

he felt the trial almost beyond his strength, but the eager and expecting eyes that were turned upon him, nerved him to new exertion, and with a bolder hand he tuned his instrument, and commenced the "Sonata del Diavolo," which he had spent most of the preceding night in repeating.

Its strange, wild melody at once riveted the attention of the audience, while as he proceeded, the young man's kindling eye and rapid execution, declared the inspiration of his own genius, and not the superhuman teaching of "demon dark or angel from above." Again he paused and not a sound followed the hush of that rich and wondrous melody. The whole assembly remained motionless; and Veracini himself, who during the performance had sprang to his feet and leaned forward, a breathless and absorbed listener, continued for a minute in the same position, as if still drinking in the divine sounds he loved.

It was a moment of almost overwhelming triumph to Guiseppe, the more so, that he met the soft eyes of Ianthe fixed upon him, and swimming in tears of rapture. She stood beside the Countess Bertha, whose love of pomp still betrayed itself in the richness of her attire, and the splendour of the jewels which blazed upon her person. The increase of admiration was heaped unceasingly upon her shrine, but the gentler lustre of the lovely Ianthe's charms commanded the deeper and more silent homage of the heart.

And strikingly were the opposite characters of the two, indicated by their different styles of dress: that of the countess being elaborate and brilliant to excess, while the young Ianthe loved still the chaste simplicity of childhood, nor coveted more gorgeous gems than the orient pearls that circled her arms and neck, and shone among the soft, dark tresses of her braided hair.

Disengaging himself from the throng of admirers that pressed eagerly around him, Guiseppe retreated to the deep embrasure of a window that looked forth upon the cool and fragrant shades of the garden. Its icy freshness came deliciously in through the open window, bathing his fevered brow with balm, and stilling the excitement of his overwrought and excited feelings. But not unmarked had he sought this retreat, for as he leaned forth to enjoy the the evening air, and to lift his eyes for a moment in silent adoration to the arching heavens, whose myriad hosts shone out with dazzling lustre through that transparent atmosphere, he felt the light pressure of a hand upon his shoulder, and heard a sweet voice whisper in his ear,

"And wilt thou now forswear thine art, now that even Veracini bows down in homage to thy genius?"

Turning quickly around, he saw the brilliant figure of the Countess Bertha standing by his side.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OLD LETTERS.

Old letters, O then spare them—they are priceless for their age!

I love—O how I love to see each yellow time-stained page!

They tell of joys that are no more, of hopes that long have fled!

Old letters! O then spare them—they are sacred to the dead!

They tell of times, of, happy times, in years long, long gone by,

Of dear ones that have ceased to live but in the memory! They picture many a bright, bright scene, in sunny days of yore.

Old letters! O then spare them, for they are a priceless store!

Old am I too, and grey-haired now—deserted and alone, And all of those I once could call my friends, alas! are gone,

Yet oft at midnight's silly hour, in solitude retreat, With each one in his silent tomb, I hold communion sweet.

Old letters! here is one—the hand of youth is on its face;

Ah! that was from a brother young, in some far foreign place!

A sailor boy, beloved by all, frank, open-hearted, brave— Cold, cold and lonesome is his rest beneath th' Atlantic wave.

Another, stained with dark red spots, as clasped by bloody hand,

Was found beneath a father's corpse on dread Corunna's sands;

A stranger hand with kindly care conveyed the relic dear. Old letters! ye are priceless! ye have cost a widow's tear!

Another—know I not that hand! Oh! she was bright and fair;

Too pure, too gentle, and too good, for angels long to spare

Hier to this earth of grief and woe: well, Death! thou might'st be vain;

Thou hast not such another flower in all thy dark domain.

Oh! ye are not the only links that bind us to the past; Sweet, sweet memorials of the days too happy far to last;

The tear-drop fills again the eye which tears had almost fled.

Old letters! ye are precious! ye are sacred to the dead!