HURON SIGNAL.

TEN SHILLINGS IN ADVANCE. | "THE GREATEST POSSIBLE GOOD TO THE GREATEST POSSIBLE NUMBER." | TWELVE AND SIX PENCE AT THE END OF THE YEAR.

VOLUME I. GODERICH, HURON DISTRICT, (C. W.) FRIDAY, JANUARY 5, 1848. NUMBER 48.

1,500,000 ACRES OF LAND
FOR SALE IN
CANADA WEST.

THE CANADA COMPANY have for disposal, about 1,500,000 ACRES OF LAND dispersed throughout most of the Townships in Upper Canada—nearly 500,000 Acres are situated in the *Huron Tract*, well known as one of the most fertile parts of the Province—it has trebled its population in five years, and now contains upwards of 20,000 inhabitants.

The LANDS are offered by way of *LEASE, for Ten Years, or for Sale, CASH DOWN—the plan of one-fifth Cash, and the balance in Instalments being done away with.*

The Rents payable 1st February each year, are about the Interest at Six Per Cent. upon the price of the Land. Upon most of the Lots, when *LEASED*, NO MONEY IS REQUIRED DOWN—whilst upon the others, according to locality, one, two, or three years Rent, must be paid in advance,—but these payments will free the Settler from further calls until 2nd, 3rd or 4th year of his term of Lease.

The right to PURCHASE the FREEHOLD during the term, is secured to the Lessee at a fixed sum named in Lease, and an allowance is made according to anticipated payment.

Lists of Lands, and any further information can be obtained, (by application, if by letter post-paid) at the COMPANY'S OFFICES, *Toronto* and *Goderich*; of R. BIRDSALL, Esq., *Asphodel*, Colburne District; Dr. ALLING, *Guelph*, or J. C. W. DALY, Esq., *Stratford*, Huron District.

Goderich, March 17, 1848. 7

MARBLE FACTORY,
SOUTH WATER ST., GALT.

D. H. McCULLOCH continues to manufacture HEADSTONES, MONUMENTS, OBELISKS, TOMB TOPS, &c., in Marble and Freestone, as cheap as any in the Province, all work warranted to order, or no charge will be made. Prices of Marble Headstones from 10 to 50 dollars; of Freestone from 6 to 30 dollars; Monuments &c., from 50 dollars upwards.—Written communications addressed to the undersigned containing the Inscriptions, and at what price, in Marble or Freestone, will be punctually attended to.

D. H. McCULLOCH.

Galt, Nov. 8th, 1848. 42m3

REMOVAL.
A HOPE,

RESPECTFULLY begs leave to return his sincere thanks to numerous friends and the public generally, for the liberal patronage heretofore received,—and informs them that he has REMOVED his TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT from Lighthouse street to East street, next door to James Bissett, Carpenter, and a few doors west of the Goderich Foundry, where all orders will be promptly executed; and customers may depend on having their garments made up in the most improved and fashionable style.

☞ A full variety of the newest Fall and Winter FASHIONS for 1848–9 just received.

Goderich, Oct 27, 1848. 39

NOTICE.

THE Subscriber wishes to inform his Customers, and the inhabitants of Stratford and vicinity, that he intends carrying on business on

"A READY PAY SYSTEM."

And that after the first day of January, 1849 he will give no credit. He will pay the highest price for produce of all kinds, Black Salts &c. He begs to return his sincere thanks to his Customers for their liberal Patronage, and hopes still to receive a Share.

THOMAS M. DALY.

Stratford Nov. 29th, 1848. 44tf

DR. GEORGE HARVEY,
Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh.

HAVING practiced his profession for several years in the Province of Nova Scotia, takes leave respectfully to offer his professional services to the inhabitants of Goderich and its vicinity.

Residence in the cottage lately occupied by Mrs. Montgomery.

Goderich, Nov. 16th, 1848. 42

VALUABLE LOT OF LAND
FOR SALE.

