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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For the Chronicle.

Irene Wentworth—A sketch.

BY E. R. H.

On a lovely evening in June, George Williams, and she who was dearer to him than his own life, were seated at a window, through which stole the soft moonlight, absorbed in deep thought. Not a murmur trembled upon their lips, not a sigh of the passing breeze disturbed the oppressive stillness. With her hand gently clasped in his, and her head reposing confidingly upon his bosom, she was gazing earnestly up into his face, and seemed drinking in its quiet and benignity. An unconscious sigh from Irene at length broke the silence.

"Irene," whispered George, in an under tone, "to part from thee is deeply painful, and fills my soul with suffering; yet, dear girl, it must be so; business of great moment requires my presence in a distant city. To-morrow morning I depart, drearily will pass the hours where thou art not, but the thought that I shall again return to thee, in some degree nerves me to speak the word—farewell."

She spoke not, but the tumultuous heavings of her bosom indicated the storm that was raging there. "George," at length she murmured, "I will not be so unkind as to question the sincerity of your attachment, but take care that some brighter star does not lure your thoughts from Irene."

"Idol of my heart," quickly answered George, "a form from heaven, fashioned by the hand of the great creator, could not for a moment estrange my thoughts from thee."

A deep blush suffused her cheeks; she looked inquiringly in his face, and with a seraphic Smile playing upon her countenance, she told him "she required not his asseveration to convince her of the fever and sincerity of his affection."

As George extended his hand to take leave, a death-like paleness came over his countenance which told too plainly the State of his feelings. Long and ardently he clasped her hand, and imprinting a deep and burning kiss upon her brow he hastily departed.

* * * * * *

Weeks and months rolled on, and George Williams returned not. Irene had not received one line to tell her She still was remembered.—Deep-seated melancholy clouded the usually bright current of her spirits—society had lost its charm—the wild and joyous laugh of her associates fell coldly upon her ear—she seemed insensible to the gaieties and pleasures of the world. Her cheeks, once the seat of the rose,

"Were white as marble fanes that lie
On Grecian lands,"

and her brow, which before, had never been clouded by sorrow, was dark and gloomy, and seemed reflective of the anguish of her soul.

One evening in the early part of October, she sat in her chamber, watching the receding rays of the evening sun, as he sunk into the west, with his violet banner to repose among the islands of peace. The rich foliage of the trees had already began to wither beneath the noxious breath of the desolating North-wind,—the flowers of Autumn had assumed a sickly hue, and the streamlet flowed along in sullen silence, as if anticipating the hateful arrival of winter. She was startled from her reverie by the entrance of a servant bearing a letter. She hastily seized it, broke the seal, and read—

Boston, Septr. 18—

"Miss

At the time I took my leave of you, I could not have believed any power could sever my affections from you, but fate has decreed otherwise. However painful the task, I deem it my duty to apprise you of the fact of my engagement with a beautiful young lady of this place. Believe me, I struggled hard to repress the passion, but found it impossible. I humbly implore your forgiveness, and hope you may find some one more worthy of your hand than,"

"George Williams."

Upon receiving the letter, and willing to believe some unforseen circumstance had detained him, and perhaps prevented him from writing, Irene's countenance again beamed with light and animation; but after reading it she seemed thunderstruck. Her hand fell involuntarily by her side; pale and ghastly she sat, unconscious of any thing.

After a lapse of a few days, she recovered her shattered energies sufficiently, to pen the following lines,

Handsell, Oct. 18—

"Mr. Williams,

After several months of patient endurance I have at length heard from you, and I regret to add, from your repeated vows of fidelity, I had a right to expect the import of your letter would be otherwise. 'Twas but a truant thought when I cautioned you to beware lest "some brighter star should lure your thoughts from me;" and little did I imagine that gentle warning would ever be verified. Be assured sir, I forgive you, and allow me to request the boon,—if in after years your thoughts shall ever revert to the scenes of your birth-place, will you deign to think kindly of your first love; and should perchance your footsteps ever lead you to the silent burying-place where we have so often roved in delight, have the charity to shed over my grave one tear of sympathy.

