Cambridge Chronicle.

"THE END OF EVERY GOVERNMENT SHOULD BE THE WELFARE OF THE PEOPLE."

NO. 665.

VOL. I. CAMBRIDGE, Md.---Saturday Morning, March 25, 1837. NUMBER 27

P. HOGE.

Terms.

AMBRIDGE CHRONICLE is publish- *Two Dollars and Fifty Cents* per an-, payable half yearly, in advance.— scriptions will not be taken for less than months: No paper will be discontinued ll all arrears are paid unless at the option he publisher; and the failure to order a ontinuance previously to the expiration he time already subscribed for, will be sidered as a new engagement.

DVERTISEMENTS not exceeding a square be published three times for one dollar; twenty five cents for each subsequent rtion. Larger ones in proportion. ☞In es where the number of insertions is not ited, advertisements will be continued il direction to omit them is received, charged accordingly.

POETRY.

From the National Atlas.

NIGHT—MUSINGS.

Ye stars which are the poetry of heaven."
Childe Harold.

'is night o'er the landscape;—the last gleam of day,
That lingered awhile in the west,
as faded and fled from my vision away,
And sunk with its god to his rest.

he broad wing of darkness, in silence is spread,
O'er meadow and hamlet and hill;
he wild winds that whistled by day-light are dead,
The pulse of existence stands still.

he living creation that stirred through the day,
E'en the few that awaited its close,
Have shrunk from their daily employment away,
And yielded to nature's repose.

The magical genius of night's drowsy power,
Over man is begining to creep
Tis a pause in existence,—that Lethean hour
When the world is enveloped in sleep.

Now turn from the millions that slumber below,
To the glory that streams from the sky;
Ten thousand bright oracles beam in that glow,
And utter their voices on high.

All climes and all changes, O stars! ye have seen,
While wheeling your course round the earth,
The brightest and blackest of deeds that have been
Since ye chanted the song of her birth.

Whilst the rock and the river the ocean, and plain,
Have kept not the form of their prime,
Whilst man and his words have resisted in vain
The merciless gnawing of time.

Whilst ocean's broad waste, in the voice of its roar
Though defying the impress of age,
In bellowing pride round its surf fretted shore,
Has dashed the wild wrecks of its rage:—

Yet you are uncharged, ye far glittering spheres!
That deck the dark mantle of night,
While ceaseless has rolled the dull current of years
Beneath the broad sheen of thy light.

In thy constant gaze all the children of earth
In perpetual union are bound;
Though distant the day and the spot of their birth,
One bound of communion have found.

Thou fair orb! whose light o'er the cradle of day,
On the couch of her dying is shed,
O'er the garden of Eden thou shed'st the same ray
When night first the earth overspread.

By thy setting beam oft the minstrel hath sung,
And his melody pour'd to the air,
O'er Israel's mountains thy light thou hast flung
On the pilgrim low bending in prayer.

Thy glory pure Pleiades! blazing through space.
The soul of the Prophet's once fired,
And millions attempted thy wonders to trace,
E're the son of thy sister expired.

And myriads shall yet see thy form in the sky,
In the same simple grandeur arrayed,
Till the last son of Adam in loneliness die,
On the last of thy bright circle fade.

O nigh! thy disclosures the soul overwhelm,
When fancy disdaining control,
Pursues her wild flight through the measureless realm,
Where suns and their satellites roll,
Vast fabric! the precincts of thy starry dome,
The space of the universe span—
Eternity's emblem—the spirits high home,
The Deity pictured in man.

PIERRE.

NEW—ENGLAND.

Land of the forest and the rock—
Of dark blue lake and mighty river—
Of mountains reared aloft to mock
The storm's career, the lightning's shock;
My own green land forever!

Land of the beautiful and brave—
The freeman's hope, the martyr's grave—
The nursery of giant men,
Whose deeds have linked with every glen,
And every hill and every stream,
The romance of some warrior dream!
Oh, never may a son of thine,
Wher'er his wandering steps incline,
Forget the sky which bent above
His childhood like a dream of Love.

From the Zodiac for December.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES OF BONAPARTE.

