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, DECEMBER 29, 1848. NUMBER 47.

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 Inscriptione, 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

ALEXANER WILKINSON,
Provincial Land Surveyor,
OFFICE AT GODERICH,
HURON DISTRICT.

Nov. 24, 1849. 43

Poetry.

TO MARGARET.

Oh Margaret! well I call to mind,
The night my wanderings were o'er;
Vain e'en the ties of Love to bind
The exile from his native shore,
And thy bright eyes with tears were wet,
My own kind hearted Margaret!

Oh. blissful time! Two fleeting years
I passed within thy southern bower,
How brief, to-night, their flight appears—
E'en as a quickly vanished hour;
We parted almost when we met,
My own true-hearted Margaret!

Those fleeting years! within thy home,
A Lover wooed a trusting maid.
Well might he stay his wearying roam
Beneath thy roof-trees winning shade;
And for a time the past forget!
With Love and Hope and Margaret!

Not vain to win the stranger strove,
Thou view'dst his conquest frowningly,
To win a sister's fervent love
Thou deem'dst would lure her heart from thee:
And thus thou own'dst a fond regret,
My own dear, jealous, Margaret!

But time sped on, and thou did'st see
Those jealous fears of doubt depart,
Thy sisters lover gained from thee,
A sister's fond, confiding heart;
For this I bless thee, even yet,
My own frank hearted Margaret!

Oh Maggie! those were blessed days!
How blithe their jocund hours went by!
Full of my truant Memory strays
To linger 'neath that pleasant sky!
And Memory's sun shall never set,
On those green pleasures, Margaret!

Ah! how we changed! My northern hills
Are round me, in their hearty pride,
I list the tones of laughing rills
Which gush adown their rugged sides;
And greener fields the eye ne'er met,
Than those around me, Margaret!

But where is she—that pure, pale flower,
Whose love my spirits' banquet made!
She lingers in her southern bower,
Beneath the tall pines' deepening shade;
Do tears that pensive eye e'er wet
For one who wanders, Margaret!

And thou—why thou hast left thy home
And bid farewell thy household band,
Say, loves thine exile heart to roam
A pilgrim from that stranger-land
To dwell mid childhood's memories yet;
Nay,—tell me truly, Margaret?

And such is Life—and such its joy,
A sunlit hour—a summers day,
How soon do gathering storms destroy!
How pass the scenes in gloom away!
And soon its sun for aye will set
Life is but *shadows*, Margaret!

Nay, take the moral, soon for thee
The *Sun of Life* shall sink to rest;
The cold stone at thy head shall be,
And pale flowers bloom above thy breast!
And Love shall morn, with vain regret,
The dear, gay, vanished, Margaret!

Aye—when a few brief days are o'er,
My form in dust shall lowly lie,
Oh, on yon heavens celestial shore,
Veiled in the dim Eternity,
There may we meet, where sun's ne'er set,
My dear, undying, Margaret!

Farewell! nor scorn my sober theme!
Each day attests its solemn truth!
The changes of thy Life's young dream
Fleet like the phantasies of youth!
This earnest truth, oh, ne'er forget,
And God will bless thee, Margaret!

FULPIT ELOQUENCE.

BY MRS. WELBY.

The day was declining—the breeze in its glee
Had left the fair blossoms to sing on the sea,
As the sun in its gorgeousness, radiant and still,
Dropped down like a gem from the brow of the hill!

One tremulous star in the glory of June,
Came out with a smile and sat down by the moon,
As she graced her blue throne with the pride of a queen,
The smiles of her loveliness gladdened the scene.

The scene was enchanting! the distance away
Rolled the foam-created waves of the Chesapeake bay,
While bathed in the moonlight the village was seen,
With the church in the distance that stood on the green;

The soft sleeping meadow, lay brightly unrolled,
With their mantles of verdure and blossoms of gold;
And the earth in her beauty, forgeting to grieve,
Lay asleep in her bloom on the bosom of eve.

A light-hearted child I had wandered away,
From the spot where my footsteps had gambol'd all day;
And free as a bird's was the song of my soul,
As I heard the wild waters exultingly roll,
While lightening my heart as I sported along,
With bursts of low laughter and snatches of song,
I struck in the pathway half-worn o'er the sod
By the feet that went up to the worship of God.

As I traced its green windings, a murmur of prayer
With the hymn of the worshippers rose on the air,
And drawn by the links of its sweetness along,
I stood unobserved in the midst of the throng,
For a while my young spirit still wandered about
With the birds, and the winds, that were singing without;
But birds, waves and zephyrs, were quickly forgot,
In one angel-like being that brightened the spot.

