HURON SIGNAL.

TEN SHILLINGS IN ADVANCE. | "THE GREATEST POSSIBLE GOOD TO THE GREATEST POSSIBLE NUMBER." | TWELVE AND SIX PENCE AT THE END OF THE YEAR.

VOLUME I. GODERICH, HURON DISTRICT, (C. W.) FRIDAY, JANUARY 19, 1849. NUMBER 50.

1,500,000 ACRES OF LAND
FOR SALE IN
CANADA WEST.

THE CANADA COMPANY have for disposal, about 1,500,000 ACRES OF LAND dispersed throughout most of the Townships in Upper Canada—nearly 500,000 Acres are situated in the *Huron Tract*, well known as one of the most fertile parts of the Province—it has trebled its population in five years, and now contains upwards of 20,000 inhabitants.

The LANDS are offered by way of *LEASE, for Ten Years, or for Sale, CASH DOWN—the plan of one-fifth Cash, and the balance in Instalments being done away with.*

The Rents payable 1st February each year, are about the Interest at Six Per Cent. upon the price of the Land. Upon most of the Lots, when *LEASED*, NO MONEY IS REQUIRED DOWN—whilst upon the others, according to locality, one, two, or three years Rent, must be paid in advance,—but these payments will free the Settler from further calls until 2nd, 3rd or 4th year of his term of Lease.

The right to PURCHASE the FREEHOLD during the term, is secured to the Lessee at a fixed sum named in Lease, and an allowance is made according to anticipated payment.

Lists of Lands, and any further information can be obtained, (by application, if by letter post-paid) at the COMPANY'S OFFICES, *Toronto* and *Goderich*; of R. BIRDSALL, Esq., *Asphodel*, Colborne District; Dr. ALLING, *Guelph*, or J. C. W. DALY, Esq., *Stratford*, Huron District.

Goderich, March 17, 1848. 7

MARBLE FACTORY,
SOUTH WATER ST., GALT.

D. H. McCULLOCH continues to manufacture HEADSTONES, MONUMENTS, OBELISKS, TOMB TOPS, &c., in Marble and Freestone, as cheap as any in the Province, all work warranted to order, or no charge will be made. Prices of Marble Headstones from 10 to 50 dollars; of Freestone from 6 to 30 dollars; Monuments &c., from 50 dollars upwards.—Written communications addressed to the undersigned containing the Inscriptions, and at what price, in Marble or Freestone, will be punctually attended to.

D. H. McCULLOCH.

Galt, Nov. 8th, 1848. 42m3

REMOVAL.
A HOPE,

RESPECTFULLY begs leave to return his sincere thanks to numerous friends and the public generally, for the liberal patronage heretofore received,—and informs them that he has REMOVED his TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT from Lighthouse street to East street, next door to James Bissett, Carpenter, and a few doors west of the Goderich Foundry, where all orders will be promptly executed; and customers may depend on having their garments made up in the most improved and fashionable style.

☞ A full variety of the newest Fall and Winter FASHIONS for 1848-9 just received.

Goderich, Oct 27, 1848. 39

NOTICE.

THE Subscriber wishes to inform his Customers, and the inhabitants of Stratford and vicinity, that he intends carrying on business on

"A READY PAY SYSTEM."

And that after the first day of January 1849 he will give no credit. He will pay the highest price for produce of all kinds, Black Salts &c. He begs to return his sincere thanks to his Customers for their liberal Patronage, and hopes still to receive a Share.

THOMAS M. DALY.

Stratford Nov. 29th, 1848. 44tf

DR. GEORGE HARVEY,
Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh.

HAVING practiced his profession for several years in the Province of Nova Scotia, takes leave respectfully to offer his professional services to the inhabitants of Goderich and its vicinity.

Residence in the cottage lately occupied by Mrs. Montgomery.

Goderich, Nov. 16th, 1848. 42

VALUABLE LOT OF LAND
FOR SALE.