NAPOLEON AND THE GRENADIER.*

It was after the battle of Jena the Emperor entered the capital of the Prussian dominions in triumph. In a short time he left Berlin with his staff, of which I was then a member, to meet the Russian army, which was advancing us. Several detachments of the French were in full march, so that the road from Berlin to Konigsburg was crowded against soldiers, waggons, artillery, and the bagage train. The emperior as was his custom, took the bye roads and travelled so fast that but few could keep up. The soldiers who saw him pass by, accompanied only by two or three officers, gave him the nickname of the peti corporal." Being pretty well mounted, I generally managed to keep pace with him, and thus had an opportunity of remarking that he sometimes looked behind him to know who was following; and he could not help smiling when he remarked how few there were in his train.

The heavy rains, however, impeded our March, and it was with some difficulty that we were able to advance at all in some places. All at once the emperor reined up his horse to look at a grenadier of noble figure, with black moustachios and whiskers, sitting under a tree, his musket, knapsack, and large cap laid by his side, and who was busily engaged in roasting a potato on some ashes which were yet burning. He was so intent on his occupation, that he neither saw the emperor or the troops marching by him. After watching him for some moments, the emperor said, 'Hallo, grenadier, what are you doing there?' "That's a pretty question,', answered the grenadier, with a broad Gascon ascent; "a man must be blind not to see that I am roasting a potato on the point of my knife." "That's true," replied Napoleon, "here give it to me, I'm hungry." "Ah, ah! that's good! give it to you! give it to you Not such a fool as that! I'm roasting it for myself, and not for others. I am hungry;" and he imitated the emperor's voice so well that we could not help laughing. "Come here's a gold piece, give me half of it." "I don't want your gold; can I eat it? will it satisfy my hunger?"

Bonaparte was much astonished at this refusal, and asked him authoritatively if he knew to whom he was addressing himself. He, still seated, and very busily occupied in his potato, looked up at him, and replied—"Humph! do I know to whom I am speaking? To a man, I hope; not to a God or a Devil." "But, I inquire if you know me, if you are aware to whom you are speaking?" "Who you are? yes! no doubt I know you well; you are our 'petit corporal,' and a good fellow, but you shan't have my potato, for I'm hungry." So saying, he drew it deliberately from the ashes, and added in the same quiet and easy manner, "Egad, I think it soon will be done!" The emperor could not help smiling, and said in a milder tone,—"Come, my good fellow, I have a proposition to make to you; if you will give me half your potato, you shall come and dine with me this evening" "What! are you in earnest? dine with you for half my potato?—ha, ha, ha!—agreed!—the proposal is a good one, and I accept it. But come I hope you are not joking, and that you won't laugh at me after having eat half my potato. Beware of that, for 'Bras de fer' is in earnest." No, no," replied the emperor, laughing, "I pledge you my word," That's enough replied the grenadier, quite delighted, at the same time giving him half his potato, which he had fixed on the point of his bayonet, and thus handed it to the emperor, who took it and eat it, saying it was very good. We continued our march, and on the road Napoleon asked us if we knew who that queer fellow was, or his name. None of us could give the desired information, so the matter dropped.

In the evening, just as we were sitting down to table, a great noise was heard in the ante chamber, and many voices speaking together in anger. The emperor surprised at this, inquired what was the matter, when a servant came in saying there was an insolent soldier outside, all covered with mud and dirt, who having made his way as far as the ante chamber, was inquiring if his majesty was at home, and that he had come to dine with him on your invitation; and, added the servant, whom we laughed at this, and told him he could not come in, he abused us, called us insolent footmen, robbers, scamps, and insisted in his determination of seeing his majesty. At this information, we most of us laughed, and reminded the emperor of his morning's adventure. He immediately ordered him in. Our hero entered in full marching costume, and presenting arms marched straight to the Emperor who was seated at the centre of the table, halted, presented arms, like an orderly giving or receiving a report, and looking the emperor full in the face, said boldly, 'Sire, here I am, 'Bras de fer,' granadier in the 12th regiment of the line. I shared my breakfast with you on condition that I should dine with you.—It was your own proposal, and I accepted it; after a forced and rapid march, here I am, and as every honest man keeps his word, I suppose you mean to." "Certainly, my man you are right' Here, Constant, take care of this brave fellow, and give him a good dinner. Go, my friend, and my valet will take good care of you. 'Bras de fer' knit his black eye brows: he first looked at the emperor, and then with a contemptuous sneer at his valet, who was beckoning him to follow, and then looked round at us all.

