Vegetable Hair Cerate.

and Harness

Saddle, Cap, Manufactory.

THOMAS LUCAS,

Having removed to the shop next door to Dr. White's store, and opposite to Mr. Ridgaway's tavern,

Race-Street Cambridge,

Takes this method of informing his old customers and the citizens generally, that he is prepared to execute all orders in his line, on moderate terms, with neatness and despatch. He will constantly keep on hand, materials of the first quality, and he flatters himself that the workmanship will bear comparison with any.—Those persons who may entrust him with their work may rely upon having it executed with fidelity.

TRUNKS, SADDLES, CAPS, and all kinds of HARNESS made and repaired at the shortest notice. tf

TRUSTEE'S SALE.

By virtue of a decree of Dorchester county Court, obtained at April Term, 1825, the subscriber will offer at public sale at Mr. Geo. Lake's store, on Saturday the 28th of May next, between the hours of 1 and 3 o'clock, P. M. all the real estate of which Barzillai Insley, died seized and possessed. On the day of sale, a plat of the land will be exhibited; a credit of twelve months will be given and further terms made known.

The creditors of Barzillai Insley are hereby required to file their claims agt. said Insley, in the office of the Clerk of Dorchester county Court, within six months from the day of sale.

JOHN R. PITT, Trustee.

april 30 4t

TRUSTEE'S SALE.

By virtue of a decree of Dorchester county Court, obtained at April Term, 1825, the subscriber will offer at public sale, on Monday the 23d of May next, at Mr. Flint's tavern in Cambridge, part of the real estate of Lemuel Beckwith, deceased, and now held by Wm. and John Beckwith. A credit of nine months will be given on the purchase money, and a plat will be exhibited of such part of said estate as shall be deemed necessary to be sold to satisfy the creditors of the said Lemuel Beckwith. Sale will commence between the hours of 1 and 3 o'clock, P. M.

The creditors of Lemuel Beckwith are hereby required to file their claims agt. the estate of said Beckwith, in the office of the clerk of Dorchester County Court, within six months from the day of sale.

JOHN R. PITT, Trustee.

april 30 4t

TRUSTEE'S SALE.

By virtue of a decree of Dorchester county Court, obtained at April Term, 1825, the subscriber will offer at public sale, on Monday the 23d day of May next, at Mr. Flint's tavern, in Cambridge, a tract of land called "Tripp's Regulation and Sark," containing about 249 acres, being the real estate of which Henry Hambleton, died seized and possessed. A credit of twelve months will be given on the purchase money, etc. The sale will commence between the hours of 1 and 3 o'clock, P. M. and further terms made known.

The creditors of Henry Hambleton are hereby required to file their claims against the estate of said Hambleton, in the office of the Clerk of Dorchester county Court, within six months from the day of sale.

JOHN R. PITT, Trustee.

april 30 4t

NOTICE.

The purchasers of the real estate of Benjamin W. LeCompte, deceased, are hereby notified that their bonds will become due on the 24th day of May next. It is earnestly requested that they will be prepared to pay them off, as the subscriber is extremely anxious to complete his trust. JNO. R. PITT, Trustee.

april 30 4t

TO RENT,

For the ensuing year, that large and commodious dwelling HOUSE and LOT, at present occupied by Mrs. *H. M. Robinson*, situated on High street, below the Court House. For terms, &c. enquire on the premises.

may 14 3t

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of sundry writs of fieri facias issued out of Dorchester county court, and to me directed, one at the suit of Elizabeth Barrow, and one at the suit of William and Aaron Tomlinson, against Charles Pritchet, will be offered at public sale on Tuesday, the 24th day of May inst. at the tavern of Charles Lecompte, esq. New Market, between the hours of 10 and 12 o'clock, A.M. all the right of Charles Pritchet to all that tract or parcel of LAND, containing 150 acres more or less, at present in the occupancy of Solomon Frazier, and adjoining the lands of Jeremiah Bramble and Samuel McCollister; the above property seized, taken, and will be sold to satisfy said fieri facias and cost.

THOS. H. HICKS, Sheriff

may 7 3t

CAMBRIDGE CHRONICLE.

