### THE BACHELOR'S DREAM.

The music ceased, the last quadrille was o'er, And one by one the waning beauties fled; The garlands vanished from the frescoed floor, The nodding fiddler hung his wearied head. And I-a melancholy single man---Retired to mourn my solitary fate, I slept a while! but o'er my slumbers ran
The sylph-like image of my blooming Kate. I dreamt of mutual love and Hymen's joys, Of happy moments and communial blusses; And then I thought of litle girls and boys, The mother's glances, and the infant I saw them all, in sweet perspective sitting, In winter's eve, around a blazing fire. The children playing, and the mether knitting, Or fondly gazing on the happy sire.

The bellies of the rising generation. There was no end to eating---legs of mutton Were vanquished daily by this little host; To see them, you'd have thought each little glutton Had laid a wager who would eat the most.

The scene was changed :--- in came the baker's bill

I stared to see the hideous consummation

Of pies and puddings that it took to fill

The massive pudding smoked upon the platter, The ponderous sirloin reared its head in vain; The little urchins kicked up such a clatter, That scarce a remnant e'er appeared again. Then came the school bill---board and education So much per annum; but the extras mounted To nearly twice the primal stipulation, And every little bagatelle was counted! To mending tuck---a new Homeri Ilias---A pane of glass---repairing coat and breeches---A slate and pencil---binding old Virgilius---Drawing a tooth---an opening draft and leeches. And now I languished for the single state, The social glass, the horse and chaise on Sunday. The jaunt to Windsor with my sweetheart Kate, And cursed again the weekly bill on Monday.

Here Kate began to scold---I stampt and swore, The kittens squeak, the children loudly scream, And thus awaking with the wild uproar, I thanked my stars that it was but a dream

### THE TINTORETTO.

1 -- THE PAINTER'S FAMILY. Our true tale is of a daughter of Venice-Venice of which the poet sings---

"There is a glorious city in the sea: The sea is in the broad, the narrow streets, Ebbing and flowing: and the salt sea-weed Clings to the marble of her palaces. No rack or men, no footsteps to and fro, Lead to her gates. The path lies o'er the sea Invisible; and from the land we went So smoothly, silently-by many a dome. Mosque-like, and many a stately portico, The statues ranged along an azure sky-By many a pile in more than eastern splendour. Of old the residence of merchant kings."

In this splendid and interesting city, in the year 1575, was to be seen, close to the church of Santa Maria dell' Orta, or St. Mary of the Garden, a house which the long stripes of red and green and blue and yellow that covered its front betokened to be that of a dyer, while the absence of the piece of cloth or stuff usually hung out as a sign, together with the perfect stillness that reigned in the warerooms, and the idle boilers that lay urned toside down, as plainly told that the trade which used to support its irrhabitants had ceased to be carried on. Evening was approaching, and a fresh breeze had just sprung up to succeed the burning heat of an August sun, when the door of the garden attached to the house opened, to admit an old woman to enjoy the pleasent coolness.--Leaning on a stick, she was slowly advancing through the trees, examining with both eye and hand the fine fruit hanging down from the branches, when the noise of a man's step behind her made her turn her head. "Is it you, Jacopo ?--what is the matter with you? You look quite

"The matter ?-- the matter is, that the night is falling, and I cannot see any longer," said the man breaking between his fingers, in his vexation as he spoke, one of those small pencils used by painters to lay on their colours.

"The night falls for every one as well you, my son," replied the old woman in a calm and gentle

"Yes; but my colours were all on the palette: I had just caught the precise tone of colouring; and all will be dried up to-morrow, and I shall have to begin the whole again. It is too badquite too bad."

"Well, what is to hinder you from beginning your dyeing again to-morrow?"

'My dyeing!' replied Jacopo impatiently; "you are always talking, mother, as if my father were still alive, and you were the wife of a dyer. You are the mother of a painter, Signor Jacopo Robusti---remember that, mother---of the Tintoretto.---Painting and dyeing are two different things."

