

POETRY

THE BRIDE MAID.

The bridal is o'er, the guests are all gone,  
The bride's only sister sits weeping alone;  
The wreath of white roses is torn from  
her brow,  
And the heart of the bride maid is desolate now.

With smiles and caresses she deck'd the  
fair bride,  
And then led her forth with affectionate  
pride;  
She knew that together no more they  
should dwell,  
Yet she smil'd when she kiss'd her and  
whisper'd farewell.

She would not embitter the bridal day,  
Nor send her sweet sister in sadness  
away;  
She hears the bells ringing—she sees her  
depart,  
She cannot veil longer the grief of her  
heart.

She thinks of each pleasure, each pain  
that endears  
The gentle companion of happier years:  
The wreath of white roses is torn from  
her brow,  
And the heart of the bride maid is desolate now.

SIGHS.

There is a sigh—that half suppress'd,  
Seems scarce to leave the bosom fair;  
It rises from the spotless breast,  
The first faint dawn of tender care.

There is a sigh—so soft so sweet,  
It breathes not from the lip of woe;  
'Tis heard when conscious lovers meet,  
Whilst yet untold young passions glow.

There is a sigh—short, deep, and strong  
That on the lip of rapture dies;  
It floats mild evenings shade along,  
When meet the fond consenting eyes.

There is a sigh—that speaks regret,  
Yet seem scarce conscious of its pain;  
It tells of bliss remembered yet,  
Of bliss that ne'er must wake again.

There is a sigh—that deeply breath'd,  
Bespeaks the bosom's secret woe;  
It says the flowers that love had wreath'd  
Are wither'd ne'er again to blow.

There is a sigh—that slowly swells,  
Then deeply breathes its load of care;  
It speaks, that in that bosom dwells  
That last worst pang, fond love's despair.

THE STRANGER PATRON.

This is no mortal business.—SHAKESPEARE  
The setting sun tinted with his golden  
beams the bright vine leaves that clustered  
luxuriantly around the little window  
of the studio in which Giulio Arnolfo,  
the ablest sculptor in Florence, studied  
and practised those principles of art,  
by means of which he hoped to gain  
at last that far distant and uncertain  
reward of genius—the admiration of posterity;  
and the valley by which Florence is  
surrounded, lighted by his gorgeous  
splendour, presented a scene so perfectly  
beautiful and picturesque, that it had  
succeeded in withdrawing for a time  
Giulio's attention from the model which  
he was then about to finish, and his thoughts  
from that dearer object on which they  
were more frequently employed—his  
beloved Berta.

While he gazed with the passionate  
intensity of an artist on the surrounding  
landscape, glowing in the brilliancy of  
departing day, and on the distant hills,  
whose various heights and situations  
contributed, by the diversity of their  
colours, to complete the beauty of a scene  
death, eagerly and attentively watched  
calculated to inspire deep feelings of piety  
and devotion, the hum of the busy  
city, the gentle murmur of the Arno  
meandering in its peaceful course, and  
the vesper chimes of the neighbouring  
churches and monasteries, plunged him  
into a deep and sorrowful reverie. He  
at length aroused himself. "It is indeed  
very beautiful, and yet I cannot gaze on  
it without sadness; something oppresses  
me, some undefinable feeling of sorrow  
mysteriously arises from this vast field  
of beauty to weigh down my naturally  
buoyant spirits. Strange, that the con-

templation of such magnificence should  
at once delight the eye by its brightness,  
and plunge the soul into despondency by  
the dark and hidden fancies which it gives  
rise to! But a truce to such folly; I  
must to Berta; if she miss her walk, I  
shall return ungladdened by her smiles  
after wait upon the change. I will now  
and thanks, which outvalue all the fine  
feelings in Italy." So saying, he was  
about to leave the apartment when the  
door opened, and he was prevented by  
the entrance of a stranger.

