THE TINTORETTO.

(Translated from the Italian by Mrs. Anna H. Dorsey, for the Philadelphia Catholic Herald and Visitor.) CHAPTER I .- THE PAINTER'S FAMILY.

Our tale is of Venice. Venice of which the poet sings :--

a There is a glorious city in the sea; The sea is in the broad, the narrow streets, Ebbing and flowing; and the salt sea-weed Clings to the marble of her palaces. No track of men, no footsteps to and fro, Lead to her gates. The path lies o'er the sea juvisible; and from the land we went As to a floating city-steering in, And gliding up her streets as in a dream, Smoothly, silently—by many a dome, Mosque-like, and many a stately portico, Mosque-nac, and many a sectory portice, The statues ranged along an azure sky— By many a pile in more than Eastern splendor, of old the residence of merchant kings."

In this splendid and interesting city, in the year 1575, was to be seen not far from the Church of Santa Maria dell' Orta, or St. Mary of the Garden, a house which the long stripes of red and green, blue and yellow, that covered its front betokened to be that of a dyer; while the absence of the piece of cloth or stuff usually hung out as a sign, together with the perfect stillness that reigned in the warerooms, and the idle hoilers that lay turned upside down, as plainly told that the trade which used to support its inhabitants had ceased to be carried on.

Evening was approaching, and a fresh breeze had just sprung up to succeed the burning heat of an August sun, when the door of the garden attached to the house opened, to admit an old woman to enjoy the pleasant coolness. Leaning on a stick, she was slowly advancing through the trees, examining with both eye and hand, the fine fruit hanging down from the branches, when the noise of a man's step behind her, made her turn her head.

"Is that you, Jacopo?" said the old woman, "but what is the matter with you? You look quite cross."

"The matter, Madre bella-the matter is just this, that the night is falling, and I cannot see any longer," said the man, breaking between his fingers, in his vexation as we spoke, one of those small pencils used by painters to lay on their colors.

"The night falls for every one as well as for you, my son," replied the old woman, in a calm and gentle tone.

had just caught the precise tone of coloring too bad-quite too bad !"

"Well, what is to hinder you beginning your dyeing again to-morrow?"

"My dyeing!" replied Jacopo, impatiently. "You are always talking, mother, as if my father were still alive, and you were still the wife of a dyer. You are the mother of a painter, Signor Jacopo Robusti-remember that mother -of the Tintoretto. Painting and dyeing are two different things.""

"Not so very different after all," said the old woman, coolly. "Painting or dyeing, call it what you please, but both must be done with co-

"Yes, indeed. I know very well what I am saying. I am sure at all events, if there be any difference, it is only in the way of using the colors. Your father, my poor departed Robusti, Heaven have mercy on his soul! used to boil them, and dip the cloths in them, and you lay them on canvas with your pencil; but one way or the other, they are still colors; and I hope you do not think your mother, the daughter, wife and mother of a dyer, born in the very midst of them, wants to be taught at this time of day what colors are."

"Well-well, mother, let us talk no more about it," said Jacopo, endeavoring to repress every expression of impatience: "let us talk of

"Oh, yes-dear handsome little Dominic, and my sweet, pretty little Marietta," and as if there was magic in the very names to soothe her, she new took the arm of her son with a look of gratified affection.

"Little Dominic, indeed! A great tall young man of twenty; my pupil and successor. He is indeed, I own it, my joy and my boast," said the artist-father, proudly raising his head. "What simplicity and boldness of design !-what brilhancy of coloring are his! Like myself, he has taken for his motto the inscription that I have put over the door of my studio- The design of Michael Angelo, and the coloring of Titian.'-He will inherit my fame, as he inherits my genius. Posterity will confound Tintoretto the father, with Tintoretto the son. Have you seen his last picture, mother; the picture which the canons of

"Tintore is the Italian for dyer; and Tintoretto, or Little Dyer, was the name usually applied to Jatopo, the son of old Robusti, although painting, not dyeing, was his profession.

Santa Maria dell' Orta ?"