LOT 8, Lake Shore, township of Ashfield, containing

ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-TWO ACRES,

Within two miles of the thriving Village of Port Albert, in which there is a Grist Mill, a Saw Mill, and an Oat Mill. The Lot is boundedon the west by the Lake, and on the east by a cut road,—and is well watered.

☞ For particulars, apply—if by letter post paid—to

DAVID CLARK, Esq.

CLAREMONT, 14th Dec. 1848. 45tf

DR. P. A. McDOUGALL,

CAN be consulted at all hours, at the *British Hotel*, (LANCASTER'S.)

Goderich, Sept. 13th, 1848. 33-

THE MODERN GYGES.

A TALE OF TRIALS.

[CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.]

Walstein was proceeding homeward, after his interview with the fair Italian, when, at the entrance of the street in which he resided, his attention was arrested by a singular group of itinerants. A man of middle age, in ludicrous costume, came up the street playing a lively march upon a Pandean pipe, which projected from his buttoned waistcoat, and accompanied himself upon a large drum suspended before him. He was followed by a comely, jet-eyed, gipsy woman, who played lustily on the triangles, and immediately behind her paced a large and powerful donkey, carrying on his back some long poles, and two well-filled paniers, on which sat two monkeys, in breeches and boxing-gloves, and busily engaged in sparring. Occasionally, the leader of this strange group abandoned his pipes, and broke out into a wild song or recitative. The gipsy then threw back her head, and sang an irregular sort of second, in tones so harsh and yelling as to startle every listener; the ass began to bray, and the monkeys screamed and chattered; the whole forming a quintett of unparalleled discord and absurdity.

But soon the whole attention of Walstein was absorbed by the strange countenance and costume of the Pandean minstrel. His harsh features were disguised and caricatured by blotches and lines of black and red paint, and his head was buried in a huge wig of spun glass, surmounted by a small gold-laced cocked-hat. He wore a faded court-dress of red velvet, trimmed with tarnished lace; immense frills and ruffles; black silk breeches and stocking; red shoes, with black silk rosettes, and by his side a dress sword, with a rich handle of polished steel. From time to time, the eccentric figure enlivened his song by postures and grimaces so extravagantly ludicrous, that the gathering spectators shook with laughter; but upon Walstein the scene made an impression widely different, and he gazed upon the strange physiognomy of this stroller, with a growing suspicion that he had seen him before, and under circumstances of antipathy and disgust. The itinerants at length made a pause at the junction of four streets, and their leader beat a long and rolling summons on his drum. At this well known signal the crowd of gazers formed a dense ring around the group, and listened eagerly to the pompous announcement of a dramatic spectacle, on which even kings and emperors had gazed with delight. The gipsy woman now went round the circle, and offered to every youthful female wondrous bargains in corals, beads, and trinkets; addressing each customer with indicrous and persuasive gossip, about lovers, marriages, and christenings, until all the girls smiled and blushed, and the men roared with merriment. Meanwhile, the man had rapidly erected a light scaffolding of poles surrounded with canvass, and displaying on one side a small theatre for the well-known Italian exhibition of Fantocini. The two itinerants crept under the canvass, which entirely concealed their persons, and the performance began. The adventures of Arlecchino were enacted with dramatic spirit; the hero of the piece extricated himself from numerous scrapes and perils with admirable address, and proved himself the best man to the end of the chapter. The curtain dropped, but soon rose again, and Pulcinello came forward to announce a new farce, made his bow, and retired. After another brief pause, the curtain rolled up, and the Doctor, who, although a lawyer in Italy, was here dubbed a physician, appeared, taking a pinch of snuff, and followed by Pulcinello in high glee, flourishing a painted wand.

"Ha! Signor Dottore!" said he, "at length I have tricked that Arlecchino out of his wand, and I promise you some rare fun with it. I will turn you, if you like, into an apothecary; or, by way of a treat, call up the ghost of your last patient."

"Pulcinello," replied the Doctor, gravely, "I forbid all reflections on my dignified profession. As to the ghost, I have no objection to a dozen, if you can raise them."

