D. D. Heacke

Cambridge Chronicle.

VOL. IX. NO. 19.

BY G. W. CALLAHAN. CAMBRIDGE, Md.---SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1835. WHOLE NO. 589.

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.

FOR THE CAMBRIDGE CHRONICLE.

Selected on occasion of the melancholy death of Miss H. M. G.

Seized by the ruthless hand of fell disease,
An early victim HENRIETTA fell;
Her gentle manners, sweet desire to please,
The venom'd barb of death could not repel.

The savage tyrant pitiless surveys
The direst scenes that throb the human breast:
On their loved child no more the parents gaze,
No more embrace the form their souls caress'd.

Recumbent on her grave her kindred weep,
And ceaseless wish her precious life restored;
But why, ye mourners, would ye wake from sleep,
The sacred ashes of the maid deplored?

Tho' in the clay-cold bosom of the earth,
Shrouded from light, and dead to sense she lies,
Soon with companions of celestial birth
She'll soar to meet her Saviour in the skies.

Ah! cease those tears that now your eyes bedew,
Let resignation sooth your soul to rest;
Brief is the period ere rejoiced you'll view
The loved deceas'd adoring with the blest.

N.

THE CHRISTIAN GLADIATORS.

[CONCLUDED.]

This youthful fraternity were deeply pledged, by the most solemn oaths, to maintain the honor and independence of their country to the last drop of their blood. They were united together by engagements of reciprocal fidelity and friendship, and they were attached to their princely commander with a self devoted generosity which taught them to prefer his glory and his safety to their own. They were, however, exhorted not to be behind hand with him in deeds of high emprise, while the young leader was assured he should be exposed to the censures of his sovereign, and the contempt of his brave companions, unless he maintained a proud pre-eminence of martial fame over the rest. That desired pre-eminence was obtained by Marcomanus in his first campaign, in which his personal achievements far exceeded those comparative veterans who had learned the art of war under their late valiant commander, his deceased uncle; and in process of time he became so distinguished, both by his daring intrepidity and the extraordinary genius he displayed in all military affairs, that he was termed by Decebalus his "right-hand of war;" and his enthusiastic followers regarded him as a second Arminius, who would lead them on from victory to victory, till not only Dacia, but the whole of subjugated Germany would assert its independence, and shake off the yoke of Rome.

His name was now heard in the national songs of the bards, and he was greeted with rapturous acclamations from all ranks of people wherever he appeared; but with all this Marcomanus was not satisfied, for the fame of his foster-brother kept pace with his own, and Marcomanus learned to regard him in the light of a dangerous rival, rather than as the generous and faithful friend of his youth, and the devoted fellow-helper in the cause of his country, whose bosom had more than once been opposed as a shield between him and the swords of Rome. But the evil fires of ambition were kindled in the heart of Marcomanus, and all pure and ennobling feelings were consumed in the devouring vortex of this baleful passion. Patriotism, friendship, virtue, religion, love itself, were sacrificed, one by one, on its unhallowed altar.

Adminius contemplated the change in the companion of his childhood with anguish deep but unavailing, and at length ventured to remonstrate with him on the fatal tendency of the course which he was pursuing, with all the stormy energy of his nature. He bade him reflect on the comparative worthlessness of the bright but perishing distinctions of worldly greatness, for which he was madly sacrificing the better hope of a Christian calling, "that eternal weight of glory," which fadeth not away. He reproved him for his sinful compliances with the idolatrous superstitions of a heathen army, who offered to "dumb idols" that homage which was due to the living God; they ignorantly did so, for to them the day spring from on high had never dispelled the thick darkness of pagan errors in which they were born and educated; but he on whom that glorious light had dawned, was sinning against revelation, and offending against the witness of his own conscience, being without excuse before God, in assisting and even countenancing these unholy rites.

