

## RETHEL'S WOOD CUT, DER TOD ALS FREUND.

See, the long day is drawing to its close;  
The sun dips down; the night flows in apace,  
With spray-cool breath, blown freshly in my face,  
And wavelet whisperings of a long repose.

And who art thou—how still the twilight grows—  
Has stolen in to take my ringer's place?  
Ah, Death, old friend, for this I yield these grace,  
Thou art as welcome as a winter's rose.

Here will I sit, and listen to the bell  
Ripple the silence that is gathering round  
With sounds that swoon, and swoon, and faintly swell,  
And swoon again, till silence and sweet sound  
Melt in the murmur of a faint farewell—  
Die into nothing—and so rest—is found.

FRANK T. MARZIALS.

## THE SIBYL OF THE GHETTO.

A RECOLLECTION OF ROME.

Some years ago I was spending an evening with an old Spanish lady who had apartments in Rome looking out on the Corso. Denizens of Rome a few years since will perhaps remember Madame M. and her little soirées, and my story will recall that kind old lady, with her rich gray silk dress, and white hair dressed à la Marquise, covered with a lappet of point lace which was tied under the chin.

On the evening I speak of, the only persons present were a young girl, Lucia we will call her, the daughter of a petty Roman nobleman, whose estates, or rather the remnant of them, lay in the Campagna; the Duca di Curtei (whose boast was that he claimed descent in an unbroken line from a common ancestor with Quintus Curtius); and myself.

The night before we had all attended the charity ball at the Braschi Palace. It had been Lucia's first introduction to the gay world, and her curiosity had been excited by a tall, fair, passé-looking woman in a shabby black silk dress, and a magnificent diamond cross.

This lady, who was known as Madame Dubois, was indeed a mystery. She had the entrée into the most aristocratic circles of that most exclusive of cities, though no one knew anything of her, or whence she came. The secret of her influence had completely baffled inquiry and even conjecture. Society stood in awe of her without any tangible reason. She had subtly caused it to be rumoured that she was the last scion of the Stuarts, for which report there appeared to be little or no foundation, beyond a slight resemblance to that ill-starred race which might be seen in her features.

Few visitors were allowed to penetrate the apartments she occupied in a tumbledown old palace close to the Ghetto, but it was whispered that after twelve at night (the universal hour for breaking up Roman réceptions at the time I am speaking of) doubtful figures were to be seen entering her door, and it was commonly supposed that she was the rallying-point of a strong political party, of whom we will speak no further.

While talking together respecting this mysterious individual, she was rather unexpectedly announced, when an awkward pause ensued.

Conversation was soon renewed in broken snatches, and as, with the exception of Madame Dubois, we were all intimate, I asked our hostess to give me a pack of cards, that I might tell Lucia whether or not she had captivated any of her partners of the previous evening. The girl delightedly assented, for, like all Italian women, she was a firm believer in fortune-telling—in which acquirement a few lucky co-incidences had won me a reputation in my own circle.

She made at that moment a pretty picture—her face lighted up with the frank bright smile so common amongst her country-women.

Lucia was, and is still, one of those brilliant blondes rarely to be met with except in the south of Europe—a sunny tint pervading her pale golden hair, her milky complexion, and her clear, childlike, blue eyes.

A table was soon cleared, and after making her shuffle, cut, and turn the cards a few times, I laid them out in the form of a square.

'You are face to face with the Scotchman,' I said to her; 'hearts and diamonds surround you both; love and money, my dear girl, and a speedy marriage between you and the handsome Scotchman of last night's ball!'

Madame Dubois had all this time been watching our proceedings with a keen interest—her cold, bright, steely-gray eyes, which many declared had a mesmerizing influence, now fixed on Lucia, now on the cards.

'I have heard many strange stories told of the Jewish fortune-tellers in the Ghetto,' said Madame M.; 'I am a disbeliever, and I must confess to having a great dislike to that amusement.'

'I think, madame, has been taking some lessons in the Ghetto,' said the Duca, 'so well has she acquired the gipsy's trick of never taking her eyes off the face of her poor dupe.'

'What would I not give,' said Lucia, 'to consult a really good fortune-teller!'

'I think I could gratify your wish,' tentatively remarked Madame Dubois.

Lucia looked eagerly towards Madame M. (with whom she was staying), and having, by dint of coaxing, won an unwilling consent, it was agreed that I should chaperone her the following evening to the house of Madame Dubois, who would accompany us to the Ghetto.

A little after seven o'clock, a hired coach set us down at the gate of dilapidated palace, in a narrow dirty street paved with small round stones. In one of the lower rooms was a pizzicagnolo's shop, behind the heavily grated windows of which were displayed a few yellow

bottle-shaped skins of lard, and a sausage or two, in order to tempt any customers who might happen to be passing.