In stature majestic, apart from the throng,
He stood in his beauty, the theme of my song!
His cheeks pale with fervor—the blue orbs above
Lit up with the splendors of youth and of love,
Yet the heart-glowing rapture that beamed from those eyes,
Seemed saddened by sorrow, and chastened by sighs,
As if the young heart in its bloom had grown cold
With its loves unrequitted, its sorrows untold.

Such language as his I may never recall,
But his theme was salvation—salvation to all;
And the souls of a thousand in ecstacy hung
On the manna-like sweetness that drop'd from his tongue.

Not alone on the ear his wild eloquence stole,
Enforced by each gesture it sunk to the soul,
Till it seemed that an angel had brightened the sod
And brought to each bosom a message from God.

He spoke of the Savour—what pictures he drew,
The scenes of His sufferings rose clear to my view—
The cross, the rude cross, where he suffered and died—
The gush of bright crimson that flowed from His side:
The cup of His sorrows—the wormwood and gall:
The darkness that mantled the earth as a pall;
The garland of thorns—and the demon-like crews
Who knelt as they scoffed Him—"Hail, King of the Jews."

He spoke, and it seemed that his statue-like form
Expanded and glowed, as his spirit grew warm;
His tone so impassioned—so melting his air,
As touched with compassion he ended in prayer;
His hands clasped above him—his blue orbs upthrown,
Still pleading for sins that were never his own;
While that mouth where such sweetness ineffably clung,
Still spoke, tho' expression had died on his tongue.

Oh God! what emotions the speaker awoke!
A mortal he seemed—yet a deity spoke;
A man—yet so far from humanity riven;
On earth—yet so closely connected with heaven!
How oft in my fancy I've pictured him there,
As he stood in that triumph of passion and prayer.
with his eyes closed in rapture—their transcient eclipse
Made bright by the smiles that illumined his lips.

There's a charm in delivery—a magical art,
That thrills like a lyre, from the lip to the heart.
'Tis the glance, the expression, the well-chosen word.
By whose magic the depths of the spirit are stirred;
The smile—the mute gesture—the soul-startling pause,
The eyes' sweet expression—that melts while it awes—
The lips' soft persuasion—its musical tone—
Oh such was the charm of that eloquent one!

The time is long past—yet how clearly defined
That bay church and village, float upon my mind;
I see amid azure the moon in her pride,
With the sweet little trembler that sat by her side;
I hear the blue waves, as she wanders along,
Leap up in their gladness and sing her a song;
And I tread in the path-way half worn o'er the sod,
By the feet that went up to the worship of God.

The time is long past, yet, what visions I see!
The past, the dim past, is the present to me.
I am standing once more 'mid that heart-stricken throng!
A vision floats up—'tis the theme of my song—
All glorious and bright as a spirit of air,
The light like a halo encircling his hair—
As I catch the same accents of sweetness and love,
He whispers of Jesus—and points us above.

How sweet to my heart is the picture I've traced!
Its chain of bright fancies seemed almost effaced,
Till memory, the fond one that sits in the soul,
Took up the frail links, and connected the whole
As the dew to the blossom—the bud to the bee—
As the scent to the rose—are those memories to me;
Round the chords of my heart they have tremblingly clung,
And the echo it gives, is the song I have sung.

REPARTEE.—On Sterne's entering the coffee room at York, a Mr. A——, staring him full in the face, said he hated a parson; upon which Sterne said, 'And so, sir, does my dog, for as soon as I put on my gown and cossock, he falls a barking." "Indeed," replied A——, "how long has he done so?" "Ever since he was a puppy, sir," answered Sterne, "and I still look upon him as one."

A DEFINATION.—What is a national schoolmaster? A badly oiled parish grindstone, on which the poor sharpen their little blades every day.

Why is a young lady just from boarding school like a building committee? Because she is ready to receive proposals.

A New York paper says that TALL ladies invariably prefer SHORT men. An exchange paper thinks this is an error, and observes that no woman objects to HY-men.

THE MODERN GYGES.

A TALE OF TRIALS.

"The boy shall be called Annibal!" exclaimed Walstein, a young painter resident in Nuremburg, as he snatched his sleeping first-born from the mother's arms, and strained him with rapturous delight to his bosom. The infant, roused by this sudden change of position, opened a pair of large blue eyes upon the happy father, and screamed with terror in his vehement embrace. "Give me the boy, Walstein!" exclaimed the anxious mother, as she hastily extricated the frightened infant from her husband's arms. "You men are miserable nurses, and should never touch an infant under twelve months old." The little fellow nestled in her arms, reposed his cherub-head upon her bosom, and in a few seconds was asleep again.