"The night has passed,
And on the dreary waste
I stand alone with heaven."

Farewell, as long as my heart pulsates with life, my feelings shall remain unchanged;—

"As the sun-flower turns on her god when he sets,
The same look which she gave when he rose."

"Irene."

From the day she received George's letter, Irene's health rapidly declined. The cankering worm of decay was preying upon her life-strings. Her disease defied the skill of physicians; it was seated in the heart, and there it revelled in triumph, and yet her eye was calm, and her countenance composed.

One evening during the delightful month of May, when all nature seemed rejoicing in its freedom from the thraldom of winter, Irene was seated at the window where George Williams had bade her adieu. A slight colouring was visible upon her cheek.

"Yet looked it not, as health did look,
But a strange hectic like the unnatural red
That Autumn plants upon the perished leaf."

She seemed composed, and hopes were entertained by her parents, that a change had taken place in her disease. But it was that stillness which precedes the bursting of some terific volcan—that deceptive convalescence which is the sure precursor of death. Whilst seated at the window she sung the following beautiful verses.

Soon will the roses of the Spring,
In virgin beauty wave;
And sweetly bud, and blossom o'er,
My early, welcome grave.
And gay brids sing their joyous songs,
Their joyous songs of love;
And earth be seen in garb of green
And skies be blue above.

The words attracted her mother's attention; she saw the colour heighten, then recede from her cheek, like the fitful glimmer of the last glow of sunset, and heard her utter the name of "George Williams," accompanied with a wild, chuckling laugh. She rushed to her daughter, seized her hand, *it was cold!* Her spirit was freed from its enthralment, and nought remained but the inanimate tenement.

Cambridge, Md.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

THE CHARTEL.

"Flee I beseech thee, Isidore! If the peace and comfort—(why do I name such words!)—if the very existence of thy poor wife be dear to thee—I implore thee, flee! By the memory of our young loves, by the happy days that we have known together—by that closer and dearer tie, the sorrows that we have shared—by the precious boy at whose sick couch we watched in vain—by the smiling girl who now lies lapped a the unconscious sleep of infancy—by the dead for whom we mourned—and by that living blessing whom God in his mercy sent to compensate that mighty woe—by a father's hopes and a father's duties, I conjure thee, flee, See, I am tall—the cloak hangs nearly as low over thy ankles as over mine; thou need'st but droop a little thy manly form as if in grief—oh! what wife could walk erect from the prison of her husband!—thou hast but to draw the capote over thy brow and to let fall the veil, and hold thy handkerchief to thy eyes—alas! did I ever leave thee other than weeping?—and thou wilt pass undiscovered. Or suffer me to arrange this hair, and thou mayest defy detection. Dost thou not remember how often in our wooing days we have passed for brother and sister? How often thou thyself hast vowed, when thy comrades have been vaunting the delicate bloom of their blue-eyed maidens; that thou didst rather prize the swart skin and jetty eye of the rich south, than the dainty red and white of their rose-lipped beauties. Alas! it was the love in that eye that won thy heart. And canst thou now resist, its appeal, now that love and life hang upon thy consent? Flee, my Isidore!—if thy wife, if thy child be dear to thee, wrap thee in this disguise and flee?"

"And leave thee here to perish!"

"Nay, my husband, nay! not to perish, but to join thee speedily in some distant land, and live a calm and blissful life in safety and in freedom. Wrap thyself in this cloak, and away. Away, then, I conjure thee! The patrole will soon go their rounds, and the sentinel who is now on duty will be changed. Nay, I have not taken him into our council. Look not reproachfully. But well I know that Andre Duval will show naught but respect and sympathy when he sees me, or one whom he takes for me, pass in sorrow from the place. Daily no longer. Lisette waits without to conduct thee to her mother's abode, one of the old niches about Notre Dame, where thou mightest be safe for ages. There thou shalt stay until the search be past, and then we will depart for America. Nay, whereofore shake thy head? I shall be safe and free. Be sure of that. The imperial Josephine, although even she may not venture to intercede for one who has so transgressed the hard iron martial law as to challenge his superior officer, will yet full surely protect her favoured handmaiden—one whose wedding she was graciously pleased to honour with her presence—from the effects of her wifely love. Alas, was I not the wretched cause of this calamity? Is it not through thy love for me that thou art in prison? and wilt thou deny me the blessed privilege of setting thee free?"

