gun loaded with a quantity of sand, equal in weight to a charge of snipe shot, kicks still more. If, in loading, a space is left between the wadding and the charge the gun either recoils violently, or bursts. If the muzzle of a gun has accidentally been stuck in the ground, so as to be stopped up with clay, or even snow, or if it be fired with its muzzle plunged into water the almost certain result is that it bursts. The ultimate cause of these apparently inconsistent effects is, that every force requires time to produce its effect; and if the time requisite for the elastic vapor within to force out the sides of the barrel, is less than that in which the condensation of the air near the wadding is conveyed in sufficient force to drive the impediment from the muzzle, then the barrel must burst. It sometimes happens that these two forces are so nearly balanced, that the barrel only swells, the obstacle giving way before the gun is actually burst.—*Babbage's Economy of Manufactures.*

FEMALE PIETY.

The gem of all others which most enriches the coronet of the lady's character, is unaffected piety. Nature may lavish much on her person, the enchantment of her countenance, the gracefulness of her mien, or the strength of her intellect, yet her loveliness is uncrowned till piety throws around the whole the sweetness and the power of its charms. She then becomes unearthly in her temper, unearthly in her desires and associations. The spell which bound her affections to things below, is broken, and she mounts on the silent wings of hope and fancy, to the habitation of God, where it is her delight to hold communion with the spirits that have been ransomed from the thraldom of earth, and wreathed with a garland of glory.

Her beauty may throw its magical charm over many—princes and conquerors may bow with admiration at the shrine of her riches, the sons of science and poetry may embalm her memory in history and in song; yet piety must be her ornament, her pearl.

With such a treasure, every lofty gratification on earth may be purchased; friendships will be doubly sweet; pain and sorrow shall lose their sting, and the character will possess a price above rubies. Life will be but a pleasant visit to earth, and death an entrance upon a joyful and perpetual home.

Such is piety. Like a tender flower, planted in the fertile soil of a womon's heart, it grows, expanding its foliage and imparting its fragrance to all around, till transplanted, it is set to bloom in perpetual vigor and unfading beauty in the paradise of God.

MATRIMONY.

In the married life we have comfort in distress, advice in difficulties, attention in sickness, consolation in the hour of death. But the man who stands alone in society, who has no partner in his joys or companion in his sufferings—how miserable must be his situation! Who pities him when he is misjudged or misrepresented by the world? Who watches by his side when death is stealing upon him,—or weeps over his lonely grave? Alas! he is entirely deserted—he is a stranger among men.

The surest foundation of connubial happiness is *Religion.* The husband who is destitute of this, who never makes a Deity the subject of his considerations, is most likely to run into the sins of vice and immorality, and abandon his family to misery and despair. The wife, also, whose heart is not warmed with religious emotion, is divested of one of her most inestimable charms, and is less capable of soothing the more rugged sorrows of her husband. That woman whose soul is not consecrated with the indwellings of a God, is not susceptible of those high perfections, which are so peculiarly the ornaments of her sex. Newly married people, if they prize their future happiness, should not regard the subject with indifference.

The happiness of the husband and wife is mutually derived from each other. They partake alike of joy and sorrow; glory and ignominy; wealth and poverty. They are the same to each other in all the circumstances of life. The misfortune of one is the misfortune of the other. Nothing but the grave can sever their connection. Even the bonds which unite brothers and sisters, parents and children, are far less endearing. The tender youth has grown into manhood. He is now contending with the difficulties of the world. He receives no longer the protection of a father or a mother. The old are sinking into the grave around him. His only solace is the wife of his bosom. She, perhaps, has fled from her parents' roof, willing to sacrifice every thing for his sake, and now clings fondly to him for protection and support. She, therefore, is his chief delight, and by her tenderness and love, can sweeten his toil, and scatter sunshine in the pathway of his existence.

Mr. Landon, one of the most distinguished living English writers, makes the following very plausible correction of a passage in Macbeth:

"*Vaulting* ambition that o'erleaps *itself*,"

should be "its *sell.*" *Sell* is *saddle* in Spenser and elsewhere, from the Latin and Italian. This emendation was shown to the late Mr. Hazlitt, an acute man at least, who expressed his conviction that it was the right reading, and added somewhat more in approbation of it.

Curious Icelandic custom.—The Icelanders have a curious custom, and a most effectual one, of preventing horses from straying, which, I believe, is entirely peculiar to this Island. Two gentlemen, for instance, are riding together without attendants, and wishing to alight for the purpose of visiting some object at a distance from the road, they tie the head of one horse to the tail of the other, and the head of this to the tail of the other. In this state it is utterly impossible that they can move either backward or forward, one pulling one way and the other the other; and, therefore, if disposed to move at all, it will be only in a circle, and even then there must be an agreement to turn their heads the same way.