

THE SABBATH.

Fresh glides the brook and blows the gale,
Yet under hails the quiet mill;
The whirling wheel, the rushing sail,
How motionless and still!

Six days of toil, poor child of Cain,
Thy strength the slave of want may be;
The seventh thy limbs escape the chain—
A God hath made thee free!

Ah! tender was the law that gave
This holy respite to the breast,
To breathe the gale, to watch the wind,
And know the wheel may rest!

But where the waves the gentlest glide,
What image charms to light thine eyes?
The spire reflected on the tide
Invites thee to the skies.

To teach the soul its noblest worth,
The rest from mortal toil is given;
Go snatch the brief reprieve from earth,
And pass—a guest to Heaven.

They tell thee, in their dreaming school,
Of power from old dominion hurled,
When rich and poor, with juster rule,
Shall share the altered world.

Alas! since time itself began,
That fable hath but fooled the hour;
Each age that ripens power in man
But subjects man to power.

Yet every day in seven, at least,
One bright republic shall be known;
Man's world awhile hath surely ceased,
When God proclaims his own!

Six days may rank divide the poor,
Oh, Dives, from Thy banquet-hall;
The seventh the Father opens his door,
And holds His feast for all!

THE ROMANCE OF A YOUNG MUSICIAN.

A CAPRICCIO IN FOUR MOVEMENTS.

I.

LARGO CON DOLORE.

Alone in a great city Carl Rousseau wandered, seeking a sympathetic face among the thousand pedestrians hurrying along the streets. His history was not an uncommon one. His parents were French people, and they had rather late in life sought an asylum in America. After saving a little sum of money, they paid their debt to nature, leaving Carl, an only child, to battle with the world. His father was a noted professor of music in a great conservatory, whose great talents were always in demand when a particularly difficult symphony or overture was to be directed, for his deep musical knowledge was a passion rather than a study, and such men are able to evoke concord from chaos. Carl, a young man of seventeen or eighteen, inherited his father's culture, and, in addition to a profound musical education for his years, combined with it his mother's sympathetic passion for all the higher forms of art. His mother, too, had transmitted to him a face whose lineaments bespoke the finest elements of character, and gave an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual beauty. He was unfitted for anything but an artist, but with some divine mistress for his guardian angel, he would develop richness of soul and intellect. His parents had lived alone with their art, and a warm glow of home-life found around their hearthstone much of the sweetness and purity of Eden before that great discord, Satan, despoiled it. The destruction of this ideal home, and death's intrusion, was a cruel blow to Carl, and for a long time his lacerated and reticent spirit refused comfort. He did not awake from his stupor until he noticed with alarm how rapidly his money was dwindling away. Rousing from his lethargy, he began to compose, but not altogether to his liking, since everything was tinged with melancholy; yet he resolved to venture them upon the sea of public favor, and take them to the music-dealers. Store after store he visited, but found no purchasers. The market was glutted, and his youthful face was, in the eyes of possible buyers, a sure sign of some emasculated collection of notes. Thoroughly disheartened and wearied, he returned home, for there were none even to ask a hearing. He discovered, however, that one of the songs, on which he had expended much care, was missing. None of them proved saleable, and the loss gave him no pang. No doubt the wind was hurling it to and fro, or mayhap it had found a humbler bed, and was speeding down the gutter with the refuse of the streets.

II.

ALLEGRO BRIOSO.

Some weeks later, Carl Rousseau again sought the great musical establishments, for he must sell some of his work or starve. About midday he entered one of the largest publishing houses, and while looking over the late music spread upon the counters, came across his lost song, printed just as he had written it. For a moment he was amazed, as he saw the song was marked the "third edition"—a sure sign of popularity. He asked to see the proprietor, and told the story of his manuscript. He was soon in possession of the facts in regard to its publication. Gen. Gubert, a gentleman of wealth and culture, had been persuaded by his daughter Marie, a devoted musician, to have the music examined by competent judges. The well-known reputation of the house had induced him to take it there, and the dainty poem being wedded to a beautiful melody, they gladly assumed the responsibility of its publication. The song was published, and the story of its rescue from the street was printed on the title-page. Carl was still further astonished when a liberal sum was placed in his hands as his share of the proceeds. While the musical critic was examining other manuscripts, Gen. Gubert and his daughter entered. The blushing author was introduced,

