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THE TINTORETTO.

(Translated from the Italian by Mrs. Anna H. Dorsey, for the Philadelphia Catholic Herald and Visitor.)

CHAPTER V.—THE LESSON ON THE MANDOLINE.

"Marietta!" said the Tintoretto, who, with his pencil in one hand and his palette in the other, was standing before one of his masterpieces—the picture of Susana in the Bath; "bring your mandoline and give me a little music to cheer me this morning."

"Father," she said hesitatingly, "if you could at all excuse me; for—"

"What—what?" said the Tintoretto, impatiently.

"I have the portrait of the Countess Grimani to finish," said she hurriedly, but with more confidence, believing she had now found a good excuse.

"This is always the burden of your song—the Countess Grimani and her portrait!" said the artist, turning without looking at his daughter, to resume his painting.

"But the Countess Grimani is safe in bed at this hour of the morning; so pray for once sing another song, Marietta, without waiting for any more pressing child."

"I have got a slight cold, and am a little hoarse this morning," said the maiden, almost with tears in her eyes.

"Oh, that's a different matter, Marietta, quite different," and Marietta, breathing again at the reprieve, was turning towards the door to retire, when her father stopped her by saying "At all events, go for your mandoline; you can play, I suppose, though you cannot sing."

"I entreat of you, father," said Marietta, summoning all her courage, "do not ask me for music this morning; I have not time."

"And what else have you to do but to please your father?" said the Tintoretto, the cloud now fast gathering on his brow; "what have you to do anywhere else, when my order is that you should stay here? Under pretext that your health is delicate, you are let to go on as you like; you are not required to do anything in the house; in short, you are quite spoiled; and it is high time that all this should come to an end. I say, go and fetch your mandoline. If you cannot sing, at least you can play, Signora—you can play. My bill is up—take care!"

There was nothing to be said now. Marietta, with a sick feeling at her heart which made her cheek a shade paler, took down the instrument from the place where it hung, and seating herself on a low stool behind her father, began to prelude. But her thoughts, poor child, were elsewhere—with her brother's picture and her own portrait. In imagination she saw Father Ambrosio come back to disclose all, and by one word destroy all her father's fond hopes for his son, and bring him the sad knowledge, that vain had been his efforts to train him up in the path of virtue and honorable industry, in which genius finds its surest road to undying fame—a road strewn with laurels that cost no tears.

In imagination she heard the Countess Grimani reproach her with negligence, and her heart sank within her; and so listlessly, so feebly did she strike the chords of her instrument, that the merest beginner would have been ashamed of the tuneless, inharmonious notes produced. But how was she startled when she suddenly saw her instrument, upon which the tears she could not restrain had been for some minutes falling fast, lying to the other end of the room; and felt the same hand which had shivered it into pieces take her by the shoulder, push her roughly out of the studio, drag her up to her room, and throw her upon the first seat that presented itself! All this was the work of an instant. Not a word had passed between her and her father. He had done all, had disappeared and double-locked the room door upon her, before she had even seen the storm gathering; nor did she comprehend the extent of her misfortune till she heard the voice of her father crying to her, "You shall not stir out of that for a week!"

We must leave her to weep and muse upon the means of averting what she most dreaded, while we follow the Tintoretto.

CHAPTER VI.—A LETTER WITH A ROYAL SEAL.

Jacopo Robusti had resumed his work. At first he could scarcely hold his pencil. A father's hand, after chastising his child, could not but shake. By degrees, however, it steadied, and when his mother came in he had almost forgotten his anger and its cause.

"A courier in a fine livery, and mounted on a beautiful horse, has brought this letter for you, my son," said the mother Robusti, placing on the edge of her son's tressle a paper, folded square, to which hung a seal in green wax. Then seeing that her son neither answered her, nor even looked at the letter, she added, "Do you wish me to call Marietta to read it?"

"Marietta! Marietta, indeed!" repeated the painter, the name seeming to revive his anger. "I beg of you, mother, to let me alone about Marietta."

"How crossly you say that, Jacopo; one would think you were angry with the dear creature, my darling good child."

"The dear creature, the darling, good child," reported Jacopo, "is a little, obstinate, impertinent girl, whom I have just locked up in her room, and forbidden to come into my presence for a week."

"Locked her up!" exclaimed the old woman, as if she scarcely believed she had heard aright. "Oh, I suppose I ought not to have dared to do such a thing," replied Jacopo, becoming more and more excited.

The good grandmother stood listening to him with the air of one in a waking dream, then coming up close to him, said, "Jacopo, you will revoke your too harsh sentence; you will pardon my poor child. I ask not what she has done;—she must have done wrong, since you are displeased with her; but you will forgive her; say, will you not?"

