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## THE FAIR SARACEN, OR, THE SHEPHERDESS OF ACRE.

BY WM. RUSSELL, JR.

Proudly shone the sun on the vine-clad valleys of France—and brightly gleamed the glittering mail of that gorgeous host, which covered the fertile valley of Virelay. The Sovereigns of two of the mightiest Kingdoms of Europe, Philip and Richard, had pledged to each other their friendship, and the combined forces of each were united for the conquest of the Holy Land. The deep roll of the drum, and the surring notes of the trumpet, echoed and re-echoed—Knights with waving plumes, and polished armor passed and repassed, on rich caparisoned chargers who bounded along as if proud of their royal burthens. Little did the leaders, as they gazed on that glorious array, dream of the result of their undertaking—little did they anticipate, that out of the one hundred thousand brave spirits, who were so eager to follow them, that but a wasted moiety would ever return.

After reviewing their forces, the two monarchs separated; Richard embarking at Marsella, and Philip at Genoa. They reached Messina about the same time, and passed the winter in Sicily, and on the following spring, as soon as circumstances would permit, they proceeded immediately to the conquest of Palestine.

The summer was far advanced, and with zeal the two armies pressed the siege—the city of Acre, that for-famed city, that had resisted for more than two years the combined forces of all the Christians of Palestine. The friendship of the two Sovereigns which had been so warmly pledged when they set out, was, from the opposite views they entertained, fast wasting away. Yet their hosts relaxed not in their ardor—Connected with the army of Richard, was the brave Sir John Atheling. This young knight joined the forces of his Sovereign voluntarily, who gave him the command of a select band of archers. With the bearing of a Prince, and the bravery of a lion, combined with a goodly degree of skill in the field, he was one of those spirits on which the heart of Richard doated—to whom he turned for advice.

Atheling was of middle stature, and possessed an uncommonly graceful form. He wore a cap of the finest velvet richly embroidered, on the side of which was fastened with a clasp of virgin silver, a single plume of snowy whiteness, which fell with a graceful curve, till it swept his shoulder, and on his breast was a pair of gold, and the belt which bound his tunic of finest silk, was studiously with the same precious metal.

Although Atheling had left his native country, and accompanied Richard to the Holy Land for the paltry consideration of a name yet he possessed many eminent and noble qualities, which endeared him to all with whom he became acquainted.

He was a passionate admirer of the beauties of nature, and often, while his companions were wrapped in slumber, he would wander alone from the camp, by the light of the gentle moon to have his thirst in the clear stream, and enjoy the rich scenery, which every where presents itself to the eye beneath the sunny sky of Palestine.

It was on a soft and balmy morning during the siege of Acre—such a morning as recalls visions of the past—the remembrance of youthful and unclouded years, that Atheling arose, and hastily dressing himself, he hastened from the camp to wander a short time among the surrounding scenery. It was yet scarcely early, for the sun had not risen, and the moon yet lingered on the verge of the white horizon as if unwilling to bid adieu to the clear azure of heaven, and a few pale stars faintly glistened in the empyrean. The breeze with a gentle whisper glided amid the branches of the giant palm, and rustling leaves, shaking the dew from off the silken leaves which fell like gems to the ground.

He had wandered a greater distance, from the camp than was his usual custom, for he had been tracing the meanderings of a limpid stream, and somewhat fatigued had seated himself upon a rock by the side of a cascade, and as he was musing on its beauties, a soft strain of music caught his ear. He listened for some time in profound silence before he heard it again, but at length it became more and more audible, until he was convinced that it was the music of a harp, accompanied by a female voice. Being fond of adventure he arose and bent his steps in the direction from whence the notes proceeded. He had crossed a small copse of palms and gained an open field, where there were a great number of sheep grazing. The music each moment growing more clear, Atheling paused, for his soul was ravished by its sweet tones, and his whole being seemed wrapt in an ocean melody.

