

"Sound *la*,—come try."

"Sir, I cannot."

"Sound *la*, you fool."

"*La, la, la.*"

"Sound *si.*"

"My dear sir, I cannot."

"Sound *si*, I tell you, or I'll——"

"Don't get angry, sir, I'll try :—*la, si, la, si, do.*"

"I told you so," said Nozari, with a voice of triumph, "and now, my good fellow, I will say only one word to you. If you will only study and practise, you will become the first tenor in Italy."

Nozari was right. The poor chorister, who, to gain his bread, had to mend breeches, possesses now a fortune of two millions, and is called *Rubini*.

## THE LESSON OF THE LOUVRE.

BY FRANCES BROWN.

It is said that Bonaparte, when in the zenith of his power, walking one day with Denon in the Louvre, and hearing him say that a statue which both admired, was immortal, inquired how long it would last; to which Denon answered, probably a thousand years; he said, "And is this what you call immortal!"

He stood amidst the proudest spoils  
That ever warrior won,  
Where brightly fell the parting smiles  
Of summer's setting sun  
Upon his country's Louvre,  
Whose glorious solitude  
Was shared by one that well might share  
A monarch's loftiest mood.

Around him stood the matchless shapes  
Of Grecian song and thought,  
Whose glory time could ne'er eclipse  
By all the change he brought—  
The ecenes of splendour, love, and power,  
Which art or genius' hand  
Had given to palace, fane, and tower,  
Of East or Western land.

On canvas bright and marble fair  
That haughty glance was thrown;  
But long it paused in rapture where  
One stately statue shone.

"It is immortal!" said the sage:  
"Through time, and change, and tears,  
That form will last undimmed by age,  
A thousand glorious years!"

The gazer turned with kindled eye  
And smile of kingly scorn:

"Is this the immortality

To which our hopes were born?

The aim of every restless heart,

On wildest wave and coast?

The patriot's dream, the poet's part;

The sage and warrior's boast!

"Was it for this the nations grew

So great in power and fame?

And earth's unrivalled conquerors, too—

Was it for this they came?

Is this the purchase and reward

Of all the countless cost

Which Hope hath given, which Time hath shared,

Which Life and Love have lost?

"Oh mighty were the deeds of men,

When human faith was strong,

To fling on Fame's bright altar then

The spoils of sword and song.

For some, as saintly sages say,

Have offered there the bliss

And glory of Eternity—

And was it all for this?"

So spake the sun of Gallic fame,

When, o'er his glory's noon,

No dimly-distant shadow came.

Of clouds to burst so soon.

But o'er that crowned and laurelled brow

There pass'd a-shade the while,

That dimmed the dark eye's haughty glow,

And quenched the scornful smile.

Perchance his memory wandered back

To Egypt's desert vast,

Across whose sands his conquering track

Its early glory cast.

Where long-forsaken cities rose,

And temples sculptured o'er

With tales and deeds of other days,

Which man might read no more.

Perchance, like him whose minstrel art

His own sad requiem sung,

Some prophet chord in that deep heart

With answering echoes rung

To words that o'er its silence swept

With dark and boding power:

Ah! well if Memory's page had kept

The lesson of that hour!