BY G. W. CALLAHAN. SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1830. VOL. VI—NO. 306. N.S....VOL. III—NO. 50.

ALLEMAR AND ELLEN.

"Ah why was ruin so attractive made?"
COLLINS.

Love is never so happy—so gay—so delightful—so fascinating, as when he decorates himself with military trappings; and had his little godship been consulted upon how his portrait ought to have been set forth by the poets and the artists, I have no doubt but he would have directed them to have pictured him in the dress of a soldier. He always has delighted in camps and barracks; the clashing of arms set his heart in a glow and the sound of the drum makes him flutter his wings like a rising lark. Yet, with all this preference for the profession of the sword, his happiness is seldom long lived and he is often—very often, found weeping over his broken joys—or toys, as they may be—in bitterness, as proportionably poignant as his pleasures were vivid. For the truth of this, I appeal to the individuals of the British army who have served with the little deity, and to those who are still better judges—their sweethearts.

Among the many instances of romantic and unfortunate love which have fallen under my observation in the service, is the case of a friend of mine—a young officer of the **th regiment of infantry—to which are attached circumstances so interesting that I feel I shall not be intruding on my readers in sketching a brief history of its light and shade.

Without giving the real names of the parties, in doing which I should not feel myself warranted, I will tell the story; and it will not, I hope, lose its title to credence, by romantic substitute. Let us then call one Allemar, and the other Ellen.

Allemar was about four and twenty when he first saw Ellen: she was not then quite sixteen: and although not altogether the *"angelic"* and *"ethereal"* beauty which he imagined her to be, and as which his passionate language was wont to speak of her, yet was she a sweet girl—such a girl as one, possessing her, would not be inclined to change for another, although a thousand beauties were given him for choice: yellow silky hair—fine expressive blue eye—teeth like ivory—middle size—shape like Venus herself—gentle, yet acute in thought; and as musical in her soul as the spheres are said to be in their bodies. *He* was a manly, open-hearted—and what his companions called, a good looking fellow; but the ladies of his acquaintance (and the ladies are the best judges in the world of such matters) all agreed that he was inestimable among them; whether from his manliness of person, his elegance of mind, or his suavity of manners; or whether from the happy combination of these three qualifications, I am not prepared to say; but certain it is that he was the man for the ladies.

When first he marched into the town of ***** in his light infantry dress, on the flank of his company, the band merrily playing, and the sun brightly glistering on his accoutrements, *I ween*, as bards say, he disturbed many a quiet heart and kept many bright eyes from sleeping as well as they before had been accustomed to do. The regiment was covered with white dust and the summer's sun gave the countenance of the men a fresh and ruddy appearance. When the officers retired to the inn, and were lounging at its parlour windows, out of the many beautiful females who passed and repassed, (for ladies have always a great deal of out door work to do, such as visiting, shopping, &c. on the day a new regiment marches into a town,) few did not look kindly on my friend Allemar. I witnessed their glances, and to do the dear angelic beings justice, they expressed their meaning in the most mistressly manner.

However, Ellen was not among them; nor did Allemar meet with her until two months after his arrival at *****. He was, however, not unknown to her, although she was completely so to him: she seldom passed a day without seeing him, and with each sight increased her disposition to see him again. At length, they were introduced to each other at the house of a mutual acquaintance; and from that hour they were never happy asunder. Their opportunities of meeting were, at first, not very frequent, owing to the prudent vigilance of her widowed mother and a dragon of an old maiden relation, who had little else to do but attend to Ellen's morals: however, Allemar was fortunate enough to attract the kind notice of this antique virgin, and therefore found his opportunities of conversing with his beloved increase. I have often been present when they met during a rural walk, and from what I witnessed in the ancient lady's manner towards my friend, I have no doubt that she regarded him with a tenderness wholly incompatible with their relative ages. And so changed, too, in her general demeanor!—From a stiff, cold, sour, puritanical Duenna, she, all on a sudden, was transformed into a giggling, foolish, tawdry dressed flirt. Instead of an umbrella she now carried a yellow parasol; and although seldom without clogs of most a day before, now ambled in blue satin shoes. Her conversation, too, was now on the beautiful tints of the clouds—the varieties and fragrance of the flowers—illustrating her opinions by quotations from Darwin's "Loves of the Plants."—She would sigh as she spoke to Allemar of the happiness of true friendship, and the sweets of retirement with those "we *esteemed!*"—there is no doubt of it—she was in love with him, and this love was very nigh proving the means of depriving poor Allemar of his Ellen for ever: for when she found that her hints, and her sighs, and her languishes, were all thrown away upon him, and that he was not only the lover, but the beloved of her beautiful relation, she turned out the most terrible of all the dragons that ever opened a mouth. But enough of her, let her go to the—the place to which all superannuated maids must go to at last:—she has nothing more to do with my story—so adieu!