and congratulated on the success of his first venture. At the instance of Marie, Carl was taken home to dine, for one could see at a glance that he was a thorough gentleman. Carl's spirits brightened under the influence of the sparkling chatter of his newly found friends, and before dinner, at the earnest solicitation of both, he went to the piano and sang the little song to which he owed his introduction. His sympathetic voice, carefully cultivated, gave a new meaning to the words, and his fair critic heartily praised the music, which praise was the sweetest thing that ever had fallen on a composer's ear. He afterward found utterance for his feelings on the keyboard, and a flood of melody poured forth, which opened new vistas to the enraptured girl. He translated the story of his life, painting in brilliant colors his joys, and shading its vivid light with the sombre scenes of trouble. Now it rippled forth like a mountain cascade springing down silvery rocks, to the tinkling of golden bells and the music of birds; then, all hushed, it marched in stately woe, while underneath wailed desolate heart-throbs. Now it told of burning aspirations, which hoped all things and dared all things. The finale was full of brightness as a midsummer day, and sent the pulses dancing to its jocund strains. The clouds had been chased from the sky, and the air was filled with unutterable joy. After the conclusion, there was a deep silence from his audience. They were so enraptured they did not care to break the spell woven by the masterhand of the young artist. Gen. Gubert, although not so impressionable as his daughter, was taken by surprise. He did not affect connoisseurship, but he knew the artist's performance had thrilled him through and through. He recognized the genius of the young man, the more especially as, in answer to his question, Carl replied:

"Sir, that never was written; I was playing my thoughts."

Before he left the mansion, Carl was engaged to conduct Marie Gubert's musical studies. It is true, he was unknown as yet, but father and daughter were thoroughly impressed with the fire of his genius, as well as convinced of the truth of his story. Confidence was irresistible. A doubt of his integrity and manhood never entered their minds, for nature had written the seal of nobility upon his face.

Marie Gubert was the motherless idol of a devoted father—a pure, unspotted girl, whose every thought and action was undefiled and unaffected. Hers was not a handsome face, but a noble one. Her brown eyes were wells of truth and love, sparkling with beauty and intellect. The expression of her face and its lovely contour were sure to attract every one. Masses of dark hair set off to advantage the Grecian oval of her face. The dignity of her carriage and the poise of her head were perfect. Her conversation was charming and vivacious, investing even the most commonplace subjects with new delight. It was the noble bearing and the soulful face of Marie Gubert which attracted to her side both young and old, and made her popular with every one.

Carl went home with a new lease of life and brighter hopes. His acquaintance with Gen. Gubert marked a new era in the young musician's history. The fame of his teaching spread abroad, and ere long his class was well-nigh filled. His manuscripts found favor, and they were eagerly sought after, but having found in the publishers of his first waif honorable and liberal employers, he preferred to remain with them.

A concert was soon to occur in aid of some charity, and Gen. Gubert, being one of the managers, solicited Carl's help, urging him to appear, as it would redound to his fame, as well as assist a noble object. The artist's diffidence was great, but the combined attack of father and daughter overcame it, and he was announced for a violin solo. It was his introduction to the public, and he was not a little nervous when he stepped upon the stage. The personal appearance of the young man was prepossessing. A slight flush incarnadined his cheek, and in the glare of the gaslight he looked wonderfully handsome. There was a little uncertainty in the prelude, but as he proceeded, he forgot self, and threw all his genius into the music. The technical difficulties were not so great as the skill required to give the music a soul. In different hands, the score was meaningless, but under the inspiration of the performer, it was a revelation to the audience. It had been attempted, not long before, by an eminent professor, whose rendering was lifeless and cold. It fell flat upon critical ears, and it was with murmurs they saw it again upon the programme. Carl had grasped the author's meaning, and breathed the breath of life into "a composition which deserved oblivion," said the critics. It was a rare bit of music-painting, rather weird, but yet richly colored. His enthusiasm was communicated to Marie Gubert, who accompanied the violin with the piano, and under whose skillful teaching she had gained an insight into its mysteries. It was declared the most enjoyable number of the programme by the connoisseurs, and the audience bestowed thorough appreciation of it by applause long and continued. No inducement could persuade Carl to repeat it, and the director, seeing the complete mental exhaustion that followed, did not urge its repetition. His position as a great interpreter of the best music was now thoroughly assured.