"But tell me, Walstein!" continued Amelia, "what in the name of wonder can prompt you to call this beautiful boy by such an ugly name as Annibal? Why, it is the name of our neighbour's bull-dog, and the first owner of it was that heathen Carthagenian who delighted in havoc and slaughter. I should never hear the name without a shudder, and I beg you will choose one more suitable for the child of Christian parents. For instance, one of those fine Scriptural names, John, or Mark, or Luke."

"Luke, say you?" exclaimed the painter; "impossible, Amelia! St. Luke is the patron saint of the sublime art of painting, as St. Cecilia is of music; and to call a painter's child after him would be almost as irreverent as to name him after the great founder of our faith. No, Amelia! these holy names will not become a painter's boy; he must be called after some one of the great Italian masters. The Annibal I mean is not the Carthagenian general, who, by the way, was a great man; but the famous painter Annibal Caracci,—that great and glorious artist, who, in conjunction with his brothers, roused Italian art from the death-like torpor and darkness which had succeeded the meridian effulgence of Ruffaelle and Michel Angelo. How often I have gazed on and copied the great achievements of the Caracci at Bologna, and even wept as I compared my tame and feeble drawings with the immeasurable surpassing power and science of the great originals. Can you wonder, my Amelia! that I should venerate the man whose resolute perseverance revived and invigorated the Italian schools, and to whose admirable designs I am mainly indebted for my proficiency in art? I will nevertheless, to please you, abandon my intention of calling our first-born after him. What think you of Bartolomeo?"

"I prefer it to Annibal," said Amelia, "because it was the name of one of the holy apostles; but it is so long that every one would call the boy Bart. No, Walstain! he is a beautiful fellow, and I am determined that he shall have a beautiful name."

"What name can be more imposing than Bartolomeo?" replied the painter; "and what elevated associations are connected with it! Only think of these great masters, Fra Bartolomeo, Bartolomeo Ramenghi, and Bartholomeo Schidone, whose works are full of sublimity and devotion, and gloriously coloured. What a constellation of greatness, and what an ennobling distinction to be named after them!"

"All this may be very true," retorted the smiling mother, "but the name is, and ever will be, an ugly one. If our boy must bear a painter's name, why not call him Guido, or Julius?"

"True, Amelia! Guido Reni and Julio Romano were able artists; but I class my Annibal and the Bartolomeos far above them."

But why attach such importance to a name?" resumed his wife. "How many men have worn distinguished names, and disgraced them by vice and folly!"

"And yet a good name is a point of vital importance," replied the tenacious Walstein. "*Nomen et omen*, said the Romans, and in this saying a fine morality is conveyed. The youth who wears a great man's name will be naturally solicitous to prove himself not unworthy of it, or, at least, he will endeavour not to disgrace it. With this view my good father called me after the immortal Leonardo da Vinci, and that great and accomplished man has been through life my polar star, as well as my guardian angel, when exposed, at the perilous age of twenty, to the licentious allurements of Italy. Without his guidance, my Amelia! not even my plighted faith to you would have shielded me from the dangers of opportunity, and the syren spells of Italian beauty. And are there not evil names, which, by parity of reasoning, might exercise a malignant influence? If, for instance, we were to christen the boy Judas, should we not stamp him a traitor? Or if Nebuchadnezzar, should we not sow the seeds of those wicked propensities which brought down such awful punishment on the Assyrian?"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the laughing Amelia; "you must be either superstitious, or dreaming, to suggest such horrible possibilities. But seriously, Walstein!—if this dear little fellow must be called after a great painter, why not choose the musical and gentle name of him whom you call the prince of painters, and never mention without impassioned and devout enthusiasm?"

"Hah! my beloved Amelia!" cried the painter, embracing her, "I could almost kneel and worship you for the glorious thought. You mean that exalted being, that angel in the guise of man, who appeared for a short season on earth to adorn his country and improve mankind;—you mean the sainted and immortal Raffaelle."

"Of whom else could I speak with such veneration?" replied the pleased and agitated Amelia.

"Angelic spirit!" exclaimed the enthusiastic Walstein, with upraised eyes and folded hands, "wilt thou pardon the presumption of an humble votary, who dares to signify his first-born with thy glorious and inspiring name?"

"Angels frown not on those who love them," said his smiling wife, as she approached the cradle of her sleeping infant. She breathed a mother's gentle kiss upon his white forehead, and whispered, with tearful emotion, "Dear innocent! thy name is Raffaelle."

