THE CAMBRIDGE WEEKLY CHRONICLE, AND FARMER'S REGISTER.

"THE MAIN END OF EVERY GOVERNMENT SHOULD BE THE WELFARE OF THE PEOPLE, AND THE DIFFUSION OF SOCIAL HAPPINESS."

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THE CAMBRIDGE WEEKLY CHRONICLE, AND FARMER'S REGISTER,

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Single papers can be had at this Office, for six and a quarter cents, each.

☞ *Advertisements not exceeding Fourteen Lines* will be inserted three times for one dollar: and twenty five cents for every 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.

☞ *All letters addressed to the Editor, must be post paid.*

IMPROVEMENTS.

IN DENTAL SURGERY.

IT has for many years been a great desideratum among European and American Dentists, to manufacture TEETH from incorruptible materials, which should imitate the natural living teeth.

Many have devoted years to unsuccessful experiments, and others have succeeded in manufacturing Teeth of materials similar to the porcelain ware, but generally they have an opaque white appearance, by which they are easily distinguished from the human Teeth.

After long and tedious experiments, the subscriber has succeeded in manufacturing Teeth of materials *entirely incorruptible* and *perfectly in imitation* of human Teeth. They have a semi-transparency, and are made of various sizes and shades.

In cases where absorption of the alveolar process, or other causes may render it necessary, he will cast of the same materials attached to the Teeth, artificial gums, which shall imitate the Gum and supply the loss of substance.

It is entirely impossible for these Teeth to change their color, or cause fœtid breath.

He will insert them from one to entire sets, in such manner that they will make articulation of the voice perfect, and materially assist in mastication, and so that they cannot be distinguished from the most beautiful natural living Teeth by the most scrutinizing observer.

He also performs all the various operations in Dental Surgery, according to the late scientific improvements in the art.

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The following testimonials from gentlemen whose respectability needs no encomium, are respectfully submitted to the public.

From N. R. Smith Professor of Surgery in the University of Maryland.

Baltimore, Oct. 28, 1836.

I have examined specimens of incorruptible Composition Teeth, manufactured by Dr. F. H. Knapp, an ingenious Dentist of this city.

In their form, color, etc., they admirably imitate the natural Teeth. Being completely incorruptible by the agents which affect the Teeth, and also apparently very strong, they must be peculiarly fitted for the purpose for which they are designed.

NATHAN R. SMITH.

From Professor Ducatel.

Having examined some Artificial Teeth prepared by Dr. F. H. Knapp, and learned from him what are the principal ingredients that enter into their composition, and the nature of the materials by which they are colored, I am inclined to think that they will prove, as he represents them to be, incorruptible.—Dr. Knapp having moreover acquired the art of varying the colours of the enamel which covers his Artificial Teeth, is thereby enabled to impart to them a more natural appearance than such Teeth are usually found to possess; a circumstance that will doubtless render them more acceptable to the public.

J. T. DUCATEL, M. D.
Prof. of Chemistry in the University of Md.

From S. K. Jennings, Professor of Materia Medica, Therapeutics, &c. in the Washington Medical College of Maryland.

Having been favored with an inspection of a considerable number of Incorruptible Artificial Teeth, which were manufactured by Dr. F. H Knapp, I cheerfully concur in the opinion expressed in respect to them by Professors N. R. Smith and J. T. Ducatel.

SAML. K. JENNINGS.

He has also received the most flattering testimonials in favor of his improved Teeth from Prof. Thomas P. Jones, author of Conversations on Chemistry; Prof. F. May, Prof. H. Lindsay, Prof. J. C. Hall, and Prof. Thomas Sewell, Washington D. C. and very many other gentlemen of the first standing in this country.

He offers these Teeth for sale to Dentists on the most favorable terms. Teeth, Gold Foil, &c. &c. sent per mail when ordered.

F. H. KNAPP, Surgeon Dentist,
N. W. corner Charles and Fayette st. Baltimore.
June 8th 1839. 6m

TAILORING.