"Not so very different after all," said the old woman cooly. "Painting or dyeing, call it what you please, but both must be done with colours; so it is all the same thing."

"All the same thing!" repeated Jacopo, with a momentary gesture of impatience.

"Yes, indeed; I know very well what I am difference, it is only in the way of using the colours. Your father, my poor Robusti, Heaven have mercy on his soul, used to boil them and dip the. cloths in them; and you lay them on canvass with your pencil: but one way or the other, they are still colours, and I hope you do not think your mother, the daughter, wife, and mother of a dyer, born in the very midst of them, wants to be taught at this time of day what colours are."

"Well, well, mother, let us talk no more about it," said Jacopo, endeavouring to repress every expression of impatience; "let us talk of our

"Oh yes, dear, handsome little Dominic, and

were magic in the very names to soothe her, she | music in itself---" This lovely evening must indeed | taking of our supper? Marietta, child, what can | revere my father; and love you, sister---love you fied affection.

"Little Dominic indeed! A great tall young man of twenty---my pupil and successor! He is. indeed, I own it, my joy and my boast," said the artist-father, proudly raising his head. "What simplicity and boldness of design! what brilliancy of colouring! Like myself, he has taken for his motto the inscription that I have put over the door of my studio--- The design of Michael Angelo, and the colouring of Titian.' He will inherit my fame, as he inherits my genius. Pos-terity will confound Tintoretto the son. Have you seen his last picture, mother; the picture which the canons of St Ambrosio have ordered

for their chapel of Santa Maria dell' Orta ?" "How could I see it ?" said signora; "I do not even see himself: the boy is never at home." "That is to say, mother, he never stirs from his

workshop." "If that be the case, when I go and knock at the door, why does he never open it, nor even answer me ?"

"Because, when an artist is at work, he hears nothing of what is passing around him. I rather approve of that fancy of his of locking his door; it prevents his beng disturbed. My Dominic will yet be an honour to me; for his natural talent he unites indefatigably industry, and you know how much that alone can do. I wish I could say as much for his sister," added he with a heavy sigh. "Marietta! Well, well, what can you possibly have to say against the dear little girl ?"

'Much, mother, much; and this among other things. Having but two children, and wishing to dedicate them both to the fine arts, I had determined, in my wisdom, that one should learn painting, and the other music. Dominic has met my wishes; and I have nothing to lay to his charge. But as for Marietta, I never hear her either sing or play on the mandoline. Why is this, mother-why is this? She well knows, ungrateful child as she is, what a relaxation her sweet voice is to me after all my toils, and how I delight in hearing it."

"Well Jacopo, I will tell her this, and you will ind she will begin again her singing. Do not be always finding fault with everything. You grumtoo great a glare, at me becanse I see no more difference between painting and dyeing than bepoor little Marietta, who is meekness and gentleness itself, for not singing, when perhaps she has a cold, and is hoarse. Jacopo Robusti, instead of calling you, what all Venice calls you, the Tintorretto, I will call you, by the name which the Society of Artists of St. Roch gave you-Il Furio-

so (The Farious)."
"Ah!" exclaimed the artist, whose countenance seemed suddenly to light up, VI can scarcely help laughing, even now, at the surprise of my rivals at the unparalleled proof of the wondrous quickness of my execution. The Society offered a prize for the best design to decorate the ceiling of the hall; and though my competitors were Paul Veronese, Salviati, and Frederico Gucchero, my picture was finished, approved, and fixed in its place, before the others had completed even their sketch. What a triumph! what a brilliant tri-

"Triumph it may be, Jacopo; but now, since the children are not here, will you give me leave to ask you one question? Will you have the goodness to tell me of what use is painting?"

"The noblest art in existence, mother; animating the canvas, and making it live, and breathe, and move before you. Were it only in its power of recalling the features of the object of our fond affections, the snatching from oblivion and making immortal the beloved image, no other is worthy to be compared with it. And yet you ask of what use is painting?"

