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The Cambridge Chronicle.

JOSEPH R. ECCLESTON,] [Editor & Proprietor.

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Poetry.

THE FLAG OF THE UNION.

BY MRS. E. L. SCHERMERHORN.

Oh! rend it not—still let it wave,
That star-gemmed flag, o'er land and sea,
The cherished signal of the brave,
The glorious banner of the free;
Still let its eagle soar on high,
Its stripes still fresh, its stars still bright,
No tempest in the smiling sky,
No gathering cloud to quench their light.
Oh! plant it on each glorious spot,
Unfurl it wide, but rend it not.

There comes a voice from every plain,
From every mount of strife and glory,
Where valor's blood has left a stain,
Or history found a theme for story;
From Bunker Hill, from Bennington,
From glorious York the cry is heard;
From vale to mount the sound rolls on,
And e'en the ocean depths are stirred;
From every fame remembered spot
The cry is heard, Oh! rend it not!

Oh! by the chiefs whose awful forms
Are bending from the starry sky,
Who bore that flag through war's wild storms,
And proud and glorious bade it fly.
Their blood-bought gift do not despise,
The proudest gift a nation knows—
A flag, bright, streaming to the skies,
That droops not to its vaunting foes,
Oh! be the treasure ne'er forgot—
Unfurl it wide, but rend it not.

Oh! ye, the sons of noble sires,
Who bravely struggled side by side,
Where blazed the tented field's watch-fires
Or navies pressed the surging tide;
Shall petty pickerings rend the tie,
The oath fraternal sealed in blood?
Shall that proud banner cease to fly,
A victor flag o'er field and flood?
No! be the Union ne'er forgot—
Unfurl it wide, but rend it not.

BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

A PARISIAN SKETCH.

BY T. MAYNE REID.

THE sun was gilding with his last gleam the turrets of Notre Dame. In a small but handsome chamber, whose window stood just clear of the shadow of the great tower were seated two individuals, busied with their separate occupants. We will describe them. The first, and the one who sat nearest the window, was a girl apparently about eighteen, though her air and actions, soft and graceful, and the silent melancholy of her countenance, might have betoken to a careless observer the full grown woman. Her complexion was dark brunette, her long hair black as ebony, her eye of the same color, and liquid as the soft words that at intervals fell from her prettily curving lips. She was plying the needle upon a piece of the cambric but occasionally casting a glance into the crowded horoughfare below.

At a little distance from her, and nearer to the fire—for it was December—sat a fine looking youth. The dark complexion, the raven hair, the eye, and the general outline of his features, at once bespoke him the brother of the girl. On his left arm rested the palette, he held the pencil in his right hand and before him stood the easel, supporting the unfinished portrait of a lady. He was, as may be supposed an artist. His native country, as that of his sister, Italy. They were the offspring of the bright sun and the burning clime of Naples, and had wandered to the world's metropolis of art, in order that the young painter might seek that reward of genius, which the poverty of his countrymen had denied him at home.

We have said that the painting which leaned against the easel was unfinished. Enough had been done, however, to show that it was the portrait of a lovely woman. The head and neck were perfected. The drapery only remained to be thrown around one of the most perfect conceptions that ever emanated from the brain of an artist. The head was slightly thrown back, giving full effect to the bold but graceful curving of the neck—the head was oval, of the most voluptuous formation—the complexion of a pure blonde, the cheeks slightly tinted with the rose, while the eyes and hair were of the deepest black, the latter gracefully folded and plaited into a thick cluster at the back of the head. The upper outline of the nose was a perfectly straight line; such a nose as the Grecian sculptors loved to cut from their pure Parian—while the curved and classic lip seemed constantly to distil dewy drops of crystal honey. In short the painting was the chief d'œuvre of an artist's skill, as the original must have been of the handiwork of nature.

But how know we that there was an original? Might it not have been what painters term a "fancy sketch?" No! such thing. The long and ardent gaze which the young painter directed, from time to time, on the lovely object before him, the deep drawn sigh that escaped him as he turned again to his colors, bore evidence of a feeling far different from the mere enthusiasm of an artist for the creation of his own fancy, and plainly declared that the loveliness before him was God's conception.