Allemar and Ellen met, and met again; —they walked together by the moonlight, and parted often as the day peeped over them—they loved truly, passionately, virtuously:—they seemed made for each other; and to have divided such would have been the scathing of all that is divine in love—the destruction of all that such lovers value more than existence itself.

However, they were obliged to separate; but not without a hope of meeting again. Allemar's regiment was ordered to march for Portugal; and as Ellen's friends were not disposed to let her marry at that time—even had Allemar received the consent of his—it was agreed upon between the lovers that they should wait a more favorable opportunity of uniting in matrimony; at the same time, pledging each other to eternal faith in love.

It was in May the regiment received the route: and Allemar passed the night previous to marching in sweet converse with his beloved Ellen. What a romantic night! Let the reasoner say what he will—let the philosopher prate with his cold tongue, there is nothing of more real worth to the heart than the sweets of early love; and the hour of parting between two true and virtuous lovers is a melancholy pleasure, perhaps equalling in tender delight their happiest meeting. It was a beautiful night, there was not a breath of wind; and the moon, shining brightly down, threw a fairy light over the whole scene.

The regiment marched at sunrise; and my friend with it. He went to Portugal, but returned at the end of the year on sick-leave (*love*-sick-leave, no doubt,) and was happily married to his Ellen.—They lived together for six months; when Allemar was obliged to join his regiment, then stationed before Bayonne; and as every body expected an immediate peace, the friends of Ellen wished her to remain at home, hoping that when the war was at an end, her husband's regiment would be ordered back to England.—However, when Allemar had been but a month gone, the mother of Ellen died. As soon as her feelings for the loss of her beloved parent had subsided into calm, she declared to proceed to join her husband, the only being now in whose society she could be happy. For this purpose, she wrote to him, and having arranged every thing for her departure, she and a female servant, were provided with a passage on board a commodious transport for St. Jean De Luz, and sailed with a fair wind for the bay of Biscay.

The letter she wrote to apprize her husband of her intention, breathed for him the most passionate affection; and it was certainly not thrown away upon Allemar, his love for her was, if possible, greater than her's for him. He was like a moping hypochondriac at Bayonne, before he received this letter; but immediately on its receipt, became the most lively, spirited, officer in the corps. He and I have often walked along the beach, looking out for the expected ship and the scenes of happiness he anticipated formed the subject of our conversation, he talked of going on half-pay if peace should take place, and to live a rural life, then he would describe, in glowing terms, the happiness of contentment and retirement in comparison with the ambition, toil, and peril, of a soldier's life. These and such were the dreams of fancy, in which we used to indulge, when wandering by the sea-side.

About a fortnight after he had received the letter announcing his wife's resolution to join him, the weather became very stormy and one morning after breakfast, Allemar came to me with an expression of anxiety in his face, which he could not disguise, he seemed cold, and was endeavoring to check, by internal efforts, a certain trembling was evident all over his frame. I asked him what was the matter. He replied, that a fleet of transports was in sight, and as it blew so violently, great fear was entertained by the pilots, with whom he had spoken, that many of them would be driven on shore, for in such weather, to make the port was impossible. I saw how things were, but I consoled my friend as much as I possibly could, by seeming to laugh at the idea of such danger.

We hastened down to the beach and there joined a group of navy officers, French pilots, fishermen, &c whose remarks upon the vessels in the bay were such as to give rise to the most serious apprehensions in me for the safety of my friend's wife, should she be so unfortunate as to have come on board one of the ships then struggling with an increasing tempest on a lee-shore. I pitied my friend from my heart, when I looked at his face and saw the workings of his feelings there so strongly depicted.

