

but as realities faithfully chronicled. Verona might well be called the city of romance, of that romance which is of every country and of every time, wedded as its name is for evermore, with associations stamped when life was new; and the mind yielded unresistingly to the impressions traced on it by him who so well knew how to reach its inmost recesses.

Who has forgotten the first perusal of *Romeo and Juliet*, when the heart echoed the impassioned vows of the lovers, and sympathized with their sorrows! Though furrows of care and age may have marked the brow, and the bright hopes and illusions of life have long faded, the heart will still give a sigh to the memory of those days when it could melt with pity at a tale of love; and grief for the loss of our departed youth becomes blended with the pensiveness awakened by the associations of what so greatly moved and interested us in that joyous season of our existence.

All this, however weakly expressed, I felt at this place to-night, when gazing from my window I beheld the stately buildings rising amidst tall trees, emblazoned gates through which gardens silvered by the moonbeams were seen, with spires and minarets, looking like carved ivory against the deep blue sky, and heard a serenade, meant probably for some modern *Juliet*. The scene gave rise to the following sonnet, a feeble transcript of the feeling it awakened:—

Now is the hour when music's soft tones steal
O'er the charmed ear, and hushed is every sound
Of busy day, and hearts awake to feel
The ties of love, by which they're bound.
How calm and solemn is the moon-lit street,
With yon tall spires seen 'gainst the sapphire sky,
And fretted domes and minarets that greet,
From the far distance, the enchanted eye,
As bright, tinged with the moon's silver beams,
They rise above the dusky waving trees
And stately palaces. More lovely seems
The scene than aught day shows us. Hark! the breeze
Wafts coral voices, wedding words sweet,
As hearts long parted breathe forth when they meet.

Few places have, I do believe, undergone less change than Verona, and this circumstance adds to the interest it excites. One can imagine that could the gentle *Juliet* revisit earth again, she would have little difficulty in finding the palace of the Capuletti, nearly in the same state as when she was borne from it; and the ghost of *Romeo* might haunt the precincts he so loved to frequent in life without being puzzled about their identity. It is difficult, if not impossible, at least while at Verona, to bring one's-self to think that the story of these lovers is, after all, but a legend, claimed by many countries. I confess it appears to me to

be more true than many of the facts recorded by grave and reverend historians, connected with cities and buildings which still retain proofs of their authenticity. It is the genius of Shakespeare that has accomplished this and every English heart will own it. I feel much less interest about seeing the celebrated amphitheatre here than the tomb of *Juliet*; a confession calculated to draw on me the contemptuous pity of every antiquary in Italy.

LADY BLESSINGTON.

ONLY TRY.

THE following anecdote is translated from a French paper:—

"They used to say that every soldier carried in his cartridge-box a marshal's baton; might not one say in these days, that every chorister carries in his windpipe a fortune? Here is one example at least—

"About thirty years ago, in a little city of Italy at Bergamo, by a singular contrast, the company of the opera-house was quite indifferent, while the choristers were excellent. It could scarcely have been otherwise, since the greater part of the choristers have since become distinguished composers. Donizetti, Crivelli, Leodora, Bianche, Mari, and Dolci, commenced by singing in the choruses at Bergamo.

There was, among others at that epoch, a young man, very poor, very modest, and greatly beloved by his comrades. In Italy the orchestra and the choristers are worse paid than in Greece, if possible. You enter a bootmaker's shop,—the master is the first violin. The apprentices relax themselves after a day's work, by playing the clarionet, the hautboys, or the timbrels in the evening at the theatre. One young man, in order to assist his old mother, united the functions of chorister to the more lucrative employment of journeyman tailor. One day, when he had taken to Nozari's house a pair of pantaloons, that illustrious singer, after looking at him, earnestly said to him very kindly:

"It appears to me, my good fellow, that I have seen you somewhere."

"Quite likely sir, you may have seen me at the theatre, where I took a part in the choruses."

"Have you a good voice?"

"Not remarkably sir, I can with great difficulty reach *sol*."

"Let me see," said Nozari, going to the piano "begin the gamut"

Our chorister obeyed; but when he reached *sol*, he stopped short, out of breath.