"Here goes, then!" said Pulcinello, briskly. Flourishing the wand over his head, he struck the ground with it thrice, and immediately a large human head, in a copious turban, ascended slowly through a long slit in the green baize which covered the stage; and the dark cloth, closing tightly under the chin, gave to the head the appearance of being without a body. The complexion was pallid, and death-like as waxen image; the brows were bushy and prominent, and the large, black, and deep-set eyes were motionless, but glittered like steel, and derived, from an obliquity approaching to a squint, and indescribably ominous and fearful character. The cheeks were long and hollow, the nostrils of the huge nose were large, and widely dilated, and the immense half-opened mouth, reaching almost from ear to ear, displayed a set of teeth, long and straggling, but brilliantly white, and contrasting singularly with the jet-black mustachios which covered the entire upper lip.

Pulcinello and the Doctor started back in amazement when they beheld the colossal head and turban, which ranged an inch or two above the taller of these illustrious personages. Preserving a respectful distance, they examined this phenomenon through their opera-glasses, and observing that the eyes were motionless, the colour death like, and the teeth compressed, they concluded that this gigantic head must be either dead or asleep, and boldly approached to investigate it. The Doctor put on his spectacles, and, with that true medical audacity which defies all superstition, analyzed, both by sight and touch, every part of the head within his reach, even pulling the nose and ears, and indulging the while in very amusing theories upon the nature and origin of this monstrous appearance.

"I shall not reach conviction, however," he added, "until I have examined the pericranium. Pulcinello! my good fellow, do bring me a ladder."

His friend sallied forth in compliance, and soon returned with a light ladder, which he placed against the turban, while the valiant doctor mounted, and, stepping within the rim, made his observations in safety; after which he examined the various organic bumps visible beneath the turban. Descending at length, he strutted with much importance to Pulcinello. "My dear fellow," said he, "I have it. At first I conjectured that head to be a nondescript variety of the mushroom or mandrake; but I am now convinced that it never grew upon this earth. It is evidently a head without a body, and it is equally evident to me that it once belonged to some rebellious inhabitant of the Dog-staf. I find the organs of doubt and investigation distinctly and broadly developed, and I will prove to demonstration that he must necessarily have been tried, convicted, and decapitated, for political or religious heresy; as his head fell from the block, it was caught by a hurricane, whirled in rotatory motion beyond the Dog-star's limit of attraction, and tumbled headlond on our dirty planet."

At this speech Pulcinello burst into a peal of laughter, so loud and convulsive, that he was obliged to hold his aching sides before he could recover. "Most learned Doctor!" said he gasping for breath; "most subtile and profound philosopher!—most conclusive and unanswerable logician! An inhabitant of the Dog-star! Why not of the Great Bear? Ha, ha, ha—shouted Pulcinello, until he rolled upon the floor with merriment. "Now, Doctor," said he, getting up, "you shall see it I don't upset all your phrenological and celestial theories in a trice. Know, then, that this head is an old acquaintance of mine—and that, by some unaccountable mistake, instead of raising a dead patient of youre, I have summoned a living one of my own; but I can assure you that when I knew him, he had no rebellious propensities. On the contrary, he was a most loyal and orthodox under-secretary of state in the ten-miles square principality of Hohenheim. From the post of turnspit, he had crawled upwards by servility and cringing, and was already planning how he could change places with the prime minister, when his master detected an ugly fraud in his accounts, kicked him out of the room, and he rolled down stairs with such alacrity as to fracture his skull. You must know, Doctor, that before I commenced my career as Pulcinello, I belonged to your profession, and made out my travelling expenses by occasional practice as a surgeon and apothecary. The apparently lifeless body of this head, for it had a body then, was brought into the tavern where I resided, and, as no other medical aid was at hand, I offered my services to revive and patch up the patient. On examination, I discovered two fractures on the skull, and so extensive, that trepanning was the only remedy. While engaged in this operation, I found the astonishing redundancy of brains so inconvenient, that I took them all out with a spoon, and put them, *pro tempore*, in a soup-plate, which my assistant placed upon a side-table. But, unfortunately, while we were busy preparing the plasters, a cat came into the room, discovered the man's brains, and made a meal of them. My consternation at this robbery was enormous; however, as the thief had escaped, and the stolen goods were irrecoverable, I agreed with the assistant to say nothing about it to the patient, but to patch up his broken head, and let him find out the loss of his brains as well as he could."