"I am speaking as a housekeeper, and you are answering as an artist, Jacopo. Painting scarcely affords us a livelihood; and it is of this I complain. Your father's dyeing brought in a hundred times more than your painting, Jacopo." "This is all idle, mother; you know I am not

a tradesman," said Jacopo coldly. "The very thing I complain of, my son; for we

"But have we not enough, mother? Is there anything wanting in the house ?" "No; but that is all Marietta's good manage-

ment, Jacopo. I do not know how our little girl contrives it, but money, in her hands lasts a month, when, with any other, it would be gone in a week." "Where is she now, mother?"

"She is out, Jacopo."

"Out at supper time! This is one of the charges I have against the child. I have not time to watch over her, and I confide her to your care. Where is she ?"

"Your daughter does not require to be watched over by us: she is an angel, and the angels will take care of each other."

The appearence, at this moment, of a third person at the garden door, silenced both the mother

II .--- A YOUNG GIRL'S SECRET. It was a young girl of striking beauty whom they both now advanced to meet. Her slight and delicate form had the lightness and undulasaying. I am sure at all events, if there be any ting motion of the reed; her beautiful hair, fastened at the topof the head by pins of gold, left bare a forehead on which was the impress of artless innocence and modesty; but her features, perfect in their outline, were wholly devoid of the downy freshness of early youth. Could it be care that had so paled the rose of her faded cheek ? Was it toil that had so dimmed the bith ness of those beautiful blue eyes, rendered so languid the expression of that young face, and made that tall and fragile figure droop, as if asking earth to receive her, and give her at last to rest? When

you both still here."

"We were waiting for you' Marietta," said her father some what gravely; "where have you

At the Grimani palace, father," she answer-

"Marietta, Marietta," returned Jacopo, as with his daughter they took the way to the eatingroom, "you are growing up; you bear away the palm from the prettiest girls of price; you will soon be of age to be married; a he son of the Countess Grimani is a youth of the counters."

"Well, and where is the harm?" interrupted

the mother Robusti, as she took her place at the table; "if the Count Grimani should appreciate the good qualities of our child as they deserve, when Marietta is of age to be married, what is the harm of all this ?" "None in the world," said the Tintoretto .--

I am none of those fathers who do violence to the inclinations of their children. My daughter may marry a prince if she please; but I should prefer her marrying one of her own rank." "And I would rather she took the prince," said

the old mother. "One of her own rank for me, who would not blush to call me father, and who would not despise her grandmother." "A count for me, who would give my darling

girl the title of countess," said the dyer's widow. "One of the people like herself, who would make my daughter happy, mother." "A count might make her just as happy, son."

"We must not be above our situation in life mother."

"We are no where forbiden to rise, Jacopo." "But we must rise by takent and industry." "Does talent raise us in society, Jacopo ?" "Oh, grandmamma," said Marietta, who had hitherto been modesty silent, "how can you--you, the mother of the Tintoretto-ask whether tal-

ent elevates?" "Tell me, you little gcose," said the mother Robusti, "has your father been made a nobleman

--- has he got any titles?" "If he has not nobility that consists in titles, yet he has the nobility that genius and talent ble at the night for falling, at the sun for casting confer." And the fair face of the young girl suddealy glowed with enthusiasm as she gazed on her father. "Grandmamma, Venice is proud of tween a white cap and a cap that is white, at my my father; she exults in numbering him amongst her most celebrated citizens: and say--say, dear grandmamma, what name of count, or marquis, or prince, will you compare with that of of the Tintoretto ?"

The eyes of the Tinteretto were at that mo-ment fondly fixed use the bright face of his child.
"This is all eary the," said the old woman, with a contemptuous shake of the head; "but after had a dver, as all, what is your father Marietta, but a dyer, as his father was before him; my poor Robusti, Heaven have mercy or his soul: and mark my words, he may paint pic ures and apotheoses, and Adams and Eves beguiled by serpents, but he will never rise above his present condition; he will never get beyond dyeing; he will be always grinding and mixing colours--it may be more or it may be less than my poor hasband, my poor Robus

"Pray grandmamma, let us say no more of painting or dyeing," said Marietta hastily, having perceived a slight frown on her father's brow, who now exclaimed --- "You are quite right, Marietta : besides, I want to ask about your brother .--As I passed his workshop just now, I happened to look in, and he was not there. Do you know where he is ?"