He would not move from the beach the whole day, except occasionally to make inquiries in the town of St Jean de Luz, as to the means of assistance to be rendered the vessel in case of necessity.

By his field-glass he often fancied he saw the letters which marked the transport in which his Ellen sailed, and was as often set right by me. The vessel in which she took her passage was marked A. Z. T., in letters of two feet in length; and the glass nearly dropped from my hand, when I perceived the identical letters on the quarter of a brig which had been all the morning nearly out of sight, but now approached the land. I could not tell my friend of what I saw; but he too soon confirmed my discovery, and clasping his hands in the most intense agony of mind cried out, 'It is the ship—O God protect her!'

We hastened to the port, where my friend, half distracted, called on the boatmen to go out; but the answer was, they did not think any of the ships would go aground; and also that the sea was too rough for boats. However, by the means of gold he pursuaded a couple of hardy and brave French fishermen to attempt the assistance of the ship, in which he believed his wife then to be.—The boat in which they were put off for the transport was as large as the Deal boats, and with Deal smugglers on board, might 'live' through any sea; great hopes therefore, were entertained that the fishermen would be successful.

My friend insisted on going along with them, and when he was about to step into the boat he handed me his keys; then shaking me heartily by the hand, gave me to understand what he dare not speak—nor, indeed, could I have heard—without exhibiting a woman's weakness.—As it was, we were not far from it—a word would have unmanned us.

The boat bounded away from the harbour over the high surges, shaping her course well for her object; and considering that she had to beat to windward, she made wonderful progress; however, it was four o'clock ere she got within half a mile of the vessel. The tempest was now increasing frightfully—the worn out transports seemed as if they were giving up the ghost to the overwhelming storm—none carried more canvass than topsails close reefed, and the opinion of every one on the beach was that all would be wrecked if the weather did not change. It was getting dark; I saw the boat labouring amid the hills of foaming water, and the ship was within hail of her. It darkened;—we could see no more of either boat or ships; and could only ascertain what direction they were in by the flashes of the occasional guns of distress which some of them fired. It was a sickening sight. I knew not what to do—I could do nothing—except, indeed, offer up my prayers for the safety of the poor souls that were hurling over the frightful abyss of horrors.*

Guns were repeated and repeated; but no assistance could those on shore render the ships. I was bewildered;—I wandered home—back again—lay down—arose restless—watched the day light; and then was the horrid reality;—the ship had gone to pieces; so had the boat—my dear friend, and all his dream of happiness gone! Not a being either in the ship or boat was saved, and the bodies of Allemar and Ellen were washed on shore about a mile below St. Jean de Luz.

* In this terrific storm between thirty or forty transports were lost, on board of which were General Baron Rock and his gallant son.

From Millman's History of the Jews—"Family Library."

TEMPLE OF JERUSALEM.

ITS DESTRUCTION BY FIRE UNDER TITUS.

It was on the 10th of August, the day already darkened in the Jewish calender by the destruction of the former Temple by the King of Babylon; it was almost passed. Titus withdrew again into Antonia, intending the next morning to make a general assault. The quiet summer evening come on; the setting sun shone for the last time on the snow white walls, and glistening pinnacles of the Temple roof. Titus had retired to rest; when suddenly a wild and terrible cry was heard, and a man came rushing in, announcing that the Temple was on fire. Some of the besieged, notwithstanding the repulse in the morning, had sallied out to attack the men who were busily employed in extinguishing the fires about the cloisters. The Romans not merely drove them back but entering the sacred space with them, forced their way to the Temple. A soldier, without orders, mounting on the shoulders of one of his comrades, threw a blazing brand into a gilded small door on the north side of the chambers, in the outer building or porch. The flames sprung up at once. The Jews uttered one simultaneous shriek, and grasped their swords with a furious determination of revenging and perishing in the ruins of the Temple. Titus rushed down with the utmost speed; he shouted, he made signs to his soldiers to quench the fire: his voice was drowned, and his signs unnoticed, in the blind confusion. The legionaries either could not, or would not hear: they rushed on, trampling each other down in their furious haste, or stumbling over the crumbling ruins, perished with the enemy. Each exhorted the other, and each hurled his blazing brand into the inner part of the Edifice, and then hurried to the work of carnage. The unarmed and defenceless people were slain in thousands; they lay heaped, like sacrifices round the altar, the steps of the Temple ran with streams of blood, which washed down the bodies that lay about.