The growing indignation of the Doctor yielded to this sally of his friend Pulcinello, and he began to laugh immoderately.

"Stop, Doctor," said the merry fellow, "the cream of the joke is yet to come.—Soon as the knave got well, he left Hohenheim, and repaired to the ancient and farfamed university of * * *. There he devoted himself with such ardour to the classics, that in a twelvemonth he carried off the prizes for the best Latin and Greek poems; and, soon after, wrote and published an unanswerable essay, to prove that knowledge consisted not in things, but in words, which gained him such celebrity, that he was elected a member of many learned and venerable societies. Nay, more! He wrote a profound philosophical treatise, in which he demonstrated, by many subtle and logical conclusions, that the essence of wealth was transmigratory; that it had ceased to reside in the precious metals; and was actually embodied in certain hieroglyphics, engraved and written upon square and oblong scraps of paper and parchment. This seasonable discovery pushed him at the very pinnacle of fame; and titles, pensions, and snuff-boxes, were showered upon him by every potentate in Europe. But mark the consequence! The effect of such intense application without brains now began to develope itself; and whereas men of capacious brain often lose their heads by inordinate reading, deep study produced the inverse effect upon this brainless fellow, and he gradually lost his body. The nourishing principle being of course entirely concentrated in the head, it had expanded into these preposterous dimensions."

"Say you so, Pulcinello!" exclaimed the laughing Doctor;" "then this head must be alive."

"To be sure it is," replied Pulcinello; "it is only in a brown study. Give it a pinch of your rappee, and the head will rouse itself, and talk like an oracle. If the fellow should be saucy, you may box his ears with impunity; but I warn you to beware of his sneeze."

The Doctor nodded his head very knowingly, as if to say, "I am not a man to be sneezed at;" opened his snuff-box, and placed it under the capacious nostrils. In an instant every feature of the huge visage was convulsed, and a sneeze, loud and irresistible as a north-wester, blew the hapless doctor into the midst of the gaping crowd. The glittering eyes began to move horizontalls like those of a magic lantern-specire, and at length the mischief-loving Pulcinello, who was rolling on the floor with laughter at the Doctor's sudden exit, was discovered by the searching orbs, and, in a voice deep and sepulchral, the head exclaimed, "Slanderous villain, begone!" Expanding, at the same time, its tremendous jaws to their utmost extent, the head displayed an array of teeth which would have graced a tiger, and then closed them suddenly as a steel-trap, with a snap which scattered such dismay amidst the excited spectators, that not a few of the females screamed with terror.

Walstein had listened with disgust to a farce, the humour of which was beyond the comprehension of the illiterate crowd, and evidently prompted by morbid or misanthropic impulses, but his curiosity induced him to wait the conclusion. The eyes now rolled with increasing rapidity, and at length met and fixed those of Walstein, who faced them with equal firmness.—Suddenly the horrid visage was suffused with a purple flash, and, in tones deeper than before, the mouth uttered the words, "Leonardo! Leonardo! The angel of death flaps his dark wings over thy first-born!"

The head suddenly descended through the stage, the curtain fell, and the startled painter, half incredulous, but winged with instinctive terror, proceeded with rapid steps to his humble dwelling. He had recognised in the iron, massive features, and sepulchral tones of the head, the splenetic and half-mad sculptor Brancaglio, who had lured him into the Circean "Halls of Anacreon," and whose propensity to these itinerant frolics was notorious at Florence. He recollected with growing alarm that this group of vagabounds had passed his house the day before; of course the sculptor might have seen him at the window, and as the vagrant party had again passed his house within the hour, there might be some grounds for those appalling words which Brancaglio had evidently addressed to him only. Trembling with vague apprehension, he entered the house, and found his Amelia weeping by the cradle of the infant Raffaelle. "Gracious Heaven!" exclaimed Walstein, as he gazed in wild alarm at the convulsed features of his child, "what means this?"