" How could I see it?" said the Signora. " I do not even see himself; the boy is never at

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his workshop."

"If that be the case, when I go and knock at the door, why does he never open it, nor even answer me ?"

"Because when an artist is at work, he hears nothing of what is passing around him. I rather approve of that fancy of his, of locking his door; it prevents his being disturbed. My Dominic will yet be an honor to me, for to his natural talent he unites indefatigable industry, and you been?" know how much that alone can do. I wish I could say as much for his sister," he added, with r heavy sigh.

" Marietta! Well, well! what can you possibly have to say against the dear, little girl ?"

" Much, mother, much; and this among other dedicate them both to the fine arts, I had determined in my wisdom, that one should learn painting and the other music. Dominic has met my wishes, and I have nothing to lay to his charge. But as for Marietta, I never hear her either sing or play on the mandoline. Why is this, mother-why is this? She well knows, ungrateful child that she is, what a relaxation her sweet voice is to me after all my toils, and how I delight in bearing it."

"Well, Jacopo, I will tell her this, and you will find that she will begin again her singing. -Do not always be finding fault with everything. You grumble at the night for falling; at the sun | rank." for easting too great a glare; at me because I see no more difference between painting and dyeing than between a white cap and a cap that is white; at my poor little Marietta, who is meekness and gentleness itself, for not singing, when perhaps she has a cold and is hoarse.-Jacopo Robusti, instead of calling you the Tintoretto, I will call you by the name which the dow. Society of Artists of St. Roch gave you-Il Furioso. (The Furious.)
"Aha!" exclaimed the artist, whose counte-

nance suddenly lit up, "I can scarcely help laughing, even now, at the surprise of my rivals, at the unparalleled proof of the wondrous quickness of my execution. The society offered a prize for the best design to decorate the ceiling "Yes; but my colors were all on the palette. of the hall, and though Paul Veronese, Salviati and Frederico Guechero, were my competitors, sketch. What a triumph!-what a brilliant tri- elevates?" umph!

children are not here, will you give me leave to man-has he got any titles !" ask one question. Will you have the goodness to tell me of what use is painting?"

"The noblest art in existence, mother; animating the canvas, and making it live, and breathe, and move before you. Were it only in the power of recalling the features of the object of our fond affections, the snatching from oblivion, and making immortal the beloved image, no other is worthy to be compared with it. And

"All the same thing!" repeated Jacopo, with a momentary gesture of impatience.

"Yet you ask, of what use is painting!"

"I am speaking as a housekeeper, a "I am speaking as a housekeeper, and you are answering as an artist, Jacopo. Painting scarcely affords a livelihood for us; and it is of this I complain. Your father's dyeing brought in hundred times more than your painting, Jacono."

"This is all idle, mother; you know I am not a tradesman," replied Jacopo, coldly.

"The very thing that I complain of, my son; for we must live." "But have we not enough, mother? Is there

anything wanting in the house?' " No; but that is all Marietta's good manage-

ment, Jacopo. I do not know how our little girl contrives it, but money in her hands lasts a month, when, with any other, it would be gone in a week."

" Where is she now, mother ?"

"She is out, Jacopo." "Out at summer time! This one of the charges that I have against the child. I have not time to watch over her, and I confide her to your care. Where is she?"

"Your daughter does not require to be watched over by us; she is an angel, and the angels will take care of each other.

The appearance at this moment, of a third person at the garden door, silenced both mother and

CHAPTER II .- A YOUNG GIRL'S SECRET.

It was a young girl of striking beauty, whom they both now advanced to meet. Her slight and delicate form had the lightness and undulating motion of the reed; her beautiful brown hair, fastened at the top of her head by pins of gold, left bare a forehead on which was the impress of artless innocence and modesty; but her lill, my child, or is there anything troubling you? of you to say no more now, for my sake, this features, perfect in their outline, were wholly de- Speak freely and openly. You are a modest, once." void of the downy freshness of early youth .- and a prudent, and a well conducted girl, and Could it be care that had so paled the rose of that makes amends for much."