To avoid answering his mother, whose pleadings touched his heart more than he cared to admit, Jacopo Robusti took up the letter to read, and began by looking at the signature.

"It is from King Philip of Spain!" exclaimed he, glancing rapidly over the letter. "He speaks of a portrait painted by Dominic, doubtless, tho' he says by my daughter—a mistake, of course—and he invites the painter to his court. He wishes to have his likeness taken by him. What an honor! I am transported with joy. Mother, pray call Dominic!" And he began calling him loudly himself—"Dominic, Dominic! The poor boy is shut up at his work, and so absorbed in it that he does not even hear me. Dominic, Dominic!"

At this instant the door opened, and the mother Robusti, who was leaving the room, was stopped by the appearance of Father Ambrosio.

CHAPTER VII.—FATHER AMBROSIO AGAIN.

"I beg your pardon; I have mistaken the Studio," said the Father, and was about to retire, when he was prevented by Robusti.

"Pray walk in, Father Ambrosio, for if it be Dominic you want, my mother was just going to call him here, as I, too, have something to say to him."

The Canon took the chair placed for him by the Signora, as she left the room to call her grandson, who ere long made his appearance.—His red eyes and swollen features, and the disorder of his whole appearance, betrayed that the night had certainly not been passed quietly in bed, though he seemed at the moment, still half asleep. But one glance at Father Ambrosio's face and stern countenance seemed completely to arouse him, and he advanced towards him with an almost supplicating air.

"I have called to see if the picture is ready, Signor Dominic," said the Canon. "It is now the twentieth of August; this picture ought to have been in its place for the Feast of the Assumption, five days ago."

"I assure you, Father—I assure you—" stammered Dominic, in evident embarrassment.

"I assure you, sir, that when promises are made they ought to be kept," said the Canon. "However, I am come to release you from your engagement, sir. Keep the picture and refund the advance made to you."

"What advance?" asked Jacopo. "What do you mean?"

"Only that I paid for the picture long since," replied the Canon.

"Dominic, Dominic! you took payment in advance?" cried the Tintoretto, with indignant surprise.

"It was to give to his sister, doubtless," interposed the grandmother, always ready to defend the young people: "It was to give to his sister for household expenses. You do not provide the means, Jacopo, and you know the house must be kept up."

All this time Dominic stood with down-cast eyes and made no reply. The Tintoretto, willing to find, in what his mother had suggested, an excuse for him who was the pride of his heart, now said, "I will ask your Reverence to forgive my son for once, in consideration of the letter which he has just received from the King of Spain. I would not ask you, could I for a moment believe, that what you complain of, and what so much startled me at first, was more than the result of a pressing family necessity, for which he sought to provide means. Here, Dominic—I sent for you that you might read this good news."

Dominic took the letter handed to him by his father; but scarcely had he cast his eyes over its contents than he exclaimed: "It is not for me, father, it is for my sister, Marietta!"

"You must be mistaken, boy," said Jacopo; "I suppose it is the portrait of some Spanish grandee, that his majesty has seen; and your sister daubs, she does not paint. I can get nothing of any kind from her—an indolent, good-for-nothing girl, whom I had taught music, and now she cannot play a note!"

"Is it my sister?" said Dominic, in utter astonishment.

"Yes, your sister. Not half an hour ago, I begged of her to sing a little to divert me—the young lady, out of humor, doubtless, at having been up too early, wanted, forsooth, to go to bed again; and I cannot tell you all the idle excuses she invented; and when at last I forced her to get her mandoline, she actually wept for vexation."

"My poor Marietta!" said Dominic.

"Your poor Marietta is locked up in her own room for the next week, I assure you," said Jacopo, coldly.

"Locked up!" cried Dominic, impetuously, and giving way to a burst of natural feeling—"You have been angry with my sister; you have punished her, and she did not tell you that it is for me, to toil for me, to make up the time that I lose—spare me the shame of saying how—that she gets up before day, and not content with doing my work, she supports us all by her portrait painting; for you know, my dear father, how little either you or I have contributed. Yes, father, Marietta is an angel of goodness; and the King's letter is certainly for her."

"My child, my child," said the Tintoretto, with deep emotion: "and I to reproach her! to treat her so harshly, my poor Marietta," and, darting out of the room, he was followed by all present. But what were their feelings when they came to the young girl's room, and saw that the prison door was already open and the captive gone!

CHAPTER VIII.—CONCLUSION.

The whole party remained motionless with astonishment on the threshold of the deserted chamber.

"My child! where is my child?" cried the old grandmother, bursting into tears; "what has become of my child?" and as is usual where there is much grief and not much sense, she began to throw the blame on everybody. She scolded her son for having been so severe, Dominic for being idle, and even Father Ambrosio for being silent. But suddenly Dominic exclaimed: "Fool that I am, ungrateful fool, not to remember where I should surely find her!" and leading the way to his studio, he approached the door on tiptoe, and placing his eye to the keyhole, whispered, "She is there!" and the impatient Jacopo rushed in, followed by the whole party. At sight of her father, Marietta, imagining she had irritated him still more by leaving the room, started up in terror, and fell upon her knees, crying, "Pardon, my father, pardon!"