And no longer able to resist her persuasions, Colonel de Gourbillon did submit to array himself in Adele's garments, and, having safely passed the sentinel on guard, was in a few minutes following the steps of Mademoiselle Lisette from the prison of La Force to the precincts of Notre Dame.

The escape was complete and successful, but an unexpected circumstance rendered poor Adele's stratagem unavailing, and replaced Isidore once again in his dungeon, and in all the peril attendant upon a breach of military law under the iron rule of Napoleon.

* * * * *

It was a right queenly chamber was that boudoir, into which the soft air of an April morning stole so wooingly; and yet its pervading beauty spoke rather of elegance than of splendour. The prevailing taste of its fair and gentle mistress was everywhere visible. Flowers, pictured to the life by the deft needle of the embrotheress, bordered the pale pink hangings, which shed a tender blush over the apartment; flowers bright from the loom of Arras, seemed strewn in gay confusion over the rich but delicate carpet; flowers, fresh from the dewy gardens, glowed in the flower-painted jars of Sevres porcleain, which crowded the marble tables; whilst plants, the fairest and choicest of the hot-house and conservatory, were grouped in alabaster vases, catching the soft light of the veiled windows.

On a Grecian couch, near a half curtained recess sat a gracious and graceful lady, the fitting inmate of this scene of enchantment. Her dress, even to the lillies in her bosom and the Provence rose in her hand, was of pure and spotless white, the most exquisite in texture and most becoming in form. Her shape and features were faultless in contour and expression: If the bloom of youth were faded, it was more than replaced by sweetness and sensibility. At the moment of which we write, that lovely countenance were the gentlest look of pity as she addressed a sad and weeping lady, who had just been admitted to her presence:

"Ma pauvre Adele! I had hoped and believed that you were still the joyful occupant of your husband's prison. I never thought to be so sorry to see you at St. Cloud. Colonel de Gourbillon is then retaken?"

"Not retaken, may it please your majesty: he accomplished his escape in safety, and reached a retreat where he might have remained undiscovered until the day of doom; but the sentinel who watched the door of his cell on the evening of his departure was to be held responsible for his prisoner. Had not Isidore surrendred himself, that poor soldier must have now been the victim; and dearly as I love my husband, or rather because I do love him dearly, I could not have wished him so saved. He is again in prison, and the sentinel free,"

"Was that sentinel an accomplice in the escape?"

'No on my word of honour, gracious madame. He was my foster brother, the son of my good old nurse, and would not, as we well knew, raise the veil, or pull away the handkerchief from as he supposed, a weeping wife, as a rougher warder might have done; but we took more than common pains to preserve him from all suspicion of our plans, for his sake and our own. Poor Andrel he at least will escape!"

"And, after all, what was the cause of this unhappy challenge?"

"Alas! alas! royal Madam, I was the thrice unhappy and most unconscious cause! Walking on the Boulevard Italien with Madame le Vasseur, General Villaret, heated as he says, by wine, and mistaking me for my cousion, Pauline de St. Brie (your imperial majesty has often noticed our sister-like resemblance,) to whom, as it appears, he has been for some months secretly married, accosted me in a manner which occasioned me the most lively alarm. My husband came up at the moment; the general, certainly not himself, and hardly aware of his mistake, treated the matter with provoking levity. Madame le Vasseur's presence and my tears, put, for the time, an effectual check on Isidore. He hurried us home, and then wrote that unhappy letter—that challenge to a superior officer—which falling, I hardly know how, into the hands of the minister at war, constitutes the sole and fatal proof of his breach of martial law; for General Villaret, as much distressed as man can be, and full of self-blame and self-accusation, denies all recollection, except of his own misconduct. Oh! if that fatal letter could be regained or destroyed! or if the real facts of the case could be brought under the notice of him in whose word will he sentence—the awful doom of life or death. Oh! if he could know the provocation, the palliation! he, that soul of honour, who holds his imperial consort's purity as the brightest jewel of his crown. How often have we heard him quote Cæsar's axiom—