On the following morning, Walstein was early at his easel, and so deeply absorbed in his work, that he was unconscious of the presence of his wife, who opened and searched successively all the drawers of his writing-desk. As she closed the last, she exclaimed with a deep sigh, "Alas! there is not even a copper coin. What will become of us?" Then appoaching the easel: "Dear Leonardo! excuse my interruption," said she, "but I must ask you one question. Have you no money?" Without raising his eyes from the canvass, the artist replied, "No, dear wife! not a penny; but this promising picture will be finished in a very few days; and, it sold for a third of its value, will yield us twenty ducats."

"But meanwhile," said Amelia, "we have neither food, nor means to procure any."

Eagerly pursuing his work, the painter replied, "Why not pledge something at the pawnbroker's?"

"Alas!" cried his wife, "what can we pledge! Every article of clothing and furniture save those of immediate necessity, has been long since pledged."

"Every thing?" said the painter, pausing to reflect. 'No, Amelia, there hangs a good coat of mine. Take it, and let it give security for us a few days."

"But consider a moment, Walstein!" said Amelia impatiently; "it is your only coat, and if we pledge it you will be a prisoner for want of decent clothing to go out in.—But where is the necessity to pledge any thing? Have you not two fine pictures in your bedroom, for which you have refused sums that would have supported us for a twelvemonth: and has not every article of domestic comfort been sacrificed that you might preserve these pictures? Surely, Walstein! when the support, nay, the very existence, of your wife and child are at stake, you will not hesitate to make the sacrifice?"

The painter paused a moment, and but a moment, in painful embarrassment; then, hastily leaving the room, he soon returned with the two pictures, placed them against the wall, and gazed upon them long in silence. His cheeks and forehead were gradually flushed with crimson, his clear grey eye sparkled with unusual fire, and the pride of conscious talent lighted up his fine features into glowing and eloquent expression; but suddenly his smooth and open brow collapsed into furrows, his eyes were suffused with tears, and his lips forcibly compressed. "Oh, my Amelia!" he at length exclaimed, in sorrow too great to be controlled, "must I then relinquish for ever these beloved pictures, which cost me such intensity of thought and labor? Must I abandon to some tasteless, heartless picture-monger these proudest tropies of my pencil, which I shall never surpass, and probably never equal?"

"My beloved husband!" replied the weeping Amelia, "do control yourself.—The sacrifice is great, but it is in compliance with a sacred duty, and the recollection will be sweet and soothing to you in after-life."

"Behold, my Amelia!" said he, with returning enthusiasm, "that noble and high-minded Arria, giving to her husband the fatal steel which has pierced her tender bosom. How eloquent her look and gesture! Do they not say, 'Poetus! it is not painful?' and do not the calm and settled purpose, the affectionate and high excitement, so finely blended in her features, surpass all power of language? And now observe, Amelia, that other beauteous form, reclining in perfect grace and self-oblivion, penitent and weeping Magdalen. Her fine eyes downcast and dim with tears—her long unbraided hair flowing in glossy luxuriance over the shoulders and bosom—her beautiful hands folded in prayer. With that picture is connected the remembrance of a generous and superlatively lovely woman whom I knew in Florence, and in the perfect features of the Magdalen you see her portrait, painted from recollection. At that time I was largely indebted to her patronage, and gratitude forbids me to part with this picture at any price."

"Keep it then!" retorted the roused Amelia with bitterness, "and let your wife and child perish with hunger, while you gaze upon the naked beauties of your Italian syren, once too probably your mistress."

"My mistress!" exclaimed the astonished painter with angry energy; "never, Amelia! Your suspicions are false, and do me and that admirable woman gross injustice."—With these words he seized the pictures, and hastened from the apartment. "Where are you going, Walstein?" called after him the repentant wife. "To sell *both* the pictures," he shouted, and rushed into the street.

The principal trader in works of art at Nuremburg was an aged and penurious man, who was locked up in his back-shop, and counting his hoard of ducats, when Walstein arrived; and the impatient artist had to knock several times for admission before the old miser could secure his treasure and unlock his door. "Hah! good morning, friend Walstein!" exclaimed the old man as he admitted the painter into his sanctuary. "How are you? Well and lively as usual? Ah! you artists are enviable men. You have no cares, no difficulties; your employment is all pleasure, and you are sure to get well paid for it.—Would that Heaven had made me a painter, instead of a poor picture-dealer; often buying dear for want of judgment, and selling cheap for want of money; no good hits to be made in these miserable times. But what have you got there, eh?—something good, I dare say," continued he, putting on his spectacles. Walstein placed the pictures in the proper light, and told the dealer that he was compelled by necessity to part with them. At this unguarded communication, a momentary grin of keen delight flitted over the sharp features of the caculating and heartless dealer, but he made no comment except the word, "Indeed!" "And my object, in calling upon you," continued the artist, "is to inquire if you will purchase them?"