Marietta answered, with some embarrassment, "You must not be uneasy or displeased with Dominic, father; he went out for a walk, I think -- I suppose-with some friends perhaps.'

"There is no harm done," replied Jacopo, "so ou need not be stammering and blushing and castng down your eyes, girl. I am not angry with Dominic for that. All work and no play would never do." "Was I blushing?" said Marietta, whose em-

barrassment appeared to increase. "Blushing indeed!" said the old woman; "it

is pale she is, and not red the poor child."
"It is quite true," said the father. "Are you ill, my child, or is there anything truobling you? Speak freely and openly. You are a modest and a prudent, and a well-conducted girl, and that

makes amends for much." "You were displeated with me, then, father .--Will you not tell me why?" "Yes," said the Tintoretto, fixing his eyes on

the young girl, "I was displeased with you, because there seemed to me something very mysterious in your conduct."

"Mysterious!" interrupted the mother Robusti. "Ask no questions me text; for I would have spoken sooner, but for feat of making you uneasy. The conduct of Marietta has been for some time, f not mysterious, at least strange and unaccountable. I never see her now bounding through the house, or pulling flowers, or gathering fruit in the garden. I never hear her sing or see her even touch the mandoline. If you are not ill, Marietta, if you have no grief or care, why are you be-coming so thin, so pale, as if withering before my very eyes?"

A gentle knock interrupted the conversatior. and, happily for Marietta, spared her a reply. She umped up, and ran to open the hall door.

# III .-- THE CANON OF ST. AMBROSIO.

At sight of a person in the grab of the canons of St. Ambrosio, the Tintoretto, and his mother rose and saluted him respectfully; but as to Maetta, she seemed petrified by the visit. There she stood, leaving the reverend father still in the passage, without inviting him to come in, or even thinking of shutting the door. The mother Robusti, however, was not so slow in her welcomeshe perceived her father and grandmother, a slight curtsey after curtsey testified her sense of his prescolour for a moment tinged the paleness of her ence. "Will your reverence have the goodness complexion, and as she quickened her pace, she to walk in, and if I might presume so far as to my sweet pretty little Marietta;" and, as if there said in a tone of voice so soft, so sweet-it was ask you to sit down and honour us by paranything you like but that. I adore, I respect, I

you be about, to leave his reverence standing so long? A chair girl--quick a chair."

Starting from her apparent stupor, Marietta, with a forced smile, apologised for her inattention and shutting the door, eagerly placed a chair close to the table for the canon. "Pray take a seat, Father Ambrosio," said she; "will your rever-

ence try a little soup, or a glass of wine?"

"Not anything, I thank you, my dear child,"
said the reverened father, whose austere countenance seemed to relax while speaking to Marietta. "Pray, do not let me disturb you, Signora Robusti. Go ca with sour support, Signor Jacopo.

"To pay us a friendly, neighbourly visit," quickly interrupted Marietta, who endeavoured to nide, under an assumed gaiety, an anxiety which, in spite of all, was perceptible in her look and manner. "It is very kind of you, father--very kind indeed. But the canons of your order have always been remarkable for their condescension and kindness."

"Who could be otherwise than kind to you, my daughetr, answered the canon. "But I came

"Did you visit the Countess Grimani to-day, father ?" again interrupted Marietta.

"Yes, daughter; but-"She has had many trials; but I trust they will soon be over," said Marietta, who, it was evident, had some reason for not letting the visitor finish his sentences. The usually modest retiring girl appeared to have quite changed her character: she talked incessantly, and seemed resolved to let no one but herself utter a word, or at least to give the father no opportunity of telling the object of his visit. In vain did he begin. "I came out this evening, at some inconvenience," and again, "I have come here to say:" she contrived always to break in with some question or remark, till at last her father turned to the canon --- "I must beg of you, father, to excuse this little chatterbox of a girl, who has so often interrupted you, when about to tell us to what we owe the honour of this visit."