He was a man of noble appearance,  
who by the dignity and refinement of his  
manners, more than by his commanding  
figure and richness of apparel, impressed  
upon his beholders the conviction of his  
superior rank. Though somewhat past  
the prime of life, his step had not lost  
its elasticity, nor was the original vigour  
of his frame diminished; and his coun-  
tenance, which bespoke a calm and phi-  
losophic endurance of the ills of this  
world, possessed at the same time, an in-  
describable expression of power and be-  
nevolence, calculated to procure for him  
alternately fear and reverence. He was  
dressed in mourning, but the materials  
of his habit were of the most costly na-  
ture; and a diamond cross which was  
suspended to a broad crimson sash  
round his neck, shone in mournful tho-  
rough contrast to his otherwise somber  
costume. Giulio, who at first imag-  
ined the interruption might have pro-  
ceeded from the arrival of one of the  
many idlers who frequented the studio  
of the artist, apparently less for the  
purpose of purchasing, than of retarding  
his productions, was about to protest against  
being detained, when he was arrested by  
the superior demeanour of his visitor,  
whose appearance seemed to promise the  
only recompense which could be made  
for delaying his visit to Berta—the  
probability of his becoming a patron and  
one of rank and affluence.

The stranger commenced the conver-  
sation: "Signor Arnolfo, though hitherto  
personally unknown to me, I am ac-  
quainted with you through your produc-  
tions, more especially one which has es-  
tablished your claim to the character of  
an enlightened and accomplished artist."  
Arnolfo bowed—"I mean the Wounded  
Cupid, in the collection of the Palazzo  
— Impressed with admiration of  
abilities, I have selected you as the artist  
by whom a sepulchral group, solemn in  
its design, and sad in its import,  
must be executed." "Must be—  
there is little need of must be, when  
both fame and gold are to be had for the  
trial," responded Arnolfo to himself;  
but his visitor proceeded: "The design  
is that of a youth mourning over the  
dead body of his betrothed—the figures  
are to be the size of life; the price five  
thousand crowns, and the time of com-  
pletion this day twelvemonth. Any  
alterations you may suggest, except as  
regards that point, I am not only willing  
but anxious to receive, but upon that  
I am determined—by this day next year  
the figures must be completed."

"Plague on his must be!" again mut-  
tered Arnolfo; then addressing the stran-  
ger said—"Signor, proud as I am of the  
task which you have been pleased to as-  
sign to me, I am still more so from the  
consciousness of having obtained that  
distinction by the former exertion of my  
humble talents, and will endeavour to  
prove my sense of your kindness by the  
punctuality and zeal with which I will  
obey your behest."—"I do not doubt it,"  
Signor Arnolfo; but as I leave Florence  
immediately, and shall not return till the  
twelvemonth is expired, pray give me  
your ideas upon the interesting work  
which I have proposed to you."—"Wil-  
lingly; and the more so, as I should  
prefer for a subject, should you concur  
with me, a lover watching his expiring  
mistress; for of two distressing ideas,  
an able and affectionate maiden sunk in  
a placid sleep, the type and harbinger of  
death, eagerly and attentively watched  
by an afflicted lover, in whose coun-  
tenance is painted the horrible conflicts of  
love anguish and despair, is less heart-  
rending, than to see the pallid corpse of  
all of earthly that he ever loved, gazed  
on by the chosen of her heart, with love  
for what it has been, and with horror at  
what it is—cold, unfeeling clay, a tenant  
for the noisome grave, and food for the  
worms of earth. I am perhaps, however,  
hazarding a conjecture on the arrange-  
ment of the group, which may not ac-  
cord with the object which it is intend-  
ed to apply when finished—Pray Signor