"It is impossible!" muttered the artist to himself, as he flung himself back despairing in his seat. "Impossible—the divine pencil of Angelo himself would fail to copy the angel in her eyes. I shall try to see her once more before the sun goes down—'tis a lovely evening—she may be at her window—oh! could I but see her seated here—here in this soft light for one moment—it might be done—sister!"

"Guido?"

"Here, sister, what think you now; have changed the expression in aught?"

The Italian girl rose from her seat at the window, approached the painting, and stood for a moment in silent contemplation of it.

"It is indeed much more like—"

"Like? why what mean you? You have never seen her Bianca?"

"I—I," answered the sister, in an embarrassed manner; "I meant that the expression is better—more beautiful now."

The painter seemed satisfied with the answer, and continued—

"Oh, Bianca, could you but see the original. I have half a mind to show her to you some day—but then how different would she seem to us!—You can only see her with your eyes; I feel her in my heart, in my pulse, everywhere. She is to me as the sun that lights yonder gilded cupalo, and lends it all its glory and brightness"—(the painter had approached the window—the great tower of Notre Dame had already flung its deep shadow upon the sill, and only the highest turrets of houses were burnished by the declining sunbeam—a cupalo with gilded cross rose over the distant roofs to which the young artist pointed, as he continued)—"Yes, Bianca, like in more ways than one—though that spire raises its head proudly over the humble roofs of the bourgeoise, it can never reach the sun—hopeless—hopeless!"

"And yet, Gaetano, the sun condescends to come to that cupalo and kiss it."

"Thank you, thank you, sweet sister—now I shall take fresh courage from the omen you have uttered—my cloak, I must to the Chesse d'Antin—one more gaze, one more look into that lovely eye, and if my hand and heart fail me knot, I shall have it upon the canvass, and feast upon it at leisure. Adieu sister!"

The enthusiastic lover seized his chapeau, threw a Neapolitan cloak over his shoulders, and opening the door hurried out into the street.

Bianca stood for a moment gazing earnestly at the picture.

"How like him!" soliliquized she, "the eye—the nose—the lip—all—all like him! how very strange—and nearly betrayed, too—ha! I must be more cautious"—and so saying, the beautiful girl again approached the window and looked out into the street.

She had not remained long in this position when some object in the crowded thoroughfare below attracted her attention, caused her to start, and sent the red blood mantling over her fair cheeks. A young man, dressed in the prevailing fashion, was standing at a distant corner, under the shade of a cafe awning. A light French cloak was thrown gracefully over his well made figure, and a black moustache and imperial added to the expression of his handsome face. From beneath his becoming chapeau, black wavy curls fell upon his shoulders, and his whole appearance gave the impression of graceful and manly beauty.

During the few moments in which the painter and his sister had been criticising the portrait, this young man passed and repassed the front of the house, with his eyes anxiously yet stealthily bent on the window of the painter's studio, but the moment the latter issued from the street door, the young man, who had evidently been waiting for this, crossed over the street and entered.

Presently a slight knock was heard, the door opened, and Bianca's lover stood in her presence.

"Dearest Bianca!" was the exclamation of the youth, as he kissed the red lip freely offered to him. There was no coquetry here. The lover had won the affections of the Italian maiden, and she yielded to him without resistance this sweet favor of confiding love.

"Guido has gone out, Bianca, I watched him from the street—think you, love, he will soon return?"

"No, not soon, Louis, he will remain out until nightfall—he always does when he goes on the same errand."

"What errand, Bianca?"

"Why, your own," replied the girl laughing, "he has gone to see his sweatheart."

"Ha! Guido in love?"

"Aye like yourself again."

"But he never told me of his love."

"Have you ever told him of your? ha!—"No, sweetest, but I mean to break it to him the first opportunity."

A gleam of joy flashed over the features of the Italian maiden. It was this she had long desired, for the secrecy of her attachment to the young Frenchman (which, thought pure and holy, had been carefully concealed from her brother) distressed her; and she often wished that she had made Guido a confident: She doubted not that had this been done, from the peculiar nature of her brother's own circumstances, he would have sympathized with her; but since he had freely confided in her, she knew that his pride would be wounded by the deception she was practising, and perhaps in the violence of his nature he might forbid the advances of her lover.

"Do, dearest Louis, for my sake do!" was the reply of Bianca.

"I will, and to-morrow, Bianca. What think you? I have good news for you—my kind father has given me leave to choose a wife for myself—I should have done so, at all events, but how much pleasanter to have one's father consent—and now if we can gain your brother's we may get speedily married."