THE Subscriber respectfully announces to his friends and the public that he has taken the shop on Race street, Cambridge, one door above the Odd Fellows Lodge, and nearly opposite White & Anderson's store, where he intends carrying on the above business in all its various branches, and he flatters himself that he will be able to give general satisfaction to all those who favor him with their custom.—He will warrant all garments made by him to fit, if not he will return similar materials or money at the customers discretion. He also flatters himself from his knowledge of the business that his work will be done in a manner not to be surpassed by any one. He will receive the

CITY FASHIONS

regularly, and he will venture to say that he will not promise that which he will not perform, but will be punctual to all those who favor him with their custom, and he hopes that the public will extend to him a liberal share of their patronage.

The public's obd't. serv't.
WILLIAM KIRBY.

Cambridge, April 20, 1839. tf

N. B. I return my sincere thanks to the inhabitants of Church Creek and its vicinity for their liberal encouragement. W. K.

BLANKS FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE, OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

From the Knickerbocker Magazine.

Recolections of the Alhambra.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE SKETCH BOOK.

During a summer's residence in the old Moorish palace of the Alhambra, of which I have already given numerous anecdotes to the public, I used to pass much of my time in the beautiful hall of the Abencerrages, beside the fountain celebrated in the tragic story of that devoted race. Here it was, that thirty-six cavaliers of that heroic line were treacherously sacrificed, to appease the jealousy or allay the fears of a tyrant. The fountain which now throws up its sparkling jet, and sheds a dewy freshness around, ran red with the noblest blood of Grenada, and a deep stain on the marble pavement is still pointed out, by the cicerones of the pile, as a sanguinary record of the massacre. I have regarded it with the same determined faith with which I have regarded the traditional stains of Rizzio's blood on the floor of the chamber of the unfortunate Mary, at Holyrood. I thank no one for endeavoring to enlighten my credulity, on such points of popular belief. It is like breaking up the shrine of the pilgrim; it is robbing a poor traveller of half the reward of his toils; for, strip travelling of its historical allusions, and what a mere fag you make of it!

For my part, I gave myself up, during my sojourn in the Alhambra, to all the romantic and fabulous traditions connected with the pile. I lived in the midst of an Arabian tale, and shut my eyes, as much as possible, to every thing that called me back to everyday life; and if there is any country in Europe where one can do so, it is in poor, wild, legendary, proud-spirited, romantic Spain; where the old magnificient barbaric spirit still contends against the utilitarianism of modern civilisation.

In the silent and deserted halls of the Alhambra; surrounded with the insign of a regal sway, and the still vivid, though dilapidated traces of oriental voluptuousness, I was in the stronghold of Moorish story, and every thing spoke and breathed of the glorious days of Grenada, when under the domain of the crescent. When I sat in the hall of the Abencerrages, I suffered my mind to conjure up all that I had read of that illustrious line. In the proudest days of Moslem domination, the Abencerrages were the soul of every thing noble and chivalrous. The veterans of the family, who sat in the royal council, were the foremost to devise those heroic enterprises, which carried dismay into the territories of the Christians; and what the sages of the family, devised, the young men of the name were foremost to execute. In all services of hazard; in all adventurous forays, and hair-breadth hazards; the Abencerrages were sure to win the brightest laurels. In those noble recreations, too, which bear so close an affinity to war; in the tilt and tourney, the riding at the ring, and the daring bull-fight; still the Abencerrages carried off the palm. None could equal them for the splendor of their array, the gallantry of their devices; for their noble bearing and glorious horsemanship. Their open handed munificence made them the idols of the populace, while their lofty magnanimity, and perfect faith, gained them golden opinions from the generous and high-minded. Never were they known to decry the merits of a rival, or to betray the confidings of a friend; and the "word of an Abencerrage" was a guarantee that never admitted of a doubt.

And then their devotion to the fair! Never did Moorish beauty consider the fame of her charms established, until she had an Abencerrage for a lover; and never did an Abencerrage prove recreant to his vows. Lovely Grenada! City of delights! Who ever bore the favors of thy dames more proudly on their casques, or championed them more gallantly in the chivalrous tilts of the Vivarambla? Or who ever made thy moon-lit balconies, thy gardens of myrtles and roses, of oranges, citrons, and pomegranates, respond to more tender serenades?

