

youth, with thick German lips, and skull to match, who squinted most feloniously, and had a halt in his gait?" "Pshaw! how very stupid."

After a few more such guesses, as wide of the mark as he could cast them, he on a sudden recollected the party alluded to. "Oh, ha!—he remembered now—yes,—he had seen him once or twice lately—thought him not looking quite so well as of yore—studied hard, no doubt,—poor devils! they were obliged to do so. For his part, he wondered the smell of the lamp did not poison them!"

The page spoke in jest; but, alas! how many are there, whom the necessities of life, not less than the ardour of genius, condemn to inspire from the midnight lamp that poison which hurries them to an early—and even in the case of the most gifted—to an unremembered grave!

It happened that the scene of the parting conference between the physician and the nurse, had been changed of late from the ante-room of the lady's chamber, to the armoury of the palace, a large apartment, hung round with ancient suits of mail, in which the ancestors of the marchese were wont to earn their laurels. The motive of this removal is of course to be found in a desire to avoid the presence of the page, who was accustomed to take his station in the said ante-room.

"Ursula," said Vivaldi one day as he closed the door of the armoury on their conference—"I cannot account for this; there is a mystery which it passeth my art to fathom. This girl should have been on the verge of the grave by this time; and behold! she is as well as you or I."

"I am sure it is no fault of mine," replied the worthy confederate; "that she is not dead and buried, which that she may soon be I devoutly hope, for mine is a dull office, and albeit none of the safest."

"Pshaw!" remonstrated the other, "who can betray us, except those who are as deep in the matter as ourselves? Are you sure that the powder I gave you was duly administered?"

"I dropped it into every bottle with my own hands," was the reply.

"And saw the girl take it?" pursued the other.

"Every day with my own eyes," said Ursula, "because I would not trust that imp of a page who would have flung it out of the window perhaps to please his mistress—who, I can tell you, by the way, is growing as impatient as a wild bird in a cage."

"There are others who are as impatient as she is, I trow," remarked Vivaldi drily. "I have just had a pressing letter of inquiry from the marchese's sister, who has thought it better to join her husband during the progress of our experiment, in which she urges me to despatch, but to which I can give no other reply than bidding her feed on hope, an alimient that has well nigh failed myself, for this girl has a constitution of iron. However, I must dally no longer—we must make short work of it.—I will to-night provide you with a powder which will relieve you of your tender anxieties in a fortnight. In the mean time you had better peruse this letter, as it contains some instructions for your future guidance."

Having thus spoken, he quitted the apartment, leaving Ursula with the letter in her hand, which she forthwith proceeded to peruse, but was suddenly arrested by hearing her name pronounced solemnly by a voice proceeding from some invisible person in the room. She looked in the direction whence she supposed it to issue, when suddenly a somewhat diminutive figure, armed *cap-a-pie*, stepped down from a pedestal and moved towards her with a stately step. Ursula remained fixed by terror to the spot. The figure continued to advance; but when within a few yards of the nurse, the lance, by some accident, got between the legs of the warrior, and he came to the ground with a tremendous crash; while his helmet, being loosened by the shock, rolled across the room to the feet of Ursula.

"I thought I should make a mess of it!" exclaimed Vincentio, for it was he who had thus attempted a touch of the supernatural; "but no matter," he added, picking up his casque, and at the same time the letter which Ursula had dropped in her fright, "it is as well as it is."

"I'll teach you to play off your tricks upon me, mischievous imp," exclaimed the virago recovering her senses, and with them her tongue; give me back that letter instantly!"

"Nay, I may not do that, for I have a use for it," said the boy, who having divested himself of his iron incumbrances, turned the key in the door, and confronting the nurse, said sternly and solemnly, "Ursula, the designs of you and your confederate have long been no secret to me, as you will perhaps believe when I tell you that it is to my interference you owe their defeat. I wanted, however, the evidence which your conference with Vivaldi has this day afforded me to denounce you to the marchese; and were additional proof of your guilt wanting, I doubt not this letter will supply it. Guilty as you all are, it may be that you are more of a tool in the matter than the rest. There is the door of the marchese's study; if you think that by an immediate and full confession you can make better terms with him than by awaiting the fiat of a court of justice, the chance is yours. There is but one other path before you, and that leads to the dungeon."