"What happiness!"

The lover leaned forward and kissed the beautiful cheek of his mistress.

"Guido will not refuse it; he loves, and like ourselves—"

"Ah! not like us."

"Not like us! what mean you Bianca?"

"Alas! poor Guido!"

"Poor Guido! and why?"

"His love, I fear, is hopeless."

"For what reason—know you the lady?"

"No, but my brother has told me that she is high in rank, and he can never become acquainted with her. He only loves at a distance."

"Nonsense! Guido has every thing to hope—he is growing famous—genius and reputation will win love and beauty—besides your brother (he were not else your brother, Bianca,) is handsome—he is cast in that mould that women admire—by the bye; I heard a very fine lady say (and she only saw him passing her window) that he was the handsomest gentleman in Paris—in faith, I believe he has won her heart, but, poor girl, he never saw her—how strange is this thing love—it is so seldom mutual like our's—we were made for each other—don't you think so, Bianca?"

Bianca smiled, and received another glowing kiss upon her beautiful cheek.

"To morrow, then, Bianca, I will tell Guido that I, his friend, am in love with his sister—shall I say that she loves me in return?"

"Yes—yes!"

"Well then I shall, and afterwards ask his consent to our marriage; you know I am rich enough—he will not refuse me on that ground, I think, and then we we will get married, and I shall have the sweetest wife in all Paris; so happy we shall be! Shall we not, Bianca?"

"Oh! so happy!"

"But what can I do for Guido, he will be so lonely without you? I wish I could help him to a wife—the fine lady he believes to be beyond his reach; perhaps I may know her and introduce him—can you give me no clue by which to find out who she is?"

"Yes, yes! here is her likeness," suddenly recollected Bianca, pointing to the beautiful portrait on the easel.

"What?" exclaimed the lover, suddenly starting, while a gleam of joy passed over his countenance; "this her?"

"Yes," answered Bianca.

"Where did he paint the likeness?"

"Here—from recollection."

"She lives in the Chasse D'Antin?"

"She does; and do you know, Louis, I nearly betrayed myself to Guido this evening in speaking of her; for I have often fancied that the portrait resembled you! I had nearly spoken out your name!"

"It is very natural she should resemble me, she is my sister!"

"YOUR SISTER!"

"Yes truly—that is the likeness of my sister Eugene—and I am right glad; now I can ask Guido for my Bianca with more confidence of success, as I will be enabled to do him a favor in return. Ha, ha, ha! what a singular discovery! We shall have a fair exchange here, though I think the balance will be in my favor, sweet Bianca!"

"But will your sister care for my poor brother?" artlessly inquired the Italian girl.

"Never mind, Bianca; leave that to my management—but the twlight is darkening—I must away ere he return—say nothing of our discovery—not a word—it would mar my schemes. I shall make the rascal so much my debtor that he dare not refuse me anything—adieu, sweet Bianca, adieu!" and kissing the fair cheek of his mistress, the young Parisian was soon once more in the street, on his way homeward.

Bianca reluctantly closed the door as the echo of his footsteps died away in the distance and approaching the portrait, she sat down before it gazing earnestly upon the picture.—After a while she leaned forward and murmuring the words "sweet sisters" imprinted an enthusiastic kiss on the lifeless canvass. She did not perceive that the door had opened and that her brother having entered the room was standing beside her.

"Sweet sister! ah Bianca, it can never be so! I am mad to think of it!" added the painter, in a melancholy tone.

"Do not despair, Guido," said Bianca, cheerfully, when she had recovered herself from the slight agitation occasioned by her brother's voice—"you know not what good fortune may be in store for you."

She would fain have told him all she knew, but the injunctions of her lover, and the circumstances of her intimacy with the young Frenchman, prevented the possibility of this, and she was obliged to use other means to cheer his drooping spirits.

Guido had been to the Chassed'Antin; he had seen the object of his love in her window and screened by a friendly projection, had remained for a half hour gazing with rapture upon her beautiful features.

She had left the window as the twilight darkened down, and the painter, dispirited and despairing, returned to his home. He did not even yet know her name. He had not had the courage to inquire—but he felt that any advances from a poor artist toward one living in such a splended mansion, would be treated with scorn. He was first rising, however, into notice, as a man of true genius, and had alcady made many friends among the higherr class, Louis Le Breton, but this friendship had not as yet extended to the full confidence which admits the stranger into the family circle.

