

Yet it was not the subject of the painting, nor its masterly finish and expression, that held Ziani motionless before it. It was, that the lovely face of Ariadne wore the features of Isaura.—the same dark and lustrous eye—the same subduing tenderness softening its intellectual beauty—the same, too, the classic contour of the head, the softly rounded cheek, the delicately pencilled brow, the gently parted lips, full and tempting as a bursting rosebud.

The name of the artist, a Genoese of eminence in his profession, was inscribed at the bottom of the canvass—but he had died several years since, while Isaura was yet a child, so that this singular resemblance must have been accidental, unless indeed the Countess Urseolo, as seemed most probable, had sat for the original of the artist's sketch,—the features the same, but the expression adapted to the character of the piece.

But to Ziani's eye, it wore so much the look of Isaura, as to divert his interest from every other object, and he still remained studying its every line and shade, when steps entered the gallery, gay voices rang through its vaulted arches, and Ziani with a quick and nervous start turning suddenly around, beheld a bright troop of ladies, with their attendant cavaliers advancing towards him. Among them, pre-eminent in loveliness, came Isaura, leaning on the arm of Angelo, but her lip was silent, and a sadness, ill in keeping with the festive scene, rested like a shadow on her fair young brow. She moved slowly onward, her eye scanning the motionless figure of Ziani, till it encountered the full glance of his eye, when the hue of life faded from her cheek, and she sank fainting on the floor.

Angelo's eye had followed the glance of hers, and his darkest suspicions were confirmed by her sudden illness. The hot blood burned upon his brow, yet he raised her in his arms and bore her to a couch. Her friends gathered around her—her attendants were summoned, and leaving her to their care, he approached his brother with a look of haughty defiance and reproach.

"There is mystery here," he muttered in a fierce and angry tone, "aye, and treachery too, which shall be answered for, or the bond or brotherhood is forever broken between us." So saying, and with a brow as livid, as it had before been crimson, he ground his teeth, and passed from the apartment.

Ziani, stricken with sorrow and dismay, had no power to reply to these, the first words of anger, ever breathed towards him by his brother, and for a few moments, he remained gazing after him, in silent grief and consternation. Then, with a bursting sigh he approached Isaura. The guests had left her to the care of her women, and dispersed themselves through the gallery, and her attendants, mistaking him for Angelo, drew back in deference to the affianced husband of their lady. She still lay insen-

sible, and heedless of the regards that might be fixed on him, Ziani bent over her, and gazed with fond, sad eyes upon her loveliness; then gently pressing his lips upon her pale brow, he plucked from her hair a white rose that was falling from the loosened tresses, and placing it in his bosom, turned, and left the gallery.

The remainder of the night he passed at San Francesco in the cell of Father Hilario. His inclination to a monastic life had long been repressed by the opposition of his father, who, as the head of a princely house, naturally wished to see his sons filling high places in the senate and armies of the State—by the tears and entreaties of his mother, and by the strong tie of affection which united him to Angelo—with whose life his own, till now, had been so beautifully blended—like two bright streams that at their source have flowed into one, the gentle and the rapid, yet harmoniously mingled their glad current as they glided rejoicingly onward through the flowery fields of life. But now their waters had become turbid, a wild tornado of the passions had swept over them, and formed new and widely diverging channels, into which they separately flowed.

The scene in the gallery of the Urseolo palace, had impressed this conviction on the heart of Ziani, and made him feel, that to secure Angelo's peace, and to restore his own, which he could never more find among the busy scenes of life, there was but one alternative left him, and that was, to convince Angelo of his entire renunciation of Isaura's love, by immediately assuming the vows of a monastic life. Father Hilario, who thought him designed by heaven for this vocation, strengthened his purpose by the subtle and powerful arguments which he knew so well to wield, and having won his final decision, sat out with him at early dawn, for a monastery of Benedictines, situated in a sequestered and romantic pass of the Tyrol mountain. In boyhood, Ziani had once, when travelling in that region, passed a night with these Tyrolise monks, and been charmed with the beautiful locality of their house, and the treasures of art and wisdom gathered within its ancient walls. Its remembrance had since then, dwelt pleasantly with him, and now his wounded spirit turned towards it as a quiet refuge from the cares and sorrows that had withered the hopes of his youth, and as a safe asylum from the pursuit of his family, by whom he wished to remain undiscovered till they had become reconciled to his loss.

Angelo, in the meantime, was in a state of mind the most wretched and harassing. When on the night of the fête he entered the Urseolo palace, notwithstanding the half formed doubts that disturbed him, his heart beat high with hope and love, as he made his way to the saloon where Isaura was standing, the centre of a brilliant and admiring cir-