"Ere long," at length exclaimed the knight, hardly conscious of what he said. "This speculation had hardly escaped his lips, before the music ceased, and he heard a faint exclamation of surprise at no great distance to his left, and on turning in that direction, beheld a female seated beneath a big tree, with a harp lying on the ground by her side, and a shepherd's crook leaning against the tree, beneath whose branches she was reclining. She was arrayed in a garb of airy lightness, which seemed to the astonished knight like the fabled robes of the cherubim. Her dark luxuriant hair hung loosely over a neck of surpassing beauty, and her eyes were like those which waked the music of Byron, when he sang of the dark eyed girls of Cadiz."

It was some time before Atheling moved, so great was his surprise. But at length summoning resolution he approached her, with as much courtesy, as if he was about to address a duchess, and exclaimed:

"Excuse me, dearest madam, for intruding upon your morning recreations, but the melody of your instrument, opened as a spell upon me, and I instinctively followed the sounds, which has brought me hither."

"To the knight's astonishment the shepherdess, who he knew was of Saracen birth, replied in good English:

"The music to which you listened, was but the outgrowth of a simple shepherdess; many thanks for your compliment, sir Knight," said she, arising to depart.

"Hold," cried Atheling, "let not our meeting be thus abruptly broken off; perhaps we shall be friends."

"I see," replied the shepherdess, "by your dress that you are a person of rank, an enemy of the Saracens, whose fair city you are now besieging, and would level it with the dust. I cannot converse with an enemy."

"By this good sword, which I wear," replied Atheling, "I pledge to you my eternal friendship."

"I am certain you would not harm me," "No, no," replied Atheling, "my sword will never be raised against the innocent."

"Farewell, sir Knight," said the shepherdess, turning away.

"Answer me but one question," said the Knight, "and I will no longer detain you.—By what means did you acquire a knowledge of the English language?"

"A shipwrecked mariner taught it me in my youth, who remained some time at my father's residence," replied the shepherdess.

"Promise to meet me here to-morrow, at sunset," said Atheling, "I shall have something of importance to communicate."

"A strange request," replied the Saracen, "but trusting to the friendship which you have professed me; since you seem so earnestly to desire it, I consent to meet you at the time you have designated; adieu!" with these words she hastened away, and was soon lost sight of amid the thick foliage of the wood.

Atheling returned to the camp with feelings entirely foreign to any which he had ever before experienced. The beauty, the grace, and unselfish simplicity of the fair Saracen had made an impression on his mind that he well knew could not be easily eradicated. This may be deemed by some as an exhibition of weakness on the part of the Knight, but he had basked in the smiles of the ladies of his native isle, and had flirted with the gay belles of France and old Castile, yet until he met the Shepherdess, his feelings had ever remained unmoved.

"Two whole days," said Atheling to himself, "here I shall again be in the presence of her, who little dreams that Sir John Atheling is in her power.—What is rank?—paltry consideration—nothing!" The hours passed away heavily, and could our hero have had the privilege of declaring the length of time he would have maintained that it was a week before the evening arrived. The reader will not, however, be long in conjecturing that on its arrival the Knight was punctual to his engagement.

The sun had just bade the heavens adieu, as Atheling reached the eventful spot, where he found the Shepherdess had preceded him. Atheling seated himself by her side.

"Sir Knight," she exclaimed, "I have fulfilled my promise. If you have communications to make, be in haste for—"

"Have you ever read the tale of the fair Egyptian?" said Atheling, interrupting her, whom a French Knight loved, and who accompanied him to his native country and there became his wife, and was the brightest lady of the land?"

"I think I have some remembrance of it," replied the shepherdess.

"Would you have acted after the manner of the fair Egyptian, under the same circumstances?" inquired Atheling.

"Had the French Knight possessed my heart and my confidence, and I was assured that I possessed his, perhaps I should," replied the Saracen.

"Then," said Atheling, "be assured that you possess the heart, as well as the confidence of an English Knight, in whose behalf I speak: Who only wishes to be assured that his feelings are reciprocated, to be the happiest of men."

"Is hea friend of yours, Sir Knight," said the Saracen, slightly blushing.

"By my sword, he is a friend I hold most dear," replied Atheling.

"Have I ever seen him," continued the Shepherdess.

"That he did not inform me, but he has seen you, and that is sufficient," replied the Knight.

"I will meet you again," said the Shepherdess, arising, but I must for the present bid you adieu, and before Atheling could reply she was out of sight.

