

claimed the fourth hour of morning, and the silence which every where surrounded me was broken by solemn strains from a neighbouring convent. They were the voices of men, and appeared to rise like the solemn hymn which is chaunted when a pilgrim of earth descends to his last and narrow home. At these accents of grief, a strange presentiment took possession of my heart, and I vainly endeavoured to combat against my affrighted feelings.—At length a door, close to the altar, swung back upon its hinges, and I perceived the interior of the sanctuary, and in the distance, the usual grating which conceals the nuns from the sight of the congregation.

“Ah!” cried I, ‘there, perhaps, dwells Emilia; even now the hymn which rises to the throne of Heaven, may be swelled by her voice. Why, why should I seek to destroy her peace, why seek to let her know that I am still on earth; better that she live in the thought that I am numbered with the dead, than disturb her repose with the knowledge that I am living.’

“Thus reasoning with myself, I proceeded up the nave of the church, when my eyes were arrested by the sight of the walls covered with the names and epitaphs of the departed. At every step, I trod upon a tomb, and I was seized with a secret horror. At last glancing upon apparently a newly placed marble, I beheld—oh, God—oh! moment of inexpressible anguish—I read, traced in characters that seared my vision, the name of EMILIA MOROSINI!!! I gasped for breath—sight and sense forsook me, and I fell prostrate upon the floor.

“When I revived, I found myself in the hospital of Saint Juan Baptiste. By degrees I recovered, and resolving never again to leave Venice, where the ashes of Emilia rested, I became a gondolier, and for these forty years have followed the calling. From time to time I visit the tomb of the beloved being, where, though my tears flow not so freely, yet is my grief not less bitter. The God who has thought fit to make me suffer, will also recompense me. I wait his will with resignation, and the happiest hour of my life will be that of my deliverance. You have my secret, keep it, and respect it, signor.”

I thanked him kindly, and offered to better his condition, if he would accompany me to Paris. “Never,” he said. “Venice gave me birth—it shall also receive my ashes.” We parted and the last glimpse I beheld of Gaetano Fiorello, was on the morning of my departure from “the sea girt city.” As I shot

up the lagoon in a gondola, he passed me.—“Ah, Gaetano!” I exclaimed; he turned, and recognizing me, said, “Adieu, signor. Remember not Gaetano,” and placing his finger upon his lips, as if to remind me of my pledge of secrecy, in a few moments we were lost to each other.



[From Godey's Lady's Book, for November.]

THE LAST SONG.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

“Sing to me, love, thy voice is sweet;
It falls upon my ear,
Like summer gales o'er breathing flowers,
And makes even sickness dear,
Sing to me, love, the hour is meet—
This twilight hour serene;
Too dim to let officious care
Intrude high thoughts between.

“Sing to me, love, the time is short,
I feel my strength decay;
The ties that bound my soul so fast,
Melt like a dream away.”
She sang, his pensive mood to cheer,
A deep, melodious strain;
The changeless bliss of heaven, how pure,
And earthly joys how vain!

At first, all tremulous and faint,
Awoke the warbling tone;
Then clearer, higher rose, and caught
An ardour not its own;
Strength—strength—as for an hour of need,
As if her lip were made
The harp, on which some spirit-hand
Celestial measures play'd.

It ceas'd; and from the casement near,
The curtain's fold she drew,
And the young moon 'mid quivering leaves,
Look'd lone and peaceful through:
Where was the sigh of tender parting?
Love's ne'er forgotten word?
Sleeps he?—*How pale!*—Alas, no breath
Her sweeping tresses stirr'd.

A cry broke forth.—He heeds it not!
Young wife, thy lot was blest,
To charm the pang of mortal pain,
And sing him to his rest;
Entranc'd, the listening spirit soar'd
Heavenward, on balmy air,
And pass'd from love and music *here*,
To love and music *there*.