"I wanted to see your said Ambrosio.

"My brother is not at home just now," said Marietta, before any one else could reply. "But o-morrow he will wait upon you, if you wish .---Only tell me your hour, father, and he shall be punctual. Yes, indeed, I will answer for him; Dominie shall be with you precisely at the hour you name."

"If you would have the kindness to tell me your business with him," said the Tintoretto .---An answer was already upon the lips of the Father Ambrasio, when Marietta again interposed-of Santa Maria dell' Orta. Am I not right, reverened father? It is finished, or nearly so; a few touches only are wanting; and to-morrow, or the day after at farthest, it shall be in its place in your chapel. You may reply upon me, father. I pledge myself that you shall have it." She then added in a lower tone, "I implore of you to say

no more now, for my sake, this once." The Father Ambrosio rose. "That was all I wanted, at least just now," said he with some emphasis on the last words. "Signora Marietta s quite right; but if in three days I do not get my picture, I must come back to you again: remember this, daughter. Charity prescribes to us to be indulgent; but too much indulgence is often a mere weakness, by which we become the abetor of faults, which a little more firmness might prevent, or be the means of correcting. I do not mean this for you, my child," added he; "howevpiece of advice." And with these words he made his parting salutations, and withdrew.

"Well what is he at with his indulgence, and is charity, and his weakness, and his faults?" said the grandmother with a puzzled look. "One would think he was giving advice, as you run up the scale, to keep yourself in practice."

"Come, dear grandmamma, let us finish our supper," said Marietta with the air of one who had suddenly been relieved from some heavy herself called loudly by her father. weight of care.

# IV .- THE MORNING WALK.

All were yet asleep in the house of the artisteven the Tintoretto, usually so early a riser; indeed, even the sun was not yet up---when the Marietta, pale as the white flower of the eglantine, appeared on the threshold. "Not a sound!" said she, after a moment's anxious listening

"He is not yet come in; for the whole night I have never closed my eyes. Brother, brother, how sadly art thou to blane." Then, advancing on tiptoe into the corridor, she descended the stairs, opened the hall door, and darted into the

She passed in front of St. Mark's church, into which she entered; but it was not to admire the interior of it, rich as it was. Deeper and higher thoughts were hers; she offered one prayer for guidance, and hurried out in the direction of the principal canal, there with eager eye to watch whom it bore along the waters. At length a gondola approached the landing-place, and let out a passenger. She stopped for a well-known voice she faced a tall youth, whose disordered dress, flushed face, and unsteady galt, too plainly be-

tokened his condition. "Dominic!" cried Marietta. How much of tender reproach was in the utterance of that single word!

"Well, well; I know all you would say. Marietta." answered the young man, affecting an ease which the expression of his face betrayed he did feel, "I am a bad boy, a ne'er-do-well, a sot a lazy dog---am I not ?"

said Marietta in accents of deep sadness; "you are a bad son and a bad brother.

more than you believe." "If you love me, Dominic, come home with

me at once." "I am all obedience, you see, dear Marietta, beloved Marietta!" said Dominic, taking his sister's arm and turning towards home. On their way, Marietta, said "Father Ambrosio came yesterday evening to the house, and I was so

much frightened, brother!" "What! Afraid of Father Ambrosio, Ma-

rietta ?" " Alas! not of him, but of what he might have told. If you know all my contrivances to prevent his speaking of the money you owe him; and the picture, too, in your name, I promised he should have to-morrow. You will go to work the moment you go in, will you not Dominic?"

"You mean go to sleep, Marietta; indeed you may reply upon it; I am half asleep, already." "Sleep, Dominic! Can you sleep?"