LOT 8, Lake Shore, township of Ashfield, containing

ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-TWO ACRES,

Within two miles of the thriving Village of Port Albert, in which there is a Grist Mill, a Saw Mill, and an Oat Mill. The Lot is boundedon the west by the Lake, and on the east by a cut road,—and is well watered.

☞ For particulars apply—if by letter post paid—to

DAVID CLARK, Esq.

CLAREMONT, 14th Dec. 1848. 45tf

DR. P. A. McDOUGALL,

CAN be consulted at all hours, at the *British Hotel*, (LANCASTER'S·)

Goderich, Sept. 13th, 1848. 33–

Poetry.

THE WEAVERS' SONG.

When Hercules did use to spin,
 And Pallas wrought upon the loom,
Our trade to flourish did begin,
 While conscience went not selling broom;
Then love and friendship did agree,
To keep the bands of amity.

When princes sons kept sheep in field,
 And queens made cakes of wheaten flower,
The men to lucre did not yield,
 Which brought good cheer in every bower;
Then love and friendship did agree,
To hold the bands of amity.

But when the gyants huge and high,
 Did fight with spears like weavers' beams,
Then they in iron beds did lye,
 And brought poor men to hard extreams;
Yet love and friendship did agree,
To hold the bands of amity.

Then David took his sling and stone,
 Not fearing great Goliath's strength,
He pierc't his brains, and broke the bone,
 Though he were fifty foot of length:
For love and friendship did agree,
To hold the bands of amity.

But while the Greeks besieged Troy,
 Penelope apace did spin:
And weavers wrought with mickle joy,
 Though little gains were coming in;
For love and friendship did agree,
To hold the bands of amity.

Had Helen then gone carding wool
 (Whose beauteous face did breed and strife,)
She had not been Sir Paris trull,
 Nor caused so many to lose their life;
Yet we by love did still agree,
To hold the bands of amity.

Or had King Priam's wanton son,
 Been making quills with sweet content,
He had then his friends undone,
 When he to Greece a gadding went;
For love and friendship did agree,
To hold the bands of amity.

The cedar-trees endure more storms,
 Than little shrubs that sprout on high:
The weavers live more void of harms,
 Then princes of great dignity;
While love and friendship doth agree,
To hold the bands of amity.

The shepherd sitting in the field,
 Doth tune his pipe with hear:'s delight:
When princes watch with spear and shield,
 The poor man soundly sleeps all night.
While love and friendship doth agree,
To hold the bands of amity,

Yet this by proof is daily try'd,
 For God's good gifts we are ingrate,
And no man through the world so wide,
 Lives well contented with his state;
No love and friendship we can see,
To hold the bands of amity.

STANZAS.

Man of toil, would'st thou be free,
 Lend thine ear to reason's call;
There's folly in the drunkard's glee—
 There's madness in the midnight brawl;
The ribald's jest, the vulgar song,
 May lead to ruin and despair;
Let truth unloose thy fettered soul—
 There is no freedom in the bowl.

Man of toil, would'st thou be wise,
 The paths of moral light explore;
Pierce the human heart's disguise,
 And track its motives to the core;
Creation's boundless beauties scan,
 Observe its wonders—search its laws;
Look on the vast harmonious plan,
 And learn to love the Eternal Cause;
Let truth illume thy darkened soul—
 There is no wisdom in the bowl.

Man of toil, would'st thou be blest,
 Give the purest feelings play;
Bring all that's noble to thy breast,
 Let all that's worthless pass away.
Let generous deeds bid sorrow cease.
 Let gentlest words thy lips employ;
Scatter the seeds of love and peace,
 And reap a harvest full of joy:
Let truth make glad thy harassed soul—
 There are no blessings in tho bowl.

FACTS FOR FARMERS.

These are some things that farmers ought to know:—

Often breaking up the surface keeps a sod in health; for when it lies in a hard bound state enriching showers run off, and salubrious air cannot enter.