In the midst of gloomy thoughts that were fast being dissipated by the kind condolence of his beloved sister, the door opened, and a note was handed by a liveried servant to the artist. The servant retreated. The note ran as follows:

MY DEAR FRIEND—I have shown the portrait which you painted of me to my family.—It has been so much admired that my sister insists upon having her likeness painted by you if you can find time, and perhaps you could make it convenient to come to our house, as she is at present somewhat indisposed. If so, you will extremely oblige your friend—

LOUIS LE BRETON.

To-morrow at ten o'clock I will wait for you at home, and introduce you to your study—you will find our house at No. 40 Rue——, Chasse d'Antian.

"I can see the meaning of all this," thought Bianca; "kind Louis! how happy will my brother be when he finds out whose likeness he is to paint."

—

"Can it be possible?" inquired the astonished artist of himself, when next morning he came up with No. 40, and found it was the very mansion into the windows of which he had often gazed with longing eyes. "Strange I had not known this before,—Louis never told me where he lived—'Le Breton,' No. 40—it is indeed!"

His hand trembled on the bell handle—he rang—Louis himself came to the door to meet him, and in a moment the painter found himself in the presence of her whom he had long secretly adored. He managed, however, to conceal his emotions in presence of Louis. The latter secretly enjoyed the ruse which he was playing. But the emotions were not all on one side,—for happily this was the lady of whom Louis had spoken to Bianca, as having so ardently admired her brother. These were strange coincidences.

The portrait was commenced, and progressed for several successive days, but the artist and his sister began instinctively to understand each other's feelings; and one day, as young Le Breton entered the drawing room, he saw, with feigned astonishment, his Italian friend sitting close by his sister, gazing ardently in her countenance, and holding her hand in his, while the pencils, palette and paints lay unheeded around.

The painter rose proudly, and was about to retire, thinking that all was lost—he was stopped, however, by his friend, who rushed forward and seized him by the hand, exclaiming—

"Come, Guido, wither so fast? Do not suppose that I am angry—I know it all—you love Eugene—she loves you in return, and it was my management that brought you together; you shall have her, for my father, I know, will consent to what I propose, but first you must promise me a favor in return."

"What is that?"

"Bianca!"

"My sister?"

"Yes! we, without your knowledge, have long loved each other—it was during an interview with her that I discovered your partiality for Eugene here—the portrait, Guido! the portrait! Come, now, shall we exchange sisters?"

"Willingly!"

And so they did, for soon after there was an extensive double wedding in the Chasse d'Antin.

———o———

A SNAKE BIT IRISHMAN.

A correspondent of the New York Spirit of the Times gives "an original Tennessee hunting incident" that "will pass." A jolly party of sportsmen made up of veteran hunters rife for sport and full of fun were enjoying themselves for a few weeks in the mountains of Morgan county Tennessee. A hugh raw-boned, loquacious Irishman, uninvited, quartered himself in their camp, and in addition to being a nuisance when awake, snored so terrifically when asleep as to drive "tired nature's sweet restorer" from others. Pat was afraid of snakes generally, and "ould snakes" in particular, and the awful yarns he heard in the hunters camp "waked snakes" in every hair on the Irishman's head.—After listening to a *few* yarns on the much dreaded snake subject one evening, this fresh son of the sod prepared to turn in, literally crawling all over. Counting his beads and his chances for being "snake bit" before day, and "tucking in" his blanket and wishing the "sowls of all snakes, in these parts purthickuler," in a country where, to say the least, they would stand but a slim chance for indulging in their natural torpidity, he fell asleep. The correspondent proceeds:

And now the storm began. His snoring grew fast and furious, loud and long, occasionally a half snort, half grunt, terminating with "snakes, by jabers, blast their sowls!" "Ugh! ugh!" when there came the variation of chorus in the shape of a grind of his teeth that threatened to arive them through his jaw or crush them to powder; by way of variety he would hold his breath a few seconds, and then snore again, and such snoring! my stars, that I could spell it! It was a sort of cross between the breathing of an asthmatic elephant and the braying of a superannuated donkey, whose will lasted longer than his wind. Well, it thus continued with the regularity of the whip-poor-will's coy, until, say half an hour before daybreak, J. M. W. (Jim W. we'll say,) whose stock of patience had long ago evaporated, unrolled himself from his blanket, saying in his usual quiet way "Humph! I'll *stop* that infernal concert or *start* the maker of it, see if I don't! Umph?" He then awoke Jim A. and the Judge, when a plot was lain and thus carried into execution.