St. Ambrosia have ordered for their Chapel of her faded cheek? Was it toil that had so dimmed the brightness of those beautiful azure eyes, rendered so languid the expression of that young face, and made that tall and graceful figure droop as if asking earth to receive her, and give her at "That is to say, mother, he never stirs from last to rest? When she perceived her father and grandmother, a slight color tinged for a moment the paleness of her complexion, and as she quickened her pace, she said in a tone of voice so soft, so sweet-it was music in itself-

"This levely evening must indeed have tempted you, for supper is on the table and you both still here.

"We were waiting for you, Marietta," said her father, somewhat gravely; " where have you

"At the Grimani palace, father," she answered.

"Marietta, Marietta," returned Jacopo, as with his daughter, they took the way to the eating room, " you are growing up; you bear away the palm from the prettiest girls of Venice; you things. Having but two children, and wishing to will soon be of age to be married; and the son of the Countess Grimani is a youth of twenty

> " Well, and where is the harm?" interrupted the mother Robusti, as she took her place at the table, "if the Count Grunani should appreciate the good qualities of our child as they deserve, when Marietta is of age to be married, where is the harm of all this?

> "None in the world," said the Tintoretto ;to the inclinations of their children. My daughter may marry a prince if she please; but I should prefer her marrying one of her own

"And I would rather she took the prince," said the old mother.

"One of her own rank for me, who would not blush to call me father, and who would not despise her grandmother."

"A Count for me, who would give my darling the title of Countess," said the dyer's wi-

"One of the people, like myself, who would make my daughter happy, mother."

"A Count might make her just as happy, my son."

"We must not be above our situation in life, mother." "We are nowhere forbidden to rise, Jacopo."

"But we must rise by talent and industry." "Does talent raise us in society, Jacopo?" said Marietta, who had Oh, grandmother."

and all will be dried up to-morrow, and I shall my picture was finished, approved and fixed in its hitherto been modestly silent, "how can youhave to begin the whole again. Diavalo! it is place before the others had completed even their the mother of the Tintoretto—ask whether talent hide, under an assumed gaiety, an anxiety which,

"Triumph it may be, Jacopo; but since the Robusti, "has your father been made a noble- kind, indeed. But the Canons of your order have do well, a sot, a lazy dog -- am I not?"

"If he has not the nobility that consists in title, yet he has that nobility that genius and talent confer." And the fair face of the maiden of my father; she exults in numbering him amongst her most celebrated citizens; and say, dear grandmother, what name of Count, or Marquis, or Prince will you compare with that of the Tintoretto?"

The eyes of the Tintoretto were at that moment fondly fixed on the bright face of his child. "This is all very fine," said the old woman, with a contemptuous toss of the head; "but after all what is your father, Marietta, but a dyer, as his father was before him-my poor of making known the object of his visit. In vain ta?" Robusti, Heaven have mercy on his soul! And did he begin, "I came out this evening at some mind my words, he may paint pictures and apo- inconvenience," and again, "I have come here theosis, and Adams and Eves beguiled by ser- to say." She contrived always to break in with prevent his speaking of the money you owe him; pents, until he gets tired, but he will never rise some question or remark, till at last her father and the picture, too, that, in your name, I promisabove his present condition; he will never get turned to the Canon, saying, "I beg of you, my beyond dyeing; he will always be grinding and Father, to excuse this little chatterbox of a girl mixing colors—it may be more, it may be less of mine, who has so often interrupted you when me?" than my poor husband, Robusti-"

"Pray, grandmother, dear, let us say no more honor of this visit." of painting or dying," said Marietta, hastily, "I wanted to see having perceived a gathering frown on her father's brow, who now exclaimed :-

"You are quite right, Marietta: besides, I his workshop just now, and he was not there .--Do you know where he is ?"

Marietta answered with some embarrassment. 'You must not be uneasy or displeased with you name." Dominic, father; he went out for a walk, I think —I suppose—with some friends, perhaps.?