These representations were taken in evil part by Marcomanus, who turned haughtily away from his foster-brother, with an expression of angry contempt, not only against him, but against that holy religion of which he had himself become a voluntary member, under the powerful conviction of his own unbiassed reason. That reason was still persuaded of its truth but its profession agreed not with the crooked paths of ambition. It was a check upon his conscience, and he resolved to throw off its restraints, and silence the remonstrances of Adminius in the same moment, by boldly avowing his apostacy. Yet his proud eye sunk beneath the steady, searching glance which Adminius, in sorrow rather than in anger, turned upon him in reply. He could harden his heart against the voice of conscience, he could close his ear against the pleadings of friendship and the eloquence of truth, but he knew not how to meet that look, which told him that the base motives of his apostacy were penetrated by his clear-sighted and virtuous friend, who mourned for his fall with the anguish of a brother. He did more; for, disregarding the haughty tone of command in which Marcomanus enjoined him to leave him, he flung himself at his feet, and, grasping his garments, besought him not to pull the wrath of God upon his head, by persevering in his present perilous course. He reasoned with him with the impassioned eloquence of a friend, the persuasive clearness of a philosopher, and the awful vehemence of a Christian, on life, and death, and judgment to come; and when he saw that Marcomanus settled his face like marble, that he would not listen to any of those things he uttered, he invoked the name of her, the beloved of both, from whose lips the words of truth had always appeared to prevail with double force, and smiting his breast exclaimed—"Oh that Eurione were here that her voice might be added to mine this day, if, indeed, the cause of the God who gave himself a ransom for sinners can require the aid of a human advocate."

At the name of Eurione a guilty crimson overspread the conscious cheek of Marcomanus, for neither had he, who had forsaken his God, been faithful to his absent love; and he had, that very day consented to become the husband of the royal priestess of Hertha, the eldest daughter of Decebalus; and their nuptials were to be solemnized that evening with splendour befitting the rank of both parties. He had hesitated when this marriage was first proposed to him by his father, and pressed by the king; for his heart clave to the lovely object of his first affection. But the struggle was short-lived, ambition was the Moloch to which every good feeling was sacrificed; and his betrothed was abandoned for the daughter of Decebalus. Yet if a poisoned arrow had entered his heart, it could scarcely have inflicted a keener pang than her name thus unexpectedly pronounced by Adminius, whose true love she had rejected for his sake. He writhed, for a moment, in the intensity of his mental anguish, as her lovely image, in all its charms, returned upon his soul; and thoughts of her fond affection, and reliance on his truth, came over him, and almost shook his purpose: but then the flattering prospect of his worldly advancement on the other hand, if he became the son-in-law of the king, presented itself to his mind, and determined him to persevere; and rudely disengaging his garments from the grasp of his friend, he imperiously thrust him from him, and hurried from his presence.

From the upbraidings of his own heart he could not flee—neither could the pomp of his nuptials that evening, the flourish of the music, the inspiring clash of javelins and shields, in the martial dances of his warlike followers, the flattering sound of his own praises, in the songs of the bards, nor the acclamations of the assembled multitudes, drown the still small voice within, that told him of his guilt, when, at the idol altar of a false deity, he plighted his vows of love and fidelity to his heathen bride, in the moonlight shades of the consecrated grove of Hertha.