"It is I who ought to ask your pardon," said the Tintoretto, raising his daughter, and pressing her fondly to his bosom, "pardon for having wronged so good a child!" He then suddenly exclaimed, as he caught a view of the picture at which Marietta had been at work, "what coloring! what finish! what force! What could have produced such a picture?"

"It was my brother—" exclaimed Marietta.

"It was my sister!" exclaimed Dominic, at the same moment.

"It was you, sister, who caught the expression of the Virgin!"

"It was you, brother, who designed the head."

"It was you, Marietta, who painted those angels."

"But it was you who sketched them, Dominic."

"Ah, Marietta," said Dominic, taking both his sister's hands, "do not exalt me at your own expense any longer. You have humbled me in the dust; you have shown me what a mean, contemptible wretch I have been. Oh, how my utter selfishness stands out in contrast with your self-sacrificing spirit! One word would have exculpated you, and you did not speak that word—I hate myself for my heartlessness."

"Do not make me appear better than I am, Dominic," answered Marietta, with a sweet smile, "for when I saw my father so angry with me, I was on the point of uttering that word; but I thought the anger impending over my head, would have fallen more heavily on yours, and I was silent."

"You are two good children," said Father Ambrosio, whose sternness had completely given way before this exhibition of devoted, sisterly affection. "I am persuaded, Dominic, you could not have the heart to offend again; therefore, for your sister's sake, and in consideration of your open avowal of all, I will wait for the finishing of the picture, and you shall have some additional payment."

ther restored to her, to his father, to virtue;—herself once more the object of her father's love—his pride, his boast. All concealment—that trial to an ingenious—at an end, she could take her pencil and work happily, with a fond father hanging over her, encouraging her. He wished her to attempt historical painting; but, as a woman, she shrunk from the necessary studies, and devoted herself to portraits; and soon, under the instruction of her father, became an adept both in design and coloring; nay, she made such progress, that her contemporaries ranked her productions with those of Titian. All the nobility of Venice would have their portraits taken by her; and the King of Spain, the Emperor Maximilian, and the Archduke Ferdinand endeavored to draw her to their courts by the most liberal offers. But her devoted attachment to her father made her reject all these proposals, and she remained with him till her death, which took place at the age of thirty, in 1590; her natural weakness of constitution having been increased by every toil. She was interred at the convent of Santa Maria dell'Orta, which owed its chief embellishment to her genius.

(Concluded.)

REV. DR. CAHILL

ON THE EUROPEAN CABINETS OF THE OPENING YEAR 1859.

(From the Dublin Catholic Telegraph.)

The apparent inactivity yet real energy, the silent yet studied councils, of the various Courts of Europe in the commencement of the present year, is a historical fact, which, under all the circumstances, may be cited as without a parallel in modern times. Within the last few months each nation has, as it were, withdrawn its scattered power within the centre of its capital; and on examining the public documents, which are the expression of their internal and external policies, one finds a total suspension of their past regime; and in the room of the universal hum of many kingdoms, busy in their national developments, one observes an official check put on all national exhibitions, and a studied silence observed through every responsible department of the Empire. "Our Correspondents" have absolutely nothing to communicate from Vienna;—beyond some Christmas fetes Berlin is perfectly barren. Even the enemies of King Bomba cannot discover anything in Naples on which to feed their malice, or to gratify their revenge. The Court of the Tuilleries has withdrawn so far its side from the public capital of news, that beyond a nod in the Champ de Mars, or a hint at a Reception, the Emperor has become inaudible and invisible. Our own St. James's is not far behind the silence of the other Courts, in these premises; and if we had not some news from India or China, I feel persuaded the reader will admit that the gloom of the grave has hung over the politics of England during the last five months.

For all this there appears a ready explanation in the fact, that the Courts of Europe are all at ease with their subjects. The German States have entered on a better mutual understanding, and hence no more trouble need be apprehended from the North; Poland has been partly bullied, and partly flattered; and the Hungarians have hopes of a brighter future, by a more frank and grateful allegiance. France, after her Crimean campaign, her Algerian legislative framing of colonial law, may be said to be resting herself, and hence to feel small inclination to enter for some time into boisterous politics. Besides, France need not be mentioned in this case: all her hopes, fears, and glories, are centered in the heart of one man, expressed through his lip, executed by his will. She may, therefore, be left out; and she may, in all official documents, be called he; and as he seldom talks in public or private, it is no wonder that France is silent in the present circumstances.