Never keep your cattle short, few farmers can afford it. If you starve them they will starve you.

Never plough in bad weather, or when the ground is very wet.

Accounts should detailing the expense and produce of each field.

When an implement is no longer wanted for the season lay it carefully aside, but first let it be well cleaned.

Good fences make good neighbors.

Experiments are highly commendable, but do not become an habitual experimenter.

One animal well fed is more value than two poorly kept.

The bettea animals can be fed, and the more comfortable they are kept, the more profitable they are,—and all farmers work for profit.

Ground well ploughed is better than thrice poorly kept.

Cows well fed in winter give more milk in summer.

THE MODERN GYGES.

A TALE OF TRIALS.

[CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST.]

About eighteen months before the incidents related in the preceding pages, Walstein arrived in Florence, after a residence of three years at Rome and Bologna, where he had successfully pursued the noble art to which he had devoted himself from boyhood with intense and unceasing ardour. In Florence, the spirited designs and vigorous execution of this highly-gifted youth attracted the notice, and, eventually, the personal friendship and munificent patronage of Earl of C., an English peer of princely fortune, and with a spirit worthy of his wealth. During occasional and protracted residence at Florence, this nobleman became the idol of the numerious artists attracted by the fine paintings which adorn the "City of Flowers." Their attachment to him was pure and disinterested, and excited less by his liberal remuneration, than by his passionate devotion to the arts, and his considerate sympathy with that morbid irritability of temperament peculiar to all artists. In the prime of life, and distinguished by a figure of commanding height, a prepossessing physiognomy, and a deportment unaffected and manly, the Earl needed not the accidents of rank and wealth to recommend him the fair sex; but with instinctive delicacy he recoiled from miscellaneous and common-place intrigue, and devoted himself with fervent, exclusive, and long-enduring attachment to Cecilia G., the most impassioned and intellectual singer in Italy; and, in personal and mental fascination, the Aspasia of her time. From her father, an eminent physician in Bologna, she had derived a comprehensive and masculine education: and from a Roman mother, the majestic proportions, the classic profile, and the imposing gesture, which distinguish the daughters of the "Eternal City." While yet a child, she had developed a striking taste and talent for music; and under judicious discipline, her voice matured with her growth into a power and pathos which thrilled every listener. Her upper tones were defective, but the middle and lower notes which composed her natural voice, were unparalleled in depth and richness; and her exquisite taste taught her to shun all needless decoration, and to rely solely upon the effect of those firm, emphatic, and long-drawn notes, which the Italians call "Portmento di voce."

The tender connexion which existed between the English nobleman and the highly-gifted Cecilia had commenced some years before in Naples, and was no secret in Florence. A conviction of the general worthlessness of Italian husbands, and a due sense of her own merits, had early established in her mind a determination never to relinquish her free-agency; and she had reached the mature age of five-and-twenty without experiencing a sentiment more impassioned than friendship, when Lord C., enthralled by the dramatic pathos of her performance in serious operas, ought her acquaintance. The intuitable truth and force of her singing, and the classic elegance of her deportment, had led him to expect an accomplished and high-minded female; but he discovered in her what he had never yet seen combined in woman; a ripened and well-regulated understanding; exquisite discrimination; a command of ancient and modern languages; a boundless opulence of thought, diction, and imagery; and, to crown all, a countenance beaming with that transparency of soul which no beauty can equal, and a deportment, dignified, graceful, and full of womanly feeling and fascination. The eternal coldness and reserve of Lord C., and the somewhat rigid discipline he had hitherto exercised over his feelings, melted instantaneously before this constellation of attractions. His wonted taciturnity gave way to an impassioned and overflowing eloquence; his visit insensibly extended to several hours, and he left this Italian syren, most deeply entangled in her spells than he was conscious of at the moment. The following and each succeeding day brought a repetition of his visits; congenial tastes and pursuits rapidly matured their mutual prepossession into a warmer feeling; and the beautiful Cecilia, disdaining marriage, and cherishing some romantic visions of the golden days of Pericles and Aspasia, consented to embellish the home and the existence of the enamoured earl: spurning, however, all pecuniary arrangements, and conditioning only that their connexion should be dissoluble at the pleasure of either party.