The last words of his nuptial troth died away on his lips, a mortal paleness overspread his face, he staggered, and would have fallen, had not his father lent him the timely support of his arm; for at that moment, when he had pronounced the words "I swear by the great name of the goddess Hertha, the Mother of the universe, and the divine Parent of all created things, to be true and faithful to thee, Brenna," his eye fell on the sad sweet countenance of his Christian love, who stood half concealed amidst the embowering foliage of the blossomed boughs of an acacia, the silent witness of his falsehood to her, and his apostacy to his God. The moonbeams shone on her pale, pure features, and revealed the sorrowful expression of her large dark eyes, as she turned them, with the meek, reproving grace of an angel, upon him, as if she grieved not for herself, but for him. Never had she, in the bloom of health and flush of happiness, appeared so lovely in the sight of Marcomanus as at that moment; and wealth, and ambition, and worldly grandeur, the empty trifles to which he was in the act of sacrificing her, seemed worthless then in comparison. Uttering a cry that was meant to arrest her flight, he sprang toward the spot where she had stood—but she was already gone. She had vanished like the mind created phantom of a dream, and the flutter of her white garments, as she plunged into the deep recesses of the grove of Hertha, was the only evidence afforded to him that it was she in reality, and not a visionary form on which he had gazed. The pageant of his bridal faded before his troubled sight. He was alike unconscious of the conclusion of the ceremony, the congratulations of his friends, or the acclamations of the assembled spectators, till roused from his stupor by a private admonition from his father, who directed him to conduct his semi-barbarous bride to his tent.

Marcomanus had wedded on the eve of a battle, in which he had proudly anticipated fresh laurels and nobler triumphs than had yet graced his victorious arms; but that sun, whose morning beams rose so brightly on the eager aspirant for fame, beheld him, in the evening, defeated, wounded, and a captive to Rome.

That God whom he had forsaken, had now forsaken him; but Marcomanus, far from acknowledging the justice of his punishment, exclaimed against his first reverse of fortune with intemperate fury, and gave himself up to a tempest of rage and despair. These feelings were aggravated the next day, on learning that Adminius had succeeded to the command of his troops, and obtained a victory over the Romans, so splendid, as to console the Dacians for the defeat they had so recently sustained.

Nothing was now heard of, even in the Roman camp, but the fame of this new general of the Dacians. Death would have been more pleasing to Marcomanus than the knowledge that his glory was now eclipsed. His long-cherished jealousy of his foster-brother now burst into a flame of the most deadly hatred. He imprecated the most direful curses on his name, and lamented that his fettered arm was restrained from shedding his blood.

The woes of captivity, the loss of princely station, and hopes of future advancement, even the disgrace of a public entry into the imperial city, in chains, and in the train of a haughty conqueror, were nothing comparable in bitterness to his reflections on the superior good fortune of Adminius. He became sullen, fierce and intractable, the dread of his fellow captives, and the terror even of his guards, who considered him a greater object of alarm than the most furious of the wild beasts in the dens of the amphitheatre.

When the season for the public spectacles arrived, he was brought into the arena to combat with the gladiators trained for that purpose, but so terrible was his arm that no one, who was opposed to him, ever obtained the slightest advantage in the mortal combat. The bravest of the Parthian, Scythian, and British captives were, in turn, opposed to him in vain, for he overthrew every antagonist, but appeared to derive no pleasure from his repeated triumphs. The savage plaudits of the thronging spectators he heard with indifference. It mattered not to him that he had become an object of the most powerful interest with the fair and brave of the imperial city. Other gladiators had experienced strong excitement in their dreadful business, and had learned to thrill with triumph at the shouts that hailed the fall of their opponents: not so Marcomanus; he was wrapped up in imperturbable gloom, from which nothing had power to rouse him, except news from Dacia. Hatred to Rome was one of the master-passions of his heart, yet the news of the final overthrow of Decebalus, and the ruin of his once dear country, by the victorious arms of Trajan, filled him with a sullen satisfaction; and when he beheld the imperial conqueror enter Rome in triumph, attended by the mournful band of Dacian captives, with dishevelled hair and fettered hands, all sympathy with his unhappy countrymen was swallowed up in that one absorbing idea—"Adminius will no longer lead them forth to victory. The triumphs of my rival are ended," he pursued; "better that Dacia should be the slave of Rome than that Adminius should be her deliverer." Yet the praises of Adminius, though a captive, loaded with chains, in a Roman dungeon, were whispered on every side by his unfortunate countrymen. They were even echoed by the lips of his foes—such respect does true virtue claim in the darkest reverse that can attend it. This feeling, however, did not operate on the minds of the emperor or people of Rome, so far as to procure for the heroic defender of Dacia an exemption from the fate which generally awaited the bravest of their prisoners—that of being exposed to the gladiatorial combat, in the blood-stained arena.