"There is no harm done," replied Jacopo, "so you need not be blushing, stammering and Ambrosio, when Marietta again interposed:—casting down your eyes, girl. I am not angry "I am sure it is about the picture for t' with Dominic for that. All work and no play

would never do." " Was I blushing?" said Marietta, whose cuabarrassment increased.

is pale she is, and not red, the poor child."

"It is quite true," said the father. " Are you

Will you not tell me why?" "Yes," said the Tintoretto, fixing his eyes on

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cause there seemed to be something very mysterious in your conduct."

the young girl, "I was displeased with you, be-

"Mysterious!" interrupted the mother Robusti.

" Ask no questions, mother; for I would have spoken sooner, but for fear of making yeu uneasy. The conduct of Marietta has been for some time, if not mysterious, at least strange and unaccountable. I never see her now bounding through the house, or pulling flowers, or gathering fruit in the garden. I never hear her sing, or see her even touch the mandoline. If you are not ill, Marietta, if you have no grief or care, why are you becoming so thin, so pale, as if withering before my very eyes?"

A gentle knock interrupted the conversation, and, happily for Marietta, spared her a reply.-She jumped up, and ran to open the hall door.

CHAPTER HI.-THE CANON OF ST. AMBEOSIO.

At sight of a person in the garb of the Canons of St. Ambrosio, the Tinterette and his mother rose and saluted him respectfully; but as to Marietta, she seemed petrified by the visit .--There she stood, leaving the Reverend Father still in the passage, without inviting him to come in, or even thinking of shutting the door. The mother Robusti, however, was not so slow in her I am not one of those fathers, who do violence | welcome; curtisey after curtesy testified her sease of his presence.

"Will your Reverence have the goodness to walk in, and if I might presume so far as to ask you to sit down and honor us by partaking of our poor supper? Marietta, child, what can you be thinking about, to leave his Reverence standing so long ? A chair vere, girl -quick, a

Starting from her apparent stupor, Marietta, with a forced smile, apologised for her inattention, and shutting the door, eagerly placed a chair close to the table for the Canon.

"Pray take a seat, Pather Ambrosio," said she, " will your Reverence try a little soup or a glass of wine?"

"Not anything, I thank you, my dear child," said the Reverend Father, whose austere countenance seemed to relax while speaking to Maricita. "Pray, do not let me disturb you, Signora-Robusti. Go on with your supper, Signor Jaco-

po. I only came to-" To pay us a friendly, neighborly visit? quickly interrupted Marietta, who endeavored to in spite of all, was perceptible in her look and "Tell me, you little goose," said the mother manner." It is very kind in you, Father-very aiways been remarkable for their condescension and kindness."

"Who could be otherwise than kind to you, are a bad son and a had brother." my daughter," answered the Canon. "But I came here to-"

"Did you visit the Countess Grunani to-day,

father:" again interrupted Marietta. "Yes, daughter, but -"

"She has had many trials; but I trust they will soon be over," said Marietta, who, it was evident, had some reason for not allowing their visitor to finish his sentences. The usually modest, retiring girl appeared to have quite changed her character. She talked incessantly, and seemed resolved to let no one but herself utter a word, or at least give the Father no opportunity you were about to tell us to what we owe the

"I wanted to see your son, Dominic, Signor"

said the Canon.

" My brother is not at home just now," said Marrietta, before any one could reply. "But Only tell me your hour, Father, and he shall be nunctual. Yes, indeed, I will answer for him Dominic shall be with you precisely at the hour

" If you would have the goodness to tell me your business with him," said the Tintoretto. An answer was already upon the lips of Eather

"I am sure it is about the picture for t'or Chapel of Santa Maria dell' Orna. Am I not right, Reverend Father? It is finished, or reearly so; a few touches only are wanting; ar id tomorrow or the day after, at farthest, it shall be "Blushing, indeed!" said the old woman, "it in its place in your chapel. You may re'iy upon me, Father. I pledge myself that you stuall have it." She then added in a lower tone, "I implor-

> Father Ambrosio arose. "Thrit was all I wanted, at least just now," said he with some home."

