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FADELESS IS A LOVING HEART

My eyes may lose their brightness,
My feet forget their lightness;
My teeth may know decay,
My tresses turn to gray,
My hair may grow and eyes be dim,
My voice may weak the limb;
Though youth and strength depart,
Love is a loving heart.

Ye in worldly wisdom old—
Ye who bow the knee to gold,
Doth this earth as lovely seem
As it did in life's young dream,
Ere the world had crumpled o'er,
Feeling good and pure before—
Ere ye sinned at Mammon's mart
The best yearnings of the heart!

The little mountain flower,
That in the wintry hour,
When the summer's breath is fled,
The gaudier flowers dead;
When outward charms are gone,
Her still doth blossom on,
The Time's destroying dart,
Gentle, kindly loving heart.

Grant me, Heaven, my earnest prayer—
Whether life of ease or care
Be the one to me assigned,
That each coming year may find
Loving thoughts and gentle words
Twined with my bosom's chords,
And that age may but impart
Riper freshness to my heart!

HANDEL'S DREAM.

CHAPTER I.

On a lovely autumn morning, Handel rode along the wild and picturesque path that led from Sienna to Rome. He was accompanied by one servant, a day's march to the Eternal City. The heat was oppressive; it was, then, with a deep feeling of relief that our travellers approached a thick forest of pine trees which promised them a shelter from the burning rays of the sun. Handel reached it, they dismounted and tied their horses to a tree. Handel soon fell into that dreamy state which paralyzes both body and soul, and which seems to draw a transparent veil between the mind and the external world. At first his senses were vague and undefined, but soon becoming more distinct, they took the form of a lovely woman, who, bending over him, contemplated him with an air of surprise and delight. He could distinctly feel the contact of her flowing dress, he even fancied he could hear the sound of her voice. Scarcely had he opened his eyes, than he started to his feet, and found around him the vision had vanished; and what was his astonishment, when he discovered at his feet a small scroll of paper, on which these lines were traced:

"Sweet eyes now closed in balmy sleep,
Thy fatal power my heart ebbeth,
If thus my soul they steal away,
How could I bear their opening ray?"

Handel questioned his servant, who related to him, during his journey, a carriage containing two ladies, elegantly dressed, had stopped near where he reposed; that the younger of the two, who was beautiful as an angel, had approached close to him as he slept, and having contemplated him for a few moments, had written a few lines which she let fall at his feet on seeing that he was on the point of waking, and had then hastened to reach her carriage and quickly drove away. Handel rode rapidly in the direction she had taken, but his search for the lovely unknown was fruitless, and he proceeded on his journey to Rome, quite pre-occupied with his strange vision, and singular circumstance attached to it.

CHAPTER II.

The next day Handel was at Rome, where the news of his arrival had already caused a deep sensation. A concert was to be given the same evening in the Governor's palace, and the celebrated and already celebrated composer was among the number of guests.

As Handel had ascended the grand staircase, which was lined with brilliant candleabra and lined with valets in the best liveries, the Governor honored the young stranger by stopping to receive him, and having testified to him the pleasure he felt in possessing so distinguished a guest, announced him, in the presence of triumph, to the brilliant society assembled in the hall.

"But a moment," said the Governor, "since the celebrated Baroni sang for us a divine melody composed expressly for her. She has just left the room with her mother, but you will have the pleasure of hearing her, and will find her, I hope, of rendering some of your enchanting inspirations."

At that moment the sound of a harp was heard in the next room, and the name of Leonora Baroni, circulating from mouth to mouth, informed Handel that the young cantatrice was about to sing. Having approached the door, he perceived her as she ran her fingers over the strings of the instrument—wondering how he was thought of his dream. Why did this young

girl remind him of his mysterious apparition? He could not explain it to himself. Whoever it was, his impulse was to rush to her side; but reflection arrested his steps.

Soon Leonora poured forth a voice whose limpid and vibrating tone caused Handel a thrill of exquisite delight: was it an illusion? The words she sang were the self-same inscribed on the mysterious scroll he had found in the forest.

Leonora having come to the last notes of the madrigal she sang, raised her lovely head, and encountered the eyes of the young maestro fixed upon her, with an expression of ecstatic happiness. Suddenly her voice failed, a mortal paleness over-appeared her lovely features, and she fell senseless upon the marble floor. This circumstance caused great agitation in the assembly. Handel darted forward, and raising her in his arms, bore her into one of the galleries of the palace, hoping the fresh night air would bring her to herself. At length her consciousness returned; although much agitated she endeavored to smile, and addressing Handel in a trembling voice:—

"I believe, sir," said she, "that we have met before, but trust you will forget the momentary imprudence of which I was guilty."

"I did not dream, then," exclaimed the young composer. "It was you whom I beheld, and my celestial vision was no illusion."

Leonora blushed, and softly disengaging herself from the tender pressure of the young man's arm, hastened to seek her mother; and before the end of the evening she not only obtained the favor of seeing them home, but a permission to visit them the next day.

CHAPTER III.