You shall see, my dear; you shall see. Sleep? ay, and snore too." "You will sleep," said Marietta in a reproachful tone, "when to-morrow, nay, perhaps this very evening, my father who thinks you the best of sons, who cites you as a model of all imitation --my poor father will hear that this studious son passes his days and nights at the tavern; the pupil, who is his pride and his boast, has not touched a pencil for more than a year; and that the prudent, the sensible youth, borrows money whereever he can get it, to squander in folly and vice. Dominic, one sentence uttered last night by Father Ambrosio made me tremble. He saw through my subterfuges, and, as he went away, he said -Nay Dominic, do listen to me--he said

"But listen to me in your turn, my good little sister," drawled out Dominic. "If I get no sleep I shall surely be ill; and you would not like to see me ill I am sure." "Heaven forbid !" said Marietta fervently.

"Then you must let me go to bed when I go home."

"But the picture for the chapel of Santa Maria dell' Orta, brother?" "The hand which has brought it so far, will

carry it on to the end." "That is to say, Dominic, that you reckon upon my finishing it ?55

"Your penetration is truly astonishing, Mariet-" And your assurance perfectly incredible. But it is impossible for me to finish this picture, and I will tell you why. I am taking a likeness of the Countess Grimani, and she has advanced me some

ducats of the price." "Fy, fy, Marietta; I am ashamed of you. You " How much did you borrow upon your picture, Dominie ?"

"I! Oh, but that was quite different. I had debts which I was obliged to pay." "And I, Dominic --- I had to support my father, my grandmother, and---and---yourself. Our father gains no more than just covers his expenses, and you know we must live."

"You ought to have told me all this, Marietta, and I would have acted accordingly." "I told you a hundred times."

"Yes but at such cross times, Marietta; always at the very moment that I was either going to or coming from my friends."

"But at what time is it ever otherwise with you Dominic ?"

By this time the brother and sister had arrived at home; they entered and found that no one was yet up in the house. Marietta had scarcely put er, some time or other you may profit by this her foot on the first step of the staircase leading to her brother's workshop, than Dominic, catching her hand, pressed it affectionately, and whisperpering, "Good-by, sister, I am going to bed," disappeared inside the door of a small room which he occupied on the ground floor. Marietta remained for a moment as if bewilder-

d; then, with the air of one who resigns herself to an evil she cannot remedy, she was turning towards her brother's workshop, when she heard (TO BE CONTINUED.)

A SCOTCH COUNTRY INN ON SUNDAY. - Even n this age of rapid locomotion, there must be few of my readers who have not been, at least once in their lives, the habitant of a Scottish country inn on a Sabbath evening. It is necessary, however, door of one of the rooms was gently opened, and | that they should have been in the same situation on some other evening of the week, that they may properly appreciate that sober quiet, that softened stillness, that more than partial cessation from labour, and din, and discord, of things animate and inanimate, that pervades the precincts of a country inn on the evening in question. The lighting of a bed-room candle or the ringing for a pair of slippers at such a time, seems to be done under protest. -The chambermaid, who the evening before looked so made up of "becks, and nods, and wreathed smiles," that you wondered whether she smiled through her sleep, or even if she ever shut her eyes at all, they glanced so brilliant, and cheerful, and happy, now looks demure and grave, while every dimple seems to say, "Nae daffin the nicht, ye ken each gondola that floated by, as if to discover it's Sunday." Go down stairs, and you find the ostler seated at the kitchen fire, listless, inactive, with a face ten times more demure than the maids, his finger and thumb inserted in a well-worn edistruck upon her ear; turning and quickly round, tion of the "Scots Worthies," or "The Confession of Faith." Passing the bar, you observe the landlady seated, similarly occupied; her snow white cap and collar, and sober silk gown, proclaiming that maid and matron are at peace.-Scolding is banished for a day. Mine host is stretched, pipe in hand, now eyeing his portly helpmate, anon watching the clouds that curl in regular succession from his almost motionless lips. The clock at the top of the stair case is the only object, within or without, that seems to court observation: its constant, well-marked march sounding, amid "You are still worse than all these, Dominic," the stillness, louder than you ever heard it before, till you attach an importance to it that amply makes up for your neglect of it in time past, because you have nothing else to listen to .- Tuit's