Brightly gleam the lights from the trellised windows of the castle of Atheling—and proudly pass that noble throng through its stately halls—knights, and warriors, the bravest—and ladies, the fairest of the land are these.

"Soft eyes look low to eyes which speak again, And all goes merry as a marriage bell."

The halls of Atheling, indeed, present a gorgeous appearance. They are lighted by chandeliers suspended by chains of gold, whose soft and mellow light seems like that which illumine the regions of the blessed.

It was the evening of the marriage of Atheling's lord, who is to be the happy bridegroom, she is leaning upon the arm of her lover, the brightest of the bright throng. Her rich dark hair is fastened behind with a tiara of mimic flowers—no gems flash amid their many folds; it would rob them of their charm: Her dress is of white satin, richly embroidered with flowers; but her dress is simple, yet she far outshines those amid whose hair beams the brilliant light of the diamond—around whose necks flash the ocean's richest treasures. Behold her features now lit up by a smile, as her adorer breathes some fond word of affection. Gaze for a moment on those soft dark eyes—those lips of coral and that dimpled cheek, and you will forget the rest, and think only of her.

"Happy, happy Atheling! The beautiful marriage ceremony of the Church of England is being performed—it is ended, and those two fond hearts are united forever.—Many a glance of envy is cast upon the lovely bride—the future mistress of that princely mansion. The poor Shepherdess of Acre—the fair Saracen—the adored of the youthful lord—now the brightest gem of the land, is the lady of the proud halls of Atheling."

A STAGE BARONESS.

One of the most charming young actresses of the day left Paris a short time since on an artistic tour. Each town she stopped at bore witness to her triumphs, her talents, and her powers of charming; gold fell in showers around her; sighs almost waited her to the heavens from which the crowds at her feet swore she came; flowers strewed each step she condescended to take on earth, too honoured by her tread. At length came one more in love than all the rest, rich, noble and handsome—his name historical, but euphonic. His languishing blue eyes and flowing Saxon beard proclaimed his origin Germanic. All these, including title and estate, he proffered to the fair enchantress.

"A Baroness! I, who have so often sighed to lay aside my titles with my stage dress, I cannot but accept the dear, romantic Baron, so full of faith and love, who has never asked an history of the past, but deems me pure as his mountain springs."

The vows were plighted—the Baron, all German as he was, consecrated them by a pledge of love; and with all the good taste of a Parisian, clasped on the arm of his affianced a bracelet, to which the dowry, but professed eye of the bride, affixed, within a few francs, its real value of two thousand francs. Then she took leave of the stage, became prudent and disdainful to her former admirers and comrades and in order to do all honor to her tutored state, she engaged a lady to direct her footsteps in the paths of virtue. Thus protected, she deemed it perfectly within the rules of decorum to accept an invitation to pass three days in one of the numerous villas of the Baron. He had lands and castles in almost every German province; but the one selected on this occasion was within a few hours of Brussels. Thither, under the safe guard of her chaperon, the gentle and timid bride directed her steps.

She had with her a purse containing about twenty thousand francs and about fifty thousand more in jewels—all the reward and results of her numerous talents.

Nothing could be more charming than the apartment (expressly arranged for her) through which she wandered the next morning. On she wandered, dreaming of future grandeur and smiling at her sweet self in every mirror she passed, till she found herself at last in the dining room, where a sumptuous breakfast awaited her. The Baron was not there. Should she wait or inquire? Patience was not one of her virtues; she inquired. "The Baron?" "Oh, he had left this morning." "Was the reply?" "Left?" "Yes; but Madame need not be anxious—he had paid the rent in advance." "Rent?" screamed the affrighted actress; but then, with hands uplifted, rushed in the half-maddened chaperon, "the jewels! the money!"

"Well?" "Oh, Mademoiselle, gone; all gone!" "Gone?" said the bride, with artistic intuition, guessing all. "Gone! and with the Baron?"

Alas! it was too true! The actress had been, in spite of herself, but playing a part; all her earnings had vanished. She thought with a shudder of the outraged directors whose engagements she had scorned for this one, which now escaped her; but again her form, her face, her grace, her flowing hair were mirrored before her; she sighed and ordered the carriage. Will it take her long to make another fortune? She thinks not.