Ursula followed the stripling's advice, and made a full confession of her guilt, accusing the instigator, the marchese's sister, and

her accomplice Vivaldi, who was instantly arrested, tried, condemned, and some successful attempts at a similar atrocity having been proved against him, was executed. The marchese's sister was, happily for her, and for his peace of mind, beyond the reach of the law; and Ursula, spared the capital part of the punishment due to her offence, inasmuch as her evidence had been essential to the conviction of Vivaldi, was banished for life.

"And now, my father," said Giulietta when the first bustle of the discovery was over, and they had devoutly given thanks to Heaven for their deliverance, "will you not send for the noble student who has been the instrument of our preservation?"

"No, my daughter," said the marchese, "certainly not—it is our duty to go to him."

Accordingly the student, unconscious of the explosion of the plot, was sitting quietly in his humble chamber, when he heard a tap at the door, which, before he could rise, was thrown open, and he found himself almost smothered in the embrace of two individuals, whom the suddenness of their entrance and the imperfect light prevented him from immediately recognising. Nor when he did recognise them, was his confusion in any way diminished.

In reply to the thanks with which he was literally overwhelmed, he blushed, stammered out a disclaimer of any merit in the whole affair, and, in short, as he afterwards confessed to Vincentio, "made a very particular ass of himself."

"Sir," said the marchese, when the ebullition had in some degree subsided, and the two visitors having appropriated the only chairs in the room, Leonardo had deposited himself on a deal-box, "you have been the instrument of preserving to me a treasure for which I would have gladly sacrificed rank, wealth—all that the world prizes—therefore all that I have is yours."

Leonardo wished it was, because he would have taken his daughter and thrown him back the rest; but he could not say so, and therefore remained silent.

The marchese could not, as the phrase is, fling his daughter at him; but lest the student should suspect him of any reservation in his offer, he continued, "I hear you are of good family, but were yours the lineage of a beggar, you should share alike my fortune and my affections," and turned at the same time an appealing look to his daughter for a confirmation of his sentiments. The young lady, of course, looked extremely bewitching, and acknowledged that "they could never do enough for their benefactor, their more than friend."

Leonardo protested in his turn that he had done nothing whatever to entitle him to their gratitude—that to spend a life in the service of one so amiable, and so forth, would be a privilege to which the highest noble in the land might aspire.

"Really," said the marchese, who knew the state of his daughter's feelings, and more than guessed at Leonardo's, "we shall spend half the night in beating about the bush in this fashion: You have met Giulietta before—high feelings of honour prevented you from availing yourself of opportunities which a less delicate mind would have eagerly seized—I will save you the trouble of a confession.—You made a confidant of a friend who has betrayed you to me; so now, if you will have my daughter, take her—if not, we must find a husband for her of as nearly the same pattern as may be."

Leonardo was as a man in a dream; and was about to pinch himself by way of ascertaining if he was awake. At last he exclaimed, "Nay, my good lord, now you are jesting with me."

"I never was more in earnest in my life!" exclaimed the marchese; "and as we shall henceforth have but one roof over our heads, we will e'en home at once to supper."

Reader! need I tell the rest? I think not.

W O M A N.

SECTION II.—WOMAN AS AN EXAMPLE.

At the conclusion of our former article, in relation to woman, we spoke of her as destined to be the exemplification of love. Before, however, her destiny can be fulfilled, she herself must be surrendered to that which she is designed to represent, and be perfected by the universal spirit, before that ideal can be realized in her to which we have previously alluded. So long as woman continues to seek for happiness in the gratification of selfishness, either in ambitious aspirations, or even of selfish attachments, the higher nature in her must be imperfectly developed. To seek to appropriate to herself the regard or love of a particular circle, and to make herself the idol of the sphere in which she moves, is a line of conduct which ensures to her that which she pursues, but which, being attained, is found worthless.

To manifest love that we may be loved; is but a barter of selfishness, though a refined one. Woman submitting herself to love, will not require sympathy to conditionate the activities of the divine nature within herself; but having the source of her being in that which is permanently eternal, will not require external influences, which must, of necessity, be transient and temporal. All she will love, not because of that which is performed for her, but in spite of that which would oppose and obstruct a nature less deeply based.

Woman submitted to the universal spirit, must universally manifest love; and the influence of her kindness, like the dew of her Creator, will fall impartially on the "just and the unjust."