The unstable and depraved people who had wept for his misfortunes one day, panted, on the next, to behold him opposed, in deadly combat, to the terrible Marcomanus, their favorite gladiator, who had been hitherto pronounced invincible.

It was the last day of the public shows, and therefore a tenfold excitement was felt in the crowded amphitheatre when Marcomanus, unconscious who was to be his antagonist, entered, and was received with a thunder of applause that shook the building to its foundation. The Dacian prince turned haughtily away, with more than his usual air of stern contempt, from the base throng whose plaudits were to him worse than mockery; saying, as he did so—"Why yet do I shed, daily, the blood of the innocent, the brave and the unfortunate, in this place, to furnish sport withal to those who would raise a yet more deafening shout if mine flowed unexpectedly from the successful thrust of some giant barbarian, as at last it must do." He folded his arms, as a darker shade of gloom overspread his countenance, and dropping his sword on the earth, he exclaimed—"I'll fight no more."

"Oh well resolved, my noble, long lost brother!" exclaimed Adminius, who at that moment entered the arena by an opposite portal, and, flinging his own weapon away, advanced toward him with extended arms.

There was a general murmur of disapprobation among the thronged spectators, and they loudly called upon the guards of Adminius to force the gladiators to do their duty.

"It is in vain," cried Adminius, boldly confronting those who issued these barbarous orders, "I am a Christian, and no power should compel me to engage in this unnatural combat, even if the man to whom you have opposed me were not my countryman and dearest friend."

"Your bitterest foe, detested rival of my dear-bought fame!" exclaimed Marcomanus, snatching his weapon from the ground, and rushing upon him with the fury of an awakened tiger.

"Marcomanus," replied Adminius, "whatever delusion respecting me may have deprived me of your friendship, there is no consideration that shall induce me to raise my arm against you, and I charge you in the name of that GOD to whose service we are both sealed by baptism, that you sin not against your own soul by shedding my blood."

"Slay him, Marcomanus! slay him, if he will not defend himself!" vociferated the enraged spectators, in their indignation at the prospect of losing the excitement of the expected combat.

This mandate from his haughty tyrants would have had the effect of arresting the deadly purpose of the Dacian prince, had it been issued a moment before, but his sword had already entered the bosom of his heroic countryman, and the arena was streaming with his guiltless blood.

"Lord Jesus, receive my spirit, and lay not this sin to his charge, but rather turn his heart by the influence of thy Holy Spirit, for with thee all things are possible!" exclaimed Adminius, raising his expiring eyes toward heaven, and then turning them with reproachful tenderness on the face of his ungrateful foster-brother.

The heart of Marcomanus, though he had hardened it to the obduracy of a rock, was pierced by the dying look—the dying prayer of his victim;—the late remorse, the sudden agony of repentance, which forced the scalding gush of tears from those eyes which had never wept before, appeared like a swift answer to that prayer. Regardless of the conflicting groans, and shouts of the divided spectators of this scene, some of whom approved and others execrated the crime he had just perpetrated, he flung himself on the ground beside Adminius, and clasping his bleeding body in his arms, lifted up his voice and wept aloud, exclaiming—"My brother, oh by brother!" Stern, silent and inaccessible in his nature, his grief found vent in no other words but these; but when there was a cry among the spectators to remove the body of the Christian gladiator from the arena, he started, and sternly raising his head from the bosom of his murdered friend, he cried, with a loud voice—"I also am a Christian!" A faint pressure from the death-cold hand that was still locked in his own, evinced to him that Adminius, in whom he had believed the vital spark was extinct forever, was conscious of his confession, and heard it with satisfaction. An angelic smile passed over his pale features, a momentary light illumined the languid eyes of the Christian hero, as he unclosed them once more, but the next instant all was motionless, and fixed in the icy repose of the dead.