Carl's intense devotion to art was communicated to his pupil, and together they walked hand in hand into the penetralia of music's realm. She followed as he led on beyond the pale of ordinary musical knowledge. The speed at which they were going, and the strain which

was developed, was intense. Music usurped every niche in the young girl's mind, and upon her mental nature Carl had almost supernatural power. They wandered into the depths of Bach and Beethoven and Wagner, and all things to them were soluble in music. Marie devotedly worshipped at its shrine, and looked up to Carl as high-priest. Day by day its subtle influence took stronger hold, and Carl unconsciously was taking Marie beyond her depth. They were enthusiastic in their work—so enthusiastic that color began to desert Marie's cheek, and her physical nature to decline. Carl's intense application and eloquent praise of his art had created a mental vortex, into which her impressionable nature was drawn.

Days and weeks passed on, and found her more than ever given up to passionate study. She gave many hours to her instrument and devoured everything in the way of musical literature, as well as the study of the classic composers. In all this she was abetted by Carl, who began to find that his pupil was rapidly approaching a point where her knowledge would equal his own. There was a height she could never attain. Carl had a deep, masculine insight, tempered by sensitively poetic emotion. Marie's brain could grasp the underlying current of musical structure, and could give expression to her thoughts; but, after all, the true ideal sense was wanting, as well as that vigor and strong brain-work which must form the basis of any great or lasting conception. She had the prescience to fathom what she could not create, while Carl, with that sense developed to a greater degree, had the depth and breadth of will and imagination to transfer grand ideas to paper, and give them proper treatment.

Love began to weave his mystic harmonies into every-day life, and every day found the hearts of the young musicians growing closer together. What an awakening there would be some day, when all its subtle sweetness would stand revealed!

Gen. Gubert, noted, with much alarm, the declining health of his daughter, and a skillful physician saw at once that she must be removed from this superheated existence, and a hurried exodus to Italy was resolved upon. When Marie made this known to Carl, love deftly opened their eyes, and each read the wealth of hitherto unknown devotion.

They bade each other adieu with vows of constancy and frequent letters. Carl tremblingly placed on her finger a ring, the precious heirloom of his family. It was of curious design and workmanship, valuable alike for its regal diamond and its antique and delicate chasing. He went back to his work with a determination to make himself worthy of his newly acquired treasure, and followed the "Germania" with many longing thoughts and benedictions.

III.

ANDANTE BARCAROLE.

Dancing over the waves sped the good ship "Germania," bearing Marie Gubert and her father to the sunny land. On board there was a certain Count Roscoe, whose form and face seemed to have been fashioned by an angel, so noble, handsome, and distinguished were they. His melancholy black eyes, heavy silken hair and moustache of deepest black, and his mellifluous tongue were the subject of much comment. He dressed in exquisite taste, and his manners were admirable. His bearing was that of a prince, and he was reputed wealthy. On ship-board every one knows every one else, and the "Germania" was not many days out before he became acquainted with Gen. Gubert and his daughter. The general capitulated at once to the address and polished manners of the handsome count. The count was of course always welcomed by Miss Gubert, and he sought to play upon her affections. He set himself deliberately to work to gain the confidence, and if possible the love, of the distinguished American girl. With such delicate tact and grace did he proceed that his unsuspecting victim fell unconsciously into the toils. Carl began to be less and less in her thoughts, and the journal she had intended to return to him as soon as they landed, began to gape with wounds for the sensitive artist. The poetry and glamour about a count, his general knowledge of books and men, his liquid sentences, his courtly manners and graceful devotion, all conspired to further his end. There were other ladies on board, many surpassing in beauty the object of the count's *devoirs*; but of all of them she was pre-eminent in that inner beauty that compels devotion from the higher types of men. The count was the wealthy scion of a noble house, whose life was an aimless one, and whose studies were pursued more to adorn self than from any love of knowledge. He was an egotist and utterly selfish, but had the rare faculty of repression, appearing to think more of others than himself.

When Italy was reached, Marie Gubert was passionately enamored of Count Roscoe, and he apparently as deeply interested in her. Gen. Gubert secured rooms in a Venetian palace, and soon had formed the nucleus of a brilliant clique, after the fashion of ambitious Americans who visit the continent. Marie's letters to Carl became shorter and farther between, until at last Carl's ceased altogether. She imagined the poor young man, with his sensitive nature, had divined her change of feeling, and had discreetly put an end to it all. She still wore his ring, however; the ornament was such a beautiful one.