W. got his hunting knife, and going to where the offal of a large deer had been thrown, he cut off about seven feet of *gut*, and securing the ends with twine to retain the contents, he tied one end of it tight and fast to a corner of Paddy's shirt tail, that had wandered through a "rint" in the seat of his breeches, coiling it all up smooth by his side, snake-like and true. All things thus arranged, the conspirators laid down again, and at the conclusion of one of the stage horn snores with the "snake sowls" variation, Jim. A. roared out at the top of his voice, "Huwee! Huwee! a big copper-headed black rattle snake eleven feet long, has crawled up my breeches, and is tying himself into a double bow knot round my body!" giving the Irishman, with every word, a furious dig in the side with his elbow, with a running accompaniment on his shins with his heels. Of course, this hurting awoke him quick and wide; in his first movement he laid his hand on the nice coil of gut at his side. Hissing out a "Jayzus" from between his clenched teeth, he made a bound that carried him some ten feet clear of the camp, and with a force that straightened out the coil and made the snake's tail crack like a cart whip.

Casting one wild, blazing look behind, he tore off with the rapidity of lightning around the camp in a circle of some forty feet across, and at every bound shouting or rather yelling, "Saze ,im! saze 'im by the tail! Och, howly Vaigin, stop 'im' Och saint Pathrick! tare him in till jablets!. A wha! A wha! Bate him to smithreens wid a gun, can't yees? He's got fast howld me——! Och, he has, by jabers! *an' he's mending his hoult*, a wha! Howly Father, he's got a shark hook on 'is tail! Och, murther, he's forty fut long!" On making this last circuit he ran through a part of the smouldering camp-fire, and the twine of the aft end of the gut caught fiire: this brought a new terror, and adding a strong inducement for him to put on more steam and increase his rate; round, round he went! He's a fiery serpint.—Och, murther! Hoolp Vrgin, he carries a light to see how to bite by.' Och, help' I'm swallowed (jumping a log) intirely all but me head! He's sixty fate long if he's a fut! Tread on his bloody, fiery tail, will yees? Thry to save me!" then, as if inspired with new life and hope, he roared out, "Shoot 'im' shoot 'im! *but don't shoot at his head!* Shoot! Shoot!

Now here was a picture! There stood the judge hugging a sapling with both arms and one leg, his head thrown back emitting scream after scream; here lay Jim W. on his back, with his feet against a tree, his arms elevated like a child's when he wants you to help him up, and it was scream for scream with Jim.—All sounds, at all like ordinary laughter, had ceased, and the present notes would have rendered immortal the vocal fame of a dozen panthers, accompanied in their concert by the fog whistle of a steamboat. Yonder stands Jim A,—"fat Jim,"—with his legs about a yard apart, his hands on his hips, shouting at regular intervals of about five seconds, "Snake! Snake! ! *Snake! ! !* at the same intonation, but so loud that the echoes mocked each other from fifty craigs, and "Snake! Snake! !" reverbrated loud and long among those mountain slopes, while his eyes carefully and closely followed the sourse of poor Paddy round the camp. After running round it about thirty times, the persecuted one flew off in a tangent into the dark woods, and the medley sounds of "snake! murther! help! fiire! saxty fut! Howly Vargin!" &c., gradually died away in the distance, and the hunters were alone.

"Umph," said Jim W. (after atopping his laughing hiccough) "umph, I thought *that gut* would stop his snoring at *this* camp at least! Umph. The next evening the Patlander was seen travelling at a mighty rate through Knoxville, with a small bundle under one arm, and a hugh shillelah in the other hand, poket out ahead of him in a half defensive, half-exploring attitude. When he was asked by Archy Mc——, with, "which way Paddy?" casting round at the speaker a sort of a hang-dog, sulky glance, he growled forth, a word at a step, "Strate to Ireland by J—s, where there's no snakes!"

You cannot say "snake" to either member of the party yet, without its costing a set of vest buttons or producing a "stich in the side."

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