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Swiftness and Dispatch,

AND ON MODERATE TERMS.

Doctry.

STANZAS BY LAVINIA.

'Tis in vain that I braid my hair,
Or twine its dark curls with flowers,
For none whisp'r me 'tis fair,
And tell of my bright eyes' powers.
Ising, and though sweet is my lay,
Its sweetness is thrilling to none;
Life's spring is fast wearing away,
And I am unthought and unown.

I know that my eyes are bright,
I see that my cheek is fair;
My tresses are dark as night,
And my brow is unshaded by care.
I have witnessed the flowers bloom
At the coming of nineteen springs,
And never was thought of gloom
In my young heart's imagining.

The summer is hastening on,
Its roses are fading fast,
While I am unowned and unown—
And youth, like the rose, will not last.
Young love lend me one of thy darts,
Ere my beauty, like summer has flown;
I will not wound too many hearts,
And but one will I keep as my own.

REPLY TO LAVINIA.

Not in vain have you braided your hair,
Or twined in its curls a sweet flower;
Though I said not, dear maid, you were fair,
Yet my spirit still own'd the soft power.
When I've heard your melodious voice,
Prudence bade me the sweet peril shun,
Nor dream that a maiden so choice,
If I wooed her, would ever be won.

May your spirits be ever as light,
And your brow remain ever as fair,
And your mind so resplendently bright,
Be never o'erclouded with care.
May flow'rs in thy path ever spring,
Blooming fresh, till life's journey be done,
And the village bells very soon ring,
To say you are wooed—and are won!

FOR SALE,

BY THE SUBSCRIBER:—

130 BOXES ENGLISH SOAP,
50 do. Candles,
30 Barrels Apples (Famouse),
5 Boxes Sweet Spiced Zealand Chocolate,

—ALSO—

Muscadel, Valencia, and Sultana Raisins,
Zante Currants, Almonds, Spanish Grapes,
Citron, Lemon and Orange Peels, Nutmegs,
Mace, Cloves, Cinnamon, Maccaroons, Ver-
mucilli, Sperm Candles and Condit-
ments, French Olives, Wix's Mustard
Pickles and Sauces, &c. &c.

W. LECHEMINANT.

13th Dec. No. 1, Fabrique Street.

THE MAID OF PAUDA:

OR, — THE COUNCIL OF TWO.

By W. H. HARRISON.

It was on the occasion of the heir of Visconti attaining his majority, that the splendid palace of the Count, his father, was the scene of feasting and rejoicing. All the world, that is to say, the world of Padua, was there; and every thing which could please the eye or the ear of the man of taste, or administer to the less refined appetites of the lovers of good living, was provided with a liberality commensurate with the princely revenues of the hospitable entertainer.

The host, not confining his invitations to the rich and the high-born, had gathered around him those whose only wealth was their talents; and, among others, was a young student of the university, whose name was Leonardo; and who, by the liveliness of his wit, contributed largely to the amusement of the evening. Wherever he moved, a circle gathered around him, and even a blind man might have traced his progress, through the crowded saloons, by the laughter which proclaimed his presence.

He was standing by an open window, when some quick reply, which he had made to a rallying remark that was addressed to him, attracted the attention of a female who was sitting with her back to the company, and caused her to turn her face full upon the speaker. Leonardo paused, and the merry expression of his features, changed, for a moment, to that of admiration, as the beautiful visage of that fair girl's face met his gaze. It will not be difficult to find excuses for the vanity which stimulated the young student to put forth all his powers of conversation, while he felt that the attention of so lovely an auditor was riveted upon him, nor did he task his genius in vain; and a smile from the sweetest lips in all Padua was the rich reward of his exertions, as with a sparkling yet good natured repartee, he turned the jest of some assailant upon himself.

"Did Leonardo fall in love with the damsel?" it will be asked. He was infinitely too discreet a person to think seriously of the heiress of the wealthiest house in Italy. It is true, that he thought her the fairest creature he had ever seen; and had he been the heir of Visconti, he would have been but too happy to share his honors and possession with such a wife. But the case was far otherwise. Leonardo, though of respectable family, was dependent upon his talents for making his way in the world; and the path he had chosen to fame and fortune was that of medicine, in the science of which, he had, young as he was, attained a degree of proficiency that had attracted the notice, and gained the applause of the heads of the college.

His means were limited, but, happily for him, his wants were more so; and thus, by abstinence from the gaudies, to use no harsher term, which characterized the generality of the young men of the university, he reaped the advantages of unimpaired health, and freedom from the anxiety consequent on pecuniary embarrassments, as well as from the ignominy which the pursuit of pleasure ever makes upon the line of the student.

Young ladies of eighteen are not remarkable to their honor be it mentioned—for pecuniary calculation in affairs of the heart; and we will not disguise from the reader, who has a right to our confidence, that something like admiration of the student found its way into the bosom of Giulietta Montalto, as she listened to the conversation of Leonardo. That his face had anything to do with her admiration we cannot believe, for he was not one of those Wetter-visage men, with an expression which has been described as "half savage, half sad," with whom young maidens are wont to fall in love at first sight, and take their morals upon trust.

Leonardo, on the contrary, was the merriest fellow alive; and his countenance said as much, and if a light conscience, and unwary health could make a man merry, he had good right to be so. It may be, however, that this was the very quality which had taken

Giulietta's fancy. She had known, even in her short life, many very miserable wives, who she was informed, had very "sad husbands;" and therefore it is possible that she might prefer a merry one. This, however, is mere conjecture—we wish not to dive into the depths of a young lady's heart, though perhaps, if we did, we should find some very funny thoughts there. This, however, we do know; that on her arrival at home, she remarked to the abigal who assisted her to undress, that she thought Leonardo worth all the tagged, tasselled, and tinsel-covered coxcombs at the entertainment.

Well, time passed on, as pass it will—whether we waste or value it; and our young collegian studied, and danced, and fiddled, and joked, about three weeks previous, Giulietta had been persuaded to remain in the damp air of the evening longer than was warranted by prudence, and the consequence was a somewhat severe cold; that the sister of the marchese her father, who was frequently on a visit at his house, had professed the greatest alarm on the occasion, and insisted upon calling in medical aid, pointing out one Vivaldi, a physician who had settled in Padua some year or two before, and by the almost miraculous cures he performed had acquired a reputation which eclipsed that of every practitioner in the city. The page went on to state that this measure was adopted, if against the remonstrance of the marchese, certainly in opposition to his opinion, inasmuch as he was disposed to regard the indisposition of his daughter as a mere cold which the ordinary remedies, and a few hours confinement to her chamber, would remove.

Accordingly the physician came; looked remarkably grave upon the case, hinted at pulmonary disease, and concluded by stating that if prompt measures were not resorted to, he would not answer for the consequences. Of course he had *carte blanche*—prescribed, and recommended that a nurse should forthwith be provided—some discreet person whom the young lady's family would doubtless be able to select. Her aunt, the marchese's sister, named one on the instant, and Giulietta, *volens nolens*, was placed on the permanent sick list. The remedies, however, which were applied by the physician, appeared, in the judgment of the page, to be worse than the disease; for the effects of the first dose were giddiness and loss of sight, and a train of feelings altogether so unusual, that if they did not create apprehensions in the breast of the young lady, thoroughly alarmed her faithful servant.

The page paused for a moment at this part of his narrative, when his auditor remarked, "Well, my friend, in taking for granted that I feel an interest in a lady whose virtues must recommend her to all who have the honour of her acquaintance, you do me but justice; but to confess the truth I am at a loss to guess to what your story tends. Vivaldi is a man of unquestionable ability—without a rival in Padua, and your mistress is in good hands."

"I doubt it," responded Vivaldi.

"Indeed!" exclaimed the student with a smile; "then you differ from all the world in your estimate of his talents."

"Nay," rejoined the stripling, "I doubt not his talents, but I fear that they are sometimes applied to kill as well as to cure."

"In the name of all that is horrible," cried Leonardo, "what do you mean?"

"I will tell you," said the page, "because I can trust you with my secret."

"Your confidence is of rapid growth then," was the rejoinder, "for if I mistake not, we have never exchanged so many words before."

"Have you so soon forgotten," asked the other, "the widow's son whom you visited in his sickness and poverty, and rescued him from an early grave, to be the stay of his mother in her distress, which, thanks to my lord the marchese! it has been his good fortune to alleviate."

"And are you," exclaimed the student in surprise, "the little fellow whom I visited in the dark street by the convent?"

"The same," was the answer, "and be lieve to thank you as his preserver."

"Nay," responded Leonardo, "thank God, whose humble instrument, He was pleased to

"In no safer place," was the reply; "than my own room, where you will find me from eight until midnight. Know you the house?"

"Yes, signor, and will wait on you at nine."

"Be it so," said Leonardo; and ere the words died upon his lips, the page darted down a narrow avenue, leaving our student lost in a wilderness of conjecture as to the occasion of the promised visit.

The last stroke of the hour of nine was yet vibrating, when a gentle tap was given at the door of Leonardo's humble chamber, and the next moment, the page advanced with noiseless step into the room before the student.

The boy's story was briefly to the effect, that, about three weeks previous, Giulietta had been persuaded to remain in the damp air of the evening longer than was warranted by prudence, and the consequence was a somewhat severe cold; that the sister of the marchese her father, who was frequently on a visit at his house, had professed the greatest alarm on the occasion, and insisted upon calling in medical aid, pointing out one Vivaldi, a physician who had settled in Padua some year or two before, and by the almost miraculous cures he performed had acquired a reputation which eclipsed that of every practitioner in the city. The page went on to state that this measure was adopted, if against the remonstrance of the marchese, certainly in opposition to his opinion, inasmuch as he was disposed to regard the indisposition of his daughter as a mere cold which the ordinary remedies, and a few hours confinement to her chamber, would remove.

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It happened one morning, as he was passing through an obscure street in Padua, he felt his garment plucked, and on turning round beheld a stripling, Vincenzo by name, whom he recognized as the page of Giulietta. The youth cast a hasty glance around him to satisfy himself if no other eye than Leonardo's was upon him. "Your pardon, signor," he said in a subdued tone, "but I have that to say, which may not be breathed here, least a bird should carry the matter; but where may I safely communicate with you at nightfall?"