"Alas! my worthy friend!" replied the cunning trader, "would you had plate, or jewels, or any thing but pictures to dispose of. There is no purchase so hazardous to a dealer, and in these pinching times there is such a spirit of economy abroad, that nobody will buy articles of mere luxury.—And then you gentlemen artists give no credit—always money down. However, if ten ducats will buy the pictures, I will risk that sum to oblige you."

"Ten ducats!" exclaimed the enraged painter, seizing the pictures. "You must be mad, old man! or you would not dare to insult me with such an offer."

"Stop, my dear sir!" shouted the old man, as he hobbled to the street-door after the hastily-retreating artist, but Walstein was already out of sight and hearing.

"I never wished evil to any human being," muttered the angry painter to himself as he hurried from the shop, "but at this moment I could see that old fellow's neck with pleasure. Alas!" continued he, musing, "how wretched is the lot of an artist in this world! His existence is a continued struggle with difficulties of every kind—with the bitterest deprivations; with the stings of poverty and neglect; and worst of all, with the malice and detraction of his competitors in art. Like the prophets of old, a painter obtains, during life, no credit in his own country; and the most valuable portion of his existence, which, to other men, is a period of rewarding labor, is passed by the wretched artist in exhausting efforts of body and mind, and in sacrificing his better judgment to the whims of collectors and the sordid views of dealers. What shall I do?" exclaimed the miserable youth. "Shall I return home as penniless as I left it? No! I cannot endure the distress of my poor wife, and the cries of that sweet nursling, whose sustenance depends upon her health and comfort. Almighty Father! look down upon me with compassion and relief before I utterly despair."

At this moment a musical voice behind him called out, "Signor Leonardo!"—Turning back with surprise, he beheld a young female beckoning to him from the door of a large hotel. "Is it possible?" exclaimed he, hastening to her. "You here, Gabriela? How is your lovely Signora? Your smiles tell me that she is not far distant from her favourite attendant.—Do announce me, Gabriela, without delay."

"What impatient men you painters are!" exclaimed the laughing fair-one. "Who told you that my mistress was in Nuremburg?"

Walstein could not command words to reply, but his flushed cheeks and trembling lips shewed how deeply he was disappointed. "I will immediately announce you," said the playful but sympathizing fille de chambre. "The Signora is in this hotel. She saw you from her balcony crossing the square to yonder picture shop, and bade me wait here to intercept you when you returned, and invite you to her presence."

"You are Heaven's own messenger, my pretty Gabriela!" said the delighted artist, as he followed up stairs the high-hearted Italian girl, who opened the door of a large apartment, and announced him. The lovely and far-famed singer Cecilia G., still preeminent in grace, but considerably thinner than when he knew her in Florence, hastened with a cordial smile to greet him.—"Welcome, most welcome, my good Leonardo!" exclaimed this enchanting woman, and envited him to a seat by her on the sofa. In reply to her kind inquiries into his situation and prospects, he told her that he was established in his native city, that he had married the object of his early love, and was the father of a beautiful boy."

"I rejoice to hear that you are a happy husband and father," rejoined the Signora. "The tranquillity of married life and domestic habits is eminently favourable to success in your profession, and I expect to see in those two pictures abundant evidence that the promising student has become a painter of the highest class. Do favour me with the sight of them."

The features of Walstein betrayed deep and singular perplexity at this request; but, after momentary hesitation, he uncovered the "Dying Arria," placed it in the proper light, and fixed a searching look upon the eloquent features of the Signora.

"What a noble picture!" exclaimed the tasteful Italian, after she had gazed with long and growing delight. "What a grand design! and what execution! What truth and depth of colouring!" she continued, in tones of impassioned enthusiasm. "Truly, Leonardo! there is magic in that picture; but you would never have achieved such a face and form as your Arria, had you not lived in Italy, and studied the majestic beauty of the Roman woman. I congratulate you sincerely upon this great and obvious improvement. Certainly this picture surpasses all that you accomplished in Italy."

"Excuse me, Signora," replied the painter, "if I presume to differ from you. I painted one picture in Florence, which I