Like all men born to good fortune, Le-pill as prompt to follow the first beckonings of lventure, and asking no questions, he quietly barked, and with a quick dip of theoars the oat shot from the shore and took the descendg current. Almost in the next instant she Pared again to the curving and willow-fringed argin of the stream, and lights glimmered brough the branches, and sweet, low, music came audible, and by rapid degrees, a scene urst on his eye which the first glimpse into e gate of Paradise (a subsequent agrecable prorise, let us presume) could scarcely have rceeded.

Without an exchange of a syllable between he boatman and his freight, the stern was set gainst a carpeted stair at the edge of the river, nd Le-pih disembarked with a bound, and good upon a spacious area lying in a lap of the all, the entire surface carpeted smoothly with ersian stuffs, and dotted here and there with riped tents pitched with poles of silver. Garends of flowers hung in festoons against the rilliant-coloured cloths, and in the centre of ach tent stood a low tablet surrounded with ouches and laden with meats and wine. uets, for whom this portion of the entertainent was provided, were apparently assemled at a spot farther on, from which proceedthe delicious music heard by the poet in apreaching, and, first entering one of the abanlaned tents for a goblet of wine, Le-pih followd to the scene of attraction.

Under a canopy of gold cloth held by six earers, stood the imperial chair upon a raised latform,-not occupied however, the august Tang reclining more at his ease, a little out of he circle, upon cushions canopied by the moonlight. Around, upon the steps of the platform and near by, were grouped the noble ries of the court and the royal princesses, Tang living much in the female apartments and his daughters numbering several score,) and all, at the moment of Le-pih's joining the assemblage, turning to observe a damsel with a lute, to whose performance the low sweet music of the band had been a prelude. first touch of the strings betrayed a trembling hand, and the poet's sympathies were stirred, bough from her bent posture and his distant position he had not yet seen the features of the player. As the tremulous notes grew firmer, and the lute began to give out a flowing harmony, Le-pin approached, and at the same time, the listening groups of ladies began to whisper ard move away, and of those who remained,

Kwonfootse and the emperor. The latter, indeed, rivalled the intruding bard in his interest, rolling over upon the cushions and resting on the other imperial elbow in close attention.

Gaining confidence evidently from the neglect of her auditory, or, as is natural to women, less afraid of the judgment of the other sex, who were her only listeners, the fair Taya, (the youngest daughter of Kwonfootse,) now joined he voice to her instrument, and sang with a sweetness that dropped like a plummet to the soul of Le-pih. He fell to his knee upon a heap of cushions and leaned eagerly forward. As she became afterwards one of his most passignate themes, we are enabled to re-conjurathe features that were presented to his admiring wonder. The envy of the princesses was sufficient proof that Taya was of rate beauty; she had that wonderful perfection of feature to which envy pays its bitterest tribute, which is apologized for if not found in the poet's ideal, which we thirst after in pictures and marble, of which loveliness and expression are but lesser degrees-fainter shadowings. adorably beautiful. The outer corners of her long, almond shaped eyes, the dipping crescent of her forehead, the pencil of her eyebrow and the indented corners of her mouth,—all these turned downward; and this peculiarity which, in faces of a less clevated character, indicates a temper morose and repulsive, in Taya's expressed the very soul of gentle and lofty melancholy. There was something infantine about her mouth, the teeth were so small and regular, and their dazzling whiteness, shining betwixt lips of the brilliant colour of a cherry freshly torn apart, was in startling contrast with the dark lustre of her eves. Le-pih's poetry makes constant allusion to those small and snowy teeth, and the turned-down corners of the lips and eyes of his incomparable mistress.

Tava's song was a fragment of that celebrated Chinese romance from which Moore has b rrowed so largely in his Loves of the Angels, and it chanced to be particularly appropriate to her deserted position, (she was alone now with her three listeners.) dwelling as it did upon the loneliness of a disguised Peri, wandering in exile ipon earth. The lute fell from her hands when she ceased, and while the emperor applauded, and Kwonfootse looked on her with paternal pride, Le-pih modestly advanced to the fallen instrument, and with a low obeisance to the emperor and a hesitating apology to Taya, struck a prolude in the same air, and none seemed to listen with pleasure except broke forth into an impulsive expression of his