"I was undressing him," sobbed the agonized mother, "near the window, when it was forced open by the strong east wind, which blew directly upon the almost naked infant. In an instant he shivered, and convulsions soon followed. I had no one to send for a physician—I could not leave the child."

The word "physician," restored the bewildered painter to recollection. He darted into the street, and sought the assistance of a benevolent man who admired the rare talent of Walstein, but was prevented by the claims of a numerous family from affording him substantial encouragement. The warm-hearted physician hastened to the afflicted mother, devoted the whole succeeding night to the little sufferer, and enjoyed the gratification of assisting him safely through a crisis of imminent peril. He declined the liberal recompense eagerly tendered to him by the delighted father, and left the grateful pair kneeling in devout and heartfelt thanksgiving to that Power which giveth life, and, for wise purposes, taketh it away.

A week of solicitous parental and medical attendance restored the little Raffaelle to health and beauty; but the fond father, struck with an awful sense of the great precariousness of infant life, determined to paint, without delay, a portrait of his lovely boy, and commenced the picture as soon as he could prepare the canvass. Borrowing his design from a study of Raffaelle which he had copied in Rome, he laboured with such intense application, that in a few days the painting was finished, excepting some minor details.

The lovely infant form was placed high in the heavens; his fair and rounded limbs reclining upon a mass of brilliant clouds.—His large blue eyes were gazing upwards in serene and sacred innocence; and the painter had imparted to every feature that premature and awful seriousness of expression, which characterises the cherub heads of Raffaelle. Angels, beautiful in form and colouring as those of Guido and Albano, were grouped above, and extended their arms towards the lovely boy, as if to welcome his approach to the mansions of the blessed; while from their radiant forms a rich glow of light streamed over the whole picture, and invested with glorious and golden tints the cloudy forms and intermingled azure.

In this picture, which was suggested by the blended feelings of the father and the Christian, and painted with wrapt and devotional enthusiasm, the artist had been supremely successful. Calling his Amelia to behold it, he encircled her slender waist with his affectionate arm, and they were gazing upon the angelic infant in mute and tearful rapture, when a stranger, whose tall figure was enveloped in a travelling cloak, entered the apartment unobserved.

Approaching the happy pair in silence, he gazed for some time with delight upon the beautiful picture, and then, touching the painter's shoulder, exclaimed, "Good evening, Walstein!"

Looking round in surprise, the artist beheld the Earl of C., whose cordial greeting assured him that his friendly regard was unabated. "I have been but an hour in Nuremburg," said the Earl, "and I call upon you to inquire whether any calamity has occurred to prevent the performance of your promise to the Signora."

"We have been in imminent peril of losing an only child," replied Walstein.—"the boy, whose portrait is before you; but Heaven in its mercy spared him, and he blooms again with all his mother's beauty."

"I rejoice to hear it," said the Earl with cordial sympathy; "and as the original is restored to health and strength, I hope you will allow me to add the copy to my collection. It is your happiest effect, Walstein, and evidently painted at a period of strong excitement. I have seen pictures of Raffaelle which pleased me less; and I must have it at any price."

"Ask any sacrifice but that, my lord! and I will submit," replied the painter; "this picture is inexpressibly dear to me and my Amelia. Infant life is precarious, and should it still please Heaven to take to itself the pure spirit of my little Raffaelle, his portrait would be a comfort to us in the hour of desolation."

"I honor your feelings too much to urge my wish any farther," replied the considerate nobleman. "I shall remain here ten days, or more, if requisite to finish the portrait of Cecilia. You must begin to-morrow, and afterwards give me your company to dinner, for I have somewhat to communicate, in which you and yours are materially interested. Meanwhile, farewell!"