He stood as though he was rooted to the spot.—"Come, grenadier" cried the emperior impatiently, be off, go and dine with Constant; I have told you he would take care of you." "General," answered he, firmly, "I wear a uniform, and cannot dine with valets." I must confess that this noble answer gratified me, but I began to fear so bold a reply might displease Napoleon.—In fact he turned in anger towards the grenadier, who returned his glance without betraying either fear or surprise. Napoleon, however, soon recovered himself, changed his tone and said, "You are right, my brave fellow, and your opinion is correct; put down your musket, take off your knapsack, and sit down here by my side," "That's right," replied the other, "that's what I call talking like an emperor!" He then made a half turn grounded his musket like a sentry on duty, and as servants hastened officiously to assist him in discumbering himself of his accoutrements, he said to them, loud enough to be heard by us all, 'be off with you, and let me alone!' Having divested himself of his arms, &c., he advanced to the emperor and raising his hand to his forehead, said "Your orders, general!' This sally created a loud laugh, in which the emperor joined, and it had the effect of restoring him to perfect good humor.

In the mean time, a knife and fork had been laid by the emperor's side, who said 'Come and sit down, my comrade, without any ceremony, you must be hungry. 'That's right, (this was his favorite expression,) this is well worth my potato!' The emperor who, like the rest of us, was much amused with the man's easy, frank, and comical manners, helped him with his own hands to every thing he wished to eat, and made him drink in proportion.—He asked him many questions, which our grenadier did not stop to answer, except by monosyllables. At last wearied with his exertions, having eaten enough for six ordinary men, and drank proportionately he turned round to the emperor, and said, "Now, Sire, I am able to answer any questions that you may please to put to me." He then told us he was with Bonaparte in the two last Italian campaigns, had been with him to Egypt, was there wounded, and left for dead at Cairo, &c. He then rose, opened his knapsack, and handed the emperor his papers, and certificates, who on dismissing him, said he would have them examined, and he might expect to hear from him.

Two days after he received the cross of the legion of honor and a captain's commission. His name was Charles Bidot. I have not since heard of him, nor do I know what afterwards became of him.

D. H.

*This anecdote is taken from Le Glaneur Francais, by Ducoudray Holstein, of which the second edition has lately appeared in Albany.

From the Albion and British Weekly Gazette.

RECOLLECTION OF A PORTRAIT PAINTER.

NO. IV. —BIANCA.

When I first embarked on my professional career I spent some years in Italy. What a fairy land of glorious things is Italy—the bright and beautiful, where painter's hand and poet's eye may gather their richest inspiration; is Rome, with its statues and its music, its relics and its skies, to the young and ardent heart, the strong and indulgent imagination, the refined and cultivated intellect!

During the time I studied there, my constant companion was Lord W——; he was young, and his wealth made a residence abroad as desirable as it was delightful to him; he was possessed of splendid talents, and seldom mixing in the gaities and dissipations of the young Englishmen of rank then resident in Rome, bestowed his time almost entirely in a devotion to *Art*, which led to our intimate acquaintance. He painted well, and never, even in after experience, have I met with a mind so alive to the beauty of the master pieces around us, or so deeply and richly embued with that feeling which constitutes the *poetry* of painting. Many and delightful were the hours we have spent in communing, or in meditating, upon the beauty which in all its forms was so rife on every side, or in giving to the canvass the crude yet glowing thoughts which struggle for expression.

We were in the habit of wandering with our books and colors in the neighborhood of Rome, to sketch now some sturdy figure, now some ancient relic of the Cæsars, and one day we approached a group of peasants for the purpose of transferring their picturesque dresses to the foreground of some half finished picture; we approached them with *indifference*—but we left them, with feelings how different!