what may that be?"—"Time will shew,"  
replied the stranger; "in the meanwhile  
let it be as you propose; there is but lit-  
tle difference between the glazed eye of  
the living and the closed eye of the dead;  
I the dying and the closed eye of the dead;  
I yet slight as it is, the here and the here-  
after shall return ungladdened by her smiles  
after wait upon the change. I will now  
shew you my idea of the positions into  
which I think the figures should be  
thrown." So saying, he took up a cray-  
on, and hastily sketched upon the wall a  
rough but masterly outline of the design.  
The spirit which pervaded this trifling  
performance, increased the astonishment  
which seized the youthful artist when he  
remarked, that though every line was  
correct and expressive of the action of  
the group, the heads of both figures were  
wanting: "I fear me signor," said Ar-  
nolfo, "that my work will fall far short  
of what so great a master of the art  
would wish; yet spite of my fears, I  
must acknowledge myself greatly obliged  
for this specimen of your skill, and for  
the study which it will save me; believe  
me, I do not mean to flatter you, but I  
feel that in embodying that idea, I shall  
produce a masterpiece."

"Your commendation is flattering,"  
replied the stranger; "I had but intend-  
ed to assist, not to dictate your manage-  
ment of the work."—"Pardon me," con-  
tinued Giulio, whose admiration and won-  
der increased as he contemplated the  
sketch: "pardon me, but I would fain  
know why one so talented has omitted  
the heads of the figures? surely you  
who have told the subjects by the head-  
less trunks, have other reasons than fear  
of failure in the countenances for this  
omission."—"Oh! there are many and  
good reasons for that, Signor Arnolfo;  
and perhaps none better than that I have  
improved upon the Grecian, who veiled  
the face whose passions he dared not at-  
tempt to paint, and so have left them en-  
tirely to the imagination of the specta-  
tor. But the evening is fast closing;  
are my terms such as you could wish?"  
Giulio, who was overwhelmed by his li-  
berality, expressed himself in the warm-  
est terms of gratitude, and promised that  
his wishes should be attended to in every  
respect. "Here, then, is thy reward,"  
Signor Arnolfo; but remember, thy task  
must be finished by this day twelvemonth.  
Fare thee well!" So saying, and having  
thrown a purse well filled with gold on  
the table, the stranger took his departure.

The astonished Giulio immediately re-  
turned to the examination of the drawing  
on the wall, the beauty and truth of  
which plunged him into an ecstasy of  
admiration and delight. The more he  
gazed the greater was the wonder which  
it produced in him; but when, at the  
highest pitch of enthusiastic excitement,  
he recollected the emphatic manner in  
which his new patron insisted upon the  
design being completed by a certain time,  
his mysterious bearing, and the circum-  
stance of his waving all explanation of  
the purpose for which the statue was in-  
tended, he felt considerable repugnance  
to the undertaking, and would, if his vi-  
sitor had not left him, have been inclined  
to throw aside the golden opportunity  
which presented itself, and to decline the  
newly offered patronage, despite the li-  
beral reward attendant upon his exer-  
tions.

These circumstances contributed to al-  
lay the joy which he would otherwise  
have felt at the prospect of being shortly  
united to Berta, the possession of so large  
a sum removing the only obstacle to their  
union which existed; and though the  
sight of the purse, which remained un-  
touched upon the table, excited pleasing  
and brilliant hopes within his breast, the  
events of the evening appeared so mys-  
terious and unintelligible, that, on the  
consideration of them, he relapsed into  
the fit of melancholy from which he had  
scarcely roused himself at the entrance  
of his visitor, and which was renewed  
with increased force at his departure.

But Giulio's was a restless and vacil-  
lating spirit; and by the time he had  
hastily cleared up his studio, arranged  
like a very lover his attire, and arrived  
at the dwelling of his Berta, he had shak-  
en off the gloom which enveloped his  
mind, and was all light and air at the  
tidings he was about to communicate.

Glad and joyous that night was the  
meeting of Giulio and Berta, for it was  
the first in which, with any well founded  
hope, they had deliberated upon plans of  
future happiness. The more than wo-  
manly mildness of Berta was shewn in  
the deep felt silence and grateful tears by

which she evinced her delight and satis-  
faction at the brilliant prospect which now  
opened before them; while Giulio, ever  
enthusiastic and impetuous, revelled  
midst hastily formed schemes of future  
conduct, and visionary ideas of never-  
ending enjoyment.