On the following morning Walstein commenced the portrait of the lovely Italian with his usual success; and, when she withdrew after dinner, Lord C., with delicate and friendly warmth, inquired into his situation and prospects. The painter acknowledged the difficulties he had experienced in a city devoted to the acquisition of wealth, and where the few individuals possessing any love of fine art confined their purchases to old pictures of the Italian and Flemish schools, and wanted either the courage or the taste to patronise a living artist. "I am enabled, however," he continued, "by the generosity of the Signora to realise a plan which I have for some time contemplated. The rising skill and taste of the German artists is better understood in Rome and Paris than in their native country, and to one of those cities I will, ere long, remove my family. They abound with fine pictures and statues, easily accessible; with cultivated society; with patrons of art; and, to a prudent man, they are not expensive abodes."

"You have reached the very point, my dear Walstein," said the Earl, "to which it has for some time been my object to lead you. But why not inform me of the distresses you have endured? Did you not, in Florence, promise me the privilege of assisting you?"

"I was not insensible, my lord," replied Walstein, "to the kindness of your request; but I did not either promise, or intend, to avail myself of you generosity.—Nor could I, without forfeiting that moral independence, which is in deep and inseparable sympathy with those qualities you are pleased to esteem in me. Had I sought your proffered assistance, I should have proved myself unworthy of it."

"Incomparable youth!" exclaimed the delighted Earl, as he warmly pressed the hand of Walstein: "where is the man so young, and yet possessing such elevated firmness of principle and action; such pure morality; such entire and single-hearted sincerity as yourself! How gladly would I attach you to my country and myself for life! Hear me, Walstein! I must win you to the purpose which prompted my deviation from the direct road to Paris. I want the assistance of a tasteful artist to arrange and preserve the numerous objects of fine art which abundant wealth and a long residence in various parts of Europe have enable me to accumulate. You are the very man to accomplish my purpose; and if, at your convenience, you will follow me with your family to England, you may divide the year between my London residence and a spacious mansion which I possess in a romantic inland county. Employment to your taste will not be wanting; and, while you render me invaluable assistance, you will enjoy abundant leisure to pursue your professional labour."

"I cannot hesitate, my lord," said the gratified artist, "to embrace a proposal so flattering. My wife and I are orphans; our native country has neither hold nor claim upon us, and I doubt not her ready acquiescence."

"Walstein," said the Earl, while the deadly paleness of some heart-rending emotion overspread his countenance, "your ready assent to my proposal affords me the only consolation of which I am now susceptible. My soul sickens with despair at the sad necessity of relinquishing for ever this lovely and incomparable woman; who has, I believe, apprised you of our approaching separation. I confess that I am still too wordly, and too impassioned, to discern the necessity of thus snapping asunder the chords of long established sympathy; but to a man of your more rigid sense of moral duty, it will be gratifying to learn, that the confessor of Cecilia has awakened her to a conviction that she has mistaken the path to happiness in this life, and to salvation in the next. I have resented, perhaps too warmly, the interference of this venerable priest, whose purity of heart and conduct redeems almost the errors of his creed, and whose powerful reasoning has all but convinced me that the Catholic religion, when honestly administered, is better suited than any other to the spiritual wants of the impassioned and indolent Italians; but Cecilia, for whom his regard is truly paternal, has constrained me to admit the rectitude of his motives. He had often, with burning zeal and eloquence, remonstrated against the unhallowed nature of our connexion, but in vain, until the birth of a daughter, roused in the heart of this high-minded woman, that strongest of all human sympathies, a mother's love. Of this master-feeling, her confessor well knew how to avail himself, and by painting in strong colours the certain reaction of her transgression upon her innocent offspring, he succeeded in rousing a sense of penitence and humiliation which she had not resolution to acknowledge to me until it had greatly impaired her health and happiness. In vain I sought, by impassioned appeals and remonstances, to shake the firm resolve of this heroic woman, whose affections never cleaved to me more intensely than when she told me that we must part for ever; that she had lived too long for earthly passions only, and would henceforward devote herself to her infant and her God. Her health visibly suffered in the struggle, and at length I assented to our separation, conditioning, however, that instead of retiring to a convent, she should accept and reside upon an estate I had purchased near Lausanne; and that with a view to benefit her health, she should accompany me to Paris. But enough of this. Let me see you to-morrow; and meanwhile inform your wife of my proposal."