A professional engagement brought the Signora some years afterwards to Florence, where she was joined by the earl on his return from a stay of three months in England. About this period he became acquainted with Walstein, and found so much to admire in the man as well as in the artist, that he gave the young painter a general invitation to his table, and purchased his works with a liberality which enabled Walstein to pursue his professional studies with increased facility and success.

The young artist was painting one morning a Psyche, gazing on the sleeping God of Love, and was so deeply absorbed in his work, that he observed not the entrance of Lord C., who approached the easel, and gazed upon the picture for some time in silence. "Walstein," said he at length, "that design is poetical and spirited, but the carnation tints of your Psyche are intolerably cold and lifeless. How is it that you, who succeeded in all other subjects, should fail so totally in pourtraying the charms of woman? You have surely drawn the female figure from plaster and marble only. Tell me, honestly, did you never study professionally the unveiled proportions of a beautiful woman?"

A momentary blush darkened the cheek and brow of the young artist, and the pride of conscious purity flashed in his fine eyes, as he firmly answered, "Never! Why should I corrupt a young and ardent imagination, by copying the naked form of a leering courtezan? It is not essential to success in the nobler departments of fine art. Nay, more, my lord! I have pledged my faith to an innocent and lovely girl in Germany, and I am proud to say that my highest ambition is to meet her at the altar as unsullied in mind and person as she is herself."

"Most virtuous of all modern Quixotes," exclaimed the less romantic and laughing Earl, "I admire your heroism; but you must excuse me if I assert that you will never succeed as an historical painter until you step down from your stilts. A fine woman is the gem and masterpiece of Nature; and believe me, Walstein, it is a delusion or a dream to expect that copying from statues and paintings will enable you to give life and character to the finest object in creation;—it would be far easier for a poet to describe the passion of love without any experience of it." The young artist stood silent and disconcerted, and the earl continued. "I have long wished that you should paint for me a Venus rising from the sea: but your tame execution of the Psyche convinces me that, at present, you would utterly fail in the attempt."

This remark roused all the professional pride of Walstein, who replied, with some asperity, "My attempt would probably convince your lordship of the contrary."

"The Venus should be the size of life," continued Lord C., coolly, "and the finest woman in Italy should be your model.—But even with such a model before you, you could not succeed."

"What mean you, my lord?" exclaimed Walstein. "You allow me talent; you tell me that the marble coldness of my carnation tints would disappear were I to paint from living models; you offer me the finest woman in Italy as a model, and you maintain that nevertheless I could not succeed!"

"Most certainly I do," replied the Earl with a sarcastic smile. "Titian, Raffaelle, and all the best painters of female beauty had notoriously in their wives or mistresses fine living models to draw from. Their passions were tranquillized by indulgence, and they could gaze upon the charms of woman with the steady eye and quiet pulse essential to an artist. But how are you, in the glowing spring of life, to maintain the requisite self-possession, when exposed for the first time to the full blaze of naked beauty? Your quickened pulses will impair your vision, and paralyse your pencil. No, Walstein; before you attempt the Aphrodite, you must encounter some preparatory discipline; and, if your Teutonic chivalry will not stoop to a mistress, why not become a member of that sociotress, why not become a member of that society, to which every artist in Florence but yourself is so much indebted? Why not study nature in the "Halls of Anacreon?"

"What, my lord!" exclaimed the artist, "do you counsel *me*, a betrothed man, and pledged by a tie sacred as marriage itself, to frequent that temple of impurity?"