The acknowledgment of Marcomanus that he was a Christian, was sufficient, during that stormy period of persecution which disgraced the early part of Trajan's reign, to involve him in a sweeping sentence with a large company of that devoted sect who were doomed to be exposed to the wild beasts on the following day. Even those who had been loudest in their acclamations, on account of his repeated gladiatorial triumphs, raised their voices with the rest in the general cry, "He is a Christian—away with him to prison. To-morrow he shall be thrown to the lions."

Marcomanus heard the barbarous sentence with indifference. Fangs, sharper than those of the savage beasts, to which he was shortly to be exposed, were busy in his heart—the venomed fangs of remorse were there.—Scarcely conscious of surrounding objects, or change of time or place, he permitted the soldiers who guarded him to lead him to the prison appropriated to the death-devoted people of whom he had avowed himself one.

The sound of a long-unheard, but sweet familiar voice, that pronounced his name in the thrilling accents of the Greek tongue, dispelled the gloomy stupor in which he was plunged, on entering this abode of wo; and his eye rested on the lovely features of Eurione, unaltered, save in improved beauty, since he saw her last; though months of sorrow had rolled away since that guilty night of his apostacy in the grove of Hertha. There, too, seated by her side, among the doomed train, and rising up in venerable dignity to greet him, he beheld her who had nourished him with maternal love in his orphaned infancy—the mother of the murdered Adminius.

"Away!" he cried, in a voice of horror, avoiding, as he spake, the embrace of Varinia, "touch me not, *his* blood is upon my hands."

"Whose blood, my son?" demanded the Dacian matron, in accents of wonder.

"The blood of Adminius!" he returned, in a hoarse hollow voice.

The cheek of Eurione blanched to the most deadly paleness. She essayed to speak, but the words died away on her trembling lip. Varinia did not lose the self-possession that was natural to her more sternly organised race, but, leaning on her staff, demanded an explanation of his words.

"He was opposed to me, even now, in the arena by our foes, and I slew him," he replied, with gloomy brevity.

"And would Adminius engage in such a contest?" asked Eurione, in faltering, broken accents.

"No, no! Eurione, he would not—he did not—and I—given up by the God whom I had forsaken to my own reprobate mind—became his murderer!"

Eurione heard no more, but exclaiming—"He was my husband, the father of my unborn child," sunk down in a swoon at his feet.

"And have I also murdered thee, Eurione? thou that wert the morning star of my youth, that guided my steps to the pure paths of religion and virtue! Those paths from which I so fearfully and wildly wandered, when removed from thy holy influence and example—my companion, my guide—mine own sweet familiar friend!" cried Marcomanus, gazing with a wild and glaring eye on her pale features and motionless form. Then striking his forehead with his clenched hand, he exclaimed—"A curse, heavier and deeper than that of Cain, is upon me, and the everlasting pains of a lost spirit have taken hold of me—my guilt is greater than I can bear."

"Believest thou that the sacrifice of an incarnate God hath power to deliver thee from its burden?" demanded a venerable man who had been an attentive witness of the scene.

"All things are possible to him," replied Marcomanus, "but he is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity like mine."

"Doubt not his mercy, while you tremble at his justice," said the aged Christian; "in his sight all the world stands convicted of sin; he hath provided a remedy for those who trust in his salvation, for he hath said, 'He that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.' And again—'He that heareth my word, and believeth on Him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life.'"

"I believe," replied Marcomanus, "and am ready to witness by belief, to-morrow, by a death of torture, with this holy company of saints and martyrs;—yet, can I hope that my sin stained soul will find pardon, much less acceptance, with God?"

"Nay, despair not of his grace, my son," said the venerable man, "'though thy sins be as scarlet, yet shall they be whither than snow,' if thy penitence and reliance on his atonement be sincere."

"Pray for me," said Marcomanus, bursting into tears, "pray that he would impart his saving grace unto me, and forgive the blackness of my sin."