The following and four succeding days enabled the indefatigable and rapid artist to complete an admirable portait of Cecilia.—Lord C. requested Walstein to convey it for him to England, and proceeded with the lovely original to Paris, while the painter, accelerating his own departure, quitted Nuremburg for ever, and travelling by easy stages through Holland, embarked for Harwich, and reached the mansion of Lord C. in London, a few days after the noble owner.

The immensity of the British capital, and the numerous collections of fine art which adorn it, occupied and delighted Walstein for several weeks; after which he proceeded with his wife and child to the Earl's magnificent seat in a picturesque inland county, where he found a rare combination of every thing exquisite in fine art, and beautiful in external nature.

On the arrival of his noble patron a few days later, the young painter immediately entered on his vocation, and assisted the fine taste of the Earl by his professional tact in the distribution of the numerous paintings, statues, and bronzes, which adorned the splendid mansion of the house of C.; while his admirable skill in painting was exercised in restoring some damaged pictures of the old masters.

While thus engaged, about a week after the Earl's arrival, a letter with a black seal and a foreign post mark was delivered to Lord C., who perused it with obvious and growing alarm: at length his features collapsed with agony, and he fell back senseless in his chair. Walstein flew to his assistance, opened a contiguous window, and a fresh breeze, which filled the apartment, soon restored the Earl to consciousness.—Rising with effort from his chair, he gave the fatal letter to Walstein, and turned in deep and uncontrollable emotion to the window. In trembling haste the painter glanced over the pages, and, with inexpressible sorrow, read the disastrous intelligence of Cecilia's death at Lausanne, after a rapid decline.

The unhappy nobleman, who had indulged a latent hope that this object of his idolatry would ere long be wearied of seclusion and permit him to rejoin her in Switzerland, was struck by this disastrous intelligence as with a bolt of lightning.—His powerful frame yielded to the shock—a brain-fever of wasting violence hurried him to the brink of dissolution; and, during a long and deadly crisis, the grateful Walstein watched his couch with tender and unwearied solicitude. At length the native vigour of his constitution, aided by the consummate skill of his physician, turned the nicely-balanced scales; symptoms of amendment appeared, and the Earl, after many weeks of extreme debility, arose an aged and altered man. His dark hair was tinged with grey; his fine person was wasted by fever and long confinement to his bed; his features, once glowing with health and youth, with sunny hope and happiness, exhibited a sad and fixed severity of aspect; and for many months he lived the life of a recluse, refusing all society save that of Walstein.

His infant daughter arrived during his illness, with her Italian nurse, from Lausanne, and grew daily in health and beauty under the maternal care of Amelia; but to her afflicted father she brought no immediate consolation, nor indeed had he for some time resolution to behold her.

For several years the passion of Lord C. for the beautiful and highly-gifted Italian had been a worship, a religion: and so inordinate, as to exclude all solemn and operative devotional feeling. He had never been deficient in that enthusiastic but chaste admiration of virtue which is common to all generous and noble natures; but in self-denying obedience to the dictates of conscience, he had been wanting; nor was it until his worldly spirit had been bruised and humbled by this sudden bereavement, that a sense of the fleeting nature of all earthly enjoyments flashed upon him. Walstein, whose well regulated mind was deeply tinctured with devotional feelings, hailed with delight the earliest tokens of a disposition in his noble patron to seek the light, and life, and consolation of revealed religion, that only gift of Heaven which passeth not away. Slowly, but gratefully and gladly, did the searching mind of Lord C. admit the cheering hopes with which the unaffectedly pious Walstein essayed to guide and comfort him. His clear and powerful intellect detected at a glance the utter fallacy and barrenness of passive belief, that common refuge of fanatics and hypocrites, who sacrifice no favourite vice, and degrade religion into discipline and form. He sought and found that firm and living faith, that inward