Here a light movement of caution, and perhaps of uneasiness, on the part of Josephine, and a noise like the rustling of papers, suddenly stopped Adele's pleadings, and directed her attention to the half-curtained recess. It opened on a small turret chamber, fitted up as a writing table, folding a letter. sat a gentleman, plainly dressed in a singlebreasted green coat, a white kerseymere waistcoat, and the ribbon of the legion of honour at his button-hole. His little cocked hat was on a chair at his side; and although his noble head was bent over the letter which he was folding, Adele felt at ence that it was no other than Napoleon.—Papers were strewed before him, and, amongst these the eyes of the trembling wife rested upon her husband's well-known writing, the challenge upon which his fate and her's depended.

The emperor paused in this occupation, and applied to his snuff-box for habitual luxury, his countenance was calm and untroubled, and, but for a momentary glance towards the curtained doorway, it might have been doubted if he were conscious that he was not alone.

"Speak!" whispered Josephine encouragingly; "plead your husband's cause!"

Five minutes before, Madame de Gourbillon would have given her right hand for such an opportunity. Now it had arrived, and between habitual awe of her great master, and the tremendous interest which she had at stake, she knelt before him weak and wordless as a child.

"Pardon, sire! pardon!" Her voice died away; and had not a passion of tear, come to relieve her, she would have fainted.

Napoleon made no answer. He was about to seal the letter which he had folded, and selecting a paper from the table, he first used it to light the wax taper which stood in a richly chased golden candlestick by his side, and then flung it into the brazier, tapping his sunff-box as he watched the burning fragments, and glancing upon the happy wife, and her sympathising mistress, with a smile exquisite in its sweetness and beauty. Perhaps at that moment his sensations were the most enviable of the three.

Need I say that the paper which he had destroyed was the only proof of Isidore's guilt—the all-important cartel?

Written for the Lady's Book.

Literature, Ladies, and Love.

BY J. JONES.

LITERATURE in America—Ladies everywhere—and Love mysterious: but, to treat the three-pronged subject scientifically, each point had better be considered separately, and then all mingled together in confusion. Literature in America!—ay, the soil and climate here, it is contended, are as fit for the growth of authors as any part of Europe; and what is more, (and fatal,) it is the best for the production of cotton and tobacco. It is the nature of the brute (man) to erect for himself a pedestal, on which to stand and overlook his fellows, if possible; and as every one who has a nose, and erect form, to indicate the genus homo, may inherit, or otherwise manœuvre his way into the possession of an estate, so each can build up a platform on his own premises, and exchange signals with all brother nabobs, and easily look with contempt on interloping philosophers and poets, who may be draggling through the miry swamp, in common with the sleek-faced digger of potatoes. They have their carriages, champaign, and ruffled shirts, (alluding exclusively to males,) they have their etiquette, cards, and bowie knives. The ship their cotton and tobacco, get their drafts cashed, and stand the lords of creation. Five hundred in every thousand may, in some measure, attain this distinction; whereas, in literature, not more than one in two thousand can work his way to eminence. Therefore, the rich planter and opulent merchant, prefer horticulture, and adventure, to literature. The world is a rare show, as well as a stage: the strife is not only for conspicuous parts, but grand displays. Any fool may get enough to eat, and all the rest is for exhibition.—Of course, then, every one embraces the best chance of success that offers: and he who would cast away the gold which the labour of his hands has acquired, to contend for the palm of literature, for which he has no brains, would be a double fool. Americans have more sense.