To act lovingly is the very necessity of her being, and wherever she is, then must what she is be developed. Her activities, proceeding from a source itself invariable and immutable, are beyond the modification of a changing moral atmosphere, and affected by no change of its temperature; but above the sphere of circumstances and contingency, she herself becomes an elevating condition to all who are beneath her. In the world of depravity and selfishness, her influence over man has been so powerful, as to fascinate him in despite of its unamiability, and to enslave him by the spell of a mere human enchantment; and if woman herself, surrendered to divinity, exhibit in her physical frame a loveliness refined and elevated by purity and disinterestedness; if the dweller in the heavens, who makes heavenly his own abiding place, shall have come in the world of woman's being, and transferred it from a terrestrial into a celestial sphere, into the shining light which she before dimly shadowed forth, the potency of her enchantment shall increase in proportion to the infinitude of that power, by whom she is herself possessed.

Fallen woman still retains so much, still exhibits her relationship to the Creator, as to subject man to her power, but being fallen woman, this subjection nought avails; the man is himself enthralled by the beauty of her who is herself in chains, and who will be more likely to win him to remain with her, in the dungeon of her captivity, rather than assist him in any attempt at emancipation. But woman being united with love, at the same time that the force of her agency is rendered irresistible, is capacitated to employ it for the liberation of man, and to use the voice which has before wooed him to selfish apathy, for the purpose of inviting him to the blessedness whereunto she has been exalted; and it seems the purpose of the Creator to conditionate man, through the medium of woman, for resuscitation and salvation.

Man, thus conditioned by woman, feels himself elevated from intellect to genius. Genius is essentially feminine, essentially poetic. The capacity to general plausible theories, to engage in abstruse speculations, to guide the whole artillery of argument, does not substantiate, for a moment, the claim of man to the possession of genius. Before man can affirm himself to be greater, he must learn to feel as well as to argue; bare arguments are generated entirely on the side of self, but genius is the first-born of Love.

It is in vain that man asserts a right to the distinction of poet, orator, or philosopher, while he remains a mere intellectualist; it is not ingenuity, tact, penetration, or talent, which invest a man with the most glorious of all titles; it is love which teaches the intellect to enunciate words that thrill to the heart of the people. It is love which instructs imagination in the science of loveliness, and which enables it to illustrate the affirmations of its divine teacher with the grace of expressive imagery. Woman, therefore, we re-assert, to be the condition for man's regeneration; man, himself, thus conditioned, becomes himself a condition of the regeneration of the lower world. We are indulging in no vain and enthusiastic vision, when we predict, that as man becomes elevated, that which is beneath him will become conscious of proportionate elevation. Instances have occurred, if we must condescend to use facts, in support of our affirmations, which show how great is the power of man to civilise and tame the most ferocious inhabitants of the woods. It seems as though deity, in the renewal of the universe, intended to proceed by conditioning its rise through the same media which conditioned its fall, and that, as woman was the first tempter to disobedience, she should be the first to win back the universe to reconciliation with its Maker. Man, being thus conditioned for purity, may unite himself to woman in her divine and physical natures, so that the offspring of a union so consecrated, might go forth into the world as the realization of the divine idea—humanity, and not as a deformed misrepresentation of his Creator's excellence. This we do know, that whilst man continues to unite with woman, either for the gratification of impure desire or for mercenary and ambitious interests, a product of such union must be cursed in its begetting—an affirmation, which though unqualified, is borne out fully; the fact being that the whole population of the globe is under the thralldom of moral, intellectual, physical, in one word; selfish, tyranny. When shall woman be truly united to man, when shall marriage be considered as a divine, instead of a human ordinance, and earthly nuptials become the symbols of espousals, which have been ratified in heaven?

I was much amused the other day by the following literary (? illiterary) blunder of a friend of mine. Happening to have a copy of "Boccaccio's Decameron" in my hand, one of the company recommended me, in a jocular way, to publish an English translation of it. "But," added he, afterwards, "I believe there is one already." "Yes, yes," chimed in my friend, shaking his head with that peculiar look of gravity which is supposed to denote superior wisdom, "Cameron's—Cameron's Boccaccio."

A FATHER'S WISH.—May you continue long with me, my children, in all godliness and virtue, and be as innocent in your lives, as the flowers which shall blow over you when dead.