The old palace was aglow with lights, and resounded with music on the evening of a *soirée* given by Gen. Gubert, and all the people worth knowing in Venice were present. Looking in through the open windows the spectator saw a

brave sight; but among all those gallant gentlemen and fair women there were none more noticeable than Count Roscoe and Marie Gubert. Society had approvingly nodded its head at what was currently supposed to be an engagement, and society had talked of the rare qualities of mind and person that would be united on their wedding-day. Marie excused herself for a moment to the Count Roscoe, and made her way to a small room back of the grand saloon, which she used as a retiring-chamber to arrange any mishap to her toilet. The night was so lovely that she put back the curtains and looked out upon the fanciful shadows cast from pillar and cornice. She took off her gloves and removed her rings to bathe her hands, and then leaning out of the window fell into a reverie in which thoughts of Carl would obtrude themselves. She was awakened from her dreamy thoughts by a call from her father, and hastily gathering up her gloves she left the chamber. No sooner had she quitted the room than a figure of a man entered, and going directly to the stand rapidly examined the jewels, selected one, and very rapidly left.

There was a great outcry next day, and an advertisement in the solitary paper of the city, describing the loss of a valuable and antique ring, supposed to have been stolen from the palace occupied by Gen. Gubert on the night of his *fête*. A handsome reward was offered, but the jewel never was returned. Marie's heart quickened as she thought of her perplexity when she would be called upon to return the pledge of love to its owner. How could she replace it, for the workmanship was unique? There was another thought that troubled her—Count Roscoe seemed to take great care to avoid a direct avowal. Her fair name would be compromised if he did not soon claim in deed what his soft words and devoted manner indicated, and what the whole Venetian world thought hers long ago. Yet the weeks sped on, and still her noble suitor did not reveal his passion in words direct; and one fine morning she woke to find Venice wondering at the sudden flight of Count Roscoe. It became known, too, that he was soon to marry into an immensely wealthy family. The blow was a sad one to Marie; but she managed to preserve a haughty outward show, while within there was a tempest of the heart. A month later the general and his admired daughter sailed for home, she apparently improved in health, but with deeply wounded pride and sick at heart.

IV.

FINALE—CON SPIRITO.

"Homeward! homeward! away from the scene of these hateful events!" cried Marie, bringing back to her native land wounded pride, a shattered nervous system, and a sorry heart.

She became listless, and found nothing to soothe her disquieted mind. How could she meet Carl, to whose ears the story must come? Home brought no happiness, and Gen. Gubert was at his wits' end to know what to do. She had never confided to him her truth with Carl, and now she bitterly reflected had she done so this might have been averted.

One day, soon after their arrival at home, she was startled by the entrance of her father in company with Carl Rousseau, the now distinguished musician and composer, the general explaining how he had forced the young man to come, that he might soothe her troubled spirit. Alas! little did he know how the sight of him added to her woe. The meeting was cold and formal, necessarily so from the position of the two. The general, however, discreetly retired, and Marie raised her eyes imploring to Carl, begging his pity. Then, as they slowly fell, they rested on the lost ring. Her pallid cheek became more wan, as she started back in surprise.

Calmly he told her how, in agony of mind, he left the city to follow her to Venice, to learn from her lips the cause of her frigid letters. He arrived the night of the *fête*, saw through the open window his betrothed and the handsome Italian together. In their actions he read the answer; and brave, loyal, great heart that he was, he turned away, resolving to forget his faithless Marie, and turn to that faithful angel, Art. His extremely sensitive nature could not bear to hear from her lips the end of his aspirations, and to avoid a scene, he quit the city that night. Seeing her enter the retiring-room, he went to the rear of the palace to take one more look on the one he yet loved, although she had wounded him sorely. He had clambered in the window, taken the ring, and while the stars yet shone was speeding his way from the city. He told all this in indescribably tender tones, and his eyes told of a love still glowing, unquenched, and rather heightened by the mental distress of the poor broken-spirited girl.

She looked up again, and saw his eyes yearning to take her back into his bosom; and, before she had time to consider her words, she quiveringly murmured:

"Oh, Carl, give it back to me! give it back to me, that I may regain my lost soul!"

A moment more, and they were in each other's arms; for the little god had planted his arrow with deadly effect. Explanations followed, and, before another month had elapsed, Marie added Rousseau to her name. In less than a year her old-time spirits had returned, health had repainted her cheek, and instead of wearing out her young life over intricate musical problems, she croons a mother's lullaby over an angelic little girl. The harmony of that house has never a discordant note; for happiness reigns supreme, dancing through the livelong day to the divine music of a perfect union.

WARREN WALTERS.