Titus found it impossible to check the rage of the soldiery; he entered with his officers, and surveyed the interior of the sacred edifice. The splendour filled them with wonder; and as the flames had not yet penetrated to the holy place, he made a last effort to save it, and springing forth, again exhorted the soldiers to stay the progress of the conflagration.—The centurion Liberalis endeavored to force obedience with his staff of office; but even respect for the Emperor gave way to the furious animosity against the Jews, to the fierce excitement of battle, and to the insatiable hope of plunder. the soldiers saw every thing against them radient with gold, which shone dazzlingly in the wild light of the flames; they supposed that incalculable treasures were laid up in the sanctuary. A soldier, unperceived, thrust a lighted torch between the hinges of the door; the whole building was in flames in an instant. The blinding smoke and fire forced the officers to retreat; and the noble edifice was left to its fate.

It was an appalling spectacle to the Roman, what was it to the Jew? The whole summit of the hill, which commanded the city, blazed like a volcano. One after another the buildings fell in, with a tremendous crash, and were swallowed up in a fiery abyss. The roofs of cedar were like sheets of flames; the gilded pinnacles shone like spires of red light, the gate towers sent up tall columns of flame and smoke. The neighbouring hills were lighted up; and dark groups of people were seen watching in horrible anxiety the progress of the destruction: the walls and heights of the upper city were crowded with faces, some pale with the agony of despair, others scowling unavailing vengeance. The shouts of the Roman soldiery, as they ran to and fro, and the howlings of the insurgents who were perishing in the flames, mingled with the roaring of the conflagration and the thundering sound of falling timbers. The echoes of the mountains replied, or brought back the shrieks of the people on the heights: all the walls resounded with screams and wailings; men, who were expiring with famine, rallied their remaining strength to utter a cry of anguish and desolation.

The slaughter within was even more dreadful than the spectacle from without. Men and women, old and young, insurgents and priests, those who fought and those who intreated mercy, were hewn down in indiscriminate carnage. The numbers of the slain exceeded that of the slayers. The legionaries had to clamber over heaps of dead, to carry on the work of extermination. John, at the head of some of his troops, cut his way through, first in the outer court of the Temple; afterwards in the upper city.—Some of the priests upon the roof wrenched off the gilded spikes, with sockets of lead, and used them as missiles against the Romans below. Afterwards they fled to a part of the wall about fourteen feet wide: they were summoned to surrender; but two of them, Mair, son of Belgo, and Joseph, son of Dalia plunged headlong into the flames.

No part escaped the fury of the Romans.—The treasuries, with all their wealth of money, jewels, and costly robes—the plunder which the zealots had laid up—were totally destroyed—nothing remained but a small part of the outer cloister, in which 6,000 unarmed and defenceless people, with women and children, had taken refuge. These poor wretches, like multitudes of others, had been led up to the Temple by a false prophet, who had proclaimed that God commanded all the Jews to go up to the Temple, where he would display his Almighty power to save his people. The soldiers set fire to the building; every soul perished.

THE LOST DINNER,

Or a Corpulent Gentleman's Adventures.

Oh, that this too solid flesh would melt, thaw and resolve itself into a dew. Hamlet.

Let me have men about me that are fat.—Julius Cæsar.

Of all the plagues with which Old Nick has attempted to disturb the quiet of this [illegible] I think there is none equal to the disposition which half the community have for tormenting fat people. I can speak feelingly on this point, for I am a fat man myself. Your lean fellows live in quiet; no body think of poking fun at them, or jostling them in the street, or squeezing them in a crowd, or a stage coach, or box at the theatre.—They slip through the common rubs and crosses of life as easily as a snake through the bushes. A starveling has an immunity against all tribulation—but a fat man—there is no mercy for him; he is a butt for all the jokes that are current; there is no sharp shooting but hits him. The lean ones envy his goodly size, and revenge themselves the only way they can, by ridiculing what they would fain participate in, but find it beyond their reach, as the fox turned up his right honourable snout at certain grapes.