I speak with enthusiasm on this theme; for it is connected with the recollection of one of the sweetest evenings and sweetest scenes that ever I enjoyed in Spain. One of the greatest pleasures of the Spaniards, is, to sit in the beautiful summer evenings, and listen to traditional ballads, and tales about the wars of the Moors and Christians, and the "buenas andanzas," and "grandes hechos," the "good fortunes" & "great exploits" of the hardy warriors of yore. It is worthy of remark, also, that many of these songs, or romances as they are called, celebrate the prowess and magnanimity in war, and the tenderness and fidelity in love of the Moorish cavaliers, once their most formidable and hated foes. But centuries have elapsed, to extinguish the bigotry of the zealot; and the once detested warriors of Grenada are now held up by Spanish poets, as the mirrors of chivalric virtue.

Such was the amusements of the evening in question. A number of us were seated in the Hall of the Abencerrages, listening to one of the most gifted and fascinating beings that I had ever met with in my wanderings She was young and beautiful; and light and ethereal; full of fire, and spirit, and pure enthusiasm. She wore the fanciful Andalusian dress;—touched the guitar with speaking eloquence; improvised with wonderful facility; and, as she became excited by her theme, or by the wrapt attention to her auditors, would pour forth, in the richest and most melodious strains, a succession of couplets, full of striking description, or stirring narration, and composed, as I was assured, at the moment. Most of these were suggested by the place, and related to the ancient glories of Grenada, and the prowess of her chivalry. The Abencerrages were her favorite heroes, she felt a woman's admiration of their gallant courtesy, and high-souled honor; and it was touching and inspiring to hear the praises of that generous but devoted race, chanted in this fated hall of their calamity, by the lips of Spanish beauty.

Among the subjects of which she treated, was a tale of Moslem honor, and old-fashioned Spanish courtesy, which made a strong impression on me. She disclaimed all merits of invention, however, and said she had merely dilated into verse a popular tradition; &, indeed, I have since found the main facts inserted at the end of Conde's History of the Domination of the Arabs, and the story itself embodied in the form of an episode in the Diana of Montemayor. From these sources, I have drawn it forth, and endeavored to shape it according to my recollection of the version of the beautiful minstrel; but alas! what can supply the want of that voice, that look, that form, that action, which gave magical effect to her chant, and held every one rapt in breathless admriation! Should this mere travestie of her inspired numbers ever meet her eye, in her stately abode at Grenada, may it meet with that indulgence which belongs to her benignant nature. Happy should I be if I could awaken in her bosom one kind recollection of the lonely stranger and sojourner, for whose gratification she did not think it beneath her to exert those fascinating powers, which were the delight of brilliant circles; and who will ever recall with enthusiasm the happy evening passed in listening to her strains, in the moon-lit halls of the Alhambra.

GEOFFREY CRAYON.

The Abencerrage.

A SPANISH TALE.

On the summit of a craggy hill, a spur of the mountains of Ronda, stands the castle of Allora, now a mere ruin, infested by bats and owlets, but in old times one of the strong border holds of the Christians, to keep watchful upon the frontiers of the warlike kingdom of Grenada, and to hold the Moors in check. It was a post always confided to some well-tried commander; and at the time of which we treat, was held by Rodrigo de Narvaez, a veteran, famed, both among Moors and Christians, not only for his hardy feats of arms, but also for that magnanimous courtesy, which should ever be entwined with the sterner virtues of the soldier.

The castle of Allora was a mere part of his command; he was Alcayde, or military governer of Antiquera, but he passed most of his time at this frontier post, because its situation on the borders gave more frequent opportunity for those adventurous exploits which were the delight of the Spanish chivalry. His garrison consisted of fifty chosen cavaliers, all well mounted, and well appointed: with these he kept vigilant watch upon the Moslems; patrolling the roads, and paths, and defiles, of the mountains, so that nothing could escape his eye, and now and then signalising himself by some dashing foray into the very Vega of Grenada.

On a fair and beautiful night in summer, when the freshness of the evening breeze had tempered the heat of day, the worthy Alcayde sallied forth, with nine of his cavaliers, to patrol the neighborhood, and seek adventures. They rode quietly and cautiously, lest they should be over-heard by Moorish scout or traveller; and kept along ravines and hollow ways, lest they should be betrayed by the glittering of the full-moon upon their armor. Coming to where the road divided, the Alcayde directed five of his cavaliers to take one of the branches, while he, with the remaining four, would take the other. Should either party be in danger, the blast of a horn was to be the signal to bring their comrades to their aid.