Philip was a fair faced fellow, fancy struck, and poor. He had no wine to drink, and he read the poets: no carriages and servants, and he trudged along the margin of the Schuylkill, on foot, meditating mighty things and scribbling poetry. He printed, but still found himself on foot, and what was worse, a hole in his boot. Yet his dreams were bright, he laughed at his rags, and might long have remained well pleased, had it not been for a hint from his host, that this board must be paid. Phil thought it not only disagreeable, but absolutely degrading to be dunned; still the heartless host pertinaciously persisted, and poor Phil perceived that his condition was really perplexing, inasmuch as he had no stock in pocket, howsoever much fancy teemed in his head. He threw his promethean pen in the fire, and took up a mercantile one: his master was a millionaire, a legitimate aristocrat, as things go; his niche was furred round with beavers, and his badge, a badger's tail. Phil sorrowed over his humiliting predicament, and with a sigh, commenced posting the books.

One sultry afternoon, Mr. Otter returned earlier than usual from his daily peregrinations on change, whence he was wont to repair, to glean intelligence; and the twinkle of his little opossum eyes, indicated that he had learned something of more than ordinary import. Phil heeded it not, but ever looked up to him, and down on his occupation, with utter, though concealed contempt. Phil pored over the ledger, & checked off the entries on the ponderous journal, with something like an indignant frown on his brow. Otter walked softly up behind him, and stood looking over his shoulder.

"Oh, that such a fate should be mine!" sighed Phil.

'What's that?" demanded Otter.

"Hem!—hem! I have a cough—and was thinking I might be doomed to the consumption," Phil replied, trembling, for on turning, he perceived a displeased expression on the swarthy features of Otter.

'You do look rather pale,' said Otter.

'True, sir; see how nervous I am—see how my pen shakes.'

'I see—and keeping my books might soon kill you'

"Oh, no! I was ever so—I have been with you a week to-morrow, and I assure you I feel none the worse for it?'

'But I have observed a change in your complexion, and thought to speak to you this very day on the subject. No doubt you can do much better than keeping my books. I think I know a friend who will give you an easier employment—'

'Do you? I should be glad—when will he want me?'

'He is not positively certain about it—he will know in a few weeks.'

'His name?'

'He does not wish his nams mentioned until he concludes to take you.'

'Oh, it's all an uncertainty, then! Never mind it, Mr. Otter, I'll make up my mind to be content where I am. Though I am pale, and have a slight cough, there is no pain in my breast, but one—'

'What one's that?'

'I'll tell you in confidence—but I don't wish the boys about the store to know it. It's this. I have a consciousness within, that I was designed for better things—'

'Designed for better things!' iterated Mr. Otter, in tones of thunder. 'I was told this very morning by Mr. Sligg, over the way, that you are in the habit of writing *poetry!* Now, sir—look at that ledger! Do you think I'll have my books kept in that manner?—You dont write a business hand! it might do for sonnets—a lady's album!—Get out, sir—go.'—And poor Phil found himself standing on the pavement—and thus, soliloquized he: 'Is literature encouraged in America. Though Otter can't dictate an intelligible sentence himself, yet he is rich, and thus spurns a poet! Farewell to your coon peltry, and muskrat odour! I shall not contaminate myself in any of your counting rooms! No—I will leave the city—I will sojourn in the country villages, as Goldsmith did. Ha, ha, ha! I have it—yes, I'll instantly pawn my watch, pay my board, and set out, without receiving a cent from Otter for my week's labour.' And the flighty fellow kept his word.

Phil next found himself tramping along the margin of a bright bay—the green leaves of the forest trees quivering in the fresh breeze, and the happy birds pealing out their inspiring notes from every bough. Phil resolved to become a country schoolmaster. his education was good, and he bore with him a few letters of introduction to the most influential farmers.—He chuckled with the thoughts of a rural life, and determined to write poetry every Saturday.