Who would not be fat if he could? I don't see any harm in being fat. It is sheer malice, and envy that would set the world against fat people, who, generally speaking, are the most useful and good natured of the community; *fruges consumere nati*, they keep the markets up, and make trade flourish. If to be fat is to be hated, says Falstaff, then are Pharoah's lean kine to be loved. I hate lean folks, they make me think of a famine, and short commons are an abomination unto men of any condition. But let me come to the point, and the point of the matter is, that I make it a point never to refuse an invitation to dinner. Now I received an invitation to one last week, the most magnificent dinner that has been eaten in the city these fifty years. The very mention of the dishes made my mouth water. Alderman Gobble, who gave the dinner, knows how to create an appetite in his guests by a specification of his tit bits. I need not stop now to recapitulate the niceties which the worthy alderman had promised, and with which I regaled my imagination for a week in anticipation of the feast.—Suffice it to say, it was a meal fit for a gourmond, and I had raised an appetite fit to do justice to it. Oh ye demons of disappointment! How could ye serve me such a trick as to baulk me of that dinner!

For as my ill luck would have it, I happened to live just now about ten miles from Boston. There is no difficulty one would think, in jumping into the stage and posting to town, and that is true in the case of ordinary folks, but see what plagues beset a fat man! I had bespoke my passage, and was the first to get into the stage, when a disagreement arose about the space which I occupied in the vehicle. The driver asserted that I had taken but one seat, and all the others in the coach were engaged before me. Now as he undertook to prove by regular admeasurement that my immense rotundity of corporation, as he was pleased to call it, occupied at least space enough for four, he maintained that all the others should seat themselves first, and then I might get in if I could.

'Not in the day time, my lad,' said I, as I seated myself snugly on the back seat. 'First come, first served. I have got my place, now the others may take theirs; I paid for my seat. Is'nt it a bargain?'

'But the others can't all get in,' said the driver.

'Then let them ride on the top,' answered I.

'Really, Mr. Sugarhogshead,' said he, 'had'nt you better ride on the top yourself?'

'For Heaven's sake no,' said another; 'don't put that great chuff on the top, he'll make us top-heavy, and overset us.'

'I have no notion of riding on the top,' said I, 'so you may make yourselves easy on that score.'

'But you must get out,' said they, 'and wait for the next stage.'

'And what will become of my dinner,' said I.

'Here is Mrs. Pickleton and her seven children, who will all be disappointed of places in the city if they do not arrive at two o'clock.'

'And I shall be disappointed of my dinner, if I do not reach Alderman Gobble's at the same time.'

"Tis enough to try the patience of Job.' said Mrs. Pickleton.

'Don't talk to me about Job;' said I; 'he never had such an invitation to a dinner in his life?

'But you cannot go with us,' said they.

'But I must go with you,' said I. So saying, I threw back my head, and composed myself on my seat, and let them see that I was not to be moved.—After some altercation with the other passengers, the driver shut the coach door and left me within alone. Presently I heard a smack of the whip, and the horses started. I thought we set off with a very easy pace, and was highly delighted to find myself sole possessor of the inside of the coach, where I had expected to be annoyed by the company of Mrs. Pickleton and her seven children.

We travelled at so easy and comfortable a rate that I fell into a doze, an infirmity in which I am somewhat accustomed, though not in stage coaches. I dreamt of being at Alderman Gobble's dinner, where I kept eating and eating until I thought I should never have enough. What was the most singular of all was, that the more I ate, the hungrier I grew. Methought the dinner lasted unconscionably long, till at last I awoke from pure hunger.

I was fairly starved out of my dream, surely, thought I, as I awoke, "we must have got to Boston by this time." I pulled out my watch. It was half past two! "Heaven!" exclaimed I, "where are we?"—I jumped up and looked out of the carriage, and—and there was I at the very place of starting, we had not moved a rod all the while. The driver had taken his horses away and driven off with another stage, whilst I was dreaming of Alderman Gobble's dinner.

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