"Say rather," replied the Earl, "that unrivalled pantheon of grace and beauty, which, is supported and not abused, will do more for the arts than all the picture and statue galleries in Europe. As to its impurity, it is taken for granted, but it has never been proved; and I maintain, that to the pure in mind, that unparalleled exhibition is as morally correct as it is classically appropriate and beautiful. It was established solely to benefit the students of fine art, and so absolute is the decorum observed in the halls of painting and statuary, that even a female artist, with any strength of mind, would feel no consciousness of impropriety if introduced there. The Greek dances are conducted with similar decorum; but of the concluding banquet I can say nothing, because I never witnessed it. At this season the artists and their patrons hold their meetings thrice a week, and if you will become a member, a regular attendance for three weeks will enable you to commence my Aphrodite with a steady hand."

"Why not commence this very day!" replied the painter; "your lordship has too little confidence in my self-possession.—You are a man of the world, and you cannot appreciate the immense power which a virtuous attachment exercise over a well-regulated mind. I seek not the danger you would expose me to; but, to oblige you, I am willing to encounter it."

After a pause of reflection, Lord C. exclaimed, "Be it so, Walstein! I will afford you an opportunity to convince me that I have underated your self-command. Come to me an hour before sunset this evening. Drawing materials I have in abundance, and the model shall be in attendance."

At the appointed hour the young artist arrived at the hotel of Lord C., whom he found with a bottle of Cyprus wine before him. The Earl filled the glasses, challenged Walstein to drink, and conversed for some minutes upon general topics. At length he rose, and said, "Walstein! there is about you a lofty and chivalrous sense of honour, which justifies the singular confidence I am about to repose in you. I feel assured that you will never reveal the incidents of this evening; but, as I still doubt your boasted self-dominion, I request your pledge of honour that you will not utter a word while you gaze upon the model, and that you will not suffer your admiration to get the better of your discretion."

The painter gave the required pledge, not without some feeling of wounded pride, and Lord C. quitted the apartment to make some preparatory arrangements.—Walstein emptied the goblet before him, and, with a rising pulse, paced up and down the room until the earl returned, and signed to him to follow. They proceeded through a suite of empty apartments into a small matted ante-room, where stood an easel with canvass and drawing materials. Before an open doorway, leading into an inner apartment, was suspended in thick folds a curtain of dark damask, in which were two apertures, not easily discernible, but large enough for the eyes to observe through them any objects in the inner-room. Lord C. pointed to the apertures in the curtain, placed a finger on his lips in token of silence, and left the painter alone. With a beating heart Walstein applied his eyes to the curtain, and beheld the magnificent form of Cecilia G. reclining on a Grecian couch in the drapery and attitude of Correggio's penitent Magdalen. Her fine head was supported by an arm of rounded and perfect symmetry; her dark eyes, downcast and full of melancholy lustre, were fixed intently on a book, and her redundant hair fell in glossy undulations over her shoulders and bosom, "concealing half, while it adorned the whole." Her only garb was an ample shawl of dark-blue silk, folded around her majestic person, which it concealed from below the bosom to the lower part of the leg, where it betrayed to view the finely moulded feet and ankles.

Lord C. now entered her apartment, placed himself before an easel, and began to sketch the brilliant form of his lovely model. "When, my Cecilia," said he, "will you gratify my long and ardent wish to behold that incomparable figure in the attitude of the Medicean Venus?"

"Your mania for the arts put my affection for you to a severe test," replied the blushing and reluctant Signora. "But, if it must be so, and on condition that you never again exact a sacrifice of this nature, I will at once oblige you. Leave the room, and return in a few minutes."