This explanation looks plausible; but it does not meet the full case. When all the circumstances are fairly known, the reserve, the remarkable reserve of the various Cabinets must be accounted for on other principles. This explanation might meet the case if there were no encampments in each State. But when we reflect that millions of armed men are congregated within their respective nations, prepared for fight as in time of war, this fact alters the whole complexion of the case. Their silence towards each other under these circumstances is the silence of two hostile camps the night before the battle. Prussia, besides the facilities with which she can within some few hours put every man in the kingdom under arms, has recently made extensive arrangements for expedition and carriage in all her armaments. Russia has every Foundry in her empire at work; and she will have tens of thousands of hands ready in the opening spring to lay down her multitudinous railroads, as if she intended to make war on all Europe at no distant period. Austria has five hundred thousand men of all arms prepared to take the field on the first note of war sounded in

Europe. I need not allude to the million Frenchmen ready at this moment to take the word of command like soldiers on parade; and to issue from Cherbourg with a steam navy such as cannot be exaggerated for skill, hands, and metal.—There is no disguising the matter therefore: the surrounding countries are at this moment regular pitched camps, prepared for action; and no one can tell when the terrific crisis may arise. England is endeavoring to avoid collision with any as well as she can; she makes a matrimonial alliance with one of the parties; she humbles herself to a second; she tries to propitiate a third. But she is placed in dangerous circumstances; and neither her Chinese embarrassments, nor her Indian mutinies will prove so fatal to her if by any misfortune she happens to be dragged into a quarrel with such a powerful enemies as lie on her coast, and are so far her superiors in naval and military power. How the times are changed with England! she was once the terror of her immediate neighbors; and now, within a few short years, she is an infant, compared with her giant competitors.

At all periods of history there were always amongst the families of nations some peoples, who were oppressed from conquest, others who were chained down in order to subdue revolutionary frenzy, while others who wore the badge of servitude from long political slavery. There never will be a period of the world when some of the case will not be developed; while their actions will always enlist the sympathies of mankind as they struggle to break their chains, and to recover their lost liberties. In the present families of European nations, the Italian race is the people which meets the description of one of the cases of subjugation stated in the premises; and hence for the last twenty years this race has filled the whole world with their denunciations of the tyranny of Austria, and with their furious appeals for sympathy. And it is this race and this question which keep the encampments of Europe at this moment at the war standard.—Moreover, when Europe next quarrels it will be on the merits of this question; and if the standard of Revolution shall be even for a short time successful, a more bloody war never deluged the plains of central Europe.

The part of Italy which Austria holds is the Lombardo-Venetian territory, and is the most beautiful part of the world—the garden of Europe. The idea of the Revolutionists is, to sever themselves from Austria and attach themselves to Sardinia. This case, therefore, from various circumstances, becomes very complicated.—Sardinia is the friend of England, and Sardinia is the friend of France. England lent two millions sterling to Sardinia some few years ago in her opposition to Austria; and Napoleon has entered into a national alliance with Sardinia.—Moreover, there can be no doubt of the favor which the annexation with Sardinia has received in Paris and London. People are now beginning to forget what once was so well known by the name of Lord Palmerston's revolution. Nicholas would have never advanced on Constantinople, except he was supported by Palmerston; and I believe it is well known that up to the day of his death he never ceased to denounce the English perfidy which first encouraged and then opposed the Russian policy. In the councils of eternal justice Lord Palmerston is the principal cause of the expenditure of the blood and treasure wasted on the heights of Sebastopol. And, if the Sardinian question should ever become a reality in Europe, Lord Palmerston was the first who laid the train for the terrific explosion which may burst sooner over Europe than people can well calculate. This question of the old revolutionary Premier is likely to last long after his death; and it will be a legacy of extravagance, folly, and war, which, like all other diplomatic achievements, will bend England to the earth in national humiliation. Palmerston patronized Victor Emmanuel because he favored the plunder of the convents, insulted the Pope, imprisoned the Bishops, and curtailed the ancient liberties of the Church; and he wished to have his revenge of Austria, because the Austrian Court denounced him for his support of Kossuth, the Hungarian rebel; because all the English correspondents were removed from all Germany; and lastly, because the Austrian Cabinet refused to renew relations with England till Palmerston was dismissed from the English Cabinet; a request which the Queen of England was compelled to grant. Besides all this cause of offence from Austria, too, was Catholic, and expelled the English Bible Societies, and hence the whole bill of indictment by Palmerston against Austria. The peculiar character, too, of Palmerston was, that he had the evil of changing his own personal quarrels into national disputes; and thus he employed the whole power of the State to gratify private malice, or feed his unappeasable sectarian revenge.

Napoleon takes this question as he found it, and he employs to such his political views. If Austria should ever menace him with hostilities,