SINGULAR AND FATAL ACCIDENT.

A young man living in Suffolk (Conn) went into a stream on Saturday evening in company with one or two friends, to bathe. After diving several times and remaining for some time in the water, he concluded to come out after taking one more dive." By way of adding a little variety to the operation, he made this last dive with his hat on, and the result was that as he plunged into the water the elasticity of the air contained in his hat was such as to force his head suddenly and unexpectedly on one side, with such power as to break his neck. He lived long enough to make a sign in the water to his compan-

ions, who brought him out and conveyed him home, where he died shortly after.—Hartford Times.

POISONED SEGARS.

In a French paper before us we have the particulars of a strange robbery recently committed in Paris. It appears that an artist named E. Girard, when on his way home from the theatre, met two persons who called out to him, "Out of the way aristocrat, the street is good enough for you." Sud-

denly another person approached, and said, "We must brush the gentleman down," whereupon they began to cane the artist without mercy. A gentleman at this period came up and attacked the ruffians, who immediately fled. After the usual compliments, the two gentlemen exchanged cards and parted, having made an appointment to breakfast together next day. About ten the next morning, M. Girard received an excuse, but his new friend, who called himself Charles Doulourey, promised to come to see him at two and begged him to be at home, as he would bring a person with him who was anxious to purchase pictures.

The painter received the visit at the time appointed, and the two connoisseurs examined with gusto the pictures in M. Girard's studio. Having done so, one of them in the frankest manner imaginable pulled out a seegar-case, and offered the painter a punnet, which he took and smoked. Before he had smoked long he became ill of a violent headache. From that time he was utterly ignorant of all that happened, and on awaking about midnight discovered that all that was valuable about his person had been carried away. The end of the seegar was analyzed and found to contain a large quantity of what the chemists call *narcotine alcaloide*, a terrible opiate. This reminds us of a similar case which took place about 20 years ago in Mexico. A seegar was given to the Senator Lucas Alaman. After smoking it the Senator was seized with a violent fit of sneezing, which it was found impossible to allay, followed by a bleeding at the nose which proved fatal.

A PROPOSAL UNDER PECULIAR CIRCUMSTANCES.

I heard of a curious proposal the other day. Among some two hundred bathers were a lady and gentleman, who had shown a slight partiality for each other's society. An immense wave, unhappily carried the lady off her feet, and buried her for an instant in four feet of water. The gentleman hurried to her rescue, and on pulling her out, she exclaimed, with a mouth full of salt water—(the water is very salt here)—

"Oh, Augustus—dear take me—I perish—Lord—have—mercy take me, Augustus, and—oh—oh—oh take me!"

"Thanks, dearest," exclaimed Augustus, "you have made me very happy."

"Thanks, for what, sir? coldly exclaimed the lady taking a long breath.

"For your favorable answer to my proposal," said Augustus.

"Proposed! I heard none."

"Oh, yes, but you did, my dear—I made it when you were under water, and you said yes, and told me to take you and I mean to take you at your word."

"Ah—well—dear me—ask pa—and—"

"Of course," said Augustus.

The pair will be happy in the Fall.

SUDDEN DEATH.

On Wednesday evening, a death occurred at Burden Hill, Montgomery county, Penn., that has occasioned the deepest gloom in that vicinity. The deceased was the interesting and talented wife of the Rev. William H. Smith, pastor of the Barren Hill Lutheran church. Mrs. Smith was in the enjoyment of good health during Wednesday morning and afternoon, and at the tea-table partook of the evening meal, and conversed freely with her family. While still sitting at the table, however, death claimed her as his victim, and life was extinct. She died without an apparent pang, and in the full vigor of life. Her last words were addressed to her husband—

"Have you watered the flowers?" and, before he had time to answer, her head fell back, and the worthy woman was a corpse. The immediate cause of this sudden death is unknown. A post-mortem examination was held, but notice of any kind of disease was discovered by the physicians.

CARRYING BUNDLES.

Many people have a contemptible fear of being seen to carry any bundle, however small, having the absurd idea that there is a social degradation in the act. The most trifling as well as weighty packages must be sent to them, no matter how much to the inconvenience of others. This is a case from a low kind of pride. There is a pride that is higher; that arises from a consciousness of there being something in the individual not to be affected by such accidents.—worth and weight of character.