The party of five had not proceeded far, when, in passing through a defile, overhung, with trees, they heard the voice of a man singing. They immediately concealed themselves in a grove, on the brow of a declivity, up which the stranger would have to ascend. The moonlight, which left the grove in deep shadow, lit up the whole person of the waylarer, as he advanced, and enabled them to distinguish his dress and appearance, with perfect accuracy. He was a Moorish cavalier, and his noble demeanor, graceful carriage, and splendid attire, showed him to be of lofty rank. He was superbly mounted, on a dapple-gray steed, of powerful frame, and generous spirit, and magnificently caparisoned. His dress was a marlota, or tunic, and an Albernoz of crimson damask, fringed with gold. His Tunisian turban, of many folds, was of silk and cotton striped, and bordered with golden fringe. At his girdle hung a scimetar of Damascus steel, with loops and tassels of silk and gold. On his left arm he bore an ample target, and his right hand grasped a long double pointed lance. Thus equipped he sat negligently on his steed, as one who dreamed of no danger, gazing on the moon, and singing, with a sweet and manly voice, a Moorish love ditty.

Just opposite the place where the Spanish cavaliers were concealed, was a small fountain in the rock, beside the road, to which the horse turned to drink, the rider threw the reins on his neck, and continued his song.

The Spanish cavaliers conferred together; they were all so pleased with the gallant and gentle appearance of the Moor, that they resolved not to harm him, but to capture him, which, in his negligent mood, promised to be an easy task: rushing, therefore, from their concealment, they thought to surround and seize him. Never were men more mistaken. To gather up his reins, wheel round his steed, brace his buckler, and couch his lance, was the work of an instant; and there he sat, fixed like a castle in his saddle, beside the fountain.

The Christian cavaliers checked their steeds, and reconnoitred him warily, loth to come to an encounter, which must end in his destruction.

The Moor now held a parley: 'if you be true knights" said he, "and seek for honorable fame, come on singly, and I am ready to meet each in succession; but if you be mere lurkers of the road, intent on spoil come all at once, and do your worst!"

The cavaliers communed for a moment apart, when one advancing singly, exclaimed: "Although no law of chivalry obliges us to risk the loss of a prize, when clearly in our power, yet we willingly grant as a courtesy, what we might refuse as a right. Valiant Moor! defend thyself!"

So saying, he wheeled, took proper distance, couched his lance, and putting spurs to his horse made at the stranger. The latter met him in mid career, transpierced him with his lance, and threw him headlong from his saddle. A second and a third succeeded, but were unhorsed with equal facility, & thrown to the earth, severely wounded. The remaining two seeing their comrades thus roughly treated, forgot all compact of courtesy, and charged both at once upon the Moor. He parried the thrust of one, but was wounded by the other in the thigh, and, in the shock and confusion, dropped his lance. Thus disarmed, and closely pressed, he pretended to fly, and was hotly pursued. Having drawn the two cavaliers some distance from the spot, he suddenly wheeled short about with one of those dexterous movements for which the Moorish horsemen were renowned; passed swiftly between them, swung himself down from his saddle, so as to catch up his lance, then, lightly replacing himself, turned to renew the combat.

Seeing him thus fresh for the encounter, as if just issued from his tent, one of the cavaliers put his lips to his horn, and blew a blast, that soon brought the Alcayde and his four companions to the spot.

The valiant Narvaez, seeing three of his cavaliers extended on the earth, and two others hotly engaged with the Moor, was struck with admiration, and coveted a contest with so accomplished a warrior. Interfering in the fight, he called upon his followers to desist, and addressing the Moor, with courteous words, invited him to a more equal combat. The latter readily accepted the challenge. For some time, their contest was fierce and doubtful, and the Alcayde had need of all his skill and strength to ward off the blows of his antagonist. The Moor, however, was exhausted by previous fighting, and by loss of blood. He no longer sat his horse firmly, nor managed him with his wonted skill. Collecting all his strength for a last assault, he rose in his stirups, and made a violent thrust with his lance; the Alcayde received it upon his shield, and at the same time wounded the Moor in the right arm; then closing, in the shock, he grasped him in his arms, dragged him from his saddle, and fell with him to the earth: when putting his knee upon his breast, and his dagger to his throat.—"Cavalier," exclaimed he, "render thyself my prisoner, for thy life is in my hands!"