Lord C. immediately retired, and the agitated painter beheld, ere long, the beautiful Italian rise with an audible sigh of reluctance from the couch, unwind the silken shawl, and stand before him, as Eve appeared to Adam when he woke. She then stepped upon a pedestal, and assumed the attitude of the "statue which enchants the world." The setting sun threw its golden radiance through the half-closed Venetian blinds, and diffused a rich glow of light around the brilliant and matchless proportions of this lovely woman. In luxuriant symmetry of form she fully equalled the Grecian Venus of the Florence gallery; but, in the character of the head and profile, and in the proportions of the arms and hands, the Medicean goddess must have yielded the golden apple to a rival, whose bright and perfect form would have dimmed the lustre of marble fresh from the hand of Phidias. Giddy with emotion, the excited artist forgot for some moments the object for which his patron had placed himself, he seized a pencil, and attempted to sketch the outline of the dazzling figure; but his trembling hand refused obedience to his will, and, after some vain attempts to trace a steady line, he threw the pencil on the matted floor, and, again looking through the fatal apertures, gazed upon the beauty of the blushing and agitated model until his senses wandered. Breathing in delirious rapture the words, "divine Aphrodite!" he raised his hands to remove the envious curtain, and would have rushed forward to kneel and worship at the feet of this earthly goddess, when he was suddenly withheld by a powerful grasp, and, turning round, *encountered the lightning* glance of the indignant Lord C. "Madman! what would you?" whispered the angry Earl. "Is this your pledge of silence and discretion? Do you not see the utter folly of your chivalrous pretensions?"

"My lord," replied the bewildered youth in an agitated whisper, "I am not sufficiently collected to answer you either rationally or respectfully. For to-day, excuse me," he added, quitting hastily the apartment and the house.

The potent wine of Cyprus had fired his blood; the seductive image of Cecilia still danced before his eyes, and the stinging reproaches of the irritated Earl still smarted in his ears, as he staggered like one intoxicated along the street. Hastened to the ponte della Trinita, he leaned over the parapet to inhale the cool breezes which played at sunset on the waters of the Arno, and endeavoured, by strenuous recollections of his Amelia, and of her artless and confiding attachment, to neutralize the dangerous poison which glowed in every vein. But the attempt was fruitless: feelings, which his pure and well regulated habits had hitherto kept dorment, now spurned all control; and the unhappy youth, cursing his own weakness, and the kindly meant but dangerous sophistry of his patron, hastened from the bridge at night-fall, and proceeded homewards, in hopes that sleep would restore his lost tranquillity. Passing the church of Santa Maria de' Fiore, he was stopped by Ulric Brancaglio, a German of Italian origin, and a sculptor of considerable talent, but licentious and eccentric in his habits, and of an irritable and morbid temperament. The lamps of a shrined Madonna threw their light upon the features of Walstein, and revealed his agitation to the sculptor, whose wonted reserve and misanthopy had yielded to the influence of wine, and a convivial party which he had just quitted. "Hah, Walstein!" he exclaimed, seizing the painter's hand, and gazing earnestly upon his flushed cheeks, "what adventure has ruffled that innocent face of thine? and this galloping pulse—what means it? Come, be honest, and confess that this warm climate disagrees with thy northern chivalry. You live too much alone, Walstein! and you have yet to learn that solitude nourishes the passions, while society dissipates and relieves them. Come along with me, my dear fellow! I promise you a glorious evening, and a lesson in drawing, worth all the school it Italy put together."

The still dreaming, and half conscious Walstein heard without comprehending the sculptor's words, and suffered himself to be led unresistingly along several streets, until they stopped at a low door in a narrow and obscure court, the mean dwellings in which were overtopped by a range of noble houses near the river. Brancaglio pulled a bell-handle three times in quick succession; a wicket in the door was opened, and a voice within exclaimed, "Who rings?"

"A son of Anacreon," replied the sculptor, in an audible whisper. Walstein started at the word, and would have retreated, but his exhilarated companion dragged him into an arched and dimly lighted passage, and the massive door closed immediately behind them. "Trust me, Walstein," said the sculptor, leading him with rapid step along the passage, "you will leave this house a happier man a better artist than you came into it; and I pledge myself," he continued, to the still unwilling youth, "that you shall leave it when you like."