'I'm glad to see you, young man,' said Colonle ——, after glancing over his letter, 'but my friend states that you have a decided taste for literature—'

'Yes; 'and every one to his taste,' as the saying goes,' responded Phil.

'But,' continued the Colonel, shaking his head, 'writing is a poor business—all poets are poor—"

'What of that, my dear sir? Wealth is not heaven, nor poverty hell. You are the lord of these broad lands, and that swarm of negroes singing in the barn yard, and in these consist your happiness: now, I am of a different caste, and enjoy more exquisite pleasure, in the contemplation of the beautiful wild flower in yon umbrageous dell, through which I just passed, than all your wealth could—"

'Stop, sir!' interrupted the Colonel, 'you are an impertinent fool! Go, then, into the dell, and enjoy your pretty blossom! We want no crack brained scribblers in our neighbourhood!'—Phil slept in the barn that night, his only companion a brindle cur, which wagged his tail, and laid down beside him.

Now for the ladies. A lady will scream the loudest when a house is on fire: but she will rush the farthest into the flames to save a darling child. A lady goes not to battle herself, but she sends many a gallant hero there: if she braves not the carnage of the field, yet her delicate fingers fashion the silken banner, and her smiles inspire the soldier to defend it.—Be the cause what it will, if the ladies espouse it, triumph is its destiny. As the oxen on the tread wheel is to the miller, so is man obedient to the sex. A secret spring is but touched, and they go, or stand still, as required. When the monster man is enraged, invoking direst imprecations on all around, the soft silver tones of *woman* is a talisman and his wrathful denunciations end with, 'The ladies—heaven bless them!' In the darkest hour of distress, they will endure the most, and hope the longest. When our country was endangered, it was a matron who fired her own mansion in its cause; and it inspired more confidence in the drooping soldiery, than an ordinary battle gained. A lady saved Rome, when—Ay, when Phil found himself turned into the street, and yet standing before Mr. Otter's door, his eye caught the glitter of a ring on his finger, and as he unconsciously put his hand in his pocket in search of coin, the cuff of his sleeve turned up, and he beheld a braid of hair on his wrist: these were keepsakes, from the hands of fair ladies, and he was cheered, and resolved never to immolate his genius on the altar of mammon. Here was another instance of the power of the sex: Phil despised old Otter, and all his thousands lent out and in bank, and cheerfully set off on foot, with a bundle on his back, thinking all the while of the approving smiles of the dear creatures. If he was weary at eve, and somewhat hungry, yet his slumber was peaceful on the sweet straw, and his faithful sentinel kept his feet warm. Heroines, in the vicissitudes of literature! In future, it will justly be said that America owes more to the exertions of the ladies for the advancement of letters, than commerce does to all the Otters in the world!—Zealous in the cause they espouse, (two or three females excepted) happy success is certain. Whilst plodding merchants are making money, and ranting politicians striving to bamboozle them out of it, ye are erecting a monument in the Republic of Letters, more durable than the granite one in this city. A time will come, when husbands, brothers, and sons, will read the papers, and pay for them: will admire the works of native minds, and appreciate the moral of a well written tale—or they may look to have their heads incontinently broken, if there are any broomsticks in the land! And ye will do it! And when their eyes are open to duty and patriotism, and they shall prefer a song to a cigar, they will thank the sex for their reformation. When—ay, when the sun rose the next morning, Phil was roused by the tinkling of a guitar, and the beautiful Virginia, the Colonel's lovely daughter, was sitting beside him, like another Miranda.

'Is this a vison? Am I on earth? That song!'—exclaimed Phil, sitting upright, and rubbing his eyes.

'I am your old boarding school acquaintance—you are on the barn straw, and the song is in this magazine, written by yourself,' replied the blushing girl, and her fingers again wandered over the strings.

'Then you are yet my friend—even in adversity!' and Phil kissed her hand in spite of resistance.

'Alas!' said she, 'my father has ordered the ser-