Wild and incoherent were the fancies  
which floated before his heated imagina-  
tion: now would he purchase a villa on  
the banks of Arno, where the presence  
of his Berta should cheer and encourage  
him in his studies; and now he deter-  
mined not to quit Florence, but enjoy  
with her the society to which he hoped  
his talents would introduce them; and as  
he hastily and impetuously expressed his  
quickly changing thoughts, the flash of  
his eye, the rapidity of his utterance, the  
very tone of his voice were so peculiar  
and expressive, that they seemed the re-  
sult of that unearthly joy which old cro-  
mies and dotards pronounce to be the in-  
fallible and fatal token of a doomed  
man.

The hour of parting at length arrived,  
and though, while at the side of Berta,  
the youthful sculptor felt loth to say good  
night; yet the farewell once uttered, he  
was all impatience to retrace his steps,  
and ere he sought his couch to gaze once  
more on the drawing of his new patron.  
Though he viewed it with increased ad-  
miration, envy gradually found an en-  
trance into his bosom, and whispered in-  
to his bosom, and whispered him that his  
reputation might be tarnished, if it were  
known that instead of supporting the  
dignity of the artist, and exercising his  
own imagination, he had consented to  
become a copyist, by adopting the ideas  
of another.

Actuated by these feelings, he was  
from that moment continually employed  
in designing and new modelling the sub-  
ject; yet, though the thought of execut-  
ing it in the manner which he had almost  
promised, became daily more insupport-  
able. It seemed as if, for want of being  
satisfied with any production of his own,  
he should at last be compelled to do so.  
His creative powers appeared suddenly  
to have abandoned him; his ideas, which  
once crowded upon him, seemed to have  
fled at the moment when their presence  
was most needed; and instead of, as they  
were wont, answering his beck in bright  
and airy throngs, they now rose slowly  
and laboriously before his exhausted fan-  
cy. Yes, in spite of the study and me-  
ditation which he had expended upon  
them, every sketch seemed more faulty  
than its predecessor. This wanted ex-  
pression—that wanted grace; in one, the  
figures were too stiff,—in another they  
were unskillfully arranged; in short,  
strive as he would, the original design  
remained unrivalled.

Months passed away in this manner,  
and the commission of his patron, hitherto  
uncommenced, now appeared less like-  
ly than ever to be completed; for Berta,  
who had inherited from her mother a  
weak frame and delicate constitution, had  
lately evinced alarming symptoms of a  
rapid consumption.

This circumstance was fatal to Giulio's  
studies; he felt that he should not long  
possess her, and anxious to soothe her by  
his kindness, and alleviate her suffering  
by his tenderness, he was unremitting in  
his attendance upon her, gratifying all her  
wishes, and anticipating all her wants.

It was at the close of a warm spring  
day, that Berta, reclining on a couch, was  
left to the care of the afflicted and de-  
spending Giulio; a small lamp burning  
before an image of the Virgin, shed a  
tremulous light over the apartment, and  
the cool gales of evening, wafted through  
the veil like curtains of the window, lul-  
led her to that repose which her exhaus-  
ted state required, but which had been  
denied to her by the oppressive heat of  
the day. While Giulio gazed on the pale  
and faded cheek which had but a few  
weeks before seemed to him the round-  
est and rosiest that ever gladdened the  
eye of an admirer, his heart sunk within  
him, when he reflected how few and  
fleeting hours the frail and beautiful form  
in which all his happiness was centered,  
would perish like its rivals, the sweet  
flowers of spring; and how with her all  
his dreams of joy would pass away and  
leave him to a waking as replete with  
woe, as his visions had been with bliss.

(To be continued.)

Colonel Drummond at his title audit  
at Bloomfield, most liberally and unso-  
lited, returned 20 per cent.