Working in the fields, her face shaded by the large straw hat of the country, was a young girl, so perfecly and splendidly beautiful, that our astonishment could only find relief in exclamations. She was not tall, but her head and face equalled the most lovely visions which have ever deen embodied in marble, or traced upon cauvass. Faultlessly classical was every feature, whilst the clear dark sunny skin and rich liquid eyes, the small round hand and exquisitely turned figure, astonished even our practised eyes. She was fitted to grace a court, and as we entered into conversation with her, we were not less struck by the indifference with which she beheld our admiration, than with the dignified manner which *precluded* the slightest familiarity of word and look.

In the course of that day we called upon Sir Henry K——, with whose large and delightful family we were slightly acquainted. Lord W——, though naturally silent, could not forbear detailing our adventure, and describing the beautiful peasant.

'I dare say—I am sure it must have been Bianca,' said Miss K.

'That is her name. I heard it, said Lord W——, eagerly—'do you know her?'

'Oh yes! she is quite our portege, and we are very fond of her.'—'She is an extraordinary girl,' interrupted lady K, 'or I should not allow her, as I have done, to be the occasional companion of my daughters,—but she sometimes stays with us, and indeed is coming to night, and when that is the case we make her the lion to any of our friends whom we can depend upon, it does Bianca no harm, since admiration cannot make her vain, or kindness familiar. We have a soiree to morrow night, and if you will give us the pleasure of your company you will find her here.'

With thanks we accepted the invitation. The evening so impatiently longed for by Lord W. at length arrived. We entered the room, and modestly seated, at a little distance from the rest of the party, was the beautiful Bianca—rising and continuing to stand when any lady honored with her attention; she remained seated with her quiet dignity when gentlemen addressed her.

The room was crowded with English and Italians, many of them artists, and as several of them had never seen her before, her beauty created a great sensation, as all agreed that her face realized the beau ideal, even of Greece. Lord W. alone did not approach the lovely peasant girl; silent beyond his usual taciturnity, he stood literally gazing his soul away—at length he went up to her, and his respectful and almost timid manner, so different to the fixed gaze of the artists, or bolder glanses of the merely idle, won her more animated attention; but soon after he had joined her the party broke, and we departed.

From that day Lord W. became a constant visitor at Lady K's—for *Bianca* was often there; his walks took only one direction—that which led to *Bianca's* cabin; if he painted, the features were *Bianca's*; and if he spoke, it was of *her*; "her beauty, her purity, her dignity, her language, all so far, so infinitely above her station." In short, he loved her with all the fervour of romance, with all the devotion of a first and engrossing passion, before whose overwhelming influence it grieved me to see that every other thought and pursuit were giving way.

One evening when the glorious Italian sunset was giving to the landscape the look of one living Claude, I had unconsciously taken the road we had traversed on the day we had first became acquainted with the beautiful peasant.

At some distance before me I saw lord W. in earnest conversation with a young girl who could only be *Bianca*; they were walking quickly towards the wretched mud cabin which was the home of the most lovely woman in Italy! As they approached it, *Bianca* raised her head and made a farewell gesture to Lord W., then giving her hand to a youth of her own station, who sprung forward to receive her, she disappeared.

I hurried forward and in another moment met Lord W., his pale checks had on them one red deep spot; his tall figure was bowed as if with age and infirmity, and his hand were clasped convulsively, on his countenance, his young and joyous countenance, was stamped despair.

For a long time he grasped my arm, and his parched white lips refused to utter a sound; at length he said—'I did not expect this; I cannot *live* without her—she cannot know *how* I have loved her! She has refused to marry me; she has told me, ah *me*! she loves another—a peasant boy!' added he, with a glance of fury, which almost alarmed me; 'I, whose only vision since that fatal day has been to see that girl my wife—I, who have been proud to own her. She has told *me* she loves her *Guido*,' added he, in a fearful whisper of concentrated rage.

I entreated him to be more calm: he laughed.

'Calm, when I have lost Bianca!—*you* have not loved her.' He became silent, overcome by the violence of his emotions.

* * * * * * *

By degrees he grew somewhat composed, but he had honored and loved the young Italian girl too well to forget her soon. Rome became hateful to him, and he soon left it to seek, in the solitude and grandeur of Switzerland, a balm for the young spirit which had not yet learnt to bear with sorrow and disappointment; and, perhaps, when the veil of passion was removed, he felt that Bianca with all her beauty, could scarcely be a mate for him who wore one of England's proudest coronets.