"You were displeased with me, then, father. emphasis on the last words. "Signora Marietta is quite right; but if in three days I do not get my picture, I must come back to you agam ; remember this, daughter. Charity prescribes us to be indulgent; but too much indulgence is often a mere weakness, by which we become the abettor of faults which a little more firmness might prevent, or be the means of correcting.-I do not mean this for you my child," added he he lowering his voice, " however, some time or other you may profit by this piece of advice." And with these words he made his parting salutation and withdrew.

6 Well, what is he at with his indulgence and his charity, and his weakness and his faults," said the grandmother, with puzzled look. "One would think he was giving advice, as you ran apthe scale to yourself in practice."

" Come, dear grandmother, let us finish our support" said Marietta, with the air of one who bad suddenly been relieved from some heavy weight of care.

CHAPTER IV .- THE MORNING WALK.

All were yet asleep in the house of the Artist -even the Tintoretto, usually so early a riser; indeed even the sin was not vet up-when a done of one of the rooms was gently opened, and Marietta, pale as the white flower of the eglantine, appeared on the thre hold.

" Not a sound," said she, after a moment's listening. "He is not yet come in; for the whole night Unever closed. eyes. Brother, brother! how sailly act thou to blame." Then advancing on tip-toe, into the corridor, she deseemded the stairs, opened the hall door, and darted into the street.

She passed in front of at. Mark's Church, into which she entered; but it was not to admire the interior of it, rich as it was. Deeper and higher thoughts were her's, and her soul went out in earnest supplications for guidance, as the priest at the alter celebrated the holy mystery of the Mass. After the Ita Missa est she hurried out in the direction of the principal canal, where with eager eye she watched each gondofa that floated by, as if to discover whom it bore along the waters. At length a gondola approached the landing place and let out a passenger. She stooped, for a well known voice struck upon her ear; and turning quickly round, she faced a tail youth. whose disordered dress, flushed face and unsteady

gait too plainly betokened his condition.

"Dominic!" cried Marietta. How much of tender reproach was in the atterance of that single word.

Well, well! I know all that you would say, Marietta," answered the young man, affecting an ease which the expression of his face indicated that he id not feel. "I am a had boy, a ne'er-

"You are still worse than all these, Dominic," said Marietta, in accents of deep sadness; " you "Oh, there I must stop you, Marietta. I am

anything you like but that. I adore, I respect, I revere my father; and I love you, my sister, more than you believe." "If you love me, Dominic, come home at once

with me."

beloved Marietta!" said Dominic, taking his sister's arm, and turning towards home. On their way home, Marietta said, "Father

"I am all obedience you see, dear Marietta,

Ambrosio came vesterday to the house, and I was so much frightened, brother." "What! afraid of Father Ambrosio, Mariet-

" Alas! not of him, but of what he might have told. If you only knew all my contrivances to ed he should have to-morrow. You will go to work the moment you go in, will you not, Domi-

"You wean, go to sleep, Marrietta; indeed you may rely on it I am half asleep already."

"Sleep, Dominic! Can you sleep?" "You shall see, my dear, you shall see.-Sleep, raye and snore, too!"

"Y ou will sleep," said Marietta, in a reproachwant to ask about your brother. As I passed to-morrow he will wait upon you, if you wish, ful tome, "when to-morrow, nay, perhaps this very evening, my father, who thinks you the best of sons, who cites you as a model worthy of all we itation-my poor father will hear that his stu-I ious son passes his days and nights at the tavern; that the pupil who is his pride and his

mast, has not touched a pencil for more than a , ear; and that the prudent, the sensible youth, horrows money wherever he can get it, to squander in vice and folly. Dominic, one sentence attered last night by Father Ambrosio made me cremble. He saw through my subterfuges, and as he went away he said-Nay, Dominic, do listen to me-he said----'

"But listen to me in your turn, my good little sister," drawled Dominic. "If I get no sleep I shall surely be ill, and you would not like to see me ill, Lam sure."

"Heaven forbid!" said Marietta, fervently. "Then you must let me go to hed when I get...