#### A TALE

LADY GEORGINA FULLERTON, Author of "Lady Bird," "Ellen Middleton," &c

#### CHAPTER II .- Contined.

Such was the effect that the first sight of the Campagna of Rome produced upon Leslie: he had lingered at Genoa and of the scoffers who in that solemn hour at Florence; he had become thoroughly became believers, had been also deimbued with the order of ideas and of picted; and imagination portrayed them taste, which creates in men a sort of new sense and new perceptions. I of the artist had designed them. The dwell much upon that change in the countenance of the little maiden was so whole intellectual being which is caused by a series of impressions and associations, which, but a short while before. were as strange to the mind they visit as colors to the born blind, because it partly accounts for the sudden fancy which soon after took possession of Leslie's

Rome, indeed! I recognise her here!"

A young man, who was sitting on the

steps with a drawing before him, heard these words, looked up, and while a bright sudden Italian smile flashed on his dark countenance, without speaking be nodded assent. This silent gesture vague, mysterious, melancholy beauty of Campagna—the contrast between the brilliancy of its coloring and its utter desolation-was so truly rendered in the hasty sketch before him, that, pointing contemplating his canvass—
to it, he said in bad Italian, but with a smile—
"Not so beautiful—not so holy as her face, by one half!"—And he broke his

Campagna,) or here! (touching nis own forehead.) It is a great pain to conceive

vividly, and to render faintly!"

This was said so earnestly and unaffectedly, that Leslie instantly felt inclined to like and to know more of the young painter. Words sometimes affect. young painter. Words sometimes affect more love in the expression of her as in a singular manner. A phrase, a mouth, than ever Raphael or Domeni centiment which we may often have heard before, at times unaccountably arrests our attention; touches, perhaps, some chord which, by a remote and scarcely perceptible vibration, reaches Our own heart, and by a kind of magnetic power instantaneously produces sympathy between us and the speaker. in this case it may have been that the Italian's melancholy and passionate love of his art, the disproportion which he simply expressed in a few words between the creations of his fancy and the work of his hands, answered to the feel-ings of one, who like Leslie, under a cold and quiet manner, hid a keen sensibility and a lively imagination. To be a poet

comes sometimes with a strange power, and unlocks in an instant the floodgates which have been closed for years.

The acquaintance which had commenced on the steps of St. John Lateran soon ripened into intimacy. Leslie's flery and poetic nature, which the quiet round of domestic duties and interests, and the mild light of an early and unthwarted affection had not roused unthwarted affection had not roused, now sprang into existence, or rather became conscious of its own strength, and in Leonardo Ferrari he found a artist. At once indolent and eager, simple in his character, and impassioned in his language, he was a true Italian. In his romance, there was a nature; in his passion, a simplicity; in his eyes, a fire; and in his manner, a languor which characterizes that nation, and seems a type of that country, which one of their poets so mour fully addresses

shy and silent man; one whom the

pages, has passed by with indifference or gazed at with contempt; and it is to such as these that one word, one look, comes sometimes with a strange power.

"Deh, tu fossi men bella, o almen piu forte, Ond' assal piu ti paventasse o assi Tamassi men." For two months Leslie and Leonardo and eternal faith; in the catacombs, religious devotion to his art, which belonged more to a past than to the present era, and recalled the days when an artist seldom seized his pencil to trace on his canvass the image of our Lord, of his blessed mother, or of the saints, without first kneeling to pour forth his soul in prayer. Leslie learned Italian, and for the first time read the sublime they crossed the plain of Lombardy in works in that language, as he sat on the works in that language, as he sat on the broken marble sarcophagus, which formed the garden-seat of Leonardo's studio. A few flowers grew in that court—a small fountain played in the centre, and two imprisoned birds sung their wild notes over his head. The

canvass, to which the artist was transplanting one of his mental visions. The subject he had chosen was the resurrection of Jairus's daughter, and into this picture the painter had thrown his whole solul: there was but one figure in it, that of the maiden rising from the bed of death. The expression of her face, her attitude, told the story (if one may so speak) better than if the figures of our Lord, of his apostles, of her parents, and of the scoffers who in that solemn hour became believers, had been also demore vividly, perhaps, than if the hand holy-there was at once such awe and such serenity in the expression of those arge eyes, which an instant before had been closed in death; a vague regret for the vision that was flown—adawning joy for the life that was regained; on her brow the seal of another world, whose threshold she had passed; on her half-As he was standing one morning on the steps of the church of St. John Lateran, and gazing on the view before him, he exclaimed, half aloud: "This is ination was more and more captivated by its divine and its earthly beauty. He thought that he had never seen anything so fair in form or so angelic in express.

on, as the maiden of Leonardo's design. One day that he was seated in his favorite retreat, and reading the "Jerusa-lemme," he had just paused after that made them acquainted, and a few words line which forms the touching conclusion passed between them. This young man of Clorinda's history, "Passa la bella was a painter, and as Leslie glanced at donna e per che dorma" He fixed his his work, he was struck with the extra-ordinary talent which it evinced. The stretched over the narrow court, and mused in silence over the incomparable beauty of that passage. He was startled from his revery by an exclamation of Leonardo's, who, with folded arms, was gregate of troops furnished the

"And this, also is Rome!"

"An, not more like Rome." exclaimed the young artist, "than the creations of Leslie's feet, who picked them up with a man are like the works of nature! What smile at this impassioned manner of I can do with these," he added, holding venting a moment's discouragement, and tain the exact geographical position up his palette and his brushes, "is so inquired who the ideal might be of Mt. St. Elias has finished its anhke what I see there, (pointing to the that could throw into shade the creation before them.