"Pray for thyself, Marcomanus!" said Eurione, unclosing her mournful eyes, "pray for thyself, 'that He who willeth not the death of a sinner, but rather that he may turn from his wickedness and live,' may have mercy upon thee, and forgive thee, even as I forgive thee."

"Yes," said Varinia, "let us all join in supplication with him, and for him, to the throne of grace."

"Mother of Adminius," said Marcomanus, "dost thou forgive the deed that I have done?"

"As freely as I hope to be forgiven for the many trespasses I have committed against my Heavenly Father," replied Varinia.

"My beloved has but gone a little while before us," said Eurione, raising her tearful eyes to Heaven, "to-morrow we shall behold his face again in that blessed place, 'where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.'"

The captive Christians united with the self-condemned Marcomanus in earnest prayer and supplication till the fatal morning appointed for their martyrdom had dawned. The prisoners then thought it expedient to take an hour's repose, that exhausted nature might be recruited against the time of trial; but Marcomanus and Eurione still remained in prayer.

"How is it with thee, Marcomanus?" said she, when, at length, the Dacian prince, arising from his knees, wiped the big drops of moisture from his brow, and gazed intensely on the new-born day.

"The struggle is past, and the powers of faith are victorious over those of darkness!" he replied. "This day is the first of my life, for I feel a sweet assurance that my guilt is blotted out, and my penitence accepted."

That day the Roman people beheld Marcomanus face the savage beasts in the arena, with the same unshrinking courage that he had evinced when opposed to the bravest of the gladiators, but it was with a holier, calmer firmness than he had displayed in those unhallowed combats. He fought now in a better cause, and the bright witness of an approving conscience diffused a divine serenity over his countenance; and the heroism with which he resigned himself to the dreadful death that awaited him, astonished even those who had been spectators of his dauntless bearing in the gladiatorial contests.

But if the fearless demeanor of a renowned warrior, under such circumstances, could excite the wonder of the haughty Romans, how great was their admiration when they beheld the heroic courage with which the young and lovely widow, and the venerable mother, of Adminius, with the rest of their Christian brethren, met a fate so full of terror for female victims, from the bare contemplation of which frail mortality could scarcely forbear from shrinking in horror. Yet they shrank not from enduring its reality; for they were strengthened by an unseen Omnipotence, on whose support they relied under all the terrors of their trial, and sustained them triumphantly.

THE PHANTOM PORTRAIT.

A stranger came recommended to a merchant's house at Lubeck. He was hospitably received, but the house being full, he was lodged at night in an apartment handsomely furnished, but not often used. There was nothing that struck him particularly in the room when left alone, till he happened to cast his eyes on a picture, which immediately arrested his attention. It was a single head; but there was something so uncommon, so frightful and unearthly, in its expression, though by no means ugly, that he found himself irresistibly attracted to look at it. In fact, he could not tear himself from the facination of this portrait, till his imagination was filled by it, and his rest broken. He retired to bed, dreamed and awoke from time to time with the head glaring on him. In the morning, his host saw, by his looks, that he had slept ill, and inquired the cause, which was told. The master of the house was much vexed, and said that the picture ought to have been removed, that it was an oversight, and that it always was removed when the chamber was used. The picture, he said, was indeed terrible to every one; but it was so fine, and had come into the family in so curious a way, that he could not make up his mind to part with it, or destroy it. The history of it, was this. "My father," said he, "was at Hamburg, on business, and whilst dining at a coffee house, he observed a young man of a remarkable appearance enter, seat himself alone in a corner, and commence a solitary meal. His countenance bespoke the extreme of mental distress, and every now and then turned his head quickly round, as if he had heard something, then shudder, grow pale, and go on with his meal after an effort as before. My father saw this same man at the same place for two or three successive days, and at length became so much interested about him, that he spoke to him. The address was not repulsed, and the stranger seemed to find some comfort in the tone of sympathy and kindness which my father used. He was an Italian, well informed,