

He survived Agostino nine years, and then with a blighted heart sank into the grave—for, added to the secret self-upbraidings and regrets that had so long preyed upon his health, and undermined his happiness, he was filled with grief and mortification at the ingratitude shewn him by the Cardinal Farnese, who in return for the years of toil and labour which he had spent in the completion of his princely gallery, proffered, instead of the wealth and honours which should have been lavished on him in grateful profusion, but cold thanks, and the pitiful sum of five hundred gold scudi. It was a fatal wound to his pride, to his hopes, to his ambition, and after a brief and painful struggle, in which it has been said reason became disordered by the mental anguish he endured, he died—and they buried him beside Raphael, in the Pantheon at Rome—thus rendering a touching and eloquent tribute to his genius, in shewing that they deemed him worthy to share the last resting-place of that immortal master.

ECHOES FROM OTHER LANDS.

Translated from the Song in Goethe's Faust, commencing:

"*Meine Ruh' ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer,
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr,*" &c.

My peace is gone forever,
My heart is full of woe,—
Never again, ah! never
Can I its blessings know!

All to me, to me now is lonely,
Since far away is he;
'Tis as my grave, and only,
Bitter's the world to me.

My brain, alas! what anguish
Is rending, madd'ning now;
My reason now doth languish,
And nigh forsakes me too.

My peace is gone forever,
My heart is full of woe;
Never again, ah! never,
Can I its blessings know!

Oft watched I for him lonely,
From out the casement high;
And left too, for him only
My home without a sigh.

His form was all imposing,
His noble, lofty men;—

Soft smiles on his cheek reposing,
His winning eye, serene.

His words on my ear, stealing,
Had magic sounds for me,
His touch so gentle, thrilling—
None sweeter kissed than he.

My peace is gone forever,
My heart is full of woe,
Never again, ah! never,
Can I its blessings know!

My breast, alas! heaves sadly,
For him so far away;
Oh! were he here, how gladly
I'd cling and bid him stay!

I'd clasp him, kiss him, greeting,
To my heart's wish sincere;
My kiss so soft, repeating,
That his should disappear.

St. John, 1843.

RODOLPHO.

NIGHT.

How beautiful in Night! when o'er the led
Bright Phæbus sheds her light,
And clothes with sparkling gems the placid sea.
How beautiful is Night!

When dim distinctness leaves the fancy free,
And we can lift our hearts, oh God! to thee!

How beautiful is Night! when stars bestow
Their golden hue so bright,
And wrap the heavens in their mysterious glow.
How beautiful is Night!

To the susceptible heart, whose every throe,
Is witness of the finer feelings' glow!

How beautiful is Night! when on the air,
In holy, solemn flight,
Is borne the breath of many a raptur'd prayer.
How beautiful is Night!

When dim distinctness leaves the fancy free,
And we can lift our hearts, oh God! to thee!

Bridgetown, 1843.

ARTHUR.

AVARICE.—A rich covetous Bonzo had made a collection of a great many jewels, which he watched very narrowly. Another Bonzo, older than he, begged to have a sight of them for some time, after which he said, "I thank you for your jewels." "Why thank me?" answered the other, "I did not give you them." "But I had the pleasure of seeing them," replied the guest, "and that is all the advantage you reap from them excepting the trouble of watching them."