"Do you not know?" said Leonardo; is 17,201 feet high. chino painted; and what can I do? Alas! I wish sometimes that I had never seen her, or that she was not so beautiful. It

makes me hate my pictures!"

"And break your brushes," observed
Leslie, as he collected the pieces; "but I am sorry, Leonardo, that that design of yours is a portrait. I have always disliked that practice of introducing living persons into ideal scenes, espe cially where the subject is religious."
"But what," cried Leonardo, "what is
so religious as Ginevra's face? You have

never seen her at her prayers?" "Never anywhere," replied Leslie, ith a smile. "I wish I had."

with a smile. "I have sometimes gone to the church in the very depths of his soul, and to of San Giovanni, when the rays of the find no words in which to give life and form to the thoughts which struggle flood of light through the painted winwithin him; to feel the might of genius and the strength of inspiration; to be consumes him in secret, and to have no mould in which to cast the burning torrent; to feel the sacred flamedying away for lack of air and light to make glad or mournful music in his secret soul, and never hear with his outward ears one note of those mysterious melodies vibrate down of light through the painted windows of the choir, at the hour when she kneels at the altar-rail to say her evening prayer. O, Leslie, I have gazed upon her, till I have been frightened at the halo of light which has played about her brow, and fancied that she might be translated from earth to heaven in a sudden ecstasy of devotion. Alas! that those mysterious melodies vibrate ed me to see the golden lights round through the air; to feel that he can love Mother Agnese's ugly head. I knew she with passion, or thrill with indignation, would not go straight to heaven, whatwhile his voice is mute, his hands weak, and his eyes dim, is a pain that has, probably, been experienced by many a Leslie.

"Where does your sister live?" asked

"At home in Verona," replied the waytaring man and the fool, the babbler of many words, or the scribbler of many young artist.

There is something in the sound of Verona, which, to an Englishman, is at once familiar as a household name, and romantic as the very cream of a poet. It speaks to the imagination as Italy does; it touches the heart like the haunts of our youth. Nature, architecture, the associations of history, the traces of the middle ages, and of the glories of Lombardy adorn it on one hand; and on the other, genius has made it our own, and has thrown over it a spell which can never be broken as long as Englishmen read Shakspeare, and glory that his language is their mother tongue, and his great name compatriot with their own. Leslie was twenty-three; he had gone through a period of happiness and a speaks to the imagination as Italy does companion whose character and tastes were at this moment exactly suited to his own. He was an enthusiast and an what both were, without, in either case, reaching the highest intensity of which these feelings are susceptible. He had grieved, and his heart had been softened, his grief had passed away, and his imagination had been excited. He had passed through scenes, he had studied a language, which had roused all the dormant romance of his nature; and he had not lost the habit which characterizes Englishmen at all times of their lives, more especially if they are only sons and heirs to large fortunes, of doing For two months Leslie and Leonardo spent such days together as can be spent when they please, how they please, and all these circumin Rome alone. Among the ruins of departed glory, scattered as natural will not, perhaps, appear very surprising ornaments among the fairest and most that on the day that followed this confantastic scenes that nature ever created the studio leslie and series and most that on the studio leslie and series that nature ever created the studio leslie and series to the studio leslie and series to the studio leslie and series to the s antastic scenes that nature ever created; versation in the studio, Leslie and among the relics of a stupendous human Leonardo, in a little open britska, were among the relics of a stupendous human Leonardo, in a little open britska, were power; amidst the memorials of a divine flying over the Campagna in the direction flying over the Campagna in the direction and eternal faith; in the catacombs, those dark palaces of the glorious dead; in the matchless arena, where the blood of martyrs has washed away the foul tains of heathen idolatry, and the image of the Dying Gladiator fades before that of the Saint who yielded his body to the lions, and committed his soul to his God; in the aisles of St. Peter's, in the salleries of the Vatican, in the gardens of the Villa Doria, they wandered to the Villa Doria the Vill of Bologna, and with the ultimate inten-tion of visiting Verona. Leslie had evinced a sudden wish to see Juliet's the Villa Doria, they wandered that indescribable Italian smile, so unlike together. Many a lonely church, many a adherted villa, many a silent pine-grove they visited in the twilight hour; and in the day Leslie was often in the studio, where Leonardo worked with that religious devotion to his art, which helponed to a neither that the street: it will shine on his confident that indescribable Italian smile, so unlike that indescribable Italian smile, so unlik

GRANTLEY MANOR. Italian sun shed its intense light on the market-place beautiful to the eye. Think walls of the studio, and Leslie's eyes of whotever has charmed you most in walls of the studio, and Leslie's eyes of whatever has charmed you most in often wandered from his book to the the quaint, angular, righly-ornamented canvass, to which the artist was trans- | artificecure of the middle ages-think

"The light wings of Zephyr wax faint with perfume."

Think of picturesque groups of dark-eyed women, with their white mezzaros and their coral necklaces, holding out to you Turn from bundles of these flowers. them and glance down the street which opens on the market-place; fix your eyes on a small wooden balcony—for it is the palcony of the Capulet House, and the Capulet crest surmounts the doorwaythe form of Juliet rises before you as you gaze, and a voice in your ear seems to whisper the very words of Romeo.

(To be continued.)

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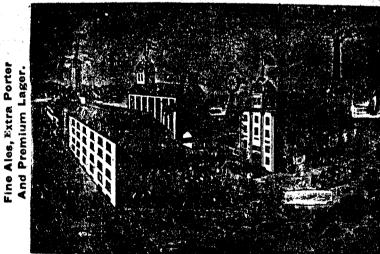
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