This latter pride was exhibited by the American son of Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte. While he was in College at Cambridge, he was one day carrying to his room a broom he had just purchased, when he met a friend, who noticing the broom with surprise, exclaimed, "why did not you have it sent home?"

"I am not ashamed to carry home anything which belongs to me," was the sensible reply of young Bonaparte.

Very different pride was this from that of a young lady whom we know, who always gave her mother all the bundles to carry when they went out together, because she thought it vulgar to be seen with one herself.—Cambridge Chronicle.

## THE COLD WATER BOY.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

A boy named Frank, who had heard a great deal said about the evils of intemperance, was passing the door of a tavern kept by a man who drew a good deal of custom by his agreeable manners, and the pleasant way he had of talking to every one. Frank was whistling a lively tune as he went by, and the landlord said to him in a playful way—

"Good morning, my fine fellow! Won't you step in and get something to drink?" "I don't care if I do," said Frank.

And he straightened himself up, and walked with an erect air, as if he were a man, into the bar room.

"Well, sir! What will you take?" said the landlord. "A brandy punch, mint julep, sherry cobbler, or a hot whiskey punch?" "I'll take a glass of Adam's ale, if you please, landlord."

"O! Adam's ale!" returned the landlord. "Yes,—very good drink that, only a little too weak." And he poured Frank out a glass of pure, sparkling water, which the lad drank off with the air of one who enjoyed it.

"How does it taste?" inquired a tippler, thinking to throw the laugh upon Frank.

"Try a little, won't you?" said the boy, with a serious face. "I'm sure you'll like the taste. It makes you feel good all over, nor hasn't a particle of headache nor fever in it."

"Indeed! so you're a young teetotaler?" "I'm a cold water boy," said Frank, as he stepped back from the bar. "And, in return for your compliment this morning, invite you to join our army. We'll make you captain."

A day or two afterwards, while Frank was passing Hartley's tavern again, the landlord happened to be at the door; and although sensible that he had obtained rather the worst in his encounter with the cold water boy, felt very much inclined to have another passage of wit with him.

"Good morning! Good morning! How are you, my little cold water friend?" "Right well, I thank you," replied Frank.

"Won't you walk in," said the landlord. "No, I thank you," returned Frank.

"We've got some first-rate Adam's ale.—Won't you have a glass?" "No, I believe not? I'd rather take it at the pump."

"From the old iron ladle?" "Yes. That doesn't taste nor smell of brandy."

"As my glass did?" "Your glass smelt rather strong, landlord; and the taste of the brandy completely spoiled the water."

"Did it indeed! I'm sorry. But come in—come in! I want to talk with you. You're an odd sort of a little fellow. We'll have a glass washed so clean that you'll neither taste nor smell brandy."

"I don't think you can," replied Frank. "Hot water will hardly scald out the taste of the vile stuff."

"Vile stuff! Why do you call brandy vile stuff?" "Because it makes wise people fools and strong men as weak as babies. Wasn't it brandy, or gin, or some of this vile stuff, as I call it, that made Mr. Perkins strike his wife and kill her? You know that he is now in prison, and had like to have been hung?"

"He was drunk!" "Water did not make him drunk. I go to the pump and take ladle after ladle of the clear cold water; but I never was drunk in my life."

"Nor do people who drink brandy get drunk, unless they drink too much."

"But why do they drink it at all?" asked Frank, growing serious.

"Because they are dry?" "Water would answer a better purpose, and they might drink a gallon of it without getting drunk. And then you know it is so much cheaper."

"O, yes. But if everybody drank water only, we landlords would starve."

Frank only shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, my little cold water man, what do you say to that?" "I say that?"

"Why, replied Frank with a smile, "that it would be much better for a few landlords to starve or get into some more useful calling, than for a hundred thousand people to die every year from drunkenness."

"Who says a hundred thousand people die drunkards every year?" "O! I've always heard that."

"I don't believe it."

"Well, say fifty thousand, or even twenty thousand. Isn't that number awful to think of?"

The landlord's face became serious. While he stood musing, Frank said—

"Come down to the hall to night, and you'll hear all about it."