The assiduous attentions of Handel to the young girl soon betrayed the secret of his heart. It was with a mixture of pleasure and fear that Leonora's mother perceived his growing love. Full of esteem and admiration for the talented composer, she would have been proud to have seen her daughter united to so distinguished a man; but Handel's trans-Alpine birth and heretical belief opposed serious obstacles to his union with Leonora. Accordingly, when he demanded the hand of the lovely cantatrice, her mother replied that she could not give her consent until she had first consulted Leonora's relations, and particularly her brother. Handel, who had often heard of the unamiable temper of the young officer, spoke of going to Venice where he was at that moment, to plead his cause in person.

"Great Heaven!" cried Leonora; "you must not think of it!"

"And why not? What means this fear?" asked Handel. "You must not know him, he would kill you. I must not tell you all. Do not remain a longer here, leave this for a while for but a month. Do not see me."

Handel gave way to Leonora's entreaties, and went to Naples; there he was received in the most flattering manner, was over-powered with invitations, surrounded with friends, but all these diversions could not cause him to forget his beloved Leonora. It was at Naples that he composed for her his most enchanting melodies.

It was now nearly a month since he had received any news from Leonora, and fearing something from the violence of her brother, he hastened to return to Rome. Immediately on his arrival, he flew to seek the lovely cantatrice. On approaching her apartments, he distinctly heard the sound of sighs and sobbing. The door was partly open; and on looking into the room, he perceived a tall, thin man sitting by Leonora, and overheard the following conversation:

"Oh!" said Leonora, "how can you speak to me so cruelly? If you have ceased to love me, say so, at least!"

"Pity you! Pity a creature so hardened in crime!"

"Alas! I have never committed one."

"You have never committed a crime? do you not love this heretic—this impious wretch?"

"And yet, dear brother, he is noble and generous how can it then be wrong to love one like him?"

Handel started at these words, and the young officer turning his head, immediately recognized him.

"'Tis he!" cried he; "is the heretic who would dishonor my name?"

And escaping from the arms of his sister, who made a powerless effort to withhold him, he rushed towards the door.

"Oh! spare him, for pity's sake!" cried Leonora, throwing herself between the assassin and her lover.

The impulse was so rapid, that the dagger raised to strike the

young composer, reached the faithful bosom of the loving girl, who felt heavily to the earth bathed in her own blood.

The assassin drew back horror-stricken at the effects of his rage, and fled, howling, from the scene of his crime.

Poor Handel, having once more pressed to his bosom the bleeding and inanimate form of his beloved Leonora, quitted Italy and shortly afterwards came to England, where his beautiful compositions, and above all his sublime orations, created for him the brilliant reputation, which has continued even to the present day and will continue forever.

SUMMER.

A dreamy sound of waters
Falling, ever falling;
Voices of sweet song birds
To each other calling
Flowers all rainbow tinted,
Springing, ever springing,
On the fragrant breezes
Richest perfume flinging.

A perfect satisfaction,
A fulness of delight,
A sense of gliding onward
Through regions ever bright—
All hail, all bloom, all beauty,
Like some ambrosial clime,
These are the signs that tell us
Of glorious summer-time!

THE DYING MOZART.

Wolfgang Mozart, the great German composer, died at Vienna in 1791. There was something strikingly beautiful and touching in the circumstances of his death. His sweetest song was the last he sung,—the "Requiem." He had been employed upon his exquisite piece for several weeks—his soul filled with inspirations of richest melody, and already claiming kindred with immortality. After giving it its last touch, and breathing into it that undying spirit of song which was to consecrate it through all time, as his cyprian strain, he fell into a gentle and quiet slumber. At length the night footsteps of his daughter Emily, awoke him.

"Come hither," said he, "my Emily—my task is done—the Requiem, my Requiem is finished."

"Say not so, dear father," said the gentle girl, interrupting him, as tears stood in her eyes. "You must be better—you look better, for even now your cheek has a glow upon it—I am sure we will nurse you well again, let me bring you something refreshing."

"Do not deceive yourself, my love," said the dying father; "this wasted form can never be restored by human aid. From heaven's mercy alone do I look for aid in this my dying hour. You spoke of refreshment, Emily—take these, my last notes—sit down to my piano here—sing with them the hymn of your sainted mother, let me once more hear those tones which have been so long my solace and delight."

Emily obeyed; and with a voice curbed with the tenderest emotion, sang the following stanzas:—

Spirit! thy labour is o'er!
Thy term of probation is run,
Thy steps are now bound for the untroubled shore,
And the race of immortals begun.

Spirit! look not on the strife
Or the pleasures of earth with regret,
Pause not on the threshold of untried life,
To mourn for the day that is set.

Spirit! no fetters can bind,
No wicked have power to molest,
There the weary, like thee—the wretched shall find
A haven, a mansion of rest.

Spirit! how bright is the road
For which thou art now on the wing!
Thy home it will be, with thy Saviour and God,
Their loud hallelujah to sing.

As she concluded, she dwelt for a moment upon the low melancholy notes of the piece, and then turning from the instrument, looked in silence for the approving smile of her father. It was the still passionate smile which the rapt and joyous spirit had left, with the seal of death upon those features.