"Kill me, rather," replied the Moor, "for death would be less grievous than loss of liberty."

The Alcayde, however, with the clemency of the truly brave, assisted the Moor to rise, ministered to his wounds with his own hands, and had him conveyed with great care to the castle of Allora. His wounds were slight, and in a few days were nearly cured;-but He was constantly buried in a profound melancholy.

The Alcayde, who had conceived a great regard for him, treated him more as a friend than a captive, and tried in every way to cheer him, but in vain; he was always sad and moody, and, when on the battlements of the castle, would keep his eyes turned to the south, with a fixed and wistful gaze.

"How is this?" exclaimed the Alcayde, reproachfully, "that you, who were so hardy and fearless in the field, should lose all in prison? If any secret grief preys on your heart, confide it to me, as to a friend, and I promise you, on the faith of a cavalier, that you shall have no cause to repent the disclosure."

The Moorish knight kissed the hand of the Alcayde. "Noble cavalier," said he, "that I am cast down in spirit, is not from my wounds, which are slight, nor from my captivity, for your kindness has robbed it of all gloom; nor from my defeat, for to be conquered by so accomplished and renowned a cavalier, is no disgrace. But to explain to you the cause of my grief, it is necessary to give you some particulars of my story; and this I am moved to do, by the great sympathy you have manifested toward me, and the magnanimity that shines through all your actions."

"Know; then, that my name is Abendaraez, and that I am of the noble but unfortunate line of the Abencerrages of Grenada. You have doubtless heard of the destruction that fell upon our race. Charged with treasonable designs, of which they were entirely innocent, many of them were beheaded, the rest banished; so that not an Abencerrage was permitted to remain in Grenada, excepting my father and my uncle, whose innocence was proved, even to the satisfaction of their persecutors. It was decreed, however, that should they have children, the sons should be educated at a distance from Grenada, and the daughters should be married out of the kingdom.

"Conformably to this decree,, I was sent, while yet an infant, to be reared in the fortress of Cartama, the worthy Alcayde of which was an ancient friend of my father. He had no children, and received me into his family as his own child, treating me with the kindness and affection of a father; and I grew up in the belief that he really was such. A few years afterward, his wife gave birth to a daughter, but his tenderness toward me continued undiminished. I thus grew up with Xarita, for so the infant daughter of the Alcayde was called, as her own brother, and thought the growing passion which I felt for her was mere fraternal affection. I beheld her charms unfolding, as it were, leaf by leaf, like the morning rose, each moment disclosing fresh beauty and sweetness.

"At this period, I overheard a conversation between the Alcayde and his confidential domestic, and found myself to be the subject. 'It is time,' said he, 'to apprise him of his parentage, that he may adopt a career in life. I have deferred the communication as long as posssible, through reluctance to inform him that he is of of a proscribed and an unlucky race.'

"This intelligence would have overwhelmed me at an earlier period, but the intimation that Xarisa was not my sister, operated like magic, and in an instant trasformed my brotherly affection into ardent love.

"I sought Xarisa, to impart to her the secret I had learned. I found her in the garden, in a bower of jessamines, arranging her beautiful hair by the mirror of a crystal fountain. The radiance of her beauty dazzled me. I ran to her with open arms, and she received me with a sister's embraces. When we had seated ourselves beside the fountain, she began to upbraid me for leaving her so long alone.

"In reply, I informed her of the conversation I had overheard. The recital shocked and distressed her. 'Alas!' cried she, 'then is our happiness at an end!'

"'How!' exclaimed I; 'wilt thou cease to love me, because I am not thy brother?'

"'Not so,' replied she, 'but do you not know that when it is once known we are not brother and sister, we can no longer be permitted to be thus always together?'