"To the temperance hall?" "Yes, sir."

"Ho! Wouldn't the folks start?" "Suppose they did? Would they do any harm?"

"O, no! I don't care for that."

"Just say you'll come, won't you? Say it for my sake. I know that if you really saw that you were doing evil in the world, you wouldn't sell another drop of brandy. Won't you come?"

"O, yes. I'll come, if it just to please you. It can do no harm."

And Hurley was as good as his word. It so happened that a lecturer was exhibiting the appalling consequences of intemperance, and he read from a pamphlet in his hand statement after statement from men in all positions, bearing upon the evils of drunkenness. Having done this, he went on to show, in the clearest manner, the responsibility of

himself to pour all the liquid poison in my bar room and cellar into the street, at sunrise to-morrow morning."

SHERIFF TARNED AND FEATHERED. Antient troubles have broken out again in New York. A number of persons disguised as Indians, took Deputy Sheriff Whiteck, of Rensselaer county, from his bed at 10 o'clock on Wednesday night week, and after taking him some nine miles off, tarred and feathered him and attempted to extort a promise from him that he would serve no more processes on them, which he refused to do, when they left him.

## OUR CONSUL AT HAVANA.

We have received the following letter from ALLEN F. OWEN, esq., our Consul at Havana, and submit it without comment to the consideration of his countrymen:

CONSULATE OF THE UNITED STATES, HAVANA, Sept. 16, 1851.

To the Editor of the Republic: SIR: In your weekly issue of the 28th ult. you do me the justice to object to my condemnation without a hearing, and to say that I am probably able to explain, to the satisfaction of my countrymen, my omission to act relative to the execution of the prisoners who were shot here on the 16th ult.

I do not doubt that I shall satisfy every impartial mind that I am undeserving censure, and that I had no opportunity of doing anything in behalf of the unfortunate men who met so sad a fate.

I reside about four miles from this place, and, not being well on the morning of the 16th, did not reach my office till some time after ten o'clock, where, for the first time, I heard of the capture of about fifty of the men who had come with Lopez to this island in the steamer Pampero. I at the same time heard that the prisoners had been tried, found guilty, condemned, ordered to be executed, the order for their execution sent forward, and that they were about being removed from the harbor, where they were, to the place of execution.

Shortly afterwards, the American residing here, who, it is said, called on me, came and mentioned the subject to me, when I said to him that it was too late, and that I could do nothing—that I should not have time to get permission and see the prisoners. Of this I felt perfectly satisfied at the time, and I have since been confirmed in this opinion by the highest authority in the island, who informed me that the execution, which had already been ordered before I reached the city, would not have been postponed for me to have an interview with the prisoners, inasmuch as all I could have asked to be permitted to do had already been by a gentleman known to some of the prisoners, and for whom they had sent.

Soon after the American referred to left my office, I received the information that a gentleman known to some of the prisoners had been sent for by them, and to him they had delivered the articles and messages they desired to be conveyed to their friends. It was but a short time afterwards that I sent to the place of the governor and captain general, and heard that the prisoners had then been executed.

You will thus see that I had no time to act, and that it was not in my power to do anything for the unfortunate men who had been induced to invade Cuba with the expectation that they would find the whole island in a state of rebellion, and that they would be received with open arms by the whole native population at least.

The charge of indifference to the dreadful condition of such a number of men, the bitterest enemy I have on earth will not believe; and all must believe it a base falsehood and an unfounded calumny.

If it were allowable on such an occasion, I would most solemnly declare before God that, in my judgment, at the time and under the circumstances, it was not in my power either to have an interview with the prisoners, or to have done any thing on their behalf.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant, A. F. OWEN.

When David slew Goliath with a sling, the latter fell stone dead, and of course quite astonished, as such a thing had never entered his head before.

Sidney Smith said there were three things which every man fancied he could do—furnish a small property, drive a pig, and edit a newspaper.

"I will have order!" shouted the captain of a down east schooner to his refractory cook.

"If you won't cook the dinner, I'll do it myself—I swear I will have order about this vessel."

What a lovely man Bro. S. is," remarked one of the old ladies.

"Yes, indeed!" replied the other. "How beautifully he described hell!"