

moved by the fixed gaze of every eye present ; “ the canvas on which I painted that Magdalen—(he heeded not the sneering smiles of the critics)—is a Roman one, and bore, when I purchased it, the portrait of a Cardinal. Wait but a few moments and I will show you his cap.”

“ And ruin my picture ! ” exclaimed the Count, indignantly.

“ He who painted it shall repair the injury, or consent to forfeit the esteem of all this goodly company,” said Mignard.

The doubts of Lebrun and his followers began to yield, and with one voice they clamoured to behold the Cardinal’s cap. The Count was reluctant to be convinced ; but, ashamed to refuse the offered proof, he maintained a profound silence, which was received as an assent to the general wish. Mignard accordingly drew from his pocket a small case containing the requisite materials for his experiment, and dipping a pencil in oil, touched the dark, rich hair of the Magdalen, and effacing a portion of it, discovered the red cap of the Cardinal beneath.

A murmur of admiration arose from the company, who had gathered round the picture, on witnessing this unanswerable proof of the artist’s skill and veracity. Lebrun alone remained silent ; he seemed more chagrined by the reproach cast on his own infallibility as an amateur, than gratified by the triumph of Mignard.

“ If this painting is yours,” he said, “ and we can no longer doubt it, give us always a Guido, but never a Mignard,” and turning abruptly away, he walked into an adjoining saloon. The artist smiled, and as he followed with his eye the retreating figure of the mortified critic, his smile was caught and answered by a brighter one from the lip of his sweet Rosalie, who stood beside her father a little apart from the group that clustered round the Magdalen. He could not resist its magnetic influence, and notwithstanding the repellant power of the Count’s gloomy and displeased brow, in another instant he had approached and clasped the fair hand which she timidly extended to welcome him. The Count regarded them for a moment with a frown as dark as Erebus, then moved away, but instantly returning,

“ You have won her,” he said ; “ I cannot gain-say it if I would. Take her : she is yours ; and may she never look back with regret to the more brilliant lot she has renounced.”

He turned from them before the happy artist could pour forth the thanks and blessings that trembled on his lips,—but they were breathed into the ear of Rosalie, as she stood beside him on a shaded terrace, to which he led her, how or when, in the blissful confusion of the moment, she scarcely knew. But there she found herself—her hand clasped in his—the blue sky above them ; nature, with her thrill-

ing melodies around them, and no stern eye, nor idle whisper to check the sweet flow of those emotions which they had so long been forbidden to indulge,—and there, when the sun sunk to his rest, and the vesper planet hung her golden lamp amid the crimson clouds of twilight, they still lingered till the deepening shadows of evening warned them to re-enter the house.

A few weeks subsequent to this denouement, a brilliant party sat at supper with the Count De Clairville. He presided with more than his accustomed self-complacency,—for it was the bridal eve of Mignard and Rosalie ; and the crowds of noble amateurs who had thronged to admire and commend the reputed Guido, had not only inspired him with respect for the genius of his destined son-in-law, but actually rendered him more proud of his alliance, than if he had possessed the wealth and rank of Desmonville, without those talents, which were an earnest of no common fame.

The saloon was brilliantly illuminated. The great, the gay, and the gifted, honoured the nuptial feast, and Mignard, the happiest of bridegrooms, sat beside his beautiful and blushing bride, envied by many, and admired by all. In his secret heart he blessed the words that had incited him to excellence, and crowned his perseverance with the gifts which most on earth he coveted ; and often during that happy evening, his heart arose in silent thankfulness to Heaven, while his gaze turned from the lovely face of his Rosalie to rest with grateful pleasure on the Magdalen, which still occupied the niche where it had hung on the eventful day that witnessed his triumph as a lover and an artist.

November 8.

### KEATS.

The world he dwelt in was a solitude ;

And he a fitting shade,—a spectre pale,—

A voice, like that embodied in the gale,  
When in its softest whisper it hath wooed

A Naiad in her cave. Earth’s common brood,

Trampling the flowers, which Heaven’s own  
sweets exhale

Looked on him as a glow-worm, or a snail,  
Crushed under foot, if in their way it stood ;  
And so they crushed him.

’Twas a grateful boon,

To send him early from this world of sorrows ;  
For his young heart, dried up and withered soon,  
Having no joy, save what from love it borrows—  
Love, like his own Endymion’s for the moon—  
And hope, the rainbow spanning our to-morrows.

### MOTIVES.

THE two great movers of the human mind are, the desire of good, and the fear of evil.—*Johnson.*