"In fact, from that moment our intercourse took a new character. We met often at the fountain among the jessamines, but Xarisa no longer advanced with open arms to meet me. She became reserved and silent, and would blush and cast down her eyes, when I seated myself beside her. My heart became a prey to the thousand doubts and fears that ever attend upon true love. I was restless and uneasy, and looked back with regret to the unreserved intercourse that had existed between us, when we supposed ourselves brother and sister; yet I would not have had the relationship true of the world.

"While matters were in this state between us, an order came from the King of Grenada for the Alcayde to take command of the fortress of Coyn, which lies directly on the Christian frontier. He prepared to remove, with all his family, but signified that I should remain at Cartama. I exclaimed against the separation, and declared that I could not be parted from Xarisa. 'That is the very cause,' said he, 'why I leave thee behind. It is time, Abendaraez, that thou should know the secret of thy birth; that thou art no son of mine, neither is Xarisa thy sister.' 'I know it all,' exclaimed I, 'and I love her with ten fold the affection of a brother. You have brought us up together; you have made us necessary to each other's happiness; our hearts have entwined themselves with our growth; do not now tear them asunder. Fill up the measure of your kindness; be indeed a father to me, by giving Xarisa for my wife.'

"The brow of the Alcayde darkened as I spoke. 'Have I then been deceived?' said he.—'Have those nurtured in my very bosom, been conspiring against me? Is this your return for my paternal kindness?—to beguile the affections of my child, and teach her to deceive her father? It was cause enough to refuse thee the hand of my daughter, that thou wert of a proscribed race who can never approach the walls of Grenada; this, however, I might have pardoned, had not thou and she endeavored to win her from me by deception.'

"All my attempts to vindicate myself and Xarisa were unavailing. I retired in anguish from his presence, and seeking Xaria, told her of this blow, which was worse than death to me.—'Xarisa,' said I, 'we part for ever! I shall never see thee more! Thy father will guard thee rigidly. Thy beauty and his wealth will soon attract some happier rival, and I shall be forgotten!'

"Xarisa reproached me with my want of faith, and promised me enternal constancy. I still doubted and desponded, until, moved by my anguish and despair, she agreed to a secret union. Our espousals made, we parted, with a promise on her part to send me word from Coyn, should her father absent himself from the fortress. The verv day after our secret nuptials, I behold the whole train of the Alcayde depart from Cartama, nor would he admit me to his presence, or permit me to bid farewell to Xarisa. I remained at Cartama, somewhat pacified in spirit by this secret bond of union; but every thing around me fed my passion, and reminded me of Xarisa. I saw the windows at which I had so often beheld her. I wandered through the apartment she had inhabited; the chamber in which she had slept. I visited the palace of jessamines, and lingered beside the fount before she had delighted. Every thing recalled her by my imagination, and filled my heart with tender melancholy."

"At length, a confidential servant brought me word that her father was to depart that day for Grenada, on a short absence, inviting me to hasten to Coyn, describing a secret portal at which I should apply, and the signal by which I would obtain admittance.

"If ever you have loved, most valiant Alcayde, you may judge of the transport of my bosom. That very night I arrayed myself in my most gallant attire, to pay due honor to my bride; and arming myself against any casual attack, issued forth privately from Cartama. You know the rest, and by what sad fortune of war I found myself, instead of a happy bridegroom, in the nuptial bower of Coyn, vanquished, wounded, and a prisoner, within the walls of Allora. The term of absence of the father of Xarisa is nearly expired. Within three days he will return to Coyn, and our meeting will be no longer possible. Judge, then, whether I grieve without cause, and whether I may not well be excused for showing impatience under confinement."

Don Rodrigo de Narvaez was greatly moved by this recital; for, though more used to rugged war, than scenes of amorous softness, he was of a kind and generous nature.

"Abendaraez," said he, "I did not seek thy confidence to gratify an idle curiosity. It grieves me much that the good fortune which delivered thee into my hands, should have married so fair an enterprise. Give me thy faith, as a true knight, to return prisoner to my castle, within three days, and I will grant thee permission to accomplish thy nuptials."

The Abencerrage would have thrown himself at his feet, to pour out protestations of eternal gratitude, but the Alcayde prevented him. Calling in his cavaliers, he took the Abencerrage by the right hand, in their presence, exclaiming, "You promise, on the faith of a cavalier, to return to my castle of Allora within three days, and render