Years had passed, and had sobered the passionate youth into the dignified nobleman, when not long ago, Lord W. invited me to visit him at his princely seat in ——shire.—We had often met in town, but it was my first visit there. We had been talking over our youthful companionship, when Lord W. said, 'You must come and see my gallery, dear ——, for I am proud of it.' He might well be so, for it was splendid; and his own pictures did not disgrace the old and valuable collection. He took me up to *one*. I could not mistake it—the features, the eyes! It was the peasant girl—the long loved Bianca!

'Old days, you see,' said he, with a sigh, 'are not quite forgotten yet. How beautiful she was! But things are changed since I would have given rank and wealth to win that girl—yes! things are changed. I painted that picture to show Lady W. the creature whom I once thought the most perfect work of Heaven! By the way, I heard from Lady K. that *she*, Bianca is happy with her Guido!' has six children, and has grown fat.' Alas! for the romance of early days! L. D

"AN OVER TRUE TALE."

Eight years ago there was not, in the large gay, and fashionable circle in which she moved, a gayer, more fashionable being, than was *Jane Blossom*, and many readers of this sad Chronicle of her horrible end, will bear us witness that at that time when she just fully budded into womanhood, surounded by prosperity, and friends, and luxury, she was one of the most beautiful that mixed in the fahionable society of our city. On Sunday evening last she died in the street, a miserable, houseless, friendless diseased outcast, whilst a watchman was sustaining her tottering steps towards the watchhouse, for a night's shelter.

She was the widow of the gifted and well known——Blossom, long a clerk with the late Henry Eckford, and subsequently principal clerk in the memorable Life and Fire Insurance Company, in which Mr. Eckford and Mr. Jacob Barker were largely concerned. Blossom died soon after the bursting of that bubble, and as he had lived even beyond his income, he left her without any other means of support than she derived from the sale of her jewelry, dresses and other expensive articles purchased in her days of prosperity. Penury by degrees crept upon her, and she shrunk and fell beneath its withering grasp. She had long been in the habit of using opium, and as distress and misery grew upon her, she indulged the more freely in the use of that drug, as an antidote to the mortification and chagrin her proud but ill-directed spirit sustained by her fallen state

Gradually, by yielding to the weakness of mind betrayed by her indulgence in opium she sunk from one stage of poverty and wretchedness to another, till she entered the precincts of vice; and her means for procuring her favorite and baneful opiate failed her, she resort to the poisonous and loathsome intoxicating liquors that are so easy of access in the low haunts, which amongst blacks and whites she finally betook herself to. Rags and filth soon became the raiment of the beautiful form that was once wont to be clad in finery, and to attract universel admiration; and the lowest sinks in the city became her only places of resort.

Whilst in this situation, she was seen and recognized in the street by a lady who had been her associate in better days, and who humanely persuaded her to go home with her. This charitable lady gave her clean apparel and then took her to the alms house. At that institution Mrs. Blossom remained some months, conducting herself with sobriety and propriety, and she was then visited by the Good Samaritan who had snatched her from the kennel of depravity, and also by many others who had known her in better days. They never came without bringing her presents of articles of food, &c. not to be obtained at the alms house; and always treated her with the utmost respect and kindness.

She finally left that institution, and was not again heard of by her friends till she was a second time found in the situation from which she was previously rescued. A second time did her fair friends provide for her suitably, and got her back again to the alms house. There she remained, however, but a very short time, leaving very suddenly, and without notice to any body. No one knew whither she had gone; and the melancholy intelligence of her death is most probably the first that any of her kind friends have heard of her, since she last left Bellevue.

On Sunday afternoon last, as Mr. Grossart, a Sunday officer of the 13th ward, was on duty in Delancy steet, his attention was attracted by a parcel of children making game of a woman in a ragged and filthy condition, and evidently helpless from disease and sufferings. He went up to her; drove off the children and in reply to his inquiries she stated that she had no where to lay her head; that she slept the night before, in an open alley; that she had not eaten a mouthful during the day, and knew not where to procure a particle of food; and that withal, she was deathly sick, and felt that her end was nigh.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc6044_1_62-0129.jpg