Controlled by the vehemence of Brancaglio, the yielding painter suffered himself to be conducted to the foot of a narrow staircase, which brought them to the ground floor of a large and elegant mansion. Ascending a spacious flight of marble stairs, adorned with niches and statues, they entered an apartment of moderate dimensions, and coated with red silk drapery, extending in rich folds from the lofty cieling to the floor. An immense chandelier, the numerous lamps of which were shaded with ground glass, threw a flood of light over this tent-like apartment, in which Walstein found some opulent patrons of fine art, and all the painters and sculptors of Florence, assembled in animated converse. The sound of a bell was heard, and immediately a dead silence reigned throughout the assemblage. Again the bell sounded; the siken drapery, which had apparently formed the limits of the room, was gathered to the cieling with magical celerity, and the astonished Walstein found himself in a magnificent rotunda, and surrounded by a spectacle of classic and unparalleled beauty. On appropriate pedestals in the successive niches of this pantheon of fine art, stood living and perfect models of the finest female groups, and statues of ancient and modern date, while the rich amber light which streamed down upon them from the shaded lamps invested every figure with the tint of marble, and completed the illusion. The celebrated Venus Callipyga, of the Farnese gallery at Naples, was personified by a tall and magnificent Roman, who fully equalled her marble prototype in the brilliant and voluptuous plenitude of her charms. The Medicean Venus; the two kneeling goddesses of the Vatican; the French Venus of Arles; the lofty Diana, and fawn of the Louvre gallery; and the Graces, holding each a golden apple, and grouped after a picture of Raffaelle in the Borghese collection, were represented with beautiful accuracy. On the opposite side of the rotunda stood the well-chiselled, but meagre, half dressed, and affected groups and statues of Canova. His Venus, two Ballerine, his Hebe, and Graces, were personified by more youthful females, whose slender limbs and undeveloped forms contrasted disadvantageously with the natural ease and dignity, the rounded, full, and perfect symmetry of the antique. The draperies were silk of the palest yellow, which gave relief, contrast, and brilliancy to the unveiled charms of the smiling models, who were protected from any unhallowed approach by a siken cord, which encircled the rotunda at a distance of several feet before the niches. Opposite to each group and statue stood a painter's easel and canvass, all of which were instantly occupied by as many youthful artists, who began to sketch in studious and unbroken silence, while the sculptors and older artists, with their patrons, conversed in low wispers.

Leaning on the arm of Brancaglio, the enraptured Walstein paced slowly round this scene of wondrous and disturbing beauty.—"This unrivalled academy," whispered the sculptor, "was established last winter by some opulent patrons of fine art, and with the purest purposes. During the first three months, masculine models only were employed; but, with a view to assist young artists of promise, who were too poor to pay the price exacted by the best female models, occasional exhibitions of female groups and figures were sanctioned by the munificent supporters of the institution.—This palace, once occupied by a society of musical amateurs, was hired and fitted up as you behold it; and, as the scientific amusements are succeeded by a social and musical banquet, the original appellation of the 'Halls of Anacreon' has been retained.—None but artists and patrons of art are admitted; and, to prevent calumny and misrepresentation, a pledge of secrecy is exacted from every member, which has hitherto been so well observed, both by artists and models, that the existence of this society is known to very few except the initiated. As a lesson of fine art to the student, this exhibition is matchless, and it has no drawback but its bravity; but that is an evil without remedy. The fatigue of supporting with accuracy and steadiness the positions required to personify the various groups and statues, is too exhausting for long continuance."

Fifteen minutes, which, to the excited Walstein, appeared as many seconds, had now elapsed, and the bell gave the usual signal. The students quitted their easels, collected in a group under the chandelier, and the immense curtain, falling rapidly around them, closed the celestial scene with magical abruptness.

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]