Strange scenes had taken place within those old walls. Tradition has transmitted to us the worse than blood-stained memory of one baron, who stands out in relief as the most depraved noble of his degenerate age. In that gloomy building a daughter has suffered for a father's crime, and the suite of rooms she had occupied were still in existence, panelled with tapestry said to have been designed by Raffaele.

The apartments occupied by Madame Dubois had once been the banqueting-rooms of this place, and the scene of many a brilliant assemblage, the memory of which still survives, though the actors have long since been laid in their graves.

Here had been a frequent guest Isabella dei Medici, the daughter of Cosmo, and afterwards Duchess of Orsini, inheritor of her mother's beauty and frailty. Her infidelity to her husband, Paolo Giordano, Duke of Orsini, was expiated by death at his hands. Her brother Francis, tolerant as he was towards the failings of his own wife, the infamous Bianca Capella, urged upon his brother-in-law the necessity for his sister's death, and was privy to her being strangled, in order that the honour of the Orsini and the Medici might be saved.

Having ascended the broken staircase, we reached an ante-chamber bearing the arms of the family who had in olden times held state within its walls. Once petty sovereigns, their intrigues against the Pontiff and boundless extravagance had been their ruin. To so low an ebb were the remaining members reduced, that a daughter of the last baron kept a small haberdasher's shop within fifty yards of her father's last possession.

Admitted by a staid-looking man, who formed Madame Dubois' entire household, we were ushered into a large uncarpeted room, in which were some old-fashioned pier tables and glasses, evidently fixtures of the house, for they contrasted strongly with some magnificent Florentine cabinets filled with a rare collection of Venetian glass, and with furniture of a more modern date than is generally met with in Rome.

Tea was served, after which Madame Dubois declared herself at our service, reminding Lucia that she must on no account offer money to the sibyl upon her introduction, but that she might on leaving give whatever she pleased.

Wending our way towards the Ghetto—for Madame Dubois told us it was necessary to walk that we might escape observation—we soon arrived at a mean-looking house, the door of which stood wide open.

Preceded by Madame Dubois, we passed through a low room filled with bales of all manner of silks, stuffs, &c., into a small smoky den, which was pervaded by an overpowering odour of garlic. We discerned by the dim light of a cotton wick, which was burning in the cup of an antique bronze lamp, that an old woman with a red handkerchief tied round her head was frying some unsavoury-looking pieces of fish over some charcoal in a brazier.

There was a strange admixture of squalor and wealth in that room. Over the poor little bed was spread, as coverlet, what had been a beautiful Indian shawl, the gold threads running through the embroidery of which would alone have realised no inconsiderable sum. The lamp before mentioned was perfect in design, and on a small *étagère* of black carved wood fastened against the wall were some matchless pieces of Dresden china.

The old woman laid aside her frying-pan on our entrance, and bringing forward some stools, requested us to be seated with an air of courtesy hardly to be expected from her uncouth appearance. She guessed the object of our visit, for turning on Lucia a pair of kindly dark eyes, which, though dim with advancing age, still showed traces of marvellous beauty, she addressed a few words to Madame Dubois, and left the room.

She returned almost immediately, accompanied by a strikingly beautiful young woman of about twenty-two years old, in the picturesque contadina costume, her dark hair being fastened in a coil at the back of her head by an elaborately-wrought gold dagger, which was in all probability an heirloom. To our astonishment we recognised a famous model whom we will call Gemma.

This girl was then at her zenith, and was the *beau idéal* of that beauty the type of which has been transmitted by the ancient Romans to their descendants of the present day. She had the creamy complexion, soft black eyes, perfect teeth, and pure profile, slightly inclining to aquiline, together with the massive jaw, pillar-like throat, and stately carriage, which are characteristic of the inhabitants of Rome. Among the many portraits of Gemma extant, none do justice to her lithe graceful figure, or to the radiant expression of her face.

Many are the stories recorded of Gemma in Rome. The admiration she excited wherever she appeared fairly turned her head, and she imagined herself a fit prize for an English milord at the very least. She held the artists who employed her in the most supreme contempt, which she did not take much pains to conceal, and was almost broken-hearted, poor girl, when newer beauty appeared on the scene, and she was comparatively forgotten.

Gemma spoke a few words to Madame Dubois, with whom she appeared to be well acquainted. She then addressed herself to Lucia. A few minutes were enough for initial processes, and

the fair sibyl entered upon her task, if I may so speak. The reader will excuse me if I do not expose the rites and ceremonies through which my young friend was taken. In sober truth they are not worth description. They were not very dramatic or sensational; but I am told that it is usual to train, or at least to proceed cautiously in this work with the novitiate. On a subsequent occasion Lucia would, I am veritably informed, have been subjected to an ordeal far more trying to the nerves, if not more satisfactory in results, than the commonplace modes adopted on this occasion. One little fact was, however, note-worthy. Gemma evidently possessed a tolerably accurate knowledge of Lucia's surroundings and affairs—how obtained it was impossible for us to determine.

In about half an hour she rose and took leave of us with the air of a queen, making an appointment for the same hour on the following evening, in order to finish her divination.

That appointment was never kept.

We all three hurried back towards Madame Dubois' apartments. On our way we observed that she was restless and ill at ease, looking furtively behind her every now and then. When we arrived within a few yards of the old palace in which she dwelt, she was accosted by a man, wrapped in a large cloak, whom Lucia remembered to have passed on our way to the Ghetto. At sight of this muffled figure Madame Dubois trembled violently and caught me by the arm. The man addressed but few words to her, in a low voice, and calling a coach which stood close by, they both got into it and drove rapidly off.

It is needless to say that Lucia and I were alarmed and well-nigh paralysed by this incident. Mastering this fear, however, as soon and as perfectly as I could, I drew her arm within my own and hastened to the nearest carriage-stand, and having hurried my charge into the first conveyance I could get I returned home, first dropping Lucia at Madame M.'s.

What were Lucia's emotions that night I have thought it only discreet never to inquire of her. What were my own I cannot describe.

After breakfast next morning I called at Madame M.'s, in the hope of ascertaining whether or not any tidings had reached her of Madame Dubois, and to my surprise found Lucia with her father. He had evidently received some hint of his daughter's proceedings, and was expatiating in lengthy terms of disapprobation. I did not feel too proud of myself when on my introduction to him, he expressed a polite surprise that a lady of my years and respectability should be party to such discreditable folly.

I have little more to tell.

Years have told but slightly on Madame M. She is still the centre of one of the most delightful circles in a continental town which shall be nameless.

Those who have any knowledge of Rome at the period I speak of will not be surprised to hear that we never heard the fate of Madame Dubois.

The proceedings of the Holy Office were as secret as the grave. If, as would seem not improbable, this mysterious lady, like many others of her sex, in every grade, and class, and caste of Italian women throughout the peninsula, was a conspirator, or agent for conspirators, she would probably have been transferred to the *Vivi-Sepolti* for the rest of her days; and she would be permitted to know as little of the outer world as that world thereafter knew of her. If she had been guilty of any of the ordinary crimes against society, she would be dealt with accordingly, and perhaps had her lot assigned in that convent, or in some other place of confinement. Or, if her offences were of a kind that such precaution would suffice to meet the necessities of the case, in the judgment of the arbitrary rulers of that sealed tribunal, perhaps she would be allotted a passport, with the added luxury of servile attentions by a disguised policeman until she crossed the frontier of the Roman States. All that I now is—she was never seen or heard of again in Rome.

Still more unaccountable was Gemma's connection with the Ghetto, for in Rome, more than in any other city in the world that I know of, Jew and Gentile keep apart. What that extraordinary combination portended to silly 'unprotected females' I might have been able to tell the reader, if Madame Dubois had not been so unceremoniously taken away from us, and if we had not through our mutual fears, in consequence, terminated by one *séance* our acquaintanceship with the Sibyl of the Ghetto.

G. P. M.

## PRESBYTERIAN UNION.

An esteemed correspondent who signs himself A MINISTER OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN CANADA, writes that the names of the four churches which have lately united, are the following: (1) The Presbyterian Church of Canadian connection with the Church of Scotland, (2) The Canada Presbyterian Church, (3) The Presbyterian Church of the Lower Provinces, and (4) The Church of the Maritime Provinces in connection with the Church of Scotland.

He adds that they have now five colleges, some partly, others wholly theological—namely Knox at Toronto, Queen's at Kingston, the Presbyterian College at Montreal, Morrin at Quebec, and Dalhousie at Halifax. With these it is not designed to interfere. A central theological seminary has not been proposed.

## A FAMOUS MEDICAL INSTITUTION.

(From the Chicago Times.)

'The name of Dr. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., has become as familiar to the people all over the country as 'household words.' His wonderful remedies, his pamphlets and books, and his large medical experience, have brought him into prominence and given him a solid reputation. The Times, in the present issue, presents a whole page communication from Dr. Pierce and our readers may gain from it some idea of the vast proportions of his business and the merits of his medicines. He has at Buffalo a mammoth establishment, appropriately named 'The World's Dispensary,' where patients are treated, and the remedies compounded. Here nearly a hundred persons are employed in the several departments and a corps of able and skilled physicians stand ready to alleviate the sufferings of humanity by the most approved methods. These physicians are in frequent consultation with Dr. Pierce, and their combined experience is brought to bear on the successful treatment of obstinate cases. The Doctor is a man of a large medical experience and his extensive knowledge of materia medica has been acknowledged by presentations of degrees from two of the first Medical Colleges in the land.'

If you would patronize Medicines, scientifically prepared by a skilled Physician and Chemist, use Dr. Pierce's Family Medicines. Golden Medical Discovery is nutritious, tonic, alterative and blood-cleansing, and an unequalled Cough Remedy; Pleasant Purgative Pellets, scarcely larger than mustard seeds, constitute an agreeable and reliable physic; Favorite Prescription, a remedy for debilitated females; Extract of Smart-Weed, a magical remedy for Pain, Bowel Complaints, and an unequalled Liniment for both human and horse-flesh; while his Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is known the world over as the greatest specific for Catarrh and 'Cold in the Head' ever given to the public. They are sold by Druggists.

## MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

It is said that Mlle. Titiens will receive £20,000 for her six months engagement in America.

Punch says of 'Lohengrin,' that although there is a king in the opera, there is no air apparent.

A FIGURANTE of a theatre has been fined for not fulfilling all her contracts, that of helping to form the queue, before the ticket office of the theatre.

OFFENBACH is at present at Etretat, where he is writing the music of his opera, *La Créole*, which will be the chief piece of the winter season at the Bouffes.

THE first two hundred performances of *Le Tour du Monde en 80 Jours*, at the Porte St. Martin Theatre in Paris, produced 1,437,163 fr., or an average of 7,187 fr. a night.

It is reported that Miss Lydia Thompson has fascinating designs on the Parisians. If so she will conquer. It is said she is going to appear at the Athénée with her troupe.

MME PATTI-CAUX appeared at a fancy dress ball in London, a short time ago, as Rebecca of 'Ivanhoe'. She wore a costume that was almost entirely studded with diamonds.

SIX hundred guineas have been given by Mr. Haddock, of Leeds, for the 'Emperor' violin, one of the finest Cremonas in existence. The maker is Antonio Stradivari.

HEIK JOHANN STRAUSS, delighted with the success of *La Reine Indigo* at the Renaissance, has promised to return to Paris in the autumn, and write a new opera for the French stage.

LEVY, of comet fame, has arrived from Europe and is under contract to appear at Gilmore's Concert Garden. He brings with him the golden chair presented him by the Czar of Russia.

THE Duke of Edinburgh has, it is understood, composed, and in private played, several pieces of his own—solos for the violin, violoncello, and duets for the violin and flute. It is said that they will soon be published.

Mlle AIMEE has been frugal, it appears. She went back to France this time with 100,000 francs, and is soon to give a house-warming at her magnificent new house at Troquet, for which she has been laying by money almost ever since the beginning of her career.

ONE William Shakespeare is attracting considerable attention in London. The gentleman is a young tenor of promise, who was educated at the Royal Academy of Music, and won the Mendelssohn scholarship there some time ago. He recently made his debut at a concert of the Philharmonic Society.

NONE of the works of the great composers who belonged to the Musical Academy of St. Cecilia in Rome are treasured in its archives, which are filled with the forgotten lore of the nobodies. The works of the latter were truly put on the shelves, to rot, while the live compositions went forth in all the world to captivate and delight.

The most curious theatrical sign of the times at Paris is the revival of the old love for Scribe. The Odéon has been playing *Genève* and *La Demoiselle à Marier*. The Gymnase has been playing *La Protégée sans le savoir*. In the two first comedies Mlle Blanche Barretta has been making her last appearance before she enters the Comédie Française. The third has been revived in conjunction with *La Perle Noire* by Eardou.

MR. MONTAGUE would seem to have produced the inevitable effect in San Francisco. The *Chronicle* of a recent date says: 'The beautiful Mr. Montague made the tour of the matinee yesterday under the care of Mr. McCulloch and six policemen, who gallantly defended him from the onslaughts of his admirers. The Adonises of Hogley's troupe had the pleasure of playing to the chignons of the audience while he stood in the doorway. An extra box has been engaged at the post-office for all letters in pink envelopes, and all the precautions necessary for the gentleman's safety are duly observed.'

A LETTER from St. Petersburg states that the benefit performance of Madame Judic produced a sum of 20,000 fr. The stalls, which cost 10 roubles [3fr. 50c. each], were sold for at least 25. The artist also received three magnificent presents—a suite of diamonds worth 20,000 fr.; a dart for the headress in brilliants, with a sapphire as large as a pigeon's egg, valued at 80,000 fr.; and a diamond bracelet worth 22,000 fr. If to the above be added the 100,000 fr. she received for her engagement, her private soirées, and other presents, it will be found that she made in six weeks sufficient for an income of £16,000 fr. a year. Such a piece of good fortune has perhaps never fallen to